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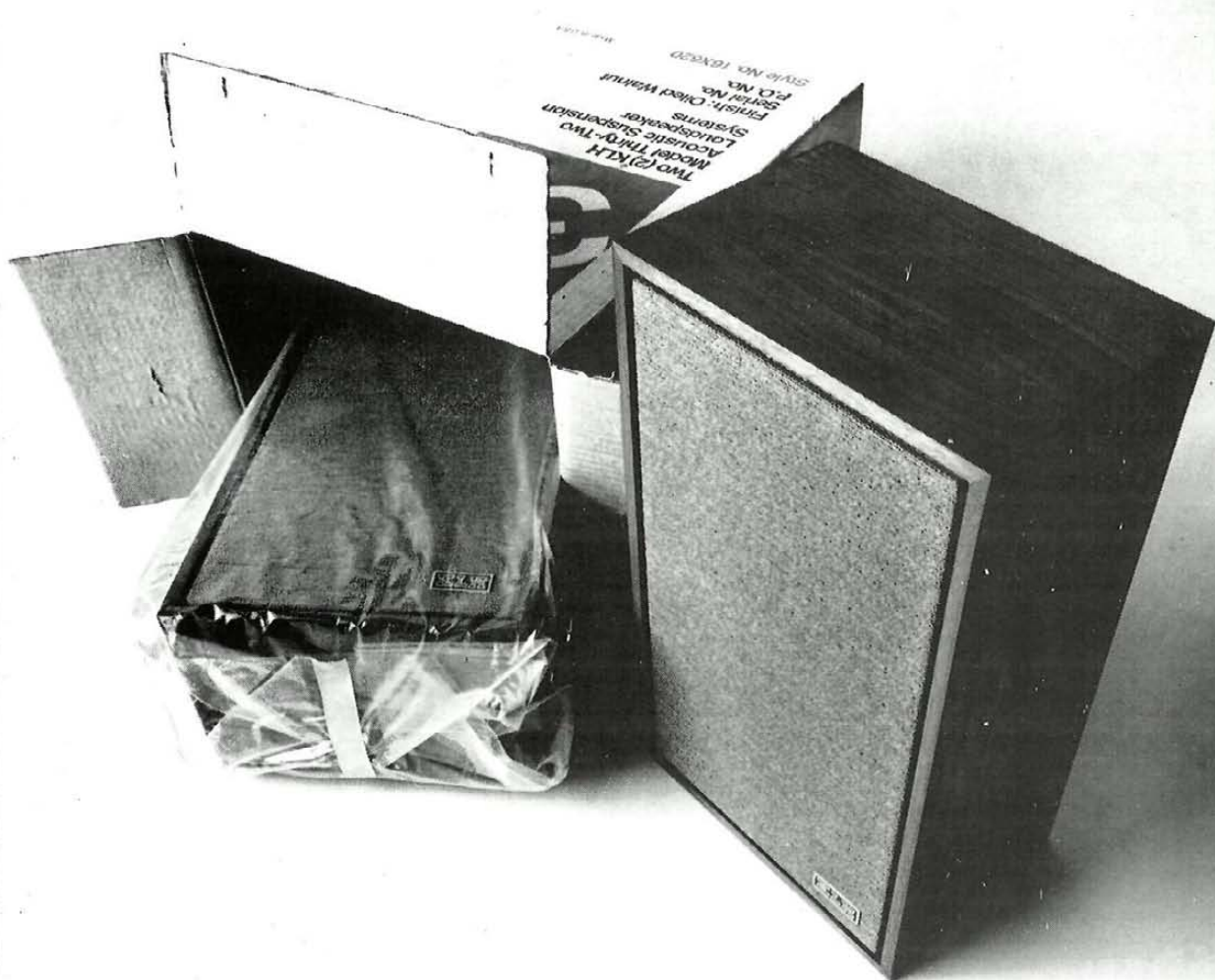
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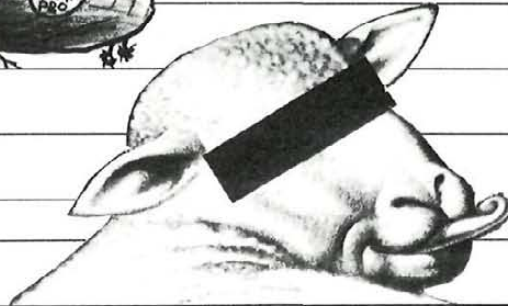
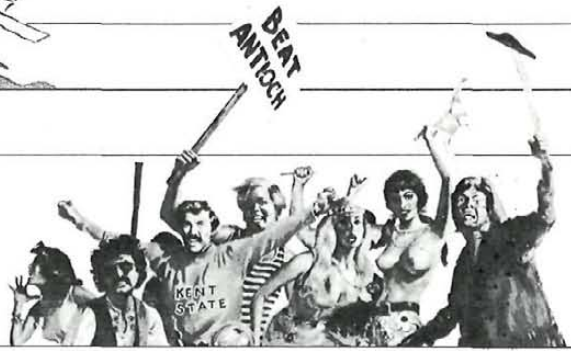
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NATIONAL LAMPPOON

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

When America was young, the spirit of adventure flamed brightly in the stout hearts of our forefathers. Fearlessly, this hardy race of pioneers hacked their way through uncharted mountains, thick forests and piqued Indians to tame new territories. Little did these bold explorers guess that a few short centuries later, a slightly overeager scouting mission into neighboring Indochina would bring a disreputable tinge to further forays and a mysterious epidemic of fainting spells, trick knees and carefully documented bad wettings upon our hapless youth.

To reassure Americans of their essential, underlying courage, their raw guts, the NatLampCo Institute of Sociology has recently completed a nationwide survey of average citizens that disproves those prophets of doom who claim America has turned "chicken."

For example, 66% of those polled rip the "Under Penalty of Law" tags off all pillows and cushions immediately upon purchase, and a similar number testified to once sending back a feid bottle of wine at a French restaurant. Over half (52%) had actually passed a police car at 25 mph while sporting a "Peace" sticker on their back bumpers, and a hefty 75% would "have no objection" to eating the contents of a can of Campbell's tomato bisque with a dent in it. An astounding 43% claimed never to have stealthily uncrossed their legs when the conversation turned to homosexuality, and an equal number *freely admitted* to regularly exaggerating the number of girls they had slept with. A surprising 74% boldly reported their initial outrage when, back in the early '60's, they read those *Life* articles on how our boys in Vietnam were being forced to fly unescorted bombing missions in dangerously outdated WW II planes. And 75% of those questioned felt no qualms about insulting their dentist; a number felt no compunction about smiling broadly after eating creamed spinach. An extraordinary 82% said they looked the newsdealer square in the eye when they asked for the latest *Playboy*; 51% have never stifled a fart.

Needless to say, an unsurprising 99.7%, admitted to occasional fibbing.
—DCK

Cover: Frank Frazetta, the undisputed master of adventure illustration and creator of the famous Conan paperback covers, treats this month's readers to an oil-on-canvas interpretation of one of Rudyard Kipling's lesser-known classics, *White Man's Wet Dream*.



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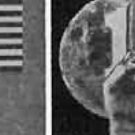
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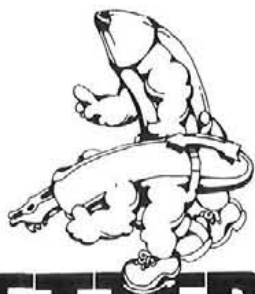
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Edward Kennedy
Hyannis, Mass.

Sirs:

I and my followers have read the many issues of your magazine with great glee, and I am moved to aid you in your no doubt well-fated search to attain *satori*. From the teachings of *Ch'an*, I send you this Zen parable:

One day in a lotus garden, a Master known far and wide for his great wisdom was approached by a novice who asked how he, too, might be wise. "My wisdom," replied the Master, "derives solely from my daily partaking of the Gems of Wisdom." So saying, the Master brought forth a small pouch. Taking the pouch, the novice withdrew from it a number of small brown balls which he ate with much eagerness. As the Master watched, the novice soon slowed in his greedy repast and his face grew dark. "Oh, Master," the novice cried as he spat out the remaining pellets, "these Gems of Wisdom are but balls of parrot dung!" Whereupon the Master departed saying, "Behold, O seeker of knowledge, your wisdom has already increased considerably!"

Harry Krishna
Minneapolis, Minn.

Sirs:

Listen, I know you guys are always on the lookout for really way-out stuff, so I thought you'd be interested to know that I accidentally played my 45 of *Louie, Louie* by the Kingsmen at 33rpm and found out that the lyrics are really dirty! I mean like "f--k" and everything! Listen, if you don't believe me, go and try it yourself!

J. Edgar Hoover
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

You can fool some of the people
All of the time
And all of the people
Some of the time
But
You can't fool
Mom

R. D. Laing
Disneyland, Calif.

Sirs:

As the legal representative of Mr. Hefner, I wish to acknowledge receipt of your proposal that the *National Lampoon, Inc.* (hereafter designated NatLampCo) acquire the entire assets of *Playboy* magazine and its associated holdings (hereafter designated HMH

Enterprises), and that HMH Enterprises immediately surrender all managerial duties to NatLampCo officials.

As directed, I hereby inform NatLampCo that the photographs you enclosed allegedly depicting Mr. Hefner and other parties are obviously nothing more than the cheap ruse of a "trick" photographer, and the negatives of said photographs are hardly of equal value to what you so flippantly term "his whole kit and caboodle."

HMH Enterprises has further directed me to state that while these photographs are without question the work of a clever fraud, our organization is willing to offer a token sum of \$20,000,000 for said negatives and all existing prints; purely, of course, in the interest of promoting amity between two publications that are both in the service of the public weal.

If you fail to agree to this more than generous offer, HMH Enterprises is, furthermore, fully prepared to go to court and prove, without a shadow of doubt, that both the spaniel and the chicken in question were well beyond the legal age of consent.

J. D. Tomlinson
Attorney-at-Law
Chicago, Ill.

Sirs:

Just thought you'd like to know it sure is a pretty day here today. Well, ha ha, to tell the truth, *every* day's *supposed* to be pretty swell around here, isn't it, ha ha? I'm real fine here, and making plenty of new friends all the time. As a matter of fact, a new "recruit" by the name of Peterson (used to be big in upholstery) let fly with a real zinger I thought you boys would like. Seems the fellow in the story gets conked on the noggin in 1953 and doesn't wake up until 1969. He sits up, looks out the window, sees the flag flying at half mast and asks the nurse, "Who died?"

The nurse says, "Oh, Eisenhower has just passed away."

"Balls o' fire!" the fellow shouts. "That means that bastard Nixon is President!"

Well, hope you got a chuckle out of that one. Love to everyone, and tell the gang I miss them and hope to see them all real soon.

Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower (Ret.)
No address

Sirs:

Congratulations on the success of your magazine! The People's Republic of China will give you a hero's welcome upon your return!

I agree that the time is propitious to initiate Phase II, and the submarine will arrive with the specially prepared SpaghettiO's as soon as the last hamster drops dead.

Mao Tse Tung
Peking, China

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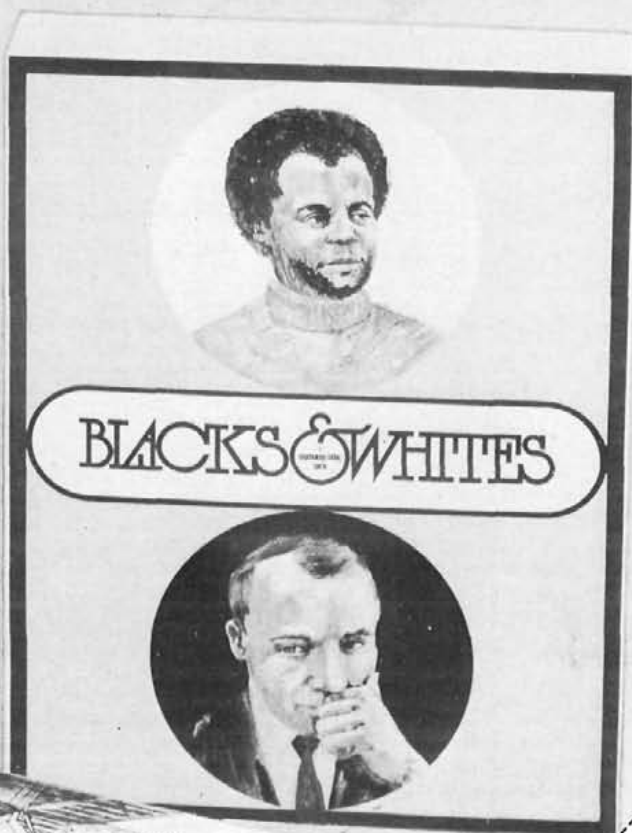
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635 Madison Avenue
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Mrs. Agnew's Diary



Dear Diary,

I hope you don't mind the omission of my usual snippet of verse — since Dick told Spiggy to change his tack in his speeches, that rascal has returned my *Thesaurus* and made off with my *Rhyming Dictionary* instead, and is using it for a fresh approach in composing a welcoming address for the new Greek delegation. Although I don't know if my Famous Writers School instructor would approve of Spiggy's rhyming of "nattering nabobs" with "slavoring shishkebabs," I certainly would not let my little criticisms stand in the way of Spiggy's duty.

Spiggy, by the way, has been in a grand mood lately, although I suspect it may have to do with the fix Dick got himself in last night. Well, it all started after Dick and Spiggy got through with their secret meeting in our rumpus room with Bob Hope and Reverend Graham — I don't know what it was about exactly, but later Reverend Graham gave me a little pinch and said that they were cooking up something to win over the younger voters that would make Woodstock look like a crummy quarter-a-head tent revival. Well, Dick called Pat over and we all decided to go see *Love Story* at the MacArthur. Unfortunately, Mr. Hope couldn't come because he had to meet Hank Kissinger and help him plan things for the Paris Peace Conference.

Well, Spiggy and I agreed that the movie was very sad and tragic, but Dick said he just couldn't believe any decent New York law firm would hire a kid with hair like that, and Pat said she thought it got boring after the burning of Atlanta. I think Pat missed some of the important scenes because every time the girl said something naughty, Pat had to go to the Ladies Lounge. Reverend Graham seemed a bit bothered by the naughty words, too, because he kept dropping his box of bridge mix and mistaking my ankle for it. Finally, I whispered would

he like me to hold it for him and he whispered, oh, yes, please, but when I took the box he sort of muttered and got up to see if Pat was feeling better.

After the show, Pat invited us over to the house for two cocktails, and as we trudged down Pennsylvania Avenue, Reverend Graham started talking about Life after Death, and how God would not send Ali MacGraw to Hell for not waiting until marriage (in *Love Story*), but He probably would send her to Hell for the shower scene in *Goodbye, Columbus*. Then Dick started talking about déjà vu, which is the feeling you've seen something before, and Spiggy cracked something about voters' having it eight years after 1960. Little else was said of note until we reached Pat and Dick's.

When we all settled in around the fire upstairs, Pat poured out our cocktails (her cocktail bottle has the most cunning plastic elephant on it whose trunk stops the flow so you won't get too much all at once) and Reverend Graham started telling wonderful ghost stories about little bad girls and what happened to them every night for all eternity when they died. Spiggy, I noticed, started looking pouty — the way he does when he's bored — and said how about playing some games like dirty Jotto or (winking at Reverend Graham) spin-the-Bible.

As I feared, Spiggy had taken off Pat's plastic elephant, but Dick went out and came back with a Ouija board just like the one Mel Laird keeps by his globe with all the little colored flags stuck in it. Reverend Graham showed us how it worked, although he confessed he hadn't used one since he was with Ringling Brothers. He made Pat put her fingers on the movable pointer and told her to try to communicate with someone dear to her. Pat said she'd like to say hello to her uncle, but Dick snapped that her uncle wasn't dead, just retired in California. Pat left the room in tears, saying Dick had scolded her time and time

again about the phone bills, and she was just trying to save him \$1.85 a minute. Well, Dick sort of shrugged in the fire-light and put his fingers on the pointer while Reverend Graham put his hands on Dick's head and told him to try to reach the Other World. Right away, the pointer started jiggling like mad! I could tell Dick was alarmed because the hairs in his ears were standing straight out. Dick asked aloud if the Spirit was anybody he knew, and right away the pointer skittered to "Yes." Spiggy giggled and said maybe it was Helen Gahagan Douglas, the congresswoman Dick defeated back in the '50's by printing her voting record on pink leaflets, coming to wreak her revenge.

Naturally, I jabbed Spiggy good and hard in the ribs and Reverend Graham assured Dick that God keeps departed known pinkos under close surveillance, so he shouldn't worry. Dick sort of whimpered, and beads of perspiration broke out all over his upper lip. (I have noticed, dear Diary, that Dick perspires a great deal since Hank Kissinger told him it lends credibility to his image. Now, when Dick is on TV, he even has a special helper with a little sponge just to daub extra sweat on his upper lip if he starts to dry out under the light.) Anyway, Dick said that that made sense, put his hands back on the pointer and asked could the Spirit be that of his dear departed friend Ike?

Spiggy giggled and said Dick was leading the witness, and when the board wouldn't answer, Spiggy laughed and said it sure as hell wasn't Whittaker Chambers, either, because Dick could make that guy say *anything*. Reverend Graham (who had left briefly to make sure Pat was all right — she was, he said — and reappeared oddly disheveled) told Dick to concentrate on the Being who was trying to make contact. When he put his hands back on the pointer, he asked, well, who *are* you? Suddenly, the pointer skittered over the alphabet and spelled out YOUR BEST FRIEND. Dick shook all over and closed his eyes and said, Mother! Is it really you?

Almost as if it had a life of its own, the pointer moved across the board to "NO," and then started pointing out the letter "C" and then an "H" and then "E" "C" "K" "E" "R" "S".

Well, Dick fainted. Spiggy and I hurried our good-byes to Reverend Graham, but he was already busy talking on the phone to somebody at the *Post* about a White House miracle.

In the cab going home, Spiggy said it was fun to watch Dick squirm, but he had seen the same thing a hundred times on Ed Sullivan and anyway, a Colts game was twice as exciting.

Right then, dear Diary, I think I had an actual *deja vu*.

All for now,
Judy

"First it was just lollipops and candy, but as the music built, oranges hit the air, then whole bags of potato chips." —Zygote



Poco's music turned the Shea Stadium Summer Festival into a carnival.

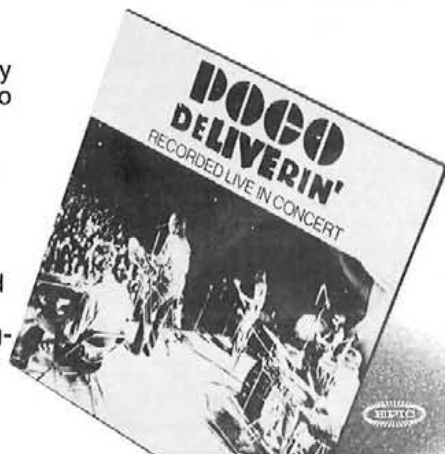
Zygote magazine also said, "People were so refreshed by their music, so awakened by their sheer exuberance, that the stands erupted in freaky joy. People started throwing things to each other."

But every time Poco performs, there's some special excitement. They bounce. They laugh. They pull audiences into their fun. And part of their fun is always new songs. That's what excites them so they can excite you.

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**POCO. "DELIVERIN'".
A LIVE, NEW ALBUM.
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Temple Sleep ('tem-pel 'slēp) n.; L. *templum*.

Artificially induced trance producing divinatory dreams and visions.

April 1, 1971 (*light sleeper*) Pint-sized jet setter **Truman Capote** is all a-twitter as he touches back down at Kennedy Airport after having been hijacked and flown to Cuba. "I was walking down Madison Avenue," squeaks Capote, "when a short, swarthy man jumped on my head and put a gun in my ear. Next thing I knew, we were landing in Havana."

April 4, 1971 (*big sleep*) Touring a fertilizer plant in Chicago, Mayor **Richard Daley** gets his tie caught in the machinery and is chopped, boxed and marketed before anything can be done. "I'm sorry about Mayor Daley," sighs company president Albert Gates, "but I'm more concerned about our customers. For years, they've equated the name 'Gates Fertilizer' with only the highest quality manure."

April 7, 1971 (*wet dream*) Lawyers for chunky chested actress **Raquel Welch** bring suit against Paramount Pictures when *Miss Welch* is dropped from the role of Ophelia during the filming of **Clint Eastwood's Hamlet**. "It was a dreadful shame," says director **Arthur Penn**, "but when we got to Ophelia's drowning scene, we couldn't keep Miss Welch underwater long enough to even make a few bubbles."

April 10, 1971 (*nightmare*) Denied parole on the grounds that he is continuing to control and misappropriate union funds, jailed teamster tough guy **Jimmy Hoffa** demands specific evidence. Parole

board members refer him to photographs of a strange structure being built atop teamster headquarters in Detroit, identifiable in close-ups as an "anonomously financed" monument to **Sirhan Sirhan**.

April 12, 1971 (*impossible dream*) Vice-President **Spiro Agnew** is present to throw out the first ball of the baseball season with major league moundsman **Bob Gibson** on hand to give him a few pointers. In the latest in a series of athletic misadventures, the Vice-President winds up to rifle the first pellet of the year and misfires, severely injuring Senator Edmund Muskie, Senator Ted Kennedy and three unidentified hippies. Veep comments, "Not bad for openers, heh heh."

April 18, 1971 (*out like a light*) "I gotta know who the hell I'm talking to, don't I?" fumes **George Bush**, ex-Texas Republican ward heeler and newly appointed U.S. Ambassador to the U.N. Bush is apparently upset over a new U.N. regulation prohibiting "certain Big Four representatives" from "littering their Security Council desks with globes, atlases and 1956 editions of the *Book of Knowledge*."

April 20, 1971 (*40 winks*) With one eye on his Southern strategy for the upcoming Presidential elections, President **Richard Nixon** pays tribute to "a late great American statesman" by announcing that on each first Tuesday in November, all the major waterways in the na-

tion will be temporarily renamed the **Mendel Rivers**.

April 23, 1971 (*wish fulfillment*) "Dodging photographers for 20 years hasn't been easy," admits elusive billionaire **Howard Hughes**, "but this is the dream of a lifetime, and if I can bring it off, I'll be more than satisfied." Moments later, Hughes appears on the stage of a New York television studio, stumps the panel and walks off with *To Tell the Truth's* first-prize money of \$166.

