

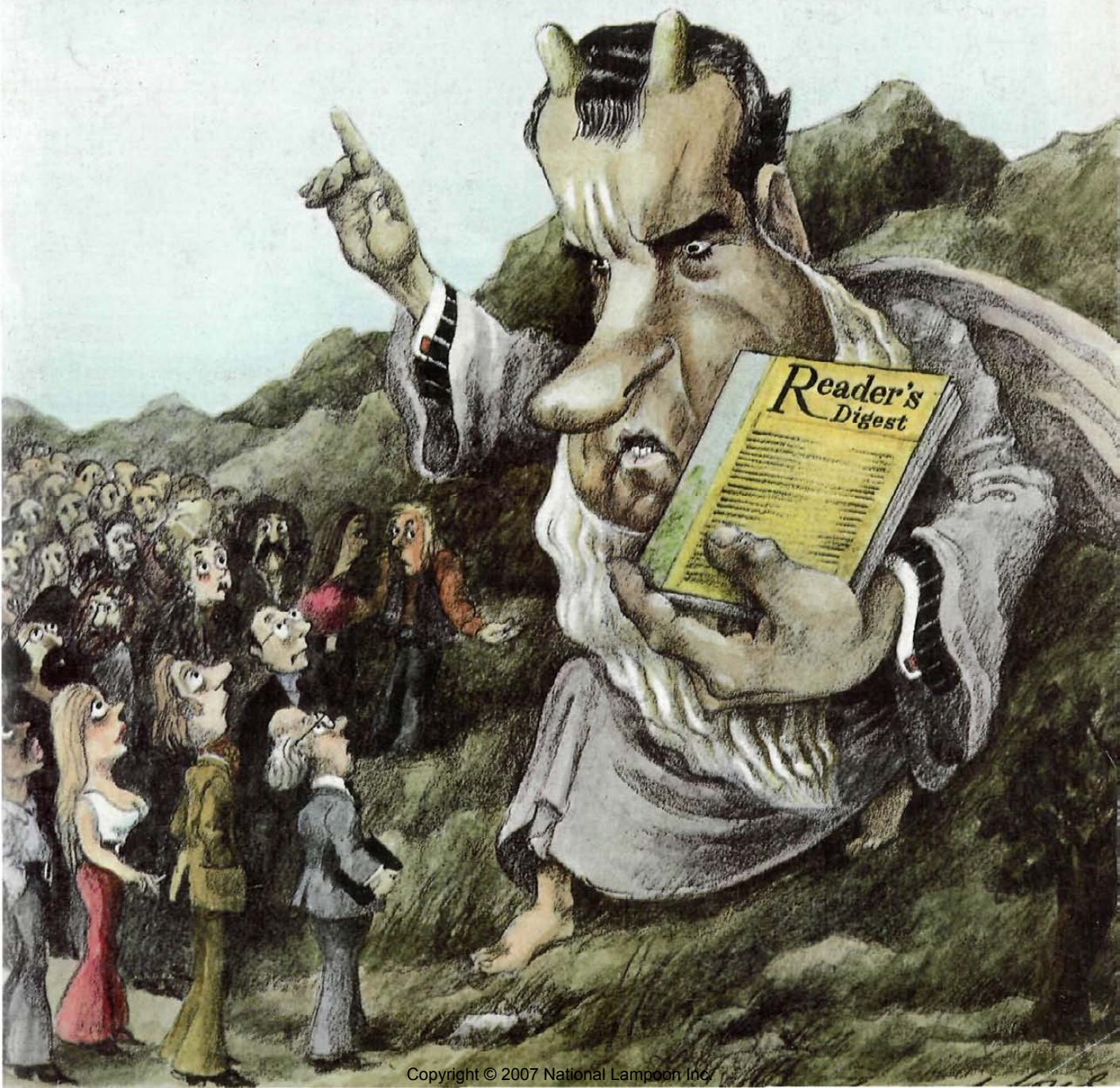
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# NATIONAL LAMPoon

JUNE 1971 THE HUMOR MAGAZINE 75 CENTS

Religion for Fun and Prophet Issue



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YOU'VE GOT MORE PROBLEMS.**



You've let your hair grow in. And it looks great.

Sometimes.

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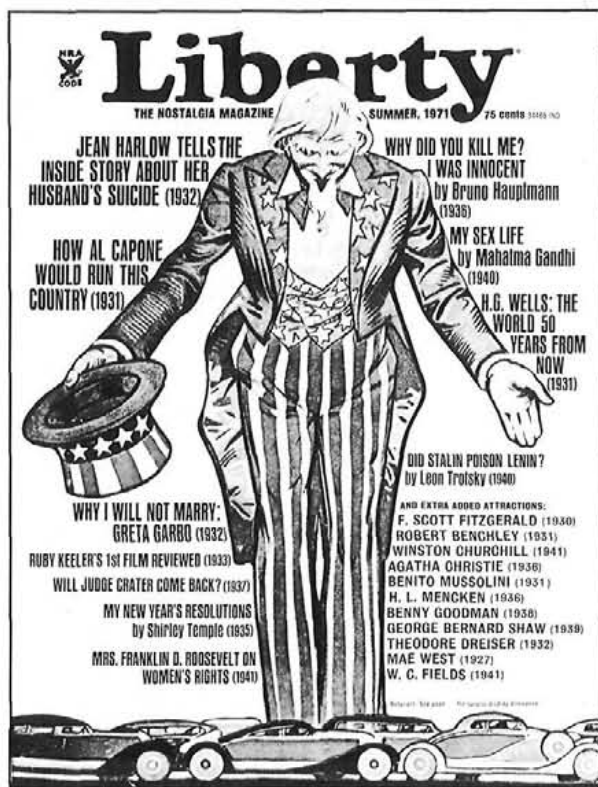


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# Give Me Liberty!



Remember Jean Harlow and Carole Lombard? Remember H. L. Mencken and Theodore Dreiser, Gandhi and G.B.S., and the Marx Brothers? Ever read a short story by F.D.R. or a thesis on sex and marriage by Benito Mussolini? Is it possible that you remember Shirley Temple's 1936 New Year's Resolutions or that you still know how to do the Big Apple or the Lambeth Walk?

Do you remember *Liberty* magazine?

If you've said "yes" to any five of the above questions, you win the Warren G. Harding Memorial Award for Excellence in Recall. If you flunked, you really ought to stop thinking about the future and start getting with the past. Nostalgia, someone said recently, is the overriding emotion of the 1970's. You know why? Because it's more fun to think about the past than the present or future.

The first issue of *Liberty* is now on sale—it's the premiere Summer issue. The Fall issue will be published on July 22, 1971. You'll find the magazine at newsstands everywhere or, if you want to make sure to get your copy, by subscription here—now.

Incidentally, if your memory bank extends only to such remembrances as J.F.K., the young Marlon Brando, Howdy Doody and Sandra Dee, then *Liberty*, the nostalgia magazine, will show you more colorful days.

So, what's old? *Liberty*, that's what!

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# NATIONAL LAMPPOON

## LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Once there was a bearded young dude with long "hippie" hair that reached to his shoulders, who hung out with streetpeople and "easy" chicks . . . the dropouts of society. Even as a kid he was "different," and in later life he was shunned by the Establishment types because of his weird clothes and working-class background. But he was popular with shy and trusting people, who followed him everywhere, even on long trips in the desert, because of his heavy raps about Love, Sharing, and other revolutionary concepts.

But not all his raps were about the ups in life. He rapped straight ahead about the bummers, too. He was hip to great hassles that were to go down in the land, and he didn't cop out when it came to putting down hypocrites. His groupies were both guys and chicks, and they grooved to his magnetic vibes and his heavy, spaced-out eyes. They really got into it.

When he split for the desert to get himself together, the straights ignored him, just another one of those "oddballs" and "kooks" common to this hot, dry climate.

But one day the Establishment got uptight. The big bust came and he was hustled in front of a judge. One of his own people had gone over to the pigs. He was accused, tried, and found guilty.

Although still in his thirties, he was sentenced to be offed, and his groupies wept for him. His gig was short, but what he was laying down will not soon be forgotten, for *this* dude's name was . . .

Charlie Manson.—DCK

**Cover:** Our thanks and a tip of the NatLamp Weejun goes this month to Edward Sorel for his vivid portrait of Andrei Gromyko slinging his views from Aix to Trenton, New Jersey. Mr. Sorel has been in the satire biz longer than he cares to mention, has a delightful new book out written by the charming Mrs. Sorel and entitled *Word People*, and by the time he reads this will probably still not have received his pitiful check. Just sent out in the mail this morning, Ed. Honest.

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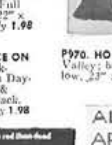
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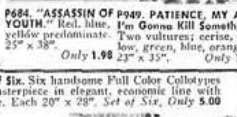
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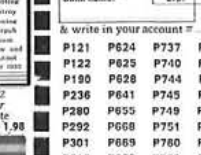
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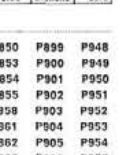
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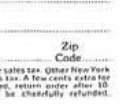
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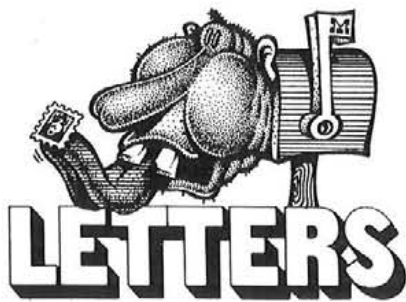
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# LETTERS

Sirs:

Listen, you bunch of f--king homos, last night I caught that c--ks--king son-of-a-b--ch kid of mine reading your s--t-eating magazine again. I grabbed the little pr--k by his cr--ch and beat the c--p out of the little c--thead until he about p--d in his pants. The next time I catch that little m---rf--ker with it, I'm going to ream his s---y little r---g with a can opener and take his h---ing p--g and make him g---y f---m it until the tr--d runs out of his dr---p and his r--k t--bs j-ks revolve like a rusty crankshaft.

Noah Webster  
Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Folks,

This is a letter I am voluntarily writing to tell you that I am fine and not to worry or make further inquiries. The Therapy Counselors here at the Allentown, Pennsylvania, Correctional Field Unit (it is incorrect and unfair to use the word "camp," by the way, and the misnomer leads to unfounded rumor and worse) are very swell to me and certainly in the groove, as we young people say.

Since I was caught red-handed willfully undermining our nation's internal security at the so-called "peace" rally at State last year (not to mention my own life through my hopeless addiction to pot), I have made excellent progress toward becoming a productive and trustworthy member of my society. (My activities director says I need only thirty more honor credits in Patriotism and fifteen in Helping Others Help Themselves before I am ready to apply for conditional reinstatement of my citizenship. Isn't that super-duper? Much of this

progress, of course, must be attributed to my activities counselor's careful application of electro-aversion therapy when I stubbornly resist repeated efforts to make me see reason. Of course, there is no need to emphasize that these mild treatments cause no lasting appreciable harm to the human body, despite certain wild-eyed medics' unprovable claims to the contrary.

Well, that's all for now, Mom and Dad, or, if they are divorced and/or dead, indicate accordingly, because I have to go to one of my many healthful sports periods or instructive craft classes. Please don't bother to write because, when one has willfully obstructed our nation's internal security, or insert other where appropriate, one cannot expect to be "coddled" like some fuzzy-thinking one-worlders would like.

I will voluntarily write again soon, Mom and Dad or same as above, and don't forget to say an extra-special hello to sibling, girl/boyfriend, or pet for me.

Sincerely,  
Scotty Talbot  
Correctional Field Unit #16  
Allentown, Penn.

Sirs:

The exiled members of the Citizens' Army for the Liberation of Free Poland have found your attitude toward our people and their noble history to be villainous and insulting. This is to warn you that one of our crack guerrilla demolition experts is preparing a bomb that will demolish your editorial offices at preci

Sirs:

You can take your free Lifetime Gift Subscription and shove it up your ass.

George C. Scott  
Avondale, Conn.

Sirs:

Please, boys, agree to my kidnappers' demands. They are desperate men, even if they were clever enough to substitute a "look-alike" in my place to allay all suspicion of my capture.

They are growing impatient that you have not paid their stipulated ransom of \$30,000 and that you have apparently

not gone to the authorities for the sum, which, I assure you, could be easily obtained.

They are telling me to tell you that this is their fifth and final offer and that failure to accept it literally means my life. I know that you will do what is best for this country before the deadline of January 1, 1971.

Richard Nixon  
Address unknown

Sirs:

I thought your article on the new evidence in the Tate-LaBianca trial was ingenious and, perhaps, even perceptive, but I'd love to see you prove a thing in court.

Roman Polanski  
Paris, France

Sirs:

I have just received irrefutable proof from Army Intelligence that the Reds have been "up" on our plans for over a year. I don't know how they did it, but they must have been fiendishly clever. At any rate, let's try at least to keep the wraps on the secret zinc bomb and our hush-hush secret tunnel under the Bering Strait until I phone Hoover and Kissinger, which I will do as soon as I dictate a letter to this umb-day ecretary-say of mine to cancel some idiotic humor magazine subscription I've been getting by mistake.

Mel Laird  
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

Slowly he neared her moonlit silhouette, standing naked but for a small chemise made transparent against the French doors. Without a word, his strong brown hands encircled her downy flesh and he kissed her breast with an urgency that surprised him as much as it startled her. Frantically, his need growing uncontrollably within him, his fingers probed her tender, secret places, heeding only the insistent throbbings of his straining loins. "Hey, baby," he murmured as he sought to probe even further, "it's hard to believe you're only a turkey."

"Gobble?" she asked, drawing away suddenly, hurt and questioning.

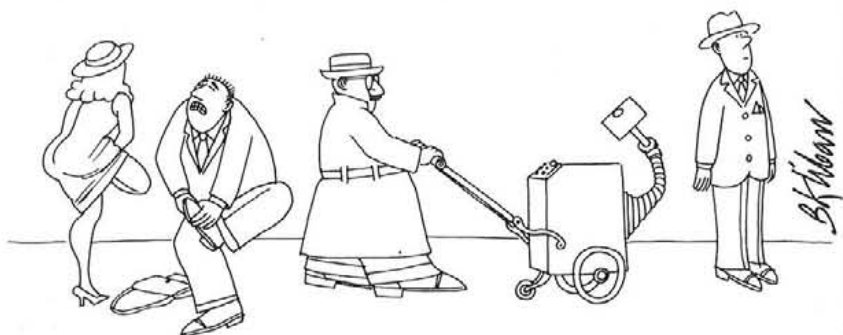
"I said, you're not bad, for a turkey, I mean," he said, sensing he had said something wrong.

Suddenly a shot rang out and a series of loud, angry squawks filled the boudoir. "Oh nuts," he gasped, "it's your father!"

Well, that's as far as I've gotten on chapter one, but I thought I'd send it along anyway, knowing that if I don't sell the movie rights now, I'll be hounded all next fall when I want to spend some time with Dave and Arlene.

Love to Stephen, but tell him I won't take a penny less than ten percent of the gross.

Florence Nesbitt  
Montreal, Canada



# You are beautiful...

**potentially.** When you strip away your defenses, inhibitions, and uncertainties, you'll find a beautiful person waiting to come out. Full of possibilities. Creative. Loving. Lovable. Emotionally, spiritually, and psychologically open to life and its challenges. PSYCHOLOGY TODAY is all about that total, often secret, self.

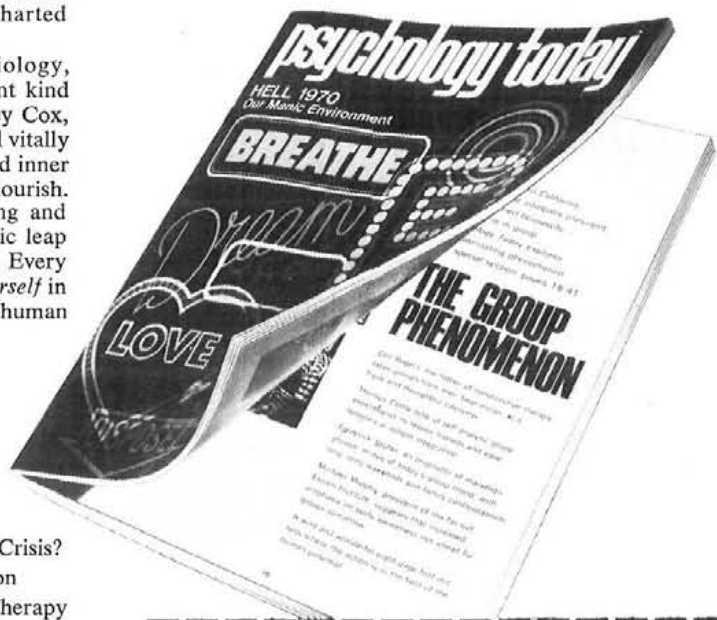
Its pages are filled with dialogues and discoveries on the nature of those challenges. Sex, Love, War, Work, Drugs, God, Machines... a world in flux, in need of re-definition, of new interpretation. Here is a magazine entirely open to that need—a magazine that's continually exploring uncharted areas of the human psyche.

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| Are Leaders Made or Born?     | Are I.Q. Tests Intelligent?           |
| Love & Will                   | Can We Immunize the Weak?             |
| Homosexuality Reconsidered    | Nudity in Group Therapy               |
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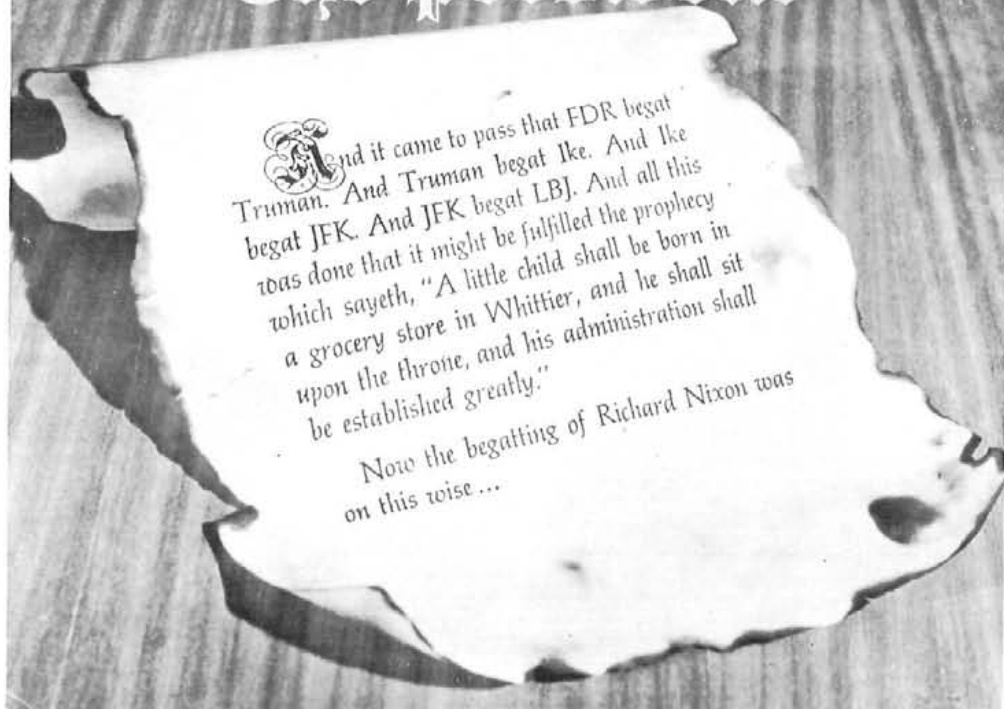
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## The Begatting of The President



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# HORROR-SCOPE

**Fortune Cookie (for'chōōn kōō'kē).** Chinese dessert made from folded pastry shell containing written message foretelling eater's fate.

June 12, 1971 (*zweiback*). Secret Service men answering shrieks for help interrupt the honeymoon happiness of **Edward Cox** and his lovely bride of seven hours, the former **Tricia Nixon**. The new Mrs. Cox demands that she be escorted back to the White House and that the baffled hubby be arrested on charges of attempted rape, assault with a deadly weapon, illegal use of hands, and premeditated "getting fresh."

June 17, 1971 (*crumpets*). In a nationwide BBC broadcast, Tory Prime Minister **Edward Heath** announces that floundering Rolls-Royce, Ltd. will continue to produce world-renowned automobiles although the 1972 models will "necessarily reflect the economic realities of the time." Although no specific details have been revealed as to new Rolls power-plant design, full-color ads appear in several periodicals, boasting, "At fifteen miles per hour the only sound you'll hear is the puffing of the hamsters."

June 20, 1971 (*cornbread*). Seeking to emulate Nielsen-bolstering "singing families" such as the Osmond Brothers, the King Family, and the Carpenters, NBC network officials announce signing of **James Taylor**, **Livingston Taylor**, **Kate Taylor**, and **Alex Taylor** for next-season

series titled "Cash-In," a musical situation-comedy involving a moderately talented older brother and the hilarious attempts of his younger siblings to "cash in" on the family name.

June 24, 1971 (*hand in the cookie jar*). Faced with citywide administrative corruption unparalleled since Boss Tweed, Cleveland Mayor **Carl B. Stokes** promises outraged citizenry "the immediate elimination of all slums within the city limits." Rolling up shirt-sleeves at Hough Avenue ceremony alongside his governmental appointees, Stokes smiles for photographers as the first building is lifted onto a flatbed truck and officially stolen.

June 27, 1971 (*crumb*). **Lyle Stuart**, publisher of chart-busting breast sellers *The Sensuous Woman* and *The Sensuous Man*, publicizes new series of do-it-yourself guides for "specialized readerships," including *The Sensuous Republican*, *The Sensuous Plumber*, *The Sensuous Pimply Adolescent*, *The Sensuous Certified Public Accountant*, and *The Sensuous Goldfish*.

June 30, 1971 (*milk toast*). Following on the heels of *Esquire* magazine's announced shrinkage in size to save printing costs and "make *Esquire* easier to read in bed," *Harper's* magazine publisher **William S. Blair** advertises controversial firing of editor **William Morris** and censorship of all racy material as needed innovation to "make *Harper's* less of a temptation to impurity while read in the powder room."

July 3, 1971 (*sugar-glazed*). Legal action against **Hugh Hefner** is filed by **Johnny Carson** for "improper usage" of advertisement featuring talk-show host posing in nationally marketed **Johnny Carson Apparel**. The rapidly aging Carson

charges that "Mr. Hefner's new editorial policies regarding his centerfolds in no way permitted him to run my ad without first airbrushing my face."

July 7, 1971 (*ladyfingers*). Female liberation spokeswoman **Kate Millett** challenges male chauvinist bigwig **Norman Mailer** to "prove any and all sexist delusions of male superiority in a public competition." Mailer, after hastily signing contract with *Life* magazine for eventual history-making journalistic account, gamely matches dumpling recipe against Millett's at Pillsbury Bake-Off. Mailer's dumpling awarded Blue Ribbon for "lightness" and "flakiness," but Millett's later takes unofficial award as "bludgeon" and "murder weapon."

July 11, 1971 (*shortening bread*). **Yves Saint Laurent**, leading fashion führer, rocks style-conscious readers in pages of *Vogue* magazine with new "severe" look requiring the removal of right arm and both legs at the kneecaps. Although most hesitate to make sacrifice, fashion ice is quickly broken as major amputations are performed on **Jacqueline Onassis**, **Charlotte Ford**, and **Ali MacGraw**. To the annoyance of the ladies involved, the *Vogue* photograph in question is later discovered to be an accidentally miscaptioned public-service advertisement urging the hiring of the handicapped.

July 15, 1971 (*bun in the oven*). **Pat Buckley Bozell**, patriotic sister of junior senator from New York **James Buckley** and part-time religious fanatic known for bodily assaults on heretics such as **Ti-Grace Atkinson**, proudly announced the expectation of her eleventh child, which she claims to be, like the other ten children, the direct result of the miraculous appearance in her bedroom of a giant American eagle. □



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# THE BEGATTING OF THE PRESIDENT



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AND LBJ SAID "LET US MAKE A VOTER IN OUR OWN IMAGE THAT HE MAY GLORIFY AND ELECT US FOREVER."



BUT AMONG THE CHILDREN OF THE GREAT SOCIETY THERE WERE THOSE WHOSE SKINS WERE BLACK, THEIR PORTION WAS NIGGARDLY, AND OF THE FATTED CALF THEY WERE LEFT SUCKING HIND TEAT.



AND THE SHEPHERD EUGENE TOOK UP HIS SLING AND DREW NEAR THE GIANT WHO SAID "THINKEST THAT I FEAR THY SLING? SOBERLY THOU KNOWEST I AM THE MIGHTIEST SLINGER OF THEM ALL."



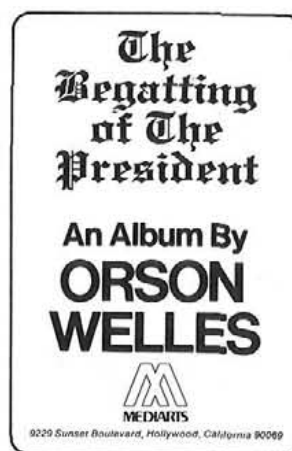
THUS SAID HUBERT, "NAKED CAME I OUT OF THE SENATE AND NAKED SHALL I RETURN ERE I DEFY MY MAKER FOR LBJ GIVETH AND LBJ TAKETH AWAY. BLESSED BE THE NAME OF TEXAS."



THE REPUBLICANS SAW THERE WAS CONFUSION AMONGST THEIR ENEMIES AND THE NEW ELECTION WOULD FALL UPON THEM "BUT WHO IS THERE TO LEAD US THAT WE MAY CAST OUT THE DEMOCRATS?" AND THEY SEARCHED THEIR HEARTS...



