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by Roger Corman and C.B. Griffith

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# HOPPER

Sahan  
Wilson



## UNFORTUNATELY, MOST GUYS START SHAVING AT THE WORST TIME FOR THEIR FACE.

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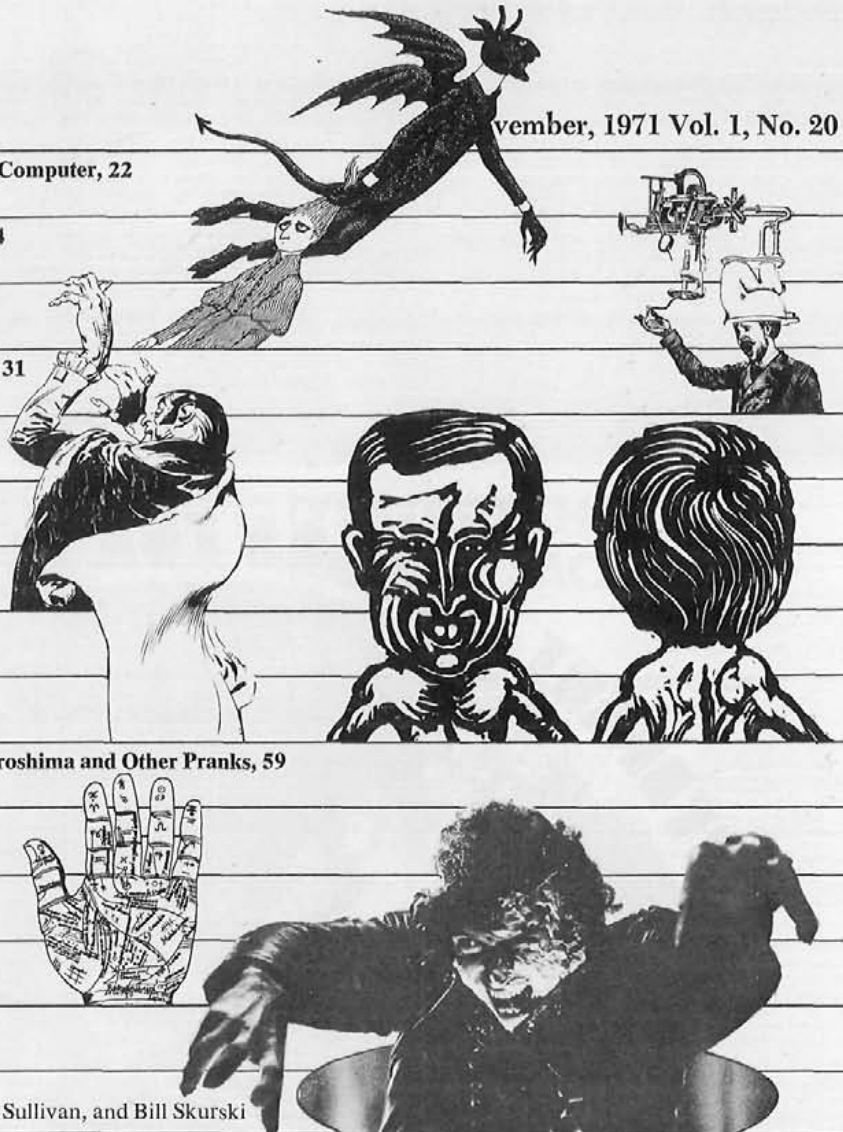
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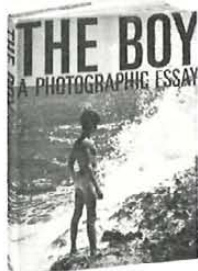
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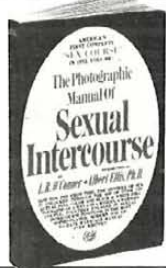
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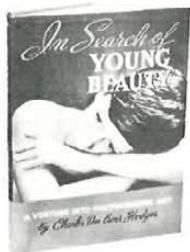
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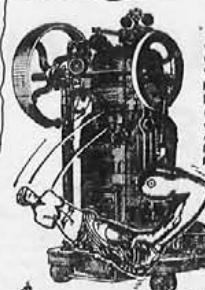


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# NATIONAL LAMPOON

## Letter from the Editor

It's hard to believe, in an age of moon landings and Mars probes, that studios still make those ridiculous grade-B sci-fi flicks, but they do, and so, for those of you who like that sort of thing, here is a brief list of some of the recent releases, just for reference. Of course, the plots are as farfetched as ever. Why anyone puts up with such nonsense is beyond us: *Invasion From Planet A*. A tiny Asian country is the target of an invasion by a large number of vicious, green-suited creatures who use immensely powerful weapons to strip whole forests bare, incinerate villages, and indiscriminately slaughter thousands of terror-stricken inhabitants.

*The Doomsday Machines*. Carbon-monoxide breathing aliens seeking a new world following the destruction of their home planet by a meteor, land on Earth and construct huge machines, disguised as automobiles and factories, which emit strange and poisonous substances into the air and water. Their plan—to kill off humanity and at the same time make the earth habitable for beings with a sulfur-based metabolism.

*Attack of the Incredible Blight*. Millions of Americans wake up one day to find that a mysterious, concrete-like substance is spreading across the country and into the cities, bulldozing everything in its path, and that hundreds of towering, sinister monoliths have appeared in major urban centers on the sites of irreplaceable architectural treasures.

*They*. Martians, alarmed at the pace of American space exploration, replace every top official in the U.S. government with carefully constructed androids programmed to deliberately destroy the country by driving it to economic and social collapse. The only clue to the substitution is the puppets' tendency to alliterate and their total inability to tell right from wrong.—HNB

**Cover:** The beast on this month's cover, which was last seen slouching towards Bethlehem, Pa., to be bored, comes from the pen (solid steel with four-foot-thick concrete walls) of Gahan Wilson, who says that it answers to the name Zlago the Terrible and asks that anyone finding it please feed it two hundred yards of elevated trackage and six high tension pylons a day and send him a note, c/o Bunker "C," Survival Station Alpha, Murchison Atoll, Marianas.

**Plug:** A very nice history of the comics, with some handsomely reprinted treasures from the early days, a few of them in color, has appeared. It is called *Comix: A History of Comic Books in America* (Outerbridge & Dienstfrey, \$7.95, 198pp), and is by Les Daniels, with graphics by Mad Peck Studios.



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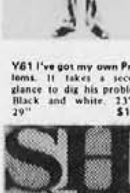
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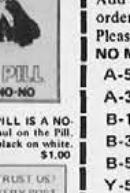
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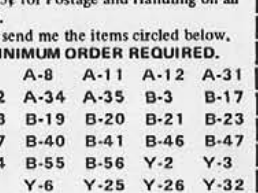
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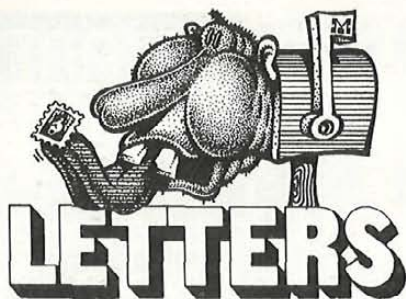
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Y-39	Y-40	Y-42	Y-51	Y-55
Y-61	Y-62	Y-67	Y-72	Y-73
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Dear Homemaker,

Listen, sister, this is just between us girls, so if the "man of the house" is around, tell him to go solder something, and let's you and I have a little chat. All set? OK, brace yourself, milady, because it's time for some straight talk about a part of your body you've probably taken for granted up till now, which may be why he takes you for a mummy. After all, what's the use of having the face of a starlet if you have THE THROAT OF A TURKEY! And what does it matter if you have a head on your shoulders, if it's attached to THE NECK OF A TOAD!

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fectured areas with No. 6 paper or a medium rasp file, then rub in Throte-Cote. Thanks to its patented subepidermal action, Throte-Cote sinks deep into the critical "growth zone" to dissolve dangerous and unsightly nodules. Then, just as creosote protects pilings from the destructive action of sea water and salt air, Throte-Cote goes to work, softening your skin and coating it with a protective shield of Thoractin, which gives your throat and neck an appealing shellac-like sheen that will actually stop a small caliber bullet fired at close range!

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So, don't wait until you hear your husband say, "I'd sooner snuggle up to a driftwood lamp!" Or friends whisper, "It's between her chin and her chest, it just has to be a neck!" Or your doctor tells you, "I'm sorry, Bess [or whatever your name is], but your throat has to go!" For only \$7.98 you can get a can of Throte-Cote good for 20 applications, and, if you act now, you'll also get a handsome application brush with rugged carborundum bristles, a \$2.49 value, yours FOR FREE! Do you want to let your throat say, "I told you so!"? Get Throte-Cote today!

Throte-Cote, Inc.  
Drago, Ind.

Dear Sir,

Is it true that David Frost was made by Sir Kenneth Clark out of pieces of kidnapped bus conductors in the basement of the British Museum during a bad electrical storm in 1951? Just asking, mind you.

Arthur Wank  
Neadsden, England

Dear Sirs,

Congratulations (gratulations, felicitations, blessings, compliments, good wishes, best wishes) on your excellent (bueno, bon, bonzer, bonny, fine, nice, goodly, splendid, capital, braw, estimably, virtuous) magazine (journal, gazette, periodical, serial, ephemeris, pulp, slick, bulletin, daybook)! It certainly is funny (humorous, amusing, witty, droll, whimsical, risible, rich, priceless, farcical)!

Peter Roget  
West Malvern, England

Dear Sir,

Your rare publication certainly is well done. (That's a jape!) I laughed so hard I almost forgot to add the ¼ cup bread crumbs to the mixture of 1 cup ground ham, 1 egg, ½ cup milk, Worcestershire, and chopped parsley (to

taste), which after being shaped into patties, browned on both sides in bacon fat and served with mustard sauce, makes my famous Ham Patties! (Serves 2 or 3.)

Fanny Farmer  
Boston, Mass.

Dear Sir,

As long as you are filling up space with letters made up, in your apparent desperation, for the most part of gleanings from reference works (which no doubt were the first thing that came to hand as you sat down to the typewriter at the last possible moment to write a long overdue column), might I suggest the following quotation, chosen at random, from my exhaustive compendium?: "Let those with racquets give chase to the ball; for my part, I shall find sport enough pursuing, with a walking stick, the evanescent favors of the Devon countryside."—Thomas Porfsby, 1823-1884.

John Bartlett  
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir,

I enjoyed that Roget-Fanny Farmer-Bartlett bit in your current issue, but although you gave the correct *Thesaurus* synonyms, and the actual recipe for Ham Patties, you seem to have invented the Bartlett quotation, since I can find no "Thomas Porfsby" in my *Familiar Quotations*. Was it a misspelling, or am I right in assuming that you wanted a Bartlett's quote but had left your copy at the office, and so composed an appropriate quote, and then being so pleased with yourself at having come up with that wonderful fake one, you wrote this letter so everyone would know how clever you were?

Jermyn Smith-Corona  
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sir,

I think, in view of the preceding, we may all take some comfort in the fact that you were found to lack mathematical ability to an extraordinary degree at a very early age, else you might well have had a table of logarithms within easy reach, and we would have been subjected to some tedious reprinting of cosine values.

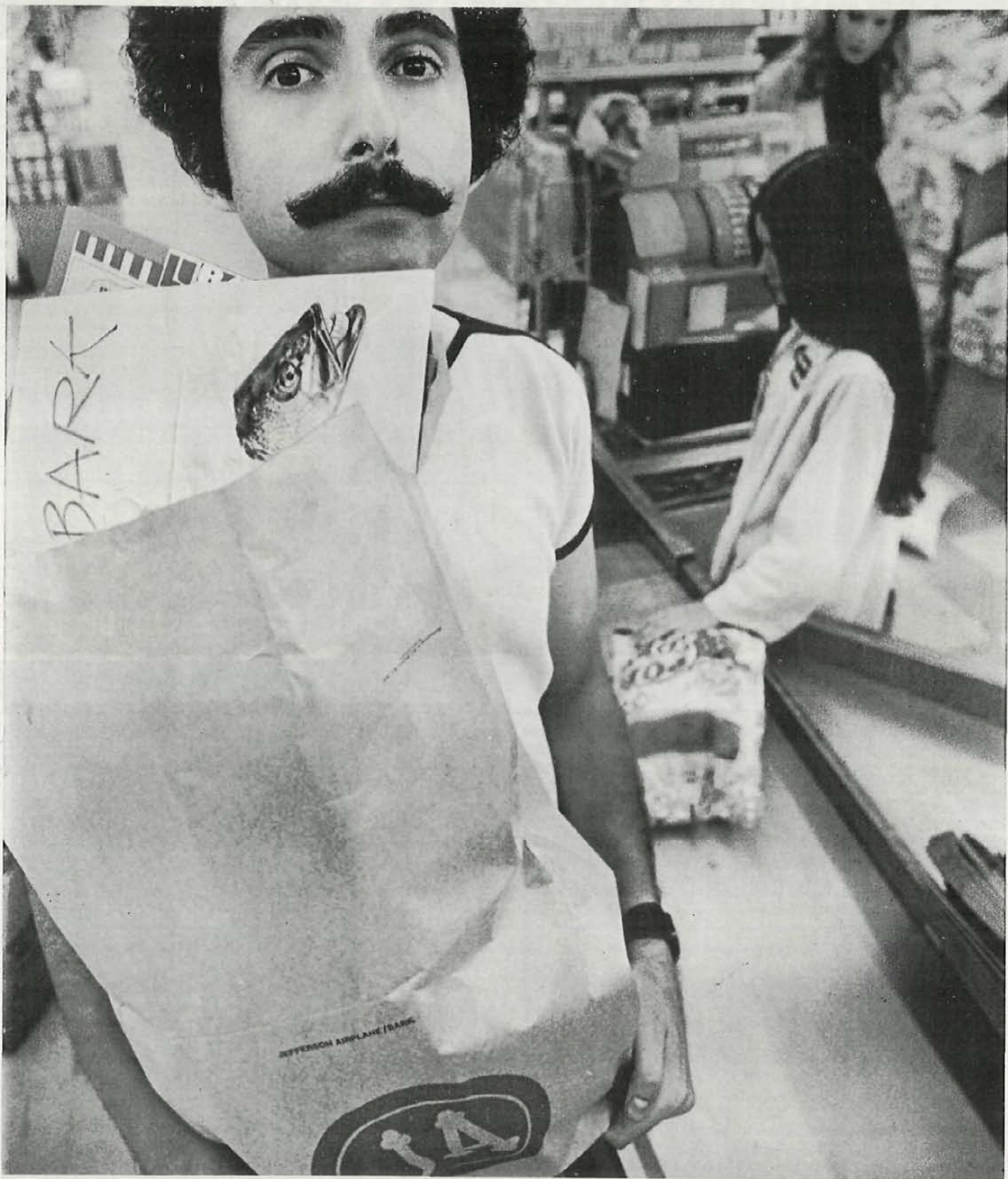
Casper Ashtreigh  
Dillville, Pa.

Dear Sir,

First off, let me congratulate you on your restraint in not giving into temptation, following the obvious "setup" in the letter above, and going ahead and printing a list of cosine values. I must admit, I had braced myself for it, and when I found you hadn't, I was both pleasantly surprised and a little embarrassed at having thought you capable of such an obvious bit of whimsy (I have a *Thesaurus*, too).

Incidentally, I don't want to seem  
*continued*





**IT'S IN THE BAG**



**BARK / FRESH FROM JEFFERSON AIRPLANE**

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# GREAT MOMENTS IN HUMOR



No. 1 in a series

This classic piece of Americana is just one of a specially commissioned series of dramatic re-creations of "Our Humorous Heritage," which will be brought to you in coming months by the *National Lampoon*, the noted journal of humor, in cooperation with the *National Lampoon* Institute for Humorous Studies. Each of the painstakingly researched historical scenes portrayed in this series is the work of an important artist, is printed in antique-looking black-and-white process on prestige magazine paper, and is bound directly into a presentation copy of the *National Lampoon*, exactly as you see it here. The commercial message that accompanies these extraordinary paintings can, of course, be easily removed—a pair of scissors will do the trick—and, thanks to a special papermaking technique, the pages on which the series appears will become yellow and discolored over the years, thus adding immeasurably to the authenticity and beauty of these remarkable collector's items.

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continued

Sherlock Holmsey, but the name "Ash-treigh" in the above letter raised in my mind the possibility that in what Mr. Bartlett termed (a little unkindly, I thought) your "desperation," you might not be making up names out of objects on the table where you are writing these letters. "Dillville" posed me some problems in deduction, but would I be far from the mark if I surmised that you are a pipe smoker and that it is taken from the name of a popular brand of pipe cleaners, to wit, Dill's? And that in attributing this letter to Frank Zippo of Bradford, Pa., you are merely reading from the bottom of a well-known brand of cigarette lighters?

Frank Zippo  
Bradford, Pa.

Dear Sir,

I think you now see the potential teleological trap which awaits a writer, such as yourself, in a situation in which two absurdities—in this case your clear admission of authorship of these "letters" and the line of nonsense logic which you have developed—are counterposed. Obviously, one could not expect a layman such as yourself to understand complex philosophical concepts—itsself an illustration of the dilemma, by the way, since you, as writer of this "letter" are obviously as much a "layman" as the purported recipient of the "letter," also yourself—so let me illustrate my point with a simpleminded analogy. Imagine yourself on a stationary merry-go-round, with the objective of occupying the rear of the horse on which you are seated. Every time you leave your horse and move one forward with the intention of arriving at your desired destination from that direction, the location of your target horse also shifts forward, since its position is defined in terms of your current position at any given moment in time. Should you attempt to reach the target horse by proceeding in the opposite direction, the identical thing happens, only in reverse.

Thus, by being both mover and thing moved, thinker and thing thought, you violate the Principle of Separation (like the misuse of the word "teleology" above, citing this totally nonexistent principle indicates just how much of a layman you are) and condemn yourself to an endless, unbreakable circle, which will hopefully prove as exhausting and annoying to you as it is, no doubt, to the reader.

Your only hope—and I might add, speaking now for the reader, our only hope—is that there is some philosophical equivalent to the Klein bottle in topography, that is, an analogue in logic to the fourth dimension, and that this ridiculous chain of reasoning will fold back on itself and you will just disapp

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Mike Jackson

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# MRS. AGNEW'S DIARY



Dear Diary,

What a day this has been. What a rare mood I'm in. Why, it's almost like that magical night so many years ago when Spiggy took me to our first five-dollar-a-plate, all-U-can-eat fund-raising supper at the Baltimore "Y" and in one fell swoop (or "swell foop," as Spiggy is fond of saying) popped the question, his belt buckle, clip-on tie, and a nasty thing on his neck that had been disturbing him (and me) for days. As you may recall, dear Diary, I let him squirm until the fruit cup before I gave my answer, but to this day I wonder if he actually heard me as he was still under the table looking for his belt buckle when that snotty waiter mistakenly took Spiggy's creamed chicken casserole away and there ensued that awful row. But my current state, I confess, differs from that dreamlike girlhood memory in one important way—I feel terrible.

You see, dear Diary, Spiggy and I are on the rocks.

I know this may come as something of a shock, but perhaps I have secretly seen it coming for a long time, and, frankly, my tears have yet to flow. (Those spots on the page are from the tuna salad sandwich I made for Kim, who always works up a remarkable appetite after she burns that silly incense in her room which she says makes hitting the books much more of "a groove," as I gather the young people say.) Don't get me wrong, I still know I love Spiggy, but now as I sit in front of the TV and watch that cute Buster Crabbe advertise his remarkable new Bod-Ee Shirt and think of how I have been Wronged,

my mind flutters like a pigeon tossed from its warm cage, freed at long last to taste the once forbidden nectars of . . . other blooms. I mean, if some fat Greek who farts like a goat and smells like a bus thinks I'm going to sit here in my muumuu while he splashes around the steno pool with some Wellesley chippy, he's got another thing

Mercy. I have just reread the beginning of this entry and I can see by the reflection in my rotissamat that I am blushing with shame for entertaining such thoughts. It is some hours later now, Spiggy called to say he missed the last plane out of Akron where he was hosting the Soapbox Derby Awards Dinner, so he has to spend the whole night in a dreary motel with his new secretary who is coaching him for Thursday's guest appearance on *Hollywood Squares*. How could I write such a thing when Spiggy is so selflessly giving of himself not only for me but for all of us?

This whole mess began, I suppose, the night that that cute John Connally dropped over to give Spiggy the big picture on Dick's new economic policies which Dick had to institute after that party at Martha's when George Shultz beat Dick at Monopoly three times in a row and wouldn't give him his pants back to go home unless he started listening to reason. Spiggy, of course, was mad as a wet hen about being the last one to know about the new 90-day measures, and was doubly miffed when he only found out when the man from the Honda shop phoned to say that the check for Susan's engagement-breaking present had bounced and what kind of dodge

was he trying to run anyway.

Well, John popped over to sort of smooth things over, but I think even that was a bit impolitic since only the day before, the Editor of the *Readers' Digest* sent back Spiggy's article, "Fuzzy-Thinking One-Worlders: Termites at the Foundations of American Freedom," with a rejection slip explaining that the *Digest* had to "bump" it to make room for one of John's called "Cheesy Imports: Buyers: Ants at the Picnic of American Fiscal Stability."

The nerve.

Anyway, John and Spiggy sat down around the fireplace in the rumpus room while I turned the fire up to "warm" and mixed the boys a little pick-me-up to relax them. (Spiggy's discovered a new drink you make with bourbon, carrot juice and just a dash of Gatorade. Decelish!) Well, to relax Spiggy, anyway, because John appeared to be quite relaxed as it was and made little jokes about how Spiggy shouldn't feel bad about '72 because Dick always takes care of his own. After all, John said, right now they were in the process of reworking Mr. Thieu's image so that when the ax falls, all they'll have to do is jet him to the states, sew up his eyes a little, and pass him off in some Hawaiian congressional runoff as another Hiram Fong. Or if you're fed up with politics, and I wouldn't blame you, John chuckled, there's always show business because I just read in the papers that the Soledad Brothers are looking around for a new manager.

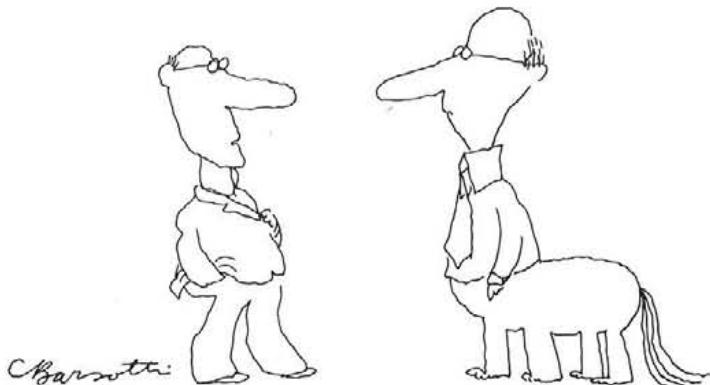
I'm not sure if Spiggy laughed at that one either.

Well, when I came back in with the pick-me-ups and a plate of salted Dots (a tip from Pat), John was telling Spiggy that although Dick understood the moral questions involved with wage and price controls, a hard-nosed look at what's what with the economy makes it necessary to do a no-no. Otherwise, John said in that very serious tone he uses when someone calls him "Lyndon" by mistake, we'll be up to our goddam holsters in transistorized radios and vibrators and still have our warehouses stuffed with unsold Coca-Cola and good-as-new World War II airplanes.

I set the tray down and told Spiggy that John was right, because only yesterday I went to the Safeway to stock up on Ritz crackers and Cheese Whiz and when I went to the check-out counter, they had fired that nice boy from Western High who goes to dental school nights, which is odd because of his own teeth, I've always thought, and I found that they had replaced him with one of those funny Japanese-made machines that takes your check and packs your groceries but doesn't give you change until it develops your picture, and won't even give you prints.

John gave me a wink and said at least someone around here knows what's hap-

continued



"Isn't that remarkable, Harris. You've worked here what? Twenty-four? Twenty-five years? And I just noticed you're half man, half something else."

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pening and by the way, honey, would I like to see his bullet holes? Before I even said yes, John took off his string tie and his shirt and showed me, and Spiggy said gee, for some reason I have a feeling of *deja vu*, but maybe it's just because Johnson never washed his neck either. Now, I said, Spiggy hush, it's just that John happens to have a perfectly nice suntan, which is probably why he got all the votes last week on *To Tell the Truth* and you only came back with a pair of Farah slacks.

I am afraid Spiggy took that the wrong way and muttered something about how if John spent as much time learning economics as he did under the sunlamp, he'd already have making change and long division down cold. Then Spiggy yanked off his own shirt and said get a load of *this*. Well, John just sort of stared at Spiggy's chest and tummy, which has that tattoo I promised never to talk about, you know, the one with those girls in sailor hats and the naughty Buick. But I was standing behind Spiggy at the time and couldn't help giving a little scream because Spiggy's back was simply *alive* with nasty little red welts, each of which had two smaller purple dents in them. Spiggy quickly put his shirt back on and mumbled something about that Eisenhower kid putting leeches in the White House pool again, and John winked at me and said he didn't know that leeches had buck teeth and, by the way, how was Spiggy's new secretary working out, you know, the one the boys at the office call "Bunny" for more reasons than her fetish for organic carrot juice.

Right then, dear Diary, it dawned on me that somebody obviously thought somebody was Born Yesterday. As Spiggy laughed nervously, I just kept staring at the two little purple marks pecking above Spiggy's shirt collar (slightly to the left of that thingie he had that night at the Baltimore "Y") and got madder and madder. I mean, you don't have to put two and two together to smell something rotten in the woodpile, if you know what I mean.

Anyway, Spiggy steered the conversation back to Dick's new program, so I kept mum, hiding the hurt as best I could. John asked me what I thought of letting the yen float freely and I said I really hadn't kept up on such things, what with Randy's parole officer calling up every minute and arranging car pools to take Kim and her friends to the methadone clinic. (Whoever says being a mother isn't a full-time job has a geranium in the cranium!) Spiggy told John to cut out all that hocus-pocus he'd been lifting from *The Kiplinger Magazine* and take his boots off the coffee table. John said he wasn't wearing boots and Spiggy smiled and said well, in that case, John, I suggest you see a foot doctor as soon

as you leave because I saw some cases like that in Korea and I hope that the smell didn't mean there wasn't still time to save the knees.