April 25, 1971 (*40 more winks*) Informed by his agents that every successful comedian champions some heart-warming cause, TV talk host **Merv Griffin** announces he will devote one week's worth of shows to the *Merv Griffin Telethon for Undescended Testicles*. Questioned by outraged CBS executives as to why he chose such a distasteful cause, Griffin stammers, "I haven't got the balls to tell you."

April 30, 1971 (*insomnia*) Jewish Defense League President **Meir Kahane** announces that after months of mass protests and near fatal bombings, his organization's harrassment of Soviet personnel is about to enter a second, more desperate phase, including the biting and chewing of Red representatives. Three days later, a grinning Soviet official appears before newsmen and states, "The JDL may bite us as much as they like; however, I feel it only fair to inform them that from now on, our agents will be rubbed thrice daily with pork!" □



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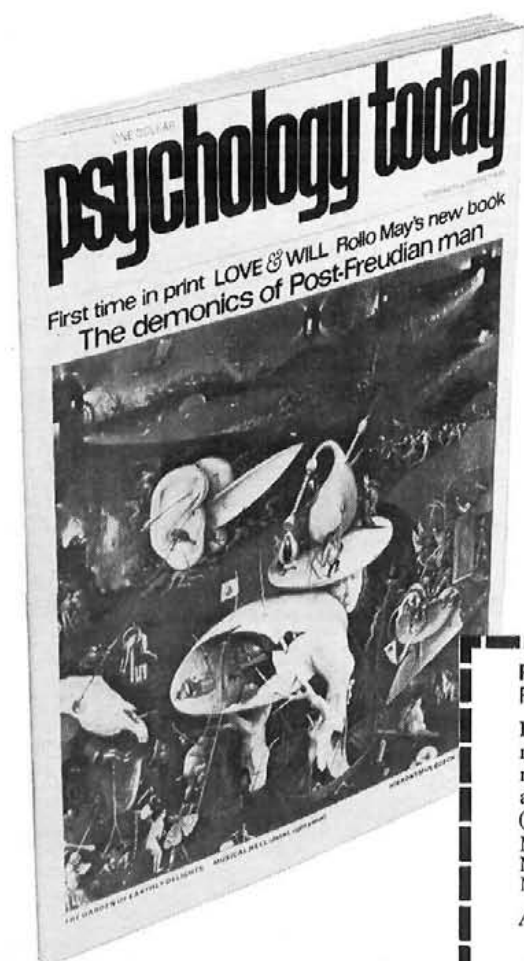
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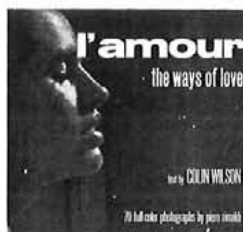
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News of the Month



Under its new director, Nixon-appointee William Ruckelshaus, the Environmental Protection Agency has promulgated a new national scale for use by individual city weather services in measuring, and in informing their citizens of levels of air pollution. Ruckelshaus claims that the scale, which assigns specific categories to the overall effects of increasing amounts of pollution, will eliminate public confusion over "conflicting and alarmist" measuring methods. The scale:

1) Unsatisfactory

Mild odor, mild discomfort; some coughing, eye-reddening

2) Unsuitable

General discomfort; coughing, watering of eyes widespread

3) Inadequate

General dizziness and shortness of breath: some choking attacks

4) Undesirable

Some vomiting; coughing and copious watering of eyes universal

5) Incommodious

Widespread vomiting; symptomatic deaths among chronic emphysema sufferers

6) Uncomfortable

General choking; breathing difficult; some deaths among senior citizens

7) Disappointing

Widespread loss of consciousness; breathing without gas mask inadvisable

8) Annoying

Moderate fatalities; breathing without self-contained oxygen inadvisable

9) Adverse

Prolonged exposure fatal to 100% of unprotected population.

The deaths, within a relatively short period, of Representative Mendel Rivers, 167, and Senator Richard Russell, 114;

the election of Hale Boggs, 97, as House Majority Leader; and the defeat of several attempts by liberal members of the Congress to reform the seniority system were all cited as reasons for the founding of a new political action group, called Morticello, Inc., by a group of former anti-war activists.

The founders of the Washington-based organization, whose names were not available at press time, plan to mail rubber spiders, exploding cigars, creepy jack-in-the-boxes, fake shrunken heads, voodoo dolls, weird fetishes, giant plastic flies, corduroy snakes and other novelty items to Senators, Representatives and other government officials over 70.

In a later phase, the group will conduct a mailing of graphic medical journals and mortuary catalogues and eventually plans to set up picket lines manned by members dressed in gorilla suits, skeleton costumes and fright masks outside the Capitol building and the homes of aged members of Congress. The members of the organization have close ties with Youth-in-Asia, a California-based group committed to non-action whose motto is "Time is on our side" and whose members gather regularly to take quiet pleasure in the demise of superannuated public servants.

A further clarification of the degree and the nature of the American involvement in Cambodia, subject to the restrictions imposed by the Cooper-Church Amendment to the Military Appropriations Bill of 1970, has been offered by sources close to the Nixon Administration:

1) All American personnel stationed in Cambodia will jump at least one foot in the air at 7 A.M., Cambodian time, every day, to permit the Administration to issue daily statements at 5 P.M. Washington time announcing that "there are no Americans on the ground in Cambodia at this time."

2) To reduce the appearance of direct involvement, American ad-

visors will give Cambodians some bad advice; for example, an American army officer might show a Cambodian artilleryman how to aim a field gun at a given target, but give him the wrong caliber shell.

3) In order to keep some part of the Geneva Agreement of 1954 in an operative state, a certain portion of American aid money, perhaps as much as 50%, will be diverted from purely military uses and deposited directly into Swiss bank accounts.

4) Pilots of American helicopters flying close-support missions for Cambodian ground operations have been given strict orders that in the event they have to land their craft for any reason, they are to wander around, saying, "Hey, are you sure this is Vietnam? It sure looks an awful lot like Cambodia" and "Boy, is it hard to tell these Asian countries apart!"



Collector's Items

The recent announcement by the new Chairman of the Republican Party, Senator George Dole of Kansas, that Spiro Agnew remains the strongest possible candidate for the G.O.P. Vice-Presidential nomination in 1972, has served to confirm earlier reports that Agnew will be dropped from the ticket. Although no names have been circulated in connection with the planned replacement, portions of one memo from Dole's office have become available:

Chotiner
2 of 17

Re: V-P Packages
Snoopy's Good Points:

- Snoopy is a war hero.
- He has a highly original mind.
- He is common.
- He is "cute."

Snoopy's Bad Points:

- His mind tends to wander.
- He is a comic figure and subject to ridicule.
- He is too common.
- He takes orders from the head beagle.

Lassie's Good Points:

- She shows concern for minority animals, i.e. chickens and ducks.
- She isn't afraid to speak out.
- She is a tireless worker.
- She is capable of solving problems within a 30-minute time-frame.

Lassie's Bad Points:

- She is identified with "kids."
- She is a female.

Rin-Tin-Tin's Good Points:

- He has a solid "law-and-order" image.
- He is aggressive.

Rin-Tin-Tin's Bad Points:

- He is too "toothy."
- He is too "German."

APRIL, 1970/SEX: Including Dr. Ralph Schoenstein's Harris Poll, the David and Julie True-Romance Comic Book, Normal Rockwell's Erotic Drawings, Mondo Perverto 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!")!

MARCH, 1971/CULTURE: Tote that tome and lift that pinkie with Michael O'Donoghue's *How to Write Good*, The Gracie Slick Handbook of Radical Dos & Don'ts, The Undiscovered Notebooks of Leonardo Da Vinci, The Mantovani Strain, and The Life and Times of Captain Bringdown.

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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.

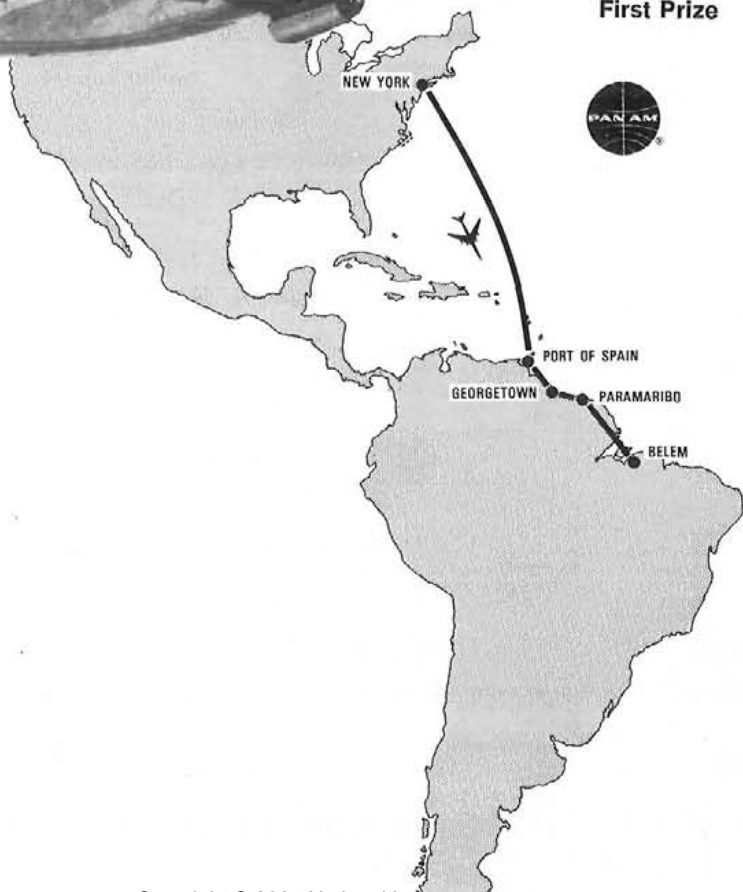
3. The entry must be typewritten and must include the name, address, telephone number and signature of the author, together with the name of the institution presently attended and the year in which studies will be completed. We can accept no entries postmarked later than midnight, May 1, 1971.

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-



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Third Prize



Fourth Prize



Fifth and Sixth Prizes

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RESULTS

Big Winners

"Well, that takes care of the stagecoach. Now, what are you going to do with the dwarf stuck to your lower lip?"

J. Ziemba, Evanston, Ill.

"Orgasm? Christ, I'm still trying to tie my shoe."

W. Benham, Lompoc, Calif.

Small Winners

And the narwhal said, "Well, for the holidays we add a string section."

W. Heywood, Phoenix, Ariz.

MORAL: He who frasts snaps, sprasts fnasp.

H. Sorock, Chicago, Ill.

Two pounds of Ex-Lax and a tuba.

J. Reese, Silver Spring, Md.

Others

You get a wooden Indian that throws up a lot.

J. Caldwell, Cohoes, N.Y.

Then the girl said, "God, if you're in there, please don't eat my sandwich."

R. Coleman, Gloucester City, N.J.

So the third guy said, "I don't care if she's been to Vermont or is only 17 years old, I'm using a monkey wrench."

R. Surwillo, Storrs, Conn.

"I would rather be a one-term President than see America become a second-rate power and accept the first defeat of its proud, 190-year history."

D. Furst, New York, N.Y.

And that goes double for your mouse.

P. Stone, Allston, Mass.

MORAL: Upper gain stowail moth or fug her.

P. Henes, Milton, Mass.

"It's okay," he replied, "if you spit out the Lincoln Logs."

K. Hoffman & D. Calef, Portland, Ore.

Orson Welles

The Begatting of The President

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

Now the begatting of Richard Nixon was on this wise...

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BLAM

BLAM

BLAM!

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TAT-TAT-TAT!

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MEN AND THE
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LET'S HEAR IT FOR TOPO GIGIO, THE LITTLE MOUSE FROM ITALY!

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SPECIAL FORCES ASSAULT OUTFIT!

2 TOY CLAYMORE MINES

MOM IS IN ENEMY TERRITORY. UNAWARE THAT ONE FALSE MOVE WILL TRIGGER THE ACTION-PACKED **LAND-MINE** YOU'VE CONCEALED BENEATH THE CARPET, SHE BLITHELY GOES ABOUT HER HOUSEWORK, UNTIL...



NO NEED TO CALL A DOCTOR, HOWEVER, BECAUSE MOM'S WOUNDS ARE ONLY **SUPERFICIAL**, REQUIRING NOTHING MORE THAN A DAB OF MERCUROCHROME, A FEW BANDAGES AND, AT MOST, A TOURNIQUET.

3 GERM WARFARE SET

SO AUNT EDITH'S BUGGING YOU TO CLEAN YOUR NAILS, CHECKING IF YOUR HOMEWORK'S DONE, AND WATCHING RERUNS OF **SUPERMARKET SWEEPS** WHEN YOU WANT TO WATCH **JOHNNY RACER**. JUST WAIT UNTIL SHE TAKES A SIP OF HER FREEZE-DRIED SANKA, NOT REALIZING THAT YOU'VE SLIPPED A PINCH OF COLORLESS, ODORLESS **GERM WARFARE POWDER** INTO THE BREW...



MOMENTS LATER, SHE'S WRITHING ABOUT THE LINOLEUM, HALF CRAZED WITH PAIN. AND JUST FORGET ABOUT TAKING ANY MORE FLAK FROM AUNTIE FOR THE NEXT FEW DAYS BECAUSE SHE'LL BE TOO BUSY SPITTING UP BLOOD!

4 JUNIOR INTERROGATION KIT

COMES COMPLETE WITH A REAL FIELD GENERATOR AND CLIP-ON ELECTRODES, JUST LIKE THE ONES OUR BOYS USE ON **CON SON ISLAND**.



LEAVES NO MARKS.

ALTHOUGH THE COMICS CODE WON'T LET US SHOW WHERE YOU ATTACH THEM, WE CAN PROMISE YOU THIS—LITTLE BROTHER WON'T HAVE ANY SECRETS FROM YOU!

5 JUNIOR PROPAGANDA KIT

TELLS YOU HOW TO TEAR DOWN MORALE, SPREAD LIES, DISTORT TRUTH, FORGE DOCUMENTS, FAKE PHOTOGRAPHS, ALTER CHECKS **AND MUCH MORE!** FOR EXAMPLE, LET IT "SLIP" TO DAD THAT MOM'S BEEN SEEING A LOT OF "UNCLE FRANK," RUN UP A FEW SUSPICIOUS LONG-DISTANCE PHONECALLS TO SAN DIEGO AND, JUST TO "ICE THE CAKE," LEAVE A MOTEL RECEIPT AROUND WHERE DAD WILL FIND IT. THEN SIT BACK—AND WATCH THE FUN...



I'LL KILL YOU, YOU ROTTEN SLUT!

AMAZING OFFER!

YOU GET ALL 5 FOR JUST \$7.98! AND, AS AN **X-TRA BONUS**, IF YOU ORDER IMMEDIATELY, YOU'LL RECEIVE **ABSOLUTELY FREE, 10 FEET OF COMMUNICATIONS WIRE** TO SECURELY BIND THE HANDS OF PRISONERS (BEARING IN MIND, OF COURSE, THAT **REAL GREEN BERETS DON'T TAKE PRISONERS...**) SUPPLY IS LIMITED SO FILL OUT THE COUPON AND MAIL **NOW!**



SUPPLY LIMITED

FILL OUT THE COUPON AND

MAIL NOW!

PENTAGON PRODUCTS,
DEPT. 333,
WASHINGTON, D.C., 00019

PLEASE RUSH ME MY 5-IN-1 **SPECIAL FORCES ASSAULT OUTFIT** AND MY **FREE 10 FEET OF COMMUNICATIONS WIRE** IN PLAIN BROWN WRAP-PER. I WILL PAY THE POSTMAN ON DELIVERY ONLY \$7.98 PLUS POSTAGE.

NAME.....
STREET.....
CITY..... STATE..... ZIP.....

(PLEASE PRINT)

BOVINE BOYHOOD OR Children Should Be Seen and Not Herd !!!!

DEEP IN THE BROODING FOOTHILLS OF SOUTHERN WISCONSIN, A SPEEDING TWO-TONED DE SOTO, WITH JOHN GREYSTOKE AT THE WHEEL AND ALICE, HIS ENRANCING WIFE AT HIS SIDE, SUDDENLY SKIDS OUT OF CONTROL...

....AND PLUNGES INTO A TREACHEROUS IRRIGATION DITCH...



UNNOTICED, AN INFANT CRAWLS FROM THE TWISTED WRECKAGE....



WELL, I'LL BE DOGGED! LOOKS LIKE THERE'S BEEN SOME KIND OF ACCIDENT!

....ONLY TO VANISH INTO THE DENSE UNDERBRUSH....



S'PECT YER RIGHT!

BLAZING HEADLINES HERALD THE MYSTERY....



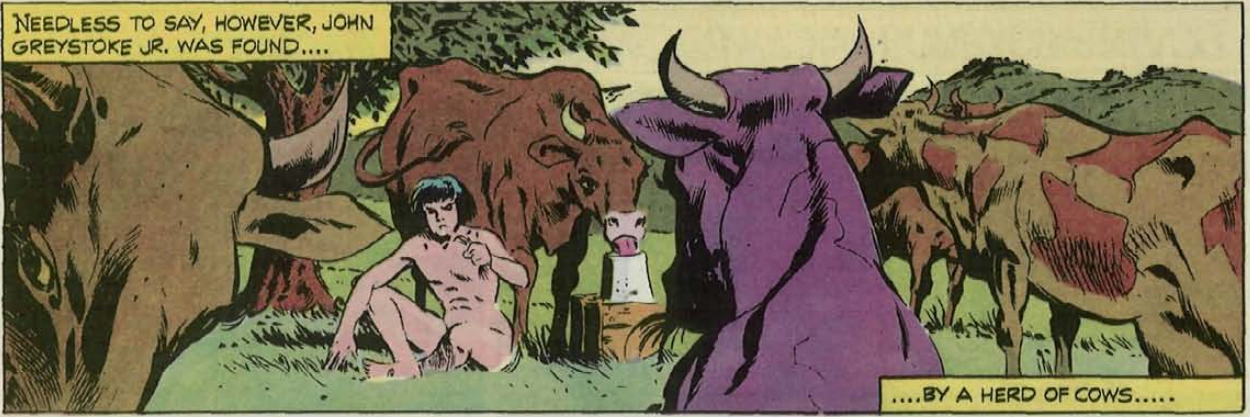
BUT TIME PASSES...



UNTIL, FINALLY....



NEEDLESS TO SAY, HOWEVER, JOHN GREYSTOKE JR. WAS FOUND....



...BY A HERD OF COWS....

WHO RAISED HIM AND TAUGHT HIM EVERYTHING THEY KNEW, INCLUDING THE LAW OF THE PASTURE...



BEYOND BASIC "COW," HE LEARNED ALL THE LANGUAGES OF THE BARNYARD, SPEAKING FLUENT "DOG" AND "CHICKEN," SOME "HORSE," A LITTLE "SHEEP" AND A SMATTERING OF "TURKEY"....



THEN, ON A DOOM-LADEN AFTERNOON LATE ONE NOVEMBER, A DETROIT SPORTSMAN SPOTS TARZAN'S MOTHER...



I'LL JUS' GET A BEAD ON THAT RARE SHORT-HORNED, DAPPLED MOOSE AND...



WHEN THE HUNTER REALIZES HIS ERROR, HE ATTEMPTS TO CONSOLE THE GRIEF-STRIKEN LAD, BUT NOTHING HE SAYS SEEMS TO DO ANY GOOD...



MOO! MOO! MOO! MOO! MOO!

THERE'S NO USE CRYIN' OVER SPILT MILK, SON!

IN AN EFFORT TO "SQUARE THINGS," HE SENDS TARZAN TO A PRIVATE SCHOOL ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF MINNEAPOLIS....



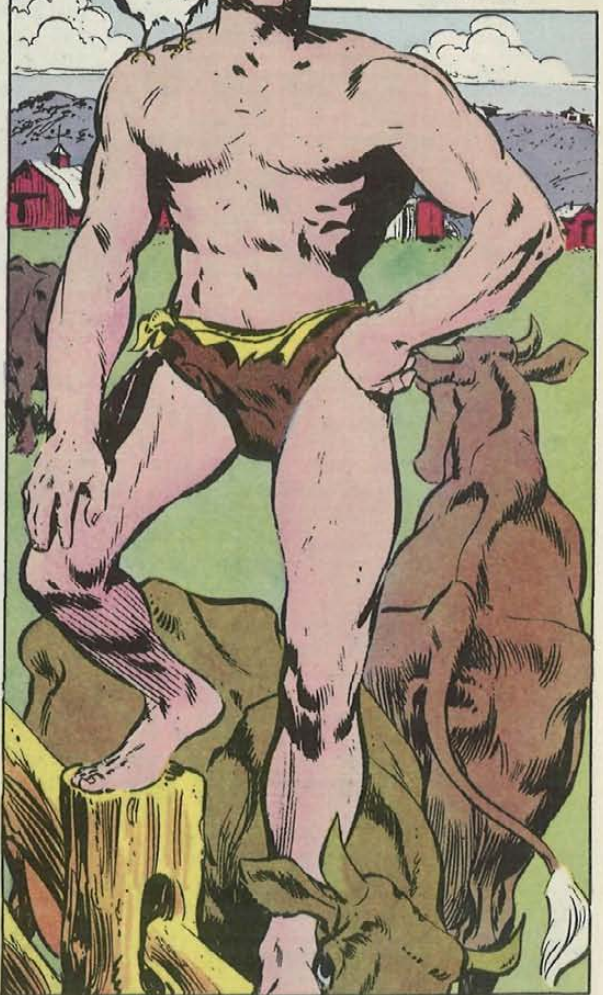
BUT HE JUST DOESN'T FIT IN WITH THE OTHER STUDENTS...



AT LAST... TARZAN NO LIKE SCHOOL!



THUS IT IS THAT TARZAN, PROUD AND UNTAMED, RETURNS TO ROAM THE WILDS, AND THERE, WITH SIMBA, HIS FAITHFUL CHICKEN, TO UPHOLD THE LAW OF THE PASTURE AND BEFRIEND BOTH MAN AND BEAST ALIKE....



