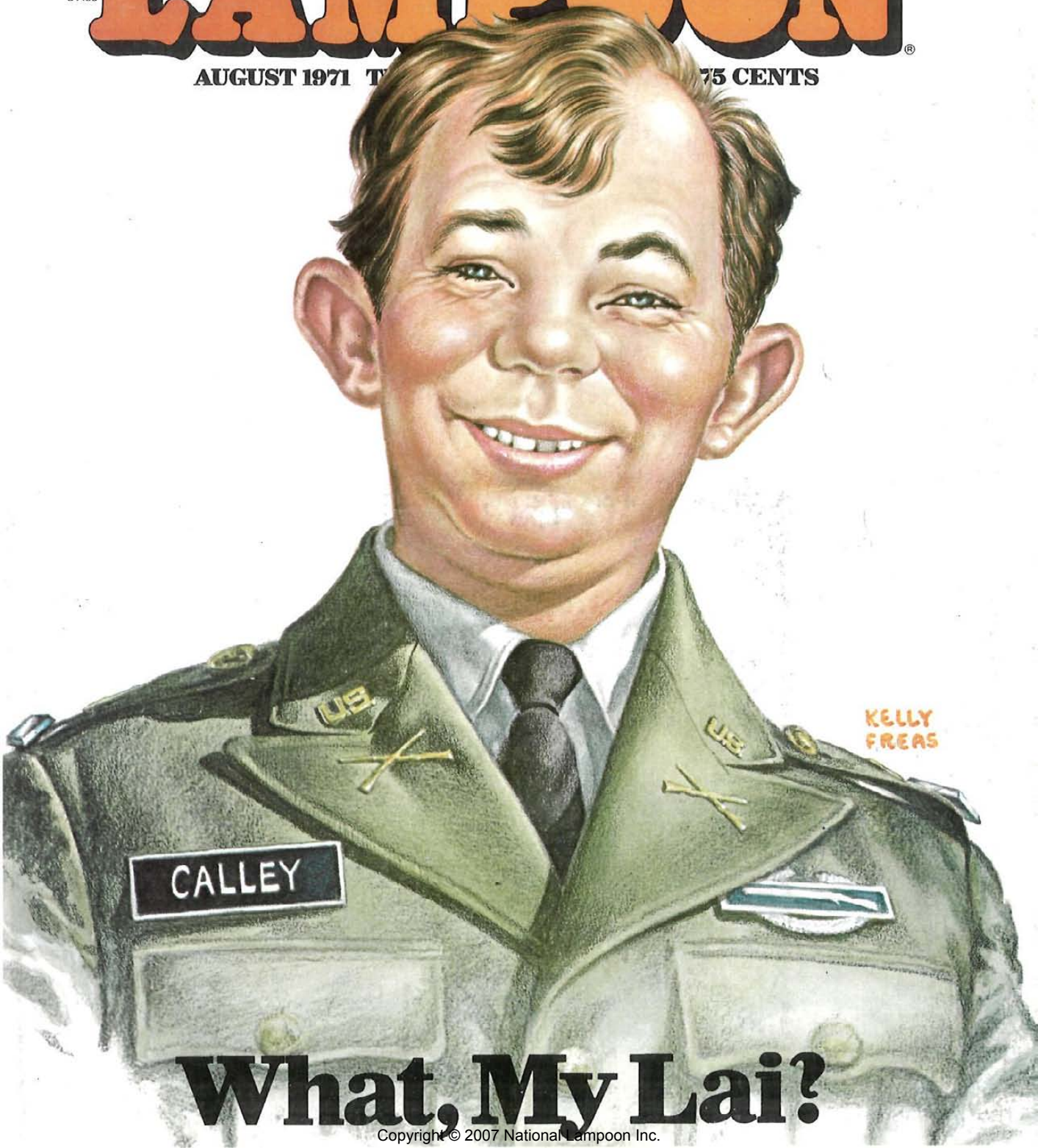


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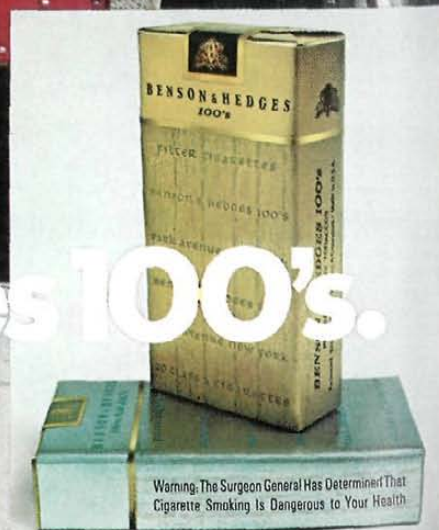


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av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov., '70.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That  
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# This is a real ad

Leonard Cohen's new album of poetry set to music for all of you singers who want to pick up on his latest songs, and all of you listeners who want to hear them before anybody else, in their purest possible form. A brilliant and dramatic new approach to recordings.

Instead of a conventional brass section, Chase uses four trumpets to get the screaming, exciting effects. On their debut Epic album you'll hear Bill Chase and the group blow their brains out.

"Edgar Winter's White Trash' is a superbly produced, fantastically performed, well written rock masterpiece. . . . It has as much musical competence and authenticity as anything around today . . . early pick for the greatest album of the year."

—Circus Magazine

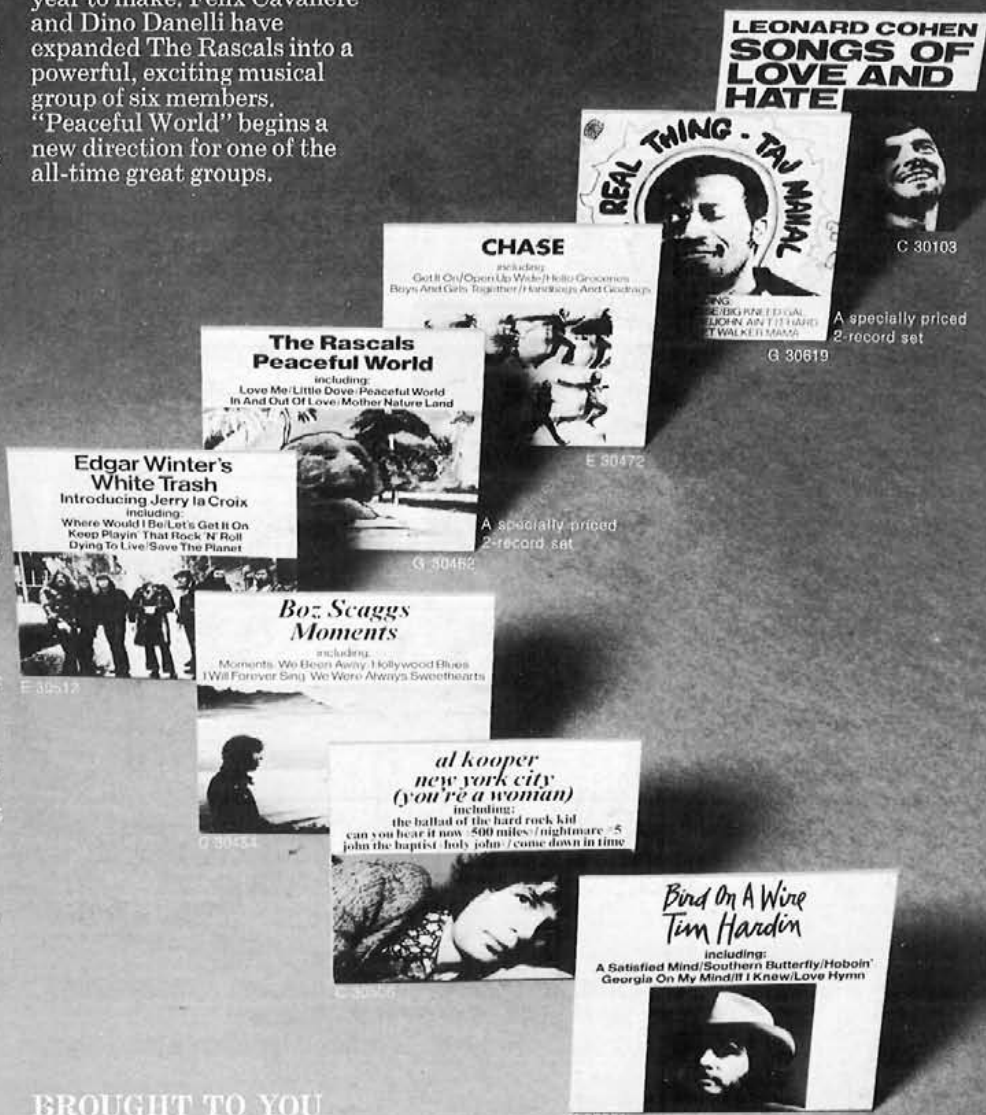
Ralph Gleason called Boz Scaggs' new band "one of the most popular groups (in San Francisco) since the early days of The Airplane." On "Moments" Boz recaptures that excitement. And it's good to have it back again.

In the new album, Al Kooper has concentrated on voices. He uses girls' voices in place of horns, and the results are sensational. Nine new Al Kooper originals and one song each by Elton John and Bo Diddley round out what might be Al's best album.

Tim Hardin's first album in two years finds him backed up by some of the finest musicians around, including Joe Zawinul, Monte Dunn, Miroslav Vitous and George Ricci. In addition to some beautiful new originals, Tim sings hypnotic versions of "Georgia on My Mind," "If I Knew," "A Satisfied Mind" and "Bird on the Wire."

Taj dropped out, went to Spain, came back and promptly tore apart an unsuspecting Fillmore East audience. Taj's new band includes four tubas, two harps, a Mississippi National steel-bodied guitar and a fife. Hearing is believing. A specially priced 2-record set.

The Rascals' debut album on Columbia has taken almost a year to make. Felix Cavaliere and Dino Danelli have expanded The Rascals into a powerful, exciting musical group of six members. "Peaceful World" begins a new direction for one of the all-time great groups.



BROUGHT TO YOU  
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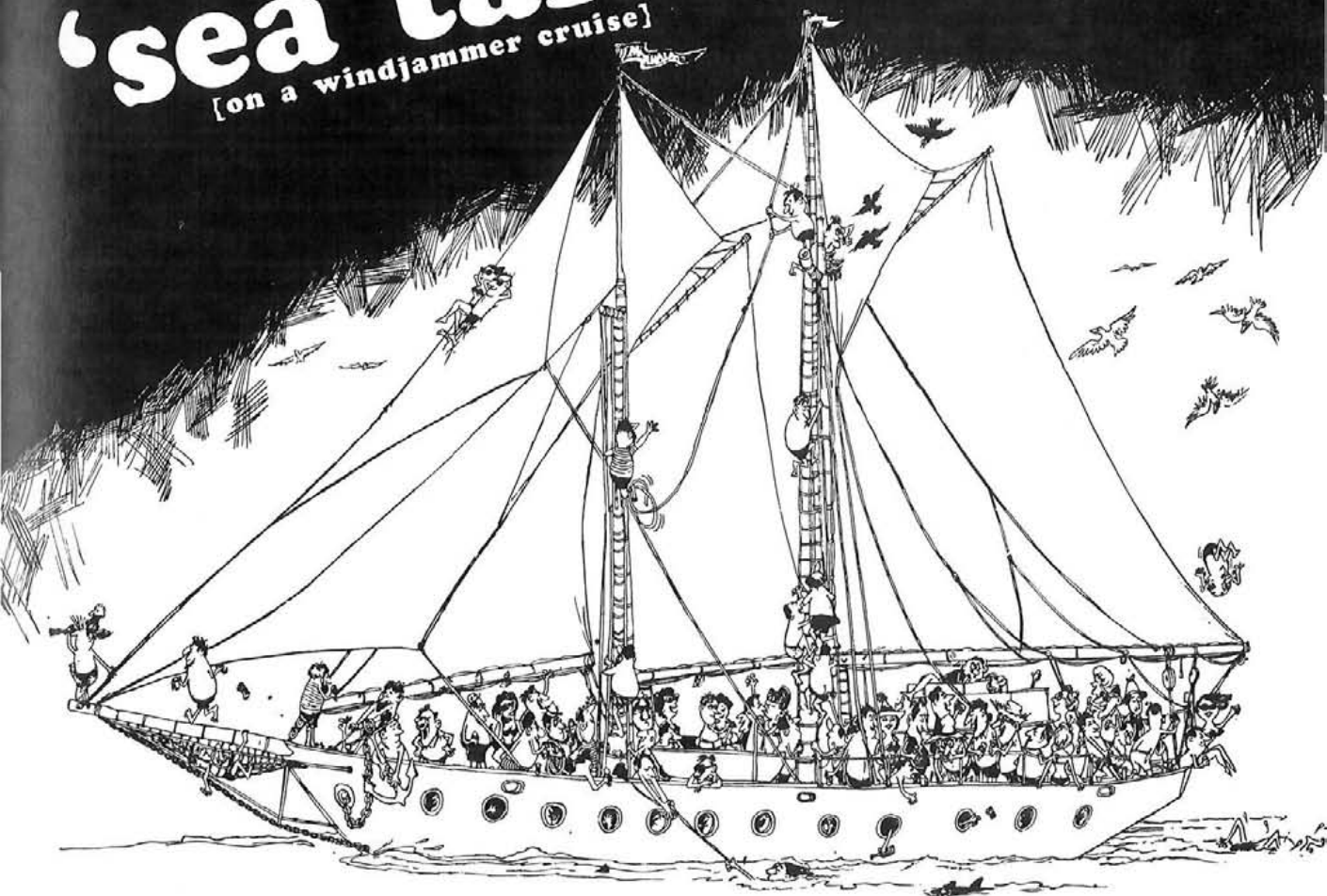
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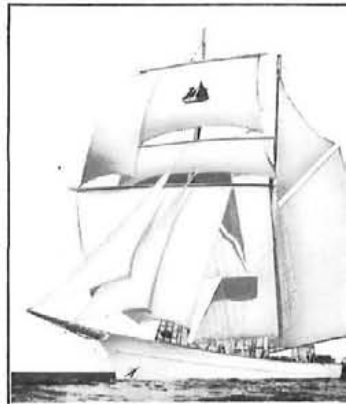
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# NATIONAL LAMPPOON

## LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Everybody knows that acid is bad for you, expensive, and uncool. Hence the plethora of legal highs that have been touted about: bananas, Jesus, etc. But every intrepid tripper knows that bummers are themselves a big buzz, the horror-show fun house in the Coney Island of your mind.

It is as a public service that we present the following list of legal lows. We suggest that when the narc catches you perched on a ledge with your pupils dilated and your fingernails gnawed down to the second knuckle, you plead not guilty and show the judge this page:

1. Board the subway: Imagine that you are on trial for your life; the people seated across from you are your jury.
2. Look out the window. Consider the quiet desperation of the lives of passersby. They are on their way home to windowless rooms and invalid children.
3. If you are among the mere one-third of the world who don't go to bed hungry every night, then you probably ate the menstrual discharge of a verminous fowl for breakfast this morning.
4. "Life is a disease of matter."—Goethe.
5. Think about geriatric sex.
6. How about the fact that four hundred million of your fellow humans believe the Pope of Rome to be infallible?
7. We are either the only intelligent life in the universe or we aren't.
8. Contemplate life after death.
9. Catch up on V.D. statistics.
10. Consult a civil-defense manual.
11. Spend some time mulling over the color illustrations in the anatomy section of your encyclopedia.
12. Richard Nixon is really a very sincere guy who is doing his best.
13. Read Paul Ehrlich. Consider the alternative; read B. F. Skinner.
14. Meditate upon the implications of great scientific breakthroughs. Copernicus: "We are nowhere near the center of the universe." Harvey: "Rivers of red goo are running through tubes inside of you. Under pressure." Pasteur: "There's a whole dog-eat-dog universe going on inside every water drop." Darwin: "Everything that has survived (including you) has done so through a combination of pure viciousness and sheer coincidence. And that's why your little toe is shrinking. Right now." Freud: "You really want to do it with your mom." Einstein: "Slowly but surely the universe is either imploding or exploding."
15. Surveys show that the typical reader of this magazine is a member of the species, the race, the sex, the nation, and the social class responsible for almost all of the world's misery.—SK

**COVER:** This month's cover is by Kelly Freas, a brilliant artist currently responsible for much of the best illustration in the science-fiction field, but probably most well known for the many cover renditions of a familiar mascot that he did during the fifties and sixties for one of the popular children's magazines of the day.

**PLUG:** Somewhere in the humor section of your local bookstore, in there with *You're a Boring Turkey*, *Charlie Brown* and *How to Be a Jewish Tennis Shoe*, is a delightful new album of cartoons by Gahan Wilson called *I Paint What I See* (Simon & Schuster, 126 pp., \$5.95). The collection includes just about every Wilson classic, and contains more downs per ounce than any of that stuff someone's friend from Omaha is selling in the park.



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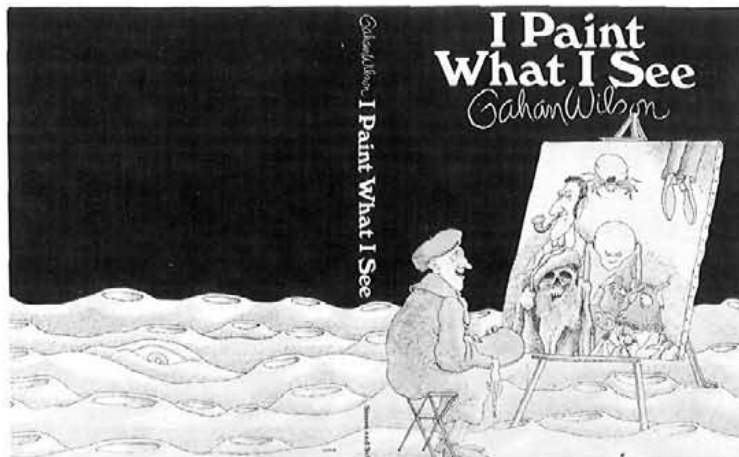
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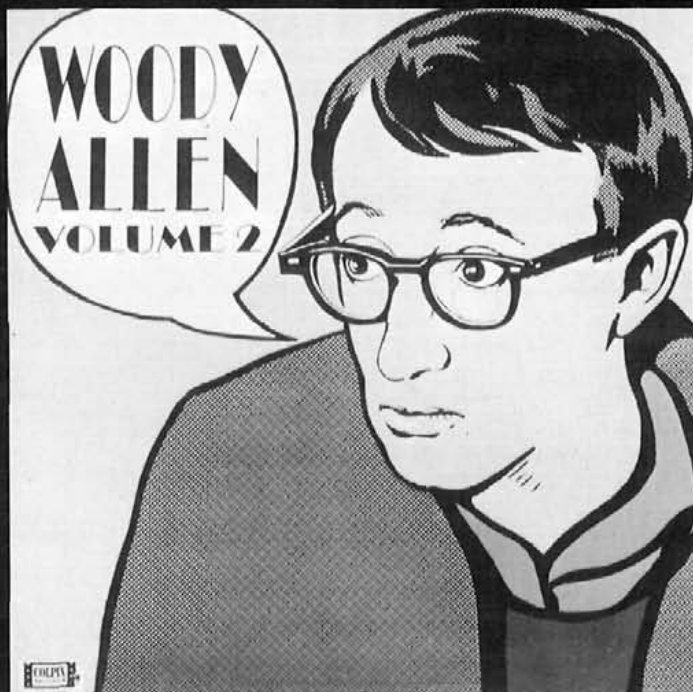
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funniest comedian convinced us to make an exception—only the fourth in over two months!

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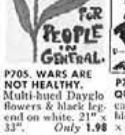
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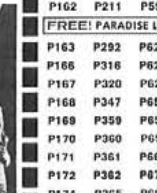
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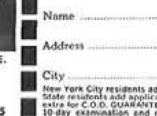
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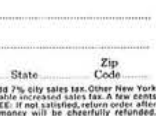
**P983. POWER PENIS.** environment!



**P983. POWER PENIS.** environment!



**P983. POWER PENIS.** environment!



**P983. POWER PENIS.** environment!



click—be with you in a second, Bebe, as soon as I figure out how to work this new Dictaphone and record a letter for my idiot secretary to send out. There, I think it's on now. Ah, Miss Conklin, when you play this tape tomorrow, please transcribe it as a letter and send it to the *National Lampoon*, and let me make it perfectly clear that there are to be no accidental omissions this time, or your services will no longer be needed here in the White House.

Sirs:  
A trusted advisor of mine had brought to my attention that your recent Pornography issue does not meet the minimum standards for decency as outlined by recent Supreme Court rulings. Because of this—ha, Miss Conklin, change that to "For this reason"—an injunction against your magazine is being prepared by the Attorney General specifically citing your obscene assertions that Mr. Rebozo and I habitually engage in—Bebe, cut that out—unnatural practices. These libelous and false assertions—c'mon Bebe, at least let me finish this letter—will also be brought to the attention of the postal authorities—Hey! You'll simply ruin my new pants. Now I mean it!—for proper disposition.

You are hereby directed to cease publication of such—oh, please stop—ridiculous and—oh oh—offensive material or face the legal consequences. Look, Bebe, will you stop fooling around? At least wait until we're in the car. Somebody might walk in. Now where was I? Ah, yes.

I must add that I, personally, find

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your publication—mmmmm—disgusting and degrading to American youth and a sign to our enemies that our moral fibre is in serious—faster, Bebe, oh faster!—question. I can promise that if you keep up this sort of—oh oh oh oh—filth, none of you will even be able to write home for money—ooooh God!—oops! Who's there? Oh, heh heh, hello Pat. Funny I didn't hear you come in. I seem to have, heh heh, dropped one of my contacts in my lap and Bebe was kindly, ah, helping me find—er, Miss Conklin, please type this up and sign it for me. Why, Pat, I've always worn contacts, didn't you—click.

Richard M. Nixon  
President of the United States  
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:  
The Specimen Procurement Department of Johns Hopkins Medical School has notified this agency that you contractually agreed to donate your body upon demise to the school in return for the sum of \$125. The contract contained the added stipulation that said donation would be delivered "in good condition." It has now come to the attention of the school that your donation returned from active service overseas missing three of its limbs and several valuable internal organs.

Of course, unless you return an equivalent percentage of the \$125 fee, you will be held in default of the contract and our agency will be forced to collect the remainder of your donation immediately.

In addition, I hope that I need not point out what effect such action would have on your permanent credit-rating, and I am sure you would not enjoy going on record as a deadbeat.

G. Reaper  
Ace Collection Agency  
Baltimore, Md.

Sirs:  
I received the delivery and it looks like dynamite stuff. He says it has a fantastic rush, but I just took some and nothing's happened yet. If we got burnt, you can bet I'll get back to the creep with all possible speeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee.

Flash Gordon  
Methuen, Mass.

Sirs:  
I shall be telling this with a sigh ages and ages hence: two roads diverged in a wood, and I—I took the one less traveled by, and that has made all the difference.

Bob Frost  
Ripton, Vt.

Sirs:  
Can you give me any information concerning the whereabouts of a Mr. Bob Frost? I had an appointment with him for yesterday afternoon a mile down the left-hand road after the fork, but he

never appeared.

This is highly unfortunate because my employer, John Beresford Tipton, had authorized me to present Mr. Frost with a cashier's check for \$1 million, the only stipulation being that Mr. Frost never reveal to anyone the identity of his benefactor.

Michael B. Anthony  
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:  
Listen, if you think I'm gonna get pinned with a manslaughter rap for accidentally running over this Frost creep, you'd better take another think. Everybody knows that the right-hand road after the fork is for trucks only, and it's on private property to boot.

That Frost character really had some nerve. Whose woods does he think these are, anyway?

Rick Hoffer  
O'Donoghue Trucking Co.  
Middlebury, Vt.

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Dear Doug and Henry,  
Just a note to say "thanks" for putting me up while I was in town and lending me the tenner for cab fare to the airport. Trip back was fine and the kids are driving me crackers asking when you'll come to visit. We'd love to have you stay for a few months next time you're coming to the Coast. I'll take the couch, so you'll have plenty of room, okay? You know my number, so call collect.

SWAK  
Howard Hughes  
Las Vegas, Calif.

Sirs:  
Hey, what is it with these high-priced fancy-schmantzy "surgeons" anyway? They'll charge ya an arm an' a leg for some so-called "operation" and tell ya about how complicated it was, what with all them "organs" sloshin' an' crowdin' around inside. Well, ya know what I think? I think the whole thing's a *big racket!*

Them lawyer types, for instance. For centuries those lawyer clowns have been makin' the laws so complicated that you gotta spend a week's pay in legal fees just t' get a mortgage or get rid of your old lady. Legally, that is.

Well, it's the same with them doctor types. For centuries they been tellin' you that your insides are all tangled up

*continued on page 13*

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## TO READ ABOUT

## A TIME

If you've seen Elliott Gould's last thirty-four pictures (all produced during the last six months) and if you've enjoyed Lennon and Brautigan and Farina. If you're *Consciousness III* and are very much into America's Greening then ask yourself this, do you know anything about yesterday? If the answer is no and if you'd like to tune in on Shaw and Mencken and Dreiser and Greta Garbo and Bogart and Chaplin and Pickford and Fairbanks, if you'd like to read about old J. P. Kennedy's personal presidential ambitions back in the thirties, if you'd like to catch up on college morals in the twenties or some brilliant fiction of the twenties and thirties by Scott Fitzgerald and Gallico and Runyon and Hecht, then get with Liberty. It's a magazine that deals only with yesterday and it's a helluva time to read about.

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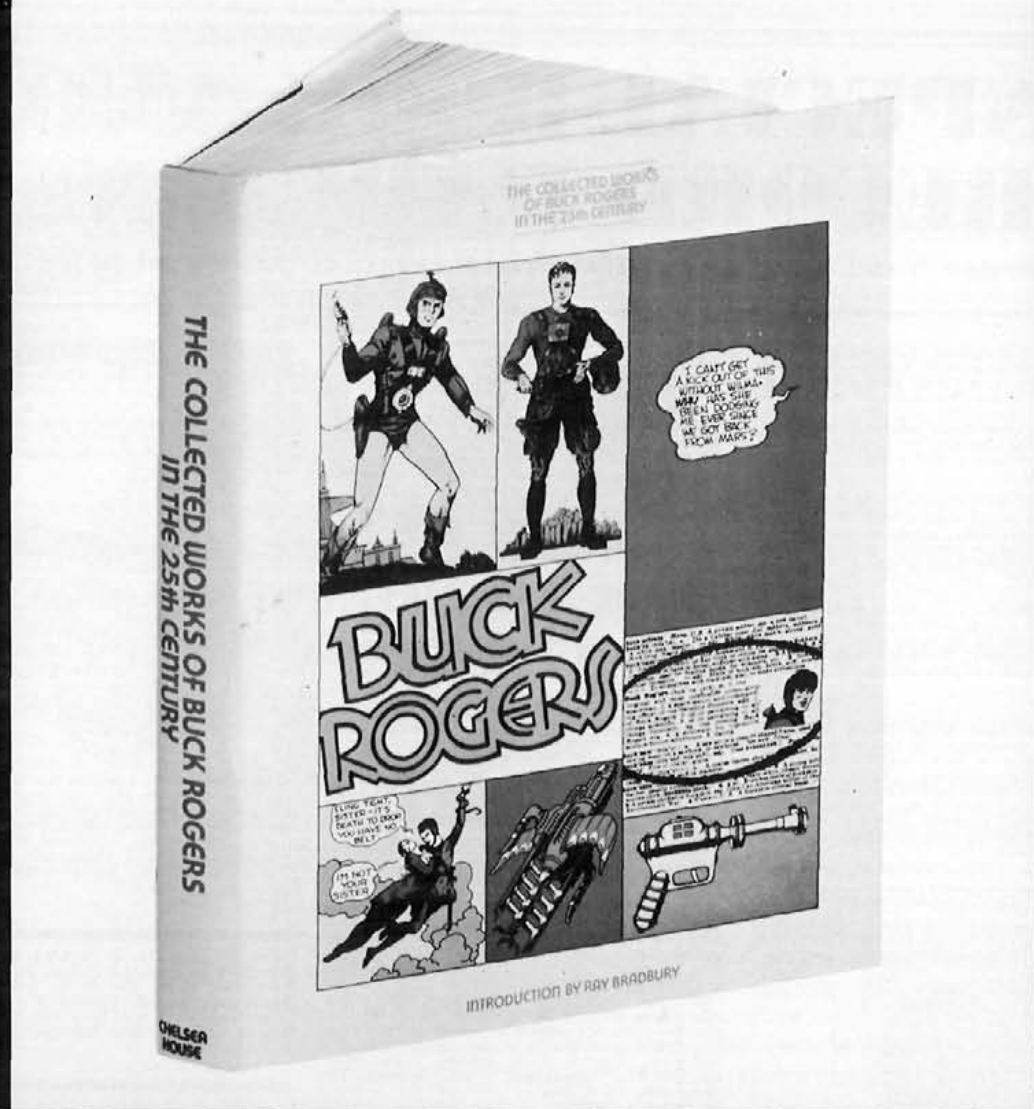
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with them screwy livers an' pancreases and all them other doodads, when the *truth* is that they ain't even there at all! Inside, humans are *solid right through*, just like baked potatoes! But them meat slicers get together an' show you all these charts of made-up plumbing inside ya just so you'll think they're doing somethin' the average Joe can't. Ha! That's a hot one!

Frinstance, my kid just came in hol-lerin' he's got a bellyache, but I ain't gonna waste my dough on some shyster for some so-called happendecktommy. Hell, I'll do it myself with power tools and save myself a wad.

Pete Szelcky  
San Quentin, Calif.

Sirs:

This letter has been around the world many times, and it brings good luck wherever it goes. *Just another get-rich-quick letter* you say? Wrong. The purpose of this letter is only to help save our environment by means of the ecologically beneficial principle of waste recycling.

As soon as you get this letter, go around your house and collect all your family's waste material, including trash, garbage, used flypaper, and—yes—even your own you-know-what. Pack it all into neat, reinforced bundles. Then, mail them C.O.D. to the first person on the list below. Make ten copies of this letter, adding an appropriate name to the bottom of the list, and send them to ten of your friends.

Don't break the chain, and act now. The planet you save may be your own.

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George Wallace  
Engelbert Humperdinck  
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Rod McKuen  
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Jim Nabors  
Richard Daley  
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Spiro Agnew  
Joey Bishop  
J. Edgar Hoover  
David Frost  
The Doublemint Twins

Sirs:

I've noticed that the *National Lampoon* writes to itself rather than printing comments from its readers. I think this is a wonderfully novel idea, and your delightful "Letters" column is consistently the funniest part of the issue.