NOW NIXON CAME UNTO THE PEOPLE AND LIFTED HIS ARMS HIGH AND SHOWED THEM THE PALMS OF HIS HANDS THAT THEY MIGHT SEE THE MARKS OF HIS CRUCIFIXION AND MARVEL AT HIS RESURRECTION. "BEHOLD I AM THE RE-ELECTION AND THE RIGHT."



THE BEGATTING OF THE PRESIDENT IS NOT VERY FUNNY...

ORSON WELLES

Drawings by SANDY HUFFAKER  
Also available from BALLANTINE BOOKS



# If You are a Young Executive We Invite You to Accept a Copy of Generation—FREE

**generation** is a monthly magazine edited for young executives. That's why we think you will be interested in seeing a copy free, and in subscribing after you see it, at a \$3.01 savings!

Business is changing dramatically—new technologies, new methods, new opportunities—and you, the young executive, are in the right place at the right time to take advantage of it. That is, if you know what the changes are and avoid the mistakes other young businessmen have made.

**generation** is published to help young executives understand and adjust to today's business life. It shows you, with personal stories, what other men are doing. It examines the problems a man faces early in his business career, and it showcases the opportunities in business for young men.

For example, one issue told the story of Jerome Castle, 33-year-old president of the \$300-million Penn-Dixie Cement Company—who believes that "Management Is Like Running Race Horses." In an age of decentralized management he breaks all the rules, runs a centralized one-man operation, and makes it work.

In the same issue, "The Decision Room" was an eye-opening report on a new management-information technique more and more companies are using to give their executives the facts they need to make intelligent decisions.

Recent issues have carried stories about:

... stress on the top men ... how "Executive Shock" is reaching into middle management ... and the disease of civilization is costing business far too much as executives fall by the wayside.

... corporate politics and whether "To Play or Not to Play" ... the good side and the bad side ... the way to use office politics constructively ... for yourself and your company ...

... and lots of other interesting and informative articles ... like what's happening to franchising ... consumerism and the business world ... the executive compensation package and how it's changing.

**generation** is not a how-to-do-it publication. It never tells its readers what toothpaste to use, how to comb their hair, or gives them the 10 magic steps to the corporate pinnacle. More than 100,000 young executives read **generation** because it shows them business trends through the actions, thoughts, expectations, motivations and disillusionments of other young businessmen. We feature no puff pieces. The magazine reveals how things really are in business—not what they seem to be.



If you are under 40 and in management, engineering, or sales, chances are **generation** is written for you. **The best way to find out is to examine a copy without cost or obligation. We will gladly send you one if you fill out and return the Free Copy Reservation coupon below.**

At the same time, we will be most happy to reserve a one-year (10 issues) subscription to **generation** in your name. The regular price of **generation** is \$9 for 10 issues. However, you can have 10 issues—including your sample copy—all for only \$5.99, a \$3.01 savings, simply by returning the coupon.

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# NEWS OF THE MONTH



**In response to suggestions** made following the defeat of the SST-funding bill that the appropriation originally intended for the supersonic plane be used instead for mass transportation, the Department of Transportation has announced plans to seek funding for the construction of two prototypes of a radically new transport system called the Super Sky Train. As outlined by Department officials, the Sky Train is designed to be "a sort of airborne subway," traveling on wings instead of rails and capable of carrying about three hundred passengers between densely populated areas at close to 1,800 mph.

**Some spin-offs** from the Rumor Mill:

- The models of spacecraft used in TV simulations of space-flight maneuvers each contain a small amount of explosive—about equal to a cherry bomb—which can be detonated to permit instantaneous depiction of a disaster when live coverage is not available.
- An exceptionally potent "high" can be achieved by smoking marijuana rolled in Do Not Remove Under Penalty of Law furniture tags. However, anyone caught with such a cigarette will be shown no mercy.
- Henry Deringer's reproductive organ is in the Smithsonian Institution in

Washington, D.C. It is 1½" long.  
 • Pissing on the Blarney stone increases sexual potency.

**From the Stranger Than Fiction** department, the creed of a United States Marine:

This my rifle. There are many like it, but this one is mine.

My rifle is my best friend. It is my life. I must master it as I must master my life.

My rifle, without me, is useless. Without my rifle, I am useless. I must fire my rifle true. I must shoot straighter than my enemy, who is trying to kill me. I must shoot him before he shoots me. I will. . . .

My rifle and myself know that what counts in this war is not the rounds we fire, the noise of our burst, or the smoke we make. We know that it is the hits that count. We will hit. . . .

My rifle is human, even as I, because it is my life. Thus, I will learn its weaknesses, its strength, its parts, its accessories, its sights, and its barrel. I will ever guard it against the ravages of weather and damage. I will keep my rifle clean and ready, even as I am clean and ready. We will become part of each other. We will. . . .

Before God I swear this creed. My rifle and myself are the defenders of my country. We are the masters of our enemy. We are the saviors of my life.

So be it, until victory is America's

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The successes scored by the Italian-American Civil Rights League led by the Colombos (distant descendants of noted Capo Cristoforo Colombo, who discovered America—itsself named after Amerigo “the Map” Vespucci—in the Nina, the Pinta, and the Cosa Nostra) have led other ethnic groups to adopt similar methods in pressing for more favorable recognition. Most notable among them is the 20 July 1944 Association, a Bonn-based group composed of four million Germans who participated in the abortive plot to assassinate Hitler. “There’s no reason why the vast majority of Germans should have to suffer for the misdoings of an unstable Austrian and a handful of German extremists,” says Kurt Kassling, the Association’s leader. “After all, during the War many Germans were asleep or around the corner buying cigarettes. It is not just.”

Among the group’s demands are the elimination of the terms “Nazi” and “Gestapo” from movies and TV serials; an end to the stereotyped depiction of Germans as heel-clicking, brutal, sadistic, and stupid—“especially as stupid,” insists Kassling; and wider mention of individual acts of courage by Germans during the War, including the mass protest in the cellar of Hans Meminger’s house in Stuttgart the night of August 3, 1943, and the smuggling of untold dozens of Jews out of Germany. The group plans several demonstrations of “disciplined solidarity” in West Germany this year, including a March for Understanding in Munich in October.

Experts at AT&T’s Phone Lab are finally attacking the problems of the house phone, particularly its inability to achieve dial tone. Though Ma Bell has always publicly denied her corporate difficulty in this area, the fact that most common ordinary house-phones do not achieve satisfactory dial-tone is now common knowledge.

“Dial tone isn’t a taboo topic anymore,” said Dr. John Boni, the scientist who first diagnosed the Princess’ chronic lack of dial tone. “We’ve come a long way just convincing everyone at Bell that dial tone is desirable. Every phone should enjoy dial tone.”

Certainly a radical idea but one that is supported by the facts. For instance, researchers have learned that the old black house-phones have no difficulty achieving dial tone, leading some to believe that a phone’s color is a factor, and that the black phone is by nature “more responsive.” Yet European phones, which come in many colors, also achieve consistent dial-tone. “That’s because they suffer fewer hangups,” explains Dr. Boni. “Phoning is encouraged there,

and no guilt is attached to it. Consequently, dial tone is quickly and efficiently achieved.” But tests show that even these phones are dialtonely unsuccessful when transplanted to the States. Something in the American system seems to discourage dial tone.

“We’ve suppressed the subject for too long,” says Dr. Boni. “The Protestant Ethic taught that phoning should not be a pleasurable act, just an unpleasant necessity of social intercourse. Entire generations of phones never once experienced dial tone. Some have said it never existed to begin with, that it’s a rumor or myth, an old wives’ tale. Here at Bell the joke is that dial tone is something we scare rookie repairmen with. Ha-ha-ha.”

That isn’t far off the mark. Very little space is given to dial tone in the service manual, not even a picture, and the glossary definition confuses it with busy signal. Repairmen are often stunned to discover dial tone in the field and wonder why it wasn’t taught in the lab.

Still, change is in the air. New, younger, digital phones are achieving dial tone instantly, and there are fewer complaints about interrupted dial tone. Since the development of the transistor removed the clumsy mechanical devices that burdened phoning in the past, the inescapable feeling everywhere is that Phoning Is Fun. In this healthier atmosphere, dial tone will thrive.

Perhaps then, Bell can help the much maligned black sheep of the family, the street phone. Even when in top shape, street phones—and their counterparts in hotels, terminals, and bars—rarely achieve dial tone. Says Dr. Boni, “They absorb too much traffic for the delicate dial-tone circuits and burn themselves out. Yet they still take your money. They’re quite good at faking dial tone, you see, and the gullible customer is victimized. Even the fanciest call-boxes on Park and Fifth with poodles around them have terrible problems with dial tone, but the customer finds this out too late. He’s already paid his money.”

Attitudes about street phones, or “pay” phones as they’re sometimes called, are harder to change. Remarks like “Why should I mess with a street phone when I’ve got a house phone?” or “I never pay for it because I get it free someplace else!” are very common. Then how to explain the street phone’s durable popularity?

Dr. Boni feels it’s the suspense, the adventure, and the mystery of the encounter. “Also, some street phones are really dirty,” he says, “which excites some people. And of course there’s the ultimate reward: the real possibility of occasionally hitting pay dirt—dial tone! It’s a big ego thing to get dial tone from a street phone. It’s something to brag about to your friends.” **HNB, JB** □



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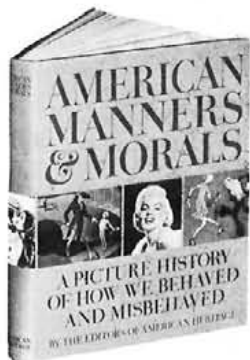
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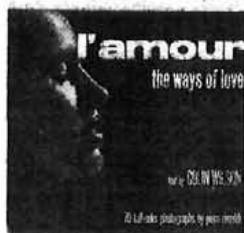
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# MRS. WILEY AGNEW'S DIARY



Dear Diary,

Well, I'm certainly in a fix now. Today was the day of Pat's Tupperware shower for little Tricia, and now I've missed it. I know I'm really "in for it," too, because last month Martha refused to stand in for Pat at a Girl Scout Cookie Drive Award Ceremony, and Connie Stuart, Pat's social secretary, put Martha's name right at the top of the "Naughty" column of her monthly "Naughty and Nice" list. Martha is frantic now, because she thinks she and John will have to sit in the kitchen at the wedding and eat powdered eggs out of mess kits with the help and Dick's relatives.

What made me miss the shower was that when I picked up the paper bag containing Tricia's wedding present (I was going to have the jeweler take Kim's old Snoopy pin and have it inset with a cluster of 3-carat moon rocks), I found the bag held only three peanut-butter-and-jellies and a Milky Way. Putting two and two together, I realized that Spiggy had gone to the office thinking Tricia's present was his lunch, and that, knowing the way he bolts his food when he's busy, I'd better get to him before it was too late. Well, nobody at his office knew where he was, although his secretary said she thought he might be with Hank Kissinger working on some new words for Mel Laird's next press conference. (Spiggy was so tickled when I came up with "incursion" that time at dinner by mistake. He said it was even better than Harry Truman's "police action," which he says started the "whole ball rolling"!)

By the time I got to the White House it was already almost noon, so I rushed past the guards at the gate, but they got

suspicious and made me come back and open the bag and show them it wasn't a bomb. The nice boy at the guardhouse apologized and said he hadn't recognized me and thought I might have been one of those out-of-uniform commando nuns they had been told to watch out for. I said not to worry because everybody makes mistakes and anyway Spiggy always says that when I'm under the dryer I look a lot like Audrey Hepburn in *A Nun's Story*. Well, he *used* to say it, anyway.

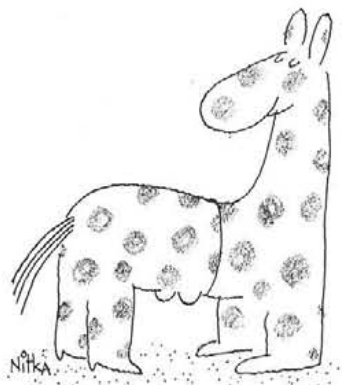
The boy told me where the secret escalator was to Hank's office and said he'd have Spiggy's lunch delivered as soon as the bomb squad gave the peanut butter a quick once-over. I found myself in a part of the basement I had never seen before, a long hallway lined with a lot of those little TV cameras that follow you like the ones at Korvettes. At the end of it there was a cute receptionist in boots and black-leather hotshorts at her desk cutting up the front page of the *Washington Post* with a pair of scissors. She recognized me and smiled and I asked her if Spiggy was in there with Hank, but she shook her head and made signs that she couldn't speak and opened her mouth to show why. Well, I sort of squirmed, but when I later noticed that all of Hank's assistants have the same problem, I realized that if only more employers had his open-mindedness, we wouldn't need things like Goodwill Industries for our handicapped. She wrote on a little white pad that Dick was in with Hank now and they couldn't be disturbed, but I could ask Hank where Spiggy was as soon as Dick and Hank were through with their regular briefing. Just then, part of the wall slid open and Dick came out. Right away I noticed his eyes looked sort of odd. They didn't blink or move or anything. Dick walked right past and took the copy of the *Post* with all the holes in it that the girl handed him and said, "No bad news again today? Fine, fine," and walked away without even saying, "Hello, Judy." Well, I thought to be miffed, but when I mentioned it to Hank, who came out to greet me, he said anyone who has so much on his mind as Dick does tends to get a little distracted, and, anyway, the stuff usually does not wear off until early evening.

I was a bit puzzled by what Hank meant, but when he asked me in I was immediately struck by the novel way he had redecorated the office since Dick moved Spiggy out. The sliding door, for example. Hank had the walls papered with the same leather that the girl at the desk had her hotshorts made out of, and the fluorescent lights had been replaced with the most remarkable lamps made from animal heads whose eyes gave off interesting reddish beams. On the walls were some beautiful painted portraits of old-time figures like a knight in black armor, a red-caped cardinal, and one of those funny half-man, half-goat satires playing tag with a pleasingly plump girl through the woods. I said I thought he had done wonders with the place and Hank fiddled with some of the knobs under the row of little TV screens on his desk and smiled that funny smile of his where he only uses half his face and said yes it has a certain effect, doesn't it.

I asked him if he'd seen Spiggy, but he just smiled (he used the left side this time) and offered me a seat on his unusual antique couch with quaint decorative chains at the head and foot saying of course he knew where Spiggy was, but he couldn't be disturbed right now because at this very minute he was taking some sleep-learning courses in foreign policy next door. Well, I giggled to myself at that because Spiggy was obviously having some fun with Hank. Spiggy and I bought some Wile-U-Snooze French records at the Safeway to bone up for our tour last year, and Spiggy never got past "*Garçon, I cannot eat this. Please take it away.*" Leave it to Spiggy to find any excuse for a little nap.

Hank and I had a nice chat while I waited for Spiggy to wake up, and Hank seemed really interested in the family because he knew what time Spiggy left and arrived home, where we liked to go on vacations, and even that little joke Spiggy once made in bed to me about Mr. Kleindienst, Mr. Ziegler, and Mr. Ehrlichman making a Beatle record called "Sgt. Kissinger's German-American Bund." Hank even knew that we have relatives in Baltimore and who they voted for, which I found remarkable and said so. Hank told me to talk into the flowers on his desk because he was a little hard of hearing, and then, all of a sudden, he picked up a copy of that awful *Playboy* magazine and held up the picture in the middle to a clock on the wall. He noticed my raised eyebrows and said he was just having a little joke on Mr. Hoover, who has to go lie down every time he sees it on *his* little TV screens.

I must admit I giggled out loud at that one because I know that there is always some harmless "horsing around" in an office. Just then part of the wall slid



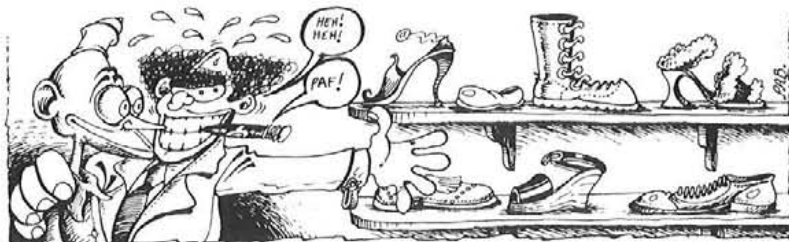
down and another girl in leather hot-shorts (small world) came out and handed Hank a telegram. Hank opened it up and, momentarily forgetting I was there, I guess, read aloud, "Knight takes white queen. Checkmate, *tovarich*. Double or nothing on Cambodia?" Well, I could tell Hank was fit to be tied as he tore up the telegram and screamed at the girl to telegram Leonid "Okay," damn him, and set up the board again. Then he yelled at her to remember to call the mechanic who did the brake adjustments on Ted Kennedy's car and have him hop over to National Airport before Bill Proxmire gets there and fix the engines on Bill's 707. Hank turned to me and smiled (right side), saying Bill could've saved a lot of bother when traveling if he hadn't voted down the SST, which is much more reliable. The girl turned to go, but Hank ordered her back and demanded to know if she had notified the dictionary people about which words were to be taken out in the next edition, and she looked scared and shook her head no. Hank's voice suddenly went quiet, and he told her to cancel his appointment at the massage parlor and prepare the briefing chamber, because they'd be "working late" tonight. Well, I must say I've never seen a girl's face turn such a shade of white before, but what with their beanstalk figures and yogurt-and-crackers diets, it's no wonder they can't keep their health up.

When she left, I told Hank I might as well forget seeing Spiggy about Tricia's present, because I'd already missed Pat's shower, anyway, when all of a sudden the wall opened again and guess who walked out but that darling Eddie Cox! Imagine my surprise when he just passed us right by and went out the other door with that same glazed look on his face that Dick had earlier. Hank explained that Eddie had been nervous about the big day coming and he was just having one of his assistants "buck up" his confidence. As I scooted out the door he said something about it being a favor he owed to Pat since he never got a chance to get Prince Charles alone as he had promised, but before I could ask him what he meant, the wall slid shut and there I was at the receptionist's again, watching her typing up a memo while she read from a book called *Chess Made E-Z*.

Well, by the time I got home, Spiggy was already on the couch taking another nap before dinner, so I never got to tell him that I had had a chat with Hank today, too. I suppose it was just as well, though, because Spiggy was so pooped he was actually sleeping with his eyes wide open!

All for now,

*Judy*



# COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

**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 *Nat'lamp* 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.

**APRIL, 1971/ADVENTURE:** Good God, Professor, it's... it's... Derby Dames on Parade, Tarzan of the Cows, Real Balls Adventure Magazine, The Philosopher Detective, The Great American Cereal Box and free Booble gum Cards.

**MAY, 1971/THE FUTURE:** Hop into our steam-powered Time Trolley and stumble backward into the World of Tomorrow. You'll be delighted that you won't live to see: the Zero Gravity Sex Manual (*The NASA Sutra*), Time Warp Comics, the Special Pull-Out "If" Section, the 1906 *National Lampoon*, Attack of the 90-Foot Macrobes, and Toilets of the Extraterrestrials.

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# The Judaic-Judaic Tradition

A look at the old-time religion as seen through rosen-colored glasses. By Arnold Roth

**HISTORICAL BIBLIOGRAPHY**—The Jews are the Chosen People—which is no great honor when you think of the competition.



For instance, the Jews were chosen by the ancient Egyptians to build pyramids for free.

A Jewish leader, Moses, told the Jews to take off for Passover.

Someone wrote a book about this called Exodus, which is why the Jews are called the People of the Book.





The Jews made a golden calf but Moses soon broke that up.

Moses went up a mountain and wrote the Ten Commandments, the Holy Law, and the Mosaic Code on clay, which is why the Jews are called the People of the Quick-Dissolving Tablets.

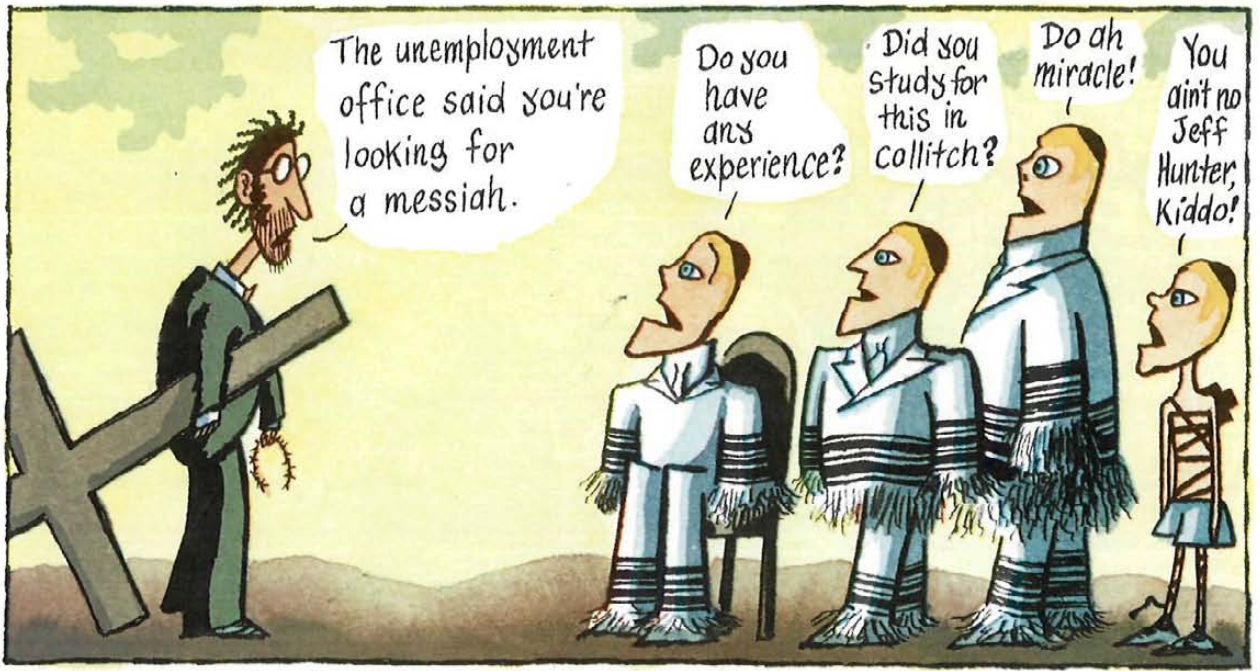


WHAT THE JEWS BELIEVE—The dietary (kosher) laws, basically, forbid eating coq au vin with chocolate-mint-chip ice cream.

Monotheism (one God) is the Judaic creed. They do not worship idles.



A JEWISH FATHER REJECTING AN IDLE



Jews believe in the coming of a Messiah but, so far, haven't found one to their liking.

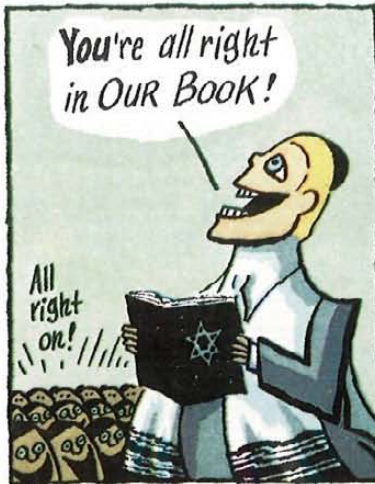


Prayer services are led by a rabbi and chanted by a cantor. The congregation must consist of at least ten men who chant the Lord's instructions. These men are called the Minions of the Law.

Three main branches of Judaism are Orthodox, Conservative, and Reform. Other branches can be found in your suburban directory.



Orthodox



Conservative



Reform

Judaism is the origin and touchstone of Christianity, Muhammadanism, Freudianism, Orgism, Ecology, National League Baseball, Lionel Hampton's band, Harry Golden's cuteness, Benny Goodman's clarinet, hot dogs at the ball park, Mom's apple strudel, and corned beef on rye with mustard.



Even though Judaism has been continually attacked and persecuted, the Jews cling to their faith because of the many fringe benefits it brings them, like freedom not to join the country club of their choice, which is why they are known as the People of . . . oh, forget it.





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# UTOPIA FOUR

UTOPIA FOUR

JUNE  
25¢

A  
PANGLOSS  
PUBLICATION



THE  
MEDILIM  
IS THE  
MESS!

SEXIST  
MACHO-  
MONGERS!

HEY!  
BLUMMER!

I SEEM  
TO BE A  
GERLIND!

GLOBAL  
PILLAGGE  
OR  
GHETTO  
LONG LITTLE  
DARKIES!

RUGS  
ANTIQ.  
T.V.

STORY:  
SEAN KELLY  
ART:  
JOE ORLANDO  
LETTERING:  
JOHN COSTANZA

# POP GO THE EGGHEADS!

KIDS OF ALL AGES! SEND FOR THESE "FAR OUT" POSTERS OF YOUR HEROES!...

## The UTOPIA FOUR!

THEY'RE  
POSTLITERATE,  
GEODESIC,  
REVOLUTIONARY,

and  
SPECIALLY  
PRICED  
TOO!

**SUPER-BUCKY**

THE "BRAINS" OF THE OUTFIT, HIS SUPERGOGGLES ENABLE HIM TO SEE THROUGH GLASS WALLS, WHICH HE DESIGNS HIMSELF! HE ALONE KNOWS WHAT THE WORLD WOULD BE LIKE IF IT WEREN'T AT ALL THE WAY IT IS!



**MEDIA MAN**  
IN HIS SECRET IDENTITY, MARSHALL MCLUHAN, IS A TYPICAL ABSENT-MINDED PEDANT. BUT HE IS TRANSFORMED AT THE DROP OF A DOLLAR INTO THE WISCRACKING SOCIAL PROPHET WHO CAN LEAP TALL TRUISMS AT A SINGLE BOUND!