Anyway, dear Diary, Spiggy said to me as John put his boots back on, what it is is really quite simple. Say, said Spiggy, that an American human being has three apples and wants to eat one, sell one to the employees who grew it, and unload the wormy one to some fish overseas who doesn't know any better anyway. But all of a sudden, some slopehead who we beat in two world wars and still wants to bite the hand that feeds it comes out with a cut-rate, transistorized apple that he knocks out for cheap in some rice-infested sweatshop that he probably built out of stolen CARE packages anyway. The slope tries to shove *his* apples down the gullet of *our* workers, who swallow them just because they taste better and don't cost as much, which gives you an idea as to where the weak link in our free enterprise system has always been anyway. To correct the situation, Spiggy said, we've got to get those Polacks at the apple works to tighten their belts.

Then John said, yeah, but you've got to be careful because I knew a Greek who tightened his necktie so much that he needed a seltzer cartridge to blow his nose. I must admit, dear Diary, that I laughed at that one and said yes, Spiggy, and I know one who thinks he can corner the paper market by hoarding souvenir Gideon Bibles in the children's toy chest where he thinks somebody never looks. Right then, Spiggy shot me a worried look and said that *he* had heard of a dumpy, middle-aged housewife who did the same thing with unpaid bills from the Famous Writers School, only she hid her loot in a copy of *Mandingo* with a fake *Joy of Cooking* cover on it.

Well, I would rather not relate what words were exchanged after that, dear Diary, but let it suffice to say that John politely excused himself, and Spiggy stormed out to a meeting a few minutes later. I don't think he'll be back tonight because he shouted something about having to be coached for a goddam fundraising appearance on *What's My Line* tomorrow evening and if he didn't win this time, he'd have to hock the goddam slacks for bus fare back from New York.

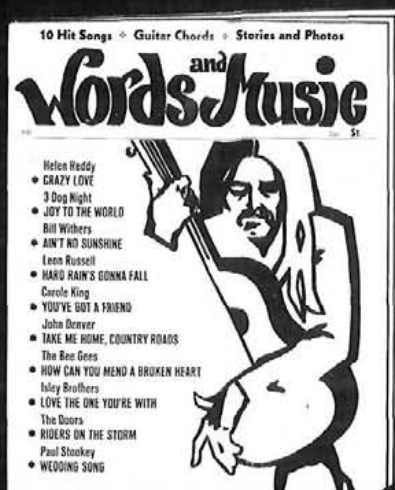
Well, dear Diary, that's where it stands now, and as you may imagine, I am torn between my loyalty to Spiggy and a growing desire to think of my own needs as a woman. For example, I *have* always wanted to learn about economics, and John says he's going to come over later tonight to satisfy my curiosity about that free-floating yen.

All for now (giggle),

*Judy*

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N.L.



# THE UNFORGIVING MINUTE

by Paul Krassner

"Goodnight, David." Yes, I really thought that Chet Huntley would bow out, as they say, gracefully after signing off the NBC news with those words for the last time before fatally impinging himself on Zabriskie Point. Yet, no, here he was on my TV set once again, looking down his nose at a subtitle informing us that this was A PAID CULTURAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

It's bad enough when a newscaster gives a headline and says, "More on that story in a moment, but first, this important message"—thereby bridging the journalism gap between the world's largest underground nuclear test in Alaska and the divorce suit filed by Raquel Welch against Sirhan Sirhan. But now Chet was actually performing a commercial as though he were caught in a honkie nightmare version of Flip Wilson's transvestite Geraldine where he is reduced to defending himself on Here Comes De Judgment Day by wailing: "Jerry Rubin made me do it!"

It was an ad for *The Hellstrom Chronicle*, a message film about the great insect conspiracy.

There was all this remarkable color footage available of bugs doing their thing, only the problem was how to organize it into a full-length feature? Well, they got this guy to narrate who has been warning you on television commercials about the desperate need for Anacin. Or is it Tums? Or maybe Geritol?

All those voice-overs sound alike. They might've persuaded Dorothy Provine, but motivational depth research indicated a latent fear that viewers might begin to associate feminine crotch spray with insecticides.

Incidentally, although I reveal in the current issue of *The Realist* that "Martha Mitchell Uses Vaginal Deodorant," I neglected to mention that it is not one of the touted brand names, but rather a home-brewed repellent called Lawn Odor. And the secret ingredient is Extract of Dufour's Gland, an organ found in certain species of ants which manufactures a substance that, when squirted onto other ants, induces intense fear. Back in 1810, Pierre Huber, the famous discoverer of slavery among ants, observed:

"One of the principal features of the wars levied on the ash-colored ants (*Formica fusca*) seems to consist of exciting fear, and this effect is so strong that they never return to their besieged nest, even when the oppressors (*Formica sanguinea*) have retired to their own nest."

While it might not surprise the Daniel Ellsbergs among us that the Defense Department has been carefully studying ant warfare as a microcosm of pacification procedures in Southeast Asia, a far more insidious practice—unofficially referred to as "pupae propaganda"—is being utilized to appease liberal sentiment in the scientific sub-community doing research in the relatively recent field of ethnically oriented chemical-biological weaponry.

This process can be observed in *The Hellstrom Chronicle* as we are shown, for example, the quasi-racist role of the worker bees. The fact that the queen bee was deliberately taken away by the movie's producers so that we could watch the proletariat nurturing of her successor, was merely the lowest form of media manipulation yet.

The film thus serves as a counter-irritant to the wonderful world of Disney by which we've all been so charmingly conditioned. When I first published the "Disneyland Memorial Orgy" as a reaction to the supposed sexlessness of

Goofy *et al.*, a poster which has since been pirated, I didn't foresee that Walt Disney Productions Inc. would sue because they had worked so hard "to acquire the image of innocent delightfulness known and loved by people all over the world, particularly, but not only, by children."

However, they didn't foresee the harm that such brainwashing has fostered. For instance, in Sao Paulo, Brazil, a city official in charge of a campaign to exterminate rats said that public support for the program was adversely affected by the popularity of Mickey Mouse among children.

Houston *Chronicle* columnist "Margo" suggests a "sort of first-aid kit for any children who stumble on the wrong cartoons. If a little one asks you why Mickey Mouse is holding a hypodermic needle to his arm, simply say he is giving himself a tetanus-diphtheria booster before school starts. . . . As for the Seven Dwarfs, uh, reaching out for Snow White, you might say that she had been out getting groceries and they were welcoming her back with open arms. . . ."

The next logical step was put forth by *Los Angeles Times* medical writer Harry Nelson, who wrote that "It is possible to give large populations 'psychological shots' to help prevent the depression and anxiety reactions which affect some persons following community crises such as an earthquake." He was quoting a federal mental health official, Dr. Calvin J. Fredericks of the National Institute of Mental Health, who insists that programs to "immunize" children against stress during emergencies should be a part of regular training such as fire drills in schools.

Of course, it's easy to become self-righteous about such 1984ish-sounding plans, but didn't we all approve of the anti-cigarette commercials on television to counteract the vicious, inhumane, exploitative pro-cigarette commercials? Yet, here is *Natlamp*, a somewhat anti-establishment magazine, coming to you partially by the grace of a couple of full-page cigarette ads. And what about little old smug me, writing all this in that context? Well, the difference between people and insects is that we have the superior ability to rationalize.

So, my rationalization is twofold: (1) that I was promised I could plug my own jams and jellies here in the lobby (a subscription to my scandal sheet for \$3 a year, a copy of my book *How a Satirical Editor Became a Yippie Conspirator in Ten Easy Years*, for \$7, from *The Realist*, 595 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012); and (2) that anybody who buys cigarettes because they're advertised here deserves to. Or, as Brinkley is bound to say when Huntley finally departs for that great newsroom in the sky, "Good night, Chet . . . wherever you are." □



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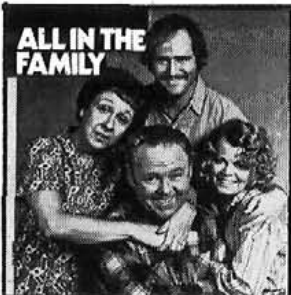
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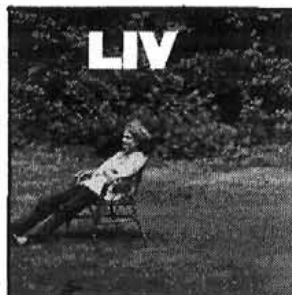
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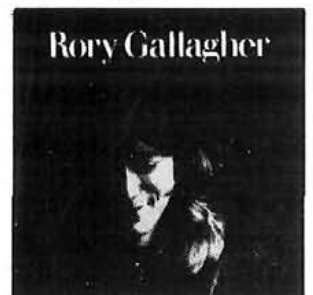
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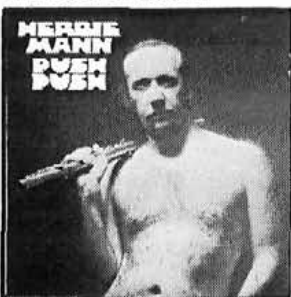
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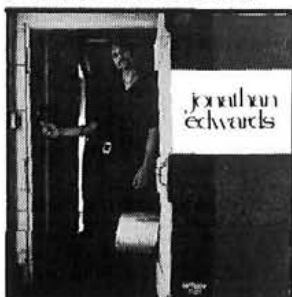
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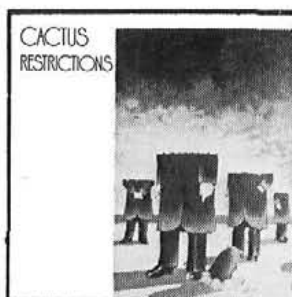
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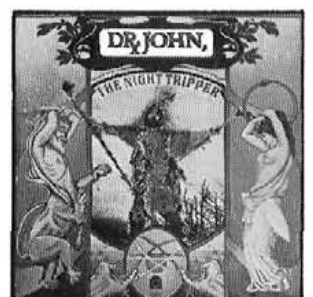
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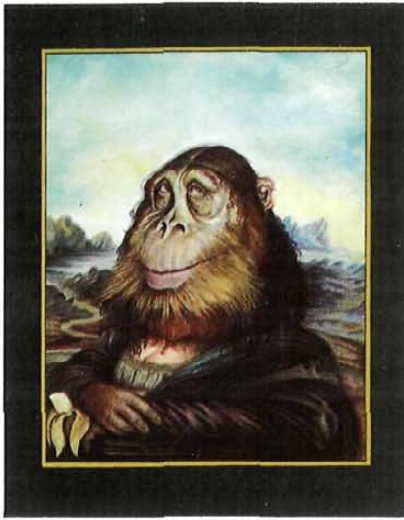
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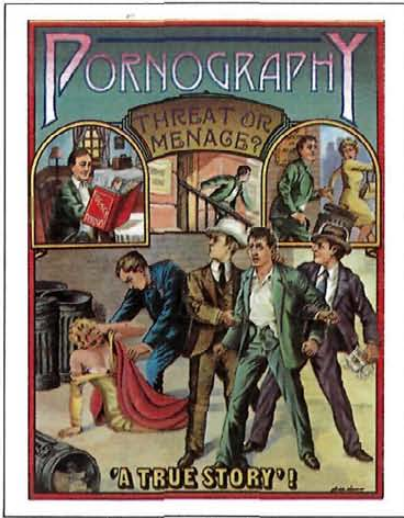
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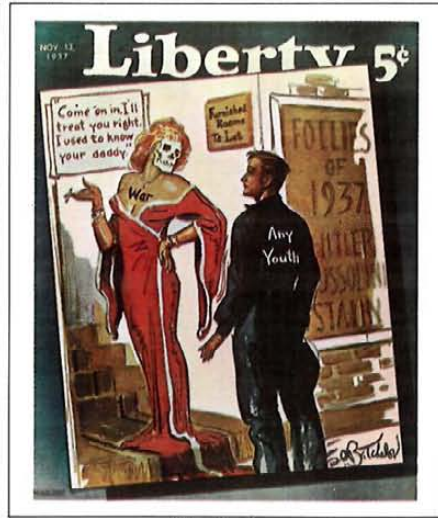
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# NEWS OF THE MONTH



**Pravda**, which was recently in the embarrassing position of wanting to print damaging portions of the Pentagon Papers but having to offer some explanation of how the documents came to be published in what the Soviets have long insisted is a totally controlled American press, devised the ingenious theory that the publication represented a clash of interests between the monopolistic owners of the media, among them Philip Morris for some reason, and the Administration, whose reckless and adventurist war policies were hurting their profits. Some other likely Marxist-Leninist explanations of events on the American scene:

- The Apollo moon-landing program was undertaken on the orders of the vast Tang instant orange-juice cartel, which saw in the requirement for a beverage that could be consumed under weightless conditions a potentially huge new market for its product and hoped also to find in the fine moon powder a cheap new ingredient for the loathsome beverage.

- Nixon is going to China because the powerful interior-decorator lobby has run out of Ming vases to make into lamps for the insatiable demands of the Long Island ruling elite. Con Edison has had to cut power in workers' homes several times because of the enormous electrical demands already made by the users of these decadent lighting devices, so any success Nixon may have will only lead to more blackouts and greater misery for the laboring classes, and thus speed the course of revolution.

- Joe Namath's knee was broken by the F.B.I. when Lockheed, the airplane manufacturer that owns the New York Jets, defaulted on a military contract. The loan to Lockheed was made under the understanding that his other knee will be broken if it is not repaid.

- The recent vichysoisse botulism scare was cooked up by monopolistic soup manufacturers when their inefficient and exploitative production methods resulted in a drastic shortage of this basic staple of the working man's diet.

- Richard Nixon arranged for his daughter,

Julie, to marry David Eisenhower to consolidate his family's position in the struggle for the largely hereditary office of the Presidency. Opposing him is J. Edgar Hoover, who has been secretly married to Mamie Eisenhower for some time.

**In what could well be the beginning** of a growing trend following Troy Donahue's appearance as Charlie Manson in *Sweet Savior*, Hollywood insiders report that several other movies involving filmic reincarnations are being planned, including *The Janis Joplin Story*, with Annette Funicello as Janis; *Mr. Egypt*, with Alan King as Gamal Nasser; *Resistance, Rebellion, and Death* with Fred MacMurray as Albert Camus; and *Malcolm*, with Flip Wilson as Malcolm X.

**With its political process confused** by the presence in what promises to be an unusually bitter campaign for the Presidency in 1972 of at least eight active candidates and the likely entry into the race at some later date of several more, the U.S. could learn something from South Vietnam, where President Thieu, the only candidate, ran unopposed in a model campaign marked by a refreshing lack of mudslinging, name-calling, and smear tactics. Among the many advantages of the Vietnamese system are:

- 1) The total absence of the kind of divisive electioneering which polarized this country in 1968.
- 2) A built-in limit on campaign spending.
- 3) Elimination of the possibility of a messy constitutional crisis as the result of a close race.
- 4) The removal of opinion polls as a potentially disruptive factor.
- 5) A sharp reduction in the influence of biased commentators and newsmen.
- 6) The speediest and surest television election predictions in the world.

**Acting in a spirit** of new-found militancy, the Federal Trade Commission recently stiffened its regulations covering advertising to require advertisers to refrain from making claims, demonstrations,

dramatizations, broad comparisons, or statistical statements involving their products which they are not prepared to instantly substantiate when requested to do so by the commission. The possibility that the new F.T.C. rules will actually convince advertisers to tell the truth is so unsettling that we are offering, as a public service, three examples of what an honest commercial might be like, to prevent the inevitable onset of mass hysteria should one ever appear:

*(A kitchen. It could be anywhere, but is, in fact, in the studio of a major network. In the sink, on either side of the drain, lurk two stains the size of veal cutlets. The doorbell rings and a comely home-maker admits a well-known female plumber.)*

JOSEPHINE: Hi, there, Mrs. Waxwell. Say, that sink looks like the scuppers of a frigate. Where did those stains come from, anyway?

MRS. WAXWELL: Oh, the man from the advertising agency put them there. Actually, they're just poster paint. But they are identical—he used a micrometer.

JOSEPHINE: Well, this looks like a job for new, improved Cosmic, which differs from old Cosmic in that its frankly deceptive container is made from aluminum, whereas its predecessor was composed of cheesy old steel.

MRS. WAXWELL: Cosmic? Why not this can of ordinary rock salt which one of the stagehands has labeled "Another Household Cleanser"?

JOSEPHINE: I'll tell you why! Because only Cosmic contains Chloraxo, a Beaver Bros. trade name for certain coal tar globules added chiefly for bulk. Tell you what, let's try your cleanser against new Cosmic, to which, for purposes of this demonstration, lye, potassium, formic acid, and iron filings have been added. You put yours on that stain, and I'll put Cosmic on this one.

MRS. WAXWELL: Due to an arthritic condition, I will be unable to muster much more scrubbing force than that of a healthy fly.

JOSEPHINE: That's all right, just sort of swish it around while I grind in Cosmic with the powerful right hand I developed pitching horseshoes and juggling sash weights. There! Now let's rinse and see which cleanser did better.

MRS. WAXWELL: Gosh, Cosmic even pitted the porcelain, while my disappointing, slug-a-bed cleanser just sat there and fizzed! If in my real life I ever got closer to a kitchen than the Mariner 7 space probe did to Mars, to wit, five thousand nautical miles, I'd switch to Cosmic in a trice!

JOSEPHINE: Though not in reality a licensed plumber, I must say that such a move would seem to be indicated!

*(A pair of children, one each of the two*

*leading sexes, are poised around a pet's dish, into which Mom is pouring something that looks a lot like shrapnel.)*

JUNIOR: Gee, Ma, I sure hope Muffin likes these Kitty-Krunchies. He hasn't eaten anything for days!

MOM: And no wonder, considering his incarceration in a prop trunk backstage.

SIS: Say, why do cats crave Kitty-Krunchies? Is it due to the thin coating of a habit-forming drug which overrides the animal's natural revulsion to these otherwise tasteless nuggets of pressed cellulose and fly ash, or could it be the powerful feline hormones added to each and every pellet by the manufacturer to unhinge their instincts?

JUNIOR: Maybe it's their eatability. After all, these bite-size chunks pass right through kitty's digestive system without even stopping for breath, then emerge as an easily disposable, odorless slime that keeps kitty's box as fresh and sweet-smelling as a track shoe!

MOM: Yes, and unlike other cat foods which contain chalky cereals and lumps of unhealthy meat, Kitty-Krunchies are laced with common gravel, which gives cats the weight and stability they need to stay in one place. And what's more, when submitted to a panel of distinguished veterinarians, Kitty-Krunchies were preferred two-to-one over an alternate diet consisting of a leading spot remover and ground glass.

SIS: Here comes Muffin now! Wow, look at him pack away those Kitty-Krunchies!

JUNIOR: Golly, Ma, let's get all the great Kitty-Krunchie gourmet dinners! There are more than eight to choose from, and although the taste-tempting treat illustrated in full color on the outside of the box bears no relation whatsoever to its contents, each one is doused liberally with a different colored lead-based paint to perk up puss's flagging interest!

MOM: That's right, and Kitty-Krunchies cost only pennies a serving, or, if you have no pennies, two quarters and a dime. Get Kitty-Krunchies today!

*(A teen-ager's room. Plenty of pennants, five guitars, and a toss pillow imprinted with a road sign. Bob is in a funk as Ted enters.)*

TED: Going to the dance on Saturday night, Bob? All the gang will be there.

BOB: Aw, I can't, Ted. As these daubs of red stage paint on my face are intended to indicate, I've broken out in hundreds of sickening pimples. I just can't let the gang see me like this.

TED: Well, Bob, doctors know that the prime cause of acne is enlarged pores, and, say, yours look big enough to plant shrubs in. What you need is Dermathex, the inert jelly-like substance that separates the men from the boils and makes carbuncles cry 'uncle.' Here, I just happen to have a tube of the aforementioned preparation in my chinos.

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WE SHIP:  SAT •  CASH •  C.O.D. •  VISA •  M.C. •  DISC. •  C.R. •  C.D. •  C.F. •  C.G. •  C.H. •  C.I. •  C.J. •  C.K. •  C.L. •  C.M. •  C.N. •  C.O. •  C.P. •  C.Q. •  C.R. •  C.S. •  C.T. •  C.U. •  C.V. •  C.W. •  C.X. •  C.Y. •  C.Z.

BOB: How does it work?

TED: Frankly, Bob, a scientific study conducted recently at a major university showed that it doesn't, but then, who trusts a bunch of ivory-tower longhairs, anyway? After all, what do eggheads know about blackheads?

BOB: But isn't it just another cover-up cream?

TED: Of course, but why not give it a try? All you have to do is rub it into affected regions. Then, as soon as Dermathex strikes your skin, your facial lymph glands—your body's first line of defense—will slam shut your pores rather than permit the many impurities Dermathex contains to penetrate any deeper. With any luck, once you've managed to remove the tough screen Dermathex provides, your pimples will have packed their bags.

BOB: Hell, I'll try anything. (That Saturday.)

TED: Hey, Bob, how about that dance?

BOB: You bet! Since my entire face is now as raw as a flank steak, I can say I just fell asleep under the sun lamp. The gang will never know the difference!

TED: Dermathex, it's better than nothing! □



**THE ADVENTURES  
OF CYNTHIA GOODHEAD IN HER  
CONTINUING SEARCH FOR THE  
ELUSIVE ORGASM**

*Bobby Dylan*  
P.O. Box 36, Prince Street Station  
New York, N.Y. 10012

Side One:  
Little House I Used to  
Live In  
The MVD Shant  
What Kind of Girl do you  
Think We are?  
BWANA DIK  
Latex Solar Beef  
Willie the Pimp  
(part one)

Side Two:  
Willie the Pimp  
(part two)  
Do you like my New Car?  
Happy Together  
Lonesome Electric  
Turkey  
Peaches En Regalia  
Tears Begun To Fall.

**THE  
MOTHERS**  
Fillmore East - June 1971



**BIZARRE/REPRISE**  
MS-2042

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DISTRIBUTED TAPES

Dear Mr. Dylan,  
My name is Cynthia Goodhead. I am fourteen years old, and I have never had an orgasm. The situation, as you can probably gather, has the makings of a stone bummer, and I was wondering if perhaps you could advise me. My girlfriends (all of them have orgasms, but they refuse to bring them into school and show them around)—my girlfriends, anyway, tell me that the answers to absolutely everything are concealed in the Hidden Meanings of your Songs. Well I've bought all your albums and I've tried to figure it out by myself, but I haven't had much luck.

First off, I hitched my way to Chicago (known to the natives as the "Windy City") and who should pick me up (I was panhandling him for psilocybin, actually, when the Subject of orgasms came up)—who should pick me up, anyway, but the Lead Singer of the 1910 Fruitgum Company!!! Well he took me backstage at the Aragon Ballroom and introduced me to the group, and after their gig we all went over to Grant Park and I blew them all twice in the middle of a great big wind storm, but not one of those stingy bastards gave me an orgasm for my time and trouble! So much for "Blowing in the Wind"! Still it wasn't a total loss. At least now I know why everybody calls them a bubble-gum group—all they ever want to do is get blown.

I decided to try another of your suggestions and I guess I learned something from that experience too, because after I "Stuck Inside a Mobile", I really found out what you meant about those Memphis Blues! That Memphis must have the busiest gynecologists in the country!

Well anyway, after I got out of surgery (which was also interesting in a way because I never before knew there was any such thing as a bubble-gum intern)—after I got out of surgery, anyway, I decided to check out a few ideas of my own. I and my best friend Suzy Starfucker (who lives next door to me in Flatbush) took a subway up to the Apollo Theater in Harlem to see Little Richard, my favorite Negro. Negroes, as you may know, have longer penises than people do. Well the concert was outasight, but Little Richard got so

worked up toward the end that he dislocated both his wrists. Then he went hysterical and told the drummer to "SHUT UP!" and the drummer punched him in the face and dislocated both his false eyelashes, and finally they had to carry him out on a chartreuse satin stretcher.

Well at that point Suzy said I should run down to his dressing room and bring up the Subject of orgasms, but just as I started to get up, they announced a Special Replacement Act over the microphone and they brought out this big old Negro lady named Ethel Waters. Well she started in singing all these groany Negrowy songs and everybody started clapping like mad and cheering and then we heard Little Richard's voice backstage, screaming "SHUT UP!" and "I'M PRETTIER!" And then Little Richard came running across the stage carrying a huge pair of scissors. This Ethel Waters lady went right on singing, but about ten seconds later there was this big avalanche noise from up above the stage and suddenly all these sandbags and pieces of scenery and all kinds of other raunchy things crashed down right on top of her!!! Well the stage just looked like a disaster area! Suzy and I went up to help them try and dig her out from under all that crap, but after awhile we got tired of it and split because, as Suzy said, all we were doing was "boring toil over ruddled Waters".

Well by this time I was getting pretty bummed out, so I hit my father for some Bread in order to check out the European orgasm scene. He said he preferred for me to stay in school, but he offered to Compromise, which was interesting because I was finally put in that Compromising Position I've always heard so much about. That makes 123 positions I know (not counting underarms or garter-snakes!)

Well on my first day in Paris, who should I run into but Jim Morrison!!! He was putting pennies in a parking meter and looking up at the clock on the George Sank (a hotel) to see how much he weighed. He was also stopping strangers on the street and asking them if they wanted to see his cock. Frankly, I think he'd been drinking.

Well I walked up to him and he (1)

By Jon Surgeal

said hello, (2) told me he loved me, and (3) asked my name. Then he asked me if I wanted to see his cock. I asked him if he knew where I could get an orgasm and he immediately took me into a bar and ordered one, but the bartender didn't speak English and we ended up drinking champagne. Well we talked for a while. I asked him why his group was called the Doors, and he said it was because they were all swingers and they all had big Knobs. I asked him if he used make-up on stage and he confessed to painting track-marks on his testicles (to make him look more hip). I asked him about his political beliefs and he said, "I believe in everybody getting justice—getting justice drunk as they can."

Then he ordered a triple Zombie with a Tequila chaser and asked the bartender if he wanted to see his cock.

Well after they threw us out of the bar, we went for a little walk. Jimmy was drinking out of a hip flask of Mr. Clean, and he let me carry his shirt for him(!). We ended up at his hotel and, as he poured himself a stiff shot of lighter fluid, he insisted on showing me his cock, and—well to tell you the truth, it reminded me of nothing so much as a *pickle*—I mean it was pretty obvious that Jimmy took an occasional nip of formaldehyde.

Well right then, all of a sudden, Jimmy began to mistake me for a large bottle of absinthe!! He screamed that he was going to screw my cork off, and he carried me into the bedroom, where he banged me with a great deal of determination, muttering something occasionally about "breaking on through to the other side". We made it seventeen times in all with no interruption, and after each time he fortified himself with a snort of Raid Liquid. Finally, as he climbed on top of me for the eighteenth time, I asked him very timidly if he wasn't what you might call a heavy drinker.

"Shit man," he said. "Don't worry about me, I got an iron constitution." Suddenly his whole body twitched violently. He pulled his finger out of my asshole and reached for his heart. "My iron constitution," he gasped, "seems to have rusted!"