However, one thing has been puzzling me for months. Don't you ever simply "run dry" of ideas? It must be pretty grueling coming up with this great stuff month after month. Don't you ever get the urge to just say "Fuck it," turn off the typewriter, smoke some dope, and see what's on the tube? I don't know how you do it, but I really envy your self-contr



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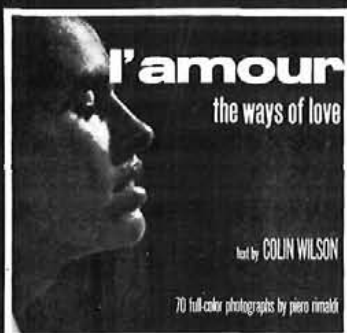
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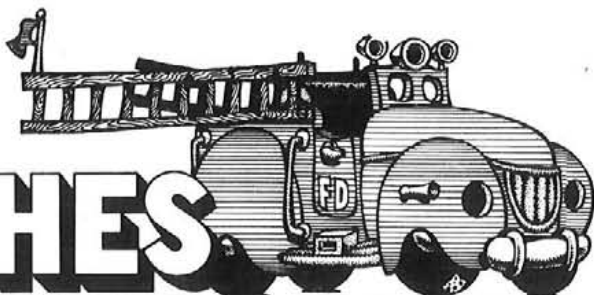
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# HOT FLASHES



**LOS ALAMOS:** Refuting charges that the inexplicable, much touted "Atoms for Peace" program has made little headway in discovering peaceful uses for atomic energy, Vice-President Agnew showed reporters the latest results of top-secret experiments involving the use of radiation on living organisms. "It may not look like much now," quipped the Vice-President, "but by 1980 we'll be able to produce Thanksgiving turkeys with more drumsticks than Gene Krupa."

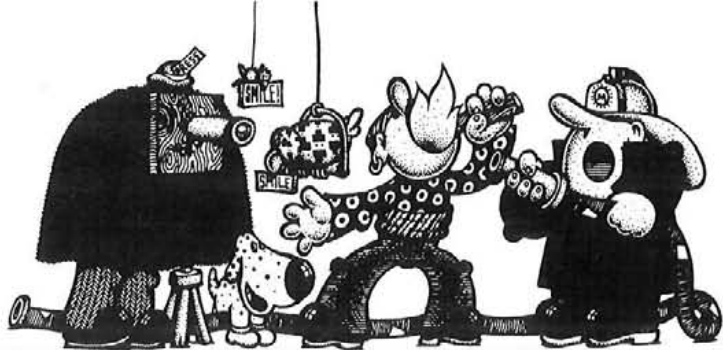


**BUFFALO:** In another diplomatic coup for the Free World, two more members of the Soviet Cultural Exchange Program defect to the U.S. Natasha and Sasha Dobronzyzy, both headliners in the touring company of the Soviet People's Believe-It-or-Else Traveling Circus, are sworn in as U.S. citizens and honorary double agents.

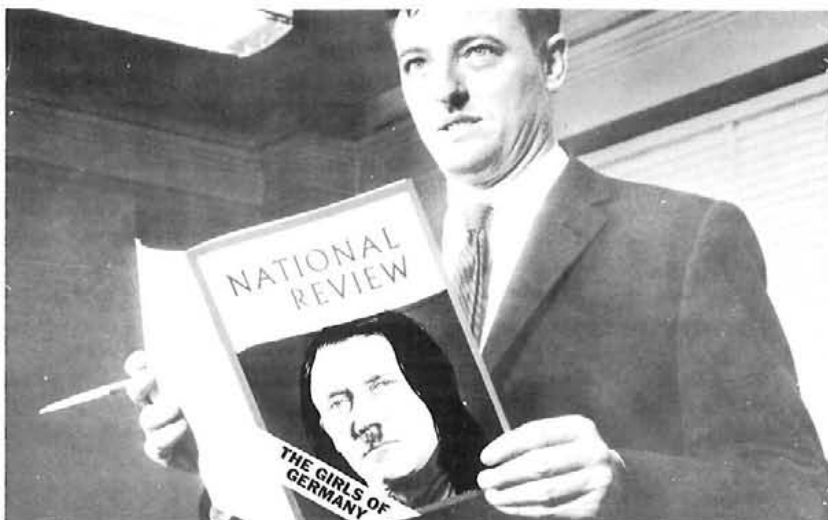


**PARIS:** Ministry of Defense spokesman Jean-Paul Poisson underlines France's growing challenge to NATO as he displays her newest jet fighter, the L-16 Super Pigeon, nicknamed "le flying crepe suzette." The unusual craft is rumored to be able to travel twice the legal speed limit, and concerned NATO officials expressed fears the plane "may shift the European balance of power, most likely to Poland."





**WASHINGTON, D.C.:** On his first day at his new post, Civil Rights Coordinator G. Hiram Lickingood strolls across Capitol Hill to his first conference with the President. Lickingood, a former community-relations director from Slipknot, Mississippi, admits that the easing of racial tensions is not an easy task but hopes, with the help of the White House, to arrive at a "workable, final solution to this here knee-grow question."



**BRISTOL, CONN.:** Conservative pundit and publisher William F. Buckley reveals a radical shift in the format of his right-wing weekly, the *National Review*, with the addition of nude photographs designed to appeal to a "young male patriot" readership. The first issue includes pix of a DAR pajama party, a photo study of Louise Day Hicks' varicose veins, and a centerfold of Claire Booth Luce giving herself a silicone injection.

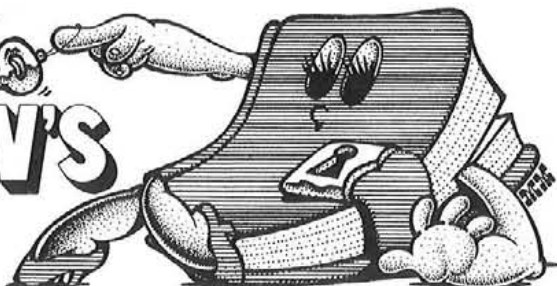


**KANSAS CITY:** Inspired by recent federal streamlining of the outmoded jury system, Dr. Leon Kirkus demonstrates a revolutionary new method of drug control he terms "preventive addiction." After injecting massive doses of pure heroin into the systems of nonaddicted subjects, Dr. Kirkus reports that his method is not only 100 percent effective but also operates on a considerable profit.



**SAIGON:** After seventeen death-dodging weeks behind enemy lines secretly entertaining allied POWs, *National Lampoon* war correspondent Mary Marshmallow enjoys a few brief moments of well-earned rest and recreation collecting rare duds in an abandoned ARVN minefield. Newswoman Marshmallow is an avid scuba diver, enjoys good books and French fries, and favors self-determination for the plucky ("and sexy!") people of South Vietnam. □

# MRS. AGNEW'S DIARY



Dear Diary,

What an informative day this has been! Even now, as Spiggy relaxes in front of the TV, watching the Colts and munching his Fritos, my head is still percolating as I scribble here in the kitchen. You see, Pat and Dick invited us to watch an actual rocket ship take off at Cape Canaveral with them today! What a thrill!

Just as we were going out the door, Helen Gurley Brown from *Cosmopolitan* magazine called up to ask me to do a human-interest story on the rocket ships, and I of course jumped at the chance—after all, Lucy Bird hadn't even finished her Famous Writers Course, and she was already on her way to big bucks in the writing game. (At least I finished, even if I didn't pass.) The only requirement for the article, Miss Brown said, was that it had to reflect the aspirations and drama of dedicated men working to conquer the stars, be four thousand words long, and have five hundred of them be "orgasm."

Finally we got to the airport, but Pat and Dick had already left for Florida and we had to take a regular flight. And that got held up, too, because Spiggy pulled his old joke of rolling up his pant legs and demanding that they let him fly on Youth Fare. Well, we were delayed for another hour while the airplane people called the police to come and X-ray Spiggy's lunch box.

At last we arrived in Florida, and I was surprised to see that Pat and Dick were still there to greet us. Apparently, Pat explained tearfully, none of the cabdrivers spoke English and they wouldn't take them to Cape Canaveral unless there were at least four in a cab. Well, Spiggy got mad, rolled up his sleeves and rolled down his pants, and grabbed the first driver he saw by the neck and told him that no spic was going to give him any guff and he'd better ondolay moocho pronto. Fortunately, the driver turned out to be that nice Dr. von Braun, who clicked his heels, dusted himself off, and explained he'd been waiting for us for two hours but hadn't recognized Dick because he remembered him as having a little toothbrush moustache.

Dick apologized and told Dr. von Braun that his country was very proud of him, and Dr. von Braun clicked his heels together again and said that was

very broadminded of Dick and shouldn't we be on our way?

In the car Spiggy explained that Dr. von Braun had been officially "kicked upstairs" and out of sight because somebody or other on the program with a good memory was always trying to give him a "low profile" with a monkey wrench.

When we got to the Cape, Dr. von Braun took us immediately to the Space Center, where they had prepared a special "space food" luncheon in our honor and gave Dick and Spiggy little plastic space hats just like the ones the astro-turfs wear. Spiggy's eyes lit up just like they do on Christmas morning or when he briefs himself on the Pornography Commission report he keeps under the mattress so-I-won't-find-out. Unfortunately, Spiggy couldn't get his space hat off again when it was time to eat, but that was just as well because all they served were these little bags of dehydrated creamed onions and cottage cheese, knowing that Dick gets queasy if he sees anybody eating anything else. I told Spiggy to put the little bags in his pocket for later because I know how it feels when guests don't clean their plates. (Bad.)

After lunch Dr. von Braun showed an interesting Walt Disney film about how American know-how and German tidiness produced the first successful spaceship (the "Me Too") and how it unfortunately missed the moon at first and occasionally hit London instead.

Anyway, when the film was over, Dr. von Braun asked us if we would like to take a close look at the spaceship itself, and Spiggy said oh boy, would I, and jumped up and down on his chair, forgetting about the little bags in his back pocket and ruining his pants. Well, I told Spiggy to get rid of the rest of them when nobody's looking and I'd walk in back of him so nobody would see his pants.

As we went up in the elevator to the top of the rocket, Dr. von Braun gave us each little tags to wear in case we got too close to the radioation and explained that this spaceship (called "Mariner Double-Zero") was supposed to go to Mars. Spiggy said, hey, I thought both we and the Russkies already had ones going there, and Dr. von Braun explained that when our first one was

sent off, somebody got cute at the party afterwards and telemetered its computer program some passages from *The Love Machine*. This one was going to go after it and try to pry it apart from the Russian ship. (I asked Spiggy if he thought that this might be a good place to mention you-know-whats for my *Cosmopolitan* article, but Spiggy said if I want to see a real you-know-what, just lean over and call Dick "Mr. President.")

When we got to the top, Spiggy insisted on looking inside the nose cone (I know what you're thinking, dear Diary, but stop worrying), and Dr. von Braun shrugged his shoulders and said you're the führer. Well, Spiggy sort of poked around in there for a while, and Dr. von Braun started getting nervous and said be careful, because the what-chamacallit in there cost \$17,000,000. Spiggy came out and said don't worry, he was only taking care of something important and why don't we go watch the launching from the blockhead.

As we walked back to the blockhead, Dick told Dr. von Braun how much he envied his work and if he hadn't gone into politics he would have liked to have been a scientist. Dr. von Braun nodded and said ja, and if I hadn't gone into der science, I would haf liked to be der Fred Astaire. Dick laughed, sort of, and clapped Dr. von Braun on the back and asked him if there had been any problems with the program that he could help iron out. Dr. von Braun said as a matter of fact, ja, because yesterday a secret L.E.M. rocket went haywire over Moscow and Premier Brezhnev may wake up to find a moon buggy in his backyard tomorrow digging up his tulips. When you get der time, Dr. von Braun chuckled, would you gif him a call und tell him dot it is only svamp gas? Dick sort of looked around to see if this was a joke, so we all laughed. Ho ho.

But don't vorry about *this* rocket, said Dr. von Braun as we neared the blockhead, vorry about dot Eisenheffer kid they got on dot missile cruiser in der Mediterranean! Der last time they let him out of his cabin, der liddle dumbkopf viped out un entire island. Ve had to tell der Italian government it vas ein "atomic meteor," und nobody is dot schtupid, not even der vops.

Spiggy, needless to say, laughed at that one. Inside the blockhead we were shown all the electric controls and flashing lights that make the rocket ship go, and I found it all extremely scientific. Dick and Pat, however, were somewhat unnerved by all the lights, which seemed to remind them of the popping of photographer's flashbulbs, because Dick kept jumping around and throwing his arms in the air, and Pat kept smiling for the cameras, which is a problem because it always takes a few minutes for her to

stretch her lips back over her teeth.

Dr. von Braun calmed them down and introduced them to some of the other scientific people, to each of whom Dick said the country was very proud, and Spiggy told me that this was indeed an important day, both for our country and for Dick. If it ever gets out that the last few "launches" were staged on a back lot at M-G-M, somebody is going to start asking questions about where all that cabbage went, and Dick and Pat will really need a spaceship.

Spiggy went off for a while to play with some buttons, and I found myself looking at one of the TV screens that was showing a 1940s gangster movie starring Broderick Crawford (as you know, dear Diary, my secret "crush") and, believe it or not, *Dick himself!* I don't have to tell you, dear Diary, how amazed I was that Dick had ever *made* a movie! I knew that Pat had been in a few "bit" parts when she was a girl (she played a buried victim in *The Last Days of Pompeii* and a floating corpse in *Atlantis*), but I was completely unaware that Dick had once "donned the tragic buskins." It was simply amazing! Dick wasn't even *half* as homely as he is now, either.

Of course, I called Dick and Pat over to see, but they just looked puzzled. Then Dr. von Braun came over and explained the little misunderstanding. What I was watching on TV wasn't a movie with Mr. Crawford and Dick at all, but a spy satellite close-up of a secret meeting between Leonid Brezhnev and Andrei Gromyko.

Well, was my face red, or what?

I "covered up" as best I could, saying, well, how about changing the channel and tuning in on Martha to see if she's going to steal my dress pattern for Pat's next Kool-Aid party, but no one had a chance to laugh because, all of a sudden, Dr. von Braun looked at Dick's little radioation tag and screamed look out, dot man ist *contaminated!* and, grabbing a fire hose off the wall, let Dick have it right in the puss.

Well, when all the screaming died down and somebody found someplace quiet for Pat to stretch her lips at least back over her gums, Dr. von Braun dried Dick off with some paper towels and apologized, saying that he forgot the little tags were also sensitive to high concentrations of creamed onions.

Dick, looking understandably a little dazed, told him not to worry and accidents will happen and the whole country was very proud of him and wasn't it funny that the statute of limitations for the Nuremberg trials had recently been declared invalid. Dr. von Braun mumbled something about lift-off time and slunk away, but Spiggy scurried after him, although *his* words were garbled, too, because of his space hat.

Everybody gathered around the TV screens, and Spiggy kept insisting that he got to push *this* button, since Dick gets to push the *other* one. So, finally, Dr. von Braun said okay and told him to count down. The bustling activity ceased, and, in the silence that hovered over the entire blockhead, Spiggy's voice was heard . . . 10 . . . 9 . . . 7 . . . 8 . . . 6 . . . 5 . . . 3 . . . 4 . . . 2 . . . 1 . . . oops!

It seems Spiggy pushed the wrong button, because instead of showing the missile, the TVs had switched to Walter Cronkite. Spiggy screamed something simply terrible and yelled they ought to put *that* sonofabitch in the goddamn nose cone and punched another button that turned all the lights out. (In the confusion that followed, dear Diary, somebody snuck up behind me and gave me a playful little goose, but by the time I swung my pocketbook across my shoulder, the unknown scamp was gone in the blackness, leaving only an odd odor in the air not unlike creamed onions.) Anyway, by the time the lights were back on, Spiggy had finally bumped into the right button and the rocket ship was on its way through the heavens. Or, at least, it wasn't where it was a few minutes before.

Well, to make a long story short, the three of us finally found ourselves on the plane chatting our way back to Washington (Pat locked herself in the

little-girls' room to put the finishing touches on her lips), and Spiggy was in fine spirits. Actually, Dick had little to say, except to tell the stewardesses that the whole country was very proud of them, but he perked up considerably when Spiggy mentioned that Dr. von Braun had said that it appeared that the sun was going to explode and blow the earth to sauerbraten. Instantly, Dick's eyes bulged out and he started gurgling and clutching at his throat, but Spiggy chuckled and said relax, Dr. von Braun guaranteed it wasn't going to happen before '76.

Well, to try to make a long story short once more, it was the end of a perfect day. Spiggy says this new gismo he found lying around in the rocket has better reception than the old TV, and, as a matter of fact, it's picking up a Colts game that isn't going to be played for three months.

Well, dear Diary, it isn't for me to understand this wonderful electric age we live in, but I wonder if the gadget Spiggy "found" doesn't have something to do with the news report Mr. Cronkite read today about the Mars rocket. He says that it hasn't detected people there yet or anything like that, but if there are any, they certainly are fond of creamed onions and cottage cheese.

All for now,

*Judy*

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# NEWS OF THE MONTH



In advertising "blitzes" every bit as tasteful and alluring as Lufthansa's current "Route of the Red Baron" campaign, several other German companies have adopted slogans calculated to cash in on the immense nostalgia connected with the wild and wacky War years, including: Mercedes Benz, "the luxury motorcar that takes curves the way the Panzers took Poland"; German National Railways, "the route of the human cattle trains"; Löwenbräu, "the beer of the Brown Shirts—one glass and you're ready to make your own putsch"; Braun kitchen appliances: "Eva wasn't the only Braun in the bunker"; and Blue Nun Liebfraumilch, "the wine that made the Gestapo click their heels."

The U.S. Coast Guard has reported sighting a twenty-six-mile-long water slick several miles off Santa Barbara, California. The transparent and slightly salty fluid—which one observer described as "greenish-blue with occasional flecks of white"—apparently welled up from a subterranean spring on the sea floor, possibly as the result of a minor earthquake. Coast Guard officials feel that unless there is a sudden change of wind, the giant slick poses no danger to the delicate rust-prone machinery commonly found along the coast, and at present they do not plan to try to break it up with detergents or other chemicals.

In what appears to be another grisly mass

murder, investigators have unearthed the mutilated bodies of 346,782 Vietnamese buried in unmarked graves throughout South Vietnam. The victims, most of whom were refugees and thus apparently not missed, were reportedly killed by a variety of methods, including machine-gunning, bombing, and burning to death, and have been dead anywhere from a few weeks to six years. Some were found in mass graves, but most were buried singly, and searchers are concentrating their efforts on shell holes, bomb craters, and other depressions where the majority of the corpses have been discovered. A spokesman conceded that it was impossible to estimate how many bodies there might be in all. There have been no arrests as yet, but, according to individuals on the scene, there is a suspect.

The conspiracy trial of the Riga 4, the latest in a series of such extravaganzas that began with the sentencing of the Leningrad 9 earlier this year, has entered its third month in the Soviet Union, and, apart from its political interest, the trial has offered observers in the United States, particularly in the Justice Department, an opportunity to observe a well-run judiciary handling the worldwide problem of dissident "hooligans" (similar to our "bums" and "radicals"). Among the many advantages of the Russian system:

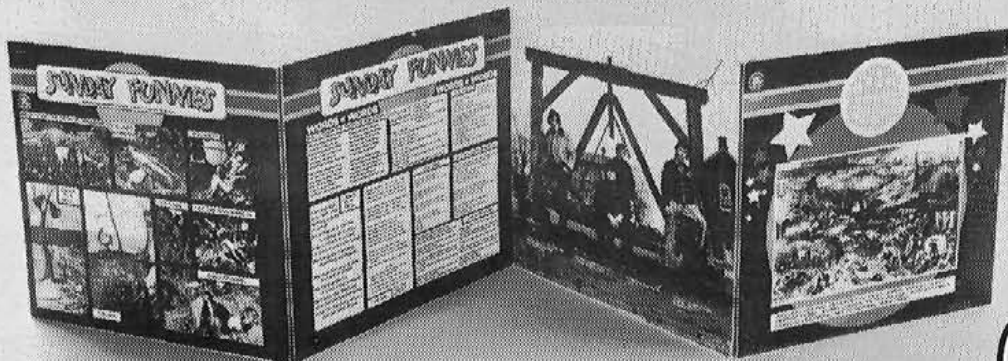
1. There is no jury, thus eliminating the chance of defendants being freed, as

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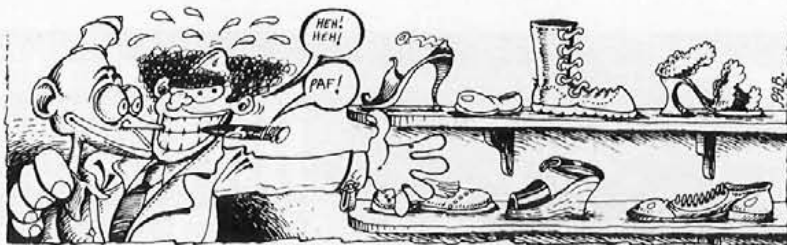
Bobby Seale was, by irresponsible and untrained citizens with no commitment to law and order.

- The public is not allowed in courtrooms, and hence no unsightly outbursts mar the proceedings as they did in Chicago.
- The law under which the defendants are usually tried—anti-Soviet behavior—gets right to the heart of the matter without confusing legalisms or loopholes.
- Protests by sympathizers are dealt with firmly. First offenders are beaten to a pulp. Second offenders are shot. Repeated offenders are shot several times.
- Outdated delaying tactics so favored by liberal defense attorneys, such as bail, habeas corpus, mistrial, appeal, disqualification of judges, acquittal, and change of venue are not permitted.
- The defendants are found guilty before the trial at a smaller, more private hearing attended by cool-headed, responsible government officials free from the distracting influence of public opinion.
- There is no damaging press coverage. There is no press at all.
- Judges are made more responsive to the needs of the people by clear, unambiguous threats on their lives and families.

Read the following paragraph carefully and then answer the questions:

The inhabitants of the farming towns on the slopes of Italy's Mt. Etna managed for the second time this century to save their villages from destruction by halting the flow of lava from the erupting volcano with appeals to their patron saint and a show of religious relics at the edge of the lava flow. Meanwhile, the citizens of the tiny Mediterranean island of Linosa were unable to stop the Italian government from depositing on their island a goatload of exiled *mafiosi* and ended up fleeing their homes.

- Are *mafiosi* worse than lava?
- Could the Linosans have stopped the *mafiosi* with saints' relics?
- How about garlic, silver crosses, and mirrors?
- Well, then, how about just silver crosses and mirrors?
- Do you believe there is a Mafia?
- Do you believe there are volcanoes?
- Which would you rather live near, an erupting volcano or a Mafia Capo?
- Which would you rather have come into your neighborhood, a stream of lava or Tony Gambino?
- Which is the accident most likely to befall the author of this piece—falling into a volcano or drowning in a bizarre boating accident?



## 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 *Natlamp* Special Stoned Section, Hermann Hesse's *Siddhartha* Classic Comic, Madison Avenue, Marijuana Packs, and the 1971 *Rolling Stone* parody ("Mozart, We'll Miss You!")

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

**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 Booblegum 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 Macrobots, and Toilets of the Extraterrestrials.

**JUNE, 1971/RELIGION:** Listen, it's getting to be a real pain in the ass coming up with kicky lead-ins to stuff like *Natlamp's* *Inferno*, *Magik Made E-Z*, *The Prophet* by Kahilil Gibrish, *I Dreamed I Was There* in *Overdose* Heaven, and Buckminster Fuller-Charles Reich-Marshall McCluhan-Kate Millet Utopia Four Comix.

**JULY, 1971/PORNOGRAPHY:** Get it up, off, and out of your system with *My Secret Life* by David Eisenhower, *The Breast Game*, *Dirty Dick & Jane*, *Filthy Sherlock Holmes*, *Are You a Homo?* and *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex (Aren't You Sorry You Asked)*.

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With our Club there are no cards which you must return to prevent shipment of unwanted LPs or tapes (which you would have to return at your own expense if you have failed to send written notice not to ship). We send only what you order.

### HOW CAN WE BREAK ALL RECORD AND TAPE CLUB RULES?

We are the only major record and tape club NOT OWNED... NOT CONTROLLED... NOT SUBSIDIZED by any record or tape manufacturer anywhere. Therefore, we are not obliged by company policy to push any one label. Nor are we prevented by distribution commitments from offering the very newest LPs and tapes.

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Join RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA now and take advantage of this special Introductory Membership Offer. Choose any 3 LPs or any 1 tape shown here (worth up to \$20.94) and mail coupon with check or money order for \$5.00 membership fee (a small handling and mailing fee for your free

LPs or tapes will be sent later). If you can't find 3 LPs or 1 tape here, you can defer your selection and choose from expanded list later. This entitles you to LIFETIME MEMBERSHIP—and you never pay another club fee. Your savings have already more than made up for the nominal membership fee.

### NOW YOU CAN CHARGE IT

If you prefer, you may charge your membership to one of your credit cards. We honor four different plans. Check your preference and fill-in your account number on the coupon.

### LOOK WHAT YOU GET

- **FREE Lifetime Membership Card**—guarantees you brand new LPs and tapes at discounts up to 79%... Never less than 1/3 off.
- **FREE Giant Master LP and Tape Catalog**—lists all readily available LPs and tapes (cartridges and cassettes) of all labels (including foreign)... all musical categories.
- **FREE Disc and Tape Guide**—The Club's own Magazine, and special Club sale announcements which regularly bring you news of just-issued new releases and "extra discount" specials.
- **FREE ANY 3 Stereo LPs or any 1 Tape** shown here (worth up to \$20.94) with absolutely no obligation to buy anything ever!

### GUARANTEED INSTANT SERVICE

All LPs and tapes ordered by members are shipped same day received (orders from the Master Catalog may take a few days longer). ALL RECORDS AND TAPES GUARANTEED—factory new and completely satisfactory or replacements will be made without question.

### MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

If you aren't absolutely delighted with our discounts (up to 79%)—return items within 10 days and membership fee will be returned AT ONCE! Join over one and one-half million budget-wise record and tape collectors now.

## TYPICAL "EXTRA DISCOUNT" SALE

\$4.98 LPs average as low as \$1.96  
\$5.98 LPs average as low as \$2.25  
\$6.98 LPs average as low as \$2.56

Savings of 63% or more from recent Club sales up to \$4.42 per LP. Start these giant savings now... not after you fulfill your obligation like the other clubs.

	Label	List Price	Average Club Price
Andy Williams—Love Story	Colum	5.98	2.25
Anne Murray	Capit	5.98	2.25
Ed Ames—This Is	RCA	6.98	2.56
2001—A Space Odyssey	MGM	6.98	2.56
Mary Travers—Mary	Warner	4.98	1.96
Creedence Clearwater			
Revival—Pendulum	Fanta	4.98	1.96
Miles Davis—Bitches Brew	Colum	5.98	2.25
Love Story—Soundtrack	Param	5.98	2.25
Perry Como—It's Impossible	RCA	5.98	2.25
Bloodrock—3	Capit	5.98	2.25

## NOW YOU CAN CHARGE IT, TOO!



RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA  
CLUB HEADQUARTERS  
YORK, PENNSYLVANIA 17405 VO23A

Yes—Rush me a lifetime Membership Card, Free Giant Master LP & Tape Catalog, and Disc & Tape Guide at this Special Membership Offer. Also send me the 3 FREE LPs or 1 FREE TAPE which I have indicated below (with a bill for a small mailing and handling charge). I enclose my \$5.00 lifetime membership fee. This entitles me to buy any LPs or tapes at discounts up to 79%, plus a small mailing and handling charge. I am not obligated to buy any records or tapes—no yearly quota. If not completely delighted I may return items above within 10 days for immediate refund of membership fee.

### 3 FREE LPs

### OR 1 FREE TAPE

- 8 track  
 cassette  
or  Defer Selection—send expanded list.

Mr. \_\_\_\_\_  
Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_  
Miss \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

All Servicemen write Soc. Sec. # \_\_\_\_\_

**CHARGE IT** to my credit card. I am charging my \$5.00 membership (mailing and handling fee for each FREE LP and tape selected will be added).

Check one:  Diners Club  Master Charge  
 American Express  BankAmericard

Acct. # \_\_\_\_\_ Expiration Date \_\_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

Canadians: mail coupon to above address. Orders to be serviced from Canada.

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RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA—The World's Lowest Priced Record and Tape Club



## DEPRESSED? GET FAST RELIEF WITH NATIONAL LAMPOON!

Do you suffer from stiffening of the extremities? embarrassing odor? itchy, flaky skin sloughing off in handfuls? that tired, washed-up feeling? Check with your doctor. You may be a victim of the heartbreak of necrosis, known to medical science as clinical death. If so, read no further! It's too late for you. But if you're suffering from any of a long list of lesser disorders, including Spiorrhea, inflation, Indochina, narkosis, painful swelling of the left wing, irritation of the lower tax bracket, or just the drip, drip, drip of Richard Nixon, *National Lampoon* may be what you're looking for. Of course, there is no cure for these puzzling maladies, but doctors know that the capital of Delaware is Dover, and in a recent survey nine out of the ten individuals polled recommended *National Lampoon* for people who read humor magazines. Why? Because *National Lampoon* has been shown to be an effective, laughter-producing humorfrice, providing transitory relief in some mild cases of simple depression. You see, because it's Boffered, *National Lampoon* goes to work instantly, carrying pain-relieving Lafrin® throughout your entire body. In most cases, readers report a prompt reduction of their symptoms within minutes! So why suffer needlessly? Stay out of the draft, watch between-meal "downs," and read *National Lampoon* regularly. Available by mail in one-, two-, and three-year supplies and on most newsstands without subscription.

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Barbra Streisand on Trial TV Guide for Lightbrows

**NATIONAL LAMPOON**

SEARCHING FOR THE BEST OF THE BEST  
Leonardo da Vinci's Undiscovered Notebook



The National Lampoon, Dept. NL871  
635 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022

Rush me your remarkable product in the quantities I have indicated below.

I enclose check  money order

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

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Please be sure to include your correct zip-code number.





Feb 15<sup>th</sup>



JUST ONE SLUG IN THE FOOT AND I'M ON MY WAY HOME!



WRITTEN BY MICHAEL O'DONOGHUE AND GEORGE W.S. TROW ILLUSTRATED BY CRAG W. GRANITE

FEATURING THE FIGHTIN' FOUR

CHAPLAIN TERRENCE O'FLAHERTY



LUCKY



DIGGER



DAKOTA



FRANCIS XAVIER



THE DARK at the END of the TUNNEL

# Lt. Calley's KILL THE CHILDREN FEDERATION



Dear Concerned Citizen,

This is Xena Puento. Xena is nine years old. She has never seen a glass of milk. Xena and her mother live in an abandoned packing crate on the outskirts of Manila, just one of thousands of deprived and impoverished families trapped by illiteracy, educational deficiency, unemployment, and disease. For just \$15, I can shoot Xena in the head and toss her into a mass grave. But I need your help. Guns, bullets, and bulldozers cost money. While the need is great, the available funds are small.

There used to be no hope for Xena and those like her. They were doomed to a life of misery without chance of escape. But now your donation can provide that chance. Only \$15 enables you to select your child from a score of countries overseas and areas at home. Soon you will receive a photograph of your child's resting place and an actual death certificate filled out by authorized U.S. personnel. An additional contribution of \$5 will provide a small marker; \$10 buys a wreath; \$25 pays for a handsome urn; and \$180 covers the cost of perpetual care.

Don't you think little Xena has suffered enough? Then act today and complete the sponsorship application below.

Thanks so much!

Sincerely,

Lt. William Calley, Ret.