**MR. MULCH**

...OR LAW PROFESSOR REICH, WAS, AT AN EARLY AGE, ACCIDENTALLY EXPOSED TO WHAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN A FATAL OVERDOSE OF TOMMY JAMES AND THE SHONDELLS. INSTEAD, HE MUTATED ON TO A NEW LEVEL OF CONSCIOUSNESS! WHERE HE WALKS, NOTHING BUT GRASS WILL EVER GROW AGAIN!



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FOUR**

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\$1.00 EACH  
FOUR  
FOR  
\$3.99**

**KARATE  
KATE**



...THE LAST OF THE FEARSOME FOURSOME, ENDOWED WITH ABNORMAL BEAUTY AND INTELLIGENCE, THE REDOUTABLE MISS MILLETT SO DESPISED MASCULINE SEXUALITY THAT SHE NATURALLY JOINED FORCES WITH OUR HEROES IN THEIR NOBLE ATTEMPT TO PROVE THAT THE WORLD IS A BETTER PLACE IN WHICH TO LIVE!

**FRAME 'EM... COLOR 'EM... LOCK YOURSELF IN THE JOHN WITH 'EM!**

SPECIAL OFFER! IF YOU SEND FOR ALL FOUR POSTERS TODAY, YOU'LL RECEIVE ABSOLUTELY FREE A SIXTY-PAGE BOOKLET OF INSTRUCTIONS FOR HANGING THEM ON THE WALLS OF YOUR DOME!

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NAME \_\_\_\_\_

SEX ( ) F \_\_\_\_\_ ( ) M \_\_\_\_\_ ( ) ? \_\_\_\_\_

WORLD GAME \_\_\_\_\_

IN THEIR FAMOUS FAD-PAD HIDDEN AWAY IN THE BASEMENT OF NECROPOLIS' TALLEST SKYSCRAPER, THE U.F. RELAX AND REMINISCE...

...AND SO, AFTER I DISCOVERED NATURE'S BASIC DESIGN PRINCIPLES, AND MARSHALL HERE CONVINCED EVERYONE THAT "COPYRIGHT IS OBSOLETE," I COPYRIGHTED NATURE'S BASIC DESIGN PRINCIPLES, AND THAT'S WHY WE'RE RICH! \*

MALE CHAUVINIST MORALISTS WOULD DOUBTLESS SNEER...

...SHOWING THEMSELVES TO BE STILL STUCK SOMEWHERE IN CONCIIOUSNESS LEVEL TWO!

War is not healthy for children and other living things

\* EDITOR'S NOTE: SINCE SUPER-BUCKY LIVES FIFTY YEARS AHEAD OF EVERYBODY ELSE, THIS ADVENTURE WON'T TAKE PLACE FOR 520 ISSUES.

SUDDENLY

KLUNK

HOLY FEEDBACK! A BRICK WITH A NOTE ATTACHED!

WHAT'S THE MESSAGE?

A BRICK!

VIOLENCE IN PEPPERLAND?

STATIC ON THE NETWORK OF THE GLOBAL VILLAGE!

COUGH! COUGH! SOME PROPHETIC SIXTH SENSE TELLS ME THE BUILDING IS ABLAZE!

OUT OF THE FRYING PAN AND INTO THE FIRE!

Today is the first day of the Rest of our Life



HOT LINEAR ENVIRONMENTS!

MEN AND CHILDREN LAST.

LET'S SPLIT UP AND SYNERGIZE OUR SYSTEMS, TEAM!

OH, WOW!

The Cyrenians



AND SO... I'LL NAB A SEXIST PIG AND GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS!

RAP RAP



GO 'WAY! HE AIN'T HOME! DAT FAMBLY DONE MOVED!

CRACK



HAD ANY ORGASMS, LATELY?

RAISE YOUR CONSCIOUSNESS, SISTER!

MY GOD, IT'S JUST LIKE D.H. LAWRENCE AROUND HERE!

HEY! WHO IS YO'? YO' FROM DE WELFARE?



MARRIAGE IS AN OPPRESSIVE INSTITUTION!

FUNNY, DE LAS' CASEWORKER SAY WE HAS T' GET MARRIED OR NO MO' 'LOTMENTS!



WELL, IF YO'S A CASEWORKER, MAKE YO'SEF USEFUL AN' HOL' DE CHILE FO' A MINUTE!

HUH?





MEANWHILE, MR. MULCH GOES A 'GREENING...

STOPPING AT A SUPERLAUNDROMAT CAN BE GOOD FOR THE BODY AND THE SPIRIT!

LAUNDROMAT

SOUL BROTHER



AH! STRAWBERRY FIELDS IN THE SORDID SLUMS OF REALITY!

WHAT "SOUNDS" ARE YOU "GROOVING" ON?

PEANUT BUTTER AND JELLY, OFAY!

WHATCHA SHOOTIN', FELLAHS? A TRUTH SERUM THAT REPEALS FALSE CONSCIOUSNESS?

GET YOUR CLOTHES SPARKLING WHITE WITH--

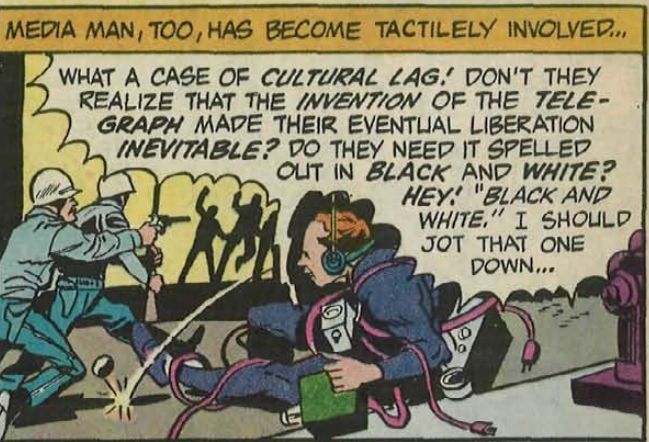


HEY, FELLAHS! WHAT ABOUT CONSCIOUSNESS THREE?

OUCH! WHAT ABOUT... OOF! WOODSTOCK?

THUMP

The Greening of America



MEDIA MAN, TOO, HAS BECOME TACTILELY INVOLVED...

WHAT A CASE OF CULTURAL LAG! DON'T THEY REALIZE THAT THE INVENTION OF THE TELEGRAPH MADE THEIR EVENTUAL LIBERATION INEVITABLE? DO THEY NEED IT SPELLED OUT IN BLACK AND WHITE?

HEY! "BLACK AND WHITE," I SHOULD JOT THAT ONE DOWN...



NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL REVOLUTIONARY!



HOLD IT, OFFICER! YOU'RE GETTING YOUR TECHNOLOGY ALL HOTTED UP! THAT'S HOW MARX MISSED THE BOAT! GIVE ME A FOUNDATION GRANT AND ENOUGH JUICE AND I COULD BLEEP OUT ALL THIS FEED-BACK!



PINKO NETWORK CREEP!

WHACK



IF ONLY I COULD FIND A WALL SOCKET!

MEANWHILE, SUPER-BUCKY WANDERS IN A VISIONARY TRANCE...

DON'T WORRY! YOUR GRANDCHILDREN WILL LAUGH AT THE IDEA OF FIRING SCRAPS OF LEAD INTO HUMAN FLESH!



WHAT THIS AREA NEEDS IS A SLUM GAME! A BILLION-DOLLAR ELECTRONIC MAP TO TELL US AT A GLANCE HOW MANY PEOPLE ARE UNEMPLOYED AT ANY GIVEN MOMENT!

BOOM



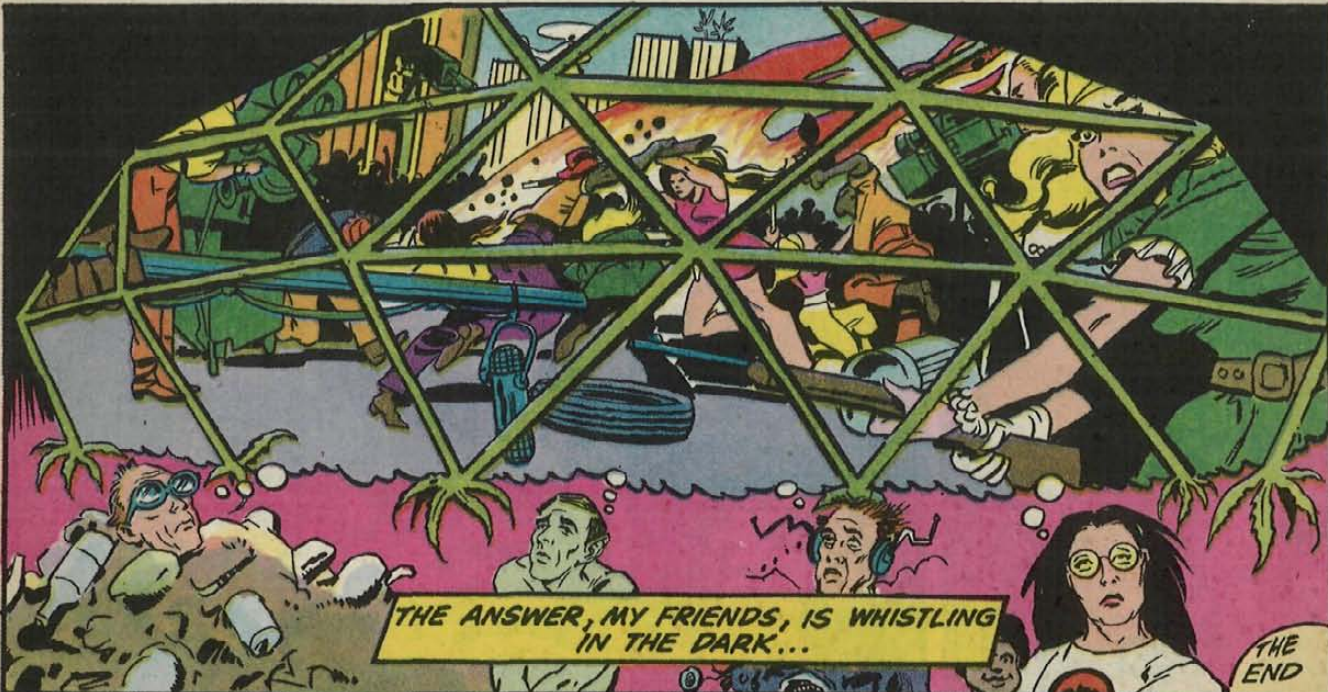
CHIN UP! BY THE TURN OF THE CENTURY, YOU'LL BE OBSOLETE!



WHEN WILL THEY LEARN THAT POLLUTION IS SIMPLY UNHARVESTED RESOURCE?



...BUT THE WORLD DOESN'T LISTEN YET... OUR TIME HAS NOT YET COME!



THE ANSWER, MY FRIENDS, IS WHISTLING IN THE DARK...

THE END

# HOLY BIBLE

## Archeologist Uncovers Copy of Unknown 5,000-Year-Old Scriptural Text

Document said to be  
"Lost Book" of Old Testament

By Cyril Nettleton

Special to *The New York Times*

LONDON, June 15—While excavating the site of a 15th-century monastery, an Oxford archaeological research group has discovered what may be the long hypothesized "Lamentations II," or "lost book" of the Bible.

The remarkably preserved text, said to be a reliable copy of the original 5,000-year-old manuscript, is described by its finders as "a cry of personal anguish at persecution and injustice suffered by its author at the hands of his cruel" and pitiless taskmas-

The agonized, supplicatory "Lamentations II" bemoans the difficulties under which the ancient writer labored to compile his scriptural records and raises some startling questions concerning the historical reliability of the entire Old Testament.

The effect that this remarkable discovery will have on established religious beliefs cannot yet be measured, but it is certain that the entire foundation of the Judeo-Christianity of the entire series of ethics may be in

## CHAPTER I

*Lamentations upon the manner in which the Children of Israel hath caused the truth to be changed; the manifold bafflements therein.*



**I**N the beginning, O Lord, they did lie with my scriptures, and enter into them, and withdraw from them, and enter into them again, from morning even unto night. And I knew them not.

2 Verily the truth is as dung to them and they enter into everything.

3 Accordingly Adam cannot be begotten of a dwarf, nor yet of Nubian hue, for it is not seemly.

4 Behold they say whomsoever readeth of the big bang falleth down in a great slumber. Accordingly it shall be written Jehovah created the heaven and the earth in one week, for great is the punch thereof.

5 And the bafflement of generations and generations is as nothing to them.

6 Behold it cannot be written that Eden was not in Ethiopia for great would be the Ethiopians loss of revenue; nor that Delilah was a man for this maketh Samson to looketh not good; nor that Goliath was tiny as a gnat for this maketh David to looketh not good.

7 And all the tribes of Israel must be made to looketh good; and all the mothers of Israel, from Leah even unto Susannah, must be made to looketh good; and everyone herein, save he be Egyptian or a Nubian, must be made to looketh good.

8 And Sodom and Gomorrah must be made to looketh bad for that they have not paid their taxes.

9 And Joshua fit the battle of Jericho. With a brass band.

10 Yea, verily Lord there is gall in my bladder. For whomsoever writeth scriptures must become as an harlot and be entered into in his nether regions.

11 Behold they thinketh men will be moved to laughter that Esau was an hairy man and they demand it as often as the fish in the sea.

But the words concerning Moses' mother and the rushes, do they not rate above a chuckle. Nor those touching Onan, and his sister who was named Er.

12 Verily, verily I say unto you, my nether regions have been entered into in abundance. As my heart is sore are they sore, and I shall return whence I came.

## CHAPTER II

*The abominations of the sons of Moses; how they doth cast out much that Moses may looketh good.*



**G**REAT ARE THEIR abominations, O Lord. Their eyes are the eyes of lizards, their hearts are the hearts of jellyfish; they maketh my gorge to rise even as sheeps' eyes boiling in a pot.

2 For the sons of the tribe of Moses went down to them privily and whispered in their ear. And they harkenedeth and did unto my scriptures the abomination of abominations.

3 Behold they have cast out the book of he who came in the time of Moses and went about preaching and was called the Son of God.

4 Of all his teachings and his miracles is left not jot or tittle.

5 They have cast out how he wrought the plagues and opened up the waters and turned Pharaoh into an frog.

6 They have cast out how he led the people out of Egypt while Moses was up a mountain.

7 They have cast out how he did give unto Everyman for ever and ever to come the two commandments, and how he cured the sick and lame and halting and smoked the weed of heaven and had three hundred wives.

8 They have cast out how he created the great sea with the boot in it by a miracle and went walking thereon and taught Moses the rod trick.

9 They have cast out how he ascended into heaven from Mount Nebo with seraphim on his right hand and cherubim on his left hand before all the tribes of Israel, and they worshiped him rejoicing, as the true Son of God and called Moses an old crone.

10 All this have they cast out, that Moses may be made to looketh good.

11 Verily the truth is as dung to them.

## CHAPTER III

*How they doth besoul the scriptures with smoteings and lyings with.*



**L**ORD, ONCE THOU HAST BEHELD one smoteing or lying with, hast thou not beholden all smoteings and lyings with?

2 Yet by smoteings and lyings with are they crazed; and at each new one are they tickled into pinkness.

3 Lo their tongues hang so far down they are like to tread on them; their eyes are on stalks; they sit on their fingers.

4 And with smoteing and lying with are my scriptures stuffed.

5 Like the loins of the Babylonians are they stuffed; like the paps of the Nubians that glint in the sun are they heavy; like their haunches that shine in the moonlight are they full. With smoteing and lying with do my scriptures stink.

6 Behold where Cain smote Abel; where Jacob smote Reuben; where Amaziah smote the Edomites; where David smote Moab; where Joab smote Rabbah; where Mordecai smote Haman; where Joshua smote Hebron and Eglon and Gezer and Libnah and Apheh and Achsah and Taanach and Megiddo and Gilgal; and Job smote his wife; and Moses the chickenhearted smote a rock; and everyone smote the Philistines that were but harmless cheese-eaters.

7 And against thee, O Lord, do they blaspheme, saying that of all the smoters, thou smotest the most. Thou who art but a nonsubstantial subjective construct.

8 And I come down unto them, saying, 'Wherewith do ye stuff in smoteing and lying with?' and they raise their palms, saying, 'Listen, what can we tell you?'

9 And lo, they go down unto the woman that writes out of Sodom with her pillar of gossip and give her my scriptures, saying, 'Put herein some spice.'

10 Dost thou not hear her noise, O Lord, as it goes abroad throughout my scriptures, how Lot lay with his daughters and Bilhah lay with Reuben and Ebenezer lay with Rachel and Ruth and Boaz' feet and Solomon lay with half an baby and Onan lay with his fist and Moses lay with a cucumber?

11 Yea even with all this ancient laying with are their bowels puckered, and it goeth forth in my scriptures.

12 And I shall go back whence I came for therein am I exceeding wroth and fit to be sued.

#### CHAPTER IV

*The poverty of their mirth.*

**S**TRANGE ARE THE WAYS OF MEN, O Lord, and mirthless their iniquities.

2 Lo they have taken my works and choppedeth them up like meat. And even yet of sense, nay, they maketh not a wit.

3 So that now a man is smote unto death and an thousand years later he reappeareth, all quick and chipper. And so long as he starteth again to smoteing or be smoten, they careth not a turd.

4 And each piece that they chop in this wise

they do take and giveth a foul name like the ravings of a loon. And they speaketh the names to one another and fall down on the ground in a froth.

5 Great is the mirth amongst their assembled chins.

6 And herein am I desolate, O Lord, and most grievously entered into.

7 For what man would labor at a work for all his years, as in a vineyard, and craft it and devise it and bring it to his master and have it called Habakkuk?

#### CHAPTER V

*The harlotry they practice upon the scriptures that they might stuff themselves unto a stupor; their leprosy and foreskins.*

**T**HEY HAVE SOLD MY SCRIPTURES into bondage, O Lord. Lord let my scriptures go.

2 By the water of Babylon I sat down with my slabs; and all that was engraved thereon cometh from my bowels. And I rejoiced in my slabs for they were true; and in truth do the just man's bowels speak as thunder.

3 But unto them came men of iniquity with other slabs strapped to their asses. And they took the slabs of iniquity and placed them betwixt my slabs, even as the meat is placed betwixt manna. And the price thereof would break thy heart, O Lord.

4 Thus is there now a slab proclaiming a feast called Passover, that requireth huge mountains of bread and meat and candles. Doth thou hear rejoicing from the butchery, O Lord, and from the bakery, yea even from the waxery?

5 And thus doth a slab proclaim the ark of the covenant all made about the goat's-hair curtains and shittimwood. And is there no whooping and clapping of feet among the goat-herds of Shittim?

6 And do not the doctors cometh and sticketh in their oar, demanding slabs touching leprosy and foreskins?

7 And doth not whomsoever readeth thereon bringeth up his victuals?

8 And lo there are an hundred slabs proclaiming sacrifices of oil and rams and pigeons.

And whose slabs dost thou think they be, O Lord? Dost thou think thy servant has seen a red shekel thereof?

9 And great is the rejoicing in the houses of them, who think only of chariots and a little place in Galilee.

10 But in my house is there nought but lamentation.

11 For my slabs do not flow and the voice of my bowels is stilled.

#### CHAPTER VI

*The smallness of their wits; the beans that may not be spilt.*

**I**

S NOT THE WISE MAN FREE, O LORD, to write his will upon his slabs? Whither is that freedom fled?

2 For unto certain things that came to pass may I not give testament, lest the children of Israel become alarmed and raise above a grunt. For, it is said, their heads may be harmed with knowledge.

3 And lo, to bear witness thereon, they bring one before me whose brains hath burst with learning and he doth drip upon my robe and grin and maketh his point.

4 Accordingly can I not speak of certain matters. Of deoxyribonucleic acid that is called DNA and functioneth in the transference of genetic characteristics can I not speak. Of intensive irrigation and icosahedral dome structures can I not speak, nor of cancer nor of hotpants.

5 And of the giants who sank in the sea and their boxes that made pictures can I not speak, nor of their mighty bronze birds, nor of the mushroom they sent to destroy the lost tribes, nor of the great flood that came from the north and consumed every living creature, yea, even the hairy elephant.

6 But of smoteing and lying with can I speak my fill.

7 I will tell thee, O Lord, what manner of people this is; this is the manner of people that falleth to the ground and misseth.

#### CHAPTER VII

*Lamentations upon their treachery; they slobber; the end of these tribulations.*

**A**

S AN SLEEPING CAMEL IS ENTERED into and withdrawn from and entered into again, have I been entered into, O Lord. Thou knowest how it feeleth. My shame is upon my house for I am an used camel and all my years and all my labors

have availed me nought.

2 For Moses who stucketh his hand in a burning bush have I labored; for Joshua who marched his brass band into a wall, have I labored; and for Jonah that was eaten by a tuna.

3 Yea for all these people that hath not as much wit in all their tribes as there is in a date, have I labored, nor have I been recompensed one single entered-into penny.

4 Dost thou remember, Lord, when they first came unto me, bearing gifts of sand? How they fell before me and spake thusly, 'Write down our history from the beginning of time even unto yesterday, and maketh us to looketh good and we shall pay you a pretty penny?'

5 And lo I went up into the mountain and communed with thee and returned down unto them saying, 'To labor for those who knoweth not one end of a spear from the other without sitting thereon, must a man be paid a king's ransom.'

6 And they went away muttering.

7 And dost remember, Lord, how they came back the next day and stumbled before me and said, 'Wilt thou consider a handsome sum?'

8 And I communed with thee and gotteth back to them and spake in this wise, 'To labor in the service of those whose carts have square wheels, must a man be paid a small fortune.'

9 And they went away, falling down as is their wont.

10 And dost thou recall that they came back the next day, like a bad dinner, and spake thusly, 'Come down as far as a princely sum and thou hast it in thy pocket?'

11 And behold I communed with thee, O Lord, and thou adviseth me to hold out for an arm and a leg, and they agreed and fell upon me slobbering.

12 And now, O Lord of Lords, I have written their scriptures and they have entered into them and placed their slabs berwixt and stucketh in their smoteing and lying with, and there comes a messenger from them bearing the arm of a Philistine and the leg of a cow.

13 Truly, O Lord, this is a dull people.

14 Yet, O Lord, is my tribulation at an end; for I wash my hands of them and of their scriptures and of their messes of potage and their loops and cubits of shittimwood.

15 I give praise to thee, O Lord, and thanks. And I shall return into Egypt whence I came.

MEANWHILE, BACK AT METROPOLIS...

LOOK! UP IN THE SKY!



WAYNE  
BORING AND  
MICHAEL O'DONOGHUE



IT'S A  
BIRD!



IT'S A  
PLANE!



IT'S...!



# New Sacrileges

TIE-DYE THE WHITE  
BUFFALO.  
RUB PORK ON A JEW'S  
HARP.  
SERVE FLIPPER ON  
FRIDAY.



WASH A HAIR-SHIRT IN  
STA-PUF.

TALK DIRTY IN TONGUES.  
SCRAWL "ROTS OF RUCK!"  
ON THE GREAT BUDDHA  
OF KAMAKURA.

SELL PRAYER LINOLEUM  
TO POOR MOSLEMS WHO  
CAN'T AFFORD PRAYER  
RUGS.

STAR BISHOP FULTON J.  
SHEEN AS DRACULA.



CANONIZE MARGARET  
SANGER.

MARKET COMMUNION  
WAFERS.



CARVE "THE VALIANT  
DEFENCE OF THE SINAI  
PENINSULA BY ISRAELI  
VOLUNTEERS UNDER THE  
COURAGEOUS LEADERSHIP  
OF GENERAL MOSHE  
DAYAN" OUT OF THE  
BLACK STONE.



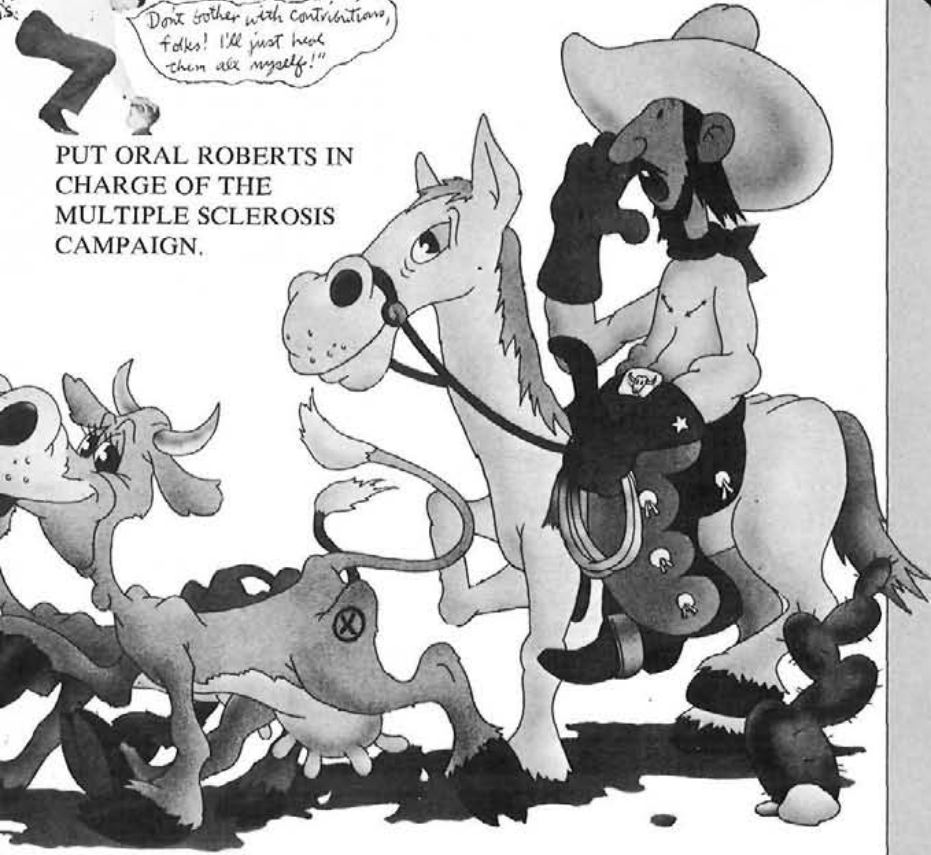
NO  
FIGHT  
IS:



*Don't bother with contributions, folks! I'll just keep them all myself!*

**PUT ORAL ROBERTS IN CHARGE OF THE MULTIPLE SCLEROSIS CAMPAIGN.**

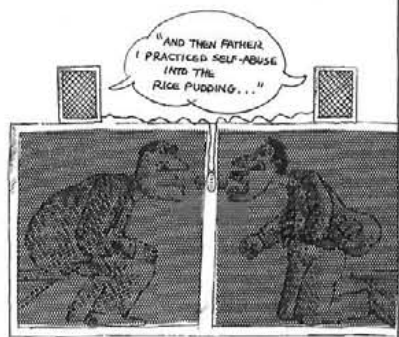
**BRAND A SACRED COW.**



**BAPTIZE A SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTIST IN LAKE ERIE.  
MAKE COFFEE OUT OF FREEZE-DRIED MORMONS.**



**TATTOO "BORN TO LOSE!" ON NORMAN VINCENT PEALE.**



**WIRE CONFessionALS FOR SOUND.  
STOCK THE GANGES WITH PIRANHAS.**



By Rick Meyerowitz

# NatLamp's Inferno

While Meyerowitz snoozed one ominous night,  
His stomach and supper squared off for a fight;  
Though dreaming of hell, and trembling with fright there,  
Rick groped for his pad to sketch out his nightmare.  
And when he awoke, he checked out the doodles  
And vowed to avoid shrimp chow mein with noodles.