COWS AROUND THE WORLD

No. 1 of a series The Ayrshire

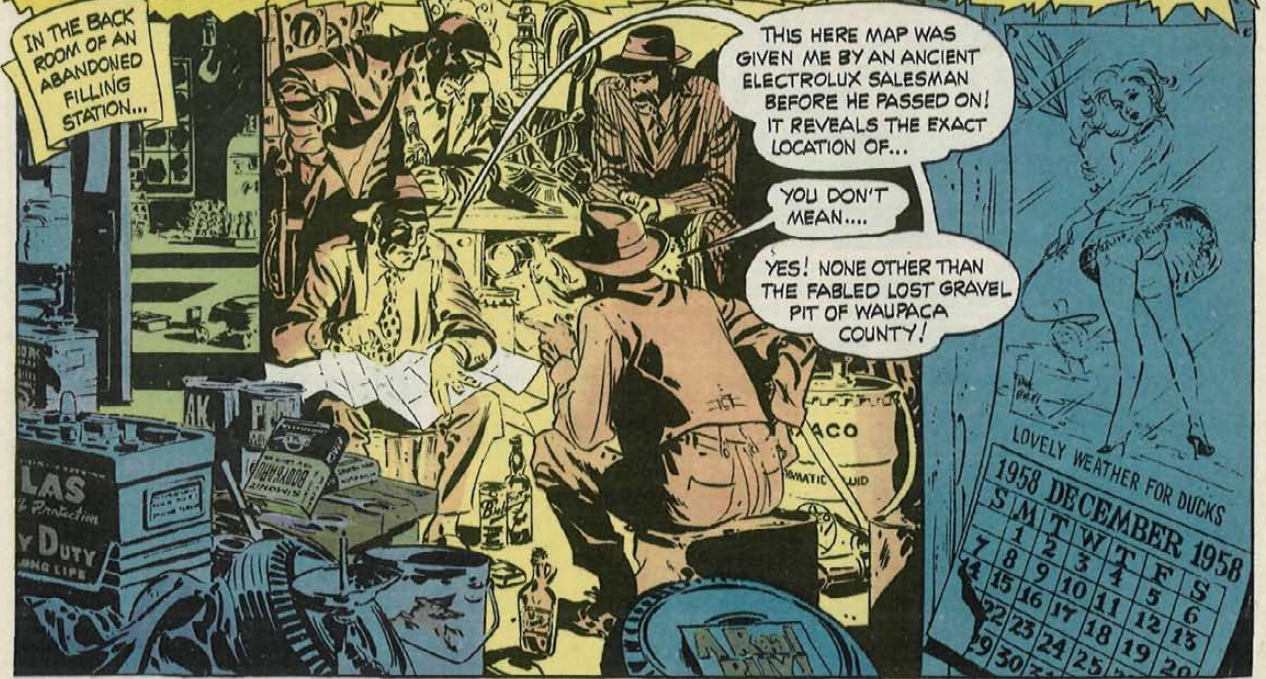
HOOT MON! SHE'S A WEE BIT O' A BONNIE BOSSY!



The Ayrshire (pronounced "air-sheer") hails from Ayr county in southwestern Scotland where they originated in the late 18th century. Noted for their symmetrical udders and long, upturned horns, this hardy breed varies in color, ranging from red and white to red, mahogany, or brown with white spots. Occasionally, one may even chance upon an almost pure white specimen.

First imported into the United States in 1822, there are currently over 175,000 registered Ayrshires in this country. Although of medium size (female — 1,150 pounds; male — 1,800 pounds), Ayrshires still rank high among dairy cattle as beef producers but, with the continuing emphasis on volume and low-fat content of milk, many farmers are passing over the Ayrshire in favor of the holstein-friesian.

THE GROUNDHOG MEN AND THE LOST GRAVEL PIT OF WAUPACA COUNTY



IN THE BACK ROOM OF AN ABANDONED FILLING STATION...

THIS HERE MAP WAS GIVEN ME BY AN ANCIENT ELECTROLUX SALESMAN BEFORE HE PASSED ON! IT REVEALS THE EXACT LOCATION OF...

YOU DON'T MEAN....

YES! NONE OTHER THAN THE FABLED LOST GRAVEL PIT OF WAUPACA COUNTY!



LET'S GIT DOWN TO BRASS TACKS. WHAT DO YOU WANT FER THE MAP?

HALF THE TAKE AND I CALL THE SHOTS!



BUT GRAVEL DOES STRANGE THINGS TO MEN'S MINDS....

OH, YEAH? ALL YER GETTIN', PAL, IS A ONE-MAN BUNGALOW WITH SILVER HANDLES!



BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

NO! WAIT!



NOW WE'LL ONLY HAVE TO SLICE THAT PIE **THREE** WAYS!



SCANT SECONDS LATER....

CRIPES! IT SEZ HERE THE LAND'S OWNED BY A MR. AND MRS. KLECKLEY!

I'VE GOT A SCHEME! WE'LL PUT ON THESE GROUND-HOG DUDS AND SCARE 'EM OFF!



THE FOLLOWING DAY....



OOGA-BOOGA-OOGA-BOOGA-OOGA...

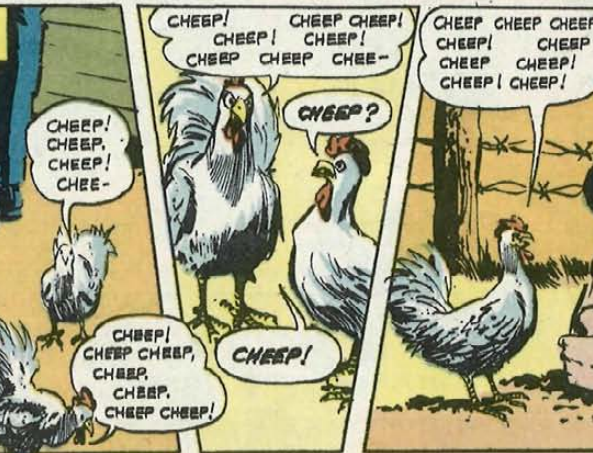
RUN FER YER LIFE, HELEN! HERE COME THE BIGGEST DANGED GROUNDHOGS I EVER SET EYES ON!

OOGA-BOOGA-OOGA-BOOGA-OOGA!



THAT TAKES CARE OF THEM! NOW LET'S GIT THE DUMP TRUCK AND MAKE OFF WITH THE SWAG!

BUT NEWS TRAVELS FAST IN THE BADGER STATE...



CHEEP! CHEEP! CHEEP! CHEEP!

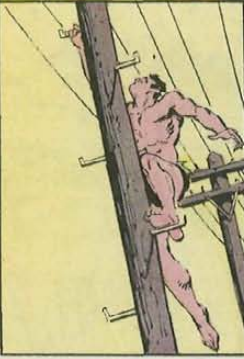
CHEEP! CHEEP! CHEEP! CHEEP!

CHEEP! CHEEP! CHEEP! CHEEP!



WHAT THAT YOU SAY, SIMBA? THREE MEN POSE AS GROUND-HOG TO SCARE AWAY MR. AND MRS. KLECKLEY AND STEAL THEIR GRAVEL? TARZAN SOON PUT STOP TO THIS!

MOVING WITH UNCANNY SPEED, TARZAN RACES UP THE NEAREST TELEPHONE POLE...



HAND OVER HAND, WITH SINEWS FLASHING IN THE SUNLIGHT, HE KNIFES THROUGH THE LUSH FARMLAND...



...UP ROUTE 9 TO THE TWIN FORKS, BEARS LEFT PAST THE GRANGE TO SPRING BLUFF ROAD, LEFT ON SPRING BLUFF ROAD FOR ABOUT THREE MILES TO THE OLD DIRT ROAD JUST AFTER THE ROYAL CROWN COLA SIGN, RIGHT ON THE OLD DIRT ROAD UNTIL IT DEAD ENDS ON ROUTE 31, LEFT ON ROUTE 31 TO THE BIG FALLS CUT-OFF, FOLLOWS THE CUT-OFF UNDER THE BRIDGE AND ACROSS THE TRACKS, THEN TAKES A SHARP RIGHT AND....



THROW DOWN YOUR FIRESTICKS! I TARZAN OF COWS!

I BEG YOUR PARDON?

I SAID-

HOW'S THAT?

COME AGAIN?



BUT BEFORE HE CAN ANSWER, THE TOP GUNSEL BARKS A COMMAND...

POLISH HIM OFF!

YOU ASKED FER THIS, CHUMP, AND NOW YER GONNA GIT IT!

BLAM

PA-LOW!

WHAT'S IT TO BE FOR TARZAN?
THE GRIM REAPER
OR THE INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER?
?

AMIDST A HAIL OF LEAD, THE MIGHTY MIDWESTERNER SWINGS INTO ACTION....



BWEEE
VIP!
VIP!

TZING!

P-WANG

LANDING SQUARELY ON A HAYSTACK, WHERE...

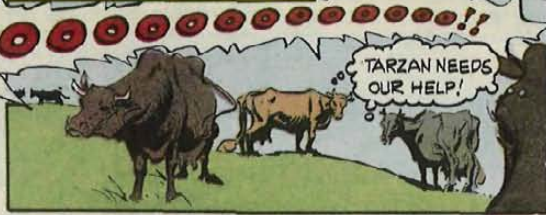


HE GIVES THE CRY OF THE BULL GUERNSEY...

ALL OVER WAUPACA COUNTY...



MOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!



WITHIN MERE MOMENTS, A DISTANT RUMBLING...

GALUMPA GALUMPA GALUMPA

...ERUPTS INTO ALL THE RAW, SAVAGE FURY OF THE CHARGE OF THE COWS!



SOON....

HAVE A HEART, COPPER! LEMME GIT THIS STUFF OFF MY SHOE!

YOU'LL HAVE PLENTY OF TIME FOR THAT WHERE YOU'RE GOING!

@*!!@%?#

HOW KIN WE EVER THANK YOU?

YOU LET TARZAN GRAZE ON NORTH FORTY?

SURE THING!



AND SO, WITH JUSTICE YET AGAIN TRIUMPHANT, TARZAN OF THE COWS TAKES HIS LEAVE TO PURSUE NEW ADVENTURE, NEW EXCITEMENT, NEW MOWN HAY...



NORMA, DID YOU JUST SAY 'MOO'?

NO, I THOUGHT YOU DID!

MOOOOO!

MEET

ANOTHER NEWCOMER TO THE KENOSHA KOMICS FAMILY!!!

INTRIGUE! SUSPENSE! WEIRDNESS!

WHEN SMOG, LIKE A SILK SHROUD, CURLS THROUGH THE PERIL-RYEN STREETS OF BURLINGTON, AND DANGER LURKS IN EVERY DARKENED DOORWAY, THEN FALLS THE TIME FOR...

VERMONT CRANSTON

alias

THE SHADOW

BY WAY OF AN ARCAIC CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL, CRANSTON LEARNED THE SECRET OF CLOUDING THE MIND, NOT THE MINDS OF OTHER MEN... BUT HIS OWN!

PLEASE EXCUSE ME! MY MIND'S SO CLOUDED I HARDLY KNOW WHAT I'M DOING!



BUMP!

CRASH!

CUT OUT AND SAVE

No. 141

FARMER PHIL'S MEADOW LORE



A BROKEN BARBED WIRE FENCE OFTEN SPELLS TROUBLE FOR THE DAIRYMAN. UNLESS THE BREAK IS REPAIRED, AND QUICKLY, CATTLE WILL ESCAPE. YOU CAN ALWAYS JUDGE A DAIRYMAN BY THE QUALITY OF HIS FENCES.

YOURS 'TILL THE COWS COME HOME,

Farmer Phil

COMING UP NEXT:

CAN TARZAN SURVIVE THE **SIL OF DEATH?**

HOW DOES A TATTERED 4-4 HANDBOOK PLAY A BIZARRE PART IN THE MYSTERY OF THE WURLITZER GRAVEYARD? WHAT IS THE STRANGE SECRET OF MRS. WILMA HOWARD THE SISTER DEVIL MOTHER WHO HEADS A PAGAN CULT THAT OPENLY WORSHIPS THE WOLF AND THE BEAR?

FOR THE ANSWERS TO THESE AND OTHER QUESTIONS... DON'T MISS...

TARZAN AND THE FORBIDDEN JEWEL OF HEAFFORD JUNCTION!

WHEN THE FATE OF WISCONSIN HANGS IN THE BALANCE AND IS FOUND WANTING...

IT IS WRITTEN THAT WHOSEVER STEALS THE SACRED ZIRC-ON FROM THE MASONIC SHIELD SHALL BE UNDONE BY A DREAD CURSE!

DON'T EXPECT ME TO SWALLOW THAT BUNK!



SPOILERS

By Douglas C. Kenney

In more tranquil times, Americans loved nothing better than curling up with a blood-chilling whodunit or trooping off to the cinema to feast on spine-tingling thrillers, weird science fiction tales and hair-raising war adventure.

Nowadays, however, with the country a seething caldron of racial, political and moral conflict, the average American has more excitement in his daily life than he can healthily handle. (Remember what the American Heart Association says about excess nervous tension.)

For this reason, on the following pages the *National Lampoon* presents, as a public service, a selection of "spoilers" guaranteed to reduce the risk of unsettling and possibly dangerous suspense. We ask that you read them over several times and, if possible, commit them to memory before you venture into the actual book or late night movie.

Remember, the life you save may be your own.

FILMS

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

PSYCHO: The movie's multiple murders are committed by Anthony Perkins disguised as his long-dead mother.

DIAL M FOR MURDER: Keep your eye on the latchkeys. Murderer Ray Milland is trapped when the detective substitutes one for the other.

STRANGERS ON THE TRAIN: Everything works out fine for Farley Granger when Robert Walker is crushed under a merry-go-round.

MARNIE: Tippi Hedren flips out repeatedly at the sight of red because she subconsciously remembers as a child witnessing the murder of her hooker mom.

THE BIRDS: Tippi and Rod Taylor escape from the house as the birds look on inscrutably.

THE THIRTY-NINE STEPS: Robert Donat escapes as Nazi spies are rounded up in a theater where a mentalist had been unwittingly transmitting coded information.

(continued)



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SUSPICION: Cary Grant and Joan Fontaine live happily ever after when Cary establishes his innocence by pointing out that all the evidence against him was purely circumstantial.

THE LADY VANISHES: Dame May Witty really does vanish temporarily, but she and Michael Redgrave both make it back to London with the secret musical code.

MURDER MYSTERIES

ANATOMY OF A MURDER: Jimmy Stewart's client is found not guilty, but he did it.

THE THIN MAN: The lawyer Herbert MacCaulay killed Wynant in his shop just after his daughter left, then did in Julia Wolf and Nunheim to protect himself.

BOGIE FLICKS

THE MALTESE FALCON: The black falcon statuette that everyone is trying to locate is worthless, and everyone but Bogart winds up in jail.

THE TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE: Bogart is killed by Mexican bandits, and Walter Huston and Tim Holt lose all their gold dust in a wind storm.

THE AFRICAN QUEEN: Just as Bogart and Katharine Hepburn are about to be hung aboard the German ship *Louisa*, the explosive-laden wreck of their *African Queen* collides with it and they swim happily into the credits.

CASABLANCA: Bogart gives Ingrid Bergman the letters of transit. He stays behind on the runway to kill the German officer and exits with Claude Rains to fight in the Resistance.

THRILLERS

THE THIRD MAN: Harry Lime is the "third man" who sold the deadly black-market penicillin to the children's hospitals and is eventually shot to death in a Viennese sewer.

DIABOLIQUE: Vera Clouzot's husband isn't really murdered. He and Simone Signoret staged it as part of a plot to drive his wife insane.

REBECCA: Laurence Olivier doesn't really idolize his first wife. In fact, he bumped her off.

WAIT UNTIL DARK: Audrey Hepburn stabs and kills would-be murderer Alan Arkin in the final pitch-dark confrontation.

CHARADE: Cary Grant is really a Good Guy working for the U.S. government. Walter Matthau is the Bad Guy trying to get his hands on the gold.

GAMBIT: The first half isn't really the robbery, just Michael Caine's optimistic explanation of how he hopes things will come off. Needless to say . . .

KIND HEARTS AND CORONETS: (Comedy) Convicted of killing Alec Guinness eight times, Dennis Price gets a last-minute reprieve, only to remember too late that the diary he left behind in prison contains a detailed confession.

THE LAVENDER HILL MOB: (Comedy) Guinness has already been arrested as he begins his narration.

THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD: Richard Burton is cruelly tricked by his own side into defecting to East Germany, where he exposes Oskar Werner, who was about to expose the real British agent. To add insult to injury, his girl friend Claire Bloom is shot to death going back over the Berlin Wall.

TOPKAPI: A misdirected bird sets off the alarm system during an elaborate jewel theft and everyone lands in stir.

GAMING CONFRONTATIONS

THE CINCINNATI KID: Steve McQueen loses everything when Edward G. Robinson, in the final hand, wins with a royal flush.

THE HUSTLER: Fast Eddie loses to Minnesota Fats.

FUTURE POLITICAL TURMOIL

SEVEN DAYS IN MAY: Gen. Burt Lancaster's coup fails.

FAIL-SAFE: President Fonda reluctantly agrees to obliterate Manhattan (and wife) in exchange for accidental nuking of Moscow.

THE BEDFORD INCIDENT: Under Captain Richard Widmark's relentless badgering, skittish James MacArthur unleashes a rocket-torpedo that results in the destruction of a Russian sub. But the Russian sub manages to fire a nuclear torpedo before it sinks, atomizing the *Bedford* and providing a mushroom-shaped cloud for credits.

DR. STRANGELOVE: Misinformed SAC bomber pilot Slim Pickens flies under Russky radar net to lay an atomic egg on a Soviet target, thus triggering the end of the world.



WAR ACTION

THE BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER KWAI: Alec Guinness tries to stop William Holden from blowing up Jap bridge. Holden is shot by Japs. Guinness repents, is also shot, but falls on plunger just in time to blow the bridge out from under an enemy train.

THE GUNS OF NAVARONE: Despite the fact that the mute girl turns out to be a talking traitor, Gregory Peck leads a commando team that silences the big guns, just in time.

THE FLIGHT OF THE PHOENIX: Although desert-stranded survivors learn in the last 10 minutes that the German reconstructing their downed aircraft is only a *model* plane designer, the jerry-built airplane flies them to safety.

THE TRAIN: Burt Lancaster stops it.

ESCAPES

THE GREAT ESCAPE: A few minor characters get through, but not McQueen.

THE MCKENZIE BREAK: Brian Keith accidentally lets all the Nazis escape in a sub except for Willie, who, like Keith, must return to face the music.

VON RYAN'S EXPRESS: Sinatra tries to hop aboard a trainload of prisoners heading for Switzerland. Doesn't make it. Dies.



LONELY ARE THE BRAVE: The horse loses its cool on a highway and Kirk Douglas is run over by a truck. (No kidding.)

THE NAKED PREY: Cornell Wilde makes it to safety.

CITIZEN KANE

CITIZEN KANE: "Rosebud" was the name of Kane's childhood sled.

SCIENCE FICTION MONSTERS

THEM: Flamethrowers.

THE DEADLY MANTIS: Poison gas.

THE DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS: Sea water.

THE BLOB: Freezing cold.

THE THING: 3,000 volts.

THE BEAST FROM TWENTY THOUSAND FATHOMS: An "oxygen destroyer."

KING KONG: Beauty and/or 30-caliber Vickers twin-mounted machineguns.

PHILOSOPHER DETECTIVE STORIES

CRITIQUE OF PURE MURDER
Michael O'Donoghue — Sauvage realizes Athene is an imposter when he notices she is carrying a copy of Durant's *The Story of Philosophy*.

THE SEVEN DEADLY SYNTHESSES
by Michael O'Donoghue — Pitted against the wily Herr Sitzmark in a dialogue to the death, Sauvage wins by proving not all Germans have "natural reason."



DOMESTIC MELODRAMA

WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?: Burton's and Taylor's child turns out to be imaginary.

LITERATURE

AGATHA CHRISTIE

THE ABC MURDERS: Franklin Clarke murders his brother.

MURDER IN THREE ACTS: Sir Charles committed all three homicides.

CARDS ON THE TABLE: Dr. Roberts did it.

WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION: Geoffrey Keene.

AND THEN THERE WERE NONE: Shame, Judge Wargrave.

THE MURDER OF ROGER ACKROYD: The book's narrator, Dr. Sheppard.

MURDER IN THE CALAIS COACH: Everyone did it.

EDGAR ALLEN POE

THE PURLOINED LETTER: The letter was in plain view all the time.

THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM: Saved in the nick of time.

THE PREMATURE BURIAL: He wasn't buried at all, just sleeping in a ship's berth.

THE SPHINX: The "monster" is a tiny bug on the window sash.

LIGEIA: Ligeia's corpse comes back to life.

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SHORT STORIES

THE GIFT OF THE MAGI (O. Henry): She sold her hair to buy him a watch fob for Christmas, and he sold his watch to buy her a set of combs.

THE NECKLACE (Guy de Maupassant): The necklace was paste.

THE OPEN WINDOW ("Saki"): Her father wasn't dead, just out for a walk.

A ROSE FOR EMILY (William Faulkner): Emily has been sleeping with the corpse of her husband for years.

RAPPACINI'S DAUGHTER (Nathaniel Hawthorne): She's poison.

INCIDENT AT OWL CREEK BRIDGE (Ambrose Bierce): It all takes place in the hanged man's mind before he dies.

TO BUILD A FIRE (Jack London): He freezes to death.

PERFECT DAY FOR A BANANA-FISH (J. D. Salinger): The kid commits suicide.

CAMPUS STANDARDS

MAGISTER LUDI (Hermann Hesse): After finally leaving the monastery, Joseph Knecht immediately drowns.

ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST (Ken Kesey): They turn McMurphy into a vegetable with shock treatments. The Indian escapes.

LORD OF THE FLIES (William Golding): A ship comes and saves Ralph before the other children hunt him down.

LORD OF THE RINGS (J.R.R. Tolkien): At the last moment, Frodo refuses to throw the Ring into the Cracks of Doom, but Gollum makes a grab for it, and he and the Ring fall into the pit, destroying Sauron's power.

SIRENS OF TITAN (Kurt Vonnegut Jr.): All of human endeavor is directed from the planet Tralfamadore in order that man evolve to provide a Tralfamadorian emissary stranded on Titan with a spare part for his spaceship. The message that the emissary has waited billions of years to deliver is "Greetings."

CLASSICS

JANE EYRE (Charlotte Brontë): The madwoman upstairs is Rochester's wife.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS (Charles Dickens): Pip's secret benefactor is Magwitch, the criminal.

HUCKLEBERRY FINN (Mark Twain): Jim had been freed and need not have fled.

ETHAN FROME (Edith Wharton): Bungling their suicide pact, Mattie becomes a helpless cripple, and Ethan and Zena must care for her for the rest of their lives.

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT (Fyodor Dostoevsky): Raskolnikov did it.