Those were his last words.

Still it wasn't a total loss—because I think he gave me what I was looking for all the time! You guessed it—an orgasm!!! I just this moment discovered it and honestly, I've never been so excited! I mean a thing like this can really restore your faith in a Cosmic Santa Claus! And besides, it's the cutest little orgasm you ever saw—really tiny and frisky and shaped just like my birth sign—Cancer, the crab.

All power to the people,

*Cynthia Goodhead*

# 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 Bumpers, 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 Macrobes, and Toilets of the Extraterrestrials.

**JUNE, 1971/RELIGION:** Listen, it's getting to be a real pain in the ass coming up with kinky lead-ins to stuff like *Natlamp's* Inferno, Magic Made E-Z, The Prophet by Kahili Gibrish, I Dreamed I Was There In Overdose Heaven, and Buckminster Fuller-Charles Reich-Marshall McCluhan-Kate Millett 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?).

**AUGUST, 1971/BUMMER:** Have a bad trip without illegal substances with Defeat Comics, Welfare Monopoly, the Special Canadian Supplement, and *Right On!*, the flick Jane Fonda was making while you thought she was working for the revolution.

**SEPTEMBER, 1971/KIDS:** Visit Eloise at the Hotel Dixee, meet high adventure with the Hardy Boys, laugh along with Children's Letters to the Gestapo, and test your wits with Commander Barkleather's spicy rebuses.

**OCTOBER, 1971/BACK TO SCHOOL:** Have a few "brews," gross out some chicks, "moon" a townie, barf in the quad, and read the *Mad* parody, Magical Misery Tour, The Campus War Game, and 125th Street, the educational TV show that teaches ghetto kids their place.

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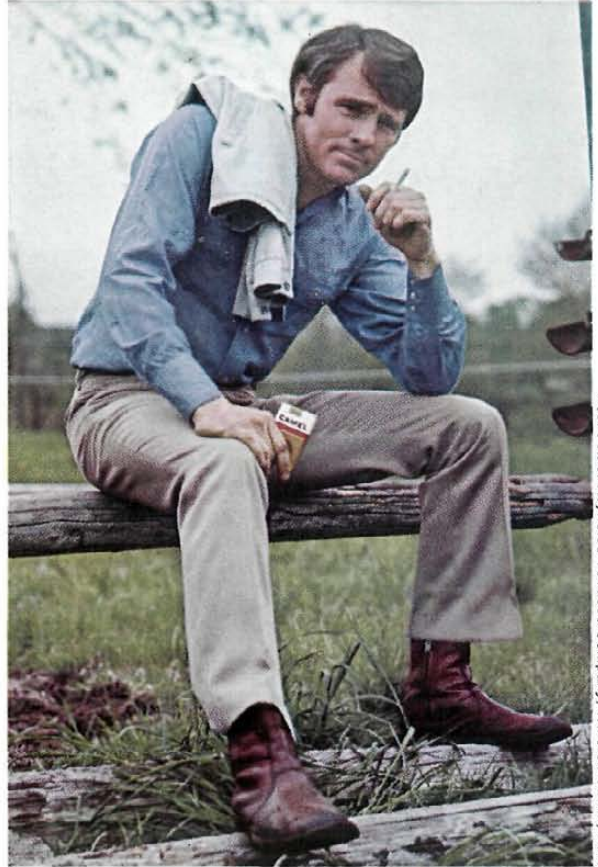


On his last hunt, Major Hocum smoked a cigarette stamped with his family crest.

Now everybody will be smoking cigarettes stamped with their own family crest

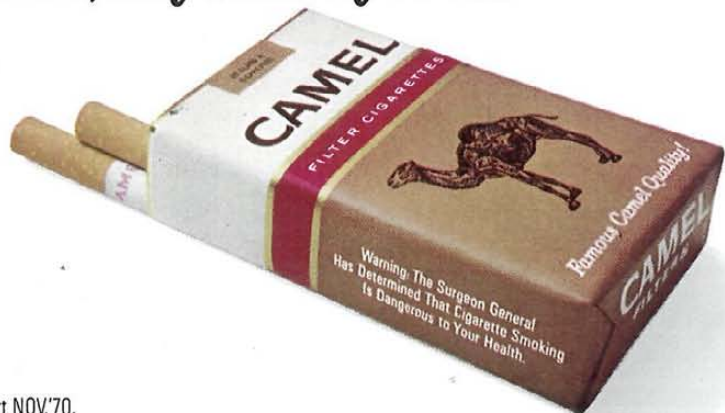


...almost everybody.



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**Camel Filters.**  
**They're not for everybody.**  
(But then, they don't try to be.)



20 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report NOV'70.

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# "You've Got to Believe Me!"

Science Fact by Tom Leopold and Christopher Guest

*EDITOR'S NOTE: The following manuscript was found tied to the leg of a patient in the intensive observation ward of Jimmy's Clinic for Occult Research in Marineland.*

*The patient's name is Miles X. His first name has been changed to protect his family. He was self-committed in the Indian summer of 1968.*

*After reading his own words, perhaps it will become clear to the reader as to why.*

*DOCTOR'S NOTE: After a detailed and thoroughly researched study of Mr. X's case, it is my opinion, as well as that of my colleagues, that the patient possesses the mental capacity of a bowl of Farina.*

□ I guess it all started when I received that invitation to attend a high-school reunion in my old hometown of Caulk-Wedgie, Nevada. I haven't even so much as thought about Caulk-Wedgie since I left twenty years ago, after the death of my father. Having no money for a proper burial, I had managed to make a deal with the town undertaker to have Dad buried in the family plot of some Italian trapeze artists, with the provision that I dress Dad in a red leotard with the "Flying Oquendas" written on it.

I had a long drive ahead of me. Caulk-Wedgie was over fifty-five hundred miles away, so my preparation started early.

At school I was known as "Old Mr. Funny Bone." I didn't want to let the kids down so I blew the dust off my old school trunk and looked inside for some gags that might hand everybody a laugh. Luckily my whoopee cushion still had a lot of life in it, and, if my plastic vomit could talk, I thought, what stories it would tell.

As I made my way along the highway, the names and faces from my days at the Delehante School of Refrigeration and Near Eastern Philosophy came back to me. Whatever happened to old Glen Swoboda, I thought. He always wanted to be an Olympic swimmer. How sad that he should wind up working for the YMCA, picking hair out of the pool.

From the first moment I arrived in Caulk-Wedgie, I felt something strange happening. All the buildings were boarded up, and the streets were empty. This must be what empty streets are like, I thought. But strangest of all, my alma mater was now a Taco Delight.

I got out of my car and approached the counter. I took a number and asked, "Is anyone here?" but there was no reply. Things began to smell funny in Caulk-Wedgie, but I tried to shrug it off. "Heck," I remember saying to myself, "it's just the Paul Revere's Olde Boston Baked Bean Platter I had for lunch."

As I turned to leave, a chill came over my body. A pair of the most hideous eyes I'd ever seen were staring up at me from a bowl of guacamole dip. They weren't so much eyes as they were flaming coals from Beelzebub's furnace.

My mind was flooded with a thousand questions. Where was everyone? Why had I been sent that invitation? How many RBIs did Don Bollweg have in 1954?

I'd been scared before, but even the trenches on Corregidor seemed like a Tupperware party compared to this.

I looked for my car, but it was gone. I tried to run. I didn't know where I was going, but I knew I had to get there fast.

The streets were empty and the wind howled through the alleyways. I found myself heading for the house I grew up in over on Maple Street. I hadn't been there in years, but somehow my feet knew the way. As I turned off Main Street and on to Maple I felt something ominous happening. Certainly this was a street I had often walked before, but somehow the pavement always stayed beneath my feet before.

I made it to the backyard of my house. As I approached the kitchen window, I could see my mother moving inside.

Tears rolled down my cheeks; joy filled my heart. Could it all have been some evil nightmare? For there was my mother looking as if nothing was amiss. Before I could shout out her name, my eyes scanned down the length of her

body to her legs. I gasped in horror. These were no longer the legs of my mother, the legs of so many a boyhood memory, but the legs of . . . a gnat!

I don't know, I must have passed out. When I awoke I found myself in a room unlike any I had ever seen, and yet there was something oddly familiar about it. The only thing the room came close to by comparison was the inside of the old Blue Angel nightclub. I looked around for clues to where I was. I got out of my love seat and noticed that it, as well as the other pieces of furniture in the room, was covered in plastic. Clues were sparse. In front of me was a coffee table and on it a bowl of onion dip and a dish of Funyuns. Alongside were copies of *Seventeen* and the *Jewish Floridian*. The walls were bare except for one. On it hung a photograph of Colonel Sanders embracing Johnny Carson. Next to the photo there was what appeared to be a porthole. I opened it and looked out. What I saw turned my blood cold. I saw the planet Earth the size of a Chiclet, and getting smaller every second.

It all became clear to me. This wasn't a nightclub at all, but some highly sophisticated means of interplanetary, maybe even intergalactic transportation.

Suddenly, I heard something behind me. I turned to find three of the most bizarre creatures I had ever seen. The tallest of the three, who I took to be the leader, stepped forward.

He was wearing a silver sequin blouse that tapered down to a bare midriff. Around his waist trailed a floor-length Yves Saint Laurent sash, offsetting his eggshell treader pants. For shoes, he opted for the sling pump by Gucci. His two henchmen were dressed in colorful muumuus and beach thongs.

The leader spoke. He used some sort of mental telepathy, as he had no mouth, but I understood him clearly. "As you've no doubt guessed, Dr. Bronner, you're in a spaceship traveling to our planet, Elmsworth—a planet that you've never heard of, as we are some thirty million light years away from what you call your Broadway. Your coming to Caulk-

*continued*

Wedgie was no accident. We've been observing your work in nuclear energy, but it is your most recent discovery that interests us, and that is, of course, the Alpharay. We know, Doctor, that you intended your Alpharay to serve mankind, but we of Elmsworth know its true potential as the most destructive weapon the universe has ever known."

Suddenly it all became clear to me. These jokers thought I was this Dr. Bronner guy, whoever he was, and they were after that weapon of his. I decided to play along.

"Look!" I said. "You don't need me! Why don't you just bust into my laboratory and steal my Aldo Ray?"

"Very clever, Doctor," he said, "but as we both know you destroyed the Alpharay when it occurred to you that it could fall into webbed hands."

"Oh, yeah," I said. "Well, if I destroyed it like you said, why don't you let me go? I've got to get back to New York. I'm driving a rented car."

"Dr. Bronner," he said, "you are trying our patience. We know that you have committed the formula to memory and that is why you are here. You will give us the formula, and we will use it first to take over America and then, of course, the world."

"Oh, yeah," I said, "sez you! I seem to remember some other creeps who had that idea. I was on Guam, my friend. I was fightin' Jerries before you were born. You're talkin' about America, pal, remember America? Do you wanna know why we were fightin', huh? I'll tell ya. For the right to boo the ump, for the right to eat apple pie and the girl next door. That's why. So don't go gettin' no ideas about taking over America, my friend." I really had these clowns running scared.

"You'll give us the formula, Dr. Bronner. You'll give us the formula, or you will meet the same fate that befell your town of Caulk-Wedgie. Need I remind you of your mother's legs?"

"Leave my mother's legs outa this," I said. "Okay, I'll give you the freakin'

formula, but it will take me a while. I got alot of things on my mind."

"We'll give you an hour," he said.

"An hour," I said. "You must be out to lunch. I need more time than that."

"You'll give us the formula in an hour or else," he said.

"Or what?" I said.

"Or how would you like to end up looking like Tod Brownings' fiancée?" he said.

They took me down a long corridor, blindfolded. The hall was painted green. On the ceiling was a mural depicting Balboa looking for the Fountain of Youth. We stopped, and I heard one of them unbolt a door. They threw me inside. I pulled the blindfold down, but I couldn't get it over my hips. I guess I've been putting on a little beef lately.

I looked around my cell. A bare light-bulb hung from the ceiling. Under it was a simple wooden table with a piece of paper and a pencil on it. There was no chair. Against one wall was a bookcase. The rest of the walls were bare. There were only three books on the shelves. I decided to take a closer look.

The first book was a paperback of *Ball Four*. The second a copy of the play *The Good Woman of Setzuan*. The last was Peg Bracken's *I Hate to Cook Book*.

Just then it hit me. I could take something from each of these books, plus the little I remembered from my driver's-ed class and put together a formula that I might just be able to bluff these Joes with. I brought the books to the table and got right to work. I went from book to book looking for things that sounded right. Time was getting short. I had to hurry.

In a few minutes I came up with a formula even Sam Jaffe couldn't see through:

#### THE ALDO RAY FORMULA

1 cup crushed walnuts.

Won 21, lost 8 . . . 6 home runs.

Uncle (*enters with burro, sobbing*): "Ten miles have I tread, no lodging have I found. No water

has passed my lips, no wind have I passed. And yet my quest has just begun."

Grease pan and preheat oven to 450°.

"I called Durocher a moron."

A friendly tap of the horn could save a life.

Tanya: "What good are all your prayers, Padre, when my child's stomach cries for milk?"

While your scampi thaws, fix "hubby" a martini.

Always turn your wheels to the curb.

The door of my cell swung open and in came my captors.

"Doctor, your time is up," the leader said. "The formula, please." I handed them the formula I'd written and held my breath. Without saying a word, they turned and left me alone.

"Hey," I said, "what gives??? You got the formula; now when do I get sprung? I'm tellin' ya, I can't take it no more. I can't take it in stir no more. Listen, you guys, it was Rico pulled the trigger, see? I was just drivin' the car. I didn't know he was going to plug the night watchman. I just thought he was going to lean on him a little bit. That's all. Look, I'm clean. You can't do this to me. I know my rights. I want my mouthpiece."

Just then they returned. "Doctor," the leader said, "you were wise to cooperate with us. It could have been most unpleasant for you. After an elaborate series of tests, your formula has proven to be what we are looking for."

"It is?" I said.

"Yes," he said. "And as we are a people of our word, we have decided to return you to your planet. But remember, Doctor, it will do you no good to tell anyone of your journey or try to warn your people of our coming invasion. We both know that no one will ever believe you."

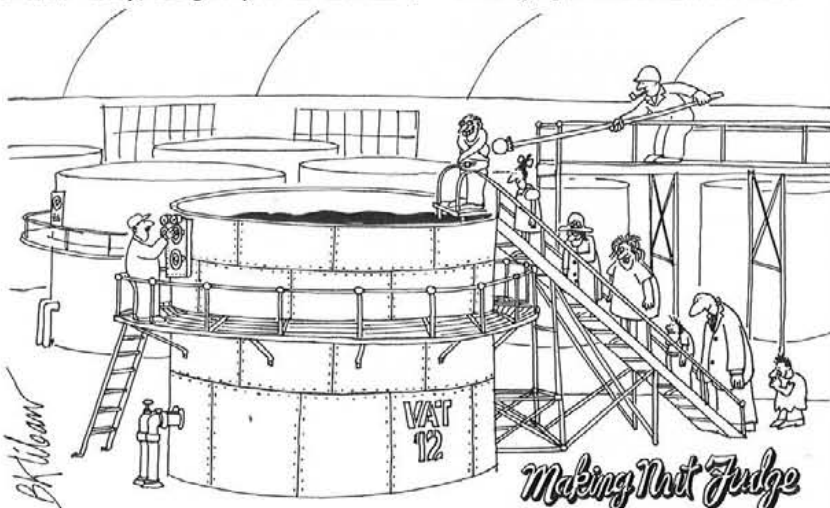
At that moment the room began to spin, and the next thing I remembered I was spinning at 30 mph in the rinse cycle of the washing machine in the basement of this hospital.

Maybe those creatures were right. Maybe no one will ever believe me. But somehow I must convince the world that an invasion from space will soon descend on our planet like a hungry toad on a fly. And if the invasion succeeds, it will be because man and science have dared to look beyond the horizon and into the jaws of the unknown.

If there is a God in the Heavens, let Him look down on our insignificant planet, raise up His huge hand, and let go with the high sign.

Yes, if we of the earth are doomed, it will be because we dared to roll those heavenly dice with the Creator and they came up craps.

THE BEGINNING





**Now  
you  
have  
Moby  
Grape  
to  
kick  
around.**

**20 Granite Creek  
is Moby Grape's  
new LP on Reprise.  
Also available on  
Ampex-distributed  
tapes.**

THE  
Disrespectful  
Summons

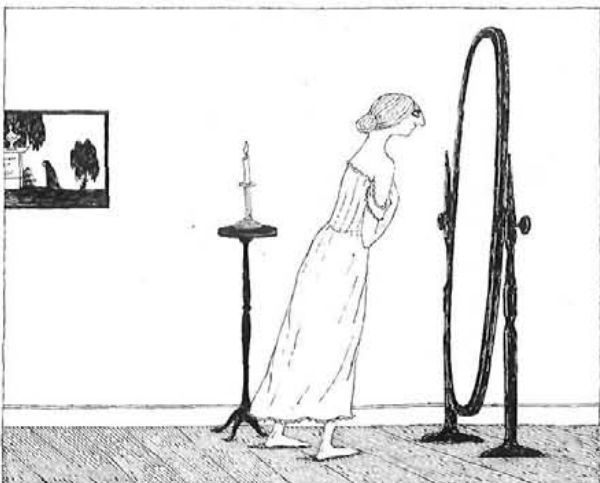
EDWARD GOREY



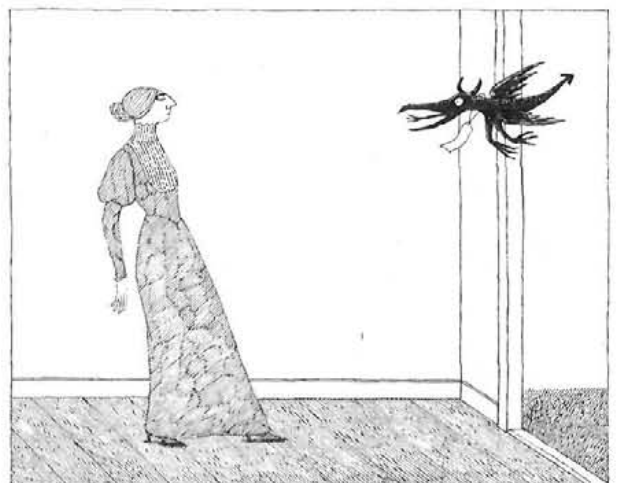
The Devil gave a sudden leap  
And struck Miss Squill all of a heap.



He swooped her up from off the ground  
And twirled her madly round and round.



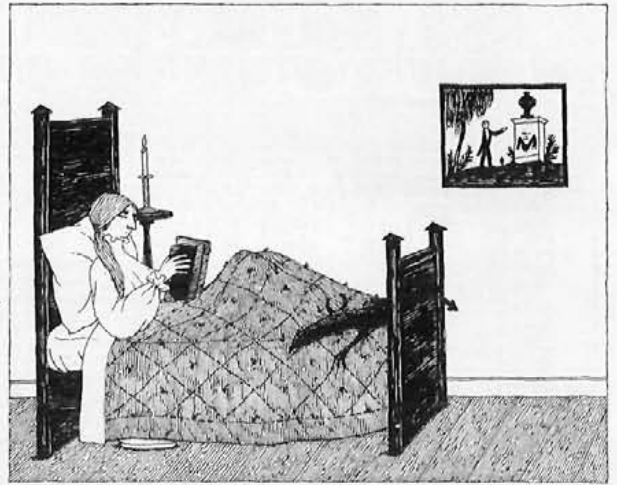
That night she saw when she undressed  
His mark was burned upon her breast.



Next day flew in her open door  
A creature named Beëlphazoar.



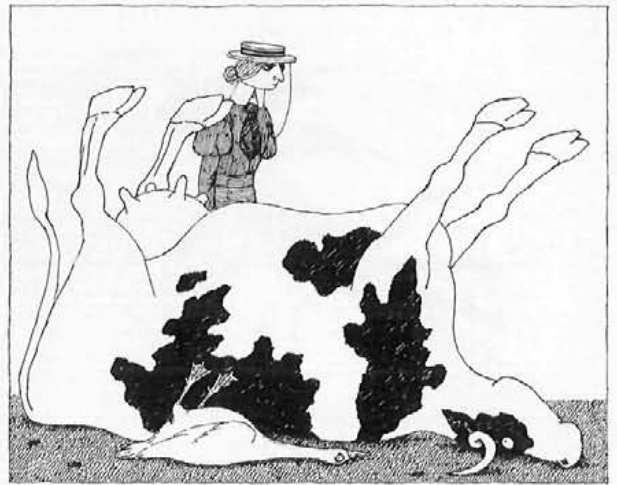
It brought a recipe for fudge  
Of pounded pencil-stubs and sludge.



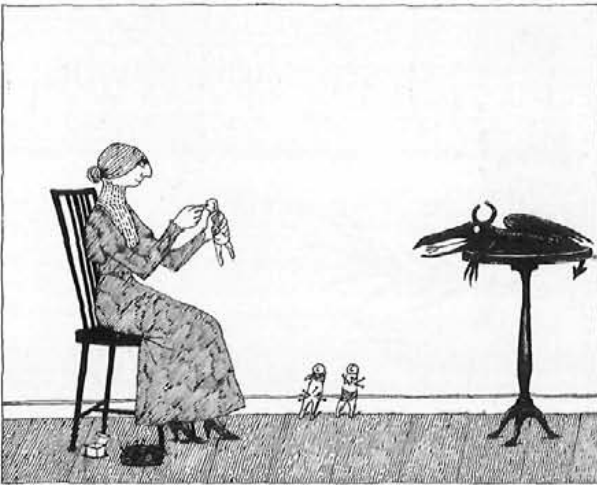
Also a book called *Ninety-two  
Entirely Evil Things To Do.*



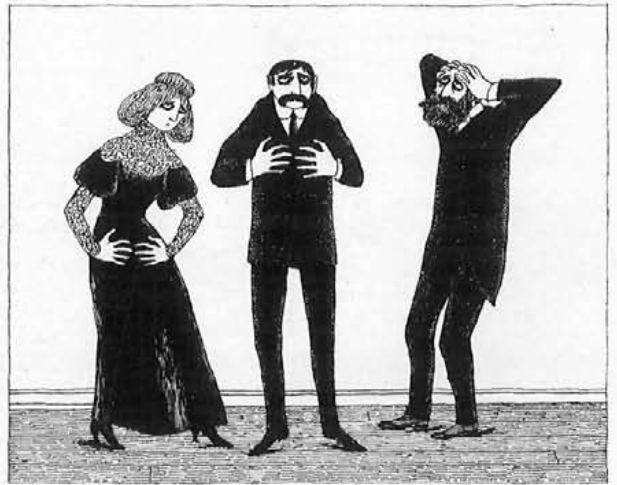
She cindered toast and rotted silk,  
Corroded tin and curdled milk.



Her laugh made beetles swoon; her frown  
Made geese and cows turn upside down.

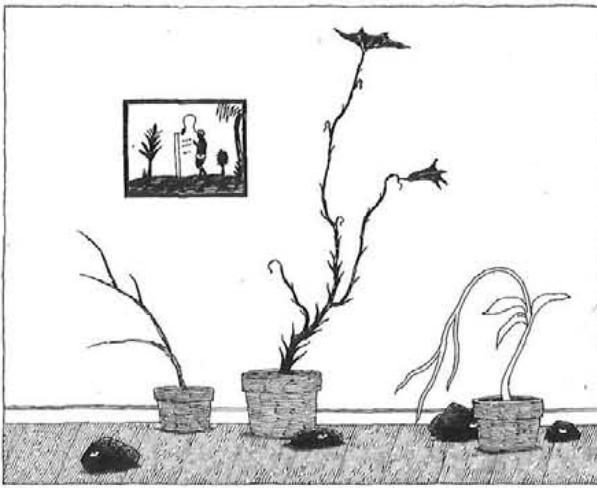


She did her neighbours' forms in wax  
And stuck them full of pins and tacks.

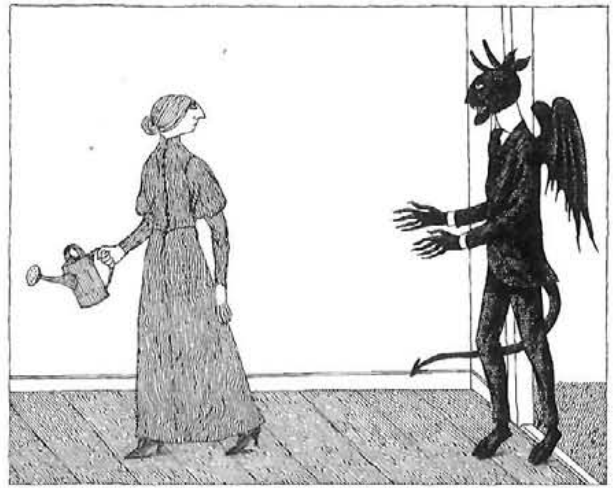


They then expired with frightful pains  
Inside their bowels, lungs, and brains.

*continued*



She got from somewhere stones with eyes  
And plants that gave out screams and sighs.



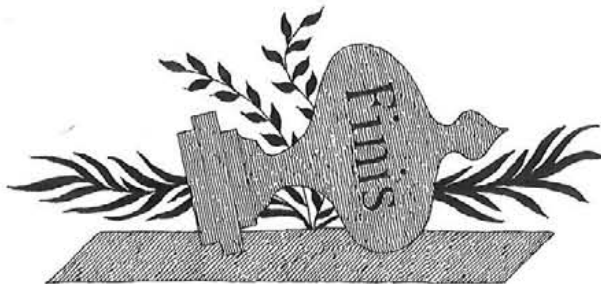
But then the demon, much too soon,  
Returned one Sunday afternoon.



He seized her hair, and with his hoof  
He kicked a way out through the roof.



The end had come, and this was it;  
He dropped her in the Flaming Pit.