Chained to hell's kitchen  
by a lead wedding ring,  
Kate Millett's oppressed  
by her chauvinist Thing.



Sexologist Johnson can't bear to go through it,  
'Cause Masters, her hubby, forgot how to "do it."

Mel Laird was a "hit" with  
his press conference simper,  
But here he just "bombs" with  
a bang and a whimper.

For jokes about "hippies" and "their pals in the Kremlin,"  
Bob Hope gets "teed off" by an odd-looking gremlin.

(continued)

Ralph Nader eternally waits for repairs  
On ghosts of old lemons recalled upstairs.

John Wayne's just desserts you won't want to miss, he's  
Going to be "styled" forever by sissies.

On secrets and hygiene  
was Howard Hughes dotty!  
Now he poses for tourists  
while stuck on the potty.

Bill Buckley, the whiz  
of rhetorical tricks,  
Must outfox "opponents"  
with I.Q.'s of 6.

*Rick Meyers*



FREE  
DIONE  
AND  
BUDS

Both devils and angels continually ponder  
Who next gets to fondle protesting Jane Fonda.



Pig-headed squealing appropriately damns  
Al Capp to a regular kick in the hams.





# The Polaroid Print of Dorian Gray

by Michael O'Donoghue

What does it profit a man if he  
ruin the whole world and lose his own soul?

"Surely there must be better gifts God could have given us than life," said Henry Wotton listlessly, flinging himself onto the divan.

Basil Hallward put down his Nikon with a sigh. "If you persist in doing that, Henry, you're going to break the freaking thing. Can't you just sit down like normal people?"

"I'm hardly *normal*, cupcake. I'm uncommon," countered Henry, flicking the ash of his Sobranie Black Russian cigarette on the exquisite carpet that had claimed the eyesight of three Persian weavers. "And, in the somewhat altered words of Abraham Lincoln, 'God must have loved the uncommon man. He made so many common men for him to grind under heel.'"

The studio was filled with the sweet odor of lilac incense that masked the nitrous oxides, sulfur oxides, carbon monoxide, hydrocarbon compound gases, and sundry particulates borne on the light spring breezes that rustled the bouquet of jonquils on the windowsill and slowly turned them from yellow to black. An occasional air-horn of a truck caught in the afternoon traffic punctuated the silence, and lazy plumes of smoke arose from the brightly painted Consolidated Edison chimneys, fading, all too soon, in the soft, dun-colored sky. In short, it was a typical Manhattan afternoon.

Basil set about to clear away what remained of the *petits fours* and champagne that had served as their lunch. "If you don't mind, Henry, I do have to get back to work. A perfectly stunning boy is dropping by for some test shots at three-thirty and I'd rather you weren't around."

Henry lit another cigarette and made not the slightest move to leave. Much to the contrary, he commenced thumbing the pages of *Elle*, pausing only to comment that one of Triguère's models was "built like a brick flagpole." Basil's entreaties, contrived to hasten Henry's departure, only succeeded in making him utterly stationary. He was still con-

sidering hurling the empty Taittenger bottle at his unwelcome guest when the doorbell rang. After making a little *moue* of discontent, Basil opened the door and ushered in Dorian Gray.

Henry could see at a glance why the photographer wanted to keep the young man to himself. He was uncommonly handsome. With sparkling blue eyes, wine-dashed lips, bright golden hair, and skin like the fairest of lilies, he made Terence Stamp seem drab and lackluster.

Basil reluctantly introduced Henry and excused himself to set up the lights. Five minutes of conversation revealed that Dorian played the Moog synthesizer, raced motorcars, summered in Bar Harbor, and contributed to the World Wildlife Fund, an organization devoted to preserving endangered animals. It was the latter that concerned Dorian this afternoon.

"I just read in the *Times* that the Smithsonian Institution is doing a study to save the Ceylon elephant. Gosh, I hope they're not too late."

"I assure you, Mr. Gray, that no one dislikes an ivory tower more than an elephant," said Henry, adjusting his tie in an ormolu mirror. "As for saving threatened animals, however, consider it in the light of Hinduism. According to the Law of Karma, when we 'die,' we often come back as an animal. This, of course, is called 'reincarnation.' Now we read that the spotted cat is almost extinct, a fact that should give us cause to celebrate. It indicates that the sort of person who behaves in a vicious, predatory fashion is also dying out because there is no need for that type of animal to have him reborn into. A case in point might be the dodo. We still have with us the expression 'dumb as a dodo.' But, soon after the Enlightenment, that sort of simpleminded person vanished, and, with him, the need for a dodo. Soon, as we attain perfection, the lesser fauna will cease to exist. Only man shall survive. Kali Yuga, the 'Age of Darkness,' Mr. Gray, is drawing to a close."

"Don't listen to him, Dorian. He never means anything he says," Basil cut in, noting that the young man was obviously entranced by Henry's conceits. "We're ready to shoot. I'll just run a few tests with the Polaroid today to see how you photograph."

Ignoring Basil's hateful looks, Henry accompanied them to the rear of the studio, where lights ringed a huge sheet of moss-green backdrop paper. Dorian sat on a stool while Basil checked his flawless features with a light meter.

"Perhaps the Bushmen are right," Henry remarked, removing another Sobranie from his malachite-trimmed Art Deco cigarette case. "Perhaps having one's photograph taken really does steal the soul, which would go a long way toward explaining the vapidness of movie stars and top fashion models, not to mention the mindlessness of television. I often wonder how Merv Griffin might have turned out had he been camera shy."

Minor adjustments to a photoflood were made, and Dorian struck a guileless pose.

"Just move your head slightly more to the left, pet," said Basil, and snapped the shutter. Ten seconds later the camera gave a slight "beep." Basil carefully pulled out the print. After a long pause, he turned to the others and whispered, "It's the finest thing I've ever done." Pale with excitement, he signed the picture in the lower-right-hand corner with a magenta Pentel and gave it to Dorian, who stared at it in amazement, fully aware of his extraordinary good looks for the first time. Basil had caught everything, from the slightest curl of his perfectly chiseled mouth to the layered ripple of his \$30 razor cut. It was as if the ancient Greeks had invented the camera, scaled Olympus, and photographed Apollo.

"The rose that once has bloomed forever dies," said Henry softly. "One day you'll lose all that. While the Dorian Gray in this snapshot will never be older than May 11, 1971, the Dorian Gray

(continued)

(continued)

who stands before me ages with each passing second, until his teeth rot, his hair falls out, his eyes go, and he turns into a decrepit, doddering old fool. A pity it isn't the other way around. If only the one in the snapshot grew old while you stayed as beautiful, as charming, and as unsullied as you are now."

A cloud passed over Dorian's face when he finally replied, "For that I would give everything—my squash racket, my Facel Vega, my sunstone-studded cufflinks, my matched brace of Bouvier des Flandres, my Marantz separate-component stereo system—everything! For that, I would give my very soul!" As he cried these last words, he threw up his arms in a dramatic gesture and, in so doing, struck a Tibetan prayer wheel that was suspended above his head, one of many props and *objets* scattered about Basil's studio. In the ensuing silence, not a word was spoken. The only sound was that of the prayer wheel gradually whirling to a stop. And, of course, an occasional air-horn.

Basil was so unnerved by the incident that he canceled the rest of the shooting. Removing a film container of cocaine secreted in an iridescent Lötzwitwe vase, he filled a tiny spoon with the white crystals and passed to Dorian, who declined, unwilling to risk trying the narcotic. Henry, with that graceful wave of the hand so characteristic of him, accepted in his place.

"You must never decline anything, Mr. Gray, particularly if it's not offered," he commented, passing the spoon back to Basil when it was empty. "Yield to every impulse, manifest every whim, exhaust every passion, submit to every desire, speakable or otherwise. Regret nothing, least of all the loss of regret. Obviously, as a cursory look at Basil will attest, you can't have your coke and snort it too. Sins scrawl their names on one's face. But your face is pure and unspotted. Live now, fully and completely, before your beauty fades. Mark this, there are no retakes in life. Youth! Youth is the one thing worth having, save, of course, for a decent table at La Grenouille."

As the last rays of the setting sun glinted off the Chrysler Building, a sad

smile crept across Dorian's mouth, and it was apparent that Henry's words had sounded a chilling chord.

"By the by, I'm dining with a few acquaintances at Elaine's this Thursday, and I wonder, Mr. Gray, if you would be so good as to join us?" Henry inquired, throwing himself upon a gilded rosewood and panne velvet Renaissance revival chaise, an action that caused Basil to wince and bite his fingers.

"Gee, I'd love to, Mr. Wotton," Dorian replied, "but I promised my aunt I'd escort her to a meeting of the North American Wildlife Foundation. They're attempting to halt the construction of a jetport in a New Jersey bird sanctuary."

"Don't be silly, dear boy. If God meant for birds to fly, he would have given them engines. I'll expect you there at eight." Noting that Basil was rather out of sorts, Henry added, "Stop sulking, slugabed. Your trouble is that you can take it but you can't dish it out!"

He might have said more, but it was such a good exit line that he got up and left.

Against Basil's advice, Dorian saw much of Henry in the next few months. One evening, while riding back from the opera, Henry asked as to what had become of the snapshot. Dorian confessed that he'd put it away in a drawer and had not looked at it since the day they met. Later, when he was alone, Dorian took out the Polaroid print. His blanched face and trembling lips betrayed what he saw. It had changed.

Although the figure in the photograph had grown only slightly older and a bit tarnished, Dorian was wild with shock. Having taken Henry's pleasure-mad philosophy to heart, he had lived these last months in Sybaritic abandon. Naturally, he attributed the changes to his wanton behavior. As time passed, however, and, out of habit less than intent, he continued his wasted ways, Dorian was disturbed to note that the photograph changed just a little each day, seemingly independent of any known turpitude.

Possessed by a need to know what was affecting the photograph, in one day alone Dorian downed a pint of absinthe,

smoked three pipes of opium, cheated at cards, practiced sodomy on two bath attendants, celebrated a black mass, and frequented at least a dozen iniquitous dens, then raced home to view the results. Expecting to find a wrinkle, a sneer, crow's-feet, a sickly pallor, an unsightly mole, or, at the very least, the taint of lost innocence, he was puzzled to see that the picture had altered no more than usual. It was not until weeks later that Dorian discovered the true reasons underlying the changes.

On the maid's day off, Dorian was washing some old Saint-Cloud china and inadvertently spilled the contents of an economy size box of Dash, a phosphate-high detergent, into the dishwasher. Upon draining the sink, he chanced to examine the photograph and was astounded to see that a distinct blemish had appeared on the cheek. So this, he thought, was the nature of evil. Buggery, blasphemy, and indulging in opiates were not sin, Real sin was polluting the land! Real sin was ravaging nature! Real sin was defiling the environment!

Dorian resolved to let the Polaroid print serve as his conscience and, guided by its appearance, devote his life to advancing ecology. As his first step, he joined the Sierra Club. But when the meetings came to little more than a few ineffectual protests in which college students buried automobiles or volunteers picked trash off the side of highways, Dorian's interest waned.

Dorian was also frustrated to find that no matter how carefully he guarded his actions—boycotting aluminum cans and plastic disposable packaging, recycling rubbish, attending Earth Day, using only unleaded gasoline and taking public transportation whenever possible, joining concerned citizens committees, supporting ecology-minded candidates, writing his congressman—the picture still changed the same small amount each day. Perhaps, he concluded, it was because his bank made loans to industrial polluters or that he flew to forestry conferences on 747s or that half of the taxes he paid went to wage war or that the coffee he drank devastated the soil of Brazil or that the steel for his electric coffeepot was manufactured by a process that despoiled both air and water or that generating the electricity he used to brew his coffee killed off most of the bass in the Hudson River or that the grocer who sold him the coffee bought his wife a sealskin coat with the profits from the store or any of countless veiled and tangled things that Dorian could not be expected to know or, once knowing, stop.

More and more, Dorian grew reluctant to act, fearful that any course he chose, however well-intentioned, might quicken the photograph's inexorable decay. Seated at the Moog synthesizer, he would play nocturnes deep into the night,



"Damn! I've just bought a Lambrini De Luxe and they've changed the grill!"



brooding over his disquieting fate, until, when dawn streamed through the curtains, he sought the release of sleep.

Henry gave frequent dinner parties at which he served "unorganic" foods, foods such as sodium caseinate, sodium propionate, monosodium glutamate, dipotassium phosphate, sorbitan monostearate, lecithin, adipic acid, and, of course, artificial color and flavor. It was at such a dinner that Dorian announced his intention to wed Miss Sibyl Vane.

"Being married, my dear Dorian, is like having a library of only one book," said Henry, spearing a sinister polysorbate 60 and tricalcium phosphate appetizer with his fork. "Sibyl Vane? I don't believe I know her."

"She's an actress, currently appearing at a cabaret in the Village. I was hoping you might accompany me to tomorrow's performance, although I beg you not to be put off by the two-dollar donation at the door."

"Let me assure you," Henry replied, "that I never judge a nightclub by its cover."

"Tell me, Dorian, how did your class-action to stop the expressway from going through the arboretum turn out?" Mrs. Narborough broke in, moving her fingers, as she spoke, like a cerebral palsy victim who was making remarkable progress.

"It's still pending. While we were trying to get the injunction, however, the construction company went ahead and cut down all the trees. At this point, the decision is academic."

"Great elms from little acorns grow! That sums up my interest in trees," Henry murmured, sipping his coal-tar-derivative punch.

"You're *too* wicked!" cried Mrs. Narborough. "Don't believe a word he says, Dorian. He never does."

"On the contrary," Henry protested. "We used to wonder how it would all turn out. But now Life has telegraphed the ending, which, for me, spoiled the whole boring book."

"I just always assumed it would go on forever," offered Alice Chapman, whose pretty face, Henry never tired of saying, was a flower laid on the grave of her mind.

Henry smiled and replied, "The trouble with infinity is that there's never enough of it to go around."

"Excuse me," Alice persisted, "but that last thing you said. What exactly does it mean?"

"I'm sure I haven't the slightest idea," Henry answered with a shrug, "but I do advise you to start on your sodium silico aluminate before it gets cold."

Dorian never did marry Sibyl Vane. On the eve of their wedding day, while she and Dorian were strolling in Central Park after feeding the swans, Sibyl

dropped a crumpled bread-wrapper on the grass and threw her arms about him, whispering, "I love you so very much."

"Litterbug!" he screamed. "Pick up that bread wrapper and put it in a trash basket this instant!"

A terrible row followed, ending with Sibyl in tears. Days later, when Dorian rang up to ask her forgiveness, he was told that she had joined a road company and gone to North Carolina.

As he put down the phone, Dorian was struck by the futility of existence. All his efforts to save the environment had brought nothing but grief and despair. At that moment, Dorian vowed to take Henry's advice, to live life "fully and completely." He had trodden the path of righteousness long enough. It was now time to see what lay at the end of the other path.

Dorian took to collecting rare non-biodegradable detergents and cleansers such as the curious flakes of Odessa, the weird crimson powders of Kanpur, the bizarre enzyme presoaks of La Paz, the strange additives of Taiwan, the arcane bleaches of Demir Qapu, the outré dish-washing liquids of Naples, and even the giant blue tablets of the Republic of the Upper Volta, which, according to legend, can expunge all life in a moderate-sized pond with but a single wash-load.

From the far regions of the earth, Dorian brought singular pesticides and exotic herbicides. Among his pesticides, he counted not only dieldrin, heptachlor, and heptachlor epoxide, but the incredibly potent endrin with which just one part to five billion parts of water has slain fish and large animals, the astoundingly lethal parathion, and the equally deadly toxaphene, whose very name is redolent with doom. He included picloram, paraquat, and arsenic compounds among his herbicides and had vast quantities of 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T, the infernal defoliants that had reduced Vietnam to a land of the walking dead.

He commissioned painters, sculptors, skilled artisans, and the most accomplished of craftsmen to create works celebrating great ecological disasters, and decorated his rooms with the results. In his redwood-paneled library hung a seascape entitled "Twilight on Lake Erie";

a screen with découpage scenes of Gary, Indiana, smelting plants graced his drawing room; displayed in the foyer was a mezzotint of Georgia crop-dusting in which the artist had portrayed the humorous antics of black migrant workers caught in a cloud of DDT; and his solarium housed a floor-to-ceiling mosaic, done entirely in shards of crushed one-way, no-deposit, no-return soda bottles, depicting grebe and whales thrashing in the leakage of a damaged Standard Oil tanker off the Californian coast.

Although he maintained a liberal facade—flying an ecology flag, hosting fund-raising parties for the Izaak Walton League, sending friends Boehm birds for Christmas—Dorian's mode of life gave rise to strange conjecture. It was rumored that he consorted with strip miners and bounty hunters and knew the secrets of their trade. There was talk that his closet held a fur coat made from the last remaining Bengal tigers and that it was fringed with egret feathers. Some claimed, in hushed voices, he amused himself by arranging endangered flowers and that one might find jack-in-the-pulpits, lady's slippers, columbines, blazing stars, creeping snowberries, and even yellow false foxgloves displayed in his vases. And there were those who said he'd purchased large blocks of stock in Union Oil, the Georgia-Pacific Company, the Kennecott Copper Corporation, Dow Chemical, the Boeing Company, PG&E, and countless other industries known for their patent disregard of the environment. On one occasion, when Dorian entered a restaurant, the head of the Federal Water Pollution Control Administration rose in a marked manner and quit the room. From the father of a young tree-surgeon, he received a card on which was written, "To Dorian Gray, posing as a conservationist." He considered legal recourse but, on the advice of counsel, let the matter pass.

As the years went by, even those who spread the rumors were unable to believe them when they saw Dorian, who, as pollution went unchecked, seemed the last vestige of purity in a sodden world. Surely, they thought, recalling his boyish smile, this was not a man who lobbied for larger stockpiles of nerve gas

(continued)



*C. Barnett*

"That's a very funny story. Do you know any others?"

(continued)

or machine-gunned wolves from helicopters. Only Dorian himself knew the face behind the mask.

On a bitter night in the autumn of '91, Dorian was stretched out on his polar-bear rug, studying a book on lampreys, when there came a knock at the door. He opened it to find a wizened old man standing in the churning smog. It was Basil.

Refusing a glass of admirable Burgundy, Basil began talking, softly but with horrifying intensity.

"The only reason I am here is because I feel some responsibility for what has happened. After all, I did introduce you to Henry, and Henry, I fear, was a very poor influence. In the past, Dorian, I broke many a lance in your behalf, defending you against your detractors and their imputations. But the evidence has grown too damning. If it were merely a matter of living beyond society's pale, I would not be here. If you were but a voluptuary or a Hedonist, if it were simply a case of vice or debauchery, if your companions were questionable and your acts unnatural, I would not dream of taking you to task. But what you may have become is so monstrous, so ghastly, so vile and degraded that I am forced to ask if it is true."

"Precisely what was it you wanted to know?" Dorian inquired.

"Why is it that the president of the Audubon Society leaves the room when you walk in? And why is your friendship so often fatal? There was the marine biologist who hung himself. And the urban planner who put a bullet through his head. And what of the forest ranger who fled the country, broken with shame? And there are other stories, stories that you have been seen slinking out of dreadful factories at dawn, that you watch them burn the cheap, soft coal at night. There are stories that, disguised, you visit sordid mills in the distant parts of Newark, reveling to see the effluents pour into the streams. I am told on excellent authority that you secretly married a Catholic who has borne you sixteen children. And last week I was given a letter written by a furrier before he leaped to his doom. Your name was implicated in the most terrible confession I have ever read!"

"Would you like to see my soul?" Dorian said at last.

"If that were possible, I would."

"And so you shall, but first, let's have some cold supper and reflect on happier times."

After dinner Dorian produced the photograph, explaining that his mad wish that day in the studio had been granted. The magenta signature was intact.

"My God! If this is true, then you are even . . . even more . . . I feel . . . ill."

"I'd be much surprised if you didn't, my dear fellow. I just fed you mercury-

contaminated tuna fish, DDT-contaminated mayonnaise, and strontium-90-contaminated milk. It's a wonder you're still standing."

With a groan, Basil toppled to the floor. He was hurried three days later. Death by contaminated foods was so common by now that his passing did not create a stir.

Often, when Dorian saw the photograph, his heart misgave him and he played the coward's part, falling prey to dark moods. And so, upon arriving home from the funeral, Dorian placed the photograph in an old volume of Swinburne and resolved never to view it again.

The centennial came and went. Caught up in the grim *fin du globe* atmosphere, Dorian founded a cosmetics company. Since everyone wanted to know the secret of his eternal youth, he revealed it: turtle oil. With ads showing him, and reading, "This man is 54 years old! What's his secret? It's *Dorian's Own Special Turtle Oil!*" not only did he make a fortune, but he also managed to eliminate the world's few remaining turtles.

Years later, Dorian was skimming the pages of the *New York Post-News*, one of many odd mergers that resulted from the paper shortage, looking for his latest turtle-oil ad. The ad now read, "This man is 67 years old! What's his secret? It's *Dorian's Own Special Turtle Oil!*" An obituary notice caught his eye. "Sibyl Vane, Grand Old Lady of the Stage, Dies of Natural Causes," said the banner. A flood of memories poured back, memories of the love that might have been, memories of the path taken but soon abandoned. With hot tears welling in his eyes, Dorian did something he had sworn never to do. He took out the photograph and looked at it.

By now, bearing the stains and scars that should have been his own, the Dorian Gray of the Polaroid print had become hideous to look upon. His skin was befouled with chemicals, his hair encrusted with soot. Pickling acids had corroded his nose and dust howls replaced his eyes. The once rose-red lips were now slathered with oil slick, while phosphate foam and untreated sewage oozed from his mouth through teeth that flickered with an eerie atomic glow. Rats had gnawed holes in his jacket and silverfish nested in his cravat. The blood of tule elk, peregrine falcons, snow leopards, wallabies, lemurs, and Antipodes Island snipe dripped from his fingers.

As Dorian, tormented by nightmares of abasement and decay, sank into fitful slumber, the Polaroid print slipped from his grasp and floated to the floor.

The following day Dorian went shopping with Henry for a chandelier. Although a Tuesday morning, the streets

were so jammed that it often took half an hour to walk even a few blocks. According to the 2010 national census, roughly 65,000,000 people lived in or about New York City. Thermal inversion, which had begun to melt the polar ice-caps, made movement all the more difficult since the rising ocean diminished Manhattan daily. From where Dorian and Henry stood on the corner of Park Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street, they could see the tide rolling in over Second Avenue. It would only be a matter of years until the whole city went under. Everyone wore gauze masks now, not only to avoid inhaling the murky air that had proved the final solution to the pigeon problem, but to prevent contracting any of the mysterious diseases that swept through the overpopulated world. Lack of vegetation and the partial breakdown of photogenesis made breathing difficult. Henry carried a chased silver cylinder from which he took frequent puffs of oxygen.

They examined a Louis XVIII chandelier in a French antique shop, but Henry doubted its authenticity. When the dealer assured him that the lustres were genuine rock-crystal, Henry curled his lips in petulant disdain and replied, in his most languid fashion, "Glass bars do not a prism make." Any chance of purchase vanished when the sonic boom of a passing SST shattered many of the faceted pendants. "It's one of ours," cried Henry. "I can tell by the motor!" Outside, hordes of rats, startled from their sewers by the noise, swarmed over the streets. Dorian aimed a kick at one as they were leaving the shop and watched it scurry off into the crowd. Ignoring a newsboy hawking the usual famine, pestilence, and nuclear holocaust, Henry paused before a display window to admire some unusual bronzes whose prices had been lowered as part of a spring sale.

At that exact moment, Melissa, Dorian's black maid, found the Polaroid print under the bed. Unlike the photograph, the role of black people had not altered appreciably in the last fifty years. To tidy up the room, she pinned the photo to a bulletin board, carelessly jabbing the thumbtack straight through the heart.

Without a word, Dorian clutched his breast, slumped to the pavement, and died. Instantly, he assumed all the characteristics of his photograph, and the photograph, his.