#### Partial list of national sponsors and foster soldiers

Joey Heatherton  
Brig. Gen. John W. Donaldson  
Sen. Mendel Rivers  
Morey Amsterdam  
Walter Brennan  
Capt. Ernest Medina  
Mr. & Mrs. Samuel Yorty  
George Jessel  
Sen. James O. Eastland  
Kate Smith

#### Available countries and areas

Taiwan  
Peru  
Korea  
Iran  
The Philippines  
Bolivia  
Ecuador  
Brazil  
S. Vietnam  
Kurdistan  
Mexico  
Lebanon  
Hong Kong  
Paraguay  
Syria  
Africa  
USA—  
Appalachia  
Watts  
Bedford Stuyvesant  
American Indian reservation  
and migrant camps



A division of the  
Foster Soldiers' Plan, Inc.

We're not trying to destroy the world. Just a little piece of it.

Lt. Calley's Kill the Children Federation  
A division of the Foster Soldiers' Plan, Inc.  
Box 711  
Fort Benning, Georgia 23409

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

If for a group, please specify \_\_\_\_\_  
(church, class, club,  
school, business, etc.)

Registered (VFA-0880) with the U.S. GOVERNMENT'S ADVISORY COMMITTEE ON VOLUNTARY FOREIGN AID. Contributions are tax-deductible.

I wish to sponsor the death of a

boy  girl in \_\_\_\_\_  
(name of country)

I am enclosing \$15 to cover cost of expungement & burial.

Choose a child from an area of greatest need.

I am enclosing an additional \$ \_\_\_\_\_ to pay for  
(marker, wreath, urn, p. care)

I cannot sponsor the death of a child, but want to give \$ \_\_\_\_\_.

Please send me more information.

NL-7-71

THIS IS THE SAGA OF THE FIGHTIN' FOUR DOMINO BROTHERS, EVEN AS MERE TOTS, A PROUD HERITAGE BECKONED...

WHEN I GROW UP, I'M GONNA BE A SOLDIER JUST LIKE DADDY WAS, AND UNCLE ANGELO, AND UNCLE TONY, AND UNCLE RAPHAEL, AND...

ME TOO!

YOU BET!

THOSE FOUR DOMINO BROTHERS BATTLE LIKE BOBCATS!

HOW DID IT START?

AND HOW!

LATER, IN HIGH SCHOOL...

HAVE A KNUCKLE SANDWICH, FRUITCAKE!

SOME WISEACRE QUESTIONED OUR RIGHT TO INVADE THE DOMINICAN REPUBLIC!

THE DAY AFTER GRADUATION...

WE'D LIKE TO ENLIST, SIR!

SOON, WITH BOOT CAMP BEHIND THEM, THEY SHIP OUT FOR NAM...

WE'LL SHOW THOSE MOON-FACES A THING OR TWO, HUH, GUYS?

THE FOLLOWING WEEK, IN THE DRAGON'S TAIL, A SLEAZY SAIGON NIGHT SPOT, THEY MAKE A PACT...

IF WE EVER GET THROUGH THIS THING ALIVE, LET'S MEET BACK HERE IN TWO YEARS... JUNE 26, 1971! WHAT DO YA SAY?

COUNT ME IN!

YOU BET!

THEY SHAKE ON IT...

DEW, JOE? FIFTY CENT! STONED FOR CHEAP!

ME TOO!

SUNBEAM TOASTER! ONLY FIVE DOLLAR!

HEY YANK! YOU WANT BROW JOB? I DO FOR TWO DOLLAR AND PACK OF VIRGINIA SRIMS!

YOU GET CHOICE NOT CHANCE



JOIN THE NEW Action

NOW, ALMOST TWO YEARS LATER...



HEY, LUCKY! WHAT'LL I DO WITH THESE NINE HUNDRED CASES OF JACK DANIELS?

JUS' DROP 'EM OFF AT MY HOUSE, MAJOR!

CHECKING HIS EXPENSIVE SWISS CALENDAR WATCH...

I'D BETTER MOVE MY ASS IF I EXPECT TO KEEP THE FACT...

TO THE AIRPORT! PLENTY CHOP-CHOP!

WITHIN THE HOUR, LUCKY AND HIS TWO BODYGUARDS ARE WINGING THEIR WAY TO SAIGON IN HIS PRIVATE PLANE, A BIRTHDAY GIFT FROM A LEADING MANUFACTURER OF SPORTS EQUIPMENT....

ACTUALLY, GETTING ASSIGNED TO THE PX WAS THE BEST BREAK I EVER GOT! NOW I OWN MY OWN HOUSE, A NEW CAR, A COLOR TELEVISION SET, THREE GAS STATIONS, A THIRTY-FOOT SLOOP, AN EIGHTEEN-HOLE GOLF COURSE, A HOTEL, SEVEN NIGHTCLUBS, TWO RESTAURANTS, 83 WHOREHOUSES, AND A CONSTRUCTION COMPANY! GOSH, IT'LL BE GOOD TO SEE THE GUYS! I WONDER HOW THEY DID?



AT THAT VERY MOMENT, DIGGER IS IN THE THICK OF BATTLE....



OOOOH, WOW... JUST GROOVE ON THOSE COLORS! FAN-FUCKING-TASTIC!

SUDDENLY, THE SMOKE CLEARS AND A CONG COMMANDO OPENS UP...



DON'T HARM THE TREES, MY FRIEND! THE TREES ARE BEAUTIFUL!

TAKKA! TAKKA!

THEY LOVE YOU!

THEK! THEK! THEK!



PARDON ME, BUT I MUST LEAVE NOW TO MEET MY BROTHERS, NEVER FORGETTING, OF COURSE, THAT, IN A LARGER SENSE, ALL MEN ARE BROTHERS ON THIS ISLAND EARTH, IF WE ARE TO SURVIVE, WE MUST LOVE ONE ANOTHER AND WE MUST CHERISH EACH BIRD, EACH FLOWER, EVEN I.

THE MORE WE LOVE, THE MORE WE SURVIVE. WE MUST LOVE EACH OTHER AND WE MUST CHERISH EACH BIRD, EACH FLOWER, EVEN I.

IN EUROPE, DAKOTA ADDRESSES THE TROOPS....

NI KAN SÄNDA!

GREETINGS, DUPES OF THE IMPERIALIST WAR MACHINE! THIS IS STOCKHOLM STAN PLAYING YOUR FAVORITE SONGS AND ADVISING YOU TO LAY DOWN YOUR ARMS AND RETURN TO YOUR LOVED ONES. AND NOW, HERE'S JAMES TAYLOR SINGING "MUD SLIDE SLIM"!



SINKING INTO REVERIE, DAKOTA RECALLS THE EVENTS THAT BROUGHT HIM TO SWEDEN. IT ALL STARTED THE DAY LT. ADDISON DECIDED TO TAKE THE MACHINE-GUN NEST....

OKAY, MEN! NOW HERE'S THE WAY WE DO IT! FEINBERG, MEZOUROUSKY AND JOHNSON, YOU CUT TO THE LEFT!

DONAHUE, DOMINO, AND BILLY RAY, YOU CUT TO THE RIGHT. AT MY SIGNAL, WE RUSH IT. EVERYBODY SET?

SURE!

CHECK!

RIGHT!



LET'S GO!

BLAM!  
BLAM!  
BLAM!  
BLAM!  
BLAM!

SHEE-IT!

GUESS SOME O' DEM VEET-CONG DONE GONE AN' SHOT DE LEW-TINENT!



THAT AFTERNOON, ALL 6 WENT OVER THE HILL....

DOWN A HOMESTEAD ON THE FARM....

NILS! I HAVE TO GO TO SAIGON TOMORROW! SET IT UP WITH THE GRAPE-VINE, WOULD YOU?



WHILE, IN A SHADOWY ALLEY ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF SAIGON...

EXCUSE ME, BUDDY! BUDDY? LISTEN, I — WAIT A SECOND! LISTEN, I BLEW ALL MY PAY AND I NEED A FIX REAL — WAIT! HOLD IT! LISTEN, I....



HOWEVER, THAT EVENING....

AAAAHHHH! THAT'S ALL FRANCIS XAVIER DOMINO NEEDED TO PUT HIM IN SHAPE FOR TOMORROW!



THE NEXT DAY, THE DOMINO BROTHERS ARE REUNITED AT LAST.



THE DRINKS ARE ON ME! I OWN THE PLACE NOW!

FAR-FUCKING-OUT!

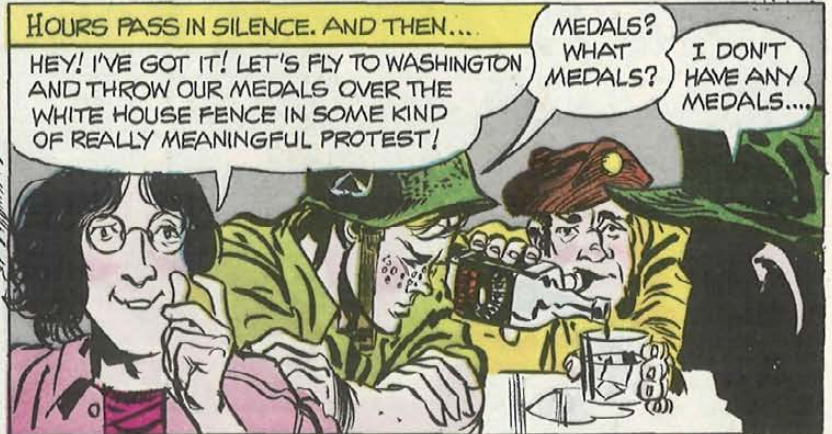
...IT'S GETTING HARDER AND HARDER TO FIND THE VEINS!

TOOL OF THE POWER-BROKERS!



FINALLY...

...I GUESS IT DIDN'T WORK OUT THE WAY WE THOUGHT IT WOULD!



HOURS PASS IN SILENCE. AND THEN...

HEY! I'VE GOT IT! LET'S FLY TO WASHINGTON AND THROW OUR MEDALS OVER THE WHITE HOUSE FENCE IN SOME KIND OF REALLY MEANINGFUL PROTEST!

MEDALS? WHAT MEDALS?

I DON'T HAVE ANY MEDALS...



I CAN GET YA' ALL THE MEDALS YA' WANT, KID! BRONZE STAR, SILVER STAR, OAK-LEAF CLUSTERS, D.S.C., CONGRESSIONAL MEDAL OF HONOR...

WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?



THE FIGHTIN' FOUR SWING INTO ACTION...

...VICTORIA CROSS, CROIX DE GUERRE, BLUE MAX...

CATCH, SOLDIER BOYS! PRESENT FOR YOU MAMA!



VA VLOOM!

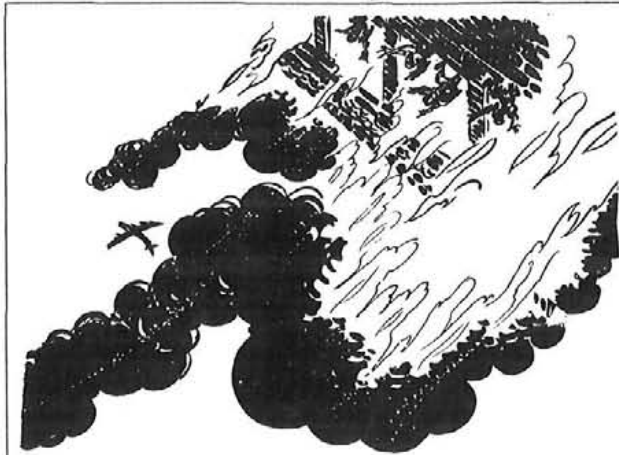
TO BE CONTINUED...

1. The interrogator who throws five prisoners in five seconds takes  $1\frac{1}{4}$  seconds between throws, since there are four intervals between the first and last throws. The other interrogator requires ten seconds for nine intervals, or  $1\frac{1}{9}$  seconds between throws. Therefore, the second interrogator will take less time to throw twelve suspected Vietcong prisoners from the helicopter— $12\frac{2}{9}$  seconds compared with  $13\frac{3}{4}$  seconds. 2. Nothing at all! Since the children were orphans, they have no families to receive condolence payments, thus saving the U.S. taxpayer \$34.80. 3. According to an official Pentagon body count, there are 381.

Answers



3. How many dead Vietcong can you find in this picture?



2. On July 3, 1966, the *New York Times* reported: "United States Air Force lawyers made condolence payments of 33 piasters (about 30 cents) this weekend to each of the families of seven children killed accidentally by an Air Force weapon..." "At this rate, how many piasters would the lawyers have to pay if a B-52 napalmed a South Vietnamese orphanage and wiped out 116 children?"



1. Two Green Beret interrogators are hovering in a helicopter eleven thousand feet over Thung Duc with a number of suspected Vietcong prisoners. The first interrogator can throw five suspected Vietcong prisoners from the helicopter in five seconds. The second interrogator can throw ten suspected Vietcong prisoners from the helicopter in ten seconds. Which interrogator can throw twelve suspected Vietcong prisoners from the helicopter in the shortest time?

**Mysteries of the East**  
Featuring Riddles, Posers,  
Brain Teasers, & Conundrums!

**TRY THESE ON FOR SIZE, YANKEE PIG!**

**PUZZLE PAGES!**



## Brief Idea of the Game

**THE IDEA OF THE GAME** is to RENT slum apartments so that the one who stays out of Jail, and "alive," longest becomes the eventual WINNER. Starting from the WELFARE OFFICE, players move Tokens around the Board according to the throw of Dice. When a player's Token lands on a space NOT already Rented by another player, he must Rent it from IZZY SCHWARTZ; if he does not have enough money to pay the Rent, he is "evicted" and sent to Jail. Rentals are paid only once, unless IZZY SCHWARTZ decides to erect Tenements or Welfare Hotels on the property, in which case he may levy "Rent Increases." To raise money, players may force Izzy to abandon a property they are Renting and collect part of their Rental payment back. However, from then on, any player who lands on the abandoned property must pay the Rent AND the amount of the Rent rebate or go to Jail. When a player's Token lands on a property Rented by another player, he must "sleep in the urine-soaked hallway," and the player Renting the property can "mug" him. Players MAY NOT Rent apartments in Georgetown, Brookline, Grosse Point, Beverly Hills, or Greenwich. When a player's Token lands on one of these spaces, he must roll the Dice again: if any combination adding up to 7 appears, he is "shot on sight" and retired from the game; if any other number comes up, he is "brutally beaten" and sent to Jail. Community Control and Check Cashing Co. spaces require the draw of a Card, instructions on which must be followed. Sometimes players get sent to Jail! Sometimes they are the victims of senseless slayings! The game is one of hopeless misery and constant degradation!

## Rules

**EQUIPMENT** consists of the BOARD with spaces indicating Avenues, Streets, Bus Lines, Utilities, Rewards, and Penalties over which the players' Tokens are moved. There are two DICE; various TOKENS, including the Vietnam Veteran, the Addict, the Dropout, the Prostitute, and the Hardened Criminal; TENEMENTS and WELFARE HO-

TELS; and two sets of cards for CHECK CASHING CO. and COMMUNITY CONTROL. There are LEASES and TICKETS for Properties and Bus Lines, and MONEY, consisting of Welfare Checks and Food Stamps.

**PREPARATION.** Place the Board on a dirty floor, putting the Check Cashing Co. cards and Community Control cards facedown on their allotted spaces on the Board. Each player is provided with one Token to represent him as he moves around the Board and Money to spend (see MONEY). All other equipment is given to IZZY SCHWARTZ. One of the players is then appointed IZZY SCHWARTZ (see IZZY SCHWARTZ).

**MONEY.** Each player is given a Welfare Check for \$229.37 and \$500 in Food Stamps. All remaining Money goes to IZZY SCHWARTZ.

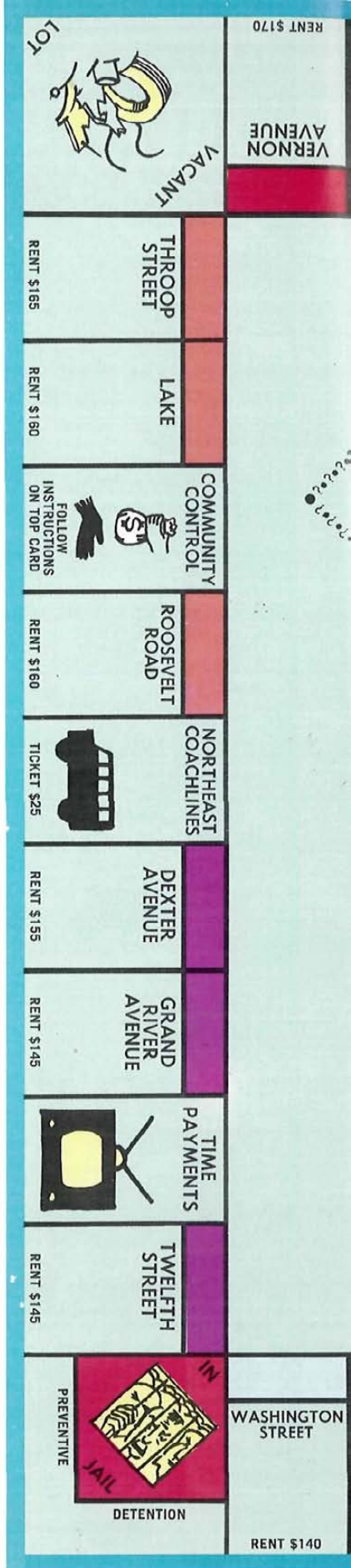
**TO START THE GAME.** The Tokens are placed in the Welfare Office, and each player in turn rolls the Dice, moving his Token the number of spaces indicated by the Dice. According to the space that his Token reaches, a player may have to pay Rent, buy a bus ticket, draw a Community Control card, etc. If a player throws doubles, he goes immediately to Jail.

**WELFARE PAYMENTS** (THE "WELFARE OFFICE"). In the course of the game, players will circle the Board several times. Each time a player's Token passes the WELFARE OFFICE, he receives a "monthly" Welfare Check for \$229.37. He receives this allotment regardless of whether he lands on the WELFARE OFFICE square or passes over it, but the Welfare Check CANNOT BE USED to pay Rents or any other levies until it is cashed. Welfare Checks can only be cashed when the player lands on a Check Cashing Co. square, at which time he receives \$200 in Food Stamps and draws a Check Cashing Co. card.

**LANDING ON UNRENTED PROPERTY.** When a player lands on an unrented property (i.e., a property space for which no other player holds the Lease), the player must pay Izzy the Rent indicated on the property space, or, if Tenements or Welfare Hotels have been

*continued*

by John Weidman





CHEC CASHIN	CENTRAL AVENUE	EAST 103RD STREET	GREYHOUND BUS LINES	116TH STREET	LENOX AVENUE	DRUG HABIT	125TH STREET
RENT \$170	RENT \$175	TICKET \$25	RENT \$180	RENT \$180	RENT \$180	RENT \$185	RENT \$185



# WELFARE MONOPOLY

COMMUNITY CONTROL  
 1-800-777-7777

CHECK CASHING CO.  
 1-800-777-7777

GEORGETOWN	BROOKLINE	COMMUNITY CONTROL FOLLOW INSTRUCTIONS ON TOP CARD	GROSSE POINTE	TRAILWAYS BUS LINES TICKET \$25	CHECK CASHING CO. \$	BEVERLY HILLS	LOAN SHARK	GREENWICH
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COLUMBIA ROAD	BLUE HILL AVENUE	PUBLIC SERVICE BUS LINES	NEGATIVE INCOME TAX	NEW HAMPSHIRE AVENUE	COMMUNITY CONTROL	17TH STREET
RENT \$130	RENT \$130	TICKET \$25	COLLECT MINIMUM DIGNIFIED LIVING ALLOWANCE	RENT \$120	FOLLOW INSTRUCTIONS ON TOP CARD	RENT \$120

COLLECT \$279.37  
ALLOTMENT  
AS YOU PASS  
WELFARE OFFICE

*continued*  
 erected, the Rent indicated on the property Lease. If he is unable to pay the Rent, he obtains a Lease from Izzy and may land on that space in the future without paying further Rent, unless, of course, Izzy decides to improve the property.

**LANDING ON RENTED PROPERTY.** When a player lands on property on which another player holds a Lease, the Owner mugs him and takes one-half of any Money he may have and all uncashed Welfare Checks. If a player landing on a Rented property has no Money, the Owner kills him, and the player retires from the game.

**LANDING ON CHECK CASHING CO. OR COMMUNITY CONTROL.** When a player lands on these spaces, he takes the top card from the pack indicated, follows the instructions indicated on it, and then returns the card to the bottom of the pack. The "Guilty Liberal Pays Your Bail" card, however, is retained until used and may be sold to another player.

**LANDING ON OTHER SPACES.** When a player lands on one of the Bus Lines, he must buy a Ticket or be thrown off the bus and into Jail. When a player lands on the TIME PAYMENTS, DRUG HABIT, or LOAN SHARK spaces, he must roll the Dice and pay twenty times the number that appears (i.e., if 5 appears, \$100). If he cannot make his Time Payments, he goes to Jail. If he cannot support his Drug Habit, he must undergo rehabilitation (go to Jail). If he cannot pay the Loan Shark, he is killed and retires from the game. When he lands on the Negative Income Tax square, he receives a minimum-dignified-living allowance equal to 10 percent of the total amount of Rent he has paid, or \$10, whichever is less.

**IZZY SCHWARTZ.** Select as IZZY SCHWARTZ a player who is generally disliked. Izzy holds all Money not in circulation; owns all the property and collects the Rent; collects all Time Payments, Drug Habit costs, and Loan Shark debts, all fines and other payments called for in Check Cashing Co. or Community Control cards, etc.

NOTE: Izzy would like to make loans, but he can't just now due to stock-market reverses.

**JAIL.** A PLAYER LANDS IN JAIL IF (1) his Token lands on the space marked GO TO JAIL, (2) he can't pay Rent, (3) he is thrown off a bus, (4) he can't meet his Time Payments or support his Drug Habit, (5) he throws doubles, (6) he draws a Check Cashing Co. card or Community Control card marked GO TO JAIL, or (7) he lands on Grosse Pointe, Brookline, Beverly Hills, Greenwich, or Georgetown and rolls a number other than 7.


NOTE: When a player is sent to Jail,

<b>Welfare Office</b>		#4085926
		19
PAY TO THE ORDER OF	A. PLAYER	\$ 299.37
<b>THE SUM 299 DOLS 37 CTS</b>		<b>DOLLARS</b>
		KATHY CASEWORKER Kathy Caseworker

**Check Cashing Co.**

TAKE A RIDE ON THE GREYHOUND


IF YOU PASS THE WELFARE OFFICE, PICK UP A CHECK



**Check Cashing Co.**

GO DIRECTLY TO JAIL

DO NOT PASS WELFARE OFFICE, DO NOT PICK UP WELFARE CHECK



**Community Control**

YOU HIT THE NUMBERS

COLLECT \$125




**Community Control**

Your Sister Moves Up from Mobile

ADVANCE TO WELFARE OFFICE AND COLLECT \$229.37





---

**DRUG HABIT**

---

Roll dice and pay 20 times amount shown.  
 If unable to pay, proceed to jail for rehabilitation.

**ONE-YEAR LEASE  
116TH STREET**

RENT \$180

- With 1 Tenement \$250.
- With 2 Tenements \$325.
- With 3 Tenements \$450.
- With 4 Tenements \$600.
- With WELFARE HOTEL \$1200.

Abandonment Refund \$90.  
No Pets, No Ball-Playing on Stoop  
Occupancy limited to 17 persons  
Landlord reserves the right to evict  
tenant without notice for nonpay-  
ment of rent.

**Check Cashing Co.**

Welfare Caseworker Finds Your  
Telephone

**DO NOT COLLECT CHECK  
WHEN YOU PASS  
WELFARE OFFICE**



**Check Cashing Co.**

**GUILTY LIBERAL  
PAYS YOUR BAIL**

**THIS CARD MAY BE KEPT  
UNTIL NEEDED OR SOLD**



**Community Control**

YOU ARE BITTEN BY A RAT

**PAY HOSPITAL \$50 OR DIE**



**Community Control**

STATE PASSES  
ONE-YEAR RESIDENCY  
REQUIREMENT

**DO NOT COLLECT CHECK  
WHEN YOU PASS WELFARE OFFICE**



**116TH STREET**

ABANDONED  
for \$90

Card must be turned this side up if  
property is abandoned

he cannot collect his Welfare Check regardless of where his Token is when he is sent to Jail.

**PREVENTIVE DETENTION.** If a player is not "sent to Jail" but reaches the Jail space in the course of play, he is "Preventively Detained" and sent to Jail. A PLAYER GETS OUT OF JAIL BY (1) paying \$10,000 bail, (2) throwing ten consecutive doubles, or (3) using or purchasing from another player a "Guilty Liberal Pays Your Bail" card. A player who cannot raise bail or obtain a "Guilty Liberal Pays Your Bail" card has three chances to roll ten consecutive doubles. If he fails to do so by the third try, he becomes a "three-time loser" and is shot by a guard and retires from the game.

**VACANT LOT.** Players who land on this space do not have to pay Rent or draw cards; it is a "free" space.

**TENEMENTS AND WELFARE HOTELS.** Once Izzy has rented out all the apartments in a COLOR GROUP (for example, 125th St., Lenox Ave., and 116th St.), he may erect Tenements and Welfare Hotels if he wishes to. As soon as Tenements or Welfare Hotels are erected, all Rents are raised as shown on the Lease, and the player who holds the Lease must immediately pay the increase, regardless of where his Token is, located on the Board, or be evicted and go to Jail. (Izzy would like to give the players a break, but if you knew what he had to pay in property taxes, you wouldn't ask.)

**HOUSING SHORTAGE.** If Izzy runs out of Tenements or Welfare Hotels and still wants to build on property, he may elect to build substandard housing, represented by matches or wads of chewing gum. The Rent increases are the same as with Tenements and Welfare Hotels.

**ABANDONMENTS.** Players can force Izzy to abandon properties and collect the Rent rebate indicated on the back of their Lease. However, any player who lands on property thus abandoned must pay Izzy the normal Rent PLUS the amount of the rebate or be evicted and sent to Jail.

**DEATH.** Once a player has been "killed," he has lost and immediately retires from the game. Any Money, uncashed Welfare Checks, or Leases that he may have at the time of his "death" are held in escrow by Izzy to pay for "funeral expenses." The game ends when there is only one player left "alive." He is the WINNER.

NOTE: Please maintain courtesy and good sportsmanship during play. Tipping over the Board or scattering the equipment because you are not winning marks you as a poor loser. Remember, it's only a game! □

# AS THE MONK BURNS

by John Boni

## "As the Monk Burns"—Episode #3,741

Air date: Monday, Year of the Pig  
Taping date: Monday, Year of the Pig  
Shooting date: Every day

### OPEN ON BLACK:

#### ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

Hello, and welcome to yet another episode of "As . . . the . . . Monk . . . Burns," the continuing drama of one woman's struggle to find happiness amid the hardship and annoyances of war (*fade in with wide shot of village*) here in the sleepy little village of Doh Nut, now in its fifth week under siege by American and V.C. forces. Yet, life goes on for these plucky people who've managed to steel themselves against the ravages of battle and concentrate on the all-important task (*organ music*) of living their lives from day to day. As you may well remember (*medium shot of village well*), our heroine, twice-divorced, thrice-widowed, once-abandoned but valiant Ngoya Dinh, has been fetching water for the past twenty-two episodes with her three youngest children, fathers unknown. (*Close-up of children.*) In the last thirteen episodes, Ngoya discovered that she suffers from an inoperable disease brought by the white soldiers . . . starvation. (*Tight shot of X ray.*) Then, during the exciting past five episodes,

she was handed a blackmail note (*pan in on note*) from a mysterious stranger. It threatens to expose her recent participation in the traditional Vietnamese celebration, the Festival of the Black-Market GI Cameras. She remembers nothing of this because of her recent amnesia. As we see her now, her water bucket is full, and the recent discovery that her oldest son, whoever he is, smokes "dew," or marijuana (*zoom up to son stoned in a tree*) troubles her deeply. Meanwhile, in the near distance, the battle rages.

#### NGOYA

Come, children. Back to hut with mamasan. (*As they start after her, they're strafed by a hovering chopper and fall dead.*) Very well, then. Stay behind and play in road if you wish. But no come home dirty for dinner.

#### VILLAGE ELDER

(*Passing her.*) Ah, Ngoya, have happy news for everyone. Discover that village food supply will sustain us until last week instead of two weeks ago as I first estimate.

#### NGOYA

Buddha is good.

#### ELDER

And how is your amnesia today?

#### NGOYA

What amnesia?

#### ELDER

Tsk-tsk-tsk. Must take leave now. Am on way to hospital. Need serious operation to save life. (*He backs away and steps on a mine, setting it off . . . sound effects.*)

#### NGOYA

(*Waving good-bye.*) Come visit when released from hospital. (*She continues toward her hut, where she meets her lover, rich, spoiled, man-about-hootch, Roc La Rgnu. Both Roc and Ngoya are suffering from a tragic case of mistaken identity: he thinks she's her sister's niece on her father's side; she thinks he's terrific.*) Oh, Roc, loved one, to see you thrills Ngoya. My heart flutters. Speak loving words of greeting to your little rice blossom.

#### ROC

Hello, Ngoya. Where youngest three children?

#### NGOYA

Little scamps go to well once too often. (*Giggles.*) Tee-hee. Come inside hut?

#### ROC

Yes, I'd like that. (*A grenade explodes under his left arm, ripping it off.*) But you go in ahead. I join you momentarily.

Must find something first.

*(Close-up of Ngoya's face pondering the meaning of Roc's uncharacteristic hesitation. As she enters the hut, cut to commercial. . . . After commercial.)*

FADE IN:

*(Interior shot of Ngoya's hut. Inside, three of her remaining children are playing, giving piggyback rides to their dead cousin. Off in a corner, a fourth child passes the time swimming in the family grave. Other relatives lie about in varying stages of recovery. Stray bullets occasionally enter the hut as the opposing forces close in on the village.)*

ROC

*(Entering.)* Greetings, everyone. Children, say hello to Uncle Rocky Wocky. Look, Uncle does funny face for big joke. See? He rounds his eyes like crazy white man. *(Doing an imitation.)* Wah, hello podner. Ha-ha. Yuk-a-yuk-a-yuk.

NGOYA

*(Perceptively.)* Something is troubling my Roc?

ROC

*(Grimly.)* Ngoya very perceptive. Yes, now that you bring subject up, Roc have very serious something to say. *(He takes a bullet in the crotch.)*

NGOYA

*(Nobly.)* If Roc about to confess secret drinking problem, Ngoya know of it and still love him.

ROC

Drink! Wish it as simple as that.

NGOYA

Also know Roc cocaine and heroin addict and owes syndicate millions for gambling debt. But Ngoya still love him. *(She smoothly ducks an oncoming bullet, which coincidentally kills her young nephew.)*

ROC

No, it far, far worse.

NGOYA

*(She honestly can't imagine what it could be.)* Roc, Ngoya honestly can't imagine what it could be. Tell me.

ROC

Roc think it best Ngoya sit first.