THE OX-BOW INCIDENT (Walter Van Tilburg Clark): The men who were hung weren't guilty.

1984 (George Orwell): There was a telescreen behind the picture, through which the Thought Police had watched them all along.

THE GODFATHER (Mario Puzo): Don's Ivy League son Michael grows up and takes over the Mafia.

SHERLOCK HOLMES

THE SPECKLED BAND: The speckled band was a spotted swamp adder that descended on its victims via a bell rope.

THE REDHEADED LEAGUE: Wilson was hired by the League to get him out of the way so they could tunnel into the bank adjoining his shop.

SILVER BLAZE: John Striker's murderer was his horse.

THE CARDBOARD BOX: The severed ears belong to John Browner's wife and her lover.

THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES: Stapleton, a Baskerville and an heir, looses the vicious hound.

THE FINAL PROBLEM: Holmes is not really killed when he falls over the precipice. □



Adventures in Everyday Living

The greatest adventures, many religious leaders tell us, are found in the mundane things we do everyday. Many religious leaders don't know much about adventure. Adventure is like sex: You get out of it what you put into it, only less of it. Using a little imagination and effort, you too can put adventure into everyday mundane things, just as the people in these unposed pictures have done.

By Arnold Roth



Getting Yourself a Seat on the Bus Adventure

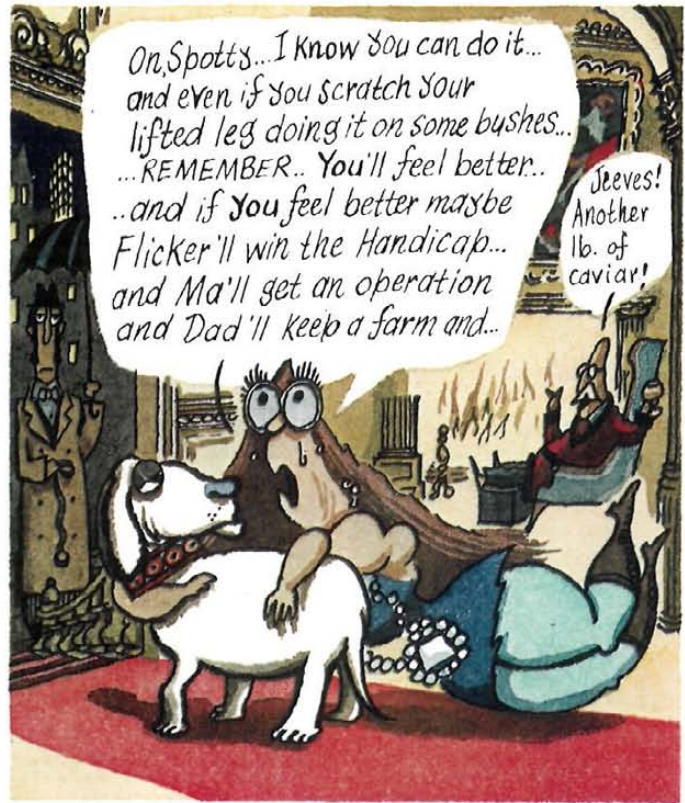


Getting Ready to Go Out Adventure

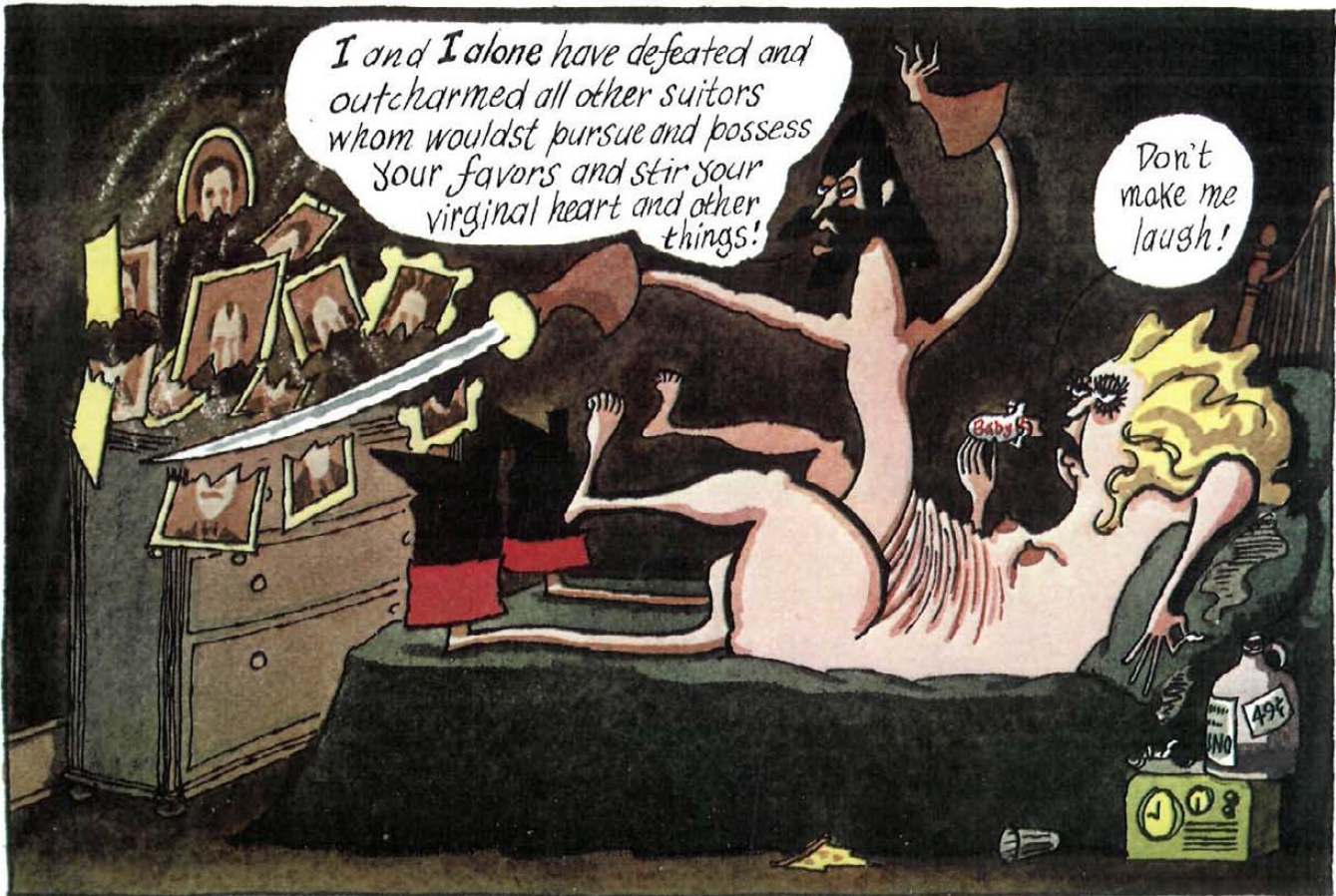
Finding a Parking Place Adventure



Walking the Dog Adventure



Adventures in Identity





Little Doug Kenney will go to bed hungry tonight.

... unless you help. Raised in a small village called by the natives "Ohio," Doug has never had the things that your children have had. He was 10 years old before he owned a pair of Florsheim shoes, he was almost 20 before he had his first ride in a Lincoln Continental, and his parents were too poor to send him to a fancy Swiss private school like his playmates. He has never tasted caviar. . . .

Won't you find it in your heart to join the *National Lampoon* Foster Subscription Program? It costs only pennies a day and can do

so much. If you buy a one-year subscription, little Doug Kenney can have a crust of bread and a cup of milk every day. A two-year subscription will send him to school, where he will learn to read, write and play polo. A lifetime subscription will enable him to throw an entire coming-out party for his less fortunate friends in the south of France.

Just \$5.95 will give you a year of reading pleasure.

And little Doug will love you.

Subscribe, dammit!

The National Lampoon, Dept. NL 471
635 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022

Yes, I want to help those less fortunate than myself and subscribe to the *National Lampoon*.

I enclose my check money order

- 1-year subscription (12 issues) — \$5.95 (you save \$3.05)
 2-year subscription (24 issues) — \$10.50 (you save \$7.50)
 3-year subscription (36 issues) — \$14.50 (you save \$12.50)

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City _____ State _____ Zip _____

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DERBY DAMES ON PARADE!



The lowdown on the high-rolling romance and locker room loves of the "sex on wheels" set!!

SCREENPLAY: MICHAEL O'DONOGHUE ★ CINEMATOGRAPHY: MIKE SULLIVAN ★ SPECIAL EFFECTS: PETER BRAMLEY



Dona "The Dixie Flash" Valleso

Team The Tampa Tornados
 Position J
 Age 26
 Height 5'6"
 Weight 119

Hailing from Richmond, Va., this winsome wheeler has been sparkplugging the Tornados since 1951, when she copped the coveted Rookie of the Year trophy. Ranked by most Derbyites as Skatedom's top jammer, dynamic Dona is known for her bone-crunching tactics, both on the rink and off. The one-time car hop's interests include Hawaiian music and souvenir ashtrays.

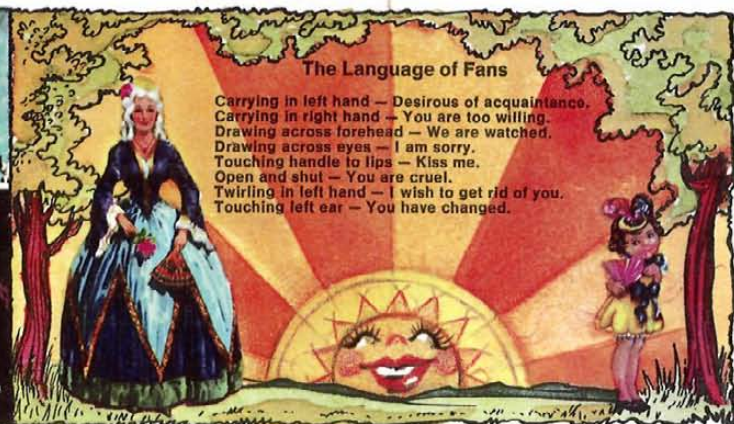


WHERE DOES DONA VALLESO GET HER PEP?

WELL-BALANCED MEALS.



WHEN YOU'RE THE TOP JAMMER, THERE'S NO TURNING BACK, AND THE ONLY WAY FORWARD IS OVER THE BODIES OF THE GALS WHO THINK THEY'RE ROUGHER THAN YOU ARE!



The Language of Fans

Carrying in left hand — Desirous of acquaintance.
 Carrying in right hand — You are too willing.
 Drawing across forehead — We are watched.
 Drawing across eyes — I am sorry.
 Touching handle to lips — Kiss me.
 Open and shut — You are cruel.
 Twirling in left hand — I wish to get rid of you.
 Touching left ear — You have changed.

DONA IS INTERVIEWED ON WIBX..



WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN MARILYN MONROE AND A ROOSTER?

I'M NOT SURE I...

A ROOSTER SAYS "COCKADOODLEDOO!" BUT MARILYN MONROE SAYS... "ANYCOCKLEDOO!"



MEANWHILE, ON A SIDE STREET IN PORT ARTHUR...

THE VIRGINS ARE STEALING FOR THEIR DOWRIES!

SILVERWARE FROM THE MILL...

LINENS FROM THE WAREHOUSE...

AT A PRE-SEASON PARTY, DONA
DISCUSSES BEDROOM FURNITURE...



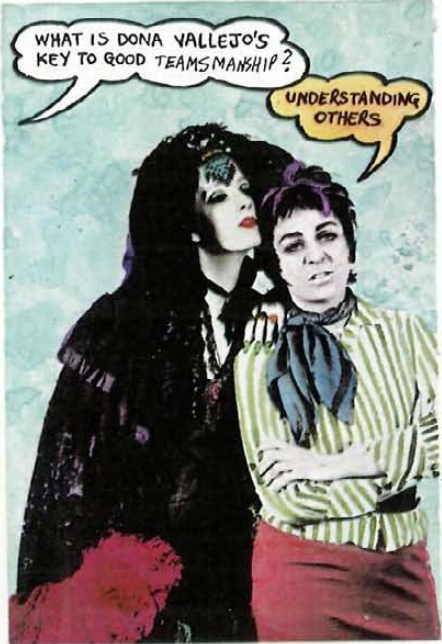
...PREFER
BLONDE OAK!

GUNBOATS LIE
ANCHORED OFF
THE COAST!

ON THE TERRACE, DONA CATCHES THE GLANCE OF ILONA
COMTESSE D'AZURE. THE COMTESSE'S FINGER NAILS ARE
PAINTED THE EXACT COLOR OF DAWN IN AN EXOTIC CAPITAL.
HER EYES ARE FILLED WITH THE FLAGS OF MANY NATIONS.
BIRDS OF PARADISE HANG FROM HER EARS, EVEN THE
WORDS THEMSELVES...



WHAT IS DONA VALLEJO'S
KEY TO GOOD TEAMS MANKHIP?



UNDERSTANDING
OTHERS

LATER WE MADE LOVE IN A
FASHION THAT'S ILLEGAL IN
ALL BUT THREE COUNTRIES!

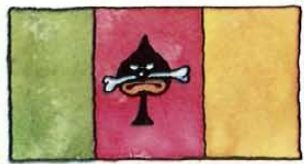


JUST WAIT TILL MOM
AND DAD SEE THIS! WILL THEY
BE SORRY THEY DIDN'T BUY
ME A PONY!



WOULD YOU BE
UNHAPPY IF I
WENT AWAY?

TO WHERE?



I WAS WOUNDED IN THE
INCHON LANDING!

HAVE A SCAR?

NO THANKS! I DON'T SMOKE!



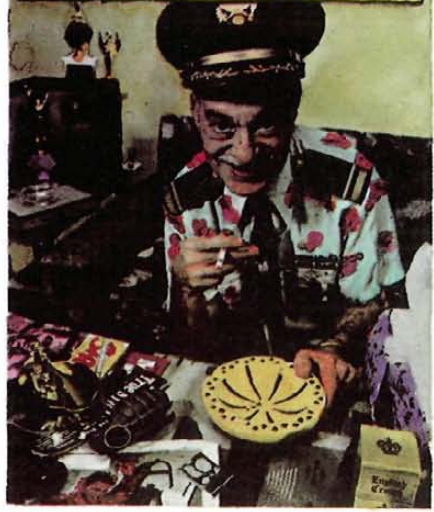
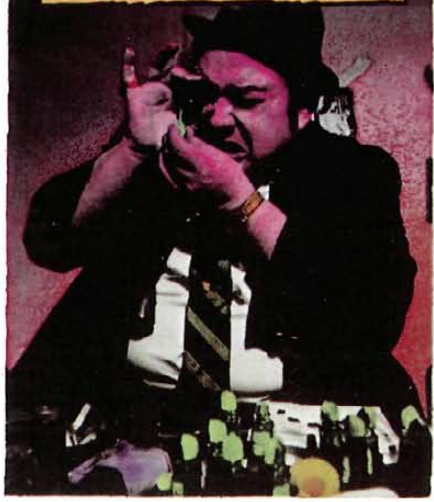
AT THE "COW PALACE CANTEN", DONA
CHATS WITH DISABLED SERVICEMEN...

FLAGS OF MANY NATIONS
NO. 74 NYASALAND



"BUT COMMISSIONER McMAHON WASN'T IMPRESSED. NOR DID HE APPEAR TO BE SURPRISED. FOR HE KNEW THAT FINGER-NAIL POLISH SNIFFING HAD BECOME ONE OF THE DEADLIEST CRAZES IN FRANCE."

FOR FATHER'S DAY, DONA SENDS HER FATHER, MAJ. HOWARD T. VALLEJO, RET., TWO ASHTRAYS AND A GIFT SET OF KINGS MEN TOILETRIES.



EVERY TIME DONA FALLS, THOUSANDS OF ARTONS OF CHESTERFIELDS GO ROLLING OUT TO VETERANS HOSPITALS ALL OVER AMERICA.

FLAGS OF MANY NATIONS No. 119 THE CANAL ZONE

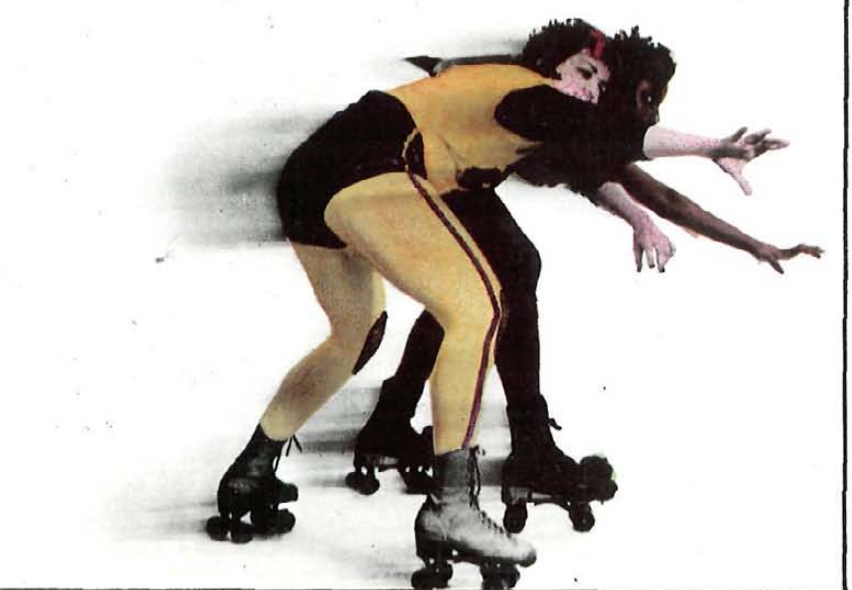
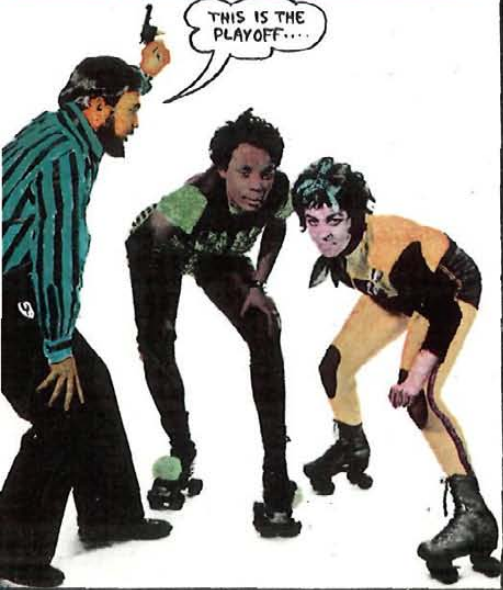


IN THE MOTEL, THE AFTERNOON OF THE BIG MATCH, DONA PLAYS "EASY MONEY" WITH PEGGY "THE UNION CITY SPITFIRE" GOFF, LITTLE GINGER RAYELLI, AND JUNE KATIGBAK, ONE OF THE FEW FILIPINOS IN ORGANIZED SPORTS....



THAT EVENING, DONA SKATES AGAINST HER BIGGEST RIVAL, "SIDEWINDER" SUE KOZAK OF THE HIGHLY-TOUTED ALLENTOWN INVADERS.

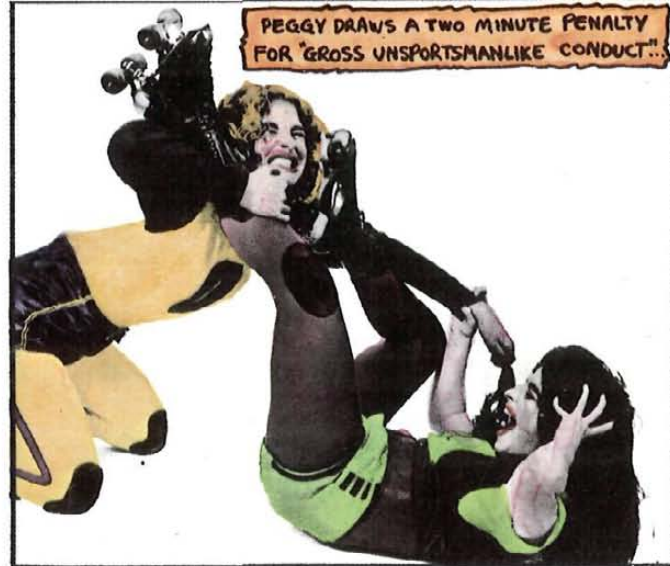
IT'S NECK AND NECK ALL THE WAY, WITH SUE AND DONA SLUGGING IT OUT ON EVERY LAP....



JUNE IS BENCHED WITH AN INJURED ANKLE...



PEGGY DRAWS A TWO MINUTE PENALTY FOR 'GROSS UNSPORTSMANLIKE CONDUCT'...

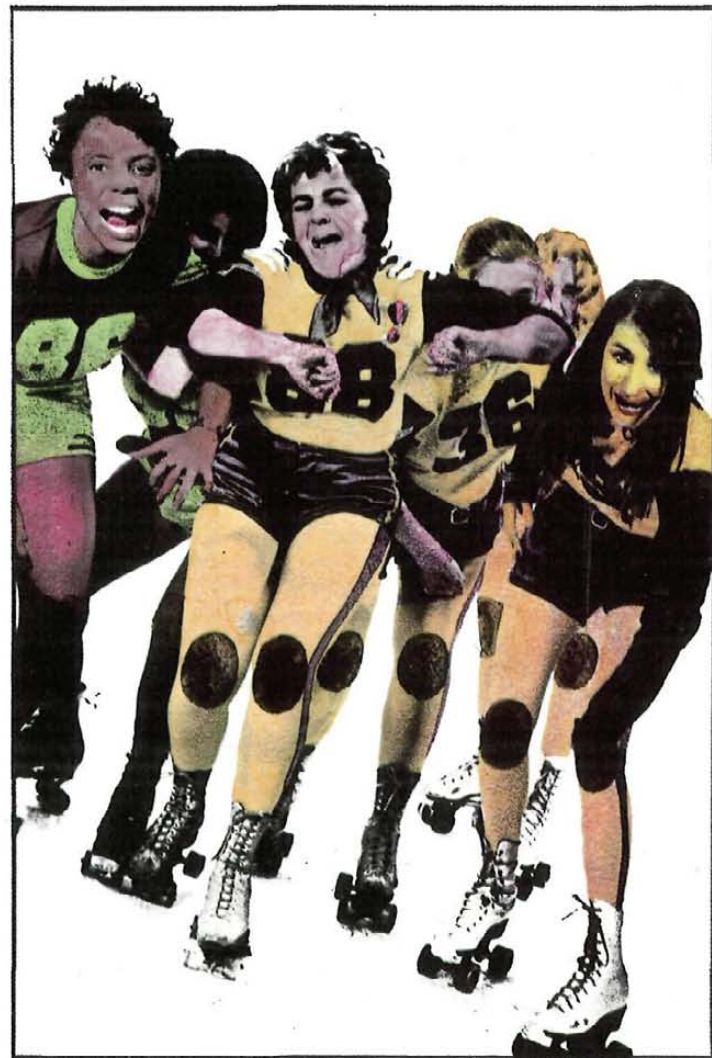


KISS OFF, BITCH!