Henry turned back and, noticing a loathsome mound at his feet, stifled a shudder of revulsion and said, "Don't step in the garbage,luv. You'll spoil your alligator shoes. Good heavens, that's disgusting! Strike or not, they might at least shovel the horrid stuff off the sidewalks. Dorian? Dorian, where are you? I'm in no mood for games, Dorian. Dorian? Dorian? . . ." □

# BIG BLESSINGS BULLETIN

## Incorporating True Tidings

Spreading the Joyous Word about the Church of the Universal Blessing and Spiritual Well-Being, Inc., and the Great Works of its Founder, the Reverend Dr. Christ, carried out in fulfillment of Important Prophecies.

### Tentative Program

#### Capernaum Convocation

June 11, 12, 13

#### Friday

- 4:00 P.M. March of the Meek.
- 4:15 P.M. Parade of the Poor in Spirit.
- 4:30 P.M. Dance of the Downtrodden.
- 4:45 P.M. Withering of the festival fig tree.
- 5:00 P.M. Opening remarks by Rev. Dr. Christ.
- 5:15 P.M. Lighting of the perpetual flame.
- 5:30 P.M. Healing of the sick. Affliction of the Month—Seborrhea.
- 6:00 P.M. Signs and portents (weather permitting).
- 6:15 P.M. Collection for the Miracle Fund.
- 6:30 P.M. Miracles.
- 6:45 P.M. Dinner for Blessing Plan members.
- 6:45 P.M. Beginning of fast by the multitudes.
- 7:30 P.M. Address by Rev. Dr. Christ: "The Role of Unguents in a Changing Society."

#### Saturday

- 10:00 A.M. Opening remarks by Rev. Matthew, author of "From Manger to Messiah: The Authorized Biography of the Reverend Dr. Christ."
- 11:00 A.M. Address by Rev. Dr. Christ: "Widening the Needle's Eye."
- 12:30 P.M. Lunch for Blessing Plan members.
- 1:30 P.M. Mary Magdelene sings songs of her native Samaria.
- 2:00 P.M. Leper race.
- 2:30 P.M. Healing of the winners.
- 2:45 P.M. Humility demonstration by Greater Bethel Lodge 23 of the Poor in Spirit.
- 3:00 P.M. Massed moaning by Bethany Area Lodge 9 of Those Who Hunger.
- 3:00 P.M. Address by Rev. Bartholomew: "The Blessing Plan and You."

cont'd. on pg. 4



### Olive Mountain Outing Huge Success for Dr. Christ

The Poor in Spirit enjoy fish fry after hearing that they have "inherited" the much coveted Kingdom of Heaven.

A record turnout of Holy-Landers eager for news of Dr. Christ's Blessing Plan made last Sunday's Olive Mountain Outing a satisfying one for all concerned. "On top of the world," of course, were the lucky (and much blessed) Poor in Spirit, who were told that they had "inherited" the Kingdom of Heaven for the second week running.

"My goodness," said Mrs. Deborah Uzzah, who was asked to accept the award for the Poor in Spirit, "I never, never thought it would be us. I'm so happy. I can't wait to tell the kids." Unfortunately, Mrs. Uzzah's happiness automatically disqualified her from membership in the Poor in Spirit, and someone else had to accept the award.

One slightly sour note was sounded by the Mount Olive Park Rangers (Pharisees, of course), who complained that some members of the Pure in Heart delegation had been careless about littering. Hardly likely, we'd say, knowing how conscientious this lovely group has been on other outings, and how scrupulous about their obligations to the Blessing Plan! Still, it was hard to keep track of everything when there was such an abundance of loaves and fishes! Good place here to thank Mr. and Mrs. Ecclesiastes of the Meek delegation for supervising the elaborate catering. The Meek, by

cont'd. on pg. 4

### Misses Blessing Plan Payments Turns into Loathsome Toad

Things are *not* cheerful around the house of Peter Zebede, who was turned into a toad last week by Dr. Christ after he missed three consecutive Blessing Plan payments. Mr. Zebede was brought into the Blessing Plan by a neighbor who vouched for him as One Who Hungers and Thirsts After Righteousness, and he was given a frankincense quota to fill. When, after two weeks, no frankincense materialized from Mr. Zebede's direction, Dr. Christ shriveled up the Zebede fig tree, the source of much of the family's income. When, unbelievably, Mr. Zebede stubbornly *continued* to withhold his frankincense, Dr. Christ turned him into a toad.

One encouraging note: Mrs. Zebede has joined the Blessing Plan as One Who Mourns and has kept her myrrh payments nicely up-to-date.

### Church Notes

THE MEEK SWEATSHIRTS are back in stock. These handsome garments are ideal for work or play, and each comes with the distinctive Crushed Worm emblem. Sorry we ran out, but the demand—or should we say, the plea—was so great, we just couldn't keep enough on hand.

THE ANNUAL GET-TOGETHER of the Foolish Virgins will be held on Wednesday, June 22nd, at the Hotel Babylonia in Jericho in Jerusalem. The festivities start at 8:00 P.M., and if last year's gala was any indication, it should be an evening to remember. We hope this time the gals remember to bring enough oil for their lamps!

SPORT NOTE FROM SAMARIA: The Hebron Area Poor in Spirit goat-bladder team edged Shiloh Chapter 6 of Those Who Mourn, 9-8, to clinch the

cont'd. on pg. 4

## Big Blessing Bulletin

The monthly publication of the Church of the Universal Blessing and Spiritual Well-Being, Inc.

MAIN OFFICE  
1001 Miracle Mile  
Jerusalem, Judea

Not affiliated with the Pharisees, Sadducees, or any other practicing sect.

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### Special Director for the Pure in Heart

Reverend Andrew

### Special Director for Those Who Hunger and/or Thirst

Reverend Thomas

## Heavenly Deposits

A large number of heavenly deposits were received this month, and there is only room to announce the very largest "transactions," but all of you "investors" can congratulate yourselves on your wisdom and foresight in providing for "afterwards." How about the rest of you? Remember, the path to righteousness is a two-way street, and we all know what the road to hell is paved with! It's all very well and good to be up-to-date on your Blessing Plan, but keep in mind, in my Father's House there are many mansions, some nice, some not so nice. Don't spend all eternity in a ratty bungalow just because you couldn't be bothered to tighten your belt a little here and now.

12 jars Super Gilead #6 Unguent, de-  
cont'd. on pg. 4

Just Out!

**Verily, Verily:**

**Parables I Tell to Friends**

**by the Reverend Dr. Christ**

A heartwarming and revealing selection of the Reverend's favorite moral stories, many with new explanations.

An Olive Press authorized edition. 4 talents.

# The Messiah's Message

Dear "Christians":

I am often asked, "Dr. Christ, isn't it a big responsibility being the Light of the World?" Well, of course it is! While others are free to go about their daily business, making hay while the sun shines, lying, cheating, slandering, and what-all, I'm wandering around without a roof over my head, keeping my nose clean, and setting a good example. Do I hold a grudge against those who are free to have a better time than myself? Not on your life! I have the satisfaction of knowing the good I am doing others through my ingenious BLESSING PLAN. But I do get a little "miffed" when I see people selfishly withholding the gold, frankincense, myrrh, and unguents they pledged to the Blessing Plan. After all, it's just not fair to expect the many hundreds of cheerful givers to pay the way for thoughtless deadbeats who think blessings grow on trees.

Now, I know some people, especially carping critics, fat-cat Pharisees, and phony-babyloney prophets, will do any-

thing to steer good folks from the straight and narrow, and they'd like nothing better than to have a lot of "Vacant" signs on heavenly mansions, because some of these folks started doubting the Blessing Plan and asking questions like "What does the Reverend do with all those unguents anyway?" and "Where does all that myrrh go?" Well, I'm sure I don't need to tell you that spreading the good word takes a lot of doing or that dealing with our poorer and less presentable citizens can get just a mite depressing, and a little anointing now and then goes a long way. Of course, anyone really doubting the Blessing Plan can just sign right off and let the Abominations fall where they may.

Well, I seem to have climbed onto the old Mount and used up all my space, so to all you Meeks, Poor in Spirits, Mourners, and all the rest of you, my extra special blessing for the month, and may all your fig trees bloom.

The Reverend Dr. Christ



## ASK MARY

(This lovely feature of the Big Blessings Bulletin lets you TALK DIRECT to the Mother of God. . .)

Hi, it's me, Mary, Mother of God. Gosh it's been a busy month . . . two *big* meetings (that divine Olive Mountain never looked so good, bathed in His precious sunshine . . . or was it *mine*? . . .) and more. . . Several *major* miracles, *tons* of blessings. And of course leprosy given out, leprosy taken away, fig trees withered, fig trees made to bloom. Frankly, at this point, I'm a little confused as to *who did what to whom!* But all kidding aside, it's truly truly beautiful to see so many "getting with" the Blessing Plan, and if I'm a little bit *smug*, well, that's a *mother's prerogative*. But nuff said, and now, time for YOUR letters:

Dear Mary,

From the time I was a little girl I have always thought of myself as Meek and I have been looking forward to the day when I would inherit the Earth. Recently my vocational adviser in the Blessing Plan classified me as Poor in Spirit.

I know that I shouldn't complain, and I'd *never, ever* criticize the Blessing Plan, and I was number one in collecting for unguents at school, but I have all the *uniforms* and everything for being a Meek, and I was really counting on being a Meek, and I told all my friends to watch for me in the Meek delegation, and now what will I do?

P.S. I think the Reverend Dr. Christ is such an inspirational person, and very interesting to listen to, but I think you're the neatest and I always read your column in the Big Blessings Bulletin, and some of us are forming a club. . .

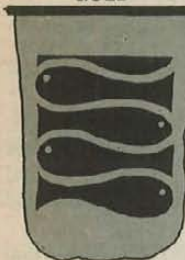
Sincerely your friend,  
Charity M.

Dear Charity,

Sometimes, He makes decisions that are hard to understand (I guess I should be the first one to know *that*). So frankly, kiddo, forget Meek and think Poor in Spirit. You'll find that lots of the nicest people are Poor in Spirit, and then there's the Kingdom of Heaven to look forward to, which can *be* heaven if you play your cards (and your unguents) right. And, Charity, that club sounds like a *very good* idea.

# Let's Fill the "Nets"

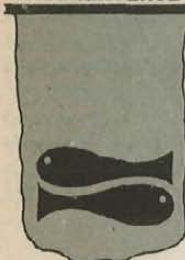
## GOLD



Goal: 500 talents.

Received to date:  
324 talents.

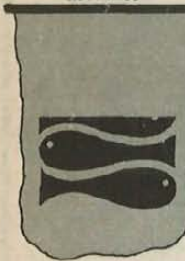
## FRANKINCENSE



Goal: 250 measures.

Received to date:  
84 measures.

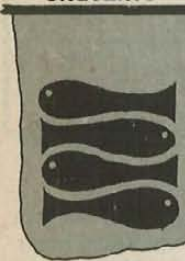
## MYRRH



Goal: 250 measures.

Received to date:  
114 measures.

## UNGUENTS



Goal: 500 pounds.

Received to date:  
213 pounds.

### BIG BLESSINGS BAZAAR!

Bargains Bargains Bargains

All the earthly possessions  
of the many people who recently  
made the big decision to give up  
all they had and follow the  
Reverend Dr. Christ.

Heirlooms, treasured objects,  
antiques, odds and ends.

Come in and rummage!

All week, May 19-25,  
at the Wormwood Room  
of the Hotel Sadducee.

## The Blessing Plan at Work

The Reverend Dr. Christ has received this moving testimonial from the husband of a local woman who has been active in the Blessing Plan (Unguents Division).

Dear Dr. Christ,

I'll never forget the night. . . . The air was crisp, the stars shone like periwinkles, and our little Naomi (our precious little one, we call her) had a nasty case of Samarian measles. I was home with Naomi, holding her little fevered hand. My wife was out to get some medicine. (We belong to no major medical plan, and I've been laid off, so it was pretty tough, because I had to give the wife my last few bucks for the medicine. I didn't know where my next meal was coming from, but little Naomi's medicine had to come first. . . .) My wife didn't come home for a long time, and when she did, she had a weird look on her face, so I said where's little Naomi's medicine, and she said what medicine and then she told me how she had taken the money and put it in Dr. Christ's Blessing Plan so that Dr. Christ could have unguents for his person.

Boy did I blow my top. Did I let her have it! I called her every name in the book, including jackanapes. Then she explained how the next-door neighbor had won a trip to the Dead Sea two days after joining the Blessing Plan. She also told me about a guy who was turned into a toad when he didn't do right by the Blessing Plan. I piped down. Then something happened that really made me change my tune, I can tell you. Little Naomi came to, and her little fever was gone. Also, the next day, Naomi entered the Dawn Beauty Pageant and won a Little Lady Helbros watch. Also, me and the wife were given a unique opportunity by a stranger who came out of nowhere to subscribe to well-known national magazines for pennies a week when the newsstand cost is much, much more, so that our magazines will soon pay for themselves and our little Naomi's education is assured. Also, little Naomi, who never learned anything before, knows how to tell time because of the Little Lady Helbros wristwatch. I tell you, every penny I get from now on goes to buy precious unguents for Dr. Christ's person.

Zacariah G.

Dear Zacariah G.,  
You did good.



### Scoffs at Blessing Plan Contracts Dread Leprosy

There's one scribe who won't be smirking at the Reverend Dr. Christ's Blessing Plan anymore. Those who pass through the Chebar Gate will remember the singularly unpleasant scribe who used to squat there copying things in *very bad* Hebrew for really outrageous prices. Well, he's still there, but not long ago he made the mistake of scoffing at the Reverend Dr. Christ. Now he has the most revolting case of leprosy ever, and his mouth is about to fall off, which we think is appropriate, in a way.

### Dr. Christ Honors Anonymous Unguent Donor

Rev. Dr. Christ granted a rare personal blessing to an anonymous unguent donor recently in impressive ceremonies. The donor, a devoted subscriber to the Blessing Plan, had, for a considerable period of time, devoted all her efforts (and money) to the obtaining of precious unguents for the Reverend Dr. Christ. As part of the impressive ceremonies, she applied the unguents to the precious feet of the Reverend Dr. Christ with her actual hair, over the small-minded objections of some silly Pharisees, scribes, and elders, who *never* seem to understand what the Reverend Dr. Christ is doing.

Must reading for all concerned Christians!

—Rev. Dr. Christ

## 1,001 SINS OF THE BODY

An exhaustive compilation of moral lapses from all parts of the known world, arranged in an ideal format for easy reference. You will want to consult this book often to renew your detestation of loathsome practices. Among the all-but-unforgivable crimes included are: the Bestiality of the Chal-deans; Initiation Rites of the Pagan Priestesses of Lesbos; the Sandal Fetishes of Smyrna; Necrophilia in the Pyramids; Assyrian Harem-Swapping; Alexandrian Kissing; and many, many more. Only 4 shekels.

Sold exclusively at the Good Bookshop, 1002 Miracle Mile, Jerusalem.

cont'd. from pg. 1

- 3:30 P.M.** Address by Rev. Andrew: "Hell and You."  
**4:00 P.M.** Registration of new Blessing Plan members.  
**5:00 P.M.** Address by Rev. Dr. Christ: "Let's Shrink That Camel!"  
**6:00 P.M.** Collection for the Manger Historic Site Fund.  
**6:30 P.M.** Dinner for Blessing Plan members.  
**6:30 P.M.** Genealogy bee in the Multitude Area.  
**7:30 P.M.** Address by Rev. Thomas: "It Pays to Pray."  
**9:00 P.M.** Scouring of scoffers and those of little faith.  
**9:15 P.M.** Drawing of the Buried Talent Heavenly Treasure Sweepstakes and announcement of winner.  
**9:30 P.M.** Address by Rev. Dr. Christ: "Mere Riches: Balm or Bust?"  
**10:30 P.M.** Address by Rev. Andrew: "If I Should Die Before I Wake..."  
**11:00 P.M.** Registration of new Blessing Plan members.
- Sunday**  
**12:30 P.M.** Lunch for Blessing Plan members.  
**12:30 P.M.** Sackcloth race in the Multitude Area.  
**1:30 P.M.** Closing remarks by Rev. Dr. Christ.  
**2:30 P.M.** Extinguishing of perpetual flame.  
**2:45 P.M.** Parade of Blessing Plan members, led by Rev. Dr. Christ.  
**3:00 P.M.** Dispersal of multitudes.

cont'd. from pg. 1

the way, were originally slated to stand security over Dr. Christ's supply of myrrh and unguents, but they proved a little *too* meek and were replaced by Those Who Mourn. Still, everything worked out well in the end, when Dr. Christ, with his characteristic forgiveness, announced that the Meek would again "inherit" the Earth.

A special vote of thanks also goes to the hard-working members of the Faith Committee who did such a good job of keeping the multitudes in hand and casting scoffers and other unpleasant people into the outer darkness.

All in all, a grand success, and a big boost for the Blessing Plan.

cont'd. from pg. 1

season. Good work, "Spirits." And don't take it too hard, you "Mourners"—after all, you should be used to a little disappointment!

THE REVEREND DR. CHRIST will be in the Bethany area the week of July 3-10, and we're sure all you area residents will give him a really memorable reception. Don't forget, the fig season is rolling around, we know, and no one wants a field full of driftwood lamp-bases come harvest time. So roll out the red carpet—and the unguents—and let's make this the biggest week yet.

SPEAKING OF SEASONS, it's also the flu season, so if you haven't gotten

your Faith Boost, don't delay any longer. A few talents now will protect you and your family throughout the year and could save you the embarrassment—and expense—of a major miracle.

WE'RE HAPPY TO REPORT that Balthasar, one of the well-known Three Kings and a Charter Member of the Blessing Plan, is doing well at the Philos Clinic in his native Cappadocia after a minor operation. Balthasar retired several years ago to Phrygia, where he and his wife Clomena own a small dry-goods store. Of course, his quick recovery is no surprise to anyone familiar with the Blessing Plan.

## CAMP TI-BER-I-AS

On the shores of the lovely Sea of Galilee  
Ideal camping for boys and girls 9-15  
Fishing Boating Speaking in Tongues Lamentation Fasting Swimming  
Under the personal direction of Rev. Simon Peter  
Sermons by the Sea Parables Around the Campfire  
Professional staff of former lepers  
Special reduced rates for Blessing Plan members  
Send for free brochures and application form:

Rev. Simon Peter  
24, Street of the Curs  
Galilee

Stumped by "many mansions"?

Well, don't pick just any mansion!  
Now, for the first time, you can live the Blessing Plan life every minute of your blessed day... at beautiful

### Gethsemane Gardens

A modern condominium retirement community located in the heart of prestige Gethsemane, in fabled School District #4, just steps away from the Fourth Station of the Cross.

Now, no need to compromise on comfort... or precious religious scruples. This prestige, climate-controlled community has been blessed every step of the way... from blueprint to you.

• Plan A. 3 rooms (2 rooms in the Gethsemane Gardens, 1 additional room in the Kingdom of Heaven). Only 20 gold talents down.

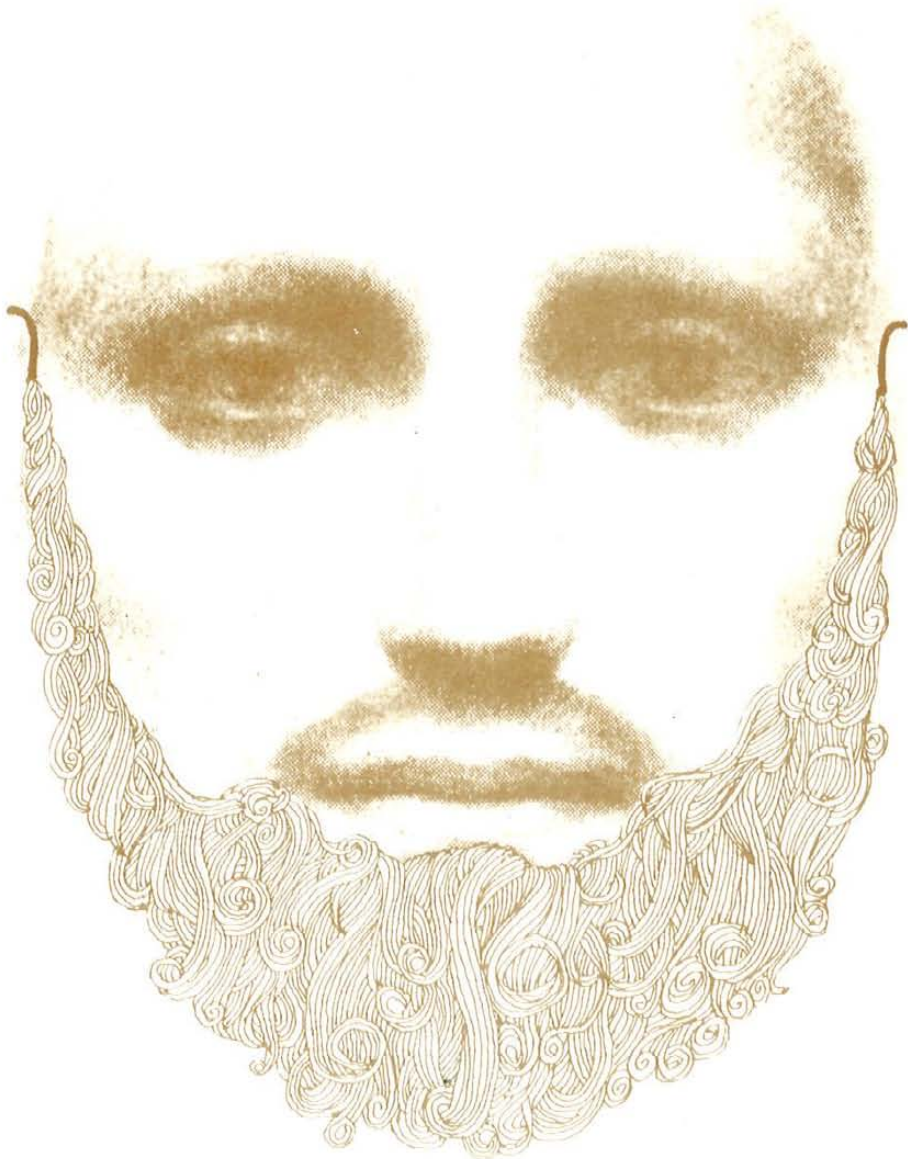
• Plan B. 5 rooms (3 in the Gethsemane Gardens, 1 room plus oversize patio in the Kingdom of Heaven). Only 30 gold talents down.

• Plan C. 6½ rooms. (4 rooms in the Gethsemane Gardens, 2 rooms with patio and dining alcove in the Kingdom of Heaven). Only 45 gold talents down.

cont'd. from pg. 2

- posited by Zachariah T. of Jerusalem.  
2 measures Three Kings Brand Frankincense, deposited by Mr. and Mrs. Ephraim R. of Galilee.  
1 amphora Triple-A Myrrh, deposited by Mrs. Sarah B. of Tyre.  
4 boxes Solomon Brand #2 Myrrh-Scented Unguent, deposited by Miss Deborah S. of Jericho.  
5 jars Plain Red Phoenician Unguent, deposited by Mr. and Mrs. Hagar P. of Joppa.  
3 talents of Fine Gold, deposited by Mr. Lamech T. of Arimathea.  
½ talent of Fine Gold deposited by Mrs. Milcah C. of Samaria.  
1 measure Lost Tribe Brand Frankincense, deposited by Mr. and Mrs. Abimelech R. of Hebron.

# The Prophet



By Kahlil Gibrich  
and  
John Weidman



wheat bends before the western wind. For are not both the gentle breath of heaven?

Rejoice in the beauty of your lover's smile, but rue not his mournful tears. For is not one like the sacred sun, and the other like the gentle rain? And does the wheat not crave the two alike?

But forget not in your love that the wheat must needs be turned to grain and thence to floury dough. And baked to bread for sandwiches and party snacks.

Ten drachmas please.

Then a bearded youth spoke out, saying:

Holy Prophet, in his talks on Love, does not the all-wise Plato say that Love is . . .

But Almustafa, the chosen and adored, cut short his words, saying in a gentle voice:

I think I hear your mother calling.

\* \* \*

Then a doctor of the city stood forth and said, Speak to us of Suffering.

And the Prophet answered:

Be in your suffering as the wheat in the fields.

Bend before your suffering as the wheat bends before the western wind. For are not both the gentle breath of . . .

But the people of Orapheces grew restless and uneasy, and a drowsing man among them cried out:

We are but simple people, Blessed One. Speak to us of simple matters, like Poverty.

And Almustafa answered, saying:

Once in my travels in a distant land, I chanced upon a beggar all dressed in rags. And he stopped me, saying:

Seer of Eternal Truths, such is my distress that I have not had a bite to these many weeks.

And in my wisdom, I bit him.

And a silence fell upon the people, and the bearded youth spoke once again, saying:

Such words of wisdom are familiar even to such simple souls as we.

And Almustafa answered:

No man is as poor as he who cannot free his heart in laughter.

Now back off, Shorty, before I set your turban on fire.

\* \* \*

Then spoke a staggering man among them, saying, Speak to us of Drunkenness.

And the Prophet answered:

An occurrence of great interest came to pass as I made my way to the marketplace this day. I came upon a man in a state of great drunkenness. And as I approached I saw that he was filling his mouth with great handfuls of camel droppings. When I sought out the reason, he replied:

My girl won't kiss me if she smells

Almustafa, the Prophet and Speaker of Truth, who was a sun unto his own day and a moon unto his own night, had for many weeks been working the city of Orapheces. But today brought the hour of his leave-taking, and his heart hung within him like a stone. For how could he depart from the people to whom he had been both earth and air, sky and water, cheese and crackers?

And, among the people, the most trusting and dull-witted too were saddened, and their simple souls cried out:

Why must you leave us, Almustafa?