NGOYA

Yes, I will. *(A mortar lands in the hut, disintegrating the other three children and fatally wounding her refugee uncle from Long Binh, who begins to giggle in pain.)* Hush, Uncle. *(To Roc.)* Poor uncle! Doctor say he need expensive brain operation to live, but we cannot afford it, so we have his tonsils removed instead. In this way we hide severity of his condition from him.

ROC

*(Significantly to camera.)* Seem like

everyone want to keep bad news from loved ones. *(Chord of significant organ music; close-up of Ngoya's face and go to commercial. . . . After commercial.)*

NGOYA

*(Not grasping the significance, she instead grasps her stomach, now seven months with child.)* Oh, Roc, Ngoya think amnesia is fading away. Beginning to remember something very, very important.

ROC

What? *(Ngoya's uncle, unable to stand the pain, eats a stolen K ration and commits suicide.)*

NGOYA

Ngoya pregnant. *(More bullets rip through the hut, killing all her remaining relatives and her pet iguana, "Lo-ver.")*

ROC

Pregnant!? Aie! How will you feed this extra mouth?

NGOYA

Ngoya plan to trade in baby for bicycle. Ngoya also remember Roc have something very serious to say.

ROC

Yes . . . Ngoya, I . . . going to write letter . . . *(his jaw tenses)* . . . but that be coward's way. Instead, say to myself, Roc, be of courage. Go to Ngoya . . . *(his right leg is suddenly shot out from under him)* . . . go like a man and stand on your own one feet and tell her . . . tell her there is . . . another woman.

NGOYA

*(Stunned.)* Oh, Buddha, no! *(A machine-gun barrage cleanly slices away the entire top of the hut.)* Just when things beginning to look up for Ngoya. *(Cut to overhead exterior shot of interior.)*

ROC

*(Concerned.)* Is Ngoya all right? Does she want anything? Water, perhaps?

NGOYA

*(Sneering.)* No, just the truth. About whole sickening affair. Including excuses. *(A napalm bomb explodes behind her, unleashing its fiery contents throughout.)*

ROC

Ngoya look beautiful by phosphorous light.

NGOYA

Don't change subject, Roc. Tell me, is she prettier than me?

ROC

No one prettier than Ngoya.

NGOYA

Buddha! Then it is more sordid and disgusting than I think. *(Now angry.)* What, then? She pick more rice than

Ngoya? She better providor?

ROC

She . . . understand me. Perhaps because she much older woman. She nearly fourteen.

NGOYA

Fourteen!? *(Bullets slash through window made by preceding bomb blast. They both hit the dirt.)* How low can Roc get? She old enough to be Roc's mamasan.

ROC

Scandal will be unbearable, I know. But young lovers can withstand any talk-talk. *(They hear a noise at the hut's entrance.)*

NGOYA

Someone knocking on thatch. Who could it be? Come in, please. *(The door opens and a young Vietnamese maiden enters. Her face bears the resigned look of tragedy well borne. Obviously, she tries to overcome her problems with a smile and a song. She is about to speak when an infiltrating V.C. suddenly grabs her in the doorway, throws her to the ground, rapes and strangles her. He bows and exits.)*

ROC

It's your sister from Khe Sanh.

NGOYA

Oh, Buddha! Now Ngoya must cope with her problem as well.

ROC

*(With tongue snuffing out the napalm that has just destroyed his other leg.)* Oh?

NGOYA

Yes. She engaged but is pregnant by GI who won't gain divorce from wife, who threaten to gossip about sister's amorous adventures unless sister promise to raise baby as Republican. *(Lowers her voice.)* But is good she is resting now. Trip from Khe Sanh very tiring. *(The hut is completely demolished and leveled by an air-to-ground missile.)*

ROC

Perhaps then we best go outside so not to disturb her. *(He picks shrapnel out of his remaining arm with his teeth.)*

NGOYA

Yes, is good suggestion. *(Cut to view of exterior.)*

ROC

Perhaps Ngoya be so kind as to roll Roc outside. *(She does. They make their way to the village center.)*

NGOYA

Now that Roc go to other woman, Ngoya getting more memory back. Look at swollen stomach. Remember something else. *(Defiantly.)* Me remember I plan to get abortion. *(Chord of crisis. Pan down to Roc's stricken face and go*

*continued*

continued  
to commercial. . . . After commercial.)

ROC

(Shocked, gesturing wildly with his shoulders.) What? Abortion? Kill unborn innocent?

NGOYA

(Spitting in the face of all tradition, which decrees that a woman's subservience never be abrogated, nor her back-talk tolerated.) Yes!

ENTIRE VILLAGE

(As they flee from their burning huts.) What is that we hear? Abortion? Tsk-tsk. It wrong to kill unborn baby.

NGOYA

(To everyone.) And since when our people place such high premium on human life? Ngoya having abortion. Me hear of special abortion doctor in far-off village. Already write this man. Just waiting for him to send appointment time before I travel there. (Low-flying American planes pass over and discharge tons of powerful defoliants. In seconds, the entire village is bald.)

ENTIRE VILLAGE

Already write doctor? Evil woman. Ngoya bring shame to village.

NGOYA

(Lashing out.) Shame? Shame, you say? Who in village not without shame? With your petty hates and prejudice, gossiping and backbiting. For an example, you, young Knui Dong. You say shame the loudest, yet . . . (soldiers from both sides now enter the village and begin a pitched battle in the street) . . . yet your shame is even greater because of your "secret" romantic meetings with the holy village monk. Dare you deny it, Knui Dong? (Knui Dong is bayoneted by a charging American NCO.) Of course not. (To others.) Knui Dong's very silence convicts her. Now let us have no more talk of shame.

ROC

Ngoya very beautiful when angry.

NGOYA

Don't try old Tet offensive with Ngoya. Roc must prove love by offering marriage. Until then . . . (fighting back her tears) . . . good-bye. (She starts to go.)

ROC

Wait! Ngoya must understand. Roc has his position to think of. (He rolls after her.) He cannot marry beneath his station or papasan disinherit him.

NGOYA

(Sidestepping a flamethrower.) So, Roc think more of money than of Ngoya. (The ground begins to tremble as ten American tanks approach the village.) All Ngoya wanted is Roc. Not his wealth. (Tries to smile bravely.) Good-bye.

ROC

(Rolls in front of her and blocks her path.) Ngoya, listen! Roc now realize what a fool he is. Ngoya, marry Roc. (V.C. troops begin herding all the villagers toward a mass grave.) Though Roc have everything a man can ask for, it nothing without woman I love.

NGOYA

Marriage? Oh, such suddenness. (She is grabbed from behind by a V.C. private, who uses her as a shield while he makes his way across the advancing phalanx of American men and equipment.) Does Roc truly mean what he say?

ROC

(Yelling after her.) Yes. (Pan down to Roc.)

NGOYA

(Yelling back.) Is Roc sure? (The V.C. private runs for cover.) His papasan will be much displeased.

ROC

(Yelling.) Roc has own life to live. (He caroms himself off a nearby tree and rolls toward her at a rapid clip, crossing in front of the American tanks.)

NGOYA

(Nobly.) Does Roc realize he risking promising future to marry Ngoya?

ROC

(Now tumbling, passionately.) Why should everyone else in village have all the happiness? Roc head over hips in love.

MESSENGER

(Riding in on a turret, he yells.) Telegram! Telegram!

NGOYA

But, Roc, we from opposite sides of free-fire zones. (American choppers drop in two hundred more men. The villagers and the V.C. are caught in a cross fire.)

ROC

Roc don't care. (Gaining momentum.)

MESSENGER

(Spotting Roc ahead, he jumps off the turret and runs to him.) Have telegram for a Ngoya Dinh. Know where this person is?

ROC

Yes, am going there now. Place telegram in mouth and I will deliver.

NGOYA

Roc, Ngoya love Roc too much to see him lose everything to marry her. Roc acting in haste.

MESSENGER

(To Roc.) Thanking you, no! Must deliver in person. (Wide shot of villagers trying to scatter as V.C. bullets force them to remain massed in front of the

oncoming men and machines.)

NGOYA

Ngoya not the "right" girl for Roc. Deep in his heart, even Roc knows this.

ROC

Ngoya . . . (He disappears under a tank.)

NGOYA

Roc has made the wise decision. It could never work out between us. It is best we part now and not in some years hence. (Close-up of Ngoya fighting back tears.) No, do not reproach yourself. Ngoya understand. A man must do what he must do.

MESSENGER

Pardons, lady. Have telegram for Ngoya Dinh. (Villagers are mowed down by bursts of bullets and crushed by the passing tanks.)

NGOYA

What, please? Could not hear you. Everyone screaming at once. (He hands her the telegram. She becomes apprehensive.) Ohhh, Ngoya hate telegrams. Always bring bad news. (She takes it and rips it open. The messenger takes two slugs in the back from a sniper and falls.)

MESSENGER

(On the ground.) Buddhammit. Why take it out on me? I only deliver telegram, no send it. (He dies.)

(Ngoya impassively looks up from the telegram and makes her way toward her hut. The village is quiet now, except for the crackling of burning huts, the fading rumble of tanks, and the clickety-clack of a Royal SM204 Tabulator as an American corporal makes a body count, inadvertently including Ngoya—eight times. Cut to shot of the hut as Ngoya arrives. Bring up music. Amid the rubble of her leveled home, Ngoya wistfully recognizes little mementos—a finger, a head—happy reminders of her life in the village. She bravely decides to pick up the pieces of her shattered past and vows to start anew. Music crescendos and go to close-up of Ngoya deciding.)

ANNOUNCER

What is in the telegram? Will Ngoya ever see Roc again? And lest we forget, what of her amnesia? Will she remember to get her abortion? For answers to these and other questions, tune in again tomorrow and hear Ngoya say . . .

NGOYA

. . . Will begin life again in new village. Go to live with sister. Place called My Lai. . . .

ANNOUNCER

. . . On yet another true-to-life episode of "As . . . the . . . Monk . . . Burns." (Go to black and fade . . . out!) □

# Canada

The Retarded Giant on Your Doorstep

by Sean Kelly, Anne Beatts,  
and Michel Choquette



illustration by Chas B Slackman

*continued*

police  
the  
borders

Canada,  
Stopover Capital  
of the World

# America



Welcome to **Canada** Bienvenu de

The Right Honourable B. L. "Tex" Carling,  
Ministry of Tourism and Cultural Affairs

April 1, 1971

Dear Sirs:

Re your letter of the 23rd inst., in which you requested more information on the subject of Canada. First of all, let me congratulate you on your interest.

We here at the Ministry for Tourism and Cultural Affairs are especially gratified by your proposal to devote a special issue of your publication to Canada and the Canadians. The more so because, in recent years, our country seems to exclusively have attracted the attention of a certain kind of young person.

No doubt your magazine appeals to a more diversified strata of American society, and this is to be commended. We Canadians would like our cousins "down south" to know us better. Young Americans should be encouraged to feel that they have, as their ancestors have always had, a stake in Canada's future.

I know our dynamic young Prime Minister, symbolizing as he does the French element that has brought so much joy de vivre and esprit de corps to our "Canadian stew-kettle," would be delighted to hear of the project which you have in view.

I have taken the liberty of enclosing some articles from our "Canada" file and one from our "Quebec" file. Feel free to use any excerpts that you might deem suitable.

Please don't hesitate to get in touch if I can be of further assistance.

Yours truly,

Andre Moule,  
Special Assistant to the Minister

encl.

cc: P. E. Trudeau,  
H. R. H. Elizabeth  
am/BLC

Remember that Canada, your closest neighbour to the north, and first line of defense in the event of nuclear holocaust, is a foreign country. Canada has its own currency, customs, and native dress. In Canada, for example, they still have two-dollar bills (worth about \$1.98 in real money).

Although nearly all Canadian holidays are the same as the American ones, Canadian Thanksgiving is held a month early since Canadians don't have so much to be thankful for. The Canadian Fourth of July falls on the first of July, so that Canadians have a couple of extra days to get ready for the tourists. But whatever the season, American visitors are as welcome as the flowers in June!

You will find Canadian customs quite friendly. Notice that some of the officials speak with a Puerto Rican accent and may even have moustaches. These are the French-Canadians. On the other side of the border, there are more French-Canadians, in some places. If you really want to make them feel at home, you could try "parley-vooving," but that's not really necessary. Just speak loudly and distinctly and wave money. Like foreigners all over the world, they will catch your drift.

One of the exciting differences about Canada is that in Quebec (one of the ten provinces), everything is written twice, in English and in French. For instance, "snackbar" is "snackbar/luncheonette." And don't be offended if you see "dames" on the restroom door—it's only the Frenchies' word for ladies! It's touches like these that add a quaint European flavour. Outside the province of Quebec, everything is written once, in English. This is known as bilingualism.

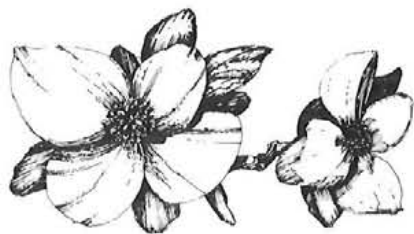
Another aspect of Canada's bilingual policy is that certain Canadian words and phrases are different from those used in "the States." For instance, "pizza with everything to take out" is called "pizza all-dressed to go" in Canada.

If you'd like to get to know the real Canada without being mistaken for a tourist, here's a list of words and phrases to scatter throughout your conversation.

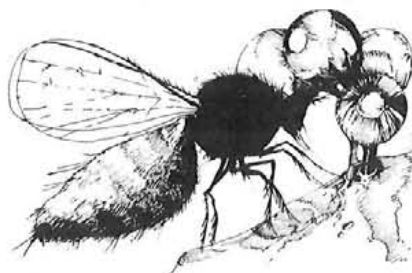
MELT DOWN  
SLUM IGLOOS



# ns, Know Your Canada



The American Dogwood, Official Flower of Virginia, North Carolina, and the Province of British Columbia



The Official Provincial Bird of Ontario

## Speak White

### A Canadian Lexicon

#### U.S.

huh?  
hip  
pig  
Up against the wall,  
you mother-fucking pig!  
stereo  
fridge  
Coke  
nigger  
Indians  
population control  
chick  
bread  
hippie  
TV  
funky  
geodesic dome  
aluminum  
cigaret  
car  
Commie  
discothèque  
exposé  
fuck

#### Canada

ch?  
hep  
police officer  
Now wait a minute, Officer,  
let's be reasonable.  
Gramophone  
icebox  
Pepsi  
Pepsi  
native peoples  
baby bonus  
broad  
dough  
beatnik  
television  
neat  
igloo  
aluminium  
cigarette  
auto  
Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition  
house of ill repute  
Royal Commission Report  
shit

Visitors from the United Kingdom, take note: in Canada, a pub is called a cocktail lounge, a lorry is called a truck, and a lift is called an elevator.

## Wooing the Frogs

The French-Canadians in Canada, while not exactly white, are very friendly and full of high spirits. They have a volatile Gallic sense of humour that often prompts them to indulge in little pranks with mailboxes and policemen, much as Americans do on Hallowe'en or Moratorium Day. But for the most part they are a gay lot, always singing and dancing and shouting out quaint French-Canadian expressions, like *maudit anglais* or *let's tweest!* The French-Canadians, like most minority groups, never refer to other French-Canadians as such, but only as Habs, Frogs, or Pepsis. You should, too, unless you want to be left out of the fun. Here are some real "Pepsi" words and expressions that will help you get along:

#### U.S.

car  
taxi  
horse  
cigaret  
cigar  
restaurant  
pizza with everything to take out  
I'd like a Coke and a hamburger, please.  
hot dog  
Go away, don't bother me.  
Here's to our good friends, the English!  
It's great, fantastic, wonderful, etc.  
Europe  
God save the queen!

#### Frog

char  
taxi  
joyal  
cigarette  
cigare  
le restaurant  
un pizza all-dressed to go  
Un Mae West et un Pepsi, s'il vous plaît.  
un 'ot dog  
Mange la marde.  
On va les avoir, les anglais!  
C'est cute.  
Plattsburgh  
Vive la Reine Elizabeth!

## Land of the 4-O'Clock-in-the-Afternoon Sun

Practically all Canada's resources are natural ones. And when Canadians get together to sing "This land is your land, this land is my land, from Nova Scotia to Vancouver Island," there is no exaggerating that lump in their throats. Canada is justly proud of the bounty that God has sprinkled upon it. After all, it must have been a Canadian who first called snow "white gold."

Canada is the only country with its own Precambrian shield, an ice-scoured area of rocks surrounding Hudson's Bay!

Mount Logan, at 19,850 feet, is the second highest peak in North America, only 470 feet lower than Mount McKinley!

The Mackenzie River in British Columbia is one of the world's longest at 2,514 miles, only 196 miles shorter than the mighty Mississippi!

Montréal, Québec, is the only French-speaking major metropolis in the North American continent, with the exception of New Orleans!

The world's longest undefended border is between Canada and the United States!

Canada maintains the world's most complex Distant Early Warning System, built entirely with U.S. funds!

One of the worst mining disasters ever recorded took place in Springhill, Nova Scotia!

Half of Niagara Falls belongs to Canada!

Canada is the second largest country in the world!

One of the world's largest oil strikes was discovered only seventy-five miles from the Canadian border, in neighbouring Alaska!

The population of Winnipeg is approximately one-third that of Washington, D.C.!

Canada is the world's largest producer of codfish!

Toronto, Canada, has only 2.2 rapes every three years!

Canada has an annual defense budget that is equal to one-fiftieth of that of the United States!

# Canadian History at a Glance

Need to brush up on your Canadiana?

Test yourself with this

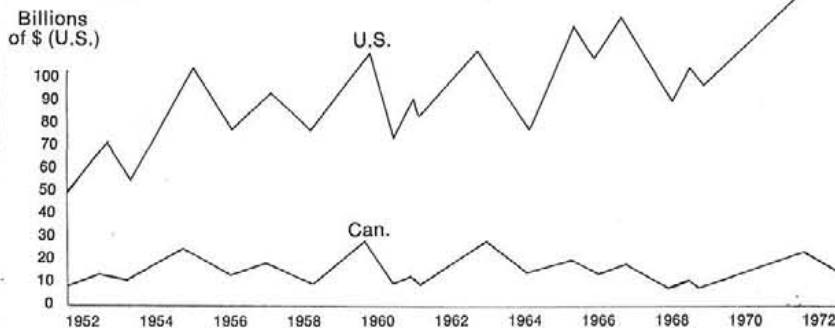
## Cwick Canada Cwiz

1. What's the capital of Canada?
2. What's the automotive capital of Canada?
3. What wars did Canada take part in?
4. When will Canada legalize marijuana?
5. What has become of the Canadian protest movement?
6. How do they take the census in Canada?
7. What is a Canadian political cartoon?
8. What is a hard-hitting Canadian political cartoon?
9. Why is Canada always pink on the map?
10. What do you call a fifth-generation Italian immigrant to Canada?
11. What do you get when you cross a Canadian and a beaver?
12. What do you get when you cross a Canadian and a Polack?
13. What do you get when you cross a Canadian and an American?
14. What do you get when you cross a Canadian?
15. A person from Indiana is a Hoosier. What do you call a person from Saskatchewan?
16. What was the number-one song in Canada when "Wake Up Little Susie" was number one in the United States?
17. Name a Canadian best seller.
18. Why is it better to shop in Toronto than in Saskatoon?
19. What do you say to a Canadian who just came into a little money?

### Answers

1. Mainly American.
2. Detroit.
3. Oh, the same ones.
4. The day after.
5. He got married and settled down.
6. Take the American census and divide by ten.
7. A beaver rolling up its sleeves.
8. A beaver rolling up its sleeves and making a fist.
9. From embarrassment.
10. Paisano.
11. A beaver that speaks a little French.
12. A grain-elevator operator that speaks a little French.
13. An American.
14. Righteous indignation.
15. A Uke.
16. Who knows? But six months later it was "Wake Up Little Susie."
17. *The Greening of America*.
18. You can order direct from New York.
19. Bring me back a couple of cartons of Luckies.

## Canada's Economic Profile



## Dateline . . . Canada

- 50,000,000 B.C. Shrinking polar ice-cap retreats to Canadian Northlands.
- A.D. 1000 Leif Ericson passes Canada by. Lands at Martha's Vineyard.
- A.D. 1535 Jacques Cartier sails up the St. Lawrence, lands, mistakes "Kanata," the Algonquin word for settlement of huts, for the name of the country. Hence, Canada.
- A.D. 1776 Benedict Arnold captures and then abandons Quebec City.
- A.D. 1778 Benjamin Franklin aids founding of the *Gazette*, Montreal's English-language morning newspaper.
- A.D. 1867 Confederation of the Dominion of Canada. Upper Canada renamed "Ontario."
- A.D. 1880 Fledgling federal government spans the nation with one shining band of steel from sea to sea.
- A.D. 1885 Second parallel band of steel enables railroad trains to cross country.
- A.D. 1917 Canadian attempt to extend a hand across the sea ends in burnt fingers as ammunition ships blow up in Halifax harbour, causing nearly five thousand casualties.
- A.D. 1919 Franklin Delano Roosevelt becomes a regular visitor to Campobello, Roosevelt family summer cottage in New Brunswick.
- A.D. 1921 First Canadian diplomatic post established in Washington, D.C.
- A.D. 1934 Dionne quintuplets born.
- A.D. 1942 Canadian troops, commanded for the first time by their own Canadian officers, wiped out in surprise raid on Dieppe.
- A.D. 1945 Halifax blows up again.
- A.D. 1952 Barbara Ann Scott wins figure-skating championship of the world.
- A.D. 1959 President Eisenhower and Queen Elizabeth II formally open the St. Lawrence Seaway.
- A.D. 1968 Montreal is granted National League baseball franchise.
- A.D. 1969 U.S. tanker *Manhattan* becomes first to navigate the Northwest Passage.

**Babbitt is alive  
and well  
and mayor of  
Winnipeg**



**Mounties  
are strict  
but  
fair**

## Northern Lights

Canada is proud of her sons and daughters who have made it big south of the border. They are Canada's finest—the best that she has to offer. All of these famous Canadians are noted for their great contributions to the mainstream of American culture. Yet no one can forget that they all started on the rocky road to renown in Canada, where success goes to people's feet.



*Robert Goulet* is not only a great singer and a great bridge-player but also a great Canadian whose love for his mother country remains strong. Americans may remember him best for his rendition of "The Star-Spangled Banner" at a Democratic fund-raising event.



*Guy Lombardo* left London, Ontario, to play music that would live forever in the hearts of a generation. His Royal Canadians merit a place in any Jazz Hall of Fame.



*Gisèle MacKenzie*, a pert French-Canadian, was Canada's sweetheart long before she became the silver-throated songstress of TV's "Your Hit Parade."



*Arthur Hailey*, a one-time Torontonian, chronicles the hopes and fears of present-day America with unerring insight in his best-selling novel *Airport*, now a million-dollar motion picture from Universal-International.



*Paul Anka*, fandom's fave rave long before the rise of the four mop-tops from Liverpool, hails from Ottawa, Ontario, and has always been proud of his Canadian heritage. His song "Diana" was a million-seller.



*George Chuvalo*, Canada's contender for the heavyweight crown, was bested in the ring by no less an opponent than Cassius Clay himself, and is hoping for another chance at someone soon.



*Raymond Massey*, craggy-faced, gravel-voiced actor famous for his portrayal of Abraham Lincoln, is the scion of one of Canada's first families. TV audiences will remember his heroic stint in the long-running "Dr. Kildare" show.



*Joni Mitchell*, first lady of the folk-music set, comes from Winnipeg, and we know that some of those flowers she sings about so prettily are bound to be Canadian blossoms.



*Lorne Greene* was once known as the "Golden Voice" of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. Today, "Bonanza" reruns still get top ratings in his native land.



*Wayne and Shuster* are as Canadian, and as inseparable, as ham and maple syrup or porridge and blackstrap molasses. They've convulsed American audiences coast-to-coast with their side-splitting appearances on "The Ed Sullivan Show."



*Neil Young*, an American pop star who trills in his own right and an integral member of the group called Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young, began his meteoric rise to fame in Toronto—the Canadian city whose Yorkville district is a hotbed of the youth culture.



*Christopher Plummer*, a thespian of no lightweight skills, is well-known to U.S. audiences for his wide-screen emoting in *The Sound of Music*. His stage experience at the Shakespeare Festival in Stratford, Ontario, makes him almost indistinguishable from a British actor.



*Anne Murray*, gym instructress turned recording star, has sold a million copies of her song "Snowbird" in the United States, but Canada's Maritime Provinces claim her as their own.



*Marshall McLuhan*, now a household word in the United States, was a humble professor at the University of Toronto before he heeded the siren call of Madison Avenue. The rest is history.

# Canada, As Modern As Today

Like her sister nations, Belgium, New Zealand, Argentina, Kuwait, and the Ivory Coast, Canada is no slouch when it comes to progress. Urbanization, mechanization, and alienation have always been a part of the Canadian Dream. Canada is already distinguished by such titanic undertakings as the St. Lawrence Seaway, the DEW Line, the trans-Canada pipeline, and now, the

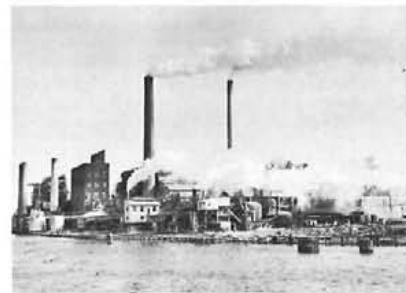
Not This . . .



projected monorail from Goose Bay to Baffin Island. You Americans may find it hard to believe, but in the land of the radio dinner, the cha-cha hoop, and the steam-powered typewriter, the days of Rosemarie and Sergeant Preston of the Yukon are long gone.

Ever since Expo 1967, it can be truly said that Canada has stepped into the twentieth century.

but This!



## Canada's "Rye" Sense of Humour

One of the greatest things about Canadians is their ability to laugh at each other. Never let it be said that there is no such thing as a Canadian sense of humour. It may appear subtle at first, but it is always present, even when least suspected. Here are just a few of the endless Canadian jokes that keep whole families amused during those long winter nights from August to June.

Why did the Canadian cross the road?  
To avoid meeting someone he didn't want to see.

What did one Canadian say to the other Canadian?

I'll meet you at the corner.

Who was that Canadian I saw you with last night?

That was no Canadian, that was my cousin from upstate New York.

How can you tell the bride at a Canadian wedding?

She's the one in white with the veil.

How many Canadians does it take to replace a light bulb?

That depends on the fixture involved.

Did you hear the one about the Canadian and the farmer's daughter?

They got married.

How can you tell if there's been a Canadian in your icebox?

You find an extra bottle of milk.

What's the quickest way to get from Montreal to Vancouver?

Dunno, never been out there myself.

Why did the little Canadian bring the ladder to school?

He wanted to get in, and there were snowdrifts as high as the second-storey windows.

A rabbi, a Catholic priest, and a Canadian are marooned on a desert island. They haven't had anything to eat for two weeks. They are just about to draw lots to determine which one of them will be eaten first, when the Canadian turns to the priest and says, "Happy Friday, Father," and to the rabbi, "Oink oink."

The Mountie's wife is in bed with her lover when she hears her husband gallop into the yard. So she hides her lover in the closet. The Mountie comes in, looks around, but doesn't notice a thing. Later on, the Mountie goes back to work and the lover escapes.

*Garçon, garçon, j'ai trouvé une mouche dans ma soupe!*

*Pardon, monsieur, je vous apporterai une autre tasse toute de suite.*

## The Moose-Horn of Plenty

Canada has certainly not made the world any poorer by her efforts. Here are some of the things for which Canadians are responsible.

5BX  
 Eskimo art  
 Lacrosse  
 Carling Black Label Beer  
 Beaver hats  
 "Alouette"  
 Canadian bacon  
 The toboggan  
 Digitalis, a cure for arthritis.  
 Resdan, a cure for dandruff.  
 Uranium, used in the production of the world's nuclear warheads.  
 The hearing aid, invented in Canada by Alexander Graham Bell shortly before he went to the U.S. to invent the telephone.

## Canada, Daybed of Democracy

Did you know that:

The Green Berets that are the official emblem of the Special Forces troops in Vietnam, originally under the protection of President Kennedy, are manufactured in Toronto, Canada?

The bullets for the rifles used by American boys to stop the gooks are manufactured in Val Cartier, Quebec?

Almost all the phosphorus used in the Southeast Asian struggle to safeguard the Free World is produced by Canada?

Canada is the world leader in the field of radar equipment, an essential tool in the unending combat with the forces of Communist Asia?

The aircraft engines that the United States uses in its valiant fight against oppression in Vietnam and Cambodia are manufactured in the Province of Quebec?

Canada is also one of the few countries in the world to manufacture napalm?

## The Seasons (Les Quatre Saisons)



AUTUMN (l'automne)



WINTER (l'hiver)



SPRING (le printemps)



SUMMER (l'été)

buy  
crippled seals  
for children

CANADIANS  
HAVE  
NATURAL GAS

Canada arise!  
Terrorize  
Buffalo!

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Moose Jaw  
Swings

The battle of Dieppe was lost in the back alleys of Quebec. . . .

# SHINNEY

## The Real Hockey Tourists Never See



As an incurable tourist, I have frequently visited the many little nations which cling, like urchin children, about the skirts of the continental United States.

I have meandered at my torpid leisure through the low-rent districts of Panama, Nicaragua, Haiti, and (in the dear dead days before all the trouble) in old "Habana."

It has been my wont to "go native" when on my rambles, for, in my experience, obvious outsiders get to see only the well-scrubbed "public" face of any country. Native peoples jealously guard their truly exotic and exciting entertainments and practices from prying foreign eyes.

Once, having applied burnt cork from head to foot, and after amply "stuffing my basket," I was privileged to witness a real voodoo limbo orgy in Jamaica (although, under the circumstances, I hardly dared participate). And by blacking out a few teeth and festooning myself with cartridge belts, I gained admission to one of the fabled cockfight-bullfight-multiple-abortion fiestas in underground Tijuana.

Thus, when Québec occurred on my itinerary, I spared no pains in passing myself off as *un vrai Canadien*. For weeks I sang along with a Doug Kershaw album until my Cajun was authentic. Gum-soled rubber boots and a black-and-red-checked shirt I obtained from L. L. Bean stores; I mascaraded on a *très sexy* moustache and knitted myself just the most rustic tuque imaginable.

And, on a chilly January afternoon, I found myself wandering the cobbled, winding streets of Québec City, my nose rouged by the sub-zero breezes, an "Export A" cigarette frozen to my lower lip, for all the world like a *Québécois boulevardier* out for a *promenade*.

Truth to tell, I had been loitering about the neighborhood for several days in the hopes of being invited to one of the *habitant's* notorious sugaring-off parties, which no white man has ever witnessed.

A young man, a child really, had been furtively watching me (with his chocolate-coloured eyes) for some hours. He stood across the street from me, his open-necked cowboy shirt embroidered with silver guitars and lariats proclaiming his imperviousness to frostbite. At length he approached, and addressed me in the gutter argot of that area: "*Ça marche?*"

I replied quickly, vainly attempting to conceal my mounting excitement, "*Le livre est sur le pupitre.*"

"Ow you like to see some real 'ockey, *maudit cochon?*" he intimated.