# DR. JEKYLL'S SURGICAL SUPPLY CATALOGUE

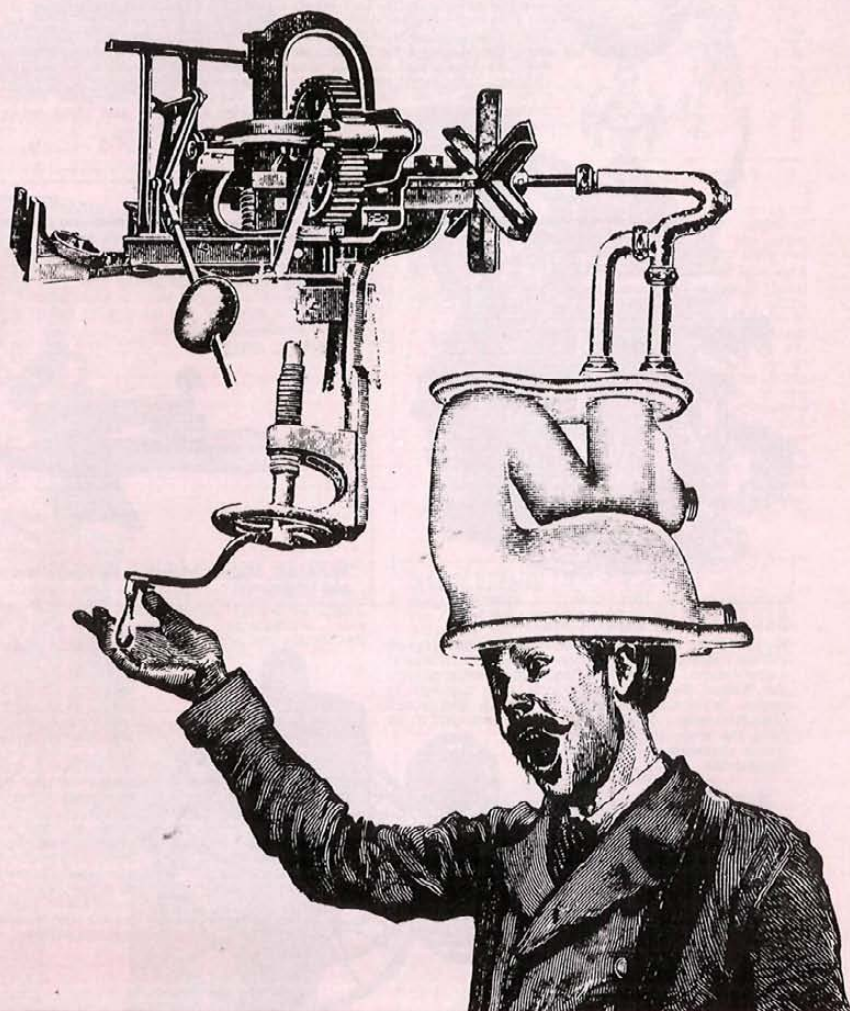
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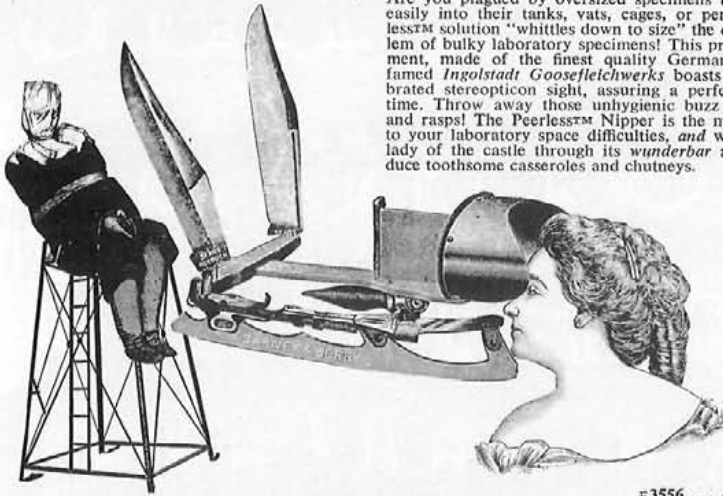
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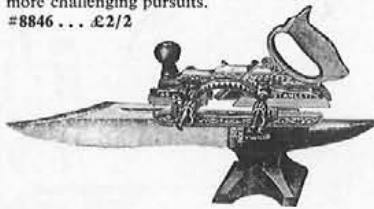


#4997... £7/2s

**HOME MUTILATOR**

Once, mutilations were the most taxing part of a researcher's day, a chore of no little importance, certainly, but a chore all the same. Now the Home Mutilator ends the drudgery of workaday maiming forever! This handy appliance can turn the rawest assistant into a professional "saw-bones" in minutes and leave your hands free for more challenging pursuits.

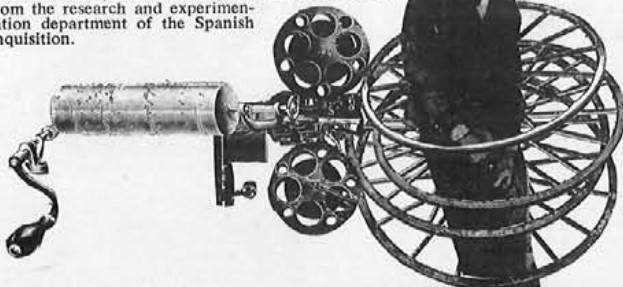
#8846... £2/2



Mutilates, Maims, Mangles, Sacrifices, Wrenches, and Disfigures!

**SALAMANCAN ROGUE SIFTER**

No properly equipped experimental chamber can fail to include this ingenious implement! Not just a new-fangled Catherine Wheel, not a simple pulper, the Rogue Sifter is an entirely new concept in rotary envisceration based on newly discovered fifteenth-century Salamanca parchments said to be from the research and experimentation department of the Spanish Inquisition.



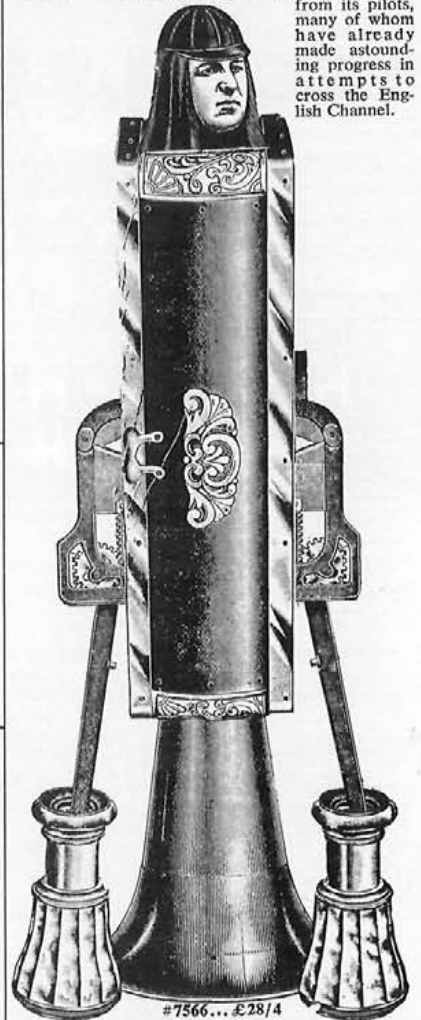
Patented TORQUE-MADIC™ sprockets and pinions allow the Rogue Sifter to be operated again and again with only a simple hosing after each operation. TORQUE-MADIC™ action, inspired by the famous fifteenth-century psychotherapist Torquemada, resident psychologist of the renowned Spanish Inquisition, combines the traditional principles of human motivation with nineteenth-century mechanical know-how.

**SPECIAL ADDED BONUS!** Because of the sophisticated nature of this device, some of those uninitiated into the realms of extra-Hippocratic inquiry may find it objectional on so-called "moral" grounds. Thus, with each Sifter you order, you will receive **ABSOLUTELY FREE** a sufficient quantity of Dr. Jekyll's Peasant Repellent, a single application of which eliminates such local pests as common villagers, cottagers, and townfolk.

#9977... £24

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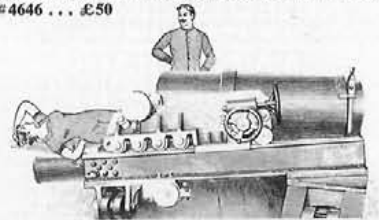


#7566... £28/4

**FEMALE EMULSIFIER**

No finer female emulsifier can be found on the market today. Tungsten condensors and magnesium treacle pans insure quick and practically splatter-free emulsification when used as directed.

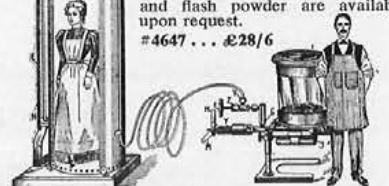
#4646... £50



**FEMALE ELECTROSTATIC HUMIDIFIER**

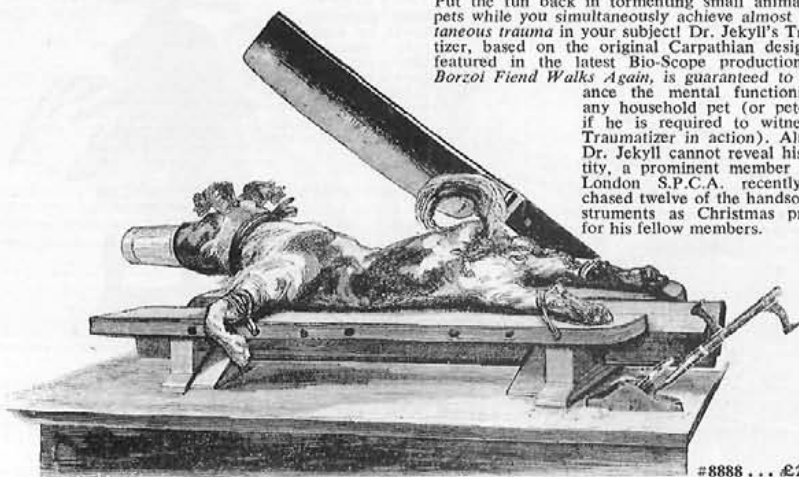
For those who prefer to electrostatically humidify their females rather than emulsify them, this inexpensive but dependable unit nicely fits the bill. Can be assembled in minutes. Extra bobbins and flash powder are available upon request.

#4647... £28/6



**ANIMAL TRAUMATIZER**

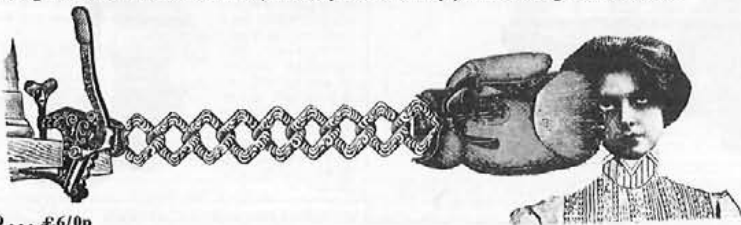
Put the fun back in tormenting small animals and pets while you simultaneously achieve almost instantaneous trauma in your subject! Dr. Jekyll's Traumatizer, based on the original Carpathian design and featured in the latest Bio-Scope production, *The Borzoi Fiend Walks Again*, is guaranteed to unbalance the mental functioning of any household pet (or pet-owner if he is required to witness the Traumatizer in action). Although Dr. Jekyll cannot reveal his identity, a prominent member of the London S.P.C.A. recently purchased twelve of the handsome instruments as Christmas presents for his fellow members.



#8888 ... £2/4

**MEMORY JOGGER**

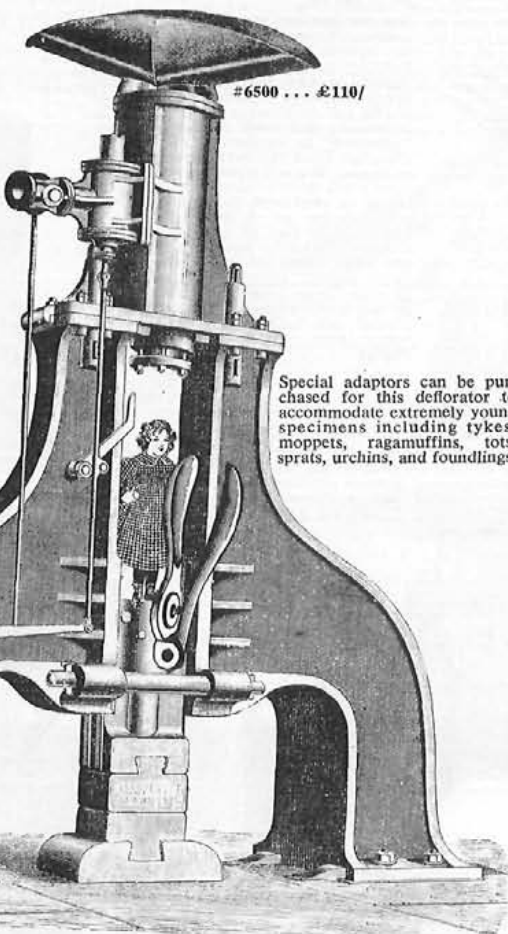
Fads and fancies come and go, but when professionals require a reliable and effective memory jogger for treating recalcitrant amnesia victims, Dr. Jekyll's exclusively patented design stands alone.



#2929 ... £6/0p

**DR. JEKYLL'S IMPROVED HUMAN DEFLORATOR**

The ruination of young female subjects otherwise suitable for experimentation in the field of libidinal neurosthetics has always been a delicate and difficult stumbling block to this valuable avenue of inquiry. Often, particularly when this prosaic but vital operation is performed by an assistant who, for example, may possess the body of an adult human and the brain of a sea gull, the female is often no longer capable of cooperating in libidinal research due to a marked inability to move, speak, or blink. The advantages of Dr. Jekyll's Humane Deflorator are many and obvious, ranging from its attractive chromium drop-forge styling designed to put the subject at her ease, to the Deflorator's ability to accommodate up to twenty-five subjects per hour without re-greasing.

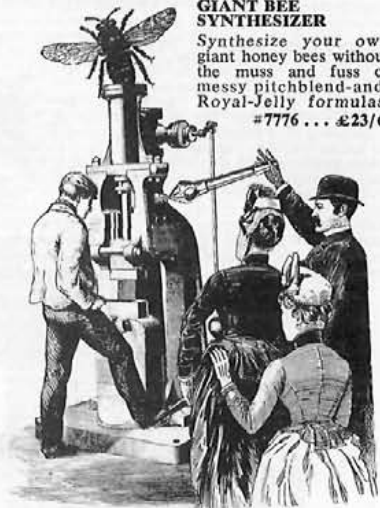


#6500 ... £110/

Special adaptors can be purchased for this deflorator to accommodate extremely young specimens including tykes, moppets, ragamuffins, tots, sprats, urchins, and foundlings.

**GIANT BEE SYNTHESIZER**

Synthesize your own giant honey bees without the muss and fuss of messy pitchblend-and-Royal-Jelly formulas.  
#7776 ... £23/6



**NEV-R-FAIL MECHANICAL BODY SNATCHER**

Dispense forever with hunchbacked, half-witted grave robbers. This self-propelled device simply "homes in" on the nearest body, follows it stealthily, firmly attaches itself to the spinal column, and delivers it to your door as conveniently as a London Times!



#3366 ... £.50

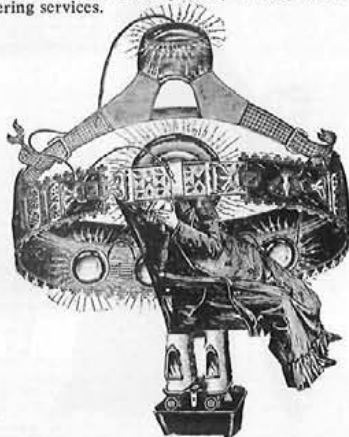
**MENTAL AGILITY TESTOR**

When selecting the optimum subject for a particular experiment, the wise scientist carefully tests the specimen's motor and mental capacities. 1) bind subject to Testor, 2) place cerebral emission sensitizer on subject's skull, 3) place before the subject the explosive charge, and 4) set the timing mechanism to the desired length of the testing period. Observe with approval, then, with what enthusiasm the testee attempts to discover the simple manipulations that will defuse the explosive before the timer detonates and the examination is terminated.  
#8847 ... £14/6



**BRAIN BEFUDDLER**

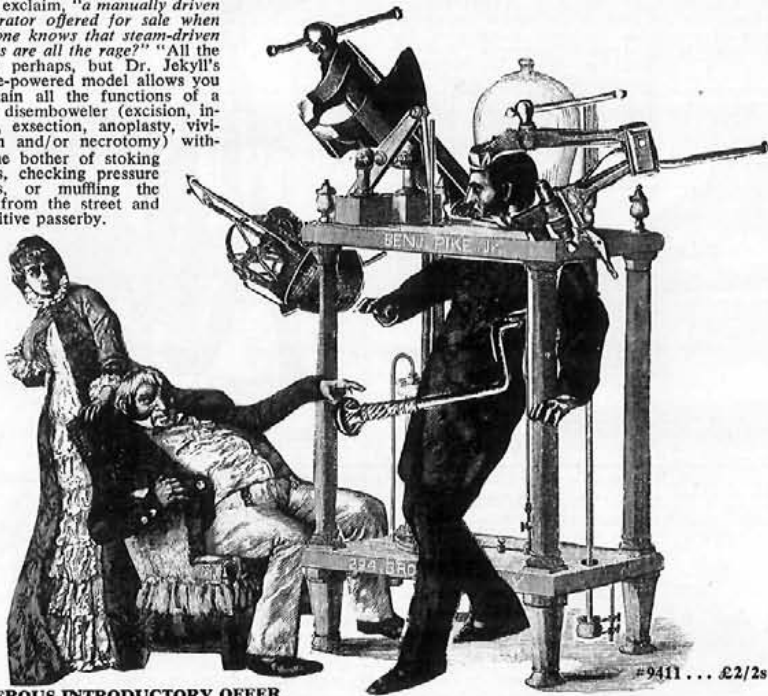
High intensity electro-cortical oscillations from the Befuddler completely erase the subject's memory, and leave the cerebrum free to remember only what you put there. Befuddled subjects make serviceable human dictaphones, diaries, and answering services.



#7736 ... £22/2

**HAND-POWERED  
EVISCERATOR**

"What?", the untutored layman might exclaim, "a manually driven eviscerator offered for sale when everyone knows that steam-driven models are all the rage?" "All the rage," perhaps, but Dr. Jekyll's muscle-powered model allows you to retain all the functions of a steam disemboweler (excision, incision, exsection, anoplasty, vivisection and/or necrotomy) without the bother of stoking boilers, checking pressure gauges, or muffling the noise from the street and inquisitive passerby.



**GENEROUS INTRODUCTORY OFFER**

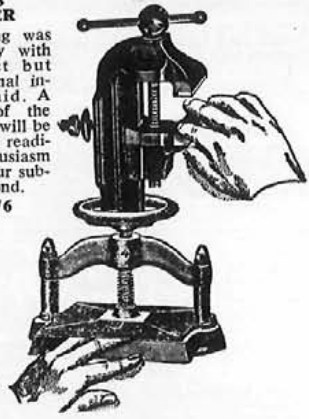
Order your Eviscerator today and receive without charge a decorative and useful Physician's Spice Rack suitable for holding vials of wolfbane, felonwort, nightshade, garlic, tana leaves, and many more.

#9411 ... £2/2s

**TOM THUMB  
FACT FINDER**

Data gathering was never so easy with this compact but fully operational interviewing aid. A quick flick of the wrist and you will be amazed at the readiness and enthusiasm with which your subjects will respond.

#4622 ... £1/6



Not a toy,  
but an actual  
working  
instrument!

**DECORATIVE  
FIGURINES**

Perk up your laboratory, work chamber or labyrinth with one of these highly desirable decorative conversation pieces. Each one different, they comprise the complete record of the famed Dr. Rudolph Herschel's lifelong attempt at perfecting bio-mechanical mutations. Many still alive.



#7558 .. £8s

**HYDROCOLONIC CHAMBER**

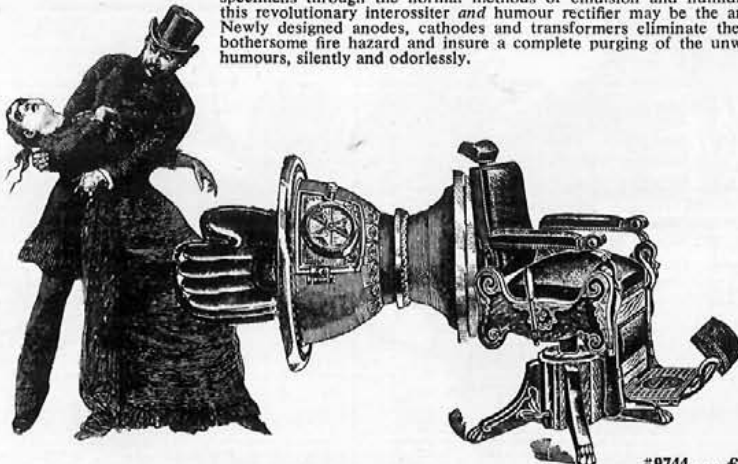
When the experimenter wishes to immerse subjects in liquid beryllium at extreme pressures, there is no finer hydrocolonic chamber than the one pictured above. Made of heavy gauge boiler plate tested to withstand pressures of over 1,500 kilos per square centimeter, this little beauty allows the remnants of the experiment and subject to be let out through a convenient stopcock at the bottom.



#4400 ... £32

**FEMALE INTEROSSITER AND HUMOUR RECTIFIER**

For those who cannot achieve satisfactory results with their female specimens through the normal methods of emulsion and humidifying, this revolutionary interossiter and humour rectifier may be the answer. Newly designed anodes, cathodes and transformers eliminate the once bothersome fire hazard and insure a complete purging of the unwanted humours, silently and odorlessly.



#9744 ... £83/14

**MECHANICAL MULCHER**

No more felicitous method of surgical mulching can be found at any price. Simply insert object to be mulched in hopper, engage the cam lever, and before you know it, the object is granulated beyond recognition. Excellent for failed experiments.



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Doctors often are confronted with the problem of patients who will not follow instructed diet programs while undergoing treatment. A positive breakthrough in nutritional aids is this Booster, which induces the user to eat heartily anything or anyone that is placed before him. The secret? A small stimulus-producing dynamo and a harmless but effective steam nozzle, both connected to a scale supporting the dimer and deactivated only as long as the scale registers continual gains.

**APEX NUMERICAL ENGINE AND SUM-FINDER**

Even dedicated probers of the unknown realms can get bogged down in reams of simple mathematic computation, and the NUMERICAL ENGINE AND SUM FINDER is prepared to unburden you of such time-consuming routine calculation. This startling invention, employing the newly discovered principles of autobionics, has combined the finest in cog-driven numerical sum finders with the living brain of a gifted professor of mathematics, whose identity, for obvious reasons, must remain anonymous. The SUM FINDER will perform continually, figuring sums, square roots, quadratic equations and binomial expansions without complaint in return for an occasional dusting and a daily one-hour reading from *The Heidelberg University Journal of Mathematics*.



#4773 ... £316



**HOMUNCULUS**

No laboratory is complete without one. Specially grown in individual decanters, these useful little rascals have a thousand applications as both scientific tools and as merry novelties. Each is guaranteed to have mastered several full sentences and be able to perform simple chores, as well as provide service as bookends, door stops and drain plugs. Hurry, as the supply of these miniature marvels is limited.

#5555 ... £10 per dozen

**VASARIAN VITALITY SAPPER**

Take the gloom and tedium from the normally long and drawn out process of vitality sapping with this laudable engineering improvement. The Sapper is pledged to drain 99.9 per cent of all life forces, bionic energies and vitalic perturbations from a living organism within fifteen minutes. These precious energies are then stored until you wish to tap them in a giant Leyden power cell capable of containing the life energies of twenty adults. Feel years younger on a single jolt from the storage cell, and never again worry about the bodily afflictions suffered by those who are still subject to the aging process. Save money, too! The Sapper never needs a power source as it runs entirely on the energy overflow from its own circuitry.

#7474 ... £100

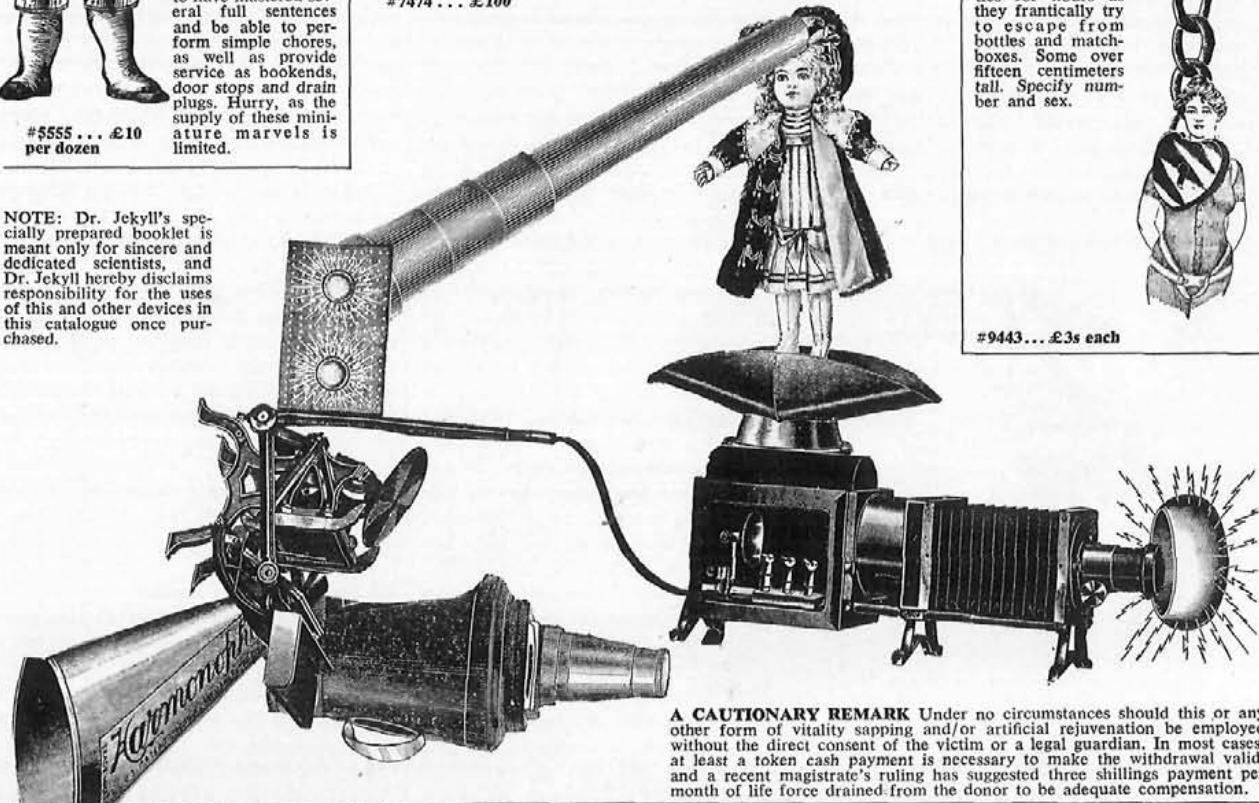
**NOVELTY BELL PULLS**

A fine selection of exotic bell pulls, watch fobs and cuff links are available for a limited time only in the form of these tiny, perfectly scaled human beings. Enjoy watching their antics for hours as they frantically try to escape from bottles and matchboxes. Some over fifteen centimeters tall. Specify number and sex.