And he answered, saying:

Tar and feathers wait for no man.

And in their hearts they understood.

\* \* \*

And from the temple there came a holy priestess named Angina. And he looked upon her with exceeding tenderness, for, among the many daughters of Orapheces, he had known her most warmly and most fully. And most often.

And she hailed him, saying:

Prophet of Peace, in quest of the uttermost, tarry with us a moment longer. More would we know of that which lies between birth and death. So many questions have been left unasked.

And he answered, saying: Shoot.

\* \* \*

Then said Angina, Speak to us of Truth and Honesty.

And he raised his head and looked upon the people, and there fell a stillness upon them. And with a gentle voice he said:

My mind is clouded by a swirling mist. Perhaps a few drachmas in the pot. . . .

And once again the people understood.

Then he said:

People of Orapheces, what can I say to you of Truth?

For if you would hear me with false ears, then would not my words fall like seed on fallow ground?

And if you would hear me with true ears, then where would be the need or reason for my speech?

Next question.

\* \* \*

And a maiden among them softly said, Speak to us of Love.

And he answered, saying:

Be in your love as the wheat in the fields.

Bend before your lover's will as the



liquor on my breath.

And from the midst of the gathering  
came a cry of:

Louder,  
And Funnier.

And Almustafa, Seer of the Unseen  
and Knower of the Unknown, answered  
uneasily, saying:

Speaking of Drinking,

My brother has a fondness so exceed-  
ing for martinis that he brought home  
with him a basket of pimientos and a  
crate of olives and inquired of his wife  
if she would learn to stuff them. She did,  
and now he's in the hospital.

And the people of the city of Ora-  
pheces began to move apart into small  
gatherings and were heard most quietly  
to mutter among themselves.

\* \* \*

But among those who rested attentive  
a young man and woman said as one,  
Speak to us of In-Laws.

And the Prophet answered:

Those who would know of mother-  
in-laws must . . .

But as the words fell from his lips,  
the bearded youth spoke yet again,  
crying:

Not mother-in-laws, Holy One, *moth-  
ers-in-law*.

And Almustafa thanked him with  
great kindness, saying:

There's a caravan leaving in five min-  
utes, sonny. Be under it.

\* \* \*

Then a policeman among them said,  
Augur of the Infinite, Speak to us of  
Arrest, of Trial, and of Death.

And in his heart of hearts, Almustafa  
knew that the hour of his departure  
fast approached.

And as he spoke, he gathered silently  
unto himself his few possessions.

His books of prayer and sticks of in-  
cense. His sacred staff and change of  
socks. His towels and ashtrays, marked

with the seal of the Orapheces Hilton.

And moved quietly unto the ship that  
was to bear him far across the sea.

And as he moved he answered the  
policeman, saying:

You would know the secret of death.  
And it is well that you should.

For it is a secret which each man  
must embrace, when the stream of his  
life flows full circle and empties into  
the great ocean from whence it first  
evaporated.

But how shall you know this great  
secret unless you seek it in the heart of  
life?

For can life and death be separated,  
as the farmer separates sheep from  
bananas?

My children, it is good that you would  
know the secret of dying, but you are  
not evil when you are not good.

You are only lay-about and sluggard.  
Pity that the lion cannot teach quick-  
ness to the turtle.

But does the turtle die more fully than  
the lion?

Or only more quietly?

And is his shell a greater protection  
than the bark on the tree or the fiddler  
on the roof?

People of Orapheces, be as the fly in  
the ointment and the toys in the attic,  
for you are the infinite and you are the  
mirror.

And a woman among them spoke out,  
saying:

Huh?

\* \* \*

Then spoke the priestess Angina,  
saying:

Prophet of Eternity, how can we hope  
to preserve your many words of wis-  
dom, that they may remain in our  
memories and be passed on to our chil-  
dren and our children's children?

And Almustafa, springing with a  
mighty leap to the deck of his waiting  
ship, answered her, saying:

I'm glad you asked me that.

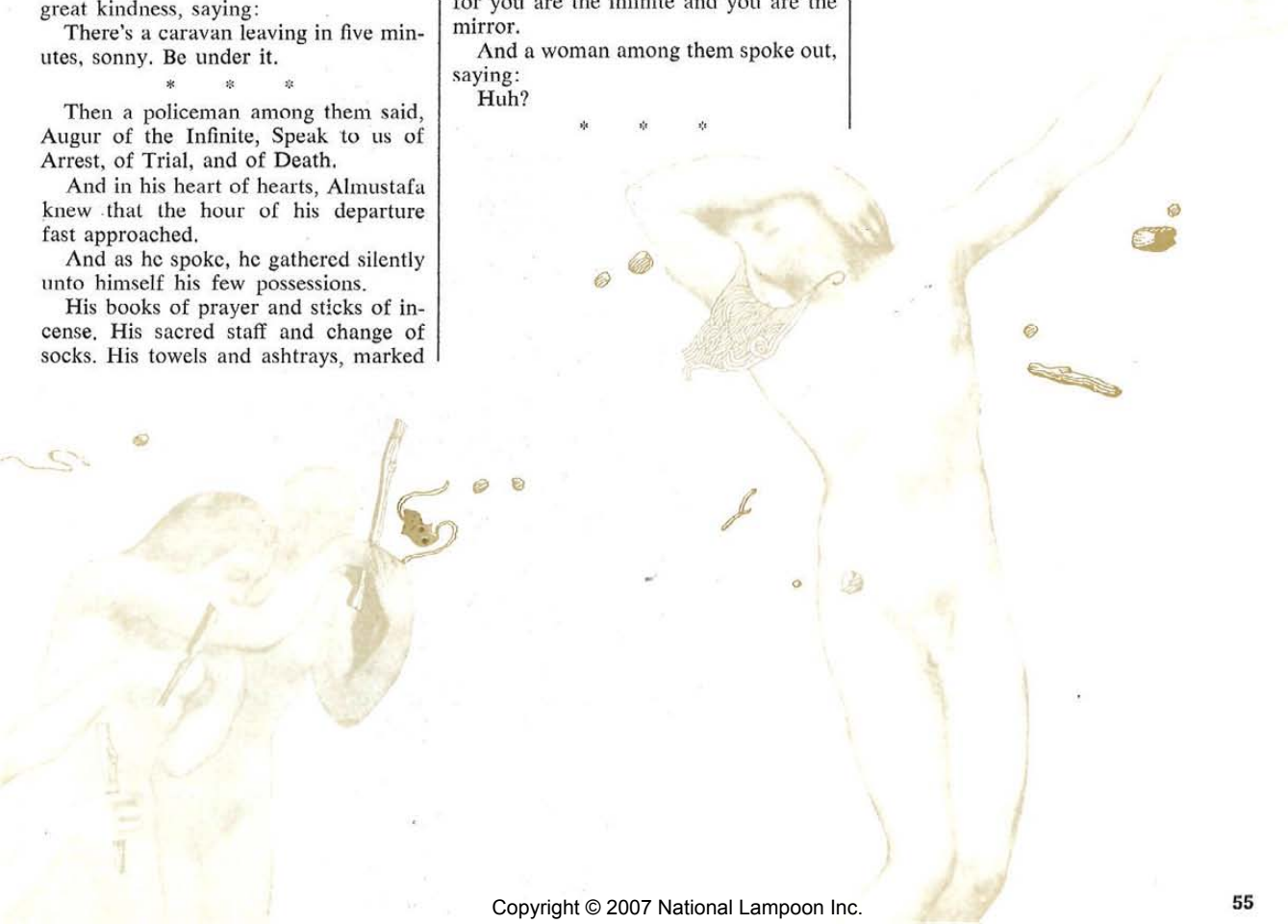
My sons and daughters, as I make my  
final farewells, I offer for your inspection  
my Memorial Texts, both finely wrought  
and richly illustrated.

Within its handsome covers you will  
find recorded the wisest of my many  
sayings.

Folded in the center, your seeking  
hearts and hands may discover a fully  
colored portrait of your Prophet, suit-  
able for framing.

And at the back, a handy order form  
with which you may acquire the many  
sacred items offered by my House of  
Wisdom, Inc. Delicate dashboard figur-  
ines, cocktail napkins inscribed with the  
choicest of my sayings, T-shirts for the . . .

But as he spoke, the first of many  
rocks and stones flew past Almustafa's  
ear, and with a final finger of farewell,  
He was gone. □



# Know Your ESP IQ



Everybody has ESP, but they don't know it. True, some have it more than others, but even the teensiest bit of ESP, or extrasensory perception, can be developed. If you've ever wondered about yourself, see how you score in the following basic ESP "prelim" testers used by certified ESP researchers everywhere.

Do you "lose" things and then miraculously "find" them?

\_\_\_ Yes \_\_\_ No

Have you ever finished a tasty meal and, for no apparent reason, suddenly thought, "Uh-oh, I'm going to throw up!" and then, by gosh, you did?

\_\_\_ Yes \_\_\_ No

When entering your home late at night, do you ever get the eerie feeling that you've been there before?

\_\_\_ Yes \_\_\_ No

We don't expect that you can score three, or even two, *yes* answers, but if you had one or no *yesses*, then you probably experienced ESP at the time. Just think back and you'll remember that *no logical answer could explain* the "occurrence," a dead giveaway that ESP was operating. For example, if you lost something, an umbrella, say, or perhaps your old good-luck Argyle sock, well, "lost" means that *no one knows* where it is.

Right? If so, then how did you find it? Obviously, *E-S-P*. Yes, whether you knew it or not, your mind may have "received" that object's mental distress signal—"warm . . . hotter . . . cold . . . over here, stupid!"—as it traveled through space. Lucky you're "sensitive" and "picked it up."

The following quiz will test the extent (we know it's there) of your ESP IQ. Dare you take it and discover the untrammelled depths of your psychic awareness? Dare you explore the uncharted rivers of telepathic communication and unlock the magical, unknown mysteries stored within your universe? We double-dare you. You may be another Edgar Cayce or Jeane Dixon. Then again, you may not.

- Can you "sense" the difference between:
  - A.M. & F.M. \_\_\_ No \_\_\_ Yes
  - A.M. & P.M. \_\_\_ No \_\_\_ Yes
  - A.C. & D.C. \_\_\_ No \_\_\_ Yeth
- Where is Bridey Murphy? \_\_\_ Omaha \_\_\_ Other
- What am I thinking about at this exact moment?  
 " ; \* ' , - ( ! " )

4. Put these famous ESP symbols in their proper order.



- True \_\_\_ False
- When you were a kid, did you always "know" that your aunt would give you an Old Spice Toiletory Kit on your birthday and a pair of Thom McAn's Bunny Bedroom Slippers for Christmas? \_\_\_ Yes \_\_\_ No
- What goes here? \_\_\_\_\_
- Put the following archetypal symbols in their proper order.



- Try again.
- How many times have you said, "I told you so"?
  - \_\_\_ 1-50 (indicates normal ESP)
  - \_\_\_ 50-80 (indicates high ESP)
  - \_\_\_ 80-105 (indicates very high ESP)
  - \_\_\_ Over 105 (indicates extreme unpopularity)



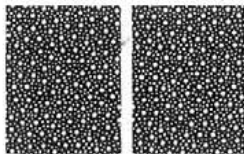
By John Boni

11. Has this ever happened to you?  
 Yes  No
12. Below is a list of answers. What were the questions?
- To get to the other side. \_\_\_\_\_?
  - To keep his pants up. \_\_\_\_\_?
  - That was no lady, that was my wife. \_\_\_\_\_?
  - Toots Shor or Mother Cabrini. \_\_\_\_\_?
13. Which of these world-renowned ESP-testing symbols am I concentrating on at this moment?



14. When you're listening to someone telling jokes, do you find that you're somehow able to "blurt out" the punch lines even "before" the jokester gets to them?  Yes  No
15. On what page of this magazine is this quiz? \_\_\_\_\_
16. Here are more answers. What were the questions?
- Old bicycle seats are best. \_\_\_\_\_?
  - Lubricated Saran Wrap. \_\_\_\_\_?
  - Whips, two leather chairs, and a prune Danish. \_\_\_\_\_?

4. A nice, ripe boil will do nicely. \_\_\_\_\_?
17. At night when you're sound asleep, do "funny" kinds of "pictures" and oddball weirdo "stories" or "personal adventures" just seem to "pop" into your brain, even though you "had nothing to do with them" and "don't know where the hell they came from"?
- Yes  No  Yes, but I keep waking up just before I get to the sheep.
18. Name the suits and ranks of these overturned cards.



If this is too difficult, then merely tell which is the two of clubs and which is the king of hearts.

19. Can you communicate with parking meters?  Yes  No
- Waring blenders?  Yes  No
- Cardinal Spellman?  Yes  No

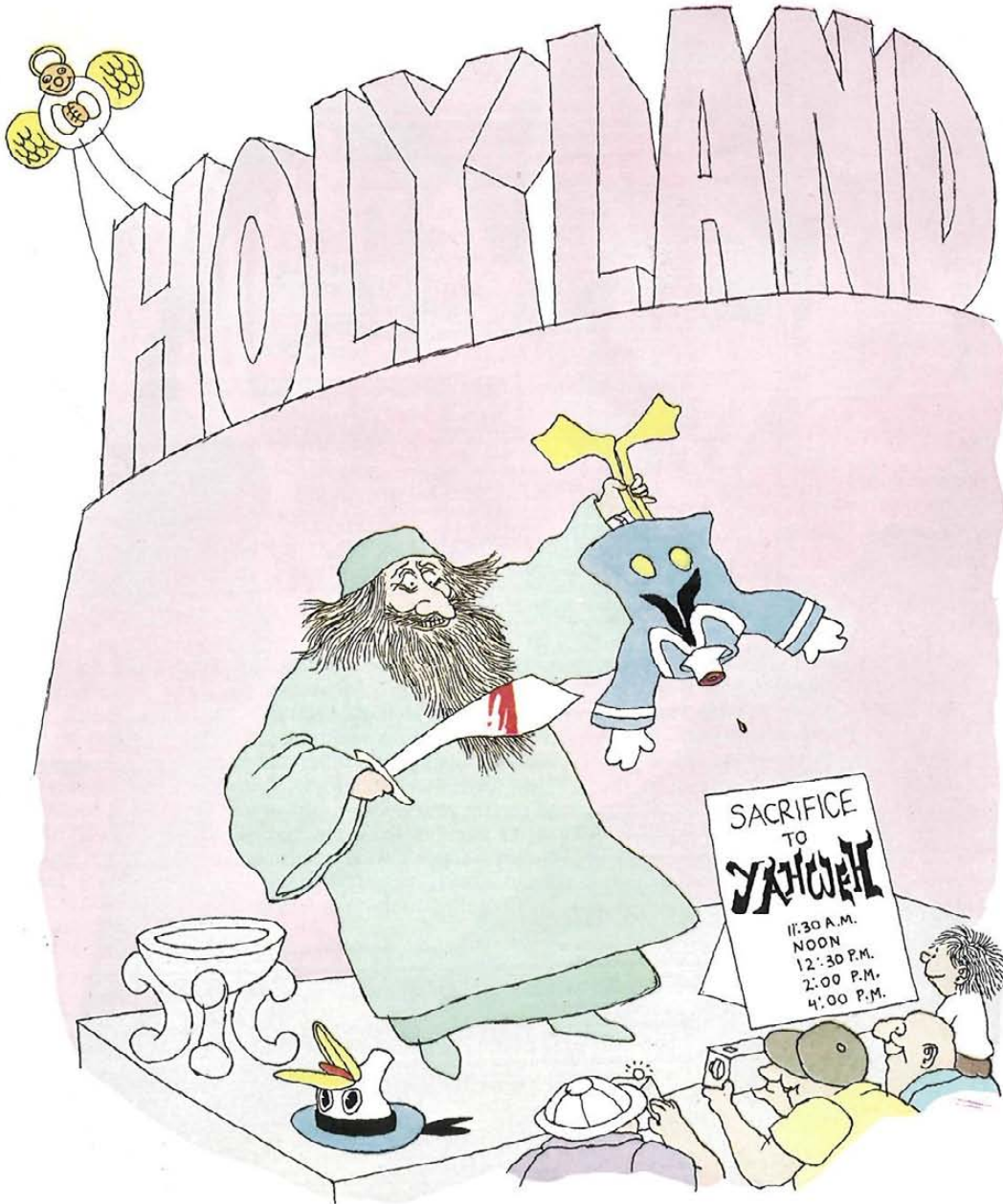
20. I am thinking of the following randomly assembled sentences, which are given to you in incomplete form. Can you "receive" my thought waves and complete them?
- What's a nice girl like you doing in a place like \_\_\_\_\_?
  - Isn't it a \_\_\_\_\_ world?
  - Charmed, I'm \_\_\_\_\_.
  - To \_\_\_\_\_, or not to \_\_\_\_\_.
  - Do you know the way to San \_\_\_\_\_?
  - Permit me to introduce \_\_\_\_\_ self.
  - Little Jack Horner \_\_\_\_\_ in a corner,  
 Eating a \_\_\_\_\_.  
 He stuck in his \_\_\_\_\_, and pulled out a \_\_\_\_\_  
 And said, "What a good \_\_\_\_\_ am I."



21. Above are identical twins, but with different thought waves. Which is which?
22. What's new? \_\_\_\_\_
23. How did you score on this test? \_\_\_\_\_



Mom! Dad! Kids! The whole family will wail with delight in . . .

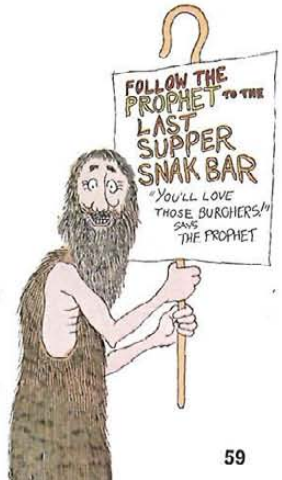


by Gahan Wilson

. . . That's right, Mr. and Mrs. Leisure America, HOLYLAND™ is an entirely new concept in devotional recreation! Not an amusement park, not a shrine, not another fly-by-night "pilgrim trap," HOLYLAND™ is more than just a fun-filled weekend . . . it's a deeply moving religious experience! Yes! Not only is HOLYLAND™ an exciting spiritual "happening" for adults, it's also a wonderful way to let our cherished Judeo-Christian tradition of fair play and sound business practices seep painlessly into the hearts of your little ones.

Start your day at the historic "Patriarch Pavilion" (above), this month's show-stopping ceremony guest-hosted by Mr. George Jessel and your choice of Lassie, Flipper, Snoopy, or Mr. Ed, each appearing for one performance, and one performance only.

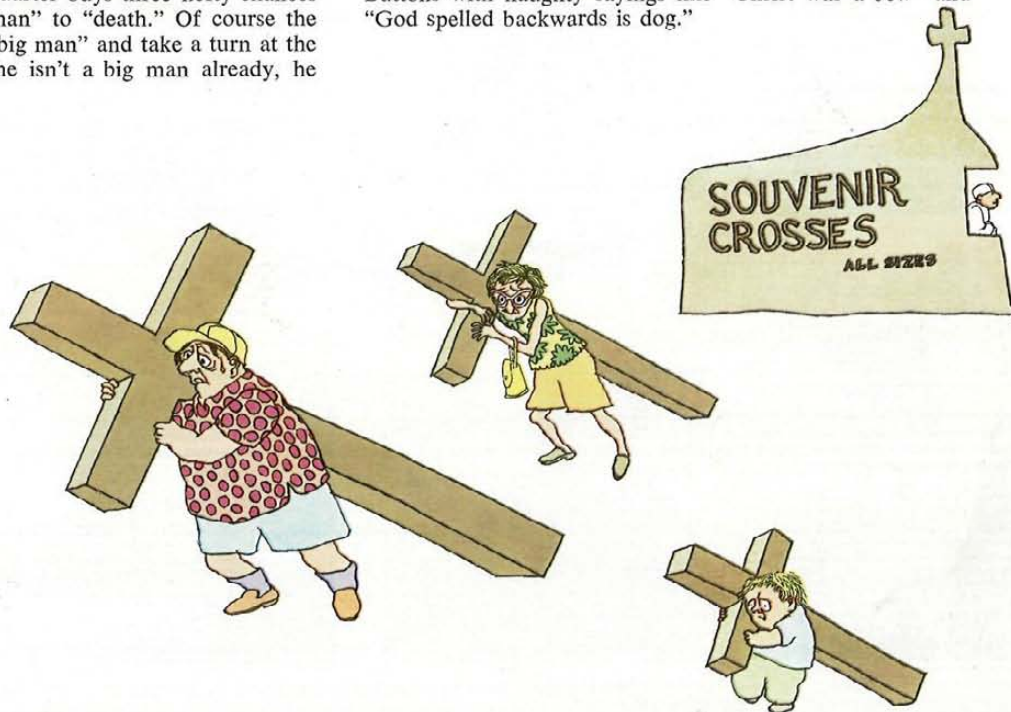
Then it will be getting on toward lunchtime, so be sure to follow one of HOLYLAND's™ friendly "prophets" to the Last Supper Snak Bar, where you can choose from a fulsome menu of authentic biblical treats including Pope Tarts, Manna Splits, Rosh Hashanah Cultural Fries, and Popping St. Joan-Kebabs.

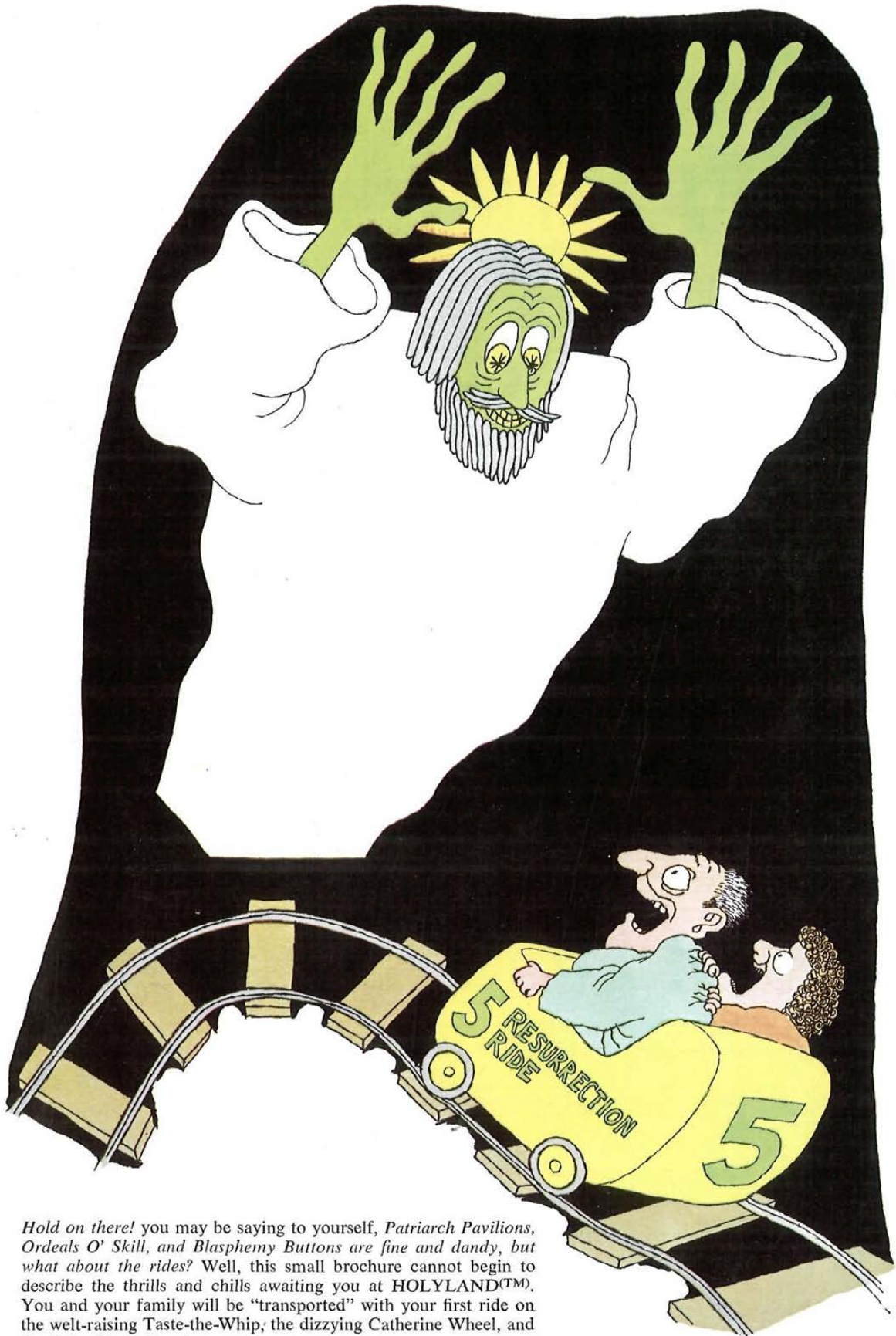




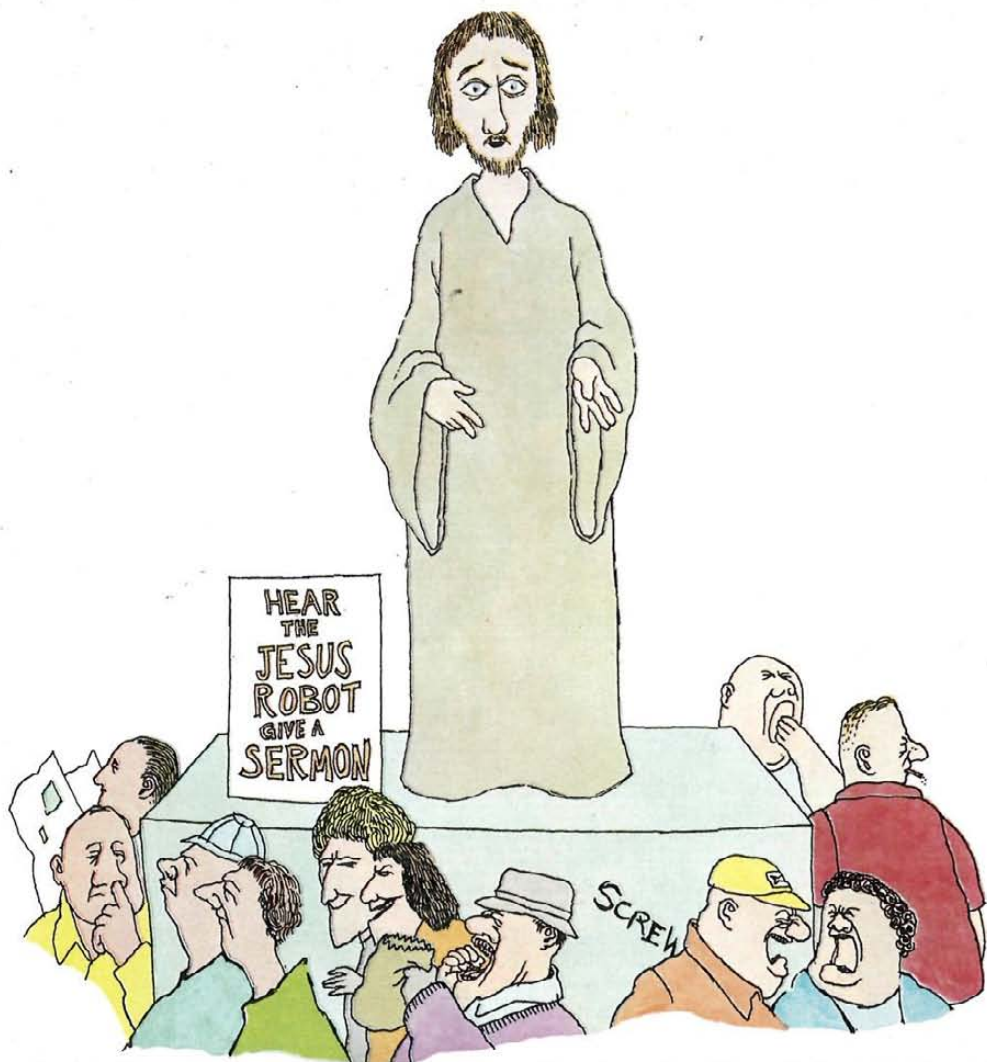
Tummy (and spirit) full? Hungry now for some challenging yet inexpensive tests of mettle? Make a pilgrimage to HOLYLAND's™ exciting "Ordeals O' Skill" boardwalk. There are so many trials to choose from, it's hard to know what to undergo first, but we're betting that high on your list will be the Salem Duck-O-Rama! Strap little Johnny down in the brightly painted ducking stool, and *splash!* he goes into the water for as long as he can stand it (or maybe just a wee bit more)! Then it's off to the HOLYLAND™ Cast the First Stone booth, where a quarter buys three hefty chances to "stone" the "painted woman" to "death." Of course the kids will want Dad to be a "big man" and take a turn at the Holy Martyr Rack, and if he isn't a big man already, he certainly will be afterward.