I nodded, and in a trice he was off, with me hard upon his heels, down a labyrinth of snow-laden dead ends and *culs-de-sac*.



We emerged into a cobbled laneway lined with typical *Québécois* three-story tenements, each adorned with winding outdoor staircases of finely wrought corrugated tin.

A mob before which the Bastille would simply have surrendered in panic was gathered in that narrow street. Fifty boys, each of them armed with a curved and pointed wooden stick, were milling about, their choirboy voices shattering the icy air with blasphemy.

Hysterically, they shrieked out the names of the sacred utensils in Catholic religious ceremonies: "*Câlisse!*" "*Saint ciboire!*" "*Hostis!*" For one ecstatic moment I thought I had stumbled upon that most celebrated of all French-Canadian folk rituals, the Black Mass.

It soon became clear, however, that the object of their Dionysian frenzy was not a stolen consecrated host. It was a hard brown lump of stuff which they whacked and prodded with their sticks. Eventually, when the lump flew out of the *melée* and struck me forcibly upon the ear, I had occasion to examine it more closely. It was a frozen horse bun.

My charming young guide reappeared and proceeded to explain the goings-on in his guttural but strangely attractive *patois*.



What I was observing was a game of "shinney." The lethal weapons his young friends wielded were "toot'picks," the gelid horse bun *la rondelle*. At either end of the alley were pairs of trash cans, set several feet apart, and the youngsters who guarded them were called "goldies." Whether the original object of the contest had been to propel *la rondelle* past these goldies is a mystery for anthropologists more erudite than I.

The *garçon* who was serving as Virgil to my Dante in this Arctic inferno had no idea. He assured me that no one had "made a score" in living memory, that the game was played for its own sake, and for the "Ow you say . . . practice in fighting *dans la rue*."

The mayhem continued for perhaps ten minutes, and I watched with mingled horror and fascination as the young men thrashed, speared, and gored each other. The snowbanks were soon stained with gore and littered with players writhing and clutching their groins. It was a scene that brought back to me a flood of memories . . . running the bulls at Pamplona, the battle of Stalingrad . . .

Then, above the din, the north wind wailed like a siren. In fact, as it turned out, it was a siren, for the shinney game had come to its time-honoured conclusion with the arrival of the *gendarmes*. Crying out, "*Ohé, les flics!*" "*Québec libre!*" "*B'en shit!*" the crowd scattered, leaving me to deal with the Mounties.

My blood racing, my soul athrill with the glimpse I had captured of *le vrai hockey* and the real Québec, I reached for my American passport and International Travel Press accreditation. My pocket had been picked.

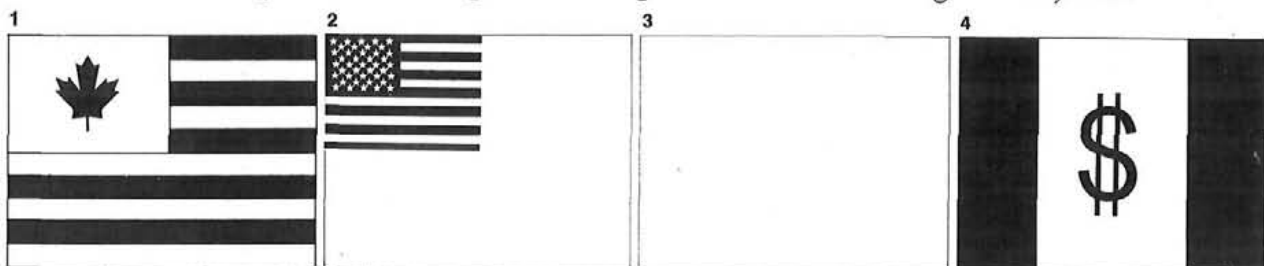
Reprinted from *Holidays* magazine



# The Quest for a Canadian Identity



Runners-up in the federal government-sponsored Canadian Flag Contest, 1963.



O, say, does that leaf-tainted banner hang pensive

O'er the land of the discreet and the home of the inexpensive?

—Nineteenth runner-up in the federal government-sponsored National Anthem Contest, 1963.

Perhaps it is only a happy accident of climate that has kept Canada from becoming just another banana republic. Down the years, ever since Laura Secord's famous midnight walk to warn the populace that the Americans were coming, Canadians have struggled to retain a sense of national identity.

As any schoolboy knows, Canadians have natural reason, don't smell, and are smooth dancers. Statistics show that Canadians are smiled at more often than Americans during an average day abroad. Sometimes they are even seated first in restaurants. And in 1970, in many African village schools, the "Quiet Canadian" is replacing the Ugly American as a model.

The past decade has been characterized by a resurgence of Canadian nationalism. Who knows where it began?

It may have started with the realization that Canada is the only country on the North American continent to have a Governor-General. It could have been Ookpik. Or it might have been the underground circulation of the unexpurgated edition of *Evangeline* that first sparked the fire.

Of course, every movement has its extremists. More moderate elements, while lauding their motivation, nonetheless deplore the stance of those "Canada Firsters" who sport bumper stickers reading "Like It or Consider Emigration" and "My Country, Correct or Misinformed."

Be that as it may, the Canadian Renaissance is in full flower. New teen-age fads like posters, buttons, and maple-leaf T-shirts keep cropping up and are quickly adopted by the rest of the nation.

Only time will tell if this is the false spring or Indian summer of "Canada-consciousness." But, for the present, Canada would seem to hold out the promise of a unique hybrid: French reserve, British know-how, and American culture.

## Reaching a Canadian Consensus

Many Canadians are known to have opinions on various subjects. Here are some of the areas where they exhibit marked preferences.

### Canadian Favourites

Flower: wheat  
 Fruit: loganberry  
 Vegetable: broccoli  
 State: Delaware  
 City: Cleveland  
 Car: DeSoto  
 Magazine: *Collier's*  
 Comic Strip: Mary Worth  
 Profession: invisible reweaving  
 Hobby: soap-carving  
 Pastime: going for long walks  
 Complaint: corns  
 Medicine: Phillips' Milk of Magnesia  
 Drink: Nesbitt's orange soda  
 Food: grilled-cheese sandwich  
 Flavour: vanilla  
 Meal: breakfast  
 Snack: cheese dip  
 Room: hallway  
 Pet: budgie



## Whither Canada?

In a move calculated to allay Canadian anxiety on the subject, the Ford Foundation and Time Canada Inc. recently sponsored a Gallup poll to determine Canada's national identity, if any. The pollsters took a nationwide cross section of Canadian thinking about Canada. Those Canadians thinking about Canada (0.43% of the total population) were asked a series of questions. Those respondents who replied "Québec Libre" (20% of those questioned) to any of the questions were excluded from the final sample.

- What does Canada mean to you? 50.9% don't know; 26% it's not as much fun as Plattsburgh; 17.1% no speak English; 6% he was a great President.
- As a Canadian, where do you stand on the major issues of the day? 51.5% don't know; 31% we need more national parks; 10.5% it's just past the second set of lights; 7% my friend here probably knows more about it than I do, he's an American.
- What is Canada's national symbol? 53% don't know; 21% the maple leaf; 18% the beaver; 6% the fleur-de-lis; 2% nine beavers fighting over a frog.
- What do you think about the U.S. role in the Middle East crisis? 51% don't know; 21% we need more national parks; 19% the U.S. is the policeman of democracy; 9% they should crucify the Arabs.
- What do you think about the U.S. role in Southeast Asia? 54% don't know; 23% the U.S. is the policeman of democracy; 21% you can't end segregation by legislation; 2% whoever you're looking for, he moved, so go away.
- What do you think about the U.S. position with regard to Communist China? 53.8% don't know; 32.2% the U.S. is the policeman of democracy; 10% it's been a bad summer for the wheat crop; 4% the government should nationalize the parks.
- What in your opinion makes Canada unique? 55% don't know; 24% our national parks; 14% no niggers; 7% it can't happen here.

## Could You Be a Canadian in Disguise?

Here's how to find out if you, too, have latent Canadian tendencies:

- A friend arranges to meet you in a restaurant and arrives an hour late. You say:
  - "Nice of you to show up."
  - "Next time I'll bring along my copy of *Hawaii*."
  - "How about that! I just got here two minutes before you arrived!"
  - "Remind me to give you a new watch for your birthday."
- The color I like best is:
  - red.
  - blue.
  - grey.
  - white.
- If I ever get a week off, I would:
  - go to a luxury hotel in the Caribbean.

- paint the garage.
  - have my tonsils out.
  - get in a lot of golf.
- I would prefer to be stranded on a desert island with:
    - a gorgeous movie star.
    - this month's Playmate.
    - a tree.
    - Susan Sontag.
  - I would most like to curl up with:
    - a racy novel.
    - a slim volume of verse.
    - the latest Sears, Roebuck Catalogue.
    - a great metropolitan newspaper.
  - I would go to see a:
    - hit musical.
    - major sports event.
    - partial eclipse of the sun.
    - rocket launching.
- If you picked *c* every time, stop denying your Canadian birthright.

## Sons of the Beaver

Is there a typical Canadian? Indeed there is, but since the true Canadian spirit defiantly shuns ostentation, few people have actually met him. Many familiar public figures, however, could be said to typify all that is finest about Canada. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern may well have been the first Canadians. Certainly, there are many Americans upon whom Canada would be proud to bestow the Douglas-fir wreath of Canadian citizenship.

### Honourary Canucks

Fred MacMurray	John Daly
Phil Ochs	Gale Storm
Olivia de Havilland	Patrice Munsel
Sandy Dennis	Wendell Wilkie
Senator McGovern	Joan Blondell
Hugh Downs	Dave Brubeck
Jack Linkletter	Mary Jo Kopechne
Polly Bergen	Ted Mack
Harrison Salisbury	Alan Ladd
Rory Calhoun	Whittaker
Bill Cullen	Chambers
Gig Young	John Cameron
General Omar	Swayze
Bradley	Eugene Ormandy
Lloyd Bridges	Nanette Fabray
Spring Byington	Commander Lloyd
Joyce Kilmer	Bucher
Dan Rowan	Duncan Hines

MAITRES  
CHEZ VOUS

LIBERATE  
ALASKA

Restore Canada  
to her  
former glory

## Toronto, Someplace Like Home

Reprinted from *Beautiful Toronto*, an official publication of the Toronto Chamber of Commerce, 131 Bloor Street West. Write for free brochure: *Job Opportunities for American Draft-Resisters*, published by The Bell Telephone Company of Canada.



Fun in the sun at Toronto's largest municipal beach.  
*Les Torontois sont plats.*



These secretaries enjoy their modern office surroundings.  
*Les belles vaches au travail.*



Shoppers stroll along the busy thoroughfare.  
*C'est vraiment déguelasse!*



Like San Francisco, Toronto has its picturesque streetcars.  
*Un chris' de tempête.*



Torontonians are proud of their modern, well-kept homes.  
*Le petit cochon en famille.*



Toronto swings "like a pendulum do"!  
*Ca "swing" à Toronto.*

LEGALIZE  
POTASH

Exchange  
Foreigner Island

WATER  
POWER

No, you idiot—  
I said Regina



**R.C.M.P.**

Her Majesty's Printer, Ottawa.

# Canada, Summer Residence of the Arts

Canadian poetry has long been nothing to shake a stick at. But now the muse has awakened, and the voice of the partridge is heard in the land. Canadian masterpieces such as *Leaves of Maple* and *The Wreck of the Pierre Laporte* have been followed at a respectful dis-

tance by minor works. In a riptide of creativity, Canadian versifiers have taken up some of the old, neglected modes, such as the limerick. Readers are invited to compose their own. Unfortunately, there is no rhyme for Canada, but a possible alternative is Canuck, for which the

*Random House Rhyming Dictionary* lists: buck, chuck, cluck, duck, luck, muck, pluck, puck, Puck, ruck, shuck, struck, stuck, suck, truck, tuck; amok, amuck, potluck, roebuck, woodchuck; horrorstruck, terrorstruck, thunderstruck, wonderstruck.

## Calls of the Wild

Almost every Canadian schoolchild knows these pithy sayings by heart.

*Make hay before the ground freezes.*

*Rolling stones gather momentum.*

*I'll cross the border when I come to it.*

*Don't change beavers in midstream.*

*If you can't stand the cold, get out of the refrigerator.*

*A stitch in time will keep your clothes in good condition.*

*A sleeping frog catches no flies.*

*Better a lender than a borrower be.*

*You can lead an American to water, but you can't always make him pay for it.*

## The Beaver's Bookshelf

It seems the ink has begun to melt at long last, and Canadian achievement is gaining increased recognition in literary circles. The slowly forming Canadian self-image is reflected by titles like these:

*Moby Richard*

*Uncle Tom's Igloo*

*The Tan Badge of Stalwartness*

*The Sealslayer*

*Probably One of the Few Remaining Mohicans*

*The Medicine Hat Incident*

*Look Homeward, Wolverine*

*The Grapes of Indignation*

*The Maltese Loon*

*Death of a Sales Manager*

*As I Lay Feeling Poorly*

*The Senior Citizen and the Sea*

*Lower the Girder Carefully, Algonquins*

*The French-Canadian Sergeant's Girlfriend*

*Slight Depression of the Dolls*

## Canada's Hit Parade

From the rich vein of Canadian song, as represented by Jim and Jean, the Guess Who, and Gordon Lightfoot, many a hit has been mined. At present, the Canadian Hit Parade features such foot-stompers as "Sealskinner Blues," the Eskimo love song "Your Nose of

Fire," and "Sugaring Off Rag" ("If you don't want my syrup, sugar, don't come tappin' round my tree . . ."), all aluminium record-sellers. But, for the past six months, the chart-topping number-one platter (available on 45 or 78 rpm) has been "Letter From Moose Jaw".



His Trapper's Voice

## Letter from Moose Jaw

Dear Un-cle Sam, I'm writ-ing you this let-ter To let you  
know I've skipped the U. S. A. The ther-mo-me-ter reads  
ze-ro But if I had played the he-ro I'd be laid out in an  
icebox an-y way.

© 1971 by Beaver Songs, Ltd.

### VERSE II

Dear Uncle Sam, it's cold as hell in Moose Jaw  
And the locals don't make coffee worth a damn  
And they think my accent's funny  
And I don't have any money  
But I'd rather be in hell than Vietnam.

### VERSE III

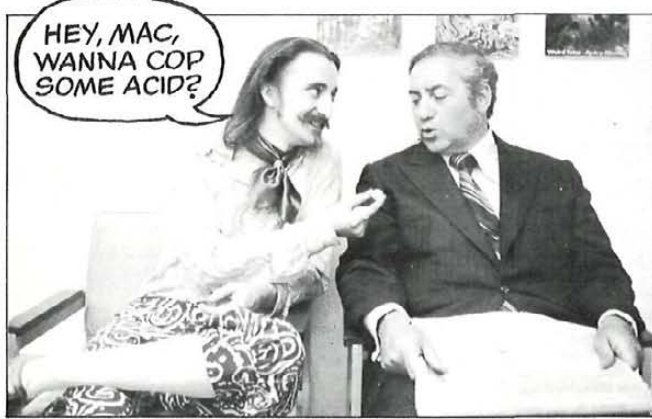
Dear Uncle Sam, I know you think I'm chicken  
For sitting here on welfare getting juiced  
But this ain't no bed of clover  
And the day the war is over  
I'll be one more chicken coming home to roost.

# The Frog Prince

A Canadian Fairy Tale  
by SEAN KELLY and ANNE BEATTS  
drawn by JOE ORLANDO



MORAL: NO MATTER HOW BIG THE PUDDLE, A FROG IS STILL A FROG.



"Eternal vigilance  
is the price of liberty."

# (Classified)

Working Together for a  
More Secure America



VOL. (classified) NO. (classified)

Serving Defense, Central, and Bureau personnel on a need-to-know basis.

August (classified)

## ANNUAL SURVEILLANCE CONVENTION WOULD HAVE BEEN BIG SUCCESS!

### Largest crowd ever does not attend (classified) Annual Surveillance Convention.

The annual convention of the Associated Surveillance Services of the U.S. was held from July 1 to July 7 at the beautiful Congressional Hotel in our nation's capital. As in the past, the location and date of the convention had to be withheld until after the convention was over for security reasons, but, according to outgoing Association president (classified), the number of Association members who were not present at the gala assembly was the largest in the Association's ( )-year history.

Among the many distinguished figures in the prevention field who were not on hand for the celebrations were (classified), (classified), (classified), and (top secret). And, as always, the convention did not attract thousands of rank-and-file operatives from Defense, Central, and the Bureau, who would have taken advantage of the opportunity to "bury the hatchet" and swap tapping tips, a welcome feature of these get-togethers that may explain the popularity they might enjoy.

The keynote address, as it was last year, was not given by (classified), whose topic, had he spoken, would have been: "The Right of Privacy: Left-Wing Bugaboo or Blueprint for Subversion?" The speech, which would have been well-received by Association members, had any been present, blasted the reckless handcuffing of security forces by "fuzzy-minded aficionados of fishy thinking and radical roost-rulers."

Also on the busy convention schedule were a series of security-risk seminars where conventioners would have had an opportunity to familiarize themselves with the latest information on known liberals and other oddballs and a "wiretap workshop" where officials of the (classified) Telephone Company would have described some of the recent contributions they have made to the overall tap picture, including (classified) on push-button telephones, (classified) in all phone booths, and (classified) that automatically (classified) whenever a caller (classified).

All in all, it would have been a memorable convention, and it's just too bad that the climate of outright disobedience and bad behavior makes it impossible pretty near to enjoy these annual meetings. Still, as in past years, copies of

speeches scheduled to be given, menus, matchbooks, ashtrays, empty "miniature" bottles, and a selection of "drinking stories" will be made available to Association members through local headquarters, and, as always, postcards featuring points of historical interest in the Washington area, with an approved message from the "Casual Travel" list, have been sent to all Relatives of Record indicated on Form 1890s.

After closing remarks on the subject "God is Always Tapping Our Moral Telephone," which were to have been made by the Reverend (classified), the assembly came to an end, and as incoming Association president (classified) put it, "A good time could have been had by all."



Scene at the ( )rd Annual Convention of the Association of Surveillance Services of the U.S.

### Army Set to Expand Protection Program

Buoyed by the success of its rectal-detection system, Army is moving further into the field of public protection, according to reliable D of D sources.

Army's plans include a target date of January 1, 1974, for recording everything spoken or read anywhere in the continental U.S. With the cooperation of major utilities, all household appliances will become a means of protecting the public from itself.

The new Army program will have a preventive effect on common household conspiracy and subversion (C & S) situations. Citizens will be prevented from:

- Conspiring next to radiator
- Discussing politics in front of blender
- Passing notes with fridge open
- Acting suspicious around toaster
- Reading thick books by electric light
- Not looking TV square in eye
- Whispering near sink, tub, or toilet bowl
- Writing impolitely on electric typewriter
- Talking foreign around oven
- Performing subversive signs or handshakes in heated closet

Street C & S situations will be similarly prevented (for example, "rapping" near hydrant or crack in sidewalk).

Army also reports breakthroughs in two tough areas: marine C & S and open-country C & S. Marine C & S can now be covered by extensively deployed por-

poises, plankton, and kelp. Open-country C & S will be covered by a combination of traditional operations (downstream-detection systems, bugging of caves and gopher holes, agents camouflaged as sheep, etc.) and brand-new techniques. Army will not disclose any of the latter, but an Army spokesman hinted that "photosynthesis wasn't called photosynthesis for nothing."

Army sees the surveillance program as a positive step toward dropping its old ivory-tower, holier-than-thou image and getting involved with ordinary citizens on a day-to-day basis. With the cooperation of Congress and proper funding, top Army officials are confident that by 1975 America can be the best protected nation in the world.



"(Classified)"

## Not from My Desk

Letter from the Editor

Since, for obvious security reasons, we have no mailing address, we at *(Classified)* haven't been getting the many letters you might have sent complaining that *(Classified)* is unavailable by mail, through channels, or any other means. That is, we haven't been getting the letters you couldn't have sent since we don't have any readers. Still, we are aware of the problem, and we think a few words are in order to explain why *(Classified)* must be run in this very un-American way.

The fact is that *(Classified)* contains a lot of secrets—in fact, some of the things in *(Classified)* are so secret, even we can't read them, so please excuse any typos! Now, if a copy fell into the wrong hands, then they wouldn't be secrets anymore, and the next thing you'd know, you'd be reading them in *Pravda* or the *New York Times*. Let's face it—the fewer copies around, the better.

That, in a nutshell, is why we simply can't risk distributing *(Classified)* or even printing any more copies than we can burn as fast as they come off the press. We realize that this is very hard on the ordinary everyday undercover man who would like to see his profession dignified by its own publication. We may or may not harbor such feelings ourselves. And, of course, we look forward to the time when it may or may not be possible to publish such a magazine.

Now, if some of you had an opportunity to read this note, you'd probably say to yourself, My hands aren't the wrong hands—my hands are right hands. And, though we don't have your file on hand, let's just say for the sake of argument that you are okay. Well, how could you know that *(Classified)* was a genuine publication of the surveillance profession and not some left-wing trick? Now, you might say that your training would enable you to tell the difference, but how can you be sure that your training wasn't deliberately interfered with? And, for that matter, if you are reading this, then either this copy of *(Classified)* is a left-wing trick or you have obtained through illegal means an unauthorized copy of the genuine publication, and you should turn yourself in immediately.

We can't be too careful. It can happen here.



## The Face of the Enemy #746

Beware of the man who looks "too normal." Just because he doesn't have hair down to his knees, it doesn't mean he's "on the up-and-up." Behind that "Average Joe" façade may lurk "far-out" political beliefs, warped convictions, and a burning desire to overthrow our constitutional form of government by force. Don't take him "at face value." Search his sofa, get inside his shoe bags, find out his hat size. Remember, you can't judge a "kook" by his cover!

## From the Mailbag

Dear Mr. Wellington,  
The shipment of 7/8" eyebolt lugs arrived on Tuesday, the seventeenth, as per our order #4502342. However, our foreman, Bill Ryan, informs me that many of the lugs are bent or abraded and cannot be used. I would appreciate your looking into this matter as our production of tricycles depends on a steady supply of usable lugs, and if the Lucky Lug Co. cannot supply them, we shall have to look elsewhere.

Very truly yours,  
A. H. Sendly

Dear Jim and Mary,  
Arrived yesterday. We can see the Eiffel Tower from our window. Paris is all kind of old and they haven't fixed it up much. The French are kind of dirty and they all drink wine, even the children, and maybe that's why they lost all those wars and never could pay back their debts. It's fun, but we'll be glad to get back to good old Tulsa.

Bob and Jill.

## From the Bureau Drawer

as told by "The Old Tapper"

I remember a case back in '69 where we had evidence of a group of weirdo individuals who supported the welfare state and UNICEF and were in favor of unilateral disarmament, letting our boys down in Vietnam, and other wide-eyed one-world causes. They met in a house in New York's notorious "Redwich" Village to plot how they could best further the Kremlin's plan of world domination and participate in free-love orgies and heavy petting. Fortunately, an alert agent managed to infiltrate the group, and not a moment too soon! The moment he paid his fifty sticks of dynamite "initiation fee," the group revealed plans to blow up Mt. Rushmore, the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, and the Alamo! But thanks to his training, the agent managed to substitute phony dynamite and hide the real explosive in the basement. And one day while he was making out his daily report in a phone booth down the street, the whole nest of subversives went up all by itself like a Roman candle! Anyone who can't see the Hand of the Heavenly Agent in this episode is just plain goofy!

## Pipeline by "The General"

17. Conspiracy (continued)

Last time, you will remember, we decided that conspiracy always takes place between a minimum of two people. We also decided that, since law enforcement is not supposed to punish people but to prevent them, public safety demands that we regard any intercourse between more than one person as conspiracy.

What I want to talk about this week takes this idea a little further. Our experience in conspiracy prevention now makes it clear that a single individual could also be guilty of conspiracy with him or her self. Naturally, society must be armed with laws against this grave threat to its stability. So what I propose is that, forthwith, anyone who looks conspiratorial, or looks as if they might look conspiratorial, or looks as if they might at a later date consider looking conspiratorial be subject to immediate preventive detention and rehabilitation. Only in this way can our great country be made safe for people who look okay. (Next week: "Why We Need a Bill of Wrongs")

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## Do Not Get Your Subscription to *(Classified)* Today!

Yes, I agree we can't be too careful. Please do not rush me *(Classified)*.

(Enter false name and address.)

(Enter real name and address of individual who told you about *(Classified)*.)

I have heard about *(Classified)* and wish to become an Anonymous Supporter. Enclosed is my check for \$ [classified]. Please print and burn a copy for me.)

(Enter circumstances under which you first heard about *(Classified)*. Use back of coupon if necessary.)



## Tapping the Keg

### New classifications of Surveillable Persons as authorized by (classified):

- Persons exhibiting undue concern re: litter
- Persons not showing proper pride in automobile
- Persons exhibiting extreme shortness or tallness
- Persons with mole on any left part of body
- Persons who belong to organizations opposing Interstate Highway Program
- Persons with moist palms

### Pope Blesses Bugged Hosts

Pope Paul VI today consecrated the first batch of bugged hosts in a new FBI-Church agreement. Under the agreement, the FBI provides the hardware and the Church provides the bread. Tiny mikes are then inserted into hosts, which are then consecrated, making it a mortal sin to remove them. The FBI hopes to distribute bugged hosts to *mafiosi* and Latin American Communists.

### Keeping Tabs on the Tappers

In response to possible countertaps by opposition groups, a young tapper in Central has devised a system to tap taps of fellow tappers. Under the system, a Central tapper simply taps taps when they phone in taps to Top Tap, to see if tap tapped corresponds to tap phoned in to Top Tap. Central reports it has already discovered several taps tapping taps to Top Tap that had not been tapped. The Central countertap tapper can himself be tapped to see if the taps he caught mistapping were in fact mistaps or whether his taps should be tapped.

### Information "Bomb"

In a policy directive circulated throughout Defense last month, (classified) warned of a potentially dangerous "information explosion" taking place across the U.S. and called for renewed efforts to achieve a "negative dissemination rate." According to (classified), "There are more statistics, names, descriptions, reports, thumbnail sketches, records, white papers, testimony, facts, and breakdowns available than ever before, and never was there more need for proper information control to protect the public from itself." He went on to warn that, unless widespread control is exercised, by the year 2000 "there just won't be any more secrets."

### Tappers Caught Napping in Land of Tut

It looks like hard times ahead for tappers in Egypt. President Anwar el-Sadat has jailed more than 250 operatives since discovering that, due to improper security techniques, his own line was being tapped. A word to the wise!

### Man's Best Operative—Pooch Makes Pinch

Bureau reports the story of Blinko, an undercover Pomeranian, who blew the whistle on her master when she found him smoking LSD. Blinko pinned the degenerate until neighbors, alerted by her growls, called the police. The pooch, code name "Duchess," had been working for Bureau since 1968 and is credited with "collaring" more than a dozen enemies of society.

## Agents Through the Ages



This great surveillant (real name: Narcus Aurelius, Homo XLVII of the Investigation Horribilis Romani Imperiali, the dreaded IHRI) set operating standards that were not surpassed until the Bureau upped its betrayal quotients in the mid-1960s.

A meticulous craftsman, he infiltrated a revolutionary movement that threatened the entire economic structure of an empire that was one day to become the United States. He maintained his cover for almost three years, documenting every word and move of the conspirators, and, despite incredible protection on the other side, he nailed his man. He was the first to use the famous kiss-and-spot technique (still widely employed by child agents in parent surveillance), and so thorough was his groundwork that his agency (the IHRI) was able to execute the chief suspect openly on one of their own crosses. Both the movement and its leaders were thus discredited for good.

With typical professionalism Judas accepted only a small pension for his most famous case and covered his escape by feigning suicide (he hanged a look-alike). According to IHRI records, he went on to a successful career as agitator in Carthage and Asia Minor. Judas comes down to us, without doubt, as one of the great surveillants of all time. Even after almost two thousand years, both his attitude and his methods should be regarded as models by any aspiring agent. (Next week: William Morris)

## Faces Not in the News



Agent (classified) began working for Defense in 1962 in Reserve status, then returned as active operative after stay at liberal East Coast college convinced him of seriousness of threat to nation's security. Agent is an expert on station-to-station and collect calls and served for seven months as undercover man in a potentially subversive car pool. His present assignment is as a mole-, scar-, and birthmark-recognition man in Defense's Boston office.

Agent (classified) has served for four years in Bureau's Vicious Substances Division, specializing in long-term study of possible harmful and/or illegal effects of so-called "natural foods," including wheat germ, wild rice, kelp, and unflavored gelatin. During this period he also served as "Incident expeditor" at several Washington rallies held by subversive groups and is credited with two flurries of violence and one assist.



Agent (classified) came to Central's head office after two years of studying the problems of landlords and other moneyed interests firsthand in Guatemala. At present, he is acting as liaison man between Bureau and Central task forces engaged in high-priority man-on-man surveillance and prevention efforts aimed at providing round-the-clock, round-the-world "cradle-to-grave" coverage of high-risk individuals.

## (LAUGHTER)

Tap tap.  
Who's on the line?  
Huron.  
Huron who?  
Huronder arrest, you slimy leftist!

Tap tap.  
Who's on the line?  
Grandeur.  
Grandeur who?  
Grand jury indictment!

Q. Who was that lady I saw you with last night?  
A. That was no lady, that was (classified).

First caller: There's a tap on your phone!  
Second caller: What?  
First caller: I said, there's a tap on your phone!  
Second caller: What?  
First caller: YOU DOLT, THERE'S A TAP ON YOUR PHONE!  
Second caller: I can't hear you, there's a tap on my phone.

Q. Why did the security risk steal the bottle of Bourbon?  
A. He wanted to take the Fifth!

First agent: What's the difference between Rennie Davis and Richard Nixon?  
Second agent: I don't know, what?  
First agent: You're under arrest!

## Bureau's New Computer Found to Deter DDYRs

Bureau's new AUTOTAP computer system, which can simultaneously tap all 250,000,000 phone lines in the continental U.S., has had a welcome side effect, according to Bureau officials. The AUTOTAP system, which was originally designed to increase apprehension of DDYRBSPCG-DAWOLFWs (dangerous and desperate young radicals bent on subverting presently constituted government and destroying American way of life from within), has apparently deterred misguided DDYRs from conspiring and in some cases convinced them to come around to the correct point of view, as the following transcript of a telephone call between two one-time DDYRs indicates:

"Hey Rennie, what you been up to?"

"I've never been a member of, nor been associated with a member of, nor been approached by a member of, nor been contributory to the welfare of, nor sequestered with a member of any party or organization advocating the violent overthrow of government, so help me God. How've you been?"

"I have never been involved in or intended to involve myself in prostitution, extortion, homosexuality, narcotics, or blowing up the Bank of America in East L.A. last Tuesday."

"Never?"

"Absolutely positive."

"Listen, some of the guys from the Kiwanis and the Elks were thinking of getting together to show some support for our legally elected government in accordance with the principles laid down in the Constitution."

"That's real swell ole buddy, so long as that doesn't imply a misuse of the right to free assembly as guaranteed therein by bringing more than four people."

"Okay. That way we could do something about these constant attacks by misinformed radicals on symbols of federal authority."