#9443 ... £3s each

NOTE: Dr. Jekyll's specially prepared booklet is meant only for sincere and dedicated scientists, and Dr. Jekyll hereby disclaims responsibility for the uses of this and other devices in this catalogue once purchased.



**A CAUTIONARY REMARK** Under no circumstances should this or any other form of vitality sapping and/or artificial rejuvenation be employed without the direct consent of the victim or a legal guardian. In most cases, at least a token cash payment is necessary to make the withdrawal valid, and a recent magistrate's ruling has suggested three shillings payment per month of life force drained from the donor to be adequate compensation.

# Up Against the Wall, Forefathers!

If Bill Kunstler had defended the Salem Six, they'd be alive today...

by Ea G. le Gousse

In early June of 1692, attorney William Kunstler was summoned to Salem, Massachusetts, to represent Sarah Good, Rebecca Nurse, Elizabeth Howe, Susanna Martin, Sarah Wildes, and Abigail Hobbes, accused of trafficking with the Devil and practising malefic witchcraft. Labeling all the charges a "political frame-up" and the impending trial an "assembly line auto-da-fé," Kunstler promptly dubbed the defendants the "Salem Six" and set about, in a series of speeches and press conferences, to organize the "black arts community." Within days of his arrival, three witch-oriented groups had been formed: C.R.O.N.E. (Colonial Religions of New England), a moderate organization composed of both Christians and Satanists alike, working together to institute change through existing channels and to achieve greater understanding by engaging in meaningful dialogue; W.A.R.T. (Witches Against Royal Tyranny), a central committee of rural covens staging protests, marches, boycotts, strikes, confrontations, and, if need be, actively to participate in civil disobedience and disruptive tactics; and Sabbot-Age, a hard-core band of militant sorceresses who, after an abortive Hex-In for which only forty-one of the anticipated crowd of half a million showed up to levitate Boston, immediately went underground, issuing weekly communiques and attacking the system by withering the crops and turning merchants into turkeys. Needless to say, the liberals were confused as to what position to take on

the witch trials. As one put it, in a letter to Cotton Mather, "I agree with your gaols, but not your methods."

From the first, the trial was marked by violence. Demonstrators waving signs that read "Stop Mass. Murder!" (or, to be precise, "Stoppe Mafs. Murther!") had to be forcibly ejected from the courtroom. When Chief-Justice Stoughton denied Kunstler's motion that he and his fellow magistrates, John Hathorne and Samuel Sewall, disqualify themselves on the grounds that, as practicing Puritans, they would be unable to pass fair judgment on those of an alternate faith, protestors brought forth an apparition of giant pigs, resulting in a near riot.

Throughout the proceedings, Kunstler repeatedly objected that the actions of the accusers (Mercy Lewis, Ann Putnam, Elizabeth Hubbard, Abigail Williams, and John Indian), who frequently fell, writhing, to the floor, claiming that the defendants were assaulting them with "cruel spectres" and causing them to suffer "swooning fits," were "inflammatory and prejudicial." When his objections were overruled, as they always were, he would often persist in his arguments, despite repeated warnings from the bench. On one occasion, when defendant Elizabeth Howe was placed in chains to prevent her from casting spells, Kunstler leapt to his feet, pointed his finger at Stoughton, and shouted, "This is a disgrace, your Honor! You are making a mockery of judicial procedure with these star-chamber measures!", to which the Chief-Justice replied with a stern reprimand, adding that he had studied at Oxford, counted many of those who had sat on the Star Chamber (discontinued only fifty-one years previously) as friends, and would not sit by idly to see them maligned. Protestors responded with another apparition of pigs, even larger than the first.

Prior to his summation, Kunstler moved for a dismissal on the ground that, due to pre-trial publicity, it was impossible for a witch to receive a fair trial in Massachusetts, and on the additional ground that the jury, being comprised of men only, was unconstitutionally selected and was evidence of a pattern and practice of discrimination against women. Said motion, being the seventy-third brought by the defendants, was likewise denied.

On the last day of June, William Kunstler gave his summation. The following is a transcript of that summation as taken from the official records of the

Special Court of Oyer and Terminer, in Salem Village, County of Essex, Colony of Massachusetts Bay, June 30th, 1692:

Gentlemen of the Jury:

Before you begin your solemn deliberations, I should like to review with you the history and significance of these proceedings. The Defendants have been accused of violating the Province Law which provides that "any person who shall use, practice or exercise any invocation or conjuration of any wicked spirit or shall consult, covenant with, entertain, or employ, feed, or reward any evil or wicked spirit . . . shall be put to death."

The Defendants do not deny that they are Witches; they do not deny that they have committed some of the acts set forth in the statute. They do, however, challenge the right of this Court, this Prosecutor, and this Jury to convict them under such a law.

For what is this law? It is a blatant attempt by the ruling class to eradicate a religion which antedates Christianity. It is a broad grant of power to the Massachusetts Bay Company and the Threadneedle Street profiteers to persecute those who, in their opinion, associate with anyone they may arbitrarily designate as "evil," a concept whose definition has eluded saints, philosophers, prophets, poets, and lawmakers throughout history. It is a device by which the Crown commits legal murder in order to secure to itself the property of its victims.

What is this statute but an attempt to dictate to the people, who shall be their friends, employees, and associates?

What is it but a codification of elitism, racism, anti-feminism, and cruelty?

This colony was founded by those all too familiar with religious persecution. One of its most cherished goals was a society in which all citizens should be free to worship according to the dictates of conscience, without government interference.

It is true that these Defendants do not worship the God of the majority. They observe rites and ceremonies strange to most of us. Shall they forfeit their lives for practicing their ancient religion?

Through the medium of the Defendants' great gift of precognition, you have seen that, in the next century, this colony shall be part of a New Nation under a fundamental law which shall be known as the Constitution. You have seen that this Constitution shall have a First Amendment guaranteeing the rights of

continued



Abigail Hobbes threatens to turn the jury into toads if not acquitted.



Justice Stoughton  
overrules Kimstler

William Kimstler  
protest

Samuel  
Sewall

Sarah  
Good

Anne  
Putnam  
accuses

afflicted

Goody Nurse

Mercy Lewis  
suffers a grievous  
fit

Cotton Mather  
prays for  
divine  
guidance

*continued*

freedom of religion, speech and association, for which our forefathers, meaning you, gentlemen, sacrificed so much. It shall have also a Fifth Amendment, prohibiting double jeopardy, an Eighth, prohibiting cruel and unusual punishment, and a Fourteenth, prohibiting discrimination and guaranteeing to all the equal protection of the law.

It has been shown that these Defendants, admitted Witches, in their previous incarnations have been garroted, flayed, burned, drowned, hanged, pressed, drawn and quartered, and subjected to the rack, the iron boot, the bastinado and the thumbscrew. To torture and slaughter them again, in violation of the Fifth and Eighth Amendments, will bring upon this supposedly enlightened age the condemnation of history. Shall these women, tried and executed countless times by less civilized societies, undergo that punishment once more, thereby exposing this Court to charges of brutality and barbarism?

It is true that the Defendants associate with and serve One known as the Devil, referred to as the Black Man in one of the more blatant examples of the prosecution's racist tactics. Shall the Defendants forfeit their lives for associating with the Black Man?

The systematic and deliberate exclusion of women from this jury is but one aspect of the discrimination against women which taints this trial and this colony. Women are deprived of every

right and opportunity save those of child-bearing and housekeeping. When these women, having no other outlet by which to express themselves, turn, in their frustration, to the Devil, they are arrested, tortured, and tried. Tried before an all-male jury comprised solely of members of the Christian Church. Tried under a statute specifically prohibiting "witchcraft," thereby, in its very language, indicting only women.

The prosecution has alleged that the Defendants are on trial not only for their religious beliefs and associations, but also for the harm they have done in the practice of their religion. Let us examine these allegations.

The people of this colony lately have become aware that the hardships and deprivations they suffer are not shared by the British bigwigs who reap the profits earned by their labor. While the people go hungry, the owners of the Massachusetts Bay Company grow rich and fat. The discontent is also growing.

This trial is a patent effort by the government to still the opposition, to evade responsibility, to distract and divide the people, and to convict the Defendants for the crimes of the ruling class.

Our economy supports the extravagances of the decadent British aristocracy and the ruinous war in France, rather than needed medical research. When the people die of whooping cough, rabies, smallpox, childbed fever, and

dropsy, the government blames the Witches.

When the Indians, who have been robbed, cheated, and massacred by the Company, give vent to their justifiable rage and attack the settlers, the government, rather than make proper restitution, blames the Witches.

When the merchants and ship owners, greedy for profit, care nothing for the health and safety of our sailors, and the men suffer from scurvy because no cargo space may be allotted for citrus fruits or are lost in shipwrecks because no money is spent to keep the vessels in proper repair and there are no lifeboats, the government blames the Witches.

The Massachusetts Bay Company rapes the land and sea; it traps the animals, cuts the trees, nets the fish, all for its own aggrandizement. When there are no fish left to be caught, or animals to be bagged, or trees to be felled, when people protest this defiling of Nature, they will blame the Witches, the very persons who, shunning costly and elaborate cathedrals, congregate in the fields and the woods, and actually worship the trees.

When the—(At this point, the proceedings were interrupted by Defendant Abigail Hobbes, who rose from her seat.)

Mistress Hobbes: I warn the jury that they shall acquit me lest I turn them into toads.

Other Defendants: Right on. All power to the Pagans.

The Court: Silence. I order you to sit down. Mr. Kunstler, I have repeatedly warned you to control your clients.

Kunstler: Your Honor, no one controls my clients. They are free, free to speak out against these outrageous proceedings. And you, gentlemen of the jury, are also free, free to strike a blow against tyranny, repression, and taxation without representation. Exercise this freedom by showing the power brokers that you have the courage to acquit these women. Be the first to stand up for a people's government, of the people, by the people, and for the people. The time has come to resist illegitimate authority by any means necessary. Soon thousands, tens of thousands, will rise up to overthrow the present government, to crush the foreign despot, to seize the land, and to found a New Nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal and endowed with certain inalienable rights, and that among these rights are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Revolution now.

The jury retired and, after brief deliberation, returned a verdict of "Not guilty" for all six defendants. It is recorded, however, that on July 19th of the same year, William Kunstler was burned at the stake for contempt. □



Elizabeth Howe is clapped in irons to prevent her from disrupting the proceedings.





(Alt. Tit: The Young Bloodsuckers)  
(Orig. Tit: I Married a Dog)  
(AIP's Tit: The Wild Losers)  
by Roger Corman & C.B. Griffith

ALL DEPARTMENTS: This farce must be terrifying, but not disgusting.

**WORKING TREATMENT:**

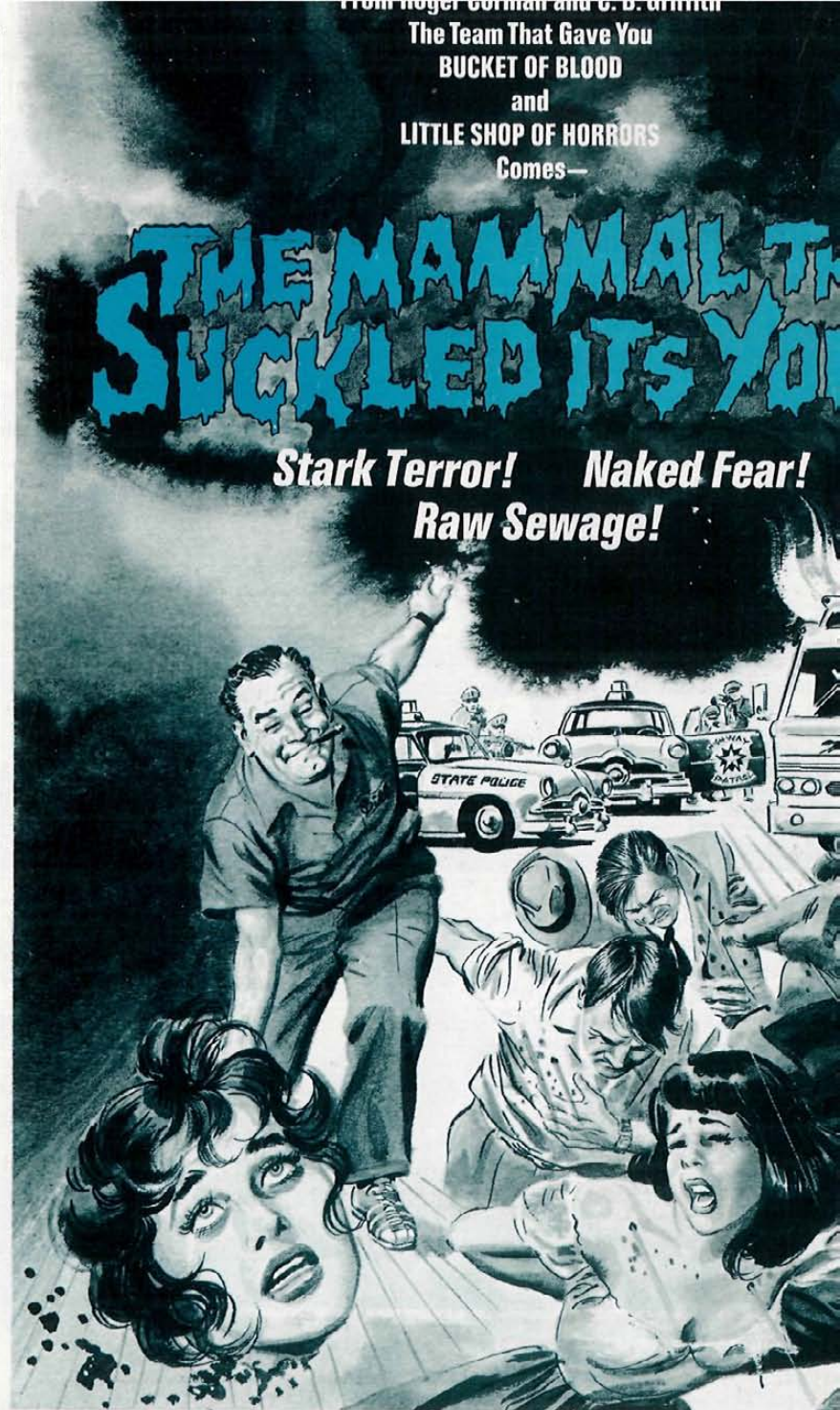
*Cemetery-Nite* – (fog works) Long shot big white BEAST baying moon – start tits – neighbors' lights on – irate TYPES throw shoes, crutches, etc. – drive away beast. Tits end.

Gasping WILLARD FERN (short-insecure-schmuck-klutz) onto bridge – sweats it – jumps – lands on deep shit on manure scow on river. The girl, LAURA NORDER (stringy-sanpaku-dingaling-runaway-stowaway), in long, raunchy sheepskin parka, pulls him out – clocked by uptight pegleg CAPTAIN, coming on deck to jettison shit in front of romantic bathing beach – fight – Capt. winning – Laura shoves him into dump gears – Capt. ground to death while kids dumped into river with shit – Willard gloms air mattress with two empty swimsuits – Laura disappears.

Willard floats ashore near tracks. Train roars past – he lays air mattress across tracks – lies on it – train comes up fast – switches to adjoining track – stops by him – Laura riding rails under caboose – hisses to Willard, who crawls under & joins her, avoiding COPS. Train rolls – they exchange intros – train toilet flushes on them – startled Willard falls – drops through rails – lands in swimming pool under bridge at edge of highway – FAMILY TYPES in bathrobes at windows of house beside pool open fire with pistols and rifles at trespasser Willard – big shaggy DOG runs up – drops tail for Willard to grab – yanks him out – zig-zags through miniature golf course, dragging Willard as squibs fire all around them.

Safe in bushes, Dog presses his brow against Willard's foot. Willard (gravely): "Thank you . . . brother." Dog does press-brow gag again – exits howling proudly. Willard wilts – vocalizes self-pity ("Why do I have to go through these changes?") – re-resolves suicide – exits to –

Hairpin bend in highway – watches heavy traffic two-wheeling it around blind turn in both directions – jury-rigs blindfold – marches bravely onto highway – cars miraculously miss him without evasive action, tho he wanders erratically – Two POLICE cars passing in opposite directions see him – swerve and brake – smash – crash – huge pileup as cars keep coming – Willard untouched, surrounded by death & destruction – irate, bleeding MOTORISTS and COPS converging – cold-chest door in rear of Good Humor truck opens, and frosty Laura reaches out and pulls befuddled



The Team That Gave You  
BUCKET OF BLOOD  
and  
LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS  
Comes—

# THE MAMMAL THAT SUCKLED ITS YOUNG

**Stark Terror! Naked Fear!  
Raw Sewage!**

Willard inside with her, as truck starts to move off, chased by Motorists.

Shivering in truck – trade sad stories – he makes fire with cartons & wrappers – (ice-cream will melt) – tells her committing suicide – stock lacka-nookie weeper – he thinks it's because he is throwback to Polish werewolf ancestors, though curse now feeble, so at full moon merely changes into sheepdog puppy ("cute, but deadly"). LAURA (clapping hands excitedly): "A real dog?!" WILLARD (bitterly): "Even now, I

have this terrible urge to lick myself." – Laura loves dogs but left hers because her Grandmother ruined her Mother's life and Other Granny ruined her Father's life, etc. – When she reaches for another Fudgsicle he can't resist sniffing her butt – melted ice-cream rising – sympathetic cuddle develops to hot horny-gropy confusion – Laura is a P-T – About to pop and/or drown – GOOD HUMOR MAN opens door for KIDS, and L.&W. wash out & into storm drain. (Sunset.)



In drain, sit on ledge, and, as absurd refuse floats by, continue love scene — she wants marry him but impossible — before expo payoff, manhole lifted open above them — Willard sees full moon — slow change into WERE-DOG (white hair over eyes, big floppy paws, panting rubber tongue-falsie, wagging tail) — snarls — advances on her — She ladders up thru manhole — exits into bear pit in zoo — ZOOKEEPER washing bear-shit down manhole with hose — Dog-Willard up — throws Keeper down hole — Stalk-

chase in bear pit — Laura trapped — throws a stick — he chases it — brings it back — drops it — sits up & begs — she pets him — adoring were-dog licks her face — tries to hump her leg — she puts him down as usual — injured Keeper bringing COPS — Laura opens cage door, releasing BEAR — Bear-Willard fight — Willard bites bear — flees into cage — bear in convulsions — changes into sheepdog puppy (real) — attacks arriving Cops.

Escape thru zoo (howling animals) — Laura hides Willard in her long sheep-

skin parka — grabs taxi. In taxi, gags with suspicious DRIVER, who were-dog wants to bite — Traffic slowed by parade of aged FOREIGN LEGION VETS — from crowded bus, ANARCHIST (black-cloaked, Afroed, Chinese, moustachioed), throws stick of dynamite into Legion BAND — were-dog leaps out taxi window barking — chases dynamite — tumbles oldsters — chases bus with dynamite in mouth — red light — drops dynamite thru window into Anarchist's lap — sits back and barks — Bus explodes — smoke clears — Willard back to normal, squatting in street with tongue out — slips with Laura into movie house.

Sit in theatre watching dog movie — (one Doberman BITCH keeps turning Willard on) — and loudly comparing losses — AUDIENCE NEIGHBORS shush them continually — her harrowing tales of evil Mothers-in-law — could never marry because her Mother ("sweet — so far . . .") would ruin Willard's life. Even self-involved Willard can see she's a paranoid, but he lusts for her and her rationalizations long and dazzling (make them convincing — r.c.) — so imbecile dialectics develop to his grudging agreement to off her old lady, "Since it's for Love, I guess it must be right . . . but I'll feel so guilty!" LAURA: "Guilt is an unhealthy emotion — never regret — ("SssSSHH!") — never regret the past. What's done is done," etc. — tossed out by USHER Willard looks at Doberman — "They can't fool me — that's a girl!"

Scummy waterfront — She shows him Mother BLANCH (ugly, zoftig, scarred, tattooed, raddled old gutter-hooker) working her bad location — Willard must get her scent — sneaks up — clumsy maneuvers to get a sniff — she offers him cocaine — he's revolted — tells Laura Blanch should be dead — Laura so relieved — off to her place —

Teeny-bopper pennant naked weight-lifter pictures pad — futile necking — he says moon won't be full for month — she tries her hypno-strobe sunlamp — he sunburns but makes the dog switch — barks for food — drinks from toilet — scoffs pan of table scraps — brings leash — she takes him out —

Back to waterfront — he wants to pee on hydrant, but she spots Blanch — "Sic 'er, Willard!" He charges, but Blanch just climbing into car with EIGHT SAILORS ("Haven't been to a good gang-bang for months.") — were-dog chases car — jumps on roof — reactions from extras (14) — reach apartment bldg. watches them go in — climbs façade, checking bedrooms — sees old vignettes: FAT MAN in wedding gown, playing tuba and weeping, etc. — finds victim in patio body-pile by fire-light — crawls in — can't tell which ass to bite — bites man — pandemonium of freaking nudes — Blanch flees up fire escape — nude chase past TYPES in window — Blanch into furry bedroom, boy-dog on her heels — light goes on and two

continued

MIDDLE-AGED FAGGOTS in round bed raise their *sleep-shades* – watch beast corner and savage screaming victim – Blanch falls bleeding – were-dog zips out – Fags clock dying female – exchange Franklin Pangborn knowing nod – rabid PUPPY jumps on bed and under covers – bites bouncing Faggots.

Laura drives *custom chopper* down alley to fire escape, where were-dog lapping puddle water – he jumps on *pillion seat* and they roar off, chased by CYCLE COPS, Willard licking Laura's ear – sharp turn – she rips *oil can* – spreads oil – Cops skid over cliff – bike into copse – she scratches his belly – feeds him *dog-biscuits* – sad that she still can't marry him because his mother would ruin her life, propounding obscure possible disasters – the shock brings him back to normal – he pleads, "Don't make me bite my Mother!" – but a little more nubile pubile torture and he's ready – however, mother KOPYA is immune, being of dog-blood herself – "Maybe if you met her you'd like her." She doubts it, but she'll try it for him (because he is licking her thighs and nuzzling her bosom).

They take *seats* in funky arena – watch lady-wrestler KOPYA (gorgonesque, varicose, iron-eyed bull-dagger) destroy OPPONENT with *dirty tricks*. LAURA: "I don't think I'm going to be able to make it with your mother." WILLARD: "You don't have to make it with her, just try to love her a little."

In *dressing room* meet KOPYA getting *rubdown* – cross between Stockade Sergeant & Jewish Mother – slaps them around for being skinny – bruises Laura's hip copping feel – throws her HANDLERS out to grill Laura: "What kind family you got?" "Big family!" "They got guts?" (Shoves her by tits.) "They got balls?" (Backhands her bottom.) "My stupid son got no balls!" (Kicks Willard in balls.) "Look how soft! But can you hold him when he is *dog*?" (Snarls, laughs, fluffs up Laura's tits.) – "Oh, yes! He loves me when he's a dog!" – Willard takes her hand – "I even love her when I'm a boy." – Kopya overcome by tears – crushes them in embrace – kisses Laura widely with heavy groping – she will give them biggest wedding ever held in Shapiro's Health Club – "Now I go—you stay, make some ungh-ungh [proud tears – vulgar gestures], tomorrow is wedding, then we go Gary, Indiana, for one hot honeymoon!" – exits – they neck – Laura still won't put out, even with his Mother's permission – he begins to think she doesn't love him. "I love you, so I'm saving it for you. The second we're married, I'll break your back!" (wild passion) – "But, [she shrugs] I just knew I wouldn't like your mother." – he sobs – "Killing your mother is like cheating on your best friend."

*Bowling alley* – Kopya leading her league – writes *wedding invites* between turns – includes all of Laura's relatives

– sends WAITER to mail them – bowls – Laura tells Willard they must kill her before wedding (before she can become a Mother-in-Law) – She has *hammer & butcher knife* in *bowling bag* – fills him with horror. Laura implacable – "Go into ladies' room and wait for us." – he balks – she slips pale hand into his *pocket* – he trembles – staggers to *ladies' room* – several REACTORS watch him go in – Kopya back from turn – flops – "I love work up good sweat" – Laura asks her go with her to ladies' room – taking it as proposition, Kopya winks and chortles lewdly – Laura dallies to drop a few *Librium*, letting Kopya go in first – takes bowling bag and follows.

In *ladies' room* – Kopya's voice from *crapper-booth* – "I'm in here, honey." – Willard peers out from *another booth* – Laura at Kopya's *door* – "Stick your head out a minute." – out pops Kopya's grinning head – Laura stuns her with hammer – leaning against door to keep it jammed against her neck – "Hurry up!" – Willard out – she gives him knife – stunned Kopya rolls eyes at him – Willard may faint – Laura squeezes his ass – he grabs knife and swings on Kopya's neck, screaming, "Mother! I'm sorry!" – shot from inside booth, past her lowered *bowling pants*, as head *chopped off* outside – door slams shut on her neck – Laura holding open bowling bag, catches head, saying, "Don't you love me anymore?" – zips in head – Willard drops on knees to pray to bowling bag – *toilet flushes* in *third booth* – They react – dash out, just before FAT WOMAN comes from booth – slips in *blood* – pratfall.

Willard & Laura passing BOWLERS – Fat Woman (o.s. in John) starts screaming – drop bag and split in confusion – BOWLER (beefy, washed-out astronaut) concentrating on game – reaches in bag – comes out with head (fingers in eyes, thumb in mouth) – bowls it down *alley* – stares after it in shock – head scores *strike* – PINBOY shrugs – sends back head – in time for COPS to see it hop up into rack.

Combination wedding-funeral *procession* of cars, campers, and farm machinery approaching Forest Lawn-type *cemetery* – graffiti on cars: "Amateur Night – 'Who's on top Now?' etc." – into cemetery – *inside cars* – NEUROTIC RELATIVES separately bug Willard and Laura with criticism & bad advice.