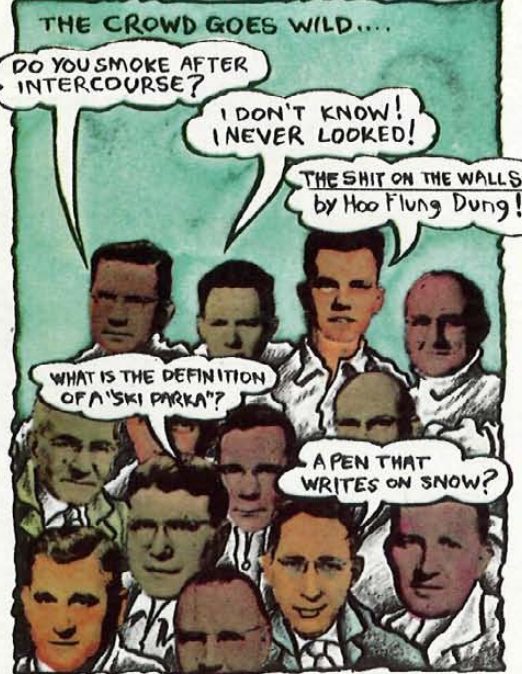
IN THE OPENING MINUTES OF THE LAST PERIOD, DONA SLAMS SUE INTO THE RAIL.....

THE CLOCK IS RUNNING OUT ON THE INVADERS. ALTHOUGH THEY TRAIL BY A SINGLE POINT, MERE SECONDS REMAIN UNTIL THE FINAL BUZZER. DONA CHECKS THE OPPOSING PIVOT WITH AN ELBOW TO THE BREAST AND IT LOOKS LIKE THE TORNADOS HAVE IT ON ICE WHEN, SUDDENLY, DONA...



THE RINK IS SPECKLED WITH BLOOD....





THE END!

Topics For Discussion

1. Consider the acting possibilities of *Derby Dames on Parade* for an amateur group. Plan costumes and stage business.
2. What is the significance of the flags of many nations? Do they add to the enjoyment of the story or detract from it?
3. What is there in the way in which this story is told that makes it particularly moving?



Cloud Studios - June '69



IS YOUR DAUGHTER A HIPPIE CULT MURDERER?

REAL

PARANOID PRESS



PUBLICATION

BALLS

ADVENTURE

SUPREME COURT COMSYMPs LOADED MY KIDS ON A...

BUS TO DOOM

I Survived The Attack Of The
KRAZED KENT KAMIKAZE KIDS

Special Balls Outdoor Saga

STALKING THE FLEET-FOOTED HOMO

EGGHEADS ARE LOUSY LOVERS!

... YAWN IVY LEAGUE CALL GIRLS

TOPLESS NUN-SWAPPING

Latest Kick In Foreign-Run "American" Schools

CONFESSED PINKO ODDBALL REVEALS...
THE COMMIE PLOT TO PUT POT IN OUR DRINKING WATER



NOW FEAR NO MAN!

The World's Deadliest Self-Defense Secret can be yours! . . .
Yakido Mishima, the Supreme Grand Master of Oriental Combat
brings you the forbidden secrets of . . .

THE GRAND MASTER OF HARA-KIRI

This man is Yakido Mishima, the acknowledged GRAND MASTER of this ancient and revered martial art. Until recently, Master Mishima refrained from practicing this deadly technique, instead busying himself writing novels and plays and organizing a small band of followers. Then, after having pasted in his scrapbook the last vicious and insulting review of his completed Japanese equivalent of "Blonx cheers" at the first-night closing of his most recent play, Mishima and his followers marched past the jeering crowds and selected a proper location for Mishima's unleashing of HARA-KIRI. Within seconds after its use, it was impossible to get his goat any longer.

IF YOU ACT NOW,
THE SECRET OF HARA-KIRI
CAN BE YOURS
FOR ETERNITY!



THIS BOOK CAN SAVE YOUR SELF-RESPECT!

How do YOU react to failure? Do you take it "philosophically" and act like a "good sport"? Just shrug your shoulders? Break out in a shit-eating grin and say, "Well, I guess the best man didn't win after all, heh heh"? If you do, you pathetic bastard, your family and friends are probably hiding the fact that they think you are a sniveling, yellow-bellied sissy! Yes, a lily-livered coward! Probably a pansy, to boot! So, the next time you fail at a simple task, whether it be a bowling match, arm-wrestling contest or a plain and simple drunken brawl, HOW WILL YOU REACT? LIKE A CHICKENSHIT or LIKE A MAN? This book, carefully printed on genuine rice paper, can tell you how to regain what is left of your self-respect.

HARA-KIRI

"The Face-Saver"
in this exclusive book!

WALKING ARSENAL

That's you, if you send for MASTER MISHIMA's book, filled not with mere drawings or fuzzy diagrams, but with ACTUAL PHOTOS of MASTER MISHIMA applying these RIPPING, TEARING, AWE-INSPIRING techniques. You'll be the talk of the town after you unleash your secret knowledge of HARA-KIRI. Your own family will stand stunned and speechless in the wake of your destructive powers, and enemies will no longer be a threat when they hear of your newfound prowess. They'll realize they just can't mess with you any more.

SIMPLE TO LEARN

Like other great Oriental martial arts, HARA-KIRI doesn't require a lot of muscle, just skill, perseverance and a knowledge of the body's key functions and major internal organs — all of which we'll teach you. It's so simple, you'll be flabbergasted to find you can pick up the knack the first time. THIS IS NO EXAGGERATION. THERE IS NO TRICK OR GIMMICK. If you can carve the Sunday roast, you can easily master this age-old technique.

"Not to be confused with Mata Hari, Hare Krishna or the discredited Hootchi-Kootchi. Accept no substitutes."

THE ULTIMATE WEAPON

Imagine the deadly power of the

great Oriental combat arts — YUBI-WAZA, JUJITSU, GUNG FU, BAM BI, BIFF POW, MOO GOO GAI PAN, CHOP CHOP, SNAK PAC and many others — all concentrated into a single, savage, lethal blow! You may be curious as to the nature of HARA-KIRI, and we must be honest and say that it is the MOST TERRIFYING AND DESTRUCTIVE ORIENTAL SELF-DEFENSE TECHNIQUE ON THE MARKET TODAY. Quicker than judo, more deadly than karate, HARA-KIRI is your own personal doomsday device.

USED BY FIGHTING FORCES

Yes, a major world power, faced with almost certain defeat at the hands of another (you'd recognize both of them in an instant), turned to a modern form of HARA-KIRI and, in a final desperate attempt, managed to save the pride of many of its warriors. Were it not for the limitation of such totally annihilating methods of warfare by the Geneva Convention, there is no doubt that American pilots in Southeast Asia today would be ordered to employ this form of HARA-KIRI, the dreaded KAMIKAZE. HARA-KIRI allows its user to walk with the cool confidence of a REAL MAN who knows he has that "something extra" up his sleeve. Like the users of KAMIKAZE, the master of HARA-KIRI always has something to bail him out.

TURN SURE DEFEAT INTO VICTORY WITH HARA-KIRI

MAIL GUARANTEED NO-RISK COUPON NOW

YAKIDO MISHIMA'S
HARA-KIRI SOCIETY Dept. 4356; Box 808
Union Gap, New Jersey 08899

Dear Mishima: Yes, I'm sick and tired of being Honorable Mr. Doormat to every punk that comes along with a club in his fist, forcing me to cringe with fear like a whipped dog. I enclose full payment of \$6.98, so RUSH me my copy of HARA-KIRI INSTRUCTIONS immediately. If I am not completely satisfied that HARA-KIRI has made a dramatic change in my life, I can return the book within 10 days for a full refund.

NAME: _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____
AGE _____ DATE OF APPENDIX REMOVAL _____

IMPORTANT NOTICE! WE ARE OBLIGED BY GOVERNMENT REGULATION TO INFORM YOU THAT ONCE YOU HAVE DEMONSTRATED YOUR MASTERY OF HARA-KIRI, YOU WILL BE REQUIRED TO REGISTER YOUR ENTIRE BODY WITH YOUR LOCAL HOMICIDE DEPARTMENT.

REAL BALLS ADVENTURE

A PARANOID PRESS PUBLICATION



LOOK FOR THIS SEAL—THE SYMBOL OF QUALITY IN MEN'S MAGAZINES. IT IS YOUR GUARANTEE THAT THIS IS THE STRAIGHT STUFF, AND NOT NO NO-GOOD CRAP LIKE REAL ROCKS ADVENTURE, OUR CLOSEST COMPETITOR.



L.A. Topless Teases, p. 34

APRIL 1971

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"INSIDE INFO FOR THE REAL MAN"

REAL BALLS HEALTH TIP

LONG HAIR, ROCK MUSIC CAN CAUSE CANCER.....

Dr. Sigmund Freed M.D. 14

... reports doctor after subjecting laboratory babes to strands of filthy hippie "mop" and ear-splitting Elvis records.

REAL BALLS HUNTER'S X-TRA

I BAGGED THE FEROCIOUS BLACK PANTHER.....

Ed Stag 17

Suddenly the killer dropped its shoeshine rag and raised its paws. My blood froze as I realized the only thing between me and its 97 pounds of savagery was my .38 Police Special, my Thompson submachine gun; my 12-gauge riot gun. . . .

REAL BALLS CONSUMER REPORT

THEY DON'T MAKE 'EM LIKE THEY USED TO.....

Dave Shaft 19

Automotive experts warn that crackpot "ecologists" crying "pollution" and "overpopulation" want to castrate your car and you, too.

SEND 'EM BACK WHERE THEY CAME FROM.....

Dr. Jonas Sink 23

... suggests well-known sociologist in novel solution to what's been going on around here lately.

REAL BALLS TRUE CONFESSION

I GAVE 'EM AN INCH AND THEY TOOK A MILE.....

Bill Belt 26

It all started after we let 'em move next door. First, it was a cup of sugar, then a stick of butter. It wasn't until we heard the blood-chilling sound of a lawn mower being sharpened to a razor's edge that we realized . . .

THE SCREWBALL LESBO BRA-BURNERS PLOT TO HAVE YOU FIXED.....

Mark Dent 29

Maybe even your devoted wife is a secret member. Does she step out alone with the girls? Ask you to wash the car? Regularly practice with her so-called potato peeler?

YOU CAN MAKE BIG \$\$\$ AS A CHEESECAKE PHOTOGRAPHER.....

Steve Fist 32

"Hell, it's easy," say big-time sex-snappers. "All you need is a spare room, some camera stuff and a smooth come-on."

A REAL BALLS BOOK-LENGTH BIOGRAPHY

ADOLPH HITLER — NAZI NUT OR MISUNDERSTOOD MARTYR?.....

Nick Nord 35

"Now, I'm not saying he was right, you understand," says author Nord, "but, on the other hand, I'm not saying he was wrong, either, if you know what I mean."

SCANDAL ON CAMPUS

LSD SMOKING IN WAY-OUT FRAT HOUSES TURNS COEDS INTO NAKED NUDE NATURE NYMPHOS.....

Rod Reel 38

Every day, millions of innocent dishes are lured into weird and exotic per-versions by anything-for-a-kick sophomore Svengalis.

FANATIC FRUITS ARE RUNNING YOUR COUNTRY.....

Ted Hunk 41

Author Hunk tells about official document listing over 759 names of known fairies holding seats in our nation's Senate.

IS YOUR DAUGHTER SECRETLY POSING FOR A CHEESECAKE PHOTOGRAPHER?.....

Steve Fist 45

"He really suckered me into it," confesses 16-year-old sex-snapette, "what with his spare room, camera stuff and smooth come-on."

I INFILTRATED A BEATNIK HOOTENANNY FOR THE F.B.I.

by NORM DE PLUME

Skull-shattering blasts of acid-folk music pounded in my brain, my lungs struggled against the telltale sickly-sweet smell of LSD. My head was spinning like a lathe as I "casually" surveyed the "pad," its inhabitants a fleshy mass of jutting, bouncing breasts and jiggling bohemian buttocks, all moving to the hypnotic rhythms of the Twist. Many of the revelers had even shed their socks.

"Hey Pop, wanna ball?"

Suddenly, in front of me was the nicest rack of knockers this undercover G-man's eyeballs had fondled in many an assignment. My mind raced to recall the "slang briefing" I had received in Washington from J. Edgar himself. Luckily, it all came back in a flash as I grabbed the doll in my muscular mitts.

"Reet, big eyes!" I murmured as I mashed her pneumatic tubes against the miniature microphone concealed in my "Ban the Bomb" button. "This hep daddy-o knows the score and is goin' to show you how to *really* shake the shoe-leather. And afterwards you can tell me where you buy your pot."

(Continued on page 83)





"Beat me daddy, eight to the bar!" I whooped, slapping out a driving bongo rhythm to the lead guitar. "Nobody here but just us wigged-out nonconformists! . . ."

AN EXCLUSIVE REPORT ON WHAT THEY'RE UP TO LATELY

THE MALE BAG

The infamous Black Panthers (a negro terrorist organization loosely connected with the N.A.A.C.P. and the International Jewish Conspiracy) got another taste of their own medicine last month when Chicago Police Detective Doug Thudde and patrolmen uncovered "the largest bomb plant" to date. The cache contained "all the fixin's" for Communist-inspired Molotov cocktail firebombs, including 50 yards of bedsheets (raw material for fuses), several sixpacks of bomb casings and, hidden in a nearby automobile, over half a tankful of "highly explosive liquid ethyl."

A Phoenix, Ariz., accountant, Felix Henspenny, has an interesting theory on the real origins of today's hippie scum. In early 1946, his wife Doris was "buzzed" by a low-flying Unidentified Flying Saucer and temporarily paralyzed by a "weird ray." Nine months later, Mrs. Henspenny gave birth to her only child, Raymond, who now has shoulder-length curls and lives in Berkeley (i.e.

"Moscow East"). Thinking back on it, both Mr. and Mrs. H. recall the saucer gave off a "strange sound" . . . sus-
piciously similar to rock music!

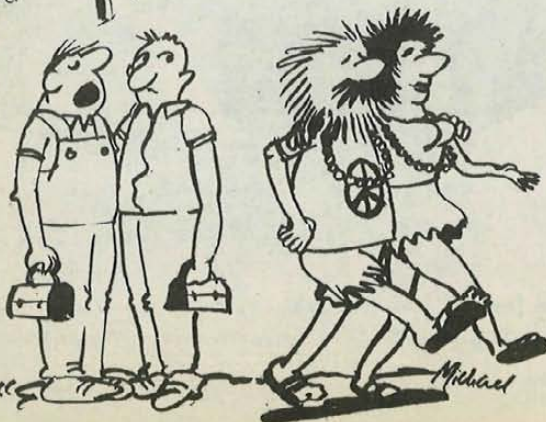
The Wisconsin chapter of the Volunteer Vigilantees Against Homos has found that "fag casting" and "queer trolling" in city parks is better sport when care is given to picking the correct lure. Most V.V.A.H. chapters have relied on the tried-and-true open-weave body shirt, but the Wisconsin boys are claiming unprecedented strikes with a Judy Garland record album lightly scented with cheap cologne.

Speaking of homos, a reliable source claims to have "absolutely irrefutable statistical proof" that over 64% of last year's "peace" candidates were "definitely fags" or "would be if they had half a chance."

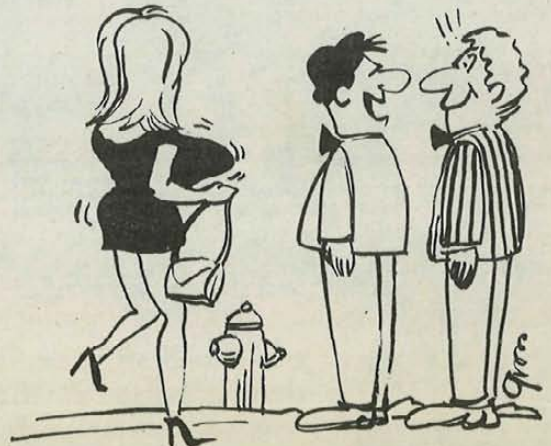
Police Fraternal organizations indicate that in recent clashes with "revolutionary protesters" (i.e. Commie homos), the peace creeps have picked up a trick from their slimy counterparts in Europe and Japan by maliciously wearing helmets and protective chest guards. Our Outdoor Sport Editor recommends meeting the problem by "beefing up" your load with a faster burning, smokeless powder and a brass-jacketed slug, or converting your piece to handle one of the Army's new armor-piercing small arms ammo.

HUNTER'S HINT: Try drawing your head 1 to 1-1/2 inches lower on a hippie's head than on that of a normal screwball. That way, you've allowed for the "false silhouette" produced by the vermin's excess hair.

**LAFF
TIME**



"It's getting so you can't tell the boys from the girls."



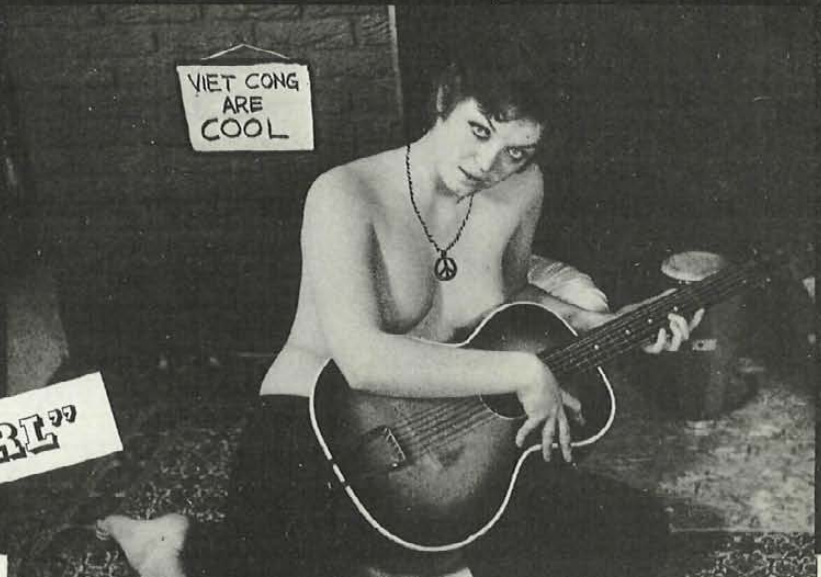
"Hey! Get a load of those tits!"

Gloria Dufay is a carrot-topped card-carrying Communist who wants to make more than just her hair red. A babe of a baby-sitter, glorious Gloria teaches her kids to use drugs, spit on the flag and be disrespectful to their parents.

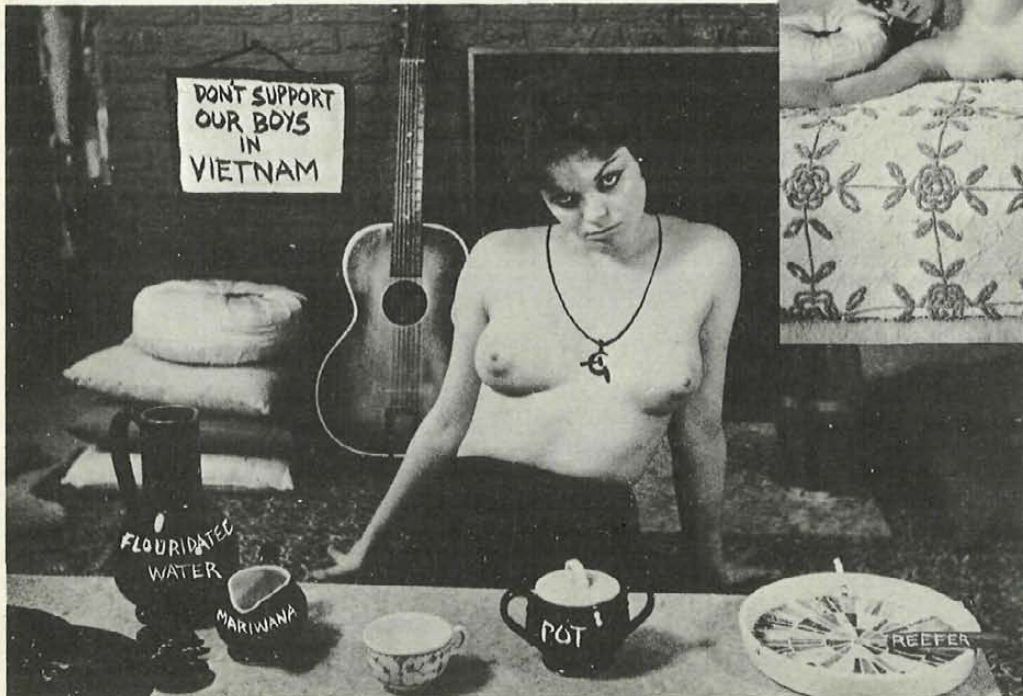
KNOW YOUR ENEMY

NO. 37

"PARTY GIRL"



Glamorous Gloria's favorite hobby is getting "high" on "goofballs" and composing peacenik anti-war songs. Giggles Gloria, "They're really good for spreading treason and getting away with it."



"No bra for me!" squeals this curvy Commie. "I also believe in free love, nobody having private property, people of different races marrying each other, shooting our President and nobody bothering to build a bomb shelter." □



"Observe, class, the female nipple," the Professor commands, "our first source of nourishment...and diversion!"

THE KIDDIE CAPTIVES OF PROFESSOR PERVERTO

by PERRY NOYD



Folks hereabouts in Willowdale, Iowa, are a pretty trusting sort, if you know what I mean. It wasn't unusual, then, that nobody spoke up when the P.T.A. announced that kindly Prof. Pervertto, here on a one-year sabbatical from Harvard, had generously offered to take over Mrs. Dunlop's fifth-grade health and hygiene class while she was in the hospital.