"What kind of symbol did you have in mind?"

"Something big with a basement."

"They better keep their goddamn stinking hands off the Justice Department."

"Goddamn right ole buddy. I'm tired of these vandalistic reds breaking into federal property through the second- or third-story windows and using smallish bombs made of three parts sodium chlorate to one part ordinary sugar to subvert the rights of the majority and obstruct due process."

"So am I. I just don't see how it can be allowed to happen."

"You know, some of these punks are just

sticking their stuff in any old orange-juice jar and dropping it down the shaft over any old third urinal from the left?"

"That's terrible. There oughta be a law..."

"There is, ole buddy. But I ask you do we support our law-enforcement agencies? No sir!"

"That'll be next."

"Hey, it's been good talking to you over a communications network designed for but not restricted to free intercourse between citizens."

"Although, if surveillance of this conversation had taken place, I'm sure it would have been limited to protective surveillance of those bent on subverting the present system of government."

"Especially the heating system."

"By the way, Ren, do you have the time?"

"Yes, it's exactly 8:00 P.M. next Sunday."

"Thanks. What a remarkable country this is."

"Being run remarkably well by remarkably honest men."

"So long."

"Good-bye, tap."

A tip of the hat to AUTOTAP and everyone at the Bureau who made it possible!

## Ads

### Tap the Secrets of the Mind

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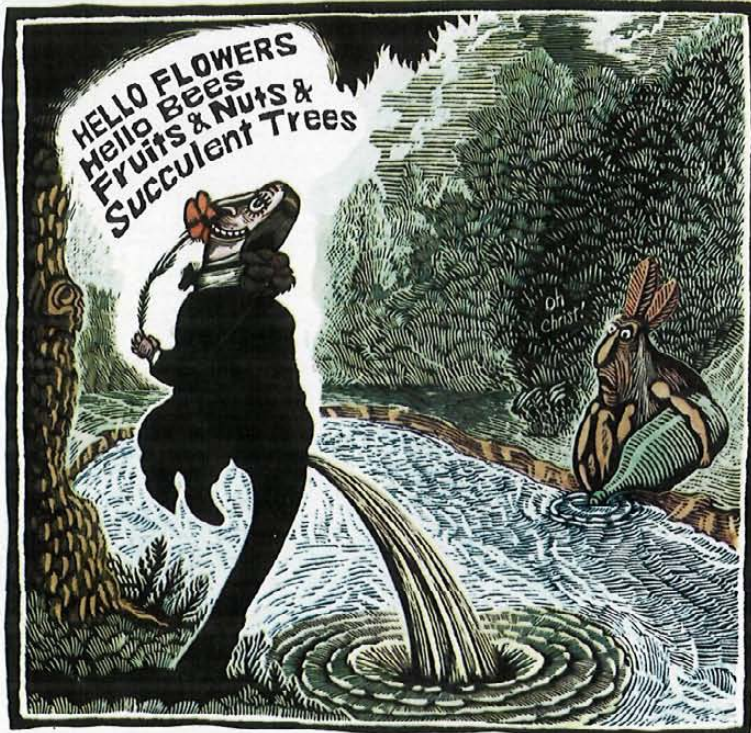
### Fool Your Friends! Outsmart Subversives!

- \* Whoopee cushions that sound like knocking at the door!
- \* Toy guns that fire real bullets!
- \* "Gag" search warrants
- \* Hilarious "drug" plants
- \* Official-looking "indictments"
- \* Phony "confessions"
- \* Incriminating letters
- \* Bogus "dynamite caches"
- \* Plans of the Capitol building marked "Put bomb here"

# A Cavalcade of Bummers

by Arnold Roth

As cavalcades go, this one's a bummer.



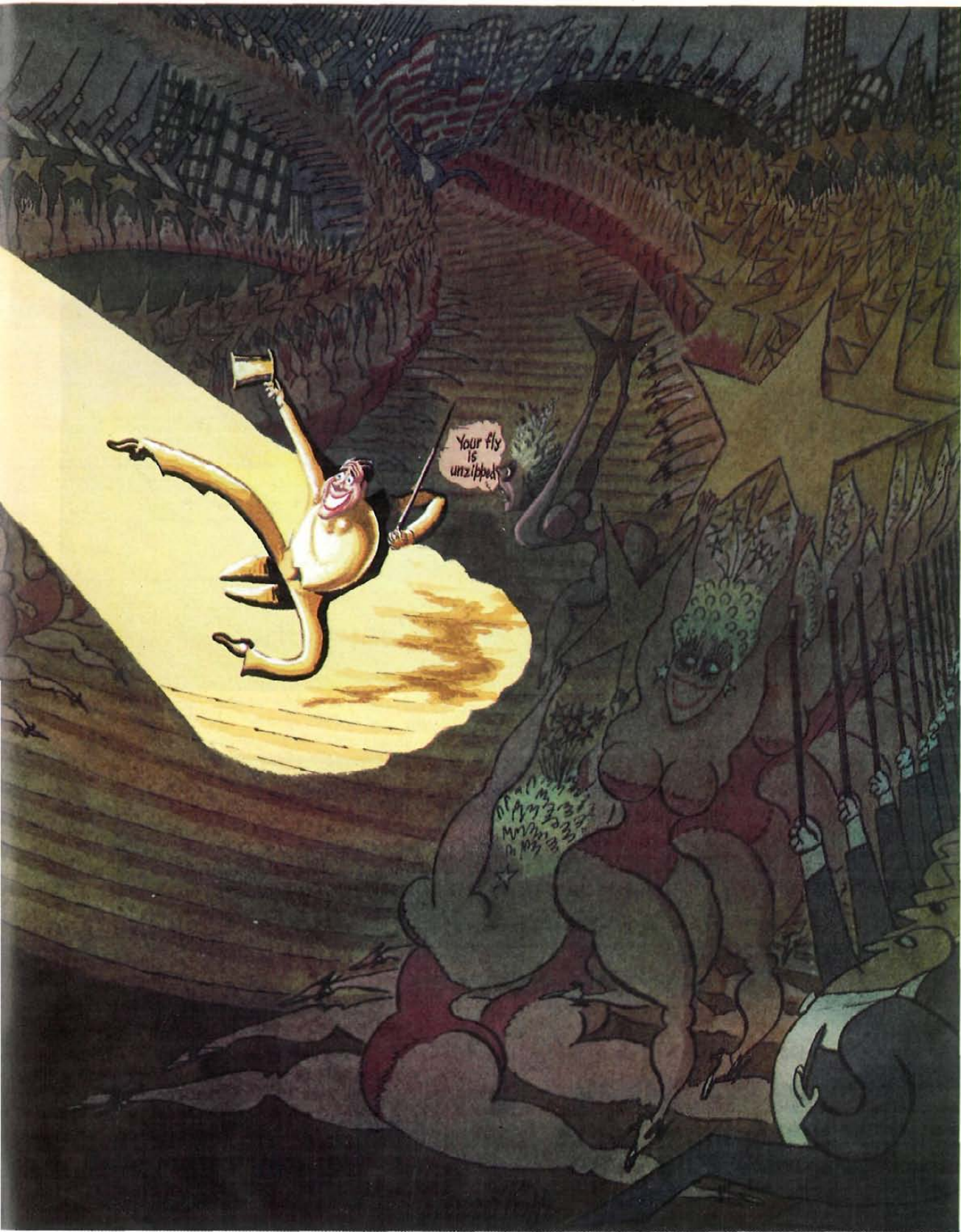
Henry David Thoreau had the makings of a bummer.



Not having long hair is a bummer.



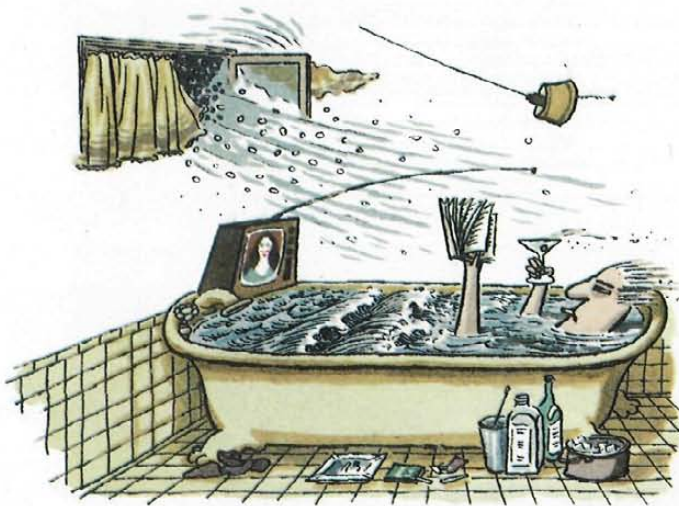
Telling people their fly is unzipped is a bummer.



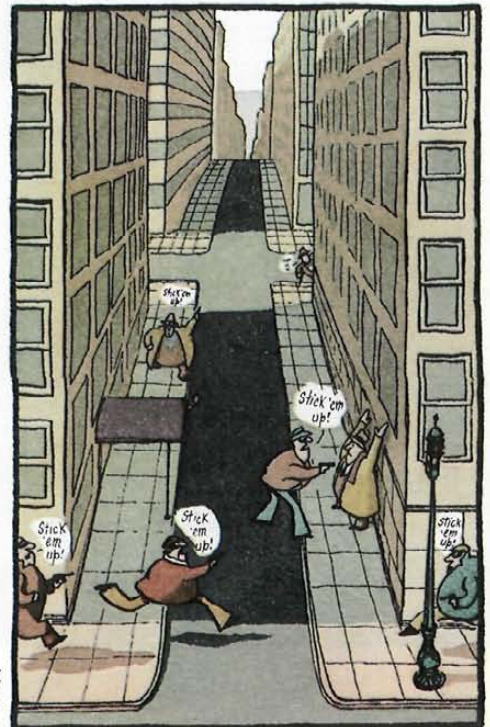
Having an unzipped fly is no big thing either.



Unrequited love is a bummer.



Fresh air is a bummer.



Not watching the Super Bowl on television is a real bummer.

# The Machining of America

*There is a revolution coming. It will not be like revolutions of the past. It will originate with society and with the machine, and it will change the political structure only as its final act. It will not require violence to succeed, and it cannot be successfully resisted by violence. This is the revolution of the new generation, the Industrial Revolution.*

## Charles A. Wright

**by Anne Beatts**  
CHARLES A. WRIGHT was a colleague of Horace Greeley and a close personal friend of William Jennings Bryan, as well as a professor of law at Yale University. He was born in 1828 in Comstock, Massachusetts. He died in 1911, at the age of 83. Professor Wright's prophetic treatise, *The Machining of America*, was well received when first published in 1869, but later fell into obscurity. It is presently being reissued as part of a commemorative series by the Yale Law Library.

*This is the Revolution:*

Drill, ye tarriers, drill  
And pick, and mine!  
'Tis work all day for the sugar in your tay  
Out behind the railway  
So drill, ye tarriers, drill!

—Popular song.

Buffalo gals, won't you come out tonight,  
Won't you come out tonight,  
Won't you come out tonight,  
Buffalo gals, won't you come out tonight  
To dance by the light of the moon?

—Popular song.

Round swings the hammer of industry,  
quickly the sharp chisel rings,  
And the heart of the toiler has throbbings  
that stir not the bosom of kings—  
He the true ruler and conqueror,  
he the true king of his race,  
Who nerveth his arm for life's combat,  
and looks the strong world in the face.  
—“Labor Song” from  
*The Bell-Founder*  
by Denis Florence MacCarthy.

### A PUFF OF SMOKE IN THE DISTANCE

Parlous times have come upon us in this year of Our Lord eighteen hundred and sixty-nine. American hands are bloody with death and destruction. A futile and divisive war has split the nation in two, and left scars that will be long in healing.

After suffering the shocking assassination of our beloved President, and the scarce-ended uneasy rule of Vice-President Johnson, citizens are beginning to realize that all is not well with America.

Inquire of a schoolmarm in Kansas, a judge in Washington, D.C., a mule skinner in Kentucky, a Texas Ranger in Texas, and you'll receive the selfsame response: “Things are bad.” Indeed, it seems difficult to presage a future containing further aggravation than the present.

Yet, there is a bright new sun on the horizon, and the day of its dawning will be a day of Revolution. The name of the Revolution is Industrial, and its prophet is Steam.

### CAN'T YOU HEAR THAT WHISTLE BLOWING?

Steam, the power behind the mighty Locomotives that thunder past herds of startled buffalo on rails of steel, forever altering the natural geography of our nation. Steam, the force that turns the wheels of industry. Steam, the energy that impels the inexorable progress of

the three Ms—mining, machinery, and manufacture. Steam, billowing across the face of the continent, letting no rural corner escape its swathe.

Yet 'twas not ever thus. In old, tired Europe, the people lived under a feudal economy. Where Nature smiled, each village could support its aristocracy. In return for the fruits of their labor, the rich offered the poor protection and patronage. This was Cognizance I.

Many of our Founding Fathers, as transplanted representatives of the class system, belonged to Cognizance I. Their later descendants owned slaves and slave plantations. Cognizance I is displayed at its best in their paternalistic attitude.

Meanwhile, in blind alleys, barrooms, and backwoods settlements, a terrible new breed had arisen. These were the tough, two-fisted fighting men who denied the hierarchy of class, men used to finding what they wanted for themselves. In short, Cognizance II.

### LITTLE WHEELS KEEP ON TURNING ...

The people of Cognizance II scoffed at slavery, but they made slaves of themselves, shackled to the very land they had hoped would mean new freedom. Instead, they found themselves trapped in an unceasing day-in, day-out battle with the encroaching talons of the uncaring Wilderness.

But, surely, a fairer prospect beckons.

*continued*

continued

We are on the threshold of an age of miracles, when paved thoroughfares will erase the distinction between town and country; when hundreds will travel by that newest mode of vehicular transport, the bicycle; when flotillas of iron-clad ships of the air will soar through the heavens, steam-powered.

And of course, that irreplaceable handmaiden of Industry, the railroad, will crisscross our vast American continent, connecting such centers of commerce and culture as diverse and distant as Port Jervis, New York, and Dodge City. What noble trafficking!

Yet the dull-eyed farmer is immune to these blandishments. Just as centuries of sloth may produce a shiftless nigger, so years of unremitting struggle and unwearying repetition of the same dreary chores go to create in Cognizance II people a stubborn resistance to the promise of tomorrow.

Let us picture a farming couple. Rising at five each morning, they break the ice in the basin before performing their simple ablutions. The cows wait to be milked, the chickens to be fed. After a rude but hearty breakfast, the farmer is off to the fields. The wife has her wifely duties. At night she prepares a simple supper and stands at the door, shading her eyes for the sight of her man home from his toil. If there is light enough after the frugal repast, she may read a passage from the Good Book.

What is amiss here? *Primus*, every act performed by either of the pair is shallow, pointless, and devoid of satisfaction. The same degrading tasks, repeated by rote 365 days a year, cannot help but lose their spontaneity.

*Secundus*, prolonged isolation needs must bring about an inability to relate to others. The cows might as well have been goats, the chickens pigs, for all either master or mistress cared about them.

*Tertius*, the farmer and his wife, Cognizance II to the core, lead a life in servile obedience to Nature, deprived of volition, prisoners of the land.

### THE SMOKESTACK KEEPS ON BURNING...

In vain does the farmer shake his fist against the sky or curse his Fate. His adversary is indifferent, implacable, mightier than Fate itself. These are the powers that Nature wields:

Power to determine, by the shortening of the sunlit hours, that man shall have less time in winter to accomplish his allotted tasks;

Power of isolation, so that man is unable to communicate with his neighbors because there is no postal service or telegraph;

Power to force ladies to wear unbecoming or unfashionable modes, because recent catalogues are not available in rural areas;

Power to destroy crops by drought;  
Power to destroy crops by rain;  
Power to destroy crops by hail;  
Power to destroy crops by blizzard;  
Power to destroy crops by a plague of locusts;

Power to prevent neighbors from visiting one another because the bridge is washed out;

Power to enable your neighbor to cheat you in bargaining because goods are exchanged instead of employing a stable standard of currency;

Power to cause epidemics because in primitive areas there is a general lack of medical supplies and doctoring equipment;

Power to curtail freedom of worship because the traveling preacher belongs to another denomination;

Power to force a man to chew tobacco and spit on the floor instead of smoking a fine cigar;

Power to make a man travel around a lake instead of going straight;

Power to persuade people to ride in uncomfortable Conestoga wagons instead of capacious Pullman cars;

Power to compel people to make do with brown sugar instead of white.

With all this power held by a single, tyrannical ruler, is it any wonder that the farmer becomes a slave, even though freedom is no further away than the Corinthian smokestacks of the nearest metropolis?

### CLICKETY-CLACK, DOWN THE TRACK...

Consider the typical farmer, hostile to strangers, narrow-minded, ignorant, forever grubbing in the dirt, and you will feel little surprise at the chasm that exists between him and the people of Cognizance III. Indeed, despite the outcries of the political Radicals, the slave owner of Cognizance I and the mill owner of Cognizance III would seem to have more in common.

Yet, though Cognizance II will hawk and spit at the mere mention of the harvesting of the sugar beet by mechanical means (celebrated in Thomas Grainger's famous ode), behind the prickly scorn is a longing to be released from drudgery. Many are trying to bridge the gap. Even the lonely cowboy is a potential convert to Cognizance III.

A quick conversion awaits the people of America. They need but ready their minds to it, and a vision of the Promised Land stretches before them. Man, with machines to do his bidding, may wreak his will upon the landscape; and whole forests will be mown down and made into newsprint, so that all may read the Good News!

Rather than allowing Nature to rage unchecked, or bruising his spirit in unequal combat, man should join with man to exploit his surroundings to the fullest.

Those who fear the power of the machine do mankind a grave disservice. How could machines ever gain the mastery? Since "Adam delved and Eve span," man has always shaped the universe to his will.

Industry has given us the tools to wrest our plunder from the land's resistless grasp. The tapping of these inexhaustible resources provides heat and light for hundreds, jobs for thousands more. But behind it all still pulses the idea of the limitless possibilities of man.

There is a new generation, born after the War with Mexico, that is alive to these possibilities. They are aware of the machine in a way that only young minds, undulled by ceaseless toil, can be.

Picture the young hayseed in his tattered overalls and grubby linsey-woolsey shirt, barefoot, sucking on a straw. A know-nothing, you will say, a country bumpkin. But see him six months later, in his workaday garb, lunch pail in one hand, pickaxe in the other, miner's lamp on his forehead, braving the dangers of cave-ins and pit damp, the pride of labor writ large in the coal dust that fills every pore.

The converts to Cognizance III pour into the cities from the farms in an ever-thickening stream. They never return. Little wonder! Should they molder away in the country, each one a "mute, inglorious Milton"? Or should they come and join with their brothers, workers all, and hark to the Song of Steam?

I blow the bellows, I forge the steel  
In all the shops of trade;  
I hammer the ore and turn the wheel  
Where my arms of strength are made;  
I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint,  
I carry, I spin, I weave,  
And all my doings I put into print  
On every Saturday eve.  
I've no muscles to weary, no brains to decay,  
No bones to be laid on the shelf,  
And soon I intend you may go and play  
While I manage the world myself.  
—George W. Cutter.

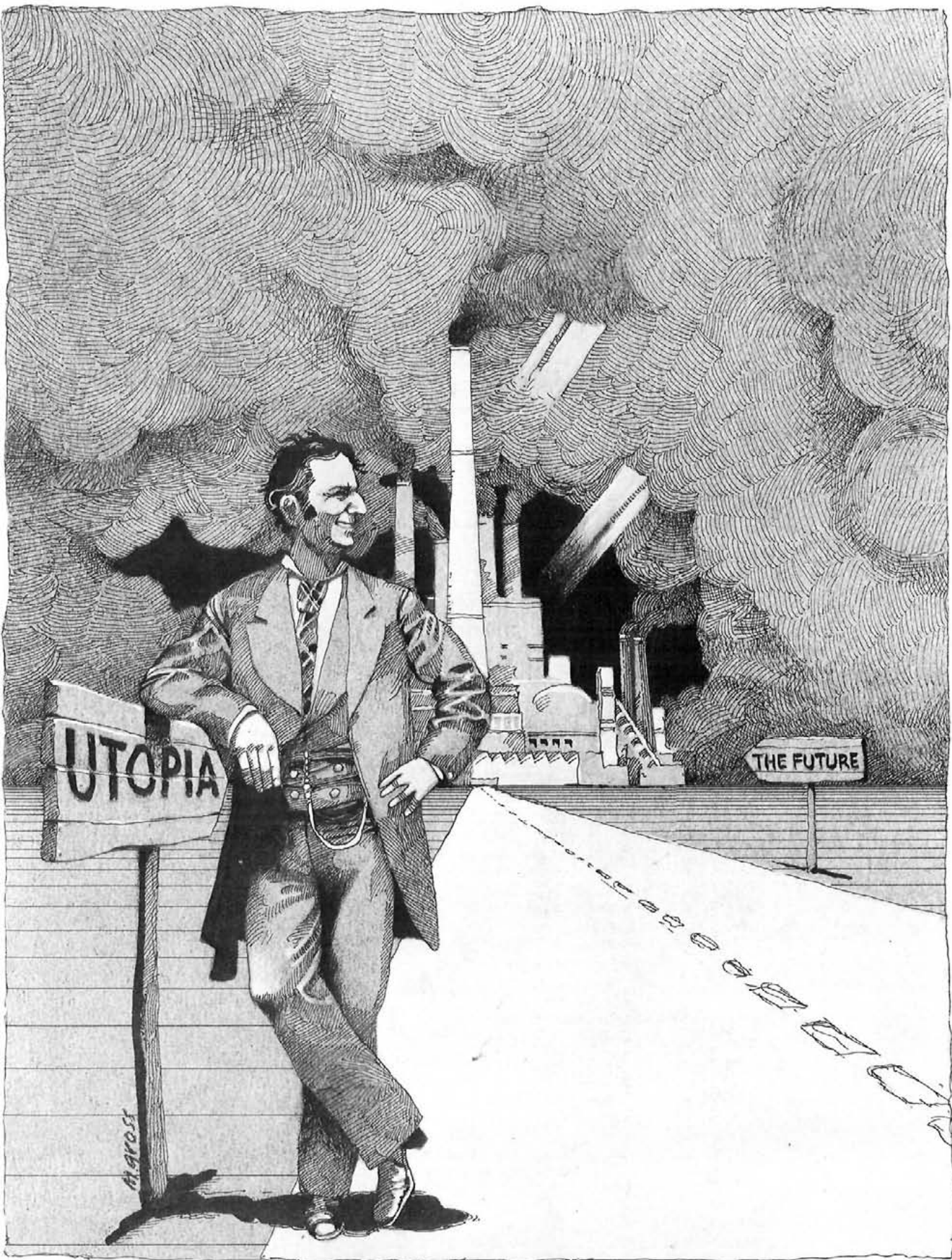
### CLICKETY-CLACK, DON'T LOOK BACK...

When there are machines to do the work of menials, why should menial work fall to anyone? In a factory where all men are hired hands, no man is a hired hand. Why should the workers revolt? Barring the presence of vile agitators who try to inflame the minds of working men against those who have risen above them by reason of merit, all labor together in harmony.

From the spinning jenny to the cotton gin, man's inventions have made tasks lighter for human hands. Why should a man sweat for thirteen hours a day in the fields, when his factory job will only occupy him for ten?

Take that simple implement, the safety  
*continued*





Harold

*continued*

pin. For how long was human society able to continue without its use? Yet today, an entire New England town thrives on its manufacture. The courses of rivers have been altered and forests denuded, simply to provide for the continued presence of the safety pin in the world.

Those attuned to Cognizance III can foresee a shining future in which every worker would be possessed of the right to work and the right to consume. Such would be the bounty of this modern Eden that, once used, merchandise would be simply thrown away.

Beverages would be contained in steel bottles, which could be jettisoned when no longer wanted. Celluloid collars and disposable paper shirtfronts would replace the stiff fabric of today. The whale would be left undisturbed to frolic in the deeps, since ladies' corsets would be reinforced with steel, not whalebone.

Each factory would be a New Lanark, a model of order, cleanliness, and efficiency, a living monument to the dignity of labor! Each simple dwelling would be like another, and no man would strive to be above another in goods or position, for each would be employed in the task his talents suited best.

Happy, well-regulated children would play within sight of the factory windows, secure in the thought of their parents hard at work. Each bright-eyed youngster would reaffirm his parents' belief in the brotherhood of man and the generosity of their employers!

If you wish to gain a true comprehension of Cognizance III, breathe deeply of the smoky air that hangs above such towns as Lowell, Massachusetts, home of the poet James Russell Lowell, where children of ten can be seen eagerly scampering to the mills at four o'clock of a frosty morning. The mill chimneys waft a gentle benediction of smoke upon them like incense. One knows of no sweeter perfume!

### THE TRAIN IS IN THE STATION

Indeed, there are many locales to which the magic elixir of Cognizance III has already permeated. Witness the scene in a factory dining hall. How charming is the elbow-jostling familiarity—so different from the stiff formalism of grand restaurants!

Even the choice of garments, created from the serviceable fabrics manufactured by Messrs. Levi Strauss and Company, ensures that each man will blend with the mass of his fellows.

This all-pervasive spirit of community influences the worker's vocabulary, as well. The highest praise that a person of Cognizance III can muster is to say of another that he has, or is, "joined"—in the sense that a finely constructed piece of cabinet work is said to be well-joined by its maker. Some day, one might

venture to hope, we may yet deserve the epithet "a nation of joiners."

How will the Industrial Revolution come about? Not by force, nor yet by Government aid, other than the customary protective tariffs. It is enough to "laissez-faire." Just as industrial residue, pouring into the sea from the river mouth, changes the water's color, so must Cognizance III creep into and color our thoughts.

Simply take a job in a factory, a trip on a steamer, or purchase the land on which to build a sawmill, and you will effect a change of cognizance. The growth of Cognizance III cannot be impeded any more than can the swiftly turning paddle wheels of the steamboats that ply the mighty Mississippi. Put a man in a factory, and he will become a man of Industry!

Alas, that Cognizance III did not arrive in the marketplace of ideas at an earlier date! For then, certes, this odious conflict which has divided our hearts as the poles on a magnet separate iron filings could never have come to pass. Then the inspired scheme of purchasing the unfortunate blacks and putting them to work for some just reward in remote mills and factories might not have gone unnoticed. Our great Transcontinental Railway might even now be completed!

Now that this century is well past the halfway mark, we may hope that the veterans of this bloody purge will show more wisdom than their fathers. They return to the community with their cognizance already raised, imbued with the valuable qualities of discipline and obedience, and it is to the cities that they must flock.

Therefore we say, beat not your swords into plowshares, but rather your plowshares into safety pins, and ye will have no need for swords.

### ALL ABOARD!!!

We have come upon the dawning of a new age, the Industrial Age. Surely this new age is not a repudiation of, but a fulfillment of, the American Dream. What are the machines for, unless to expand individual freedom and the range of human possibility? What is the central idea of America, unless each man's ability to create his own life? The dream can be delayed no longer.

The idea that machines sacrifice the individual to the good of the greatest number is belied by the careers of men like Deacon Daniel Drew, Jay Gould, and Jim Fisk, for Industry creates a meritocracy, where virtue is rewarded not by the mere whim of tormenting Nature, but by personal gain, available to any man who can best the system.

What of the beauties of Nature in her kindlier moments? "The Rhodora," by Ralph Waldo Emerson, nicely expresses the fate of natural beauty undiscovered by the passing eye. If Industry has any

obligation toward Nature, it is to exhibit her beauties to all and sundry.

But who would grow the crops? Foolish question. Where not bound by duty, man may find untold pleasure in the soil. Besides, artificial foodstuffs will soon replace natural foods. From the soya bean alone we can extract all the nourishment man will ever need.

What, then, of the opposition from the dour clod-busters with their pitchforks? It will vanish overnight. All farmers would truly prefer city life. Their envy of the "city slicker" is readily apparent. Employ the simple expedient of driving out some Sunday to the country, in stylish finery and equipage. This is an excellent method of conversion by example from Cog. II to Cog. III.

Why mock the farmer? He is your brother, whether he realizes it or not. *Betimes, you and others like you symbolize the vanguard of the future, combining the redemption of the individual with a spirit of meaningful community.*

### NEXT STOP: UTOPIA!

"I owe my soul to the Company Store," as the song goes, and though the sentiment treads dangerously close to blasphemy, it may yet be true. I see before me a setting evocative of deep, heart-stirring emotions: the company store on pay-night.

The simple line of workers, dressed in their denim costumes, slowly files past the cash desk in the glow of an oil lamp. Each receives his weekly dole, and, after due consideration, spends it. There is a plentitude of supplies for all. White sugar is not lacking, nor packets of needles and pins, nor produce from all the countryside about, available here at only a slightly higher cost which is gladly paid.

At the close of the recession, as a fitting reward for honest labor, the man who has spent his income wisely and has saved from month to month may well be able to afford the extra nickel for a minor but much appreciated luxury: a fine Cuban cigar.

Would that every man could aspire to such, and that the fulfillment of such a humble aspiration was within every man's achieving!

Outside the store, my imagination lingers on a pleasant vista of slag heaps and pit shafts, with the glowing lights of little cabins scattered about the slopes of the mine. I can almost see a future when these expectations will come to life.

For one who was almost convinced that it was necessary to bow to Nature's might, that it was necessary to clip the wings of human endeavor, it is a hope worth hoping. For one who thought the new age was doomed to a fruitless contest with the stubbornness of American character, it seems a veritable machining of America. □

# Rick Meyerowitz's **COMPUTER** **FIGHT OF THE CENTURY**

**MACHINE GUN CALLEY vs. CHARLIE MANSON**

We are proud to present, for one time and in the pages of this magazine only, a titanic automated tussle between the two most highly touted butchers of our times. The blow-by-blow has been predicted after hundreds of hours of high-speed calculation by a sophisticated computer programmed with facts, figures, statistics, coroners' reports, body counts, and trial transcripts. And, as an extra bonus, we have included for your delectation two exclusive preflight interviews with Howard Cosell, produced by a reconditioned adding-machine in two minutes flat. We hope you will enjoy the presentation, but remember, wherever your loyalties lie, the decision of the computer is final. Even Dick Nixon can't change it.





*continued*

**COSELL:** This is Howard Cosell, and I'm speaking with Charlie Manson here at the beautiful Spahn Movie Ranch, where, for the past two months, the young man who only a short time ago was an unknown flower-child is preparing for his historic bout with Rusty Calley. Charlie, you've read the newspapers, you've seen the television reports, you know what people have been saying about you. The general consensus of opinion is that you're a raving maniac and that killing is too good for you. Are you bothered by this animosity?

**MANSON:** Howard, I'm glad you mentioned that. Yes, it has bothered me, but I feel it's just part of what goes with being a convicted murderer, and I've tried to live with it. You're always bound to run into a little bad publicity—like Liston's drunken driving—and when you do, you just have to be philosophical about it and take the good with the bad, the yin with the yang. Of course, I've got my strong mystical beliefs to help carry me through problems like these. As you know, being at one with the universe—

**COSELL:** How about the hex? Do you plan any mumbo-jumbo?

**MANSON:** Well, Howard, I don't want to telegraph my spells, but I will say that I've got a few things up my sleeve. There are certain powers and forces that I'll be calling upon, and, you know, men tend to wilt when they encounter my gaze. *Time* called it Svengali-like and said I had laser-beam eyes. I'll mesmerize Calley, and while he's wondering what hit him, I'll take him apart.