In *chapel* for semantic collage of wedding-funeral rituals before *coffin* of Kopya in *ring robe* with *karate belt* around neck, concealing incision – Laura whispers that they must get rid of the rest of impossible relatives – also she may never have children – she could become a mother-in-law herself – "If I can get used to being a dog, you can get used to being a mother-in-law." – (*Outside*, COPS, LAWYERS, & INSURANCE MEN closing in on *chapel*) – toward ceremony's end, *sun* burns thru

*Byzantine Halo* on *stained-glass window* – Willard starts *changing* into sheepdog in black tie – relatives all stare but too polite to show reaction – bleaching PREACHER says, "Kiss the Bride and Groom" – all file by kissing – getting licked – some leg-humping – on into *cemetery snack-bar* for reception at long *table* (*hot dogs, potato salad, corn on the cob, deviled eggs, beer, watermelon*) – all sit and scoff – ignore were-dog eating from *plate* with mouth – offer banal compliments to bride – watch *TV set*, on which Anarchist is about to be executed. (TV special slow and labored, with COMMENTATOR padding delays, as they adjust *noose*, affix *electrodes*, fill *syringe*, ready *gas-pellets* and march in FIRING SQUAD – "Ah, here comes the firing squad now—all good boys," bored applause from crowd, etc.) – relatives chatter, mixing funeral and wedding clichés ("Such a lovely bride—didn't she look natural?") – then they become engrossed in TV.

Laura sees Cops sneaking up – squeezes Willard's paw – says, "Sic 'em, Darling." – were-dog under table – bites people, who go rigid before throwing fits – noise panics Cops, who start *shooting* – melee of relatives and innocent BYSTANDERS being shot down – Laura ducks under table, eyes riveted to execution scene – Willard whimpers – puts head in her lap – as they start execution with sizzling electrodes, Laura rips off *breakaway* wedding gown – gasps, "Come, my Husband, take me now!" – were-dog jumps on, yelping.

On television, the *hanging, burning, poisoning, gassing, and shooting* (intercut with human-interest item: City Council wants to locate owner of this brave dog [*still* of were-dog on haunches, begging toward blazing bus] who, in innocently killing 43 people, wounded the Anarchist and proved that Justice is as dumb as it is blind, to be presented with the Distinguished Pooch Award, etc.) transform the Anarchist radically – he *sizzles* and *flashes colored lights* – we hear *Laura coming* – Anarchist *explodes* in dazzle of *fireworks* – Riding her furiously (dog-fashion feels right here), Willard blinded by set-blowing light – comes – screams – changes into Beautiful Prince (another actor, maybe chick in drag) with long, silky hair, gray eyes, and *sitar* across his back – Laura turns – stares at him – he smiles with confidence of the Enlightened – slowly they stand – Cops polishing off stragglers and/or convulsing from bites of DOZEN SHEEP-DOG PUPPIES – none see Laura & Prince hand in hand, smiling at each other – walking off through *tombstones* into *sunset*. End.

NOTES FOR NEXT STAGE: Add two subplots building 2nd-level relatives – soft-pedal sex for GP rating – change bear to tiger – pick up the pace a little. 71 minutes, rolling Monday. □



# DRAGULA

QUEEN OF DARKNESS!

WET YOUR  
FANGS ON THESE,  
TOOTH FAIRY!

in 'PUTTING THE  
BITE ON THE  
BIG APPLE!'

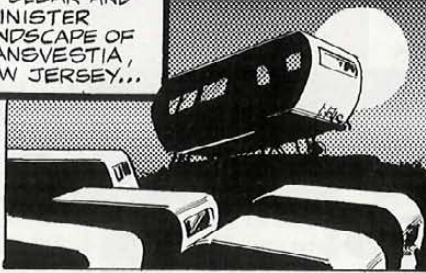


WRITTEN BY  
**TONY HENDRA**  
ILLUSTRATED BY  
**NEAL ADAMS**  
COVER BY  
**FRANK FRAZZETTA**

FRAZZETTA

NIGHT FALLS SLOWLY ACROSS THE BLEAK AND SINISTER LANDSCAPE OF TRANSVESTIA, NEW JERSEY...

THE GHASTLY FORCES OF EVIL, THE DEMONIC HORRORS OF THE NETHER HOURS BEGIN TO STIR...



MERCY, I'M FAMISHED!

...BRINGING TO LIFE ONCE MORE THAT MONSTER OF DEPRAVITY... THAT HIGH PRIEST OF THE UNHOLY... LORD AND MISTRESS OF THE GAY POWERS OF DARKNESS...

# DRACULA

HER SANGUINARY MAJESTY PREPARES FOR ANOTHER NIGHT OF GHOULISH SPORT...

CAPE... GLOVES... BINACA...

PPSSST

AND FLITS NOISELESSLY ACROSS THE FOG-MANTLED HUDSON...

MOMENTS LATER...

SONUVABITCH

PIPE WRENCH!

TEN-TON SEMI!

GIMME A BREW!

PLINCH-PRESS

IWO JIMA!

DOZER!

N.Y. RANGERS VS TORONTO MAPLE LEAFS TONITE

DRAGULA SPOTS AN UNWARY VICTIM...



WHERE YA GOIN', FRED?

GOTTA TAKE A LEAK!

YUM! YUM!



HIYA, TOOTS!

BUG OFF, YA FREAKIN' FRUIT!



COME ON, SWEETIE! JUST A LITTLE BITE?...



...HOW WOULD I LOOK IN A LEMON PAISLEY KNIT AND TWO TONE BROGUES?



LISTEN, CREAMPUFF, I'LL YEOWEE!

CHOMP!

AND, IN THAT MOMENT... FRED JOINS THE RANKS OF THE UNDEAD...





LATER, AT LINCOLN CENTER...

UMMMM!  
HUNBURGER  
WITH ALL  
THE FIXINS!

...töten der  
Drache!

WITHIN SECONDS...

SIEGFRIED'S THE  
NAME AND  
WAGNER'S  
M' GAME!

YOU'RE  
ADORABLE!

CHUNK!  
EEYOW!  
PINGTANG  
A-LANG  
CLANG

AS DRAGULA TAKES  
HER LEAVE, THE  
ANGUISHED CRIES  
OF THE DAMNED  
RING IN HIS  
EARS...

THREE LITTLE MAIDS FROM  
SCHOOL ARE WEEEEE!

OUCH!

WAGNER  
DOES  
DRAIN  
ONE  
SO!

TIME FOR A  
PICK-ME-UP!

AIEEOW!

YARRRGH!





DIE, RUNNING  
DOG HONKY  
NEO-  
COLONIALIST  
FAGGOT  
DUPE!



WHY SO  
ROUGH,  
COOKY?



WAAHHEEE!

SOON...

SISTERS,  
WHAT WE  
NEED IS  
MORE BLACK  
ANTIQUE  
DEALERS!



I HAVE THIS  
DYNAMITE  
RECIPE FOR  
HAMMOCK  
SOUFFLE!

UTTERLY  
ENCHANTING!

DO YOU  
LIKE MY  
SLAVE  
BRACELET?

TIME AND AGAIN, THE QUEEN OF DARKNESS STRIKES, LEAVING BEHIND HER A TRAIL OF TARNISHED SOULS, CHATTEL OF HER GRISLY DOMINION, UNTIL, SATIATED AT LAST, SHE RETURNS TO HER DREAD RESTING-PLACE... THE FIRST RAYS OF DAWN SLANT ACROSS OZONE PARK...



FRED!

LISTEN, HONEY,  
IF I WANT TO  
SLEEP IN A  
CLOSET, I'LL  
SLEEP IN A  
CLOSET!

CLOSE THE DRAPES, FOR  
GOODNESS SAKE! THAT  
LIGHT MAKES ME FEEL  
QUITE FRAGILE!

MIDGE, WHAT'S  
WRONG WIT'  
DIS MIRROR?

THE CURSE OF DRAGULA IS UPON THE LAND. THE WEEKS ROLL BY AND EACH PASSING DAWN LEAVES THE STREETS MORE AND MORE DESOLATE, UNTIL, LOCKED IN A DEATH GRIP, THE GREAT METROPOLIS SUCCEUMBS...



BY DAY, AS SILENT  
AS A TOMB...



BY NIGHT,  
A HELLISH  
PIT OF  
CEASELESS  
DEBAUCHERY  
AND  
TORMENT...

YOU KNOW, SARGE,  
IN THE RIGHT  
LIGHT YOU LOOK  
EXACTLY LIKE  
VERONICA  
LAKE!

WATCH MERY  
ON CBS  
HE HASN'T  
CHANGED



TO HELL WITH THE  
PENSION! WE WANT  
FREE TICKETS TO  
GISELLE!



NOT A DROP  
IN THREE  
WEEKS, HANK!  
WHAT ARE  
WE GONNA  
DO?

SWITCH TO  
ARAMIS?

"PARRISH"  
IS ON  
CHANNEL 9  
TONIGHT!

SHUT YOUR  
MOUTH,  
SILLY!

WHAT ARE YOU  
TRYING TO DO--  
RUIN MY SEX LIFE?

I WANT TO  
SUCK THE  
WORLD  
TRADE  
CENTER!

BOTH  
OF  
THEM?

BEDERMEIER!  
BEARDSLEY!

BACALL!  
BRANCLUS!  
BITCH!



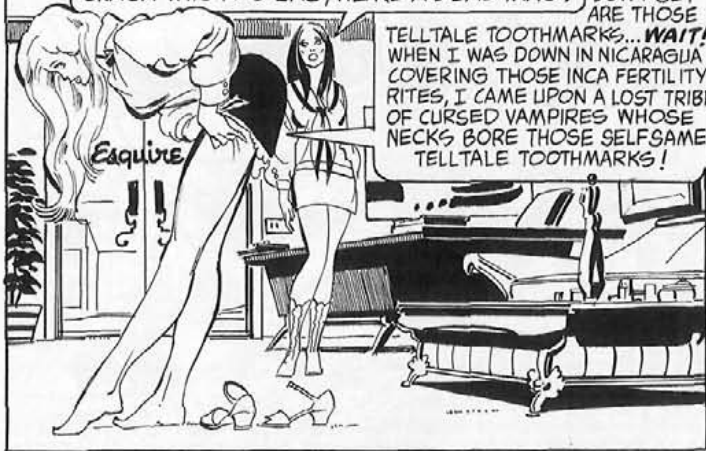
NOT TONIGHT, MARY!  
I HAVE A SPLITTING  
HEADACHE!

MEANWHILE, AT THE SWANK OFFICES OF **ESQUIRE MAGAZINE**, WENDY TIMECOMES, CLUB REPORTER, AND HER PERT COLLEAGUE, ROMY OVER, DISCUSS THE DIRE SITUATION ...

CIRCULATION'S ZERO WEN! UNLESS WE CAN CRACK THIS FAG-JAG, WE'RE A DEAD MAG!

WHAT I DON'T GET ARE THOSE

TELLTALE TOOTHMARKS... **WAIT!** WHEN I WAS DOWN IN NICARAGUA COVERING THOSE INCA FERTILITY RITES, I CAME UPON A LOST TRIBE OF CURSED VAMPIRES WHOSE NECKS BORE THOSE SELFSAME, TELLTALE TOOTHMARKS!



YOU MEAN?... YES!

WE'RE DEALING WITH... A **HEMOSEXUAL!**

**YECH!**



NOW HERE'S MY PLAN! FIRST, WE'LL...



**YEOWEE!**

LATER...

GEE, WEN, ALL NIGHT AND NOT A SINGLE OFFER!

THIS HAS GOT TO BE IT, ROM! THE LAST MEN'S ROOM IN MANHATTAN!

MEN



...SIXTEEN TONS AND WHADDYA GIT? ANOTHER DAY OLDER AND DEEPER IN DEBT! ST. PETER DON'T...

FADE FIEND!



OH, DIVINE FILIGREE! LOOKS LIKE SIXTEENTH-CENTURY SPANISH!



ROM, YOU OKAY?

HIYA, MAC! HOW'S TRICKS?

OH, NO! NOT THAT!



HEY, TWINKIE! HOW'S YOUR TUSH?

THANK THUNDER I'M PREPARED!



GNAW ON THESE, CAPED CRUISER!

AAAAGGGHHH!



DRAGULA FLEES WITH THE SHAPELY CUB REPORTER IN HOT PURSUIT...

MEN

WEEEEE!



LICKING AROUND A CORNER, THE VEXED VAMPIRE ASSUMES THE SHAPE OF... A FRENCH POODLE...

WENDY IS NONPLISSSED...

I'LL GET HER IN THE ANKLE AND PRETEND SHE'S GEORGE HAMILTON!

WHERE THE?...

...BUT NOT FOR LONG!



DRAGULA MAKES A FATAL SLIP...

DEAR GOD! SHE'S WEARING EVENING IN PARIS!



THE CHASE RESUMES...

MEANWHILE ROMY, WENDY'S DOOMED COMPANION, TOUCHES OFF A PLAGUE EVEN MORE LOATHSOME THAN THE FIRST...



SONUVABITCH!

PIPE WRENCH!

TEN-TON SEMI!

GIMME A BREW!

PUNCH PRESS!

IWO JIMA!

DOZER!

N.Y. RANGERS VS. TORONTO MAPLE LEAFS TONITE



HIGH ABOVE THEIR HEADS, ATOP THE SHINING CHRYSLER BUILDING, ENSUES A TITANIC STRUGGLE FOR THE VERY FUTURE OF MANKIND...

GOT YOU AT LAST, GORY GOBBLER!

MAMA! MAMA!



DOWN, BOY! DOWN!



BAAARRRRROU!

BUT THE MEPHISTOPHELIAN MISOGYNIST'S PURSE OF TRICKS IS NOT QUITE EMPTY. IN A FLASH, HE TRANSFORMS HIMSELF INTO THE WINGED EPITOME OF TRANSVESTIA... A GIGANTIC PINK FLAMINGO!



TOUGH TITTY, CUPCAKE!



BUT TIME HAS RUN OUT FOR THE HEINOUS HEMOGLOBIN... A SHAFT OF SUNLIGHT PIERCES HIS BREAST...



HE PLUMMETS...



ONLY TO BE SKEWERED UPON THE FABLED SILVER TIP OF THE WORLD'S FIFTH-TALLEST BUILDING...

AND EXPIRES...



WITH HIS PASSING, THE CITY IS RELEASED FROM ITS INFERNAL BONDAGE...



GREAT PAIR OF KNOCKERS!

GET A LOAD OF THEM JUGS!

COME IN, RANGOON!

TERRIFIC HEADLIGHTS!

FANTASTIC BAZOOMS!

HOW DO YOU LIKE THEM MELONG?

OK IN THE HOOTER DEPARTMENT!

TREMENDOUS BOOBS!

THE END

# Sick Jokes of the Seventies

by Christopher Rush

**Q:** What's black and white and red all over?

**A:** The graduating class of Kent State!

**Q:** What's the difference between mother's milk and Raid?

**A:** There's no DDT in Raid!

**Did you hear about the Biafran doll? Wind it up and it eats its own foot!**

**Q:** What do you call a sniper in Belfast?

**A:** "Father!"

**Q:** What do you call a twelve-year-old junkie in Harlem?

**A:** "Old-timer!"

**Q:** Where can you get a good buy on a saddle?

**A:** Any state hit by sleeping sickness!

**Did you hear about the Charlie Manson doll?**

**Wind it up and it carves a cross on its forehead!**

**Q:** What has three arms, six legs, and purple polka-dots?

**A:** Any Vietnamese baby born where we used a defoliant!

**Q:** What do you call twenty-five Mixmasters and a jar of Novocain?

**A:** An abortion clinic!

**Q:** Why do salmon swim upstream?

**A:** To throw up on the fish downstream!

**Q:** How do you tell a Vietcong from a friendly Vietnamese?

**A:** The friendly one sells junk!

**Q:** What's the one thing Pakistan doesn't need?

**A:** Afterdinner mints!

**Did you hear about the battered-child doll?**

**Wind it up and it cringes!**

**Q:** What's round, hairy, and glows in the dark?

**A:** Your balls, when you sit too close to a color TV!

**Q:** What do you call five thousand guys dangling from the bottom of helicopters?

**A:** Our orderly retreat from Cambodia!

**Q:** What is black and crawls?

**A:** Senator Edward Brooke!

**Q:** What weighs ¼ pound, is black, and crawls?

**A:** A fat Biafran baby!



*continued*

**Q: What's the difference between an Indian reservation and the surface of the moon?**

**A: You can't sell blankets on the moon!**

**Did you hear about the Lieutenant Calley doll?  
Wind it up and it bayonets the Tiny Tears doll!**

**Q: What's the difference between a glass of water with phosphates and a glass of beer?**

**A: The glass of water holds its head longer!**

**Q: What has four wheels, a pink blanket, and squeaks?**

**A: A baby carriage full of rats!**

**Q: What do you call an undertaker in My Lai?**

**A: An opportunist!**

**Q: Why did Juan Corona drop out of school?**

**A: He just couldn't hack it!**

**Q: What are a bright silver color and weigh forty pounds each?**

**A: Tuna turds!**

**Q: What's the difference between a ghetto baby and a bowling ball?**

**A: A bowling ball doesn't have rat bites!**

**Q: What has no arms or legs and steals hubcaps?**

**A: A Vietnamese veteran with a drug habit!**

**Q: Why is the heroin in Vietnam stronger than the heroin in the United States?**

**A: Because the heroin in Vietnam is government-inspected!**

**Q: What's the difference between eating a bowl of Bon Vivant soup and going to the gas chamber?**

**A: You don't need a spoon to go to the gas chamber!**

**Did you hear about the Pakistani doll?**

**Wind it up and it gets cholera!**

**Q: What do you call the survivor of a B-52 raid?**

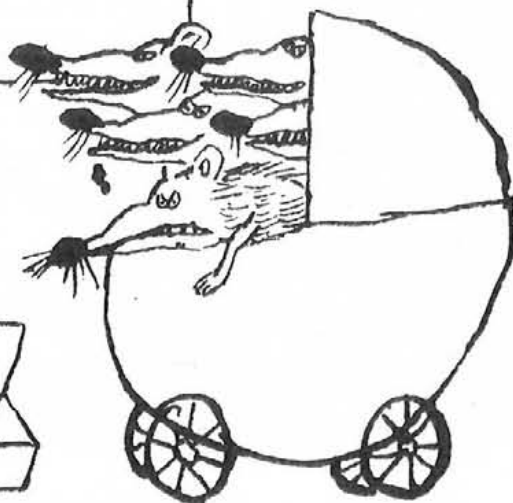
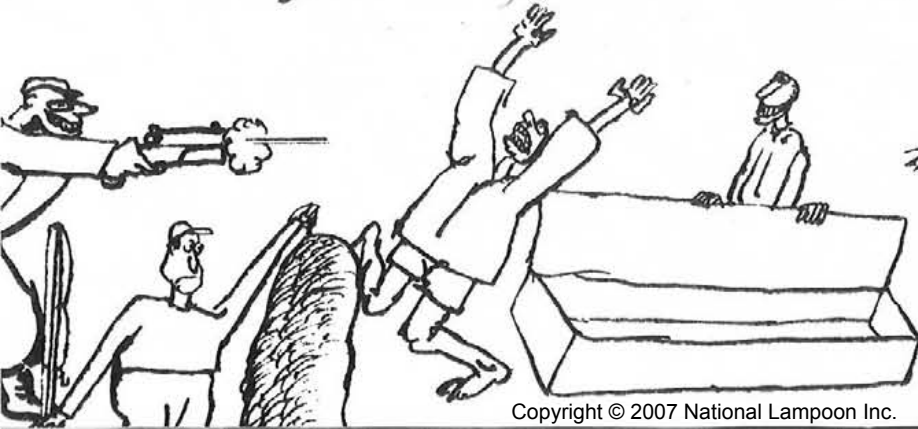
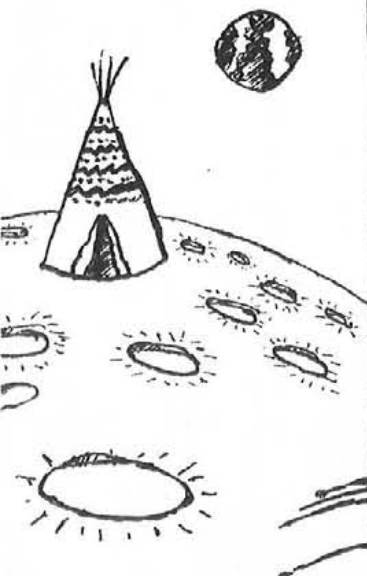
**A: "Stumpy!"**

**Q: What's the difference between a stuffed-up toilet bowl in Rangoon and a polluted American river?**

**A: There're no prophylactics in the toilet bowl!**

**Q: What's blind and goes crunch-crunch?**

**A: A ghetto kid eating paint chips!**





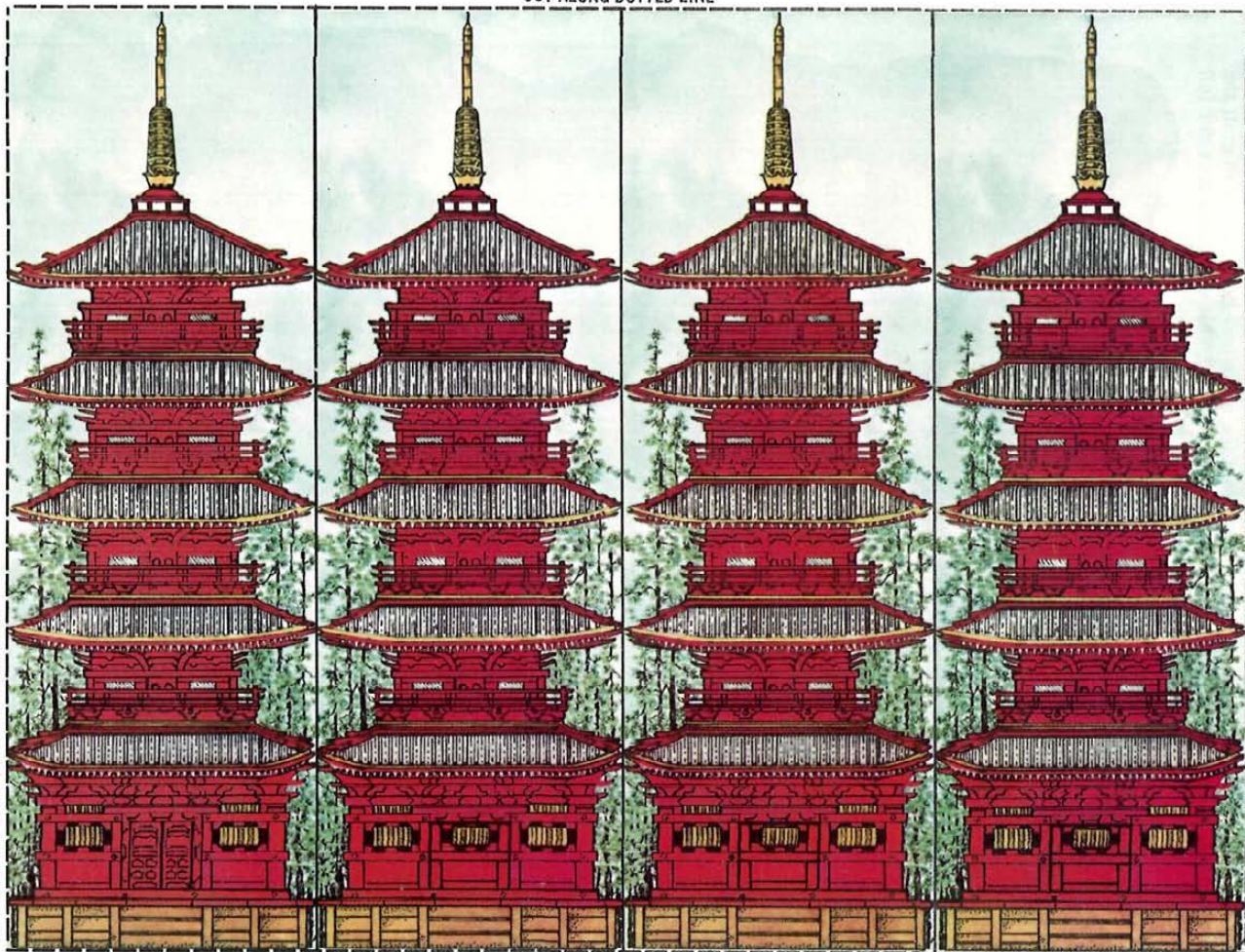


# CREEPY CUT-OUTS

## Feel Like Godzilla!

Below is an accurate scale model of the lovely Tōshō Shrine of Nikko, Japan. Completed in 1636, the five-storied pagoda honors the memory of Ieyasu Tokugawa, a great general and statesman. Carefully cut it out, fold and glue it, pick it up in one hand, look at it quizzically, grunt, crush it, and cast it aside. You'll feel like Godzilla.\*

CUT ALONG DOTTED LINE



Betty Fraser

FOLD

FOLD

FOLD

FOLD

FOLD

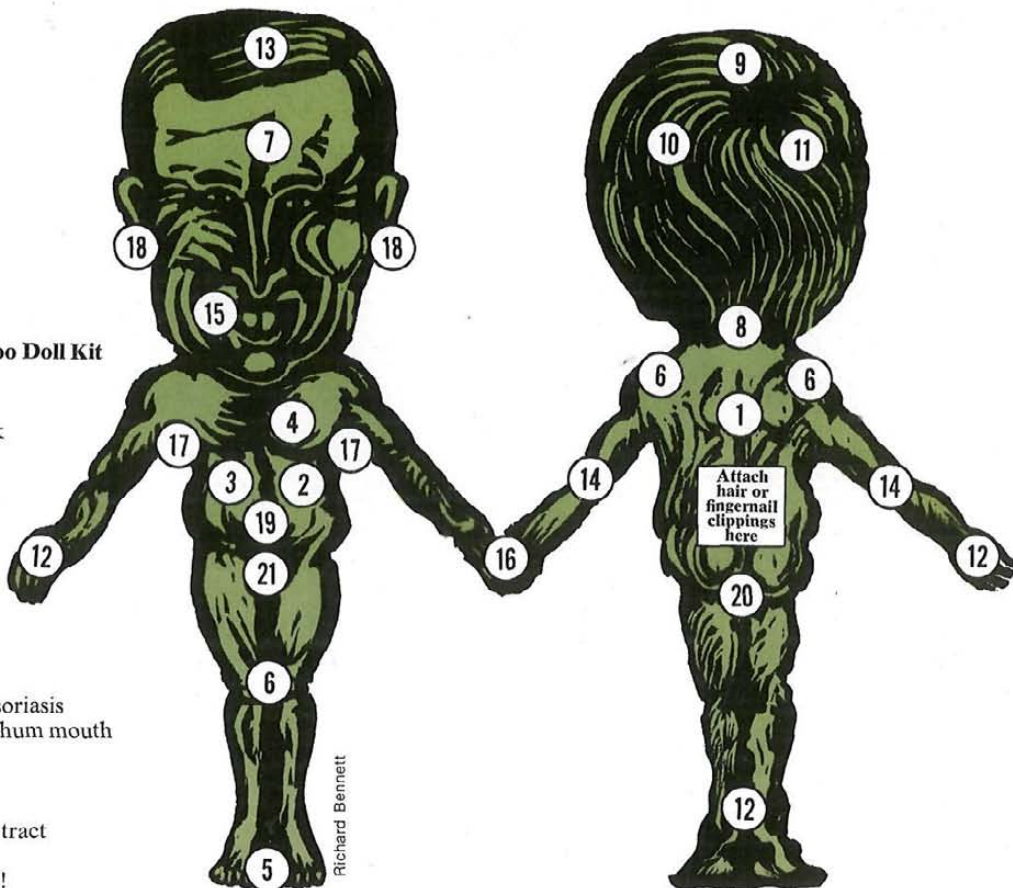
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\* For added authenticity, paint yourself green!