Having fun? Sure you are! But what about the "faithful" back home? You'll be wanting to load up on postcards and souvenirs at HOLYLAND's™ Ye Olde Relick Shoppe, where there are a multitude of earthly delights to be purchased, ranging from thirty real pieces of silver embedded in a clear lucite block to a lovely Crown O' Thorns Easter wreath to pep up your door or refrigerator for years to come. A teen in the family? Even the "grooviest" hepcat will "dig" the Relick Shoppe's wide assortment of "way out" Blasphemy Buttons with naughty sayings like "Christ was a Jew" and "God spelled backwards is dog."





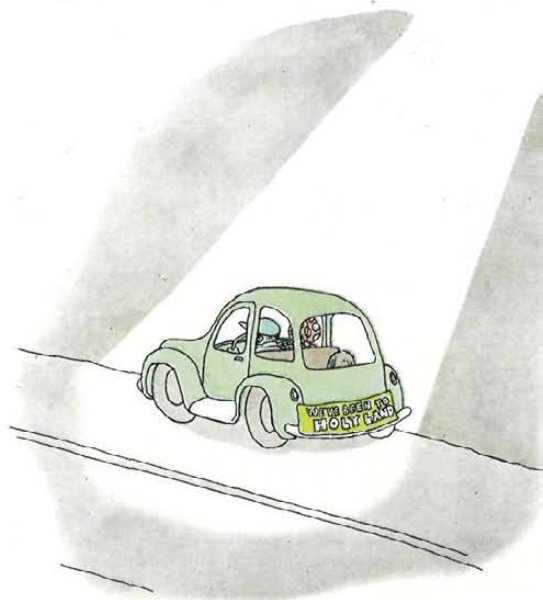
*Hold on there! you may be saying to yourself, Patriarch Pavilions, Ordeals O' Skill, and Blasphemy Buttons are fine and dandy, but what about the rides? Well, this small brochure cannot begin to describe the thrills and chills awaiting you at HOLYLAND™. You and your family will be "transported" with your first ride on the welt-raising Taste-the-Whip; the dizzying Catherine Wheel, and the flying Pente-Coaster.*



Well, Mom and Dad, it's getting on toward the eleventh hour and time to call it another miraculous day at HOLYLAND™. Just enough time to take a respectful gander at the Robot Mr. Jesus as He automatically bestows upon the happy throngs His personal blessing for the day, the correct time, and road conditions for the long drive home.

Forget anything? Oops, that's right! Remember to tell the kids it's "last trump" for visits to one of HOLYLAND's™ fourteen spotless Comfort Stations of the Cross.

It's been a long, wonderful day here at HOLYLAND™. Hope to see you folks next year on your "second coming"!





All You Need to Know to:

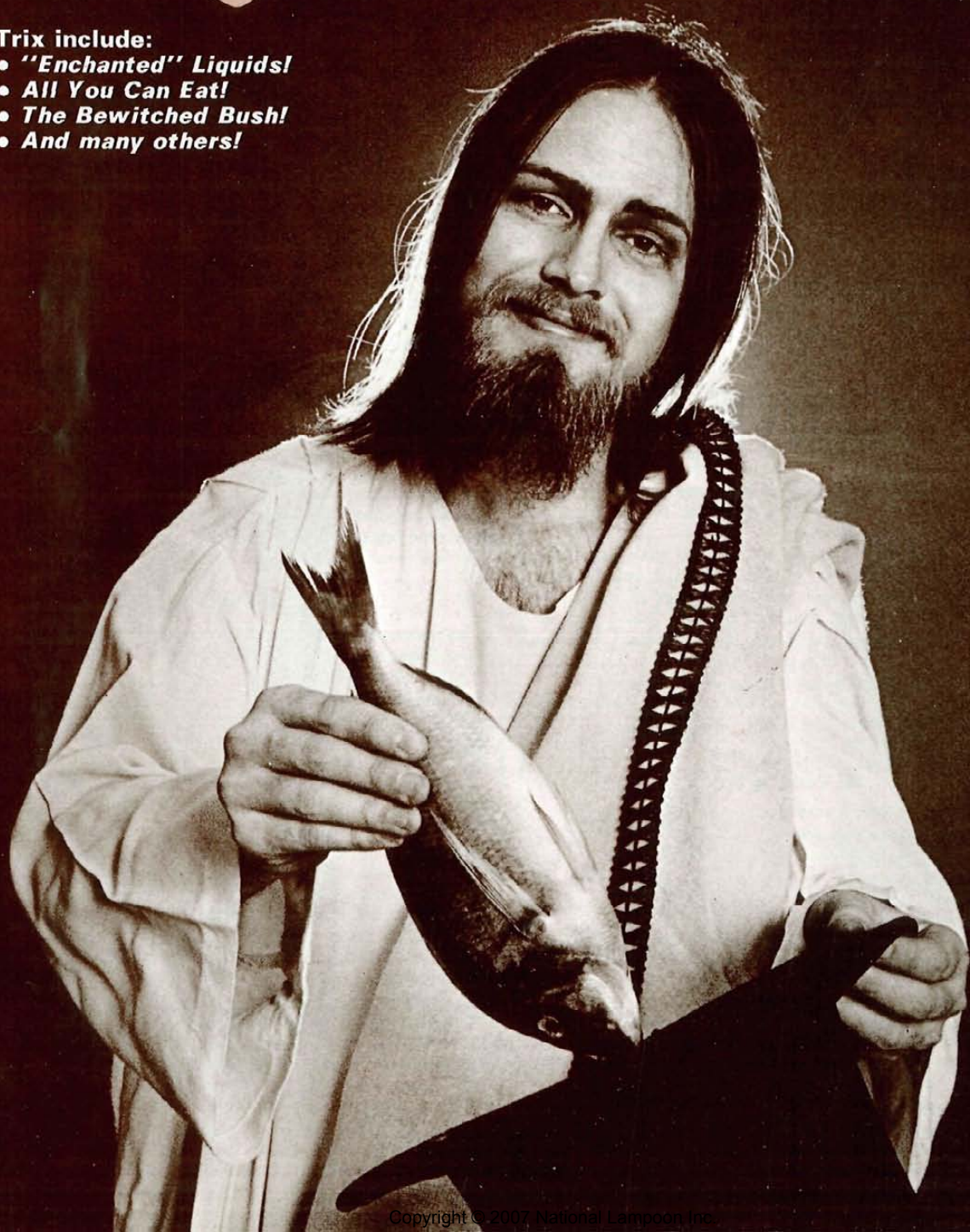
- *Mystify Your Friends!*
- *Amaze Your Folks!*
- *Baffle Your Pals!*

APEX NOVELTIES 35¢

# Magic Made E-Z

Trix include:

- *"Enchanted" Liquids!*
- *All You Can Eat!*
- *The Bewitched Bush!*
- *And many others!*



For thousands of years, magicians have used their skills to entertain and astound their audiences. Now the secrets of magic can be yours to baffle and bewilder your relatives and friends.

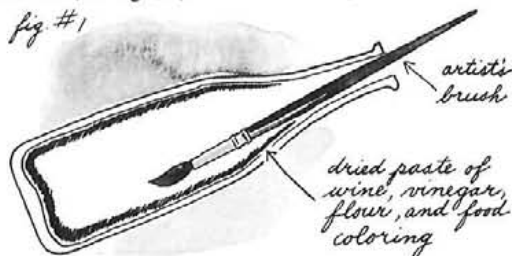
Here are simple, step-by-step instructions for performing five terrific tricks and illusions. Master these tricks, and you'll soon have even your most doubting spectator scratching his head and asking, "How the heck did he do it?!"

### "Enchanted" Liquids

Remember the clear white toothpaste that squeezed out of the tube mysteriously covered with red peppermint stripes? This trick uses the same principle to turn ordinary tap water into ruby-red table wine. Here's what you'll need:

- 1 *tblsp.* flour
- $\frac{1}{2}$  *tsp.* red wine vinegar
- 1 *tsp.* McCormick's red food coloring
- 2 *tblsp.* red wine
- 1 opaque wine bottle
- 1 Grumbacher #2 artist's brush

Combine the flour, vinegar, food coloring, and red wine to form a dark red paste. Then use the artist's brush to carefully paint the inside of the wine bottle with this preparation. Let dry, then apply a second coat. When this second coat has dried completely, you are ready to perform the illusion (see fig. #1).



Present the bottle to your audience for their inspection. Inform them that they may drop a coin or other small object into the bottle and rattle it around to satisfy themselves that the bottle is empty.

When the bottle has been returned to you, ask for a volunteer to step forward and fill it with clear water from a pitcher. Place your thumb over the mouth of the bottle and make several magic shaking "passes." This will allow the paste to soften and mix evenly with the water. You are now ready to pour a rich red wine from a bottle that contained nothing but plain tap water!

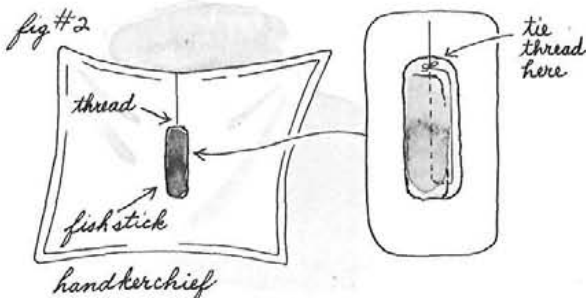
As an interesting variation on this trick, try adding club soda instead of water. The result will be a fine sparkling Burgundy.

### All You Can Eat

- 5 loaves Levy's Real Jewish Rye
- 2 fish sticks (Mrs. Paul's frozen)
- 18 in. thin black silk thread
- 1 large hat
- 1 bandanna
- 1 long needle

Imagine being able to tell your friends that you can feed an unlimited number of people, from five to five thousand, with just two fish and five loaves of bread. Here's how you do it.

Thread your needle and push it through one frozen fish stick lengthwise until it emerges at the opposite end. Remove the thread from the needle and, bringing it up the side, tie it to the thread where it first entered the fish stick. Now tie the opposite end of the thread to one edge of your bandanna so that the fish stick hangs down just below the middle of the handkerchief (see fig. #2). Your secret preparations are now complete.



Demonstrate to your audience that your hat is empty; then place it, open end up, on the table in front of you. Holding the handkerchief as illustrated in fig. #3, allow the fish stick to slide slowly out of the bandanna and into the hat. Drop the bandanna "casually" over the hat.

Very carefully now, grasp the handkerchief by the center of the edge to which the thread is attached, and lift the handkerchief clear of the table. Your audience will be convinced that the fish stick has remained in the hat, whereas in fact you have lifted it out, suspended from and hidden behind the bandanna (see fig. #4).

You are now ready to repeat the trick. Remember, of course, that it should only be done as often as is necessary to convince your audience that you are capable of filling your hat with an unlimited number of frozen fish dinners. Without touching the second fish stick or five loaves of bread, you have created the illusion of "feeding the multitude," all from one little piece of fish!

### The Bewitched Bush

- 1 miniature Japanese bonsai tree
- 1 miniature tape recorder (Sony DC40)
- 12 in. thin black silk thread
- 1 8" aluminum pie plate
- 1 8" flower pot
- 1 can lighter fuel (Zippo)
- 1 can Atlantic clear varnish flame retardant

Some of the world's greatest magicians have been completely fooled by this baffling mystery. With careful preparation, you can do it in your own home.

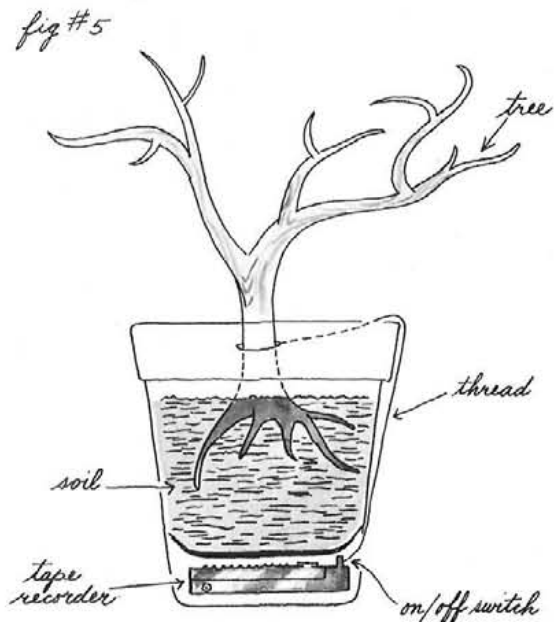
Begin with a flower pot—at least 8" in diameter and 12" deep. Put a miniature tape recorder into the bottom, and drill a small hole through the side of the pot 8" down from the top. Run one end of the thread through this hole and connect it to the on/off switch on the recorder. Set the recorder in the "play" position and cover it with the pie plate. Next, cover the pie plate with 6" of soil and "plant" your miniature tree. Pull the thread tight, run it up the side of the pot, and tie it around the trunk of the tree (see fig. #5). Now spray the tree thoroughly with clear varnish flame retardant, and saturate the soil with lighter fuel. You are ready to perform in front of an audience.

Light a cigarette, and distract the group's attention with a line of small talk known to professionals as "magician's patter." You might try describing the "mystical" origins of several of the tricks you are about to perform. While you

are speaking, "absentmindedly" stub your cigarette out in the potted soil. The bush will mysteriously burst into flame!

Of course, this is only an illusion. What is burning is not the flameproofed tree but the fuel-soaked soil. Nevertheless, the fire will burn through and snap the thread, thus tripping the on/off switch on the tape recorder. To the amazement of all, you will have produced a bush that both talks and burns without being "consumed."

Done properly, this "talking tree" trick will have your friends talking to themselves for weeks to come!



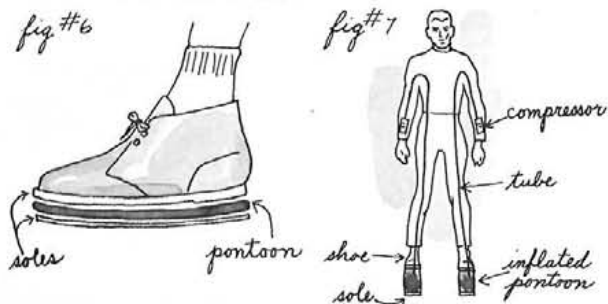
### An Astonishing Stroll

- 1 pair shoes
- 1 pair extra soles
- 12 ft. of 1/4" rubber tubing
- 8 sq. ft. rubberized plastic sheeting
- 1 can Elmer's Glue
- 2 miniature battery-operated pumps  
(Cyclone rotary compressors)

No magical effect is more intriguing than the sight of a man apparently walking on water. But don't be disappointed if this one doesn't work perfectly the first time you try it.

Cut and glue the plastic sheeting to form a balloon-like pontoon approximately the size of the sole of your shoe. Fold the pontoon flat, and glue one side to the shoe sole and the other side to the inner surface of one of the spare soles (see fig. #6). Repeat for the second shoe.

Now cut the rubber tubing into 6' lengths and run each down the leg of your pants, through a hole cut in the inside of each shoe, and into the pontoons. Connect the opposite end of each tube, up through your shirt, to a compressor hidden in either sleeve (see fig. #7). You are now ready to walk on water!



Place your left foot tentatively on the surface and say to your audience, "I'm just testing to see if it will hold my weight." While you are talking, switch on the pump hidden in your left sleeve and press down with your left foot. This will keep the pontoon just below the surface as it inflates. Slide your right foot out on the water and repeat. With a magical cry of "Alakazam!" you are ready to begin strolling about the surface!

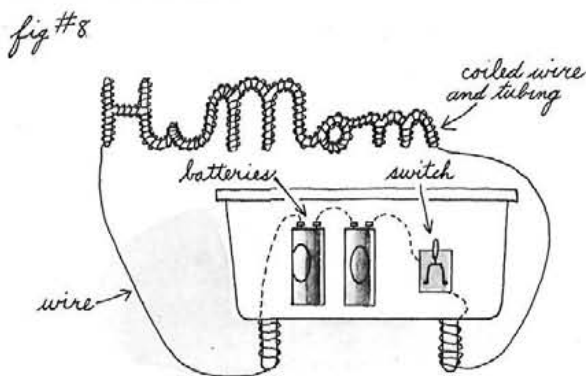
Tips for Trixers: don't wear your Sunday best the first few times you try this feat. This one takes practice.

### Haunted Handwriting

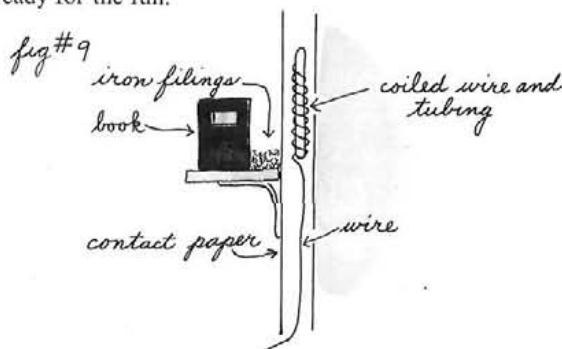
To produce a "handwritten" message on the wall, all you need are the following items and this hitherto closely guarded secret.

- 8 ft. of 1/8" soft iron tubing
- 30' copper bell wire
- 2 Eveready dry cell batteries
- 1 knife-type switch
- 1 1/4 lbs. iron filings
- 4' bookshelf

Begin by bending the soft iron tubing into the shape of the "handwritten" message you wish to have appear. Next, wind the copper wire tightly around the tubing, leaving a long stretch of wire free at either end. Attach the tubing to a large empty wall and connect either end of the copper wire through a switch to two dry cell batteries secreted about the room (see fig. #8). When the switch is closed, you will find that your iron handwriting has become a powerful electromagnet!



Now, cover the entire wall surface (tubing and wire included) with Con-Tact paper, and attach a free-hanging bookshelf to the wall six to eight inches below the handwritten message. Fill the shelf with books, and behind them sprinkle a 1/2" layer of iron filings (see fig. #9). Now, get ready for the fun.



When the moment is right, you have only to distract your audience's attention, close the switch magnetizing your "handwriting," and the iron filings will fly up to the wall revealing your magical message to one and all! □

# TREE STORY

By Steve Kaplan and Peter Ivers

Halfway through his senior year at Columbia, the futility of life dawned on Ronald Tannenbaum. His dormitory room had been burglarized twice, leaving him without his KLH, his Smith-Corona, and the stash he had hoped to parlay into a summer vacation in Mexico with his girl, should he find one in time. His former girl, Lurana, a Black Studies major from Cedar Rapids, whose Afro was generally regarded as a remarkable achievement for a third-generation German-American, had left him several weeks ago, citing as her cause, among other things, a rather bizarre habit Ronald had developed involving a Pentel and his bodily orifices. Three local groups had turned down his rock opera loosely based on the lives of Hermann Hesse and Brigham Young, and Professor Fleishman, the head of the Anthropology Department and Ronald's only hero in a sea of academic mediocrity and flatulence, had recently been apprehended on charges of moral turpitude concerning students of both sexes and, it was further rumored, a number of lab specimens.

In addition, the draft board had begun to send ominous inquiries concerning the exact specifications of the mental disturbance that allegedly rendered him unfit for military service. Ronald's psychiatrist, who also moonlighted a monthly advice column for one of America's fastest-growing women's magazines devoted to the relentless search of the ultimate orgasm, said he would clear the whole thing up once and for all for \$300. The same day that Ronald received the canceled check, the news gleefully reported the doctor's arrest, accused by several of his patients of moral turpitude.

Perhaps as a reflection of all this,

Ronald had begun to develop a number of nervous habits, including the one that eventually led to Lurana's departure.

Ronald wanted out. He wanted to be alone in the quiet country, where he could . . . get his head together. He rejected the idea of living in a commune. He had no desire to farm, and, as his roommate advised the day before he O.D.'d on barbiturates, sheepshit was no improvement on dogshit. But being alone was a difficult task. There was a head shop in Greenwich; Goddard students were fanning out over much of Vermont; and Bard had adopted the Hudson Valley, or so his other roommate said before he was arrested for dealing at the Columbia-Princeton game. Naomi, Ronald's sister, had been busted last week at Grossinger's.

The problem was still unsolved when Ronald finally agreed to spend a weekend with his parents, both lawyers who gave much of their time to the A.C.L.U. Ronald was absently thumbing through the photographs in *The Family of Man*, looking for tit in the sauna, when his father's voice came over the intercom.

"Ron? Doris and I are turning on downstairs and we wondered if you'd enjoy a toke?"

"No thanks, Earl, not right now."

"Well, when you have time, could you bring down *Sgt. Pepper*?"

Ronald descended with the record. Doris, his mother, sprawled in an inflatable couch wearing a purple suede jumpsuit and a pair of multifaceted, orange-tinted glasses, was trying to touch the extended forefinger Earl held out with a grin. Earl, too, was a colorful sight in his Mexican vest, tie-dyed white ducks, and balding head. The stereo was pausing between *Melanie in Concert* and *The Ride of the Valkyries*

when Ronald cleared his throat and held out the album.

"Hey, Ronald!" his father gasped. "Put on the earphones and take a toke of this stuff. It's absolutely *nitro*!"

"Dynamite," Ronald corrected, grudgingly accepting the fat, Stella Sweet Banana joint. Earl took the joint, inhaled deeply, coughed gently, and cyed his son.

"I don't know what's hassling your vibes, Ron, but wouldn't it be better if you . . . rapped about it with Doris and me. You know, let it all hang out."

"Nothing. I've just gotta get away for awhile. See some trees. You know."

"Look, Ron," Earl pressed, "don't think of me as your father . . ."

"Wagner's so *stoned*!" Doris yelled from the floor, under the earphones.

". . . think of me as a *soul buddy*."

Ronald winced and took another hit from his father's joint. Suddenly his brain reeled, and he momentarily lost his balance. It was excellent stuff.

"Where'd you get this?"

"From Florence and Roy. It's Colombian. They're flying down again next week after the march on Washington, so you can get some when they come back next month."

"Will anybody be using their house?"

"The one in the Connecticut woods? Listen, you wanna get out into the wilds? Far out! I'll call them tomorrow."

"Wagner's so *stoned*!" Doris reiterated.

\* \* \*

Roy and Florence Freisen-DePalma provided dope for their friends as a hobby, but their first love was writing, and they were presently engaged in writing a scholarly study of Mahler's influence on Phil Spector. The Freisen-DePalmas were also given to small, fey pranks that got on the nerves of their



(continued)

friends, but alone in their country house the games were often charming. One winter Roy took his wife to the frozen, snow-covered lake and, handing her a broom, ordered her to start sweeping. Baffled, Florence soon realized that Roy had painted a message on the ice before the last snowfall, reading:

I DIG YOU THE MOST  
FROM YOUR HEAVY HUBBY  
ROY

It often pleased them to take a canoe out into the middle of the lake and release colored balloons over the surface.