**COSELL:** What about those persistent stories of the twenty-four sparring partners who just disappeared?

**MANSON:** Just stories, Howard.

**COSELL:** Any predictions about the outcome?

**MANSON:** Well, Howard, I'll give you a little poem:

Thus says the *I Ching*  
 When I get into the ring  
 Calley's gonna be flipped  
 On a terminal O.D. trip.  
 That's the helter-skelter date,  
 When I'll be the No. 1 welterweight.

**COSELL:** All right, Charlie Manson, we'll remember that. Good luck to you.

**MANSON:** Thank you, Howard.



# VITAL

Charles "Charlie" Manson

"Helter-skelter"

AG

3

HEIGHT

5' 9"

WEIGHT

155

LENGTH OF REACH

35"

LENGTH OF TRIANGLE

9½ months

OFFICIAL RECORD

7-0 (all DOAs)

STRONGEST PUNCH

Left uppercut

LAST KNOCKOUT

Leno LaBianco

I.O.

10

TRAINER

"Bobby" Heintz

TRAINING DIRT

Garbage

FIGHTING STYLE

Cut and run

# STATISTICS

**Rusty "Machine Gun" Calley**  
"It's no big thing!"

**AGE**  
28

**HEIGHT**  
5' 8"

**WEIGHT**  
185

**LENGTH OF REACH**  
34"

**LENGTH OF TRIAL**  
4 months

**OFFICIAL RECORD**  
22-0 (all KIAs)

**STRONGEST PUNCH**  
Right jab

**LAST KNOCKOUT**  
Trinh Van Bo

**I.Q.**  
99

**TRAINER**  
"Westy" Westmoreland

**TRAINING DIET**  
K rations

**FIGHTING STYLE**  
Search and destroy



**COSELL:** This is Howard Cosell here at My Lai 4, just a few short miles from South Vietnam's battle-scarred coast. Facing me is Rusty "Machine Gun" Calley, the Georgia boy who has been called a "scapegoat," a "hero," a "war criminal," and a lot of other things that I can't repeat over network television. Tell me, Rusty, how does it feel to be back here in Vietnam again training for the fight of your life, after all that has happened?

**CALLEY:** Well, Mr. Cosell, it's good to get back and see some of the changes that have taken place since I was here. Of course this whole area here holds a sort of sentimental meaning for me personally.

**COSELL:** Rusty, a lot of people have been saying that it's one thing to knock off a few unresisting Asians and another matter entirely to come face-to-face with a man of Manson's proven ability. Do you think you can "hack" it?

**CALLEY:** Yes, sir, I do. I think what you're talking about is the will to win, and I've got it. I think I've shown I can go the distance, and if you'll look at the record, it's pretty clear who's the professional in this fight.

**COSELL:** It's been almost three years since your last official match. Do you think you've slowed down any in the intervening years? What I'm saying is, Rusty, do you feel ready for the fight?

**CALLEY:** Yes, sir, I feel real good. As you know, I've been in the paddies out here every day, I've been getting in a lot of ditch work, and I've been working on my thrusts and butt strokes. I should add that we've had outstanding cooperation from everyone out there, from village chief right on down. Everyone's done a swell job, and it's half the battle just knowing that so many fine folks are pulling for you all the way.

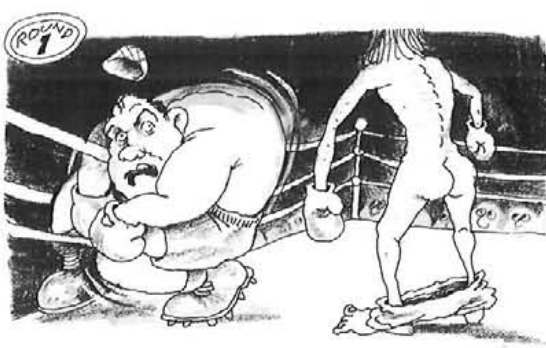
**COSELL:** One last question, Rusty, and then I'll let you get back to your training. Can you make a prediction about how the fight is going to go?

**CALLEY:** Well, Mr. Cosell, it's going to be a tough one, but I think I'll be seeing the light at the end of the tunnel by round five.

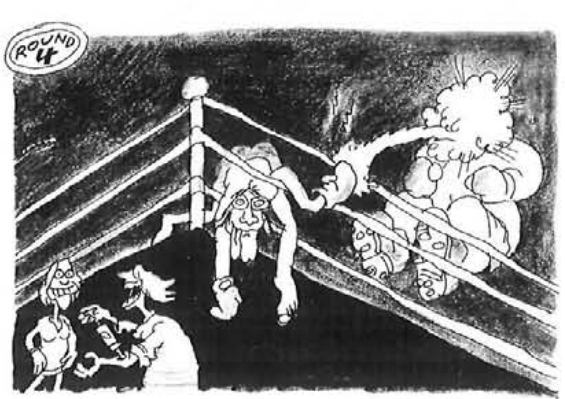
**COSELL:** Thank you, Rusty "Machine Gun" Calley, and good luck to you.

**CALLEY:** Thank you, sir.

*continued*



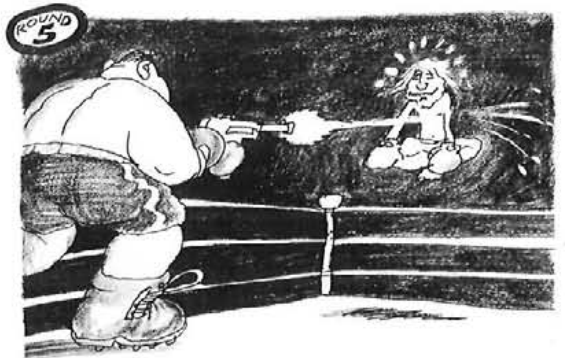
1. The bout starts slowly in a taut psychological battle, as both fighters pace the ring, looking for weak points and exchanging taunts. Calley calls Manson "some kind of weirdo" and shows battle scars. Manson calls Calley "a robot" and shows hex. Round to Manson.



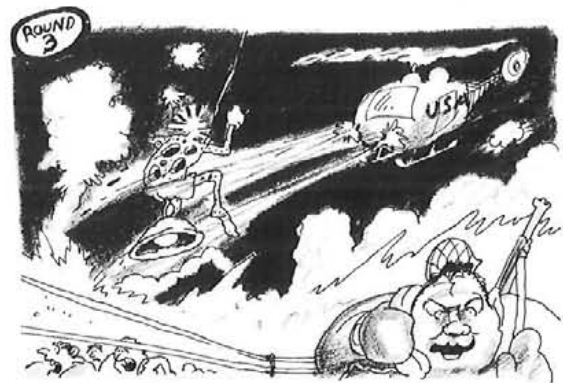
4. Calley continues in hot pursuit of Manson, pressing his advantage and making his body blows count. But, as the bell sounds, Manson finally connects with a hard double-whammy that drops Calley in his tracks. Round split.



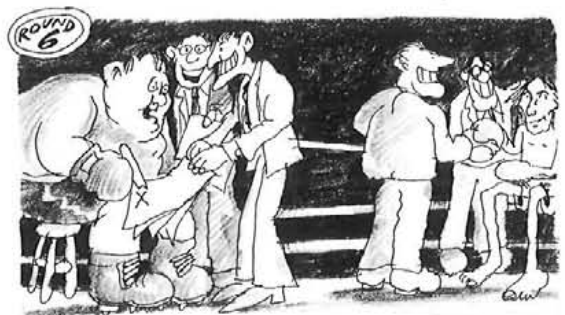
2. Recovering after a between-rounds pep talk from cornerman Ernie Medina, Calley comes back strong and moves on the attack. Manson goes on the defensive, trying to keep out of range of Calley's powerful, machine-gun-like right. Round to Calley.



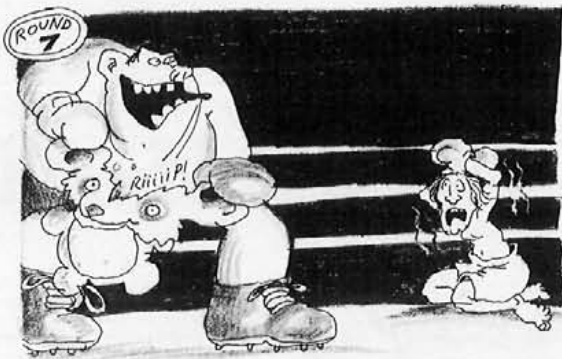
5. The fight is continued under protest as Manson comes out of his corner looking like a new man after eating a handful of suspicious-looking mouth guards. Calley connects time after time with his murderous right, but even his hardest shots seem to have no effect on Manson. Round to Manson.



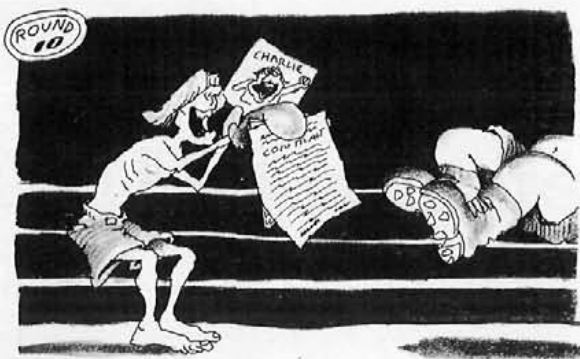
3. Calley, still in command, puts the pressure on Manson, herding him toward the ropes with sharp jabs and cuts. Then, in the last seconds of the round, he lets loose with his "big guns," hitting Manson with a deadly series of "Sunday punches" that seem to come out of nowhere. Round to Calley.



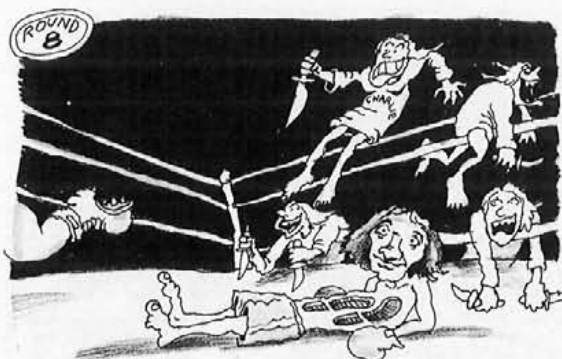
6. The bell for round six goes unheeded by Calley and Manson, as both fighters stay in their respective corners negotiating with lawyers over lucrative publishing and recording contracts. At the end of the round, it still looks like anybody's fight. Round to *Esquire*.



7. Looking visibly stronger after a personal telephone call from Lester Maddox, Calley returns to the offensive with a psychologically devastating display of determination that seems to catch Manson off guard. Round to Calley.



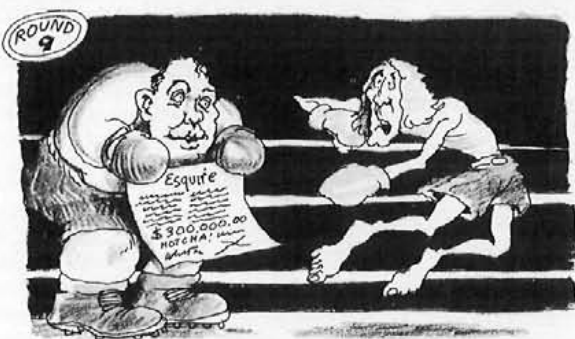
10. Manson recovers and slows Calley down with a long-term recording contract and a heavy advance from Grove Press. Round to Manson.



8. Reeling from the impact of Calley's repeated bombs, Manson is down for the count for the third time in the fight, when he suddenly calls on hidden reserves of strength and unleashes a vicious barrage of uppercuts that puts Calley on the defensive. Round to Manson.



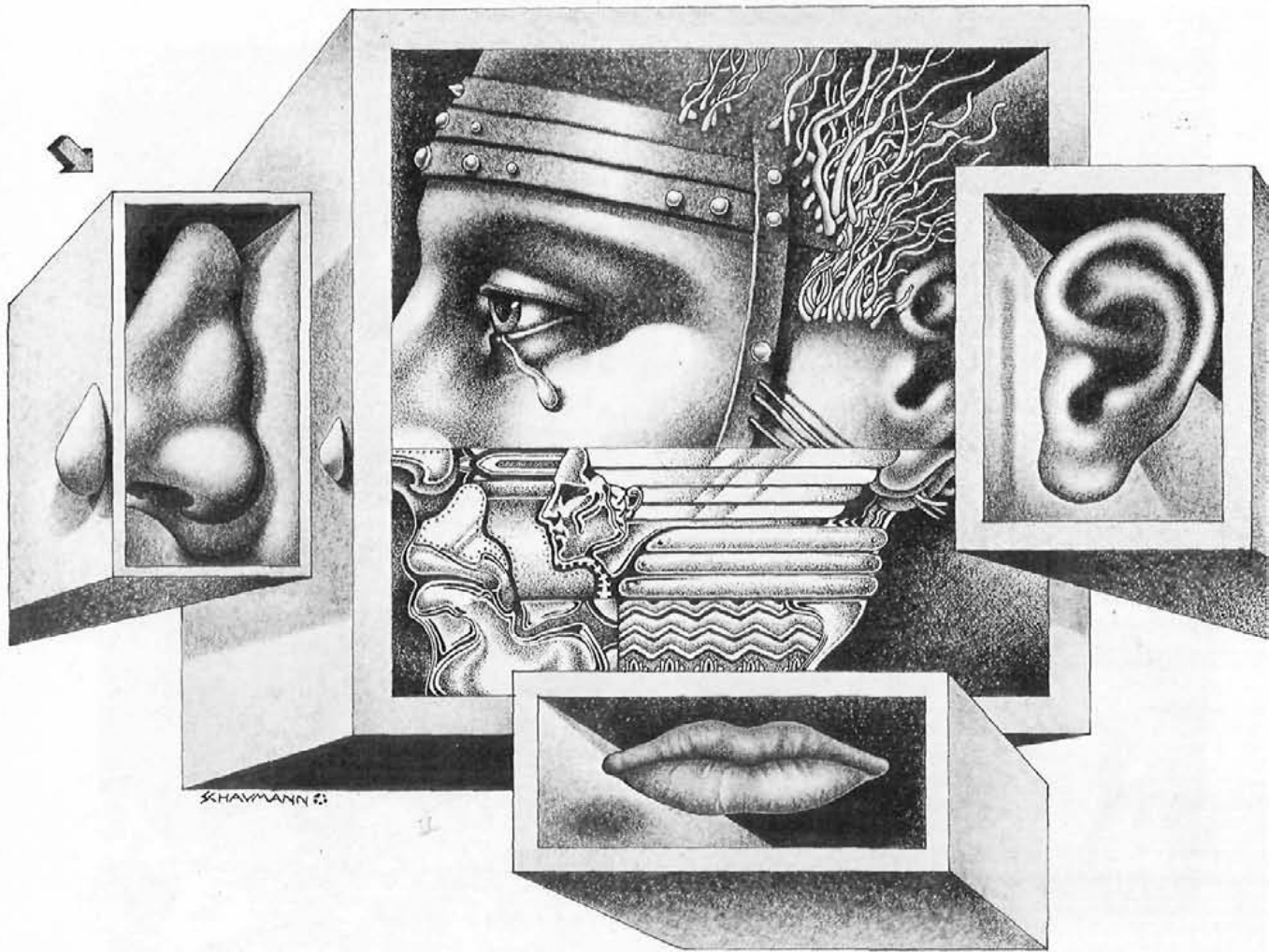
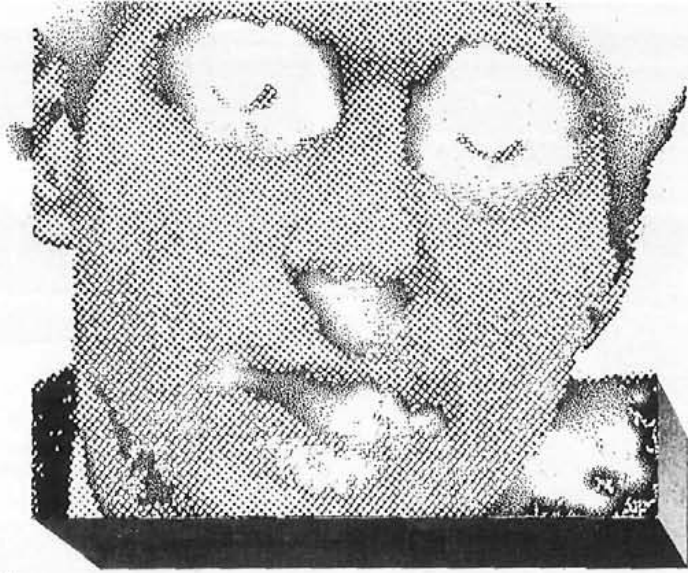
11. Calley and Manson trade telegrams, news clippings, and feature articles in a brutal media blitz that brings the crowd to their feet. Round to Calley on the strength of a flurry of hard-hitting editorials in the final minute.



9. Shaken, but still on his feet, Calley regains momentum and hits Manson with an ironclad contract for his memoirs. Round to Calley.



12. With both fighters showing unmistakable signs of tiring from the effects of agents' cuts and tax bites, Commissioner Ricky "Toadstool" Nixon steps in to stop the fight. Manson is called out on a fast count, and, pending review by the full commission, the title is awarded to Calley. □





# The Nader Report on Consumers

by Peter Ivers

## I

The subject of this report is a monopolistic, monolithic force so powerful, yet so rarely scrutinized, that it threatens to rival the federal government for economic dominance of the United States. This force, whose component parts are variously known as "consumers," "shoppers," or "fish," pose a danger to the American economy far greater than any monopoly heretofore organized.

The menace of consumers to the public weal is clear in all aspects of their manufacture, performance, and cost to the American economy. But their chameleon-like ability to mask their real character under appealing brand names such as "Average Joe," "Just Plain Folks," or "Mom" has shielded them from proper control far too long.

## II

The economic mayhem caused by the consumer is frightening. What figures are available to the public show that consumers have a stranglehold on almost every aspect of the economy. This was discovered almost by accident when researchers noticed that, contrary to popular opinion, federal expenditures proved to account for *less than 40 percent* of the gross national product. Although this discovery was repeatedly denied by governmental officials, our staff carefully made a list and checked it twice to certify that over 60 percent of the moneys spent in the United States were somehow unaccounted for. The culprit, it became clear, was the consumer.

Further checks revealed that the consumer held unnumbered billions rightfully belonging to the federal government through various "dodges" devised to keep these funds from their rightful owners. Through skillful deployment of this wealth under the guise of so-called "pay-checks," "savings accounts," "Christmas clubs," and "piggy banks," consumers have achieved awesome leverage in the national economy, leaving our economy helpless as it vainly attempts to predict where next the imperious consumer will wield its sinister "nest egg."

A revealing glimpse into the consumer's far-reaching societal insinuation is provided by a scientific poll conducted in 1969 by the University of Delaware Institute of Finding Out Things. The results disclose that fully 100 percent of all private citizens had, do, or would like to

if they had the chance, consume.

This widespread and concentrated consumer influence translates forcefully into the simplest economic terms. In 1970 alone, consumers accounted for 99 percent of all goods and services purchased in the nation that were not purchased by federal, state, or local agencies of somebody else.

Furthermore, ninety out of every one hundred consumer dollars spent in the U.S. went directly into the economy, the remaining ten dollars having been spent on bus fare out of Buffalo, New York. It is not remarkable, then, that over one-eighth of all U.S. business feels chained to the likes and dislikes of the consumer for their very survival.

## III

It would appear logical to the most outside observers that such an economic force as consumers would be routinely audited for performance by the people's representatives in the national government, particularly since the funds consumers control represent funds that have slipped through governmental fingers via unplugged tax "loopholes." Secondly, consumers should be studied because of their role as the prime cause of monetary inflation, intentionally purchasing inflated prices for whatever goods and services the federal government has unwisely overlooked. Lastly, the consumer monopoly—with all consumers purchasing the same products from the same producers—would seem, by any rational definition, to fall under the Government's antitrust enforcement powers.

## IV

The Study Group on Consumers was composed of a volunteer team of seven college students working with the Center in Washington, D.C., during the summer of 1970. The members of the group, all women, were selected for their objectivity, intellectual aggressiveness, and their ability to respond favorably to a series of art photos of Mr. Nader posing in various mythological tableaux. The seven investigators—or "Raiders"—were: Margaret "Muffie" Vanderbilt, Barnard '72; Diane "Binkie" Astor, Vassar '71; Louise "Winkie" Roosevelt, Pembroke, '72; Eleanor "Poopie" Kennedy, Radcliffe '71; Mayflower "Meepie" Chase, Wellesley '72; Leslie "Snoopie" Symington, Bryn Mawr '72; Luce "Tinkie" Morales, U. of

Tijuana '56.

The first tasks of the investigators were to identify the target group designated "consumers." Miss Mayflower "Meepie" Chase, Wellesley '72, was the first to ascertain through extensive research that "consumers" could be designated as "one who consumes" and was rewarded with a gold star. Next, Miss Louise "Winkie" Roosevelt, Pembroke, '72, ascertained that the most representative area of consumer concentration was a supermarket neighboring Mr. Nader's apartment and a motel with seven vacancies, and was rewarded with a portfolio of art photos featuring various mythological tableaux.

From this vantage point, the seven researchers observed consumers firsthand and compared them to a control group representing an ideal consumer. The control group consisted of a thirty-six-year-old unmarried female cost-efficiency analyst from Larchmont, New York, who was, at the time, undergoing a particularly dramatic menopause.

## V

Following scientific evaluation by the seven researchers and Mr. Nader during extensive conferences over moussaka and coffee at the Astor restaurant on M Street, three irrevocable conclusions emerged from the consumer study:

1. The majority of consumers perform poorly under normal consuming conditions.
2. An alarming number of consumers show signs of faulty, substandard construction.
3. The moussaka has funny lumps.

We shall illustrate the first two conclusions with conclusive proof. The third stands without rebuttal.

**Conclusion #1.** A substantial majority—100 percent—of the total 1,817 consumers observed demonstrated symptoms of poor performance. These symptoms ranged from "minor" errors such as entering the express line of supermarket check-out counters with more than six items to examples of more serious dysfunction, such as forgetting to count change after giving their money to the pimply kid with the shifty eyes.

Three case histories from the test sample are representative of the whole:

After a "normal" weekly shopping at the local supermarket, consumer C. B. averaged a cash expenditure of \$78 for a selection of prepackaged foods whose

*continued*

continued

nutritional value was exactly one-third that which could have been derived from eating the packaging alone. As the test progressed, consumer C. B. gradually became so dizzy from malnutrition that she mislaid her seven-year-old son in the meat department and never noticed his absence until the next morning when she was found attempting to put a six-pound rib roast on a school bus.

Although armed with a pocket computer, consumer L. M. failed to accurately ascertain the cost-per-unit weight difference between rival brands of ginger snaps selling for 59 cents for 15¼ ounces and 47 cents for 13½ ounces respectively. This failure was discovered only when university students from L. M.'s course in advanced calculus noticed his absence from the podium and ultimately found him in a shopping-cart kiddie seat counting his toes and dividing by the dribbles on his tie.

Consumer D. V. purchased a rib roast from the supermarket's meat department and found that the meat was both tough and stringy. In addition, not only did the roast put up a vigorous struggle before it could be wrestled into the oven, but consumer D. V. had overpaid by more than 6 cents per pound.

**Conclusion #2.** The substandard quality of consumers can be traced primarily to their tremendous rate of production. Every day consumers are turned out by the hundreds of thousands all over the nation, the vast stockpiles only adding to an already serious market glut. This condition can be traced to the "post-War consumer boom" following World War II, when renewed prosperity spurred private concerns to an orgy of overproduction, often manufacturing their units in bizarre locations including rumpus rooms, back seats of taxis, ferris wheels, and stalled elevators. The slipshod results of such jerry-built operations can be seen today lying dust-covered and useless around campuses and unpopular public officials.

This haphazard and often ludicrous method of fabrication has resulted in a product whose very name has become synonymous with shoddy workmanship. Consumers malfunction with such regularity that an entire class of semiskilled hucksters have prospered by gouging exorbitant fees simply to service the defective units. Preying on the consumer's reputation for poor workmanship, they warn that consumers must be given regular "check-ups" or run the risk of total breakdown. So specialized has this type of constant tinkering become that an entire profession has been set apart simply to clean and repair the consumer's enamel work. Not only will these unscrupulous charlatans charge thousands of dollars for a simple structural brace, but there is not a single recorded case of a consumer having been jacked up and

inspected without an expensive defect being "discovered."

Despite this, consumers are touted to "last a lifetime." What the manufacturer does *not* stipulate is how long this means in actual performance time and under what working conditions the guarantee applies. Although vague claims are made of "three score and ten" years, most consumers literally begin to "fall apart" much sooner, and many, subjected to moderate stress, actually "went to pieces." It is generally agreed, then, that despite manufacturers' claims to the contrary, the consumer's functional lifetime is, in short, short.

Another revealing glimpse into the poor design of the average consumer is its plethora of unwanted and troublesome "extras." The regular breakdown of functionless internal parts, such as a purely decorative waste collector attached to the main exhaust, can mean days in the shop, not to mention the high risk of explosion. Although every consumer is equipped with pointless protruberances, decorative and otherwise, there is no better example of the dysfunctional design than in the centrally located "button" that apparently is considered standard equipment. Since the consumer's inception, this button has been pushed, prodded, and otherwise manipulated in attempts to discover its operative purpose, but with little observable result save a slight vibration along the entire frame and a chronic tendency to attract small balls of fluff and lint.

## VI

The Study Group, having time on its hands until Mr. Nader returned from a four-o'clock photographer's appointment, broke the total consumer sample down into individual models on the basis of race and/or nationality, domestic and imports.

Each model was analyzed and judged as to its construction and performance, with room in the little space at the right for descriptive comments and tic-tac-toe. The results were, as predicted, irrelevant:

### CONSUMER MODEL CLASSIFICATION

Model	Construction Defect	Performance
Negro	lacking shift	rhythmic
Puerto Rican	excess lubricant	easily boils over
Mexican	horizontal power plant	periodic stoppages
Polish	crude	sluggish
Italian	tapered	cannot be shut off
Japanese	cramped	unpredictable
German	too highly precisioned	requires supervision
Jewish	overpowered	poor except in competition
WASP	low tolerances	middling

## ADDENDUM

It should be stressed that the first two models are the most substandard in the marketplace. They routinely consume products of inferior quality at prices they cannot afford. They persist in patronizing inner-city retail outlets even though there is ample evidence that prices are lower and quality higher in suburban outlets.

## VII

On the basis of the foregoing information, the Study Group on Consumers has drawn up a series of recommendations that it proposes for government action and public endorsement.

The black model consumer should be discontinued as soon as it is feasible to do so. While the Justice Department has made a start in this direction, its policy strikes us as haphazard and disorganized. We believe the times dictate a coordinated policy that would be undertaken with all deliberate speed.

2. The public, press, and Government should immediately have all Puerto Rican models recalled by the San Juan distributor.

3. Congress and the proper Executive agencies should immediately act to install stricter trade barriers—tariffs, quotas, embargoes—to slow, if not halt, the rising influx of inferior foreign import models, especially those from Poland, Italy, and Japan.

4. Congress should give immediate attention and consideration to the Truth-in-Consuming Act (S 719, HR 2304) introduced last April by Senator Glenn Charles (D-Wis.). This urgently needed legislation would require all U.S. consumers to file with the Government a report in triplicate on each item they consume. Included in these reports would be such information as date-of-purchase, store name, clerk's name, shelf number, cost, purpose, model, and weight.

At the end of the year, every consumer would also be required to file an annual consuming report, listing total amount spent, amount of product wasted, and time spent filing the report.

5. Somebody should look into that moussaka.

## VIII

The time for backing-and-filing is through. The Government has too long permitted consumers to go unchecked, and its tentative, stop-gap measures of sales taxes, inflated prices, and rampant industrial lobbying have proven ineffectual in stemming the consumer tide. More forceful and lasting action is needed and needed now. Proper action quickly taken will mean that every consumer will stand at the dawn of a new day. Whether they like it or not. □

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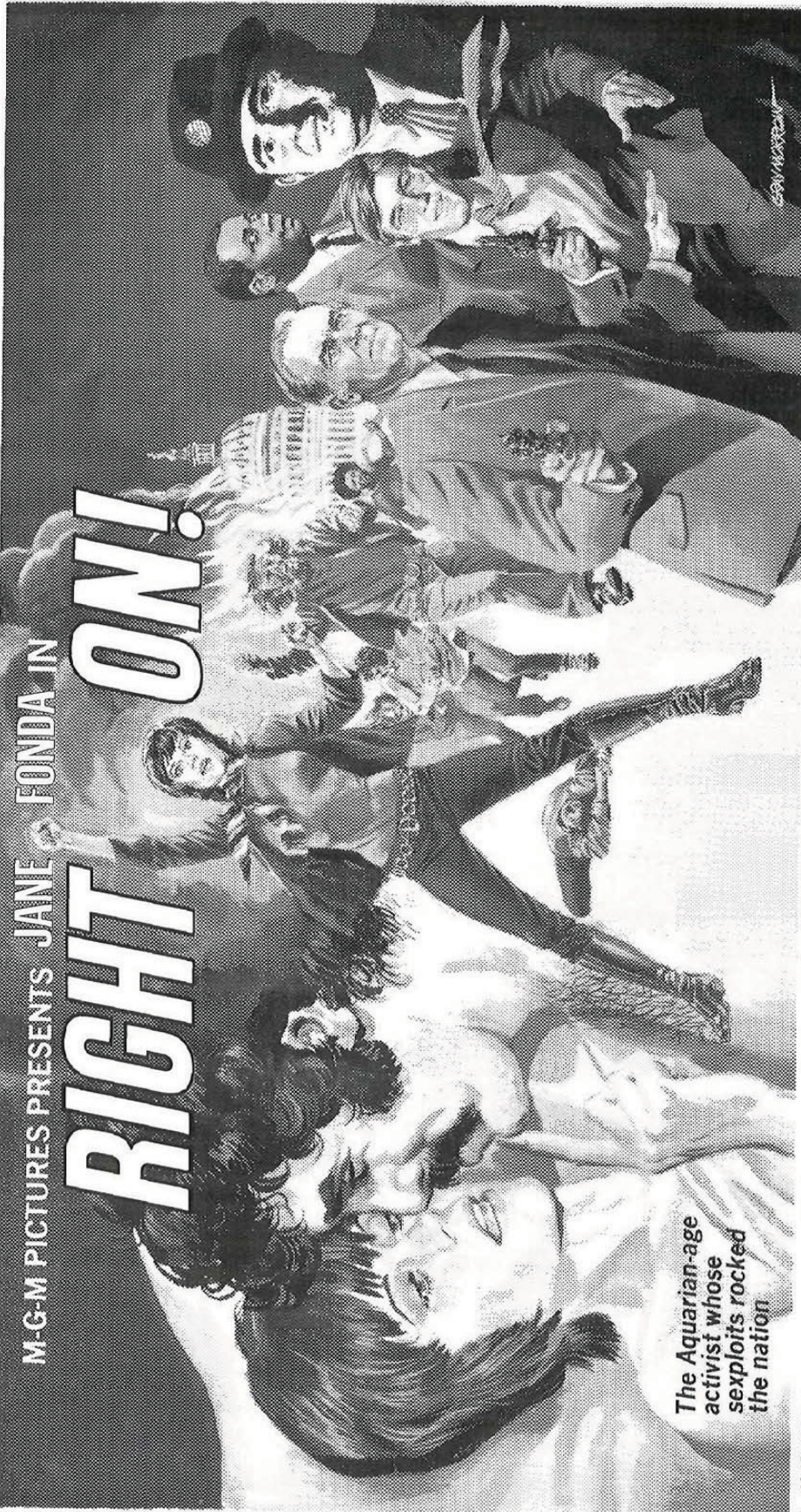


**M-G-M PRESS BOOK AND  
MERCANDISING MANUAL**  
IMPORTANT: FOR THEATRE OWNERS, DISTRIBUTORS, AND PUBLICITY AGENTS ONLY!

by Terry Catchpole

M-G-M PICTURES PRESENTS **JANE FONDA** IN

**RIGHT ON!**



The Aquarian-age  
activist whose  
exploits rocked  
the nation

CO-STARRING

STARRING

**DENNIS HOPPER** **ELLIOTT GOULD** AS **MARK LANE**  
AS **DON**  
AS **MARK LANE**  
WITH  
**TAB HUNTER** **FLIP WILSON** · **SANDRA DEE** · **DUSTIN HOFFMAN** · **AND A HOST OF OTHERS**

DIRECTED BY

**MICHAEL BUTLER**

WRITTEN BY

**ERICH SEGAL** · **TERRY SOUTHERN** · **ROBERT KAUFMAN** · **ADRIENNE JOYCE** · **ISRAEL HOROWITZ** · **SAM SHEPARD** · **JULES FEIFFER** **TECHNICOLOR** · **A MICHAEL BUTLER PRODUCTION**  
**PANAVISION** · **A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE**

# RIGHT ON! IS DYNAMITE

Once again, M-G-M has come up with a blockbuster film for fall release. This time it's *Right On!*, a youth-market feature that spells D-Y-N-A-M-I-T-E at the box office and will "revolutionize" your pocketbook.