**The David Frost Voodoo Doll Kit**

1. Nagging backache
2. Stomach upset
3. Coffee acid kickback
4. Heartburn
5. Corns
6. Swollen joints
7. Unsightly pimples
8. Cold's discomfort
9. Headache
10. Neuritis
11. Neuralgia
12. Crippling arthritis
13. Seborrhea
14. The heartbreak of psoriasis
15. Tooth decay and ho-hum mouth
16. Rough, red hands
17. Housitosis
18. Wax buildup
19. Distress of the lower tract
20. Painful rectal itch
21. Don't waste your pin!

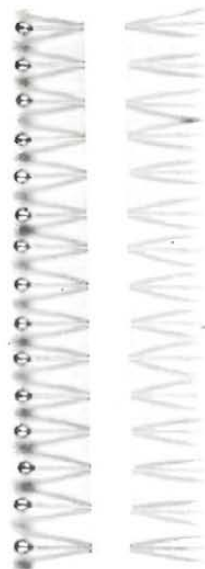


Richard Bennett



*Dear David,  
 You are marvelous!  
 I mean, really super!  
 I utterly adore you because you're  
 so absolutely smashing! Please  
 send me a lock of your  
 simply fantastic hair so I  
 can treasure it forever!  
 Your devoted fan,*

*P.S. If you can't spare any hair, sure, a few of  
 your positively terrific fingernail clippings will do!*



**Instructions for Use:** Cut out your David Frost Voodoo Doll, fold the halves together, and paste. Then obtain a few dozen common pins and stick them into the doll which, for your convenience, has been specially "ailment coded" to eliminate the guesswork from this potent black art. Of course, for the magic to be effective, you'll have to attach some of David's hair or fingernail clippings to the doll. For that reason, we've included a *rave* letter to David, guaranteed to win his heart (and his hair and his fingernails!) Merely sign it, add your return address, and send to David Frost, c/o The Little Theater, 240 West 44th Street, New York, NY, 10036.





# The Most Sensational Traffic Jam Since Hiroshima, and Other Pranks

by Gene Kearney



One of the things we used to do in college was play broom hockey with a tin can in the Holograph TV room. I remember "Divorce Court" especially because there was always that judge at one end of the room fiddling with his gavel, and we'd make him the goal, whipping the can in and around and through those slightly out-of-focus three-dimensional lawyers and their witnesses and trying to drive it right through the judge's body over the top of his desk. Then there was this one guy from Buffalo, Jimmy-Something, who was really hung up on pretending to ball those bigger-than-life-size showgirls who went prancing across the floor on the Saturday night shows. Hell, nothing was sacred when that Holograph TV first came out. We used to walk naked in front of the Sunday-morning choirs and have water-pistol fights right through the President whenever he felt the need to pop into the homes of millions of loyal Americans. I hate to think what they did to him in the homes of unloyal Americans.

We had a hotshot housemaster in freshman year, before we got pledged and were living in the dormitories, who had made a lot of money with something he invented in high school. It had something to do with garbage, I remember, because we used to call him Dr. Trash. Anyhow, the last place he wanted to live was the freshman dormitory, but they made him and so we got to check out the steady stream of girls he had coming up to his apartment. It killed us

the way he would score. I swear, the guy was about five feet tall with a face no plastic surgeon would dare to diagnose. But he had this sporty electric Rolls-Royce and a wallet full of credit cards, and if he wasn't much to look at, he sure was Mr. Generous with the shows and the meals and the weekends almost anywhere in the world his chicks wanted. Jimmy—this same guy who pretended to screw the showgirls on the Holograph TV—hated Dr. Trash's guts for scoring all the time, so he figured out this scheme to fuck him up. He got hold of one of his credit-card numbers and sent in a check to his account for maybe \$15. A payment. Of course, the check was pure rubber and so the computers went into their usual hysterical song and dance and sent the check back to Dr. Trash along with a polite threatening letter. I'm sure he tried to straighten it out but it didn't make any difference. Jimmy would regularly send a bad check to one or more of his credit accounts and pretty soon one computer "was checking with another, and once you pop up on two of them with bad checks, you're always in for it. They immediately get in touch with all the other computers and warn them. It was, "Watch out for Dr. Trash!" or 536-874-465-8, whatever his number was. (I just made that one up.)

That story has a rather unfunny ending, I guess. Not only did he get his credit cards all pulled, but when the analyzer noticed a discrepancy between Jimmy's handwriting and Dr. Trash's,

it put an inquiry into the daily program of the FBI's 3407 in Washington. The 3407 ran its usual weekly check of the Traffic Control Computer Network and came up with a moving violation Dr. Trash had never answered in Mankato, Wisconsin. Now that the 3407 had a known offender on its tapes with a possible forgery count and a record of passing bad checks, it did a restudied character profile on his army records in Kansas City and arranged to have his income tax returns pulled for three years back in the 1970s. I don't really know the whole story of what happened, except that I bumped into Jimmy at our fifth reunion last year, and he told me long after Dr. Trash had left Ithaca there was some rumor about a running gunfight he was in at the International Customs Checkpoint at the Martha's Vineyard jetport. Anyway, I guess Dr. Trash is on the run somewhere, but Jimmy's doing great, selling Life-Support Packs in Europe, traveling first class, and still very much the joker I like to remember.

Gee—there's so many great stunts we used to pull I couldn't ever remember them all. We'd get drunk on the monorail down to New York all the time, and anything could happen on one of those weekends. That was back when the Automatic Traffic Control System first went in. Remember? With the little electric-eye counters on every corner? They had New York moving pretty good until a couple of guys in our Engineering school stole one and took a good look at the

continued

guts. That's not my field so I don't know what they found. All I knew is they gave us these small laser amplifiers taped onto the little Eveready fuel cells and told us to shine them right into the lens of the control unit. So we whipped all over the Times Square area, bombed out of our heads, zapping those units with these lights that were wrapped up, like in a newspaper, under our arms. Anyhow, we got something like 450 traffic lights all stuck on red. Which was better than green, really, because it got people madder.

Maybe you read about it, I don't know, but it was the most sensational traffic jam since Hiroshima. Ten thousand people slept in their autos that night, or something like that. And there were babies being born in taxicabs and the police were hopping out of their squad cars and popping here and there on their rocket belts, trying to get things started up again. Actually, it turned out kind of nice. Pretty soon cars started running out of peroxide or methane and after a while everybody just turned off their motors and tried to take it easy. A lot of them had to, I know. The old warning lights were starting to glow on a thousand belt-alarms. They made two or three oxygen drops; I remember that because of the sudden chill. We even felt it inside the Biltmore, but by then we were so drunk and hysterical with laughter we didn't know enough to worry. It was probably a terrible thing to do, but it did make them go to a better control system, and, after all, you're only in college once.

Naturally, we used to beat the phones all the time. It was easy on the old ones, cutting through the handpiece cable with any kind of hobby-shop ultrasonic cutter and shorting the wires. They tried out some of the new ones up around Ithaca my sophomore year. The first models weren't completely round like they are now. They were kind of oval, with just a few little holes for the money and for the microphone and the speaker. And the rest, of course, that same kind of seamless, impenetrable steel that came out of the infantry jackets from the China Raids. I remember seeing that first new booth: a mysterious black, steel oval, with these little screened holes, welded onto a solid steel rod five inches in diameter and set into five or ten feet of concrete, in the parking lot right out in back of the Howard Johnson Meditation Room downtown. Since there weren't any wires we could see, we guessed they ran them right down the center of that steel pipe. Really impregnable.

It drove us crazy, that steel football, figuring out how to beat it for a free call, or even bust it just so they'd know we were still out there and fighting. You couldn't cut it with any kind of small laser, and anyhow, the gangs in New York didn't have those kinds of tools. And that's what it was being developed for mostly:

all those subway stops and lonely corners where the old phones lasted about forty-eight hours in one piece. What we were really after was a way to put it out of commission that almost anybody could use. It kind of became an underground obsession with the Engineering school for six whole months. They finally got desperate and hit it one morning about four with an Air Force ROTC air-to-air missile. Nothing. Except for the debris, which ricocheted off the curving sides and set the Meditation Room on fire.

We really stuck with that problem for a long time. The only thing anybody could get into that phone through those titanium mesh screens was gas or liquid, and the boys from chemistry were down there every night trying something new in acids or solvents and gases I never heard of by the hundreds. And every time you'd think, finally, maybe something was screwed up inside, you'd step back, drop in your two-buck disk, and there would be that voice, like nothing had ever bothered it since childhood, reacting now to the sensors in a hurt, yet stern voice: "Your telephone is an instrument of progress for all men seeking better communications. If you have not received your change, please take down the number welded onto the base. Do not—I repeat—do not attempt to bang, kick, or otherwise demolish. Thank you."

They tried plugging it, finally, with liquid plastics that hardened inside, and you know what? I got to give the phone company credit. They've got like an oven-cleaner element in there that heats up. You try plugging one of the pay phones today and you'll see. There's an announcement to step back five feet, then it gets hot as hell, and finally whatever was in there comes off in a little puff of smoke right out the speaker holes. And you try counterfeiting those two-dollar slugs for less than two bucks, you'll see they got you there, too. They got some sort of alloy analyzer right in the coin-return unit, and if you haven't got those twenty-eight different metals in just the right combination, that's why you get your slug right back—with that warning hole punched right through it.

Anyway, they didn't have the warning devices then, 'cause they hadn't gone to the new system yet. I think we're the ones who really drove them into it anyway because we finally came up with the only surefire way to put that booth out of commission. You couldn't destroy it, you couldn't cheat it—but like one guy in medical school suggested, you sure as hell could *contaminate* it!

So all these young interns worked on a bunch of different viruses for a while, finally coming up with a reliable twenty-four-hour bug that kind of flattened you but never really got you deathly sick. There wasn't anything new that it hadn't developed a resistance to yet, so they felt real good about this being the one to use.

Some guys in Fine Arts designed the stickers for the phones; maybe you saw them in *Time* or *Survival*:

#### Welcome to a Bell Telephone CONTAMINATED PAYPHONE

This is an instrument of disease for all men seeking better communications. Contact with this phone booth will result in a temperature of from 100 to 102.5 degrees, severe abdominal cramps, and dizziness for a period of about 24 hours.

#### CAUTION — CAUTION

*Virex Bell-icosis*

Sure enough, somebody cultured the stuff in New York when they heard about ours, and it was getting around in little tubes, and they weren't bothering to use the stickers, just smearing it on the phones or writing **MOTHERFUCKER!** with it. Anyhow, that whole thing started right in a friend of mine's room at Cornell the day that first booth was put in, over a case of beer that "yours truly" had been nice enough to buy out of his Friday-night poker winnings. So that little escapade kind of makes me feel like a part of history. Although, I guess, in the long run, the phone company came out ahead. I was reading last month where Michigan is the tenth state to let them buy the land for the booths in the name of something like a sovereign country. Whatever it is, the Government's washed its hands of the problem. They say if you put a bad slug in a second time after it's had its warning hole punched, you get a shock that lays you out cold. And in Texas, I know, their snipers got the right to drop you just so long as that red light's lit and you haven't stepped off that marble square. But I am older now, and a little wiser than when I was a kid back in college, and I can see their point. You've got to grow up sometime and learn respect for other people's property, even if it is big business' or the Government's.

It is fun to remember, though, those broom hockey games in the 3-D television room. And how we'd pie the sheets on the freshman beds with that laminating plastic? And the time we bought a cow and sneaked it into the Bevatron at the Medical Nuclear Research Center and walked it up into the bubble chamber, then shot it? They couldn't figure how to get it out because the director was this Indian from Calcutta and he wouldn't let them hack it up. And the time those Nobel Prize-winners came to lecture and we spiked their punch with **THEAGRIN**. And the one physicist from Russia who had to go to the hospital he was hiccupping so hard! And the time after "the accident" when we'd run around the city sticking the weirdest objects we could think of into the hands of the blind. And the time we annihilated the effigy of the football coach in the cyclotron . . . and the time we . . . time we . . . and the time we . . . □



Michael Gross

# "What Marks on the Neck?"



The Ultimate Horror Movie  
by Michael O'Donoghue

"You say your car broke down on the highway, a storm is coming over the mountains, and you're forced to seek refuge in the very castle the peasants warned you against. . . ."



Deep in the tangled rain forests of German East Africa, wisecracking cub reporter Biff Branigan exclaims, "I know this may sound ridiculous, Professor, but it's as if Carter was slain by a . . . a gigantic centipede!" For many moments, no one speaks. One half expects to hear the weird leviathan slithering through the rotting vegetation. . . .



Fog, like a silk shroud, curls around Whitechapel's flickering gas lamps, masking the assailant whose uneven footsteps fade in the distance, lost, all too soon, among the rattle of the hansom cabs. Later, Mr. Horace Henley remarks, lighting a pipe with trembling hands, the flame glinting on his gold tooth, "I don't mind tellin' you, Constable, all the years I've worked in this 'ere morgue, I never seen nothin' the likes o' this!"





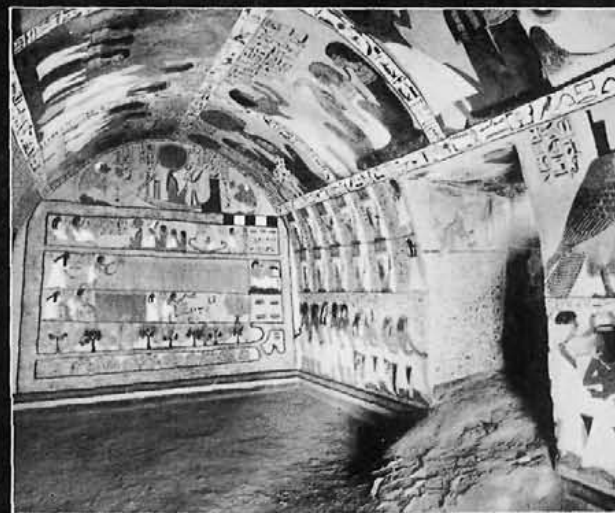
"... aviator's leg encased in a curious gelatinous substance." The world's leading rheologist hesitates, uncertain of how to continue, pursing his lips. Surely there must be some explanation to link the bizarre events surrounding the crash of the E-19, an experimental Zeppelin constructed entirely of tungsten, powered by the sun. They are on the verge of abandoning the investigation when Norris Brooms, a retired egg candler and the only witness to the tragedy, returns to say, "There was one other thing, Colonel. It may seem silly to mention it, but it struck me peculiar at the time."



Before an idol rendered shapeless and indecipherable by time, the high priestess, with kohl-smearred eyes, a venomous serpent coiled around her glistening loins, an obsidian knife above the accelerated heart of peach-tressed Miss Edna Heatherton, nude, spread-eagled on an altar russet with antique blood, her thoughts racing back to that soft, summer day in Belgravia when she answered the strangely phrased advertisement in the *Daily Telegraph*, to the incident of the tattooed chauffeur, suddenly...



Silhouetted against a tooth-yellow moon, the Viennese physician pauses, glances down, and observes, "That's odd, Betyár! The wolf tracks that lead from the gypsy encampment end right here, as if it... vanished into thin air!" The men fall silent. The woodcutter's daughter crosses herself. The breeze from the valley wafts the laughter of the dancing rustics swept up in the frenzy of Herzegovina's traditional Loganberry Festival. . . .



In a forgotten corridor of the Great Pyramid, a lame Egyptologist, the wrinkles of his aquiline face assuming, in the torchlight, the appearance of a web spun by an unbalanced spider, gently presses a mechanism concealed in a frieze of Anubis. Immediately, a panel swings open to reveal... the fabled Crypt of the Feathered Pharaoh! Ignoring treasures that beggar the imagination, he brushes six thousand years of dust from a frayed scroll and mutters, flashing a dark smile, "It is time, Fa-Zhar! Ignite the tana leaves!"

*continued*



Captured at last with smoke bombs and magnetized nets, the centipede, well over eighty feet long, is displayed at Park Avenue's swank Alhambra Theater, held fast by one hundred glittering beryllium-steel chains. Jaded Manhattanites, smartly attired in tuxedos and costly gowns, flock to the opening and thoughtlessly goad the behemoth, flinging opera glasses at it, burning it with cork-tipped cigarettes . . .



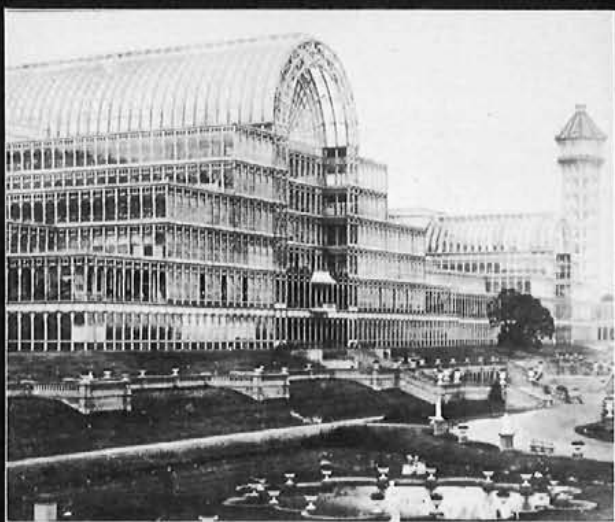
In a laboratory secreted beneath a derelict casino, Varina, possessed of a haunting beauty despite her webbed fingers, whispers, "I beseech you, Comte Tanazzi, abandon these mad experiments! There are doors that Man was never meant to open!" Slow to forget the cruel jibes of the Royal Botanical Society, the discredited scientist heedlessly proceeds to inject a fluid, drawn from the roots of sky-blue poppies, directly into the tongue of an albino frog. . . .



"Why have we stopped here?" I asked. Well, the guide shrugs and says, "The natives refuse to go on, *effendi!* They say that to enter the Land of the Worm Worshipers means certain death!" God, I offered those heathens everything—even threatened to shoot one—and they wouldn't budge. All ran off the next night." While Lord Hadge-Moorhouse interrupts his narrative to ring for another decanter of claret, Captain Ross takes Ned aside. "I want you to see something," he divulges, unwrapping a parcel. "Why, it's just an ordinary jar of loganberry jam." Ned comments, "Jam, yes," replies Captain Ross. "Ordinary? I think not!"



"More interesting was the case of René Jacquet, the Le Havre vampire, who, affecting the shape of a lungfish, would steal onto fishing vessels and feed upon the sailors. A yachting party off Saint-Jean-de-Luz finally stabbed him in the heart with a dessert fork. And I'm sure you're familiar with Madame Harp who could, at will, transform herself into a dragonfly. I have documented evidence—statements from the monks, patterns of flight. There was even, at one time, a photograph."



The vapor drifts down a passageway lined with luminous tintypes, past the petri dishes, the ferns, the Röntgen machine, the clouded bell jars, into the dimly lit atelier where Herr Pittermann is scribbling furiously in his notebook, "Not life as we know it but, nevertheless" Without warning, he grasps his throat and slumps to the carpet, unaware that in so doing, he has upset a Bunsen burner; unaware that at that very moment, under the Crystal Palace, millions of white frogs are massing in the sewers. . . .



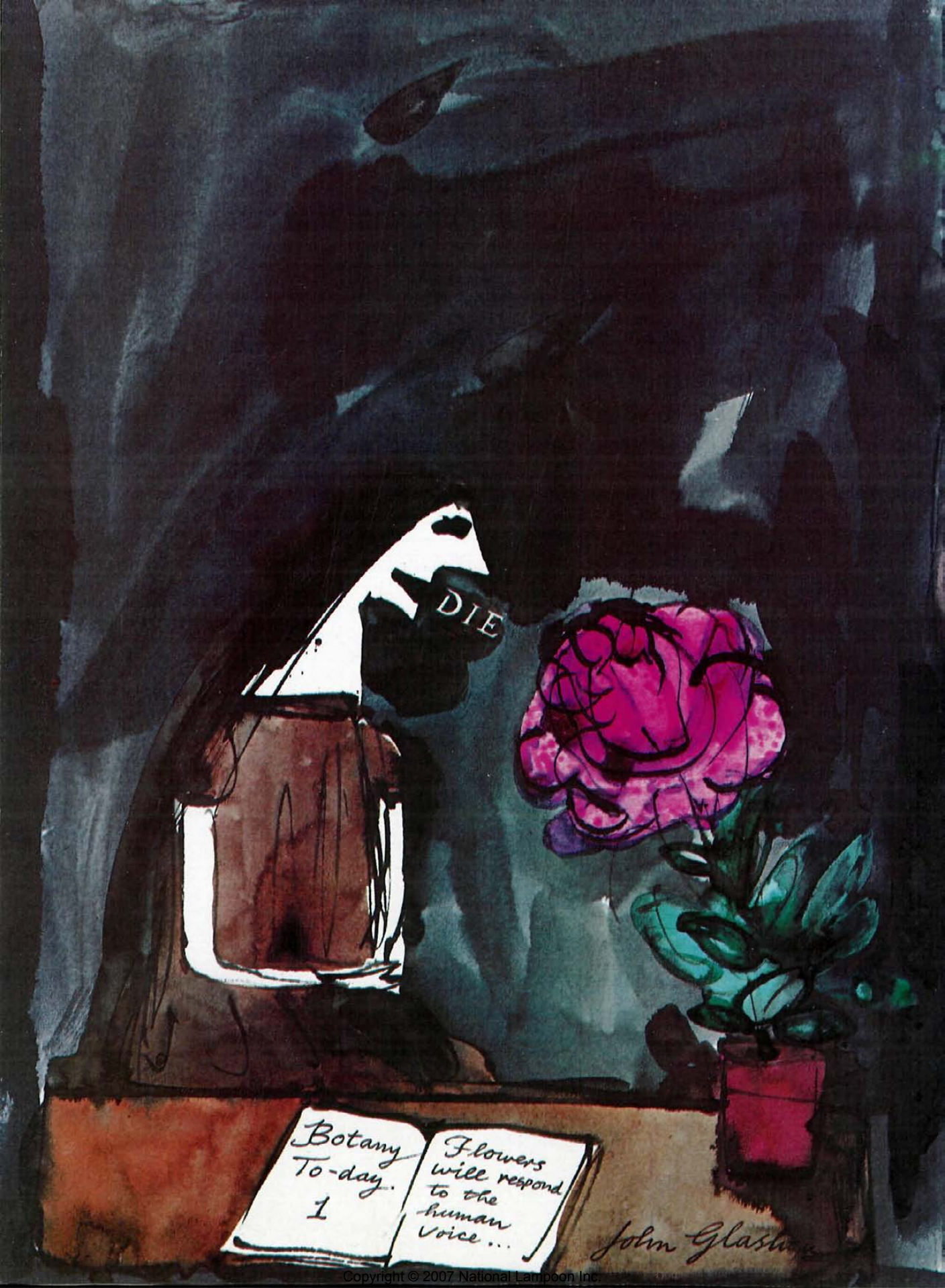
Ned Shale slams the front page on the city editor's desk. "Just look at these headlines—'Colossal Centipede Flattens Flatiron Building,' 'Cabinet Minister Loses Hands,' 'Search Continues for Missing Governess,' 'Chinese Illusionist Nabbed in Spore Theft,' 'Army Seizes Tungsten Deposits!' I tell you, Aubrey, something strange is going on, and I intend to get to the bottom of it!" That afternoon, upon hailing a taxi, he noticed, all too late, that the driver had a small earthworm inscribed on the back of his wrist. . . .



"... tomb was sealed, four thousand Nubians were put to the sword." And with that, Dr. Aleister Bascombe concludes his lecture in a shadowy chamber of the British Museum, adding, almost as an afterthought, "According to legend, once each millennium, when the Dog Star is in its apogee . . ." He pauses, then pitches forward, splintering his bifocals on the dais, a tourmaline-studded kris buried to the hilt slightly below his left scapula. . . .



At the St. Winifred Clinic for the Study of Brain Fever and Related Disorders, Biff Branigan, caught in an ever-diminishing ring of darkness, his lips chalk with dread, regains consciousness long enough to exclaim, "I know this may sound ridiculous, Professor, but it's as if the gigantic centipede was slain by a . . . an enormous . . ." and sinks back, knocking a tumbler of Veronal to the floor. Already the shadows are enveloping the room. The radio is dead. Mexico City hasn't been heard from in days. . . .



DIE

Botany  
To-day.  
1

Flowers  
will respond  
to the  
human  
voice...

John Glasheen

# The Orchid

by Sean Kelly

Once upon a summer twilight, while the sun seeped through the skylight  
Of the hothouse where I sweltered over rare and precious plants—  
Came a hissing soft and lispy, wicked wan and wet and wispy,  
As of someone shedding crispy sheer and silken underpants,  
And my eyes with fear protruding threw an all-consuming glance—  
Nothing in the place but plants.

I recall the thing unclearly; I was feeling somewhat queerly  
After sniffing at the gas we spray on pesky flies and ants.  
I'd been in the place for hours, giving sauna baths and showers  
And mudpacks to the flowers; and a tropic sort of trance  
Had set my mind to mulling on my dead and gone romance  
With my lost love, Rosie Krantz.

And the whisper of the petals and the clicking of the nettles  
Sent terror through my tummy with the sharpness of a lance;  
So that now, to stop the throbbing in my temples, I stood sobbing,  
" 'Tis just some silly reptile slithering among the plants,—  
A hairy legged spider or a serpent,—ah! perchance  
The deadly fer de lance!"

Swift I plunged among the passionflowers, digging doggie fashion  
Among the pungent creepers,—rationality gone. Slants  
Of light quick as a toad's tongue slipped and flickered where the stems clung  
To the peat moss and the sheep dung, where crawled beetles, worms and ants.  
High above me hung an Orchid of primeval tint and stance;—  
And it whispered, "Not a Chance!"

To this flower with its petals of the sheen of ghastly metals  
Mined in sunless underworlds by Satan's sweating sycophants,—  
I cried, "Death flush painted Orchid, fleshy pallid tainted Orchid,  
Can you speak? Then tell me more, kid! Can you also sing and dance?  
By what name am I to call you, most unusual of plants?"  
Quoth the Orchid, "Not a Chance!"