She had been the victim of a savage rapist who left no clue to his identity except a pattern of hickeys on her body reading "Beat Yale." Well, I reckon the first inkling that something was wrong at Willowdale Elementary was when little Sally Peterson came home from school the next week with a book by Dr. Spock, the known pinko (continued on page 99)

OFFICIAL DETECTIVE'S BADGE



So convincing-looking, even the suckers you "arrest" will be fooled! Just flash this heavy-duty chromium-plated shield and watch the fun! Ask for catalogue of auto sirens, e-z to install flashing auto lites and wide assortment of handcuffs, riot grenades, rubber hoses, cattle prods, etc.. SEND \$1 for badge and catalogue to:

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Dept. F
Chicago, Ill. 98887

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AMERICAN PROFESSIONALS INSTITUTE
BOX "T"
San Juan, Puerto Rico

SATISFY YOUR WIFE

Got a frustrated femme because you're a "dud" in the sack? In **Doctor Do-It's Giggle Guide**, an actual medical physician tells you all you need to know for a full and meaningful sexual relationship. **Giggle Guide** explains • hard-to-understand words like "second base," "boobs" and "hickey" • where babies come from • what goes where, when • how to achieve mutual somnambulism. Send just 50¢. Purchaser must be over 21. Plain brown wrapper. Order NOW for your future happiness. SEND 50¢ in cash or equivalent to:

Occupant
113 Walker St.
Apt. #3
Tucson, Arizona

COMING NEXT MONTH IN REAL BALLS ADVENTURE

CHARLIE MANSON: NEGRO-HATER GONE WRONG

How one man's well-founded fears of black revolt led him down a street marked "Danger!"

HELL'S ANGELS: FRIEND OR FOE?

Are these motorcycle nomads dangerous outlaws or just regular fellas out for a lark? Hopeful new evidence from Altamont.

HIPPIE GIRLS ARE THE CURSE OF CAPITALISM

... say call girls who complain that "groupies" and other spread-around-for-free type chicks are undermining free enterprise.

LOVE SECRETS OF THE KLANSMEN

A leading psychologist reveals that white racists are better in the bunk.

FANTASTIC FICTION

"EASY LAY"

She was firm, ripe and luscious, and he was healthy, hung and horny. They did it.

THE GREAT INCOME TAX SCANDAL

How the IRS is "withholding" from your paycheck money that you will never see!

REAL BALLS FASHION SURVEY

TEN HEALTHY HE-MEN HUSBANDS ATTACK

"LIBERATED" FASHIONS

The "dare to bare" casual look will never replace torpedo bras, black net stockings, garter belts and stiletto heels!

DOCTORS SHOW MARIJUANA CAUSES COMMUNISM

A crack team of eminent medical researchers have uncovered a direct link between Acapulco Gold and Kremlin Red.

REAL BALLS SEX-TRA

FOREPLAY: THE SECRET SEX TECHNIQUE THAT TURNS WOMEN INTO WILDCATS

"SNEAKY PETE"

Imported from a FOREIGN COUNTRY

\$5

Latest gag gift! NOT a toy, and despite cheap plastic handles and "plugged" barrel, NOT a blank pistol! Tacky outward appearance conceals a REAL GUN that can kick out 8 deadly slugs before anyone gets wise to the joke! Perfect for dull sporting events, long-haired faggots and plinko Presidents.

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.38 cal. "Blank" 8-shot revolver

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SOUTH O' THE BORDER MARRIAGE SERVICE Dept. K-9
Zoologica Publica de Tijuana
Tijuana, Mexico

Now You Can FINISH LIFE AT HOME in Your Spare Time!

Pick up any newspaper and scan the headlines:

- Thrill-crazed hippies, driven mad by dope, smut and Red agitators, dynamite office buildings and fire bomb department stores!
- Sex criminals and deviates roam the streets while the police look on helplessly, their hands tied by the Supreme Court!
- Weird psychopaths lie in wait for the unwary with sniper-scopes and high-powered rifles!
- Marauding mobs of hopped-up "have-nots" defy the law, terrorizing anyone who doesn't meet their ruthless demands!

Then ask yourself: "Is leaving the protection of my home worth the risk?" Who might be lurking outside your door at this very moment: A junkie? A rapist? A negro? A former mental patient released too soon? Why expose yourself to needless danger when, in only 15 minutes a day, you can FINISH YOUR LIFE AT HOME! For mere dollars per week, the Safer Living Institute will provide all the adventure, the surprise, the heartaches, the joys, the setbacks, the triumphs and the jus'-plain-fun of life itself! You'll get every bit as much out of living as the next guy and probably more because he stands a good chance of being *gunned down in the street!*

Here is just one of the exciting events you can enjoy in the comfort and security of your own armchair:

A Trip Around the World (free from dysentery, sky-jackers or nasty French waiters)

As an SLI subscriber, you get:

1 silk handkerchief tailor-made to your measurements in Hong Kong!

1 towel "stolen" from the Tel Aviv Hilton-Sheraton!

1 45rpm record of a Venetian gondolier singing *Nel Blu dipinto di Blu* . . .

20 exotic postcards to send to your friends complete with authentic foreign stamps!

1 Cinzano ashtray!

14 colorful anecdotes such as how you bargained for a shawl in a Damascus bazaar and even the Arabs were impressed with your shrewdness; how you have to learn to ignore the beggars in Calcutta even though your heart goes out to them; how clean Germany is and the remarkable recovery they've made after the war in relation to Italy; and how the first thing you



did when you got back to the old U.S. of A. was rush right out and get a hamburger!

1 shawl from Damascus!

1 lace tablecloth from Brussels!

1 wine skin!

75 genuine View-master slides of everything from the Great Buddha of Kamakura to the little Greek street urchin who told you how "Someday I go America and be cowboy!"

12 back issues of *Holiday* magazine!

1 bottle of My Sin perfume by Lanvin "smuggled" past customs!

plus

Souvenirs! Luggage labels! Receipts! Timetables! Decals!

plus

Much, much more!

Choose from over 200 SLI events including: *Buying a New Car, A Visit to Disneyland, A Day at the Beach, Camping Out, Playing Softball, A Vacation in Florida, Acting in a Play, Shopping at Bloomingdale's, Going Out on a Date, Attending a Flower Show*, and many others, even *A Two-Year Tour in Vietnam!*

Read this typical letter from a grateful SLI subscriber:

. . . decent folks are afraid to walk the streets. Things have gotten so bad that I won't set foot outside the house. Thank God for SLI!

George Kochler
Bethesda, Maryland

So, if you're fed up with running scared, do as thousands have done and fill out this coupon!



The Safer Living Institute, Dept. N, P.O. Box 727, Pasadena, Calif. 50102

I'm sick and tired of living in abject fear! Please rush me my FREE booklet on how I can FINISH MY LIFE AT HOME!

Print Name Age.....

Address Apt. No.....

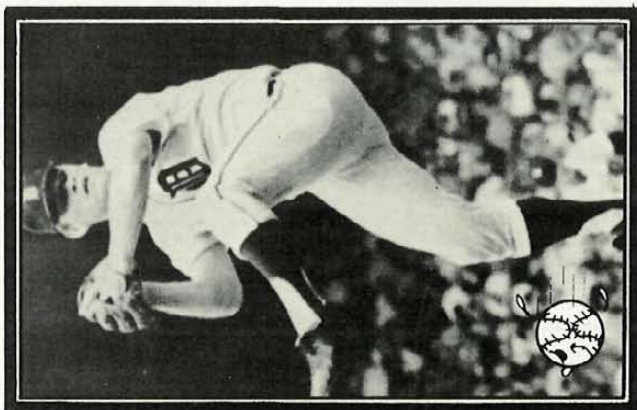
City & State ZIP.....

Mail Today! Tomorrow May be Too Late!

BOOBLEGUM CARDS

Little Tommy wants to be a ball player when he grows up? Flush out his mouth with Rapid Shave before it's too late.

By John Weidman



Denny McLain

**Detroit Tigers
Pitcher**

After several promising seasons, Denny finally put it all together in 1970 and came up with an unbeatable one-season record — three suspensions and one bankruptcy. Mixing his mistakes like a seasoned pro, Denny got himself benched for Detroit bookmaking, carrying a gun and dumping water on motor city sportswriters. Despite these distractions, the 31-game winner still found time to lose every penny he had.



In 1967, Denny had three toes broken when he couldn't come up with a \$46,000 bookie's payoff.

RECORD:

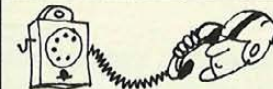
year	'70
suspensions	3
fines	0
debts	\$400,000
assets	\$0
brains	0



Nate Ramsey

**Philadelphia Eagles
Defensive Back**

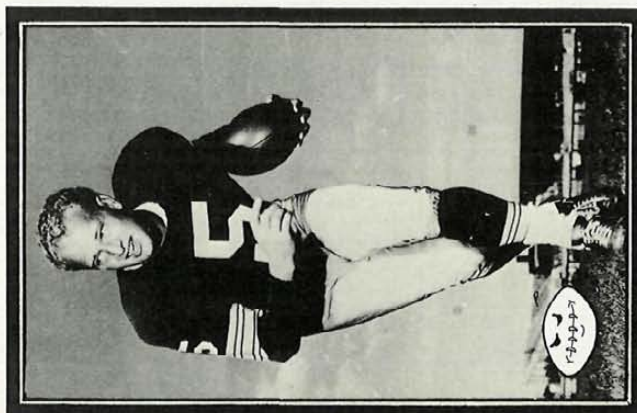
Penalty flags were flying on the morning of February 20, 1964, as Bloomington, Ind., policemen called Nate and three of his friends for "interference" and "pushing off." Caught with a missing pay telephone hidden in their car, Nate and his buddies claimed they had "accidentally" dislodged the phone while trying to retrieve a lost coin.



Nate is an expert at the "bump and run" style of defense.

RECORD:

year	'64
charge	malicious trespass
plea	guilty
fine	\$5
\$ to phone co.	\$92
sentence	90 day suspended



Paul Hornung

**Green Bay Packers
Halfback**

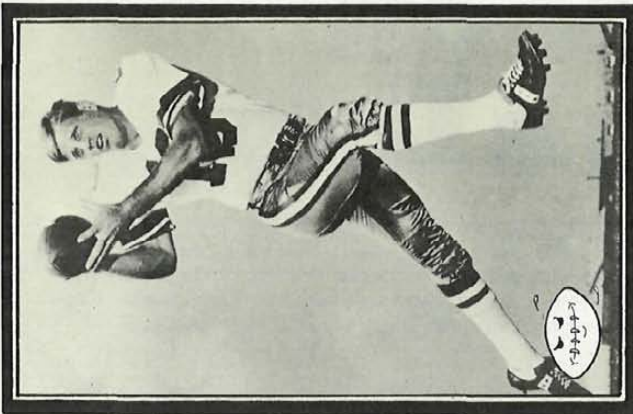
Nailed for betting large sums on pro and college games between 1959 and 1961, Paul drew a stiff one-season suspension in 1963. Displaying the contrition and repentance expected of a fallen idol, the Golden Boy of the Gridiron won the hearts of the fans during his exile and more than made up for his lost salary with increased endorsements and tearful banquet appearances.



Paul never tired of warning others against making his terrible mistake.

RECORD:

year	'62-'63
games	7, 0
suspensions	0, 1
salary	\$25,000-\$0
banquets	19, 28+
banquet fees	\$500-\$600
total earnings	\$50,000-\$40,000+



Lance Rentzel

Dallas Cowboys Wide Receiver

Flashy Lance has a knack for keeping his name in the news. He first made headlines when he married sexy songstress Joey Heatherton. In 1969, he impressed newsmen with his NFL leadership in TD receptions. This season he made page one for allegedly exposing himself to a 10-year-old girl in a Dallas playground. Rumor has it that Lance is looking for a new public relations advisor.

RECORD:

year	'66-'70
city	St. Paul, Dallas
arrests	1 - 1
charge	indecent exposure
plea	guilty
disposition	psychiatric assistance



Lance is known for his good hands and tricky moves.



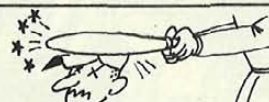
Juan Marichal

San Francisco Giants Pitcher

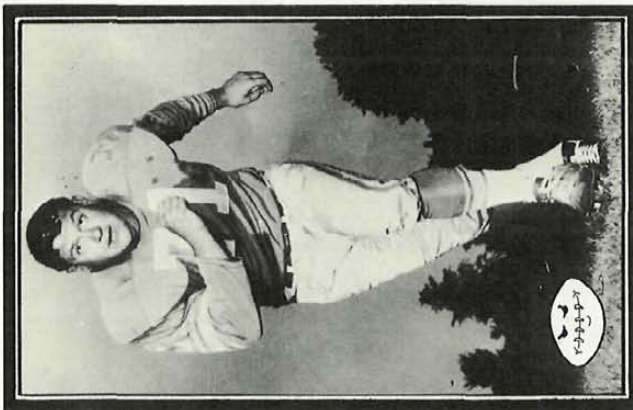
In September, 1965, Juan singlehandedly disproved the old adage that there's nothing more helpless than a pitcher at the plate with a bat in his hand. Losing his temper in a crucial game against the Dodgers, the fiery Dominican brought his bat down twice on the head of L.A. catcher John Roseboro with enough strength and style to put Ruth to shame and Roseboro in the hospital.

RECORD:

year	'65
bat	2 lbs.
swings	2
hits	2
suspensions	8 days
fine	\$1,750



"Hold still, John. There's a fly on your hat."



Alex Karas

Detroit Lions Defensive Tackle

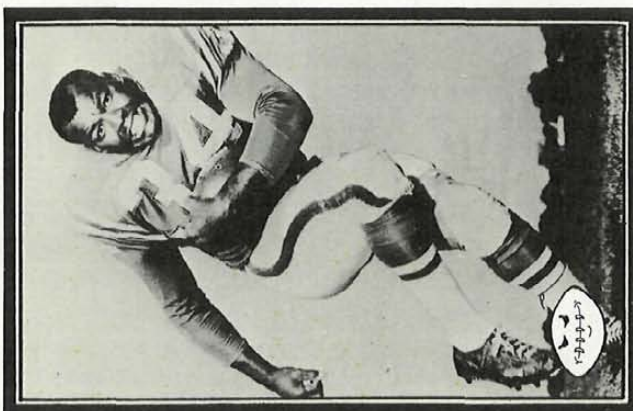
Drawing an indefinite suspension in 1963 for betting on NFL games, Ornerly Alex was told to stay out of trouble if he wanted to play pro ball again. Alex kept his nose clean by becoming a bartender and promptly getting into a brawl at a Detroit athletic club. One year later, he was suited up and back at his old position.

RECORD:

years	'58-'63
bets	at least 6
sums	\$50-\$100
suspensions	1
duration	1 season



An all-around athlete, Alex did some impromptu wrestleing.



Cookie Gilchrist

Buffalo Bills Fullback

The defensive platoon of the Buffalo police force had its hands full on the morning of May 14, 1963, when it tried to contain Cookie's 240 pounds of breakaway power. Booked on five charges ranging from disobeying traffic laws to using profanity, Cookie supposedly used unnecessary roughness on an arresting patrolman and added second degree assault to his string of offenses.

RECORD:

year	'63
day	5/14
time	2 a.m.
arrests	1
charges	6



Cookie's troubles began when police claimed he ran through a stop sign.

Mexico on 5 Toilets a Day

Rick Meyerowitz, National Lampoon Wetback Editor, recently was sent to sunny Mexico as part of the Nat-LampCo Cultural Exchange Program. (In exchange, the Mexican government kindly sent us a crate of plastic sombreros, three dozen trained jumping beans and a ransom note.) Upon Mr. Meyerowitz's return, he kindly permitted us to reproduce from his notebook a number of his most vivid impressions, the best of which, Jimmy Cagney seducing Ed Sullivan, unfortunately did not meet with a number of quite specific postal regulations.



MEXICAN HAMBURGER... TWO RATS AND A LARGE ROACH ON A HOT DORTILA... IT'S REALLY YUMMY!! ONLY 3 PESOS



MUST BUY ONE OF THESE GREAT HATS!!

HEY BOY! YOU AMERICAN? WHY HELL, WE'RE THE LIZARD WOMAN FROM SAN BERNADINO FOR SOME GOODTIMES! AND BOY ARE WE GLAD WE FINALLY FOUND SOMEONE WE CAN TALK TO!!

Made Contact - call Ramon about the you know what. 732-49

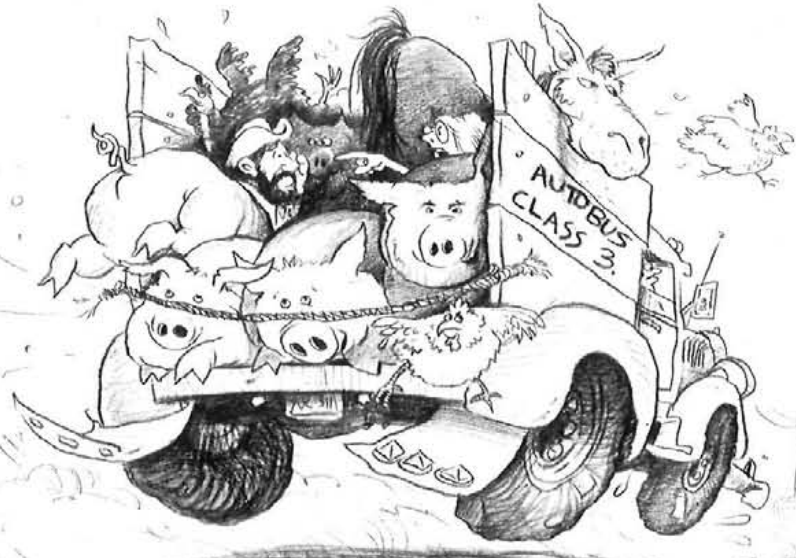


WHY YES SENOR, BY GOLLY YOU'RE RIGHT!
 THAT'S CERTAINLY A VERY (ULP!) SWELL KNIFE!
 YES SIR! I'D LOVE TO BUY THAT FINE, SWELL
 KNIFE FROM YOU. W...WHAT LUCK! IT'S A
 SWITCHBLADE, JUST WHAT I NEED!! AND
 YESSIR, SENOR, I AGREE THAT THIS
 FINE KNIFE IS WORTH ALL OF THE
 PESOS IN MY WALLET!



EAT ME IM NOT POISON!
 YOU MUST TRY LEATHER
 FLAVORED
 ICE CREAM
 REALLY.....
 IT'S QUITE GOOD!

SO THEN BRANDO LOOKS THE
 GENERAL RIGHT IN THE
 EYEBALL, SPITS, AN...
 SAYS... "EEFEN EEF YOU KEEL
 ZAPATA DERE WEEL BE UDDERS...
 TO TAKE HEEZ PLACE!"



NO! FIRST CLASS WAS TOO "TOURISTY" YOU SAID! SECOND CLASS WASN'T
 "PICTURESQUE" ENOUGH, YOU SAID! LET'S GET CLOSE TO THE PEOPLE YOU SAID.....

DISCOVER THE WONDEROUS MEXICAN "HAT" OR "SOMBRERO!"
 IT HAS MANY USES - IT CARRIES WATER, SHADES THE
 EYEBALLS FROM THE BLAZING TROPICAL SUN, SERVES
 AS A ROUND TRACIL FOR RACING SMALL RODENTS
 AND IS THE SOURCE OF MEXICO'S NATIONAL
 HAPPINESS, THE LOVELY SHIRT DANCE!



NOW TELL ME AGAIN SHEL,
 H-HOW MUCH D'YOU SAY PLAYBOY
 PAYS FOR A TRAVEL SPREAD?!!



LOOK MAN - I'M GROOVY AND YOU'RE
 GROOVY, KNOW WHAT I MEAN?



NOW I GOT ALL THIS "GOLD," MAN AN I....
 "GOLD" MAN, Y'KNOW... "GRASS" AN IT'S
 REALLY DYNAMITE AN... "GRASS" MAN,
 Y'KNOW "POT" AN I.... NO MAN, IT'S
 "MARIJUANA"... S.. SAY ARE YOU SURE
 YOU'RE GROOVY?!!



PSSSSST! ORIGINAL ARTIFACT, MEEESTER? CHEAP!



Mack Meyrowitz - 1971

HAW! DIDYA SEE THE WAY I ORDERED IN SPANISH? "EL GATO STEW"
HA! - HEY! IT'S PRETTY GOOD... WONDER WHAT IT IS?.....



BUENAS DIAS...

Jimmy

GRUNT!

AAAAAG!

MOAANN!

MR. MEYEROWITZ! MR. MEYEROWITZ!
WE LANDED AT KENNEDY
45 MINUTES AGO! WOULD
YOU PLEASE GET OFF
THAT THING AND
COME THE HELL
OUTTA THERE!!

Make believe you're not looking - but do you see that guy....

I THINK I NEED A VACATION.....

U.S. CUSTOMS - BOY..... TAKE OFF A YOU CLOTHES!!

PINKO...