When Ronald braked his battered Volkswagen at the small, isolated cabin overlooking a brilliant green woods and a small, mirror lake, he felt months of pain drain out of his body, and smiled. More than the lake or the cabin itself, Ronald gazed at the elegant firs and maples waving against a brilliant blue sky. The trees seemed to vibrate with life, and their inviting sway seemed a beckoning and a welcome.

"Far," Ronald breathed, "out."

Knapsack over his shoulder, Ronald was about to open the door when a gray squirrel barred the way, approached a few steps to sniff at his cuffs, and, with an elegant ruffle of the tail, bounded off and up a tree. Ronald blinked with happy surprise and opened the front door. After a brief and approving inspection, Ronald found a note from the Freisen-DePalmas on top of three cartons of uninflated balloons.

Ronnie!

Welcome to Middle Earth. If the hot water quits, connect a new propane tank. Don't forget to turn on the heater under the water bed. The cookies in the refrigerator have been laced with mescaline, so easy on the sweets. There's no way to blow the speakers, and no neighbors. Have a good trip.

Peace,  
Us

The cabin sat in the middle of fifty forested acres that rolled up from the lake to a low ridge, and it was in a shaded crest on that ridge that Ronald habitually sprawled with his books.

The books, in keeping with Ronald's sylvan setting, were not his usual science-fiction anthologies or Raymond Chandler reissues but works reflecting love of nature, and, as Ronald gazed up at the branches waving in the warm breezes, he felt he was learning to be more sensitive to his leafy companions.

He read the *Whole Earth Catalogs* from cover to cover and idled a pleasant hour in a *Farmer's Almanac* he picked up at a local general store. At the same time, Ronald read several interesting books on macrobiotic diets, and the next trip to the store found him returning not with Mallomars and Dr. Pepper, but with sacks of plain, purgative brown rice. Along with this radical change in diet, Ronald became progressively intrigued with Yoga as a method for clearing his mind of the grime and neuroses of the city. He enjoyed the feeling of light-headedness he felt as he read Emerson and Whitman while in a half-lotus under the whispering firs and maples. In only a few days he found himself drawn more and more into a sense of simple oneness with his surroundings, wishing more and more to experience the fullness of creation, and feeling less of a desire for sensual pleasures (*trnsna*). He began to look on his tanning, shrinking body with dispassion (*vairāgya*), and Ronald practiced his *asanas* with a dedication never glimpsed by his instructor in Comp. Cult. 244a.

As Ronald delved further into himself, he kept a sporadic journal of his progress, often transcribing into it verbatim descriptions of New England flora culled from a guide to *Trees of North America*:

*Yew Family (Taxaceae)*—leaves evergreen, linear (sides parallel), growing

*separately on twigs and not clustered; fruit one-seeded and drupaceous (plum-like) or with red, fleshy cup at base . . . Pine Family (Pinaceae)*—leaves, evergreen, deciduous . . .

Strangely parallel occurrences began to make themselves plain, symbolic coincidences that might have been overlooked in Ronald's former clouded consciousness. While reading *Walden* (which Ronald found much more moving than the B. F. Skinner version he read for Amer. Phil. 88), he came upon this passage:

"Early in May, the oaks, hickories, maples and other trees, just putting out amidst the pine woods around the pond, imparted a brightness like sunshine to the landscape, especially on cloudy days, as if the sun were breaking through mists and shining faintly on the hillsides here and there."

Amazed, Ronald ran to the cabin and turned the pages to read the entry made only the day before: *The pine-type trees are incredible to look at in the sun and all, but now that the other types are coming out and getting their leaves and all, there's this really incredible visual thing that makes it look sort of fuzzy against the others, but isn't really. Incredible.*

This similarity, this growing harmony of thought, Ronald took as a Sign.

Leafing through his *Farmer's Almanac* the next day, he came across a poem by Joyce Kilmer, a poem he had not seen since fifth grade, but one which his newly attuned mind grasped with a newer, deeper significance. Was it not only last week he had written in his journal: *I mean, I can write down here everything that's going on in my head and all, but it's incredible to think that despite all that so-called "intelligence," I can't go out and make a tree or anything natural like that, if you can dig it.*

The only cloud upon the following day occurred when Ronald, while listening to "Country Road" for the eighth time, was saddened by the thought that he could never meet Dr. Birdsey Grant Northrop (1817-1898), the founder of Arbor Day.

After three weeks under a strict regimen of fasting, ritual rice-boiling, meditating, Karma-purging, and following his Yoga exercises, Ronald had much changed. He grew yet closer to the tall, shaggy-barked trees that guarded his idyll, and in the vagrant dreams he entertained at night before falling asleep, the tapping of branches against his window took on almost articulate rhythms, became half-spoken words and snatches of phrases. But he always fell asleep just before the low, indistinct voices could become clear.

One bright morning Ronald woke to rays of the sun with a strange feeling



LOR

in him. He rose, washed, and dressed, but before he went into the kitchen or began his exercises or looked over his yet unread volumes, he walked outside to breathe deeply. There, naked to the waist and warmed by the new light, Ronald drew in a huge volume of pure, country air and, reaching out his arms to the dawn, passed out and fell with a thud.

When he awoke again, he found himself weak and dizzy, and something inside him forced his trembling legs to carry him into the kitchen. He had to eat something. Ronald stared glassily at the pot of cold, brown rice and gagged slightly. Shamefaced, he methodically inspected the kitchen for something perhaps more solid, knowing that the yin and yang in whatever he found might not be optimum balance. Feeling another fainting spell coming on, he opened the bare refrigerator and saw, hidden in a corner, a glass jar of cookies. Chocolate chip, his favorite.

Ronald, fortified by his breakfast, ventured out again, his legs steadier under him. But an odd white light remained around the edges of his eyes, in his peripheral vision. He walked toward the shaded crest where he had spent every morning since his arrival, but he noticed that his progress seemed slow; he felt as if he were being photographed by a telephoto lens, so that his feet moved, theoretically toward the camera, but his body remained the same size, stationary, much the way Dustin Hoffman's race to stop the wedding in his car was portrayed in *The Graduate*. Several times he stopped to tie his bootlaces, but he met little success with the snarl of knots because they seemed to writhe away from his fingers like little brown worms. He gave up and plodded on.

Finally, he reached the ridge and threw himself into the tall, pillowy grass under the protecting trees. He looked up at the piercing blue sky, a blue he had never felt so intensely before, through the waving branches, and suddenly realized that there was something unusual about the nodding limbs. There was no wind to move them. He squinted, and looked again. The air was still, but the trees swayed to a slow, beguiling melody of their own. As Ronald watched, hypnotized, there began that low, breathy murmuring he had heard up until now only on the edge of sleep.

Ronald jumped up, his eyes grown wide, feeling a unity with these trees, trees that had become guides and companions on his way, and ran to a tall, broad pine and clasped his arms about it, laughing uncontrollably.

"Hey, easy on the bark there!"

Ronald froze with disbelief. "What?"

"After all, I'm only xylem and phloem," the pine added.

"Jesus Christ!" Ronald gasped, "Do you really talk?"

"Does a balsam poplar have resinous buds?" the pine asked rhetorically.

"I can hardly believe it," Ronald half-whispered, "a talking tree."

"Don't listen to that dried up old root," sneered a maple. "He's so full of dry rot he's half sawdust."

"Well, uh, you can talk—" began Ronald, confused, groping at appropriate words for his thousands of questions. "I mean, what's it like, uh, being a tree? I mean—"

"Oh, not so bad, I suppose," said another, smaller tree, "but of course you have to watch out for Dutch Elm Blight."

"Yes, there's a lot of that going around, you know," agreed another.

"And the tent caterpillars . . ." the pine chimed in, waving his lower branches so that Ronald was peppered with cones. He turned to ask the maple a question about the nature of the ebb and flow of life, but the conversation seemed to drift past him.

"Those annoying woodpeckers almost drove me out of my pith," a willow was saying.

"Me, I've been losing my bark like crazy," a shag oak admitted glumly.

"But just try to get a tree surgeon when you need one," a small linden piped. All the other trees agreed this was so, and was a shame.

"But what about being one with the universe?" Ronald blurted out, already regretting the silliness of his words. "I mean, Walt Whitman's poetry."

"Oh, him," an oak chuckled, "the one with the moss all over his trunk. Sure, he was around these parts once, but I can't remember much about him. Put on quite a few rings since then, of course."

"You can read?" Ronald asked.

"No, no, but one of my cousins was in the first edition of *Leaves of Grass*."

"I see, I'm sorry. . . ."

"Oh sure, that's what they all say," snorted the oak.

"The changing of the seasons from one to another," said Ronald hopefully, "that must be quite an experience. . . ."

"Oh that," the oak yawned, "Well, first comes the warm weather, which gets your sap running pretty good, and you say, 'Oh, what the hell, I'll throw out a few buds and stick around for another year.' Then your hot weather, which is okay, but then the bugs come and you're almost as bad off. By the end of it you're lucky if you've got a leaf left. But it doesn't matter, because as soon as your sap is running nice and regular, it gets cold again and what leaves you have left just drop off in scads. Then there's that really cold period from about the middle of November to the beginning of April, but most of us are pretty much out by then, except for the evergreens."

"Yeah," sniffed an aspen. "Give those gymnosperms a window box and they'll take an acre."

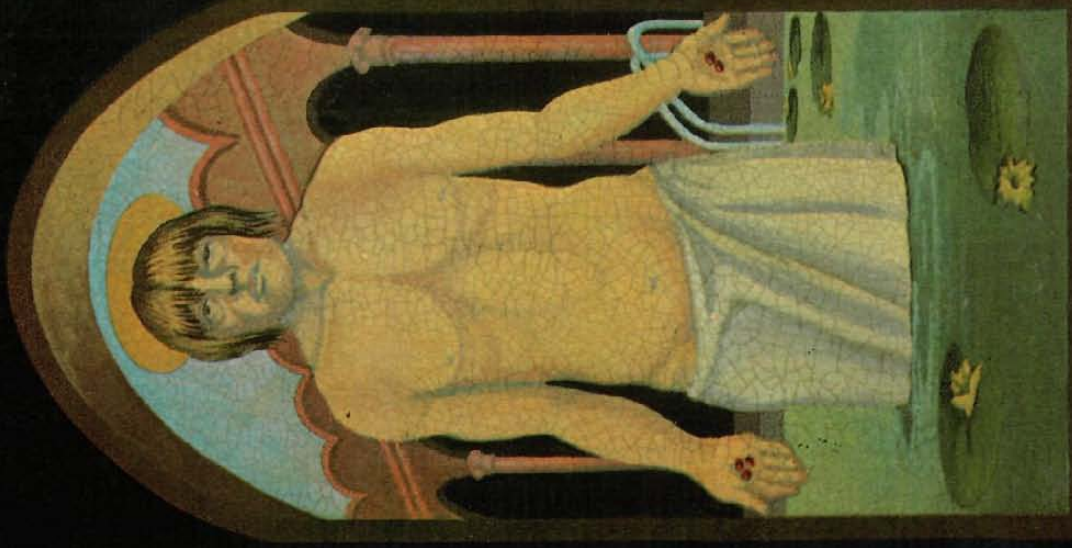
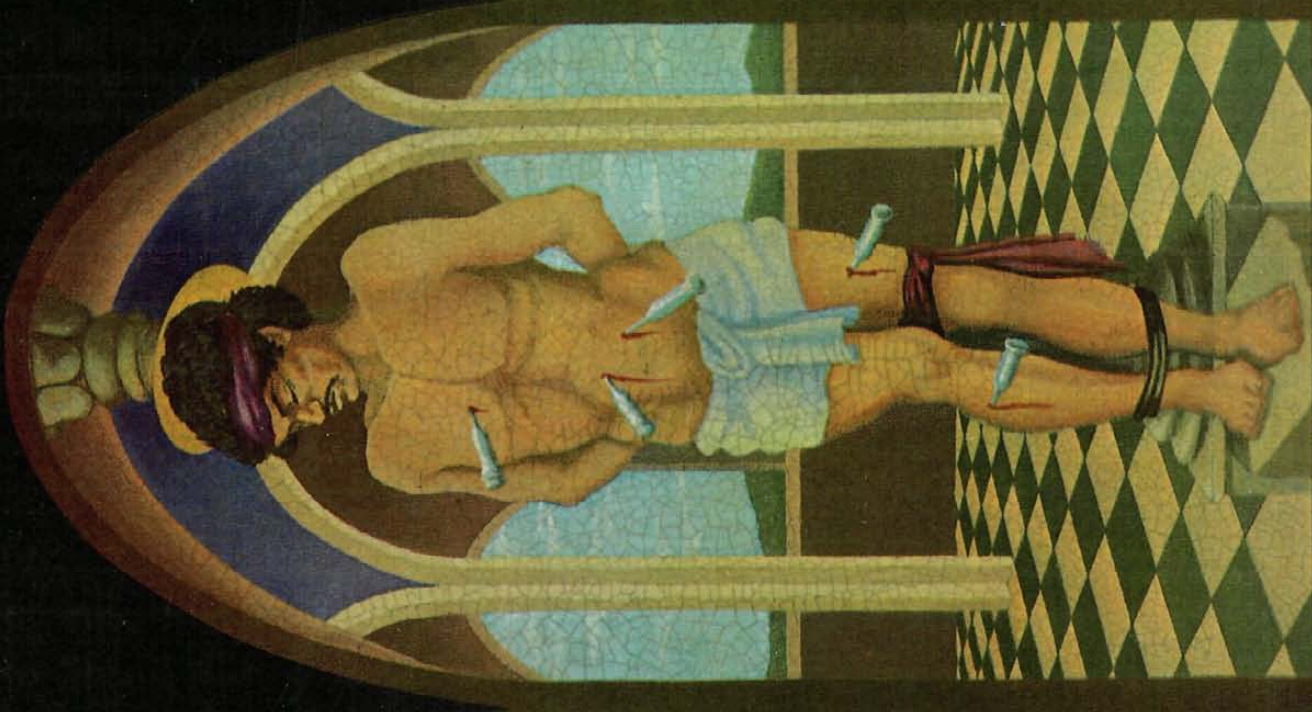
"Right," the oak replied irritably, "like the seedlings nowadays. They just drop down any old place, send down a wormy little taproot, and figure that's that. Don't know the first thing about photosynthesis; they figure the soil owes 'em a life cycle."

"And all of 'em could use a good pruning, too," snapped the oak. "A couple of seasons above the tree line would show 'em what it's all about. . . ."

Ronald ran screaming to his cabin, frantically packed his knapsack, and headed for the car. Forcing himself to calm down so he could make the long drive back to the city, he stopped as a squirrel sat on the hood, busily inspecting an acorn. Fighting down his sobs, Ronald forced a smile of recognition and held out his hand.

"Touch my lunch," said the squirrel, "and I'll gnaw your ass." □











"Odd that they should both be uphill!"

# COMING NEXT MONTH

## PORNO

Yippee! Tear up those silly French postcards, throw out the *National Geographic*s, and let poor Rover get some shut-eye, because the *National Lampoon* is rolling up its leather *Lederhosen* and fixing to serve up a nice hot platter of gooey goodies just for you and your inflatable torso. Get your yocks off with:

**Does the President Have a Secret Plan for Withdrawal?/** What revolutionary new strategy does the big Dick have up his sleeve? Only Pat knows for sure, but we've got a hunch. . . .

**Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex (Aren't You Sorry You Asked?)/** Q. Dear Doctor: Is there any truth to that old-wive's tale about how women really prefer a guy with a big one? A. Yes.

**Sexame Street/** A new educational TV show for the kiddies. Today we'll learn about the letter F. . . .

**Woof: Entertainment for Dogs/** A glossy magazine for the real he-dog, featuring the condensed best seller, *The Sensuous Sniffer*.

**Why Wait Until Marriage?/** A reprint of the dating manual your mother slipped under your mattress as a substitute for those irreplaceable figure studies you so desperately needed for an A in Art Appreciation. Yawn with recognition at

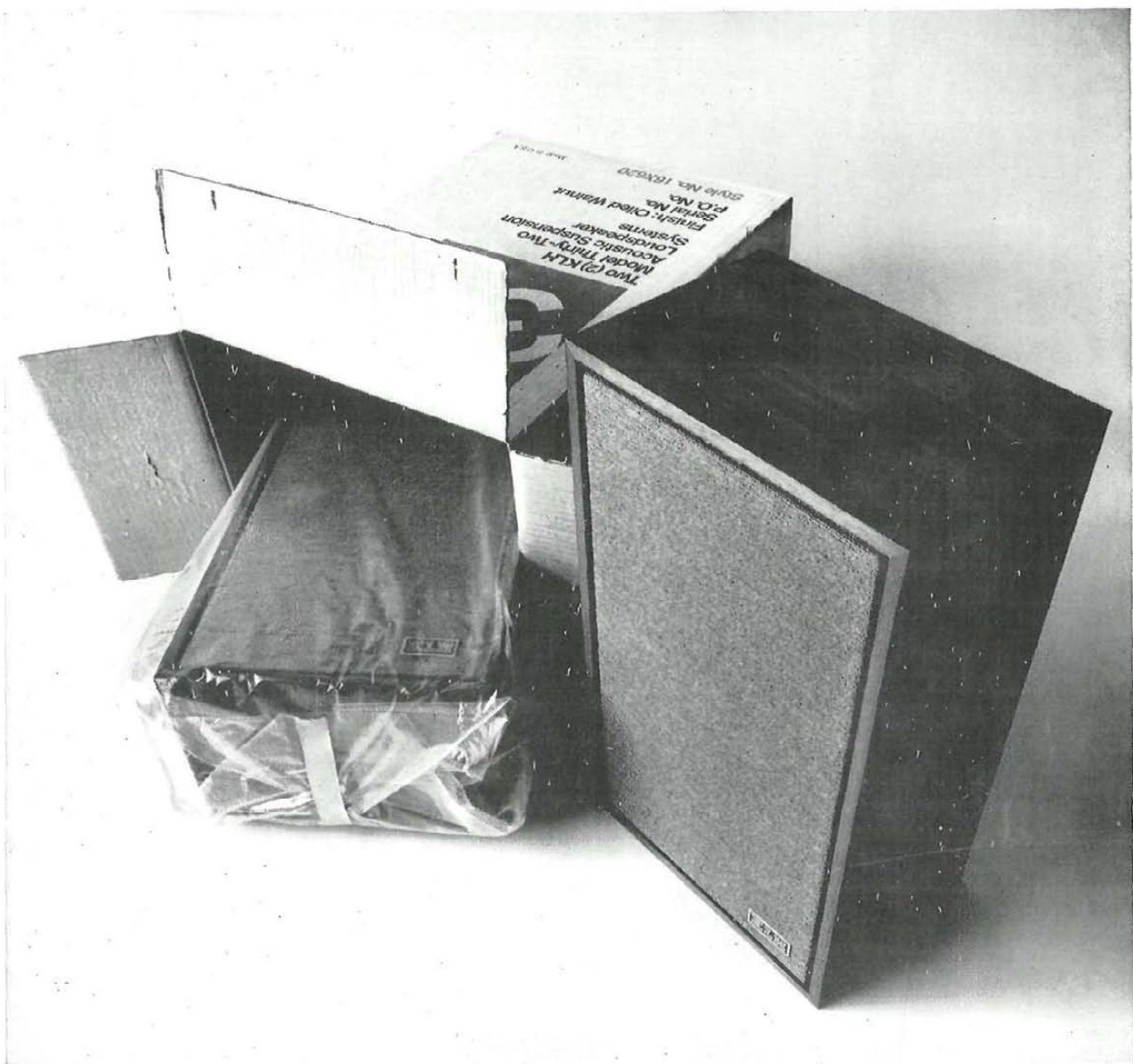
those familiar chapter headings—"You Don't Have to Pet to be Popular," "How to Date Without Disaster," and "Thirty-Seven Fatal Diseases You Can Catch from Playing with Yourself."

**Disney Satyricon/** An unbeatable cover line. All we need is the funny stuff and we will have one dynamite article!

**How Flowers Fuck/** A simple-to-read, frank explanation of the miracle of birth, starting with the Enchanted Cabbage Leaf and ending with the Perverted Tooth Fairy.

**Special Danish Section/** A quick round-up of the best foreign films available from our friends in wonderful, wonderful Copenhagen. They didn't call him "Hands" Christian Anderson for nothing.

**Plus:** Mrs. Agnew's Diary, Your Monthly Horrorscope, Big Contests, False Noses, Exploding Cigars, Hand Buzzers, and the Seven Danger Signs of the Heart-break of Psoriasis Goes Hawaiian or Worse. □



## The \$95 Misunderstanding.

It seems there's been some confusion about the price that appeared in our first ad for the new KLH Model Thirty-Two loudspeakers. To clear up any misunderstanding, the price is, indeed, \$95 the pair (\$47.50 each).†

If you're wondering how we could make a KLH loudspeaker for \$47.50, it's really quite simple.

We had two choices.

Either we could make a fair speaker and a lot of profit. Or we could make a lot of speaker and a fair profit.

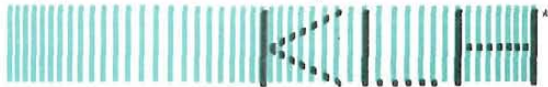
We chose the latter. We always do. That's why KLH speakers sound like KLH speakers.

Of course our Model Thirty-Two won't deliver as

much bass response as, say, our Model Seventeen. But the basic listening quality of the new KLH Thirty-Two is superb by any standard. In fact, we'll match the Thirty-Two against any speaker in its price class: even against most speakers costing twice its price. For when it comes to making reasonably priced speakers that deliver an inordinate amount of sound, that's really what KLH is all about.

And about that, there can be no misunderstanding.

For more information on the Model Thirty-Two, write to KLH Research and Development, 30 Cross St., Cambridge, Mass. 02139. Or visit your KLH dealer.

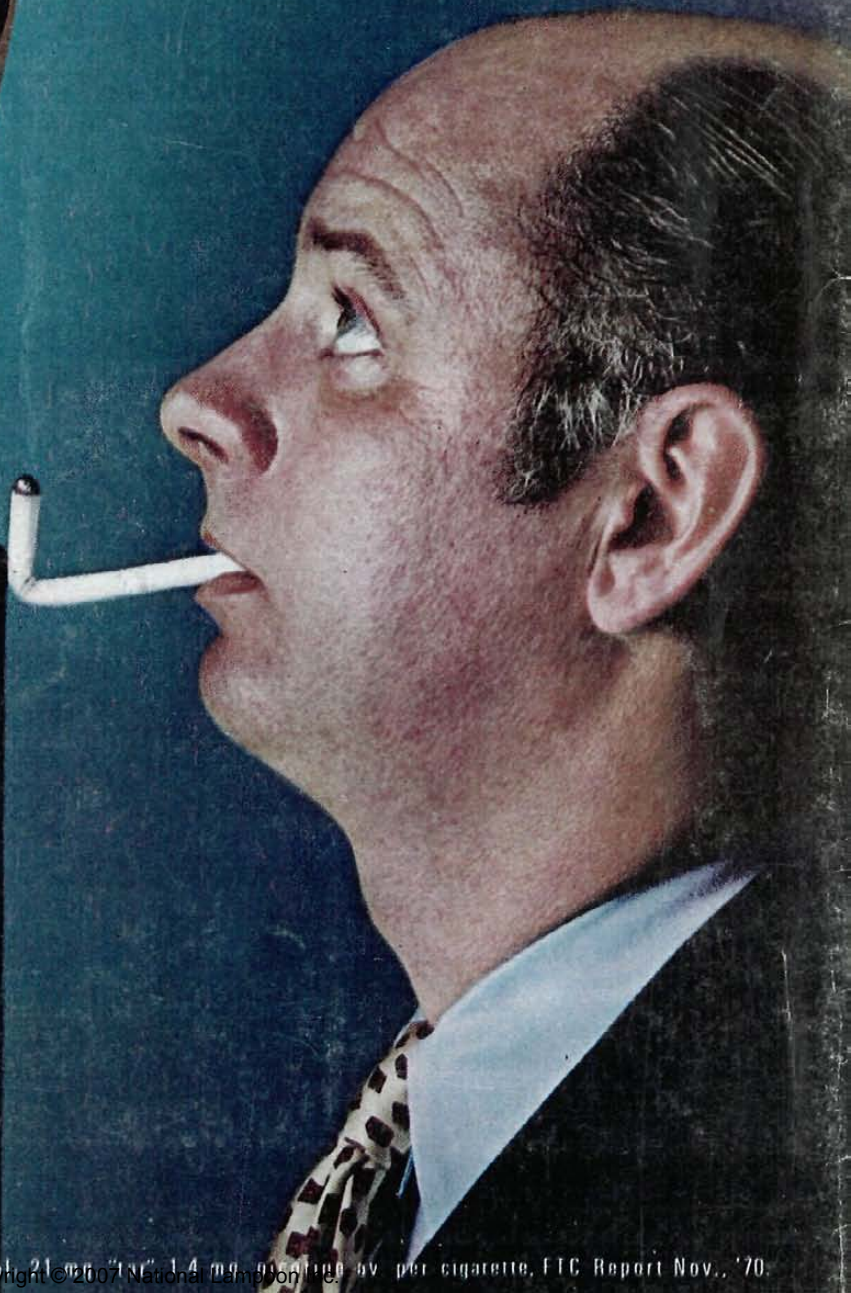


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# Benson & Hedges 100's. America's favorite cigarette break.



*Regular  
or Menthol*

Regular: 20 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine. Menthol: 21 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report Nov., '70.