And once again, we will work closely with exhibitors to make *Right On!* the Big One for 1971. Already, the prerelease publicity has been nothing short of amazing. Virtually every major publication and television network has spotlighted the filming of *Right On!* and made star Jane Fonda a household word. It cost us \$3,000,000 to get Jane to play the young activist lead in *Right On!*, but today that looks like a bargain price!

Now it's our turn to cash in. Contained in this theatre manager's press book you will find suggested feature stories for release to your local newspapers, promotional stills, and many "revolutionary" new innovations in all facets of advertising, publicity, and exploitation. These innovations, combined with plenty of good old-fashioned showmanship, will enable us all to share in the profits that *Right On!* is sure to bring in.

M-G-M is ready to help you in any way it possibly can. Together we will make sure that *Right On!* is our "bag"—a moneybag!



METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER INC.,

1530 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10091

## ERNEST BEVELSON ADVERTISING MANAGER

Dear Mr. Exhibitor:

Are you ready to step into the emotion-charged world of today's under-thirty generation? Are you ready to march side by side with young radicals, living their life, loving their kind of love?

That's what *Right On!* will do for you ... and your audience! M-G-M's *Right On!* grabs the viewer and thrusts him right onto the scene where tomorrow's news is being made today.

In short, *Right On!* is the hottest youth-market feature ever put "up against the screen." The producer is Michael Butler, the young theatrical wizard who put *Hair* on Broadway's chest. The star is Jane Fonda, the box-office bombshell whose unique *Right On!* role has thrust her into the national spotlight. Lending a touch of European sophistication to the all-American project is noted French (of course) director Roger Vadim, a name that can also be spelled H-I-T.

Together the company has come up with a NOW motion picture that combines the tender romance of *Love Story* with the social relevance of *Getting Straight*. Are you ready for that?????

As everyone but the most confirmed hermit knows, Jane Fonda has been filming *Right On!* for over a year, on locations all across the country, and this has to be the sexy star's biggest hit since *Barbarella*. And just between us connoisseurs, she shows more (talent, of course!) in *Right On!* than she has since her 1967 epidermal epic, *The Game Is Over*.

M-G-M has been just as busy promoting *Right On!* as Jane has been making it. By exploiting our star's publicity and her "way out" exciting filming activities, we have placed feature spreads on Jane in such nationwide publications as *Time*, *Newsweek*, *Life*, *Cosmopolitan*, *McCall's*, and *Show*, as well as the daily press from coast-to-coast. All of the television networks have carried news footage of Jane making *Right On!*, and the award-winning sexpot has made several appearances on the big-audience talk shows hosted by Virginia Graham and Dick Cavett. Even the "underground" newspapers in major market areas have commented favorably on Jane's latest role and have adopted the groovy, curvy actress as "one of their own."

We confess that it was sometimes difficult for us--and the press, too!--to tell Jane's *Right On!* film scenes from the real thing. This will give you some idea of how breathtakingly realistic this film is. Suffice it to say, when you see *Right On!* you'll know what the kids mean when they say "heavy"!

Be assured that we don't intend to rest on the publicity and promotional successes we've scored so far. Full-color advertisements will appear in major national publications, including "hip" political-market books like *Ramparts*, *Evergreen*, and *New Left Notes*. The "underground" press, including the *Black Panther*, will carry ad copy on the freakiest, funkiest chick of them all. College dormitories and "hippie pads" will echo to the sound of the *Right On!* theme song played on all the major top-forty radio outlets.

Take it from us, *Right On!* is a dynamic flick that will be "right on" with the young filmgoer market in your city. It's a can't-miss, don't-miss motion picture that will make your theatre look like Woodstock all over again.

Are you ready for *Right On!*? If not, you'd better do like the kids say and get with it, man! *Right On!* is where it's at!

/s/ Ernest Bevelson  
Advertising Manager  
M-G-M Pictures Corporation

# PUBLICITY

## What Is RIGHT ON!?

An angry face . . . a clenched fist . . . the shout of "right on!" These are some of the familiar sights and sounds of today's youth scene, a turbulent world of drugs, sex, and radical politics that has now been dramatically captured on screen in M-G-M's *Right On!*, opening \_\_\_\_\_ at the \_\_\_\_\_ Theatre.  
put your opening date here your theatre

*Right On!* stars Jane Fonda, the popular award-winning actress who has devoted a well-publicized year to the making of this ultrarealistic motion picture. Filmed in *cinema vérité* documentary style by director Roger Vadim, *Right On!* gives the viewer a ringside seat on what's happening right now in a film as fresh as tonight's TV news.

Miss Fonda's character in the film, Jan Henry, is very much a child of our mixed-up times. Jan is a fairly successful young actress who suddenly realizes that she has received most of her stage and screen parts because of her famous theatrical parents and that she has done little on her own other than to exploit her considerable physical attributes.

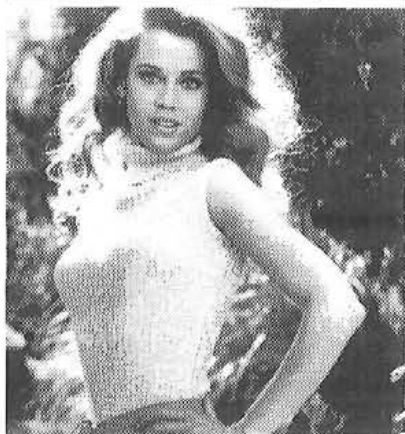
Confused and alienated, Jan "drops out" from her career and tries to find the meaning and substance of life in the Youth Movement. Leaving her husband and child, abandoning her makeup case and *haute couture* wardrobe, and throwing away her bras, Jan dons the severely simple—but nevertheless revealing, male readers!—garb of the committed activist and goes out alone to meet "the people."

While "making the scene," the adventuresome Jan meets a colorful and characteristic cross-section of the "hip" underground—Negro militants, dissident Indians, antiwar protestors, women's liberationists, rock musicians, Mexican-American strikers, drug peddlers—the committed and the kooks. She encounters the bombers and the builders, those who would destroy our society while offering nothing to put in its place as well as those who are working within "the system" to make it better!

At first the youthful activists are skeptical of their new "recruit"—after all, she is over thirty and rides around in a chauffeured limousine—but gradually they come to appreciate the eagerness of Jan's commitment and her value to their causes. She speaks at rallies, leads demonstrations, attracts press coverage—at last Jan has found a relevant way to trade on her famous name and exploit her sex appeal. She has found the confidence, security, and adulation that have always eluded her.

But *Right On!* is more than a merely "political" drama. It is brimful of poignant humor and romantic love and radiates with real, salable human warmth. It is a film that has both heart and soul.

Produced by Michael Butler, *Right On!* was filmed on location in twelve cities, four army bases, three prisons, two Indian reservations, and a lettuce field. Miss Fonda's costars include Elliott Gould, Dustin Hoffman, Anthony Quinn, Candice Bergen, Katharine Ross, Dennis Hopper, Sal Mineo, and Peter (Joe) Boyle.



**RIGHT ON! Sneak Preview: Rising young actress Jan Henry (Jane Fonda), tired of flaunting her physical endowments as an oppressed Hollywood "sex object," uses her objects (and a short-haired wig) to become a serious political activist in M-G-M's new film RIGHT ON!**

# U.S. GOVERNMENT "SECRET" FILM STAR

A major unbilled "star" of *Right On!* is none other than the U.S. Government, which generously contributed more extras, sets, and props for the making of this important film than it did in *The Longest Day*, *The Green Berets*, and *Tora! Tora! Tora!* Skip Lujak, producer Michael Butler's assistant, says, "The U.S. camouflage experts even gave us tips on how to disguise our camera crew as television news teams so the real radicals wouldn't get wise!"

When the documentary-style film required Miss Fonda to be forcibly ejected from several military bases, adds director Roger Vadim, "the commanders graciously lent us their entire facilities, from real officers and infantrymen to tanks and flame-throwers. Real troopers, ha ha, a joke, yes no?"

Sometimes, however, local government officials needed some extra "motivation." When the script called for Miss Fonda's "arrest" in the Cleveland airport, Mayer Carl Stokes said the city's police force was too tied up with prior commitments. But the "men in blue" responded beautifully when M-G-M offered to help finance a police-academy training center for downtown Cleveland and "did their duty" before the grinding cameras as if they really meant it.

Perhaps the biggest help came from Washington itself. When 500,000 extras were needed for a climactic demonstration at our nation's capital, in which Miss Fonda harangues the throngs with treasonous demands for troop withdrawals and wild-eyed statements that "the poor people don't have enough money and things," the production budget could simply not accommodate the expense of the extras, costumes, and filth needed. Then an enterprising director's aide, Rick Feinstein, hit upon the idea of having the Government take some action that would draw a *real* crowd of hippies to the Capital! The proposal was taken to the Defense Department's Hollywood liaison office, and the invasion of Cambodia was arranged. The studio had its nonunion extras at no cost, and the casting could not have been more perfect!

# Exploitation Tips

promoted merchandise from a boutique or department store in your city.

**ESSAY CONTEST:** The subject of M-G-M's *Right On!* is today's topsy-turvy youth scene. Working through local high schools, colleges, and dope peddlers, invite young people to write essays on some facet of this scene, such as "My Favorite 'Trip,'" "Narcs That I Have Known," or "How I Spent My Bust Time." A separate essay contest for adults only and promoted in newspapers and over radio could use the subject "Our Children: Friend or Foe?" Judging could be handled by a local English teacher, with the winner getting a pair of free ducats.

**ETHNIC TIE-IN:** In *Right On!* Jane Fonda plays Jan Henry, a political activist who supports militant Negroes, Puerto Ricans, and Mexican-American "Chicanos" as well as white hippies. You can capitalize on the film's broad ethnic appeal by costuming your ushers as members of these different groups and having them speak to "their people" outside your theatre, appealing to ethnic passersby to see the film. Add a soapbox and bullhorn for added realism, and be sure to notify local newspaper, radio,

and TV outlets of the "impromptu demonstrations."

**BOSOM BALLYHOO:** Jane Fonda's well-molded bosom plays a "standout" part in her *Right On!* role as Jan Henry, a "li-bra-ated" young activist. Take advantage of this by staging a contest before each evening's showing to pick the girl in the audience with breasts most like Miss Fonda's. A local radio, television, or political celebrity can do the judging, with the winners getting some

## RIGHT ON!'s Cast Is Right on Target

Two years ago Jane Fonda was asked by producer Michael Butler, the man who brought the musical *Hair* to Broadway, if she would be interested in playing the "dropout" actress-turned-political-activist lead in a film he was preparing for filming with M-G-M.

Not only did Miss Fonda respond with a quick, unqualified "out of sight," but her noted director-husband Roger Vadim insisted on handling the directorial chores. The result is *Right On!*, a romantic drama of the Youth Movement opening \_\_\_\_\_ at the \_\_\_\_\_ Theatre.

The film represents a departure-in-style for both Mr. and Mrs. Vadim, who had previously worked together in such memorable glittery comedies as *Circle of Love*, *The Game Is Over*, and *Barbarella*. "I think we both were ready for a change of pace," says the lovely Lady Jane, her husband nodding his agreement. "This deal came along when we were looking for a script with a little meat on it, something we could sink our teeth into."

Jane and Roger became so involved with the project, in fact, that they agreed to live apart during the filming so Jane could concentrate fully on her role as Jan Henry, the activist-actress. However difficult the temporary separation, both now concur that the isolation worked out for the best. "The part of Jan was a tremendous challenge to me as an actress," says Jane of her seventeenth major motion-picture role. "I honestly think this was the toughest assignment I've had since I did *Walk on the Wild Side* ten years ago."

With the lead role cast, producer Butler and director Vadim found it extraordinarily easy to fill the remaining parts, considering the high-voltage talent they lined up. "Once the word got out that we were doing a youth-market flick without the usual phoniness and gloss, we had actors banging at our doors," says shaggy-maned millionaire Butler.

Among the box-office luminaries in the cast is stage and screen star Elliott Gould, who made his mark on filmdom by appearing in every-other film released during 1970, including three "Road Runner" cartoons. Sal Mineo, the spunky little man-of-many-film-nationalities who captured the public's heart with his performance as the lead in *The Gene Krupa Story*, here plays an Indian named Herbert Burning Bush, whose life as an extra in Hollywood Westerns has been a living hell of torment and humiliation and who first opens Jan Henry's innocent eyes to the evils in society.

Popular TV comedian Flip Wilson, whose weekly NBC show has garnered top ratings, makes his film debut in *Right On!* in the coveted role of Brother Huey, a Negro militant whose cause is among those Jan Henry champions. Foregoing his usual zany comedy and "playing a straight dramatic role was not difficult," says the irascible Flip, "because, you see, Brother Huey was a lot like the Geraldine character that I do on my TV show. What you sees is what you gets."

*Right On!* also features cameo guest appearances by such popular stars as Dustin Hoffman, Candice Bergen, Dennis Hopper, Katharine Ross, Anthony Quinn, and Miss Fonda's brother, Peter, and famous dad, Henry.

"With all of our casting, from the lowliest part to the lead," explains producer Michael Butler, "we were looking for just one thing—the best talent at the best price. We were willing to sacrifice a buck or two if it meant buying top-quality people. Hopefully, the profit statements will prove we knew what we were doing."



**RIGHT ON! Sneak Preview:** Two subversive-hunting FBI agents (Henry and Peter Fonda) do not recognize political activist Jan Henry (Jane Fonda), who is cleverly disguised as a dumpy suburban housewife in new M-G-M release **RIGHT ON!**



**After final completion of RIGHT ON! Miss Fonda relaxes by her pool with the M-G-M publicity staff for a real cigarette. Her personal opinion of RIGHT ON! "If the schmucks in Iowa swallowed Elliott Gould, they'll swallow anything!"**

# THE STORY

The time is today, and young, beautiful-but-bored film actress Jan Henry (JANE FONDA) overhears some hippie radicals "rapping" in an elevator. Stirred by their sincere antiwar comments, Jan decides to take time out from her acting career, leave her director-husband Roger (YVES MONTAND), and find out what's really happening in the world she lives in. At a party thrown by some politically aware Hollywood friends (CANDICE BERGEN and ANTHONY QUINN), Jan meets her first American Indian, Herbert Burning Bush (SAL MINEO), a profoundly alienated "extra" in movie Westerns. Jan is appalled at the indignities Herbert has suffered at the hands of Hollywood directors, and she immediately recognizes him as a victim of the oppression she has been hearing so much about.

Off Jan goes to Washington State to join the fight for Indian fishing rights, which she studies up on during a chartered flight from L.A. After taking part in a simple-yet-moving demonstration, Jan meets a group of soldiers (TROY DONAHUE, TY HARDIN, and TAB HUNTER) and accompanies them to a nearby army base, where she is appalled by the long waiting lines and unimaginative clothing styles. Jan is about to speak out on these issues when she is approached by the commanding officer and is ordered off the base. At a hastily called press conference, Jan tells the reporters accompanying her that she has been "radicalized, not to mention miffed."

Casting her fate and dated sex-symbol screen image to the wind, Jan embarks on a flurry of highly dramatic Movement activity across the nation. She visits some Indians on Alcatraz and finds what it is like to live on a small, isolated, and rocky island. She learns of Negro problems while watching a TV talk show and instantly orders her chauffeur to drive her to the nearest ghetto, where she observes the situation firsthand. She eats a bad head of nonunion lettuce and goes off to join Cesar Chavez (RICARDO MONTALBAN) and his strikers in the field, where she is appalled by all the dirt, heat, sweat, and lettuce.

At a party thrown by some politically aware New York friends (DUSTIN HOFFMAN and KATHARINE ROSS) Jan meets a noted lawyer named Mark (MARK LANE) and a fellow actor named Don (ELLIOTT GOULD), who agree to lead her deeper into the netherworld of protest, drugs, and mystical religion. They introduce her to the famous Brother Huey (FLIP WILSON), who impresses Jan with his hot rhetoric and cool charisma, and take her to visit a jail, where Jan is appalled by the inorganic food and dreary, institutional decor.

Jan is thrown off three more army bases, makes speeches in New York and Washington that are covered by all the networks, marches in several photogenic picket lines, and joins a group of soldiers in a five-hour fast to protest their low pay and short haircuts. Flying into Cleveland, Jan is arrested for possession of funny pills, "planted" on her by the CIA or maybe evil Texas oil millionaires.

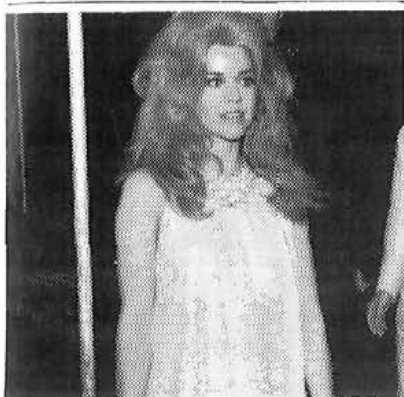
Events are reaching a climax. Torn between love and commitment, Jan decides that her one true commitment is to love. But before returning to Roger she wants to perform one final act of significant protest for the Movement. At the fade, Jan and Roger are seen in a passionate embrace as, behind them, the Pentagon explodes in a "riot" of color.

## CAST

Jan Henry	Jane Fonda	Cesar Chavez	Ricardo Montalban
Herbert Burning Bush	Sal Mineo	Brother Huey	Flip Wilson
Don	Elliott Gould	Bob	Anthony Quinn
Mark	Mark Lane	Carol	Candice Bergen
Peter Henry	Dennis Hopper	Ted	Dustin Hoffman
Roger	Yves Montand	Edith	Katharine Ross
Pvt. O'Meara	Tab Hunter	Agent Smith	Peter Fonda
Pvt. Jablonski	Troy Donahue	Agent Jones	Henry Fonda

## CREDITS

Producer: Michael Butler; Director: Roger Vadim; Written by Erich Segal, Terry Southern, Robert Kaufman, Adrienne Joyce, Israel Horowitz, Sam Shepard, and Jules Feiffer; Assistant Producer: Skip Lujak; Assistant Director: Rich Feinstein; Director of Photography: Haskell Wexler; Production Designer: Peter Max; Costume Design: Betsey, Bunky & Nini; Hair Stylist: Mr. Ed; Production Consultant: Tommy Tongyai; Special Effects: J. Edgar Hoover. Running time: 128 minutes.



Jane Fonda "returns to normal" for a gala prescreening of **RIGHT ON!**—a movie with a message . . . and a heart!

## Feature Announcements for Your Local Papers

**LIKE FATHER, LIKE DAUGHTER**—Thirty years ago a young actor named Henry Fonda catapulted to stardom with his moving performance in a social-conscience drama of Depression-era laborers called *The Grapes of Wrath*. Today, superstar Fonda's daughter, Jane, is following in her famous father's footsteps with an outstanding performance in a social-conscience drama of the modern youth movement, M-G-M's *Right On!*

"There are several parallels between our roles in the two films," says Fonda senior, who appears in his daughter's new film as an FBI agent. "I actually went out and visited among some real Ookies, just like Jane has talked to some real beatniks. And I think she, too, has enjoyed playing a role set in an economic and social class inferior to her own."

**LAWYER'S DEBUT**—Nationally renowned courtroom performer Mark Lane begins a promising film career with his debut in M-G-M's *Right On!*, opening \_\_\_\_\_ at the \_\_\_\_\_ Theatre. Playing an activist lawyer who accompanies *Right On!* star Jane Fonda on her adventures among the under-thirty generation, Lane joins such fellow legal-eagles as Melvin Belli, F. Lee Bailey, and Raymond Burr.

Barrister Lane not only turned in an admirable *Right On!* performance, but proved to be the life of each day's post-shooting cocktail party. The swarthily handsome attorney captivated cast and crew members with his whimsical five-shot theory of whisky-drinking and persuaded them to try his potent original concoctions bearing such exotic names as the Grassy Knole and the White Mustang. "Mark is always good for a few laughs," reports a bright-eyed script girl.

# Would You Buy a Used War from This Man?

by John Boni and Henry Beard

*"FALSE ADVERTISEMENT" (52 Stat. 116; 15 U.S.C. 55).*

*(a)(1) The term "false advertisement" means an advertisement, other than labeling, which is misleading in a material respect; and in determining whether any advertisement is misleading, there shall be taken into account (among other things) not only representations made or suggested by statement, word, design, device, sound, or any combination thereof, but also the extent to which the advertisement fails to reveal facts material in the light of such representations or material with respect to consequences which may result from the use of the commodity to which the advertisement relates under the conditions prescribed in said advertisement, or under such conditions as are customary or usual.*



2. Hello, I'm Richard Nixon, and if you've noticed any of these symptoms, then, like millions of other Americans, you're probably a victim of the heartbreak of Indochina, or Johnson's War. What can you do about it? Well, at last there is a remarkable remedy that may provide transitory, long-lasting relief from the nagging pain of attrition at the same time that it helps halt the spread of Communism—new Peaceplan, with Honor.®



4. Well, for one thing, Peaceplan combines all of the specific ingredients that generals recommend most for the control of insurrection: an antibelligerent to stop annoying insurgency, a powerful defoliant to remove the unhealthy growths that often hide infiltration, and two quick-acting deterrents to prevent further aggression. And it contains more of these ingredients than any other solution presently available without conscription.



1. Do you wake up in the morning feeling pitiful, helpless, and second-rate? Do you suffer from the embarrassing and unsightly loss of face that can accompany the agony of withdrawal? Are you sick of that "bogged-down" sensation that often follows overextension? When the chips are down, do you feel like you just can't "hack it"? Or maybe you're one of the many people who complain of a sudden deadening in a husband, son, or brother.



3. What's so special about new Peaceplan? Well, generals know that the only way to end the discomfort of minor war is to dig in, drop plenty of bombs, and stay in the field until it's over. But, let's face it, when you're on the run, you just can't afford to wait a war out. You want something to make you feel better fast. You want Peaceplan. Now, you might ask, Why choose Peaceplan instead of one of those popular "miracle solutions"?



5. You see, Peaceplan is the result of years of testing at leading military centers and contains the same reliable formula proven effective in combatting the outbreaks of Korea and Malaysia. And when Peaceplan was tested in a recent national election, four out of nine voters preferred it to all other leading prescriptions for peace. Why? Because only Peaceplan has a special secret additive that neutralizes debilitating discussion while it gets the "reds" out.





6. As you can see in this actual diagram, in those difficult dry-season months when aggression often strikes, irritating guerrillas pour down into sensitive pacified areas, causing inflammation of the populace, reddening of affected regions, and painful and embarrassing attacks. If left unchecked, this uncomfortable buildup can lead to humiliation and sudden credibility loss, and, in extreme cases, total collapse may result.



7. But when Peaceplan goes to work, thousands of tiny timed units—you can think of them as little soldiers—penetrate deep into swollen sanctuaries to cut off the flow of irritating foreign material. Once there, it relieves pressure and actually reduces the combat level, giving you 52 percent fewer casualties. Its patented incursive process lets Peaceplan go in deeper to get you out faster. And, best of all, it's so gentle it works while you sleep.



8. But that's not all. Peaceplan also rushes massive assistance throughout the entire area to help strengthen natural defenses and then provides a continuous fortified buffer to guard against recurrent attacks. And thanks to its concentrated genocidal action, it searches out and destroys the cause of persistent insurgency—the millions of little people that infect even the healthiest political system.



9. How can Peaceplan do all this? Simple. Unlike remedies that promise quick relief but contain only a tranquilizer, Peaceplan has all that lead, phosphorus, 2, 4, 5T, and napalm needed to keep up the vital body-count. And its unique staying power provides the "show of strength" that is often all that's necessary to stave off recurrent attacks. Yes, in just years, you'll find your war is gone, your face saved, and free government restored.



10. All I'm asking is that you give Peaceplan, with Honor®, a chance. The next time the chronic discomfort of war strikes, don't take it lying down. Let Peaceplan's protective cosmetic and gentle soporific relax and soothe you while it eases tenseness due to protest, distress of the lower-income areas, uneasy, queasy campuses, and that tired feeling that comes with a general weakening of the constitution:



11. How much does Peaceplan cost? Only \$15 billion. Yes, a little more than other solutions, but would you settle for a remedy at any price that gave you less? Try it and see. Not only will you look great, feel great, be great again, but in years to come you'll have fewer wars, milder wars. Soothing, strong, general-approved Peaceplan. Guaranteed safe and effective when swallowed whole, as directed. □



# COMING NEXT MONTH

## CHILDREN

Hey, kids, run up to the bedroom where Mom is checking the aerial connections with the TV repairman and get her to give you 75 cents so you can go out and buy the Children's issue, the super terrific new toy from those swell folks at *Natlamp*. (If she gives you any "guff," just tell her Uncle Henry says idle hands are the devil's gum-ball machine, and why do they call it black mail anyway, I mean, are the envelopes black or what?)

Boy, just wait till you get it home and open it up! It's printed with real ink that rubs off on your hands, and on shiny coated stock that gives you nasty paper cuts! Roll it up, and it's a moon rocket! Stand on it, and it's a space platform! Tear it up, and it makes oodles of confetti! Burn it, and it gives off

clouds of greasy black smoke! Feed it to Fido, and he'll throw up on your Keds!

And, say, you older kids can have hours of fun playing "reader." You can be "bored" by dull articles! "Offended" by tasteless attacks! "Tricked" by deceptive cover lines! "Disgusted" by cheap pornographic spreads!

But that's not all! You can play detective and try to find "the funny stuff"—but, look out, it's well-hidden! And you can try to figure out the complicated Premise Puzzles: are the beavers wearing goggles because the Gadsden Purchase didn't go through or because if Hitler had been a computer programmer, there would have been no Rhode Island?!!!

And when you're finished "reading" the magazine, you can pretend you're "fed up" and "swear" you'll never buy another issue!

The Children's issue comes with everything you need, including:

**Gloomy Tunes**/If comics are going to be relevant, then Elmer Fudd's shotgun is going to have to give Daffy a sucking chest wound, there's got to be some explanation for why Tweety talks that way, and Porky's going to have to be a real pig.

**The Great American Airplane Kit**/Hey, kids! Oh, we've used that one, haven't we? Well, that's okay, because your

Children's issue comes with lots of duplicate jokes, just in case you lose one!

**How Your Government Works/Well**, there's all these checks and balances and flywheels and things, and say the President decides that everyone should be given free roller skates, so he sends a bill to Congress and all the oldest and wisest members think it over and decide it's kind of a rotten idea so they put it in this drawer for a year, and then the President says to them how would you like a roller-skate factory in your home state, and they say . . .

**Arm the Animals**/It's their only chance. After all, if a snowy egret packed a bazooka, you'd think twice before you drew a bead.

**The Toilet Papers**/A remarkable document written by a child who actually went through the rigors of toilet training in a brutal Midwestern household. "Rips the lid off the whole hopper hoax," says *Reviews for a Dollar*.

**The Hardy Boys**/Those adolescent gumshoes are at it again, as Bayport, the small-town crime capital of the world, is rocked by a senseless cult murder.

**Your Children's issue also contains:** Mrs. Agnew's Diary, Hot Flashes, funny-looking stones, frogs, stale cookies, a burnt-umber crayon, 4¼ inches of twine, a pocket knife with a broken blade, and all the glue you can sniff. Batteries not included. □



If music  
be the food of love,  
play on.

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

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

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

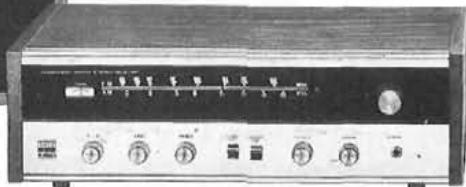
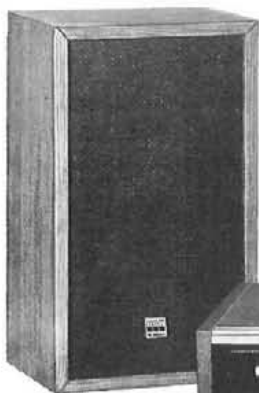
Now they don't. The BSR McDonald RTS-40 is a 50-watt AM/FM/MPX Phono system. The receiver has enough power to assure that all the highs and lows in the music get through. (Nice

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

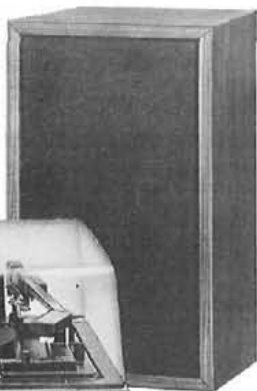
The turntable is our best-selling model. It's got a cue and pause control, counter-weighted tone arm and an anti-skate control. It comes complete with a custom base, tinted dust cover and a famous Shure magnetic cartridge.

The RTS-40. Uncommon sound for the common man. At your hi-fi dealer.

Send for a free full color catalog of the complete line to BSR (USA) Ltd., Blauvelt, New York 10913.



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