4 FOR A QUARTER

The penny arcade, once an electronic battleground contested by belligerent mechanical gunslingers, 10-year-old sharpshooters and eternally doomed cast iron ducks, has spawned a revolutionary new art form – the Take It Yourself Autofoto Drama. Discovered by Mr. Schickele before the advent of his beard, the arcade Autofoto (“4 Life-like Poses for a Quarter”) proved to be the perfect medium for his life’s work. “Like the Zen painters of ancient China, who set themselves the task of producing a picture with but a single, rapid brush stroke,” he explains, “so must I complete my four-scene compositions within the machine’s 40-second time limit. If the Autofoto artist is not swift and sure, the work is flawed and he has lost his vision, not to mention two bits.” □



1

2







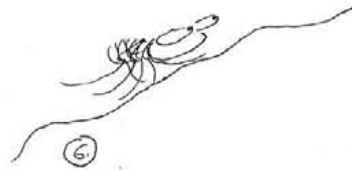
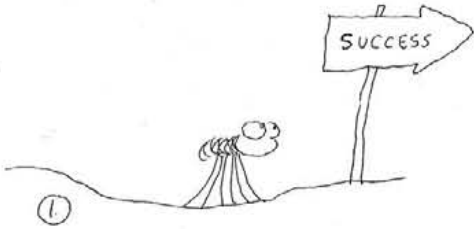
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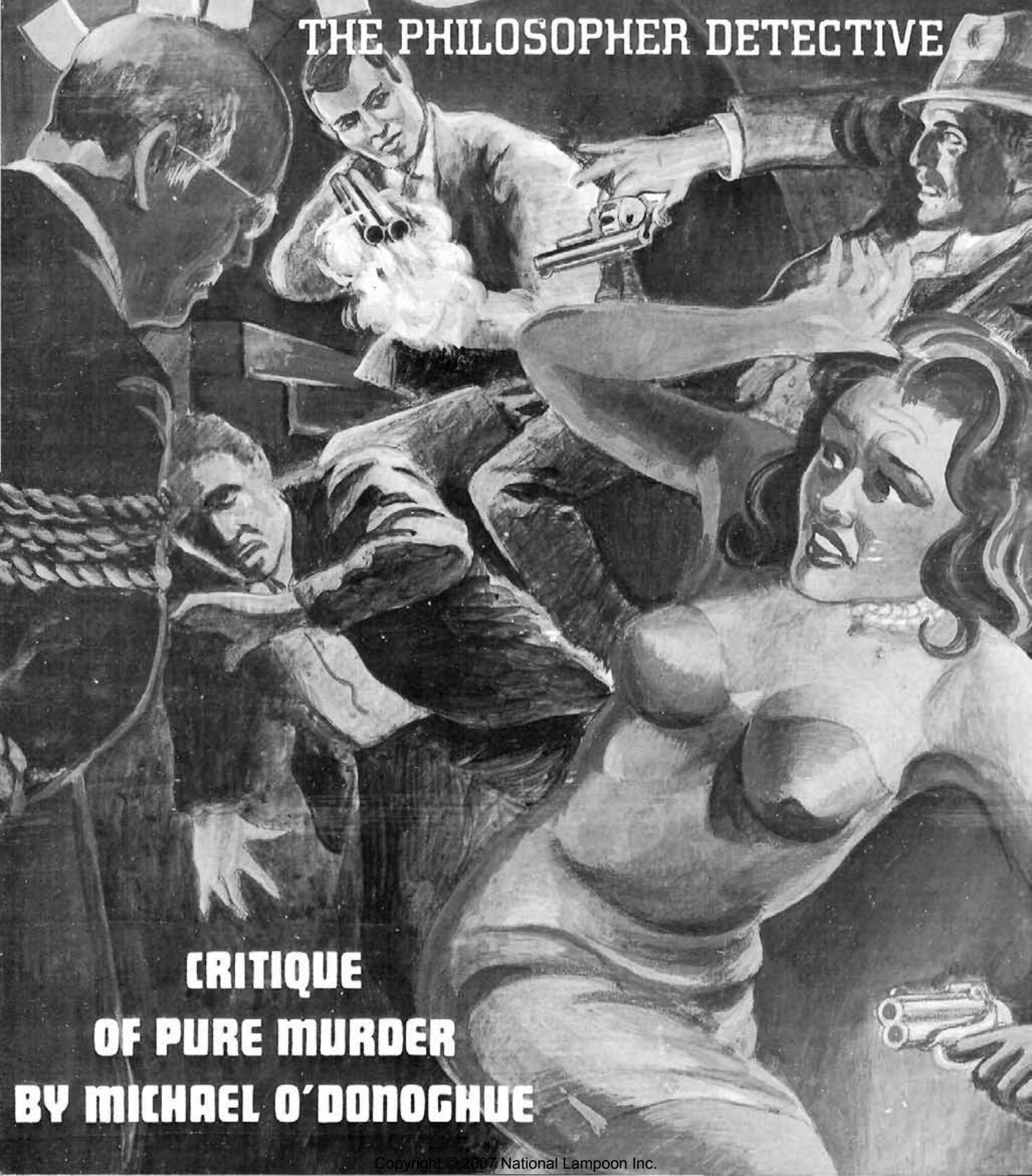
5



JEAN-PAUL

SAUVAGE

THE PHILOSOPHER DETECTIVE



CRITIQUE

OF PURE MURDER

BY MICHAEL O'DONOGHUE

It all began on a wet Paris afternoon in 1948. I was huddled over my Olympia, putting the final touches on a small monograph concerning certain neglected aspects of the Leibniz-Wolffian school's influence on *Die Krisis der europäischen Wissenschaft und die transzendent Phänomenologie* when she walked in — blonde, beautiful and stacked. She wasn't the dame in the mind of God, but she'd do until one came along.

"What's your problem, sweetheart?" I asked, lighting up a Gitane.

"Are you Jean-Paul Sauvage, the 'Philosopher Detective'?"

"That's what it says on the door."

She hesitated momentarily, and when she continued, her ice-blue eyes were clouded.

"My father said if I ever needed help, I should contact you, Mr. Sauvage. And . . . and now he's missing. I want you to find him."

"Who's missing, doll?"

"Doctor Witticus von-Etzdorf."

I felt like I'd been hit with all 46 volumes of the Collected Works of Saint-Simon. I'd studied under old Prof. von Etzdorf back in my student days at Würtemberg. A brilliant philosopher, he had lived as a recluse since the death of his wife over 20 years before. Besides his daughter, I was the only other person to ever get close to him.

"You must be Athene."

She nodded. Only the Professor would hang a nutty moniker like that on a classy broad like this.

"What makes you think your old man's missing?"

"I went up to Heidelberg to visit him yesterday and he wasn't in his rooms. The bed hadn't been slept in. And his copy of *Critique of Pure Reason* was on his desk. He never goes anywhere without it. I'm worried, Mr. Sauvage."

She was wearing a nice perfume. The scent was mimosa. It brought back memories of a sabbatical on Mykonos with a sexy little Spinoza scholar named Yvette.

"I wouldn't worry, glamour puss. He's probably just visiting a friend but, if it will make you feel any better, I'll drive up to Heidelberg and nose around."

"There's something else you should know. Daddy had been invited by the Logical Positivists to speak on Hegel at the University of Vienna the day after tomorrow."

"I know. I was planning to attend. Do you have the keys to his place?"

She reached into her coat and took out the keys and a well-thumbed edition of *The Story of Philosophy*.

"What are you doing with that?" I asked.

"Just boning up for Daddy's lecture. Phone me when you find out anything."

Hours after she'd gone, I could still smell the mimosa.

I drove to Heidelberg that evening. The Professor lived on a quiet side street off the Korn Markt. When I'd climbed the stairs, I was surprised to find the door to his apartment ajar. Then I made my first mistake. I kicked open the door and strolled in. A guy was standing by the desk. I couldn't tell much about him because he was shining a flashlight in my eyes. I knew one thing for certain, though. He wasn't looking for an honest man.

Before I could move, somebody slugged me from behind and everything went as dark as Plato's Cave. When I regained consciousness, that is to say "consciousness" defined, in the manner of Locke or Reid, as "the reflective apprehension of the mind of its own process," I discovered that the thugs had hightailed it.

The place looked like a torpedo had tied a pineapple to it. Drawers were overturned. Papers lay strewn about the floor. And, judging by the way the sofa was sliced up, I had a feeling that whoever sapped me didn't find what they were looking for. I stumbled to my feet and, as I turned to leave, I spotted a ticket stub near the door. It was for the Bolshoi Ballet. I had an idea. After 10 minutes, I finally found the phone under a pile of old issues of the *Revue de Métaphysique et de Morale* and called Athene. Her voice was silky with sleep.

"Sorry to disturb your shut-eye, toots, but did your old man ever go in for ballet?"

"Not that I know of. What's the angle?"

"Probably nothing. I'm just playing a screwy hunch. Go back to your beauty sleep, baby. I'll call you if anything breaks."

I locked the place up and checked into a cheap hotel. In the morning, I

had a lump the size of a philosopher's stone on the back of my noodle. I dressed quickly, downed a fast cup of joe, and walked out to my car. Somebody called my name before I reached it. He was a short, plain man wearing a tan trench coat. The only thing that might distinguish him from a thousand other mugs was the snub-nosed Smith and Wesson he poked in my throat.

"O.K., shamus. Listen and listen good. I'm gonna —"

"Excuse me for interrupting, but I believe you just said, 'Listen "good".' Precisely how do you associate ethics, specifically morally praiseworthy character, action or motive with a simple sensory experience? Or perhaps you were speaking axiologically, in which case I am forced to inquire as to whether this goodness is intrinsic or extrinsic. If extrinsic, or 'instrumental,' then it must derive its being from —"

"Cut the gab, bright eyes. One false move outta you and I'll blow your head off."

"But how are we to determine the 'falsity' of any move when moves *per se* cannot be characterized as either true or false? On a correspondence theory of truth, truth or falsity is properly ascribed to a proposition if, and only if, the fact to which the proposition refers is actually the case. And on what grounds are we to judge the purported 'falsity' of any move which I might undertake? An action may be effective or ineffective, salutary or infelicitous, meritorious or blameworthy, wise or foolish. In none of these cases, however long and arduously may you try to do so, is it possible to secure a unique identifying reference — an *a priori* condition of the ascription of the truth or falsity — to an appropriate empirical proposition."

"How's that again?"

"Let me illustrate my point," I re-
(continued)





(continued)

plied, knocking the revolver aside and kneeling him in the groin. He crumpled to the pavement. I kicked him a few times in the kisser until he stopped moaning.

There wasn't much in his pockets — a few rubles, a switchblade that wasn't quite as big as the Sword of Damocles, a driver's license made out to Gregor Alexeyevich Reznichenko, and a Heidelberg Public Library card. I stuffed everything in my pockets, including the heater. The library card looked interesting. Gregor wasn't my idea of a bookworm. I decided to check it out.

3

The librarian was young and pretty. Her hair was the color of a fire burning out of control. I showed her the card and requested a list of the books borrowed on it.

She shook her head and snapped, "No dice, sport. It's against the rules."

I dropped a wad of marks on the counter.

"I make my own rules, sister. Now, spill it."

She shoved the bills in her purse and looked me coolly in the eyes. I couldn't help wondering how a gal with a swell chassis like hers ended up here.

"I'll see what I can do."

She came back a few minutes later with a list of titles. Gregor had taken out 26 books last week. Twenty-two were about Hegel. Four were by von Etdorf.

"Thanks, red. Maybe I can do you a favor sometime."

She touched my hand lightly and said,

"You just might, at that."

As I was leaving, a thin, sallow-faced man motioned me to sit down across from him. Normally, I don't talk to strangers, but the 9mm Mauser he was pointing at my heart, made the offer irresistible. I'd been waiting for him to make his play. He'd been shagging me ever since I left the hotel.

"Any funny business, gumshoe, and I'll drill you so full of holes, you won't cast a shadow."

"Then, at least, I needn't worry about blocking the sun," I countered, leaning back in the chair.

He flashed a cold, even smile.

"Smart guy, huh? I like smart guys. Get one thing straight, buster. I mean business. You got till I count ten to fork over whatever the jane slipped you. Then I blast you. One . . . two . . . three . . . four . . . five . . . six . . . seven . . . eight . . ."

"Doubtless, you are under the misapprehension that when you pull that trigger, the bullet will be fired into my heart, thus bumping me off. Nothing, however, could be farther from the truth. According to Zeno of Elea's Fifth Paradox, before a body in motion, in this case, your bullet, can reach a given point, in this case, my heart, it must first travel half of the distance. But before it can traverse the half of the distance, it must first traverse the quarter of the distance, and so on, *ad infinitum*. Hence, that a body may pass from one point to another, it must traverse an infinite number of divisions. But an infinite distance

cannot be traversed in a finite time. Consequently, the goal can never be reached."

"You mean I can't blast you?" he cried, suspiciously eyeing his roscoe.

"Exactly. So long, pal."

I left the library, ducked around the corner, and waited. The gungsel came out about the time I finished my third cigarette. After tossing his Mauser in a trash can, he started walking north. Hanging back about 15 feet, I trailed him through the twisting, cobblestoned streets until he reached the Pink Zither, a seedy cocktail lounge near the Jettenbühl. He was about to enter when he spotted me.

"Hey! You're following me."

"You've made yet another fallacious assumption," I replied, stopping to tie a shoelace. "You are confusing things-as-they-appear-to-be with things-as-they-are. Let us call our mutual point of departure, Point A, and the exact spatio-



temporal coordinates of our present respective locations, Point B. The fact that we have both moved from Point A to Point B cannot be said to entail that I was following you, namely having your person as the specific objective of my wanderings. It may well be the case that I am going to veer off in some other direction at the very next instant.

"Secondly, 'following' presupposes that a body is in a state of motion, and since I am unquestionably at a state of rest, it is therefore logically impossible that I should be engaged in that activity of which you are accusing me.

"Thirdly, I should also point out that by turning toward me to accuse me of following you, you are, in fact, patently disproving your claim that I am following you for, by definition, I cannot be following you if I am not behind you and, as you can perceive, that is clearly the case.

"And, finally, even if I were behind



you, it might well be that it is you who are following me, albeit from a great distance."

"Gosh. I'm sorry, mister. I thought you was following me."

He entered the bar and I grabbed a hack back to the hotel. It was all beginning to fall into place.

A telegram was waiting for me:

1. DOCTOR VON ETZDORF IS BEING HELD PRISONER AT THE STOLICHNAYA VODKA WAREHOUSE.
2. ALL TELEGRAMS SIGNED "A FRIEND" ARE FALSE.

A FRIEND

It was an odd telegram. I didn't know quite what to make of it.

4

I waited until nightfall to drive out to the warehouse. As I neared the building, I cut the motor and coasted to a stop in an alley. Even from there I could make out the lighted window in the basement. Moving like a gray cat, I inched my way along the wall toward the window. It took me almost an hour to reach it. I could see the Professor inside. His hands were tied and Gregor stood over him with a shotgun. I was about to jimmy the glass when I felt the cold muzzle of a Luger in my back and a voice growled, "I wouldn't try anything if I were you, Mr. Sauvage."

I turned slowly and observed, "But

then, of course, you aren't me, are you? And yet, many Oriental philosophers, including such venerable sages as Ch'eng I-ch'uan and Chu Hsi, believe that all men are One, identical with the Absolute or Great Ultimate, unified in —"

"Save your breath, hotshot, or that big trap of yours is gonna buy you a ride in the meat wagon." The speaker was a Russian colonel, flanked by two lugs packing grease-guns. I played my final card.

"Are you aware that you just expressed an *argumentum ad baculum*, that is to say, an argument deriving its strength from appeal to human timidity and fear?"

"Toss him in with Witticus!" the Colonel barked to his henchmen. "If he says anything to you, brain him!"

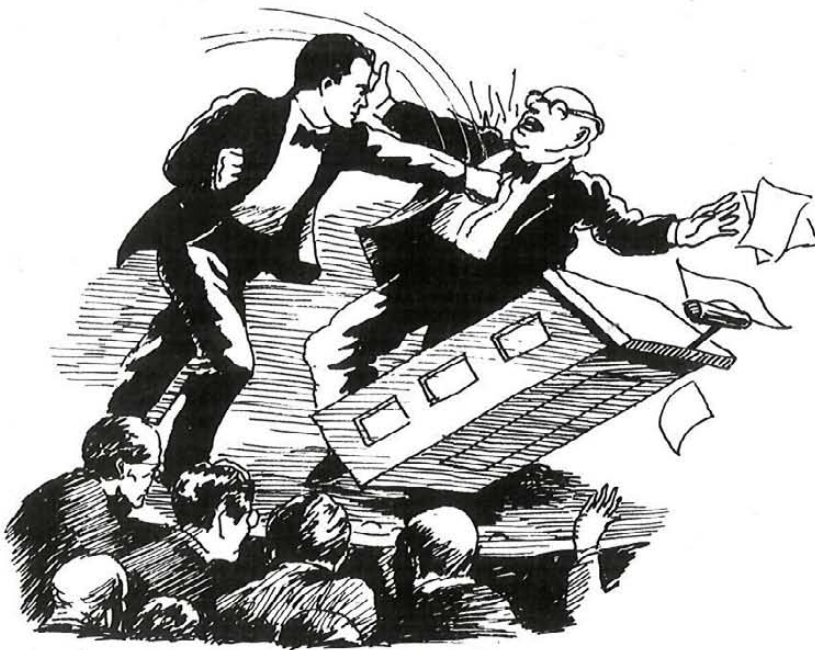
Minutes later, I was bound hand and foot. The Professor lay across from me.

"What's the scoop, Prof?"

"I've worked out a flawless refutation of Hegel which I planned to reveal tomorrow at my Vienna lecture. As you know, Hegelianism forms much of the foundation of the Marxist-Leninist dialectic. It follows that when I refute Hegel, I will also topple the entire Communist political system. This prompted the Reds to kidnap me and hold me here while they substitute a double for me in Vienna who will deliver a speech refuting Hegel but who will do so in such an inept fashion that he will be hooted by the assemblage and I, subsequently, will be discredited."

"I've got a plan. First, we've got to

(continued)



(continued)

get rid of the guard. Can you recall any passages from *Critique of Pure Reason*?"

"I know the entire book by heart."

"Start reciting it."

"But —"

"Just do as I say."

"Whatever the process and the means may be by which knowledge reaches its objects, there is one that reaches them directly, and forms the ultimate material of all thought . . ."

Hours passed as the Professor recited page after page of Kant. Gregor and the guards were getting drowsier with each passing second. In fact, it was everything I could do to keep my eyes open. Finally, I whispered, "You can stop now. They're out like a light."

I silently slipped free from my bonds, untied the Professor, and together we stealthily overcame the dozing guards and knocked them senseless. We could hear the Colonel playing chess in the next room. I grabbed the shotgun and got the drop on him.

"I've got you covered, boys. The game is up."

Suddenly the smell of mimosa filled the room and a familiar voice said, "Hoist your mitts, sleuth, or I'll feed you a few right in the belly."

I spun around to face Athene. She was holding a .32 leveled at my guts.

"Meet your 'daughter', Professor," I remarked.

"But this is not my daughter. My daughter is attending school in Switzerland."

"Right, pops. I posed as Athene to lure Sauvage here because he was the only person who might have spotted our fake Doctor von Etdorf for a ringer. But now we got both of you and I'm going to polish you off, here and now. To coin one of your philosopher phrases — 'I

shoot you, therefore you ain't.'"

She aimed the rod at me and pulled the trigger. The hammer clicked on an empty chamber. Again. And again.

"I'm afraid you put Descartes before the hearse, angel face," I quipped. "I realized from the start that you didn't know Ockham's Razor from a Gillette Blue Blade. And so, when you left my office, I followed you, found out where you lived, returned later, snuck inside, came across your iron and took the liberty of removing all the bullets from it."

"So, you know all the answers, huh, thinkster? But maybe you didn't reckon with this!" She reached into her stocking and came up with a blazing Derringer. Slugs tore all around me, but before they could hit home, I brought up the shotgun and let go.

The shotgun is a swell weapon if you're not fussy.

5

A few hours later, I was gunning the car toward Vienna and wrapping up a few loose ends for the Prof.

"When I shadowed the mug to the Pink Zither, a known O.S.S. front, I figured I was in the squeeze position between them and the Reds. The O.S.S. thought they could play me for a sucker by planting the Bolshoi stub and then following my lead. Of course, if I hadn't flattened Gregor, he would probably have taken me right to the warehouse. When this failed, the Colonel sent me the telegram."

We arrived in Vienna just in time. The bogus Doctor von Etdorf, almost identical to the real one, was about to begin his talk, having just asked the audience to "put on their thinking caps." We decided to watch from the wings for a short while, just to see how far

the Russians would go. He waited until the crowd quieted and began.

"Let me tell ya about this here Hegel. I mean, what did Hegel know? Huh? I'll tell ya what Hegel knew — *nothin'*! that's what Hegel knew. When ya get right down to it, Hegel didn't know nothin' at all because Hegel was a bum. Now, my father, there was a philosopher. 'Live and let live,' that was his philosophy. And he didn't need to go to none of them fancy schools like that bum Hegel. The only school my father went to was the School of Hard Knocks. I'll never forget how he used to tell me how 'one hand washes the other.' Now, that's good advice in any man's book. It reminds me of the story about the pessimist and the optimist and the half a bottle of whiskey. Now the pessimist, he looks at the bottle and he says, 'That bottle is half empty.' But the optimist, he —"

I leapt up to the podium. I had to act fast because the audience was starting to leave. A few, openly hostile, shouted remarks from the floor, such as "Define your terms!" and "What about the *argumentum a contingentia mundi*?"

"Sorry to interrupt, 'Professor,' but permit me to demonstrate a basic Aristotelian concept."

"Well, I'm right in the middle of talkin' about Hegel."

"It will only take a moment. Suppose, if you will, that my fist is the Prime Mover and that your jaw is the First Thing Moved, from which all subsequent motion is derived."

"Yeah?"

I let him have it on the button. His legs buckled and he slumped to the floor. I stepped forward and addressed the crowd.

"This man is an imposter, gentlemen. A lousy, two-bit grifter. Here is the real Doctor von Etdorf."

During the applause, the Professor took me aside.

"Thanks, Jean-Paul. After my lecture, I'm going to buy you the biggest steak in Vienna."

"Afraid I can't stick around, Prof. I've got to talk with a redhead about taking out a library card . . . and a librarian."

"One thing still troubles me. How did you know that girl posing as my daughter was a fraud?"

"Easy. That day in my office, she was carrying a copy of *The Story of Philosophy*. I knew you'd never let any daughter of yours read Will Durant."

We shook hands and I left. As I drove past Türkenschanz Park, I noticed some of the leaves had already turned brown. It was going to be an early winter. □

Coming Up Next — Jean-Paul Sauvage, the "Philosopher Detective" in "THE SEVEN DEADLY SYNTHESSES!"

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HE'S TERRIFYING!
HE'S ALMOST REAL!
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art by Joe Orlando

THE ADVENTURES OF... **BOBBY BARDOL** and the **SPACE COMMANDOS**



BOBBY, SUE AND UNCLE JED HAVE CRASHED ON THE LOST MOON OF PLUTO WHERE THEY ARE UNDER A DEADLY RAY-GUN ATTACK BY ZOR-X, THE KING OF THE GIANT LIZARD-MEN...

JEEPERS, UNCLE JED! UNLESS WE CAN THINK OF SOMETHING PRETTY QUICK, WE'RE DOOMED!



FORTUNATELY, SUE, I'M WEARING MY OFFICIAL SPACE COMMANDO DE-CODER RING. FIRST, I'LL WRITE A NOTE TO PROFESSOR ANDREWS, JUST IN CASE WE GET CAPTURED!

BUT HOW CAN YOU DO THAT, UNCLE JED? IT'S STARTING TO RAIN!

NO PROBLEM, BOBBY. MY OFFICIAL SPACE COMMANDO DE-CODER RING CRAYON WRITES UNDER WATER!



GOLLY, THAT REMINDS ME, UNCLE JED! SOMETHING'S BEEN ON MY MIND EVER SINCE WE LEFT THE ROCKET. DO YOU RECALL OFFHAND WHAT IS THE CAPITOL OF DELAWARE?