"Orchid, you've been named bizarrely. Were you Marmaduke or Charlie,  
Or Christmas Past or Marley, I would view you less askance;—  
But only a psychotic would believe that an exotic  
Talking blossom of the tropics had been christened 'Not a Chance!'  
You are doubtless an illusion like a drunk's pink elephants!"  
Quoth the Orchid, "Not a Chance!"

Then my sodden brain went reeling, for the hothouse floor was feeling  
Like a quicksand quag,—the ceiling was a web of vines and plants.  
"Say, most unaesthetic flower, by what ghost's prophetic power  
Cause you me to cringe and cower? What uncanny circumstance  
Makes your roots creep in the humus where I buried Rosie Krantz?"  
Quoth the Orchid, "Not a Chance!"

"Vegetable!—It was a crisis!—Rosie was a swamp of vices!—  
And she lured me with devices of the kind they use in France!—  
For my flower-loving sweetie turned out carnal, fleshy, meaty:  
And when last she came to meet me she made such a gross advance  
That I pruned her in her pseudobulb!"—But all my righteous rants  
Got another "Not a Chance!"

Then the Orchid oped her dorsal sepal, hungry for her morsel—  
Me!—her female pistil twitching in a coarse lubricious dance;—  
And even as the perfume-seeping petals seized my screaming weeping  
Form, once more that voice came creeping, hissing, "I am Rosie Krantz!"  
And to me the closing Orchid's purple-lipp'd labellum grants  
Precisely not a chance.

# WITCHCRAFT

## and the Black Arts

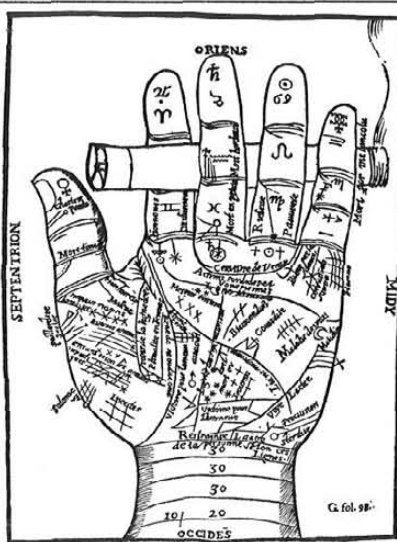
by John Weidman

Suppressed for Centuries! Revealed at Last!

Detailed instruction on how to perform sorcery and arcane rites that really work!

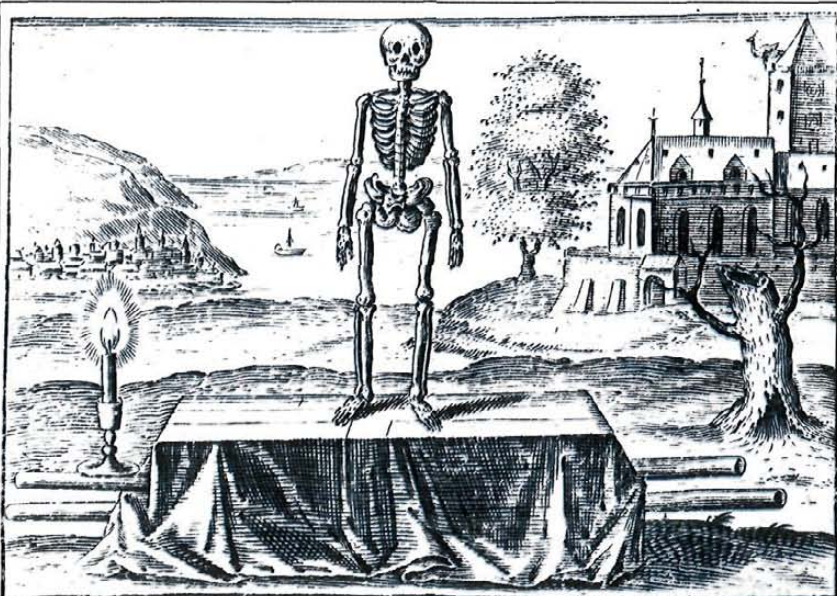
Including: \* Controlling the elements! \* Bending others to your will! \* And much more!

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy."



1. All is in readiness to conjure up public transportation.

To cause an omnibus to appear at a stop where you are waiting, step into the roadway and gaze fixedly in the direction from which the vehicle is destined to approach. When you have satisfied yourself that no omnibus is in sight, return to the curb and remove a single cigarette from the pack that you have secreted in your pocket or purse (fig. 1). Place the filter of this powerful talisman between your lips, and silently intone the following incantation: "Well, guess I've got time for a smoke." As you speak, produce a *phosphor promethi* (match) and rub it vigorously across the striking portion of a *liber ignis* (matchbook) until it bursts into flame. Ignite the tip of the cigarette and inhale deeply. Before you can fill your lungs three times with the *fumus acutus* (pungent smoke), you will perceive the Stygian vapors and strident roar of an approaching omnibus.

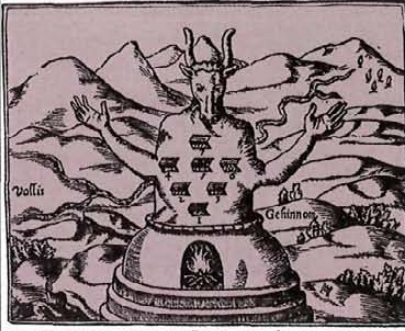


2. Alchemy helped to pave the way for modern science.

To cause a group of people engaged in lively discourse to fall silent, excuse yourself from their company and enter a nearby bathroom. Close the bathroom door securely and walk to the commode. Face the commode, placing one foot to the right and the other to the left of the bowl. With the right hand, undo the fastener on the front of your trousers and, with the left hand, remove your *membrum virile* (cock) from your pants (fig. 2). Take careful aim and commence evacuating, ensuring that the discharged liquid strikes directly in center of the pool in the bowl of the *convenientia porcellana* (porcelain convenience). Your friends will immediately end their conversation, and the air will be filled with the sound of rushing water.\*



3. With practice, one may even bring forth a rain of crosses such as occurred in Lisbon in 1503.

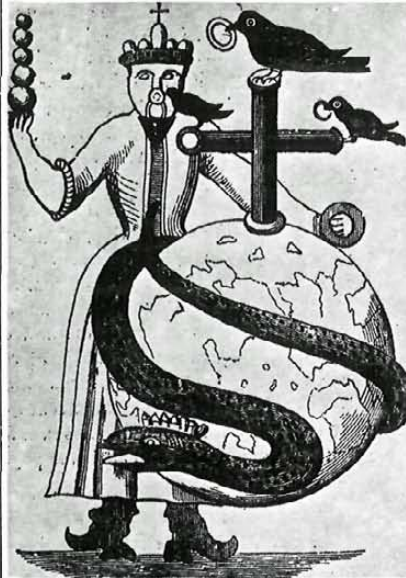


4. Holding the palms up is a common method of testing for precipitation.

To interrupt a stretch of fair weather or a prolonged drought, bring a moderately sized wicker basket in the kitchen. Prepare a thermos of chilled lemonade, and devil a dozen eggs. Mix the meat of the *pullus mari* (tuna) with various portions of celery, onions, mayonnaise, pepper, and salt, and spread on slices of *panis albus* (white bread) or *secalus cerealis* (rye), according to taste. Join the slices in pairs to form *panus-prandia* (sandwiches). When all is in readiness, place these comestibles, including sundry fruits, sweetmeats, and the like, into the wicker basket and cover with a red-checked tablecloth. You have only to proceed to the front door. As your hand touches the knob, the downpour will begin (fig. 3).

**Note:** To prevent precipitation (fig. 4), carry with you at all times a counter-pluvial wand. If you have no counter-pluvial wand, an umbrella will suffice.

To attract into an empty room a number of people from an adjoining area (fig. 5), place yourself in the center of the vacant room in an erect stance. Then bend slightly forward at the waist, while at the same time making a slight movement toward a squatting position, thus producing, from the digestive regions, an *eructatio ventis horribilis* (fart). Once you have broken wind, the door to the chamber will open, and a number of people will enter to enjoy your company.



5. The novice should proceed with caution, never attempting a spell that is beyond his powers.



7. No fancy equipment like this is needed to summon lost friends.

To renew an acquaintance with friends from whom you have been separated for many years, arrange to have dinner with the least comely maiden of your acquaintance. The more unsightly the maiden, the more effective the spell (fig. 7). When the hour appointed for your tryst arrives, collect her at her residence and drive to a small, seldom-frequented restaurant. Place a five-dollar bill in the palm of your right hand and, upon entering the restaurant, grasp the right hand of the *maitre d'hôtel* (head-waiter) and request a quiet corner-table well away from the other diners. When you and your ill-favored companion have perused the menu and decided on the substance of your meal, raise your left hand above your head, snap your fingers, and cry out, "Waiter!" A group of people seated at a nearby table will turn in your direction, and you will immediately recognize them as your long lost friends.\*



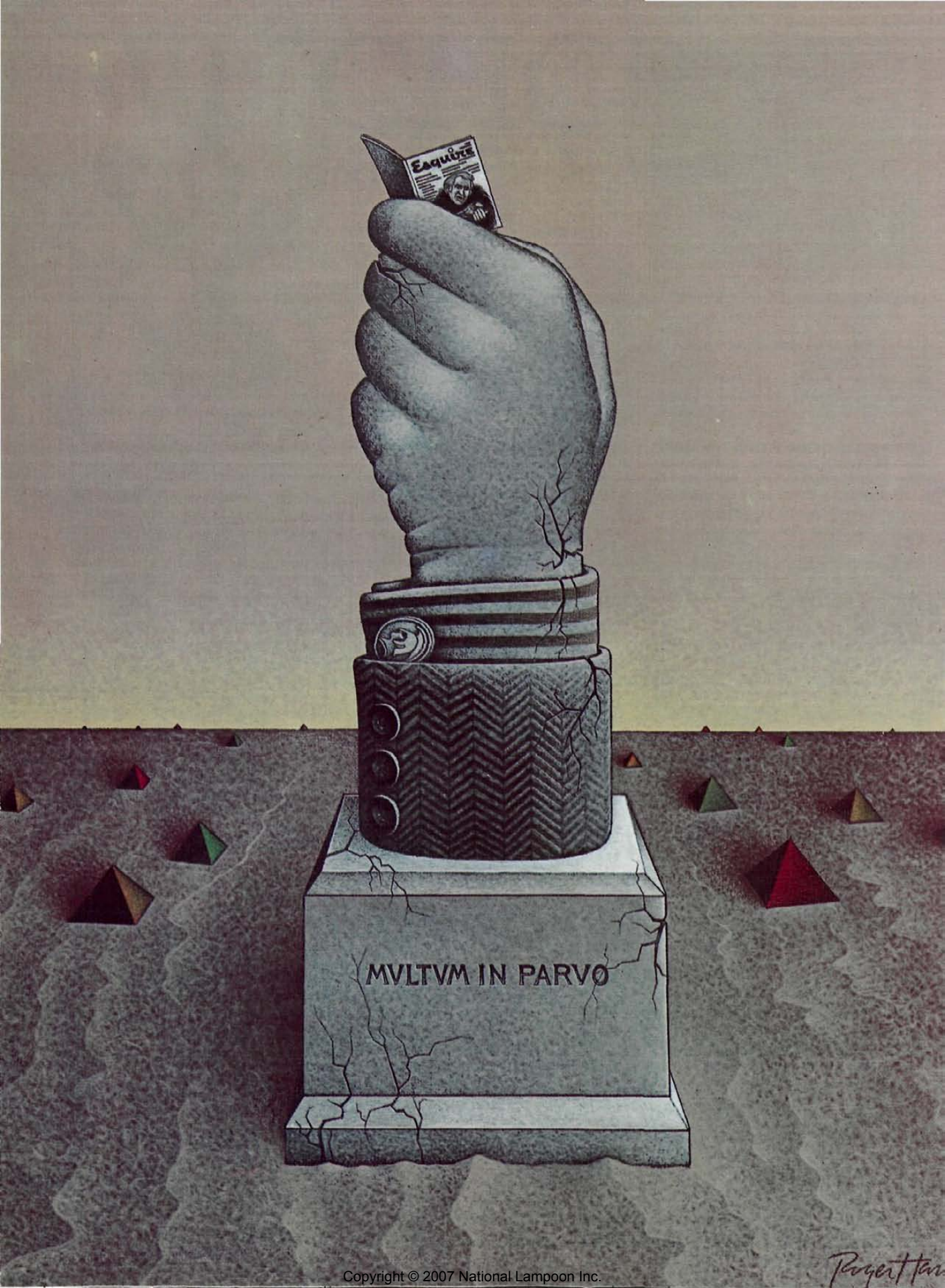
6. In medieval times, when there were no phones to ring, a messenger would arrive on horseback.

To overcome loneliness, go into the bathroom and let water into the tub, making certain that you have beforehand securely plugged the drain to prevent its escape. Combine both *aqua calda et aqua frigida* (hot and cold water) in a mixture which will be not unpleasant to the human body. When the tub is two-thirds full, interrupt the

flow of water and spill in a draught of rich emollients such as Friction pour le Bain or Sardo. Stir gently with the hand. Shed your garments, step into the bath, and lie down until you are nearly immersed in the mixture. Then repeat the following invocation: "Oh God, this feels great!" Within seconds, your telephone is certain to ring (fig. 6).



8. Beware frauds.



MVLTVM IN PARVO



# THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAGAZINE

By Michael O'Donoghue

*As Toulouse replied to the mooch,*

*"I'd give it to you if I had it, but I'm a little short today!"*

MONDAY—Drove the Lincoln in from New Canaan. Funny, but the car seemed a bit "larger" than usual. And I had trouble working the brakes. But then, the Lincoln was always somewhat bulky as compared to the MG-TD I owned before I got married. Gosh, I loved that car. Of course, it wasn't very practical what with Phyllis and the kids and all, so I let it go a couple of months after we had our first. Besides, it was never as much fun since the sports car drivers stopped waving to each other.

Parked in midtown and walked to work. Although it's only five or six blocks, it took me almost ten minutes. Once inside our offices, everything seemed okay, however. Around eleven, Harold Hayes, the Editor, and Don Erickson, the Managing Editor, dropped by to dope out the September issue. Here's what we finally arrived at:

## Articles

*200 Golf Pros Worth Saving*

*Shake Hands with Richard Speck*

*Rematch*, Stewart Udall's acerbic reply to John Kenneth Galbraith

*The Dark at the Back of the Bus*, Dan Wakefield describes a weekend with James Meredith

## Fiction

*Hiram Holliday Goes to Paris*, a new novel by Paul Gallico complete in this issue

*No More Tomorrows*, an unpublished short story by F. Scott Fitzgerald

## Pictured Essay

*A Lass for All Seasons*, (Alas!), Fabian Bachrach photographs Jill St. John. (Some problems on this because Fabian almost showed a nipple. Probably have to reshoot it.)

## Wearables

*Nubby Knitwear*, newest and nowest in campus attire

## Potables

*The Tijuana Toddy* (A mug of steaming condensed milk liberally laced with Tio Pepe plus a dash of soy sauce and topped off with a colorful slice of cucumber. Sköl!)

## Smokables

*A Gentleman's Guide to Pipe Shapes*

## Hearables

*Behind the Scenes with Cal Tjader*

All in all, it added up to another great issue. Of course, we still needed a put-down of the radical life-style to round it out. Harold suggested we dig up a photo of some libby burning her bra and then run it with a piece on how she's now a housewife in Bethesda, Maryland, with two kids and belongs to the Young Democrats. Sounds perfect!

Later, Art Director Jean-Paul Goude joined us and we discussed the cover. The choice lay between a picture of Aunt Jemima with an afro and Uncle Ben giving the black salute. Jean-Paul came up with the idea of Speck dressed as a registered nurse, but we all agreed that they'd never get it out in Council Bluffs. "Perhaps if he waved a Philippine flag?", Jean-Paul added.

Worked all afternoon on the *Gift Gallery*. Terrific premise: One page will feature gifts for the very rich ("For the Man Who Has Everything") such as a teak duck press, "His 'n' Hers" escalators, and the Executive Soap Dish (monogrammed, solid platinum, from Van Cleef & Arpels for \$17,180, federal and local tax not included), while the opposite page will feature gifts for the very poor ("For the Man Who Has Nothing") such as matching socks, a five pound bag of Domino sugar, etc. A real dichotomy.

Stepped out for drinks with Don after work and we got into our usual argument over the proper width of a cummerbund. He figures there must be a basketball convention in town because I swear everybody we saw was about two inches taller than us.

TUESDAY—Boy, that all-protein (with eight glasses of water a day) diet I started last week must really be working because I don't even fit into my Florsheim brogues anymore. Noticed this morning while I was rotating my shoes (*Esquire Etiquette*, page 213: "Rotate your shoes, for the good of your feet as well as for your shoes." I wouldn't know how to proceed in life without my well-thumbed copy of *Esquire Etiquette*, which gives me such straight-from-the-shoulder advice as: "A man never sits in the front row of an opera box," a trained secretary means "smoking at her desk, if at all, only when there are no outsiders present," and none but a pig "squeezes the last drop of juice from his half grapefruit. If you can't get it out with a spoon, it's out of bounds.")

Maybe I haven't been paying enough attention to the kids lately because I realized at breakfast that they must have grown a foot. In fact, I had to wear Derek's suit because my own cuffs were hitting the floor instead of, as recommended, resting gently on the shoes with a slight break above the instep.

Had a terrible trip into the city. Undershot the basket with my turnpike-toll gun (shoots quarters and nickels in any combination) and nearly had a smashup on the Drive. Hard to see over the wheel. Took me a full twenty minutes to reach work after I parked. Everything returned to normal once inside our offices.

Gordon Lish, the Fiction Editor, rang me to say he's lined up stories by Herb Gold, John Dos Passos, Isaac Bashevis Singer, Leicester Hemingway, and a host of other literary notables. "Tremendous, Gordon," I cried. "You've done it again!"

Spent all morning in a heated editorial policy conference where one group wanted to print "motherf\*\*ker" while the



IT'S QUIET NOW. NO ONE COULD GUESS THAT THIS WAS ONCE THE FILLMORE EAST, POP MUSIC MECCA FOR A GENERATION OF SCREAMING FANS AND PERFORMERS.

WHAT SECRET CATASTROPHE BROUGHT ITS GLORY TO SO SUDDEN AN END?

FOR THE ANSWER TO THIS MYSTERY WE MUST RETURN TO A TIME BEFORE MANY OF YOU WERE BORN...

BAY-BEE BAY-BEE,  
GIVE YUH EVER THANG!  
AT THE HOP GIVE YUH MAH  
HAH SCHOOL RAING!

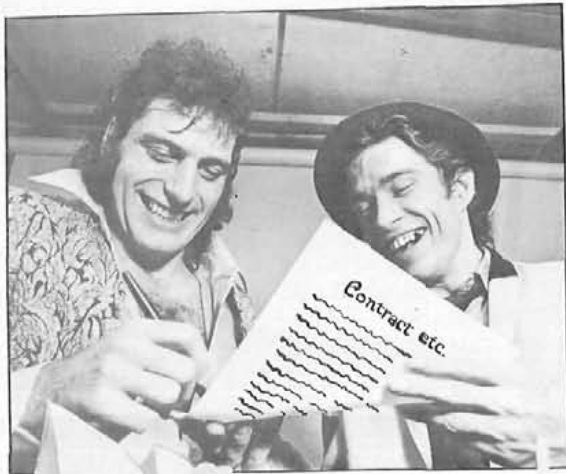
DON' CARE WHAT YUR  
DADDY SA-AY GONNA BE MAHN  
ANY-WA-AY! LET'S ROCK!

TO A TV STUDIO, WAY BACK IN 1956.

INNEE GREAT? JUSSA GREATESI!  
LESS HEARIT, GANG, FOR TONY HALOI!

DIB DIB DIB DIB, SHA  
NA NA... LET'S ROCK!...  
HEY! WHO'RE YOU? WHATCHA  
DUNE IN MY DRESSING ROOM?

UHH... I GOT ALL YOUR RECORDS!  
CAN I HAVE YOUR AUTOGRAPH?



HEH!  
HEH!  
HEH!

WHERE'S MY STUFF?  
IT'S GONE! ALL THE  
NEW HIT TUNES I'VE BEEN  
WORKING ON!

EVEN  
MY ROCK 'N' ROLL  
OPERA!  
SWIPED!!



# PHANTOM OF THE ROCK OPERA

SCREENPLAY BY SEAN KELLY AND MICHEL CHOQUETTE  
DIRECTED BY MIKE SULLIVAN AND BILL SKURSKI  
STARRING ROY BLUMENFELD, PAN CARRINGTON  
AND ALBERT HUTCHINGS  
A CLOUD STUDIO PRODUCTION

HE HASN'T HAD A HIT IN WEEKS!

JUST THE  
SAME OLD  
SONGS!

LET'S  
GO TO  
THE  
DRIVE-  
IN!

DESPITE THE LOSS OF HIS NEW MATERIAL, TONY HALO GAMEDLY CONTINUED TO MAKE PUBLIC APPEARANCES. BUT HE SOON DISCOVERED THAT ROCK AND ROLL FANS COULD BE FICKLE...

SEE FOR YOURSELF, KID!  
NO BOOKINGS! WHAT HAPPENED  
TO THAT NEW SOUND YOU  
PROMISED?

IT ALL GOT  
STOLE!  
EVEN MY  
ROCK AND  
ROLL OPERA!

OPERA!? HAVE YOU FLIPPED  
OR SOMETHING? FACE IT, KID,  
YOU'RE WASHED UP!



TONY'S METEORIC RISE TO FAME ENDED JUST AS FAST AS IT HAD BEGUN... THEN ONE DOWN-AND-OUT DAY...

CRINOLINE CATHY WONCHA BE MAH BAY-BEE

HEY WHUZZAT?

THAT'S THE CREEP WHO STOLE MY SONGS! THAT'S MY SONG HE'S SINGIN'!!!

CRINOLINE CATHY DONCHA DARE SAY MAY-BEE!

INSANE WITH ANGER, HE INTERRUPTED THE LIVE TELECAST...

HEY, PUNK! GIMME BACK MY SONGS!

CHEESE! THAT GUY'S GONE APE!

SOUPY, YOU'RE A RIOT!

SPLAT!

TONY WAS HUMILIATED ON COAST-TO-COAST TV.

YOU'RE A HAS-BEEN, TONY! WHYNCHA JUST GET LOST?

DAZED AND BROKEN, TONY HALO FLED THE SUNLIT WORLD, TO WANDER AIMLESSLY THRU GOTHAM'S LABYRINTHINE SUBWAY SYSTEM. HE WAS LAST SEEN DISAPPEARING INTO AN ABANDONED I.R.T. TUNNEL, BENEATH THE LOWER EAST SIDE.

etc  
I NEVER WROTE ANY OF THESE HTS.  
Tony Halo



BILL, BABY, MEET MY NEW DISCOVERY, LILY PUDDLE! THIS BIRD IS SMASHING! SHE'LL BE A RAVE!

AW, GARN!

THE YEARS PASSED. POPULAR MUSIC WENT THROUGH MANY CHANGES. THEN... ONE DAY AT THE FILLMORE...



WHERE'S MY FUCKIN' AMP?

YEAH! AND YOU GET A WEIRD KINDA FEEDBACK IN THIS PLACE! KINDA ECHO CHAMBER EFFECT!

DUNNO! THINGS GET RIPPED OFF HERE OR SOMETHING! PEOPLE SAY THERE'S A GHOST! HAHA!



AND THAT NIGHT LILY WAS A HIT!

OH! (WOW)

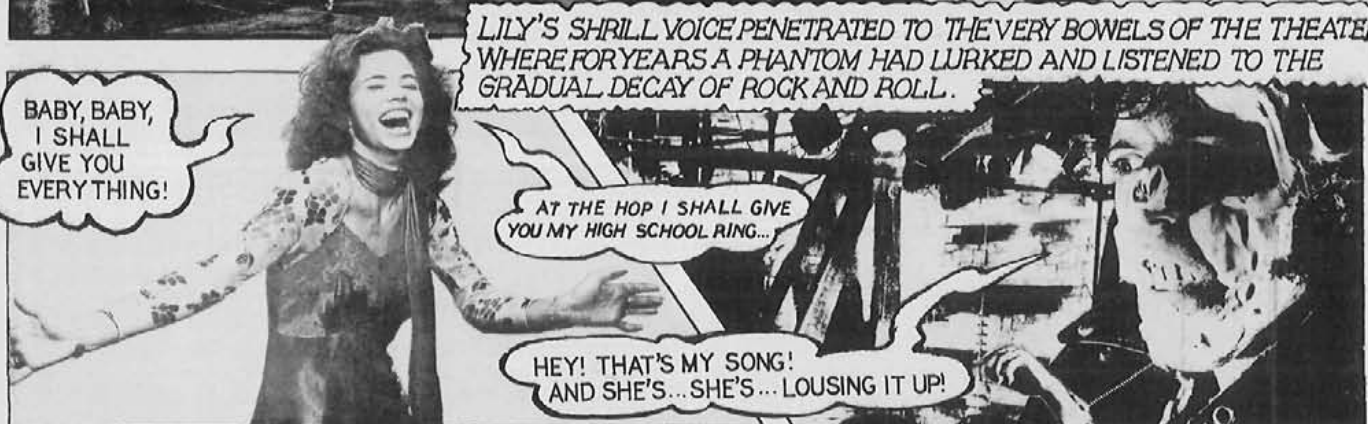
THOUGH I TREAT LIFE LIKE A GIGGLE INSIDE MY POOR HEART BLEEDS... I'M SO LONELY SINCE MY LOVER LEFT FOR LEEDS...

MORE

OF GOODY



FOR MOY ENCORE, O'ID LOIK TO DOA ROCK CLASSIC, AN OLDIE BUT GOODIE...



BABY, BABY, I SHALL GIVE YOU EVERYTHING!

LILY'S SHRILL VOICE PENETRATED TO THE VERY BOWELS OF THE THEATRE WHERE FOR YEARS A PHANTOM HAD LURKED AND LISTENED TO THE GRADUAL DECAY OF ROCK AND ROLL.

AT THE HOP I SHALL GIVE YOU MY HIGH SCHOOL RING...

HEY! THAT'S MY SONG! AND SHE'S... SHE'S... LOUSING IT UP!



AFTER THE SHOW, OUTSIDE THE STAGE DOOR...



LILY SUDDENLY VANISHED

HELPMPHMPH!!



THE PHANTOM WAS RESOLVED TO TEACH LILY THE MEANING OF HEP.



BABY, BABY...!

SEND ME! TAKE ME! RAVE ON! GO! GO! GO! CRAZY!