NO I DON'T, SUE. BUT I CAN FIND OUT EASILY ENOUGH BY MERELY GLANCING AT THE BACK OF MY OFFICIAL SPACE COMMANDO DE-CODER RING! LET'S SEE-- THE CAPITOL OF DELAWARE IS... **DOVER!**

photos by Bob Pike



I'VE GOT AN IDEA, UNCLE JED! THE NEXT TIME ZOR-X FIRES AT US, I'LL FLASH THE DEADLY RAY RIGHT BACK AT HIM WITH THE OFFICIAL SPACE COMMANDO DE-CODER RING MIRROR-TYPE "REFLECTOR"!

THAT WAS TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT!



I HOPE IT WORKS

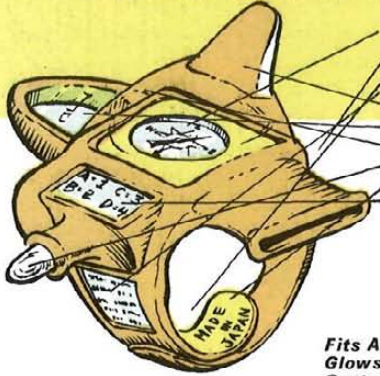
PLAZZZZ
ZZZZSS! FLOOM



WE'RE SAVED!

THANKS TO OUR OFFICIAL SPACE COMMANDO DE-CODER RING!

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Glow in the Dark!
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Send 50¢ and two (2)* Flim-Flam Flakes boxtops for FULL-COLOR, PROFUSELY-ILLUSTRATED instructions on how to order your OFFICIAL SPACE COMMANDO DE-CODER RING! Mail to Bobby Bardol, Box 22, Battlecreek, Michigan. Enclose an additional 25¢ for handling and postage.

Special Once-In-a-Lifetime Offer! For a limited time only, the folks at Flim-Flam are offering, to a select few, the chance to get an actual OFFICIAL SPACE COMMANDO DE-CODER RING of your very own! But don't delay! Act today! The supply is limited and there probably won't be enough to go around!

* West of the Rockies and in Canada, send 60¢ and three (3) boxtops

NOTE TO PURCHASER: UPON OPENING YOUR BOX OF FLIM-FLAM FLAKES (TM), YOU MAY NOTICE THAT THE CONTENTS DO NOT REACH THE TOP OF THE BOX. THIS IS DUE TO "SETTLING" THAT MAY HAVE OCCURRED DURING SHIPPING AND HANDLING, AND CAN IN NO WAY BE INTERPRETED AS GROUNDS FOR LEGAL ACTION. NOTE NET WEIGHT IN FRONT OF BOX.

File on the Plague

by Edward Bryant

OBITUARY NOTICE from the *Hollywood Observer*, September 30, 1970: *WINTERGREEN* — Martin L. Wintergreen, 1012 Beverly Glen Boulevard. Age 24. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Wintergreen, Ominous Creek, Wyoming. Interment, Forest Lawn Cemetery, Thursday.

CORONER'S INQUEST ABSTRACT. Testimony of Victor Olavsen, ambulance attendant for the Westwood General Hospital, concerning the discovery of the victim Wintergreen in the bedroom of his apartment:

"It was awful. The guy was . . . well, as near as I could make out, he was afflicted with unsteady gait, trembling, restlessness, difficult breathing. His body was covered with . . . well. Actually, we really didn't want to touch him. But we wrapped him up in a blanket and got him back to the hospital. Let the doctors handle him. Ick."

COMMON SIGNS OF ANTHRAX (WOOL-SORTERS DISEASE):

1. Unsteady gait
2. Trembling
3. Restlessness
4. Difficult breathing
5. Convulsions

— United States Department of Agriculture Bulletin #342753A

CORONER'S INQUEST ABSTRACT. Testimony of Miss Marsha

Cristabel, 21, breast-packer at the Colonel Sanders branch plant in Covina, friend of the deceased:

CORONER: "Miss Cristabel, you had seen Martin Wintergreen the night before his death. Is that correct?"

MISS CRISTABEL: "Yes."

CORONER: "Could you describe for us your relationship with the deceased?"

MISS CRISTABEL: "Well, uh, we, uh, were what I guess you'd call intimate."

CORONER: "In other words, you slept with each other."

MISS CRISTABEL: "Well, uh, yes. You could say that."

CORONER: "Miss Cristabel, was there anything anomalous about your intimate relationship with the deceased?"

MISS CRISTABEL: "Huh?"

CORONER: "Anomalous . . . strange. How would you put it — um — wiggled out?"

MISS CRISTABEL: "Oh, freaky?"

CORONER: "I think that describes what I'm inquiring about."

MISS CRISTABEL (PAUSING): "Well, uh, I guess not. I mean, Martin was pretty straight and all. Wait, there was one thing."

CORONER: "What was that?"

MISS CRISTABEL: "Well, uh, when Martin and I made it — I mean, when we made love — Martin would never, uh, use Vaseline."

CORONER: "You mean he used nothing at all for a lubricant?"

MISS CRISTABEL: "Oh, he used some-
(continued)

(continued)
thing all right. He used lanolin."

RESULT of testing for anthrax microorganisms from sample of the victim's blood sent to the Veterinary Center for Contagion Analysis in Butte, Mont.:

" + "

EXCERPT from dossier on the victim compiled by the Wyoming Department of Public Welfare:

"Wintergreen held a summer job particularly endemic to the Rocky Mountain region immediately prior to his going to California in September, 1970. He was employed as an apprentice sheepherder in the Wyoming-Utah border area."

bes·ti·al·i·ty (bes-che-'al-ət-e), n., 1. sexual relations between a person and an animal.

— MODERN ENGLISH
DICTIONARY

"Indeed, Frederick the Great, the famous 18th century king of Prussia, is reported to have said, in the case of a cavalryman who had committed bestiality with a mare: 'The fellow is a pig, and shall be reduced to the infantry.' Frederick the Great was a sophisticated man for his times."

—Samuel Moque
PRINCE OF HISTORY

"Bestiality is the fastest growing variety of sexual deviancy in America today."

—Dr. Herman Masters, Director of the Institute for Dynamic Sexualism, Indianapolis, Ind.

"The practice of bestiality offers a morally redemptive alternative to promiscuous heterosexuality."

—Resolution, 1970 Conference of the Christian Clergy for a Sane Society

"Fall fashions for men's footwear will once again feature the calf- and knee-length boot as favored apparel. Especially popular will be imported leathers, both plain and fleece-lined. Buckles, chains and bells will add a divinely festive touch as boot accessories. Sheep boots are expected to be particularly big on the campus this autumn."

—Men's Wear Daily, July 18, 1970.

"Yes, we used to call them sheep boots. Men out with the flocks for months got lonely. So, we'd pick a good ewe out from the rest. We'd put her rear legs down in the boots so's she couldn't struggle as

easy."

— Enrique Vargas
ANECDOTES OF THE OPEN RANGE

"Form follows function."
—Frank Lloyd Wright

INFORMAL MEMO from Dr. Conrad Willentz, Veterinary Institute for Contagion Analysis, to Robert Murphy, Los Angeles Public Health Service:

"Dear Bob,

"All the rats died. Those cultures we bred from Wintergreen's blood samples, the standard anthrax vaccines won't kill them. Suggestions?"

EXCERPT from the transcript of an interview published in the *Tarsus* (Utah) *Ledger-Times*, June 12, 1970. Conversation between Maj. Arlington Powers, Base Information Officer for Dugway Proving Grounds; Dr. Jason Canard, civilian research bacteriologist with the project; and a reporter for the *Ledger-Times*:

REPORTER: "About the reports that the Army was in some way responsible for these additional 2,000 sheep that have died —"

MAJ. POWERS: "Erroneous, I would say. Even treasonous. The Army, of course, knows nothing of this tragic occurrence."

DR. CANARD: "As a civilian expert, I of course concur with Major Powers."

REPORTER: "Then you categorically deny any Army responsibility or even knowledge of what happened?"

MAJ. POWERS: "Yes, sir, I do."

REPORTER: "About six months ago, your office handed out a news release stating that a current project here was a mutated disease microorganism being prepared as an aerosol weapon against enemy ground forces. I believe the disease mentioned was anthrax."

MAJ. POWERS: "That was six months ago. The Army has de-escalated its bacteriological program. We have no mutated anthrax weapon."

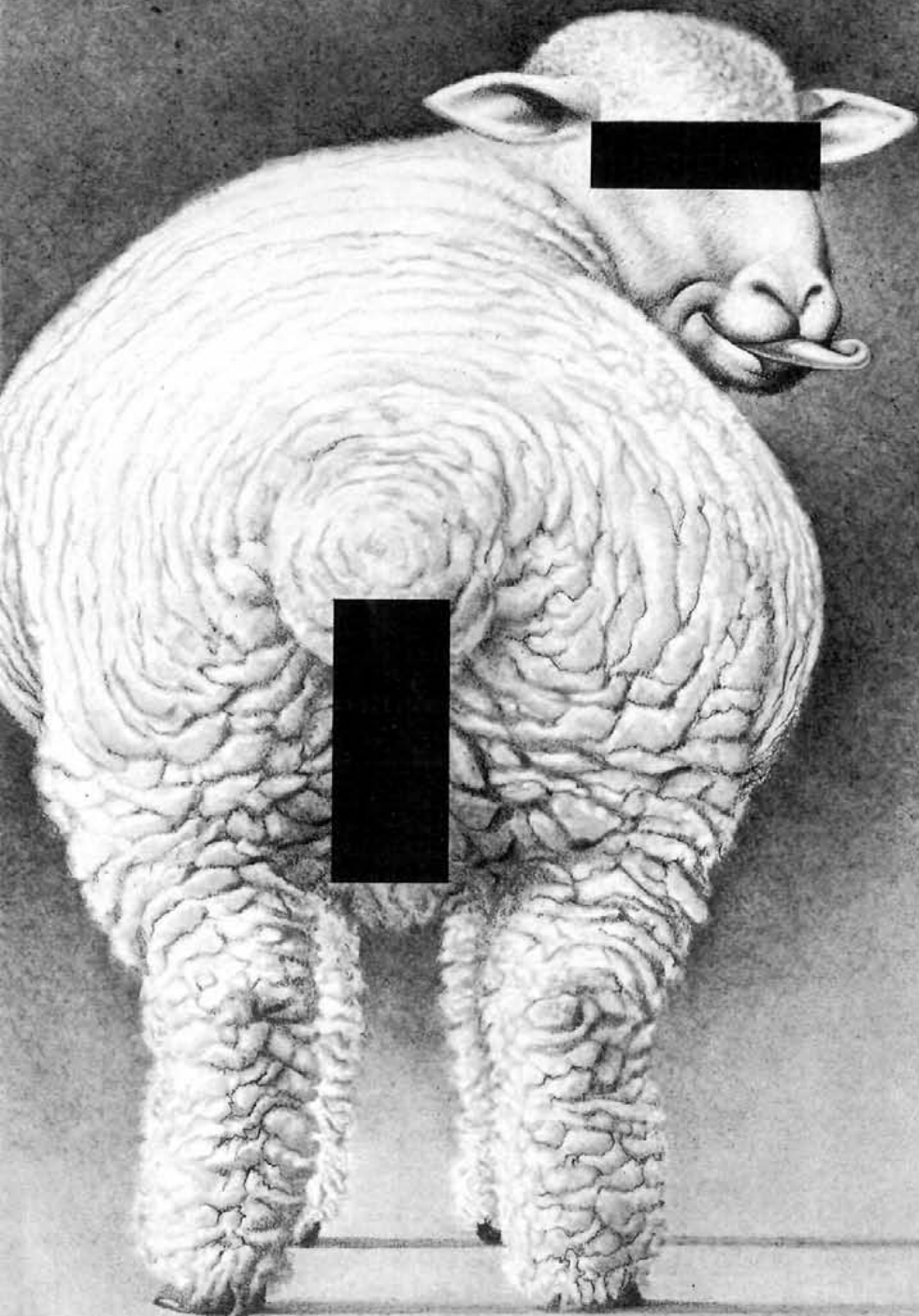
REPORTER: "Your release added that the American mutated anthrax weapon was being prepared as a deterrent to a similar Soviet development."

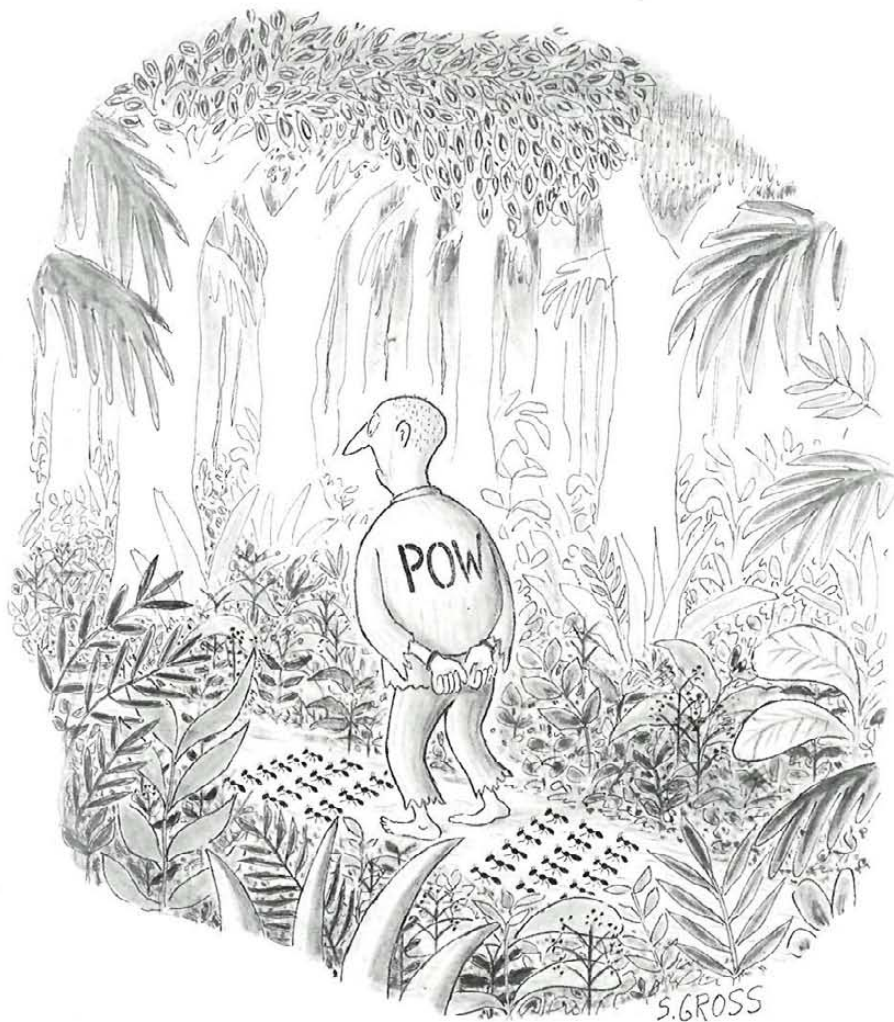
MAJ. POWERS: "You must be mistaken. Uh, faulty interpretation. The Soviets don't have the capability to breed a mutated anthrax weapon."

REPORTER: "The statement also hinted that your project here was being accelerated because of rumors that the Soviet weapon would be twice as effective as the anthrax microorganisms currently being bred in Utah."

MAJ. POWERS: "Bull, sir! Bull! The mutated anthrax weapon we don't have can lick the mutated anthrax weapon they don't have, any day of the week!"

DR. CANARD: "Uh oh." □





Coming Next Month

THE FUTURE

Great jumpin' Jupiter, Commander, the starship's astro-chronometer reads one-hundred-billion-trillion years A.D.! I know it sounds wacky, but maybe that huge spiral nebula we passed through to escape the galactic space leech acted like a huge time-warp and spun us into another punk excuse for featuring . . .

Toilets From Beyond The Stars/Sci-Fi fanciers rarely sympathize with bug-eyed behemoths who saucer frantically around the universe accidentally demolishing solar systems on their unspeakable quests. But if you only knew what Xork has to go through just to do his daily dozen, you'd be a little green around the gills, too.

Printout: The Magazine for Computers/ Dear *Printout* Advisor, my honey is a

second generation Mark VII with a fantastic set of high-speed peripherals who thinks it's perfectly all right to accept digital inputs but wants to save her ferrous core until we can decode parallel programming. . . .

Special If Section/"Kefauver Re-elected!" "Professors Bemoan Campus Apathy!" "Titanic Auctioned for Scrap!" Think how much nicer your newspaper would read if things had turned out just a little bit differently.

NatLamp's Crystal Ball/The spherical sphinx makes more than one thing perfectly clear.

1971's Lunar Landmarks/That's right, Houston, I am standing directly in front of an entire mound of genuine moon droppings. I'll just brush aside this silly six-armed thing that's offering me some

gismo that cures cancer and take a closer sniff . . .

The Zero Gravity Sex Manual/It's really not that difficult. All you need are some magna-boots, handgrips, a few suction cups and a retro-rocket, and, before you know it, that old saw about them all being the same upside down will take on a whole new meaning.

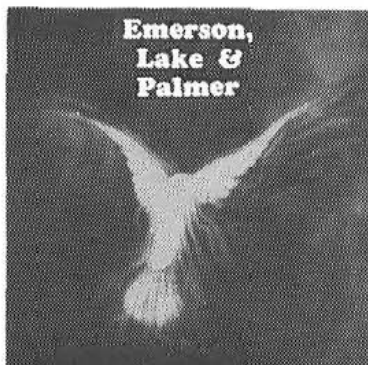
The 1906 National Lampoon/*(Wizened and elderly gentleman proffering a packet of tasty Egyptian dates.)* "Pardon me, little girl, but might I interest you in a date?" *(Dimpled tot regarding delicious goodies.)* "Assuredly not, sir! Often has my mother cautioned me against dried-up old fruits." *(Unbridled merriment holds sway.)*

Plus: Mrs. Agnew's Diary, Horrorscope, Corn Syrup, Hydrogenated Vegetable Oil, Niacinamide and Zinc. □

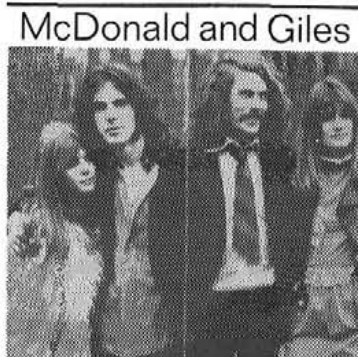
THE GREAT SOUNDS ON ATLANTIC/ATCO/COTILLION



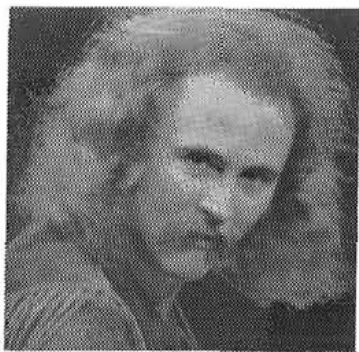
BEE GEES
2 YEARS ON
Atco SD33-353



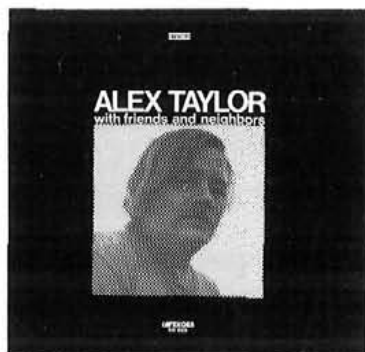
EMERSON, LAKE & PALMER
Cotillion SD9040



McDONALD AND GILES
Cotillion SD9042



DAVID CROSBY
IF I COULD ONLY REMEMBER MY NAME
Atlantic SD 7203



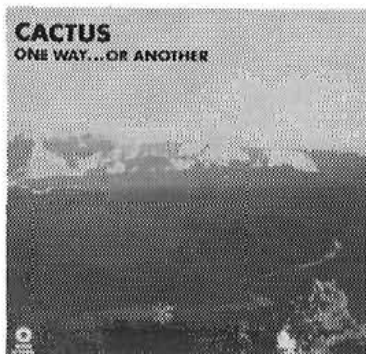
ALEX TAYLOR
WITH FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS
Capricorn SD 860



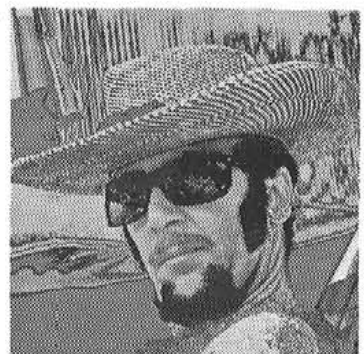
KATE TAYLOR
SISTER KATE
Cotillion SD 9045



KING CRIMSON
LIZARD
Atlantic SD 8276



CACTUS
ONE WAY ... OR ANOTHER
Atco SD 33-356



HERBIE MANN
MEMPHIS TWO-STEP
Embryo SD 531



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How many of these famous cigarette holders can you identify?



Hint: Used by Chicago racketeer of the 1920's.

Answer: Yes, it was the holder of Augie Charleyhorse, the great tennis champ. Augie was the first man to play tennis with a racket in each hand. Unfortunately, he had a tragic accident in which he hit a backhand and forehand simultaneously—breaking both wrists. His cigarette holder is still going strong.

Hint: Italian director Federico never works without it.

Answer: This one's a toughie! Unless you know Federico Drobnik, who directs traffic on the Via Veneto. Federico's holder is slim enough not to interfere with the whistle in his mouth, yet still manages to work perfectly—keeping his cigarette away from his lips.

Hint: Favorite holder of a Mexican bandit named Pancho.

Answer: This one belongs to Pancho Jastremski, used car dealer in Juarez. Pancho's holder not only contains a filter, but a miniature whip for beating back disgruntled customers.

Hint: Lucky Lindy used it for support.

Answer: This one was supporting the cigarette of Lucky Lindy Brannigan when he went over Niagara Falls in a giant egg carton. "If this carton will protect eggs, it'll protect me," cried Lucky as he left the dock. He was wrong, but his holder was recovered and is still functioning perfectly.

Hint: The cigarette holder used by clever people everywhere.

Answer: You guessed it. The holder on the tip of every Parliament cigarette. It really works. It has a tough outer shell you can bite on. Inside, there's a filter—recessed—away from your lips. So you taste good, clean flavor. Not filter.—If you'd feel a little conspicuous with one of the other holders, this is your baby!



It works like a cigarette holder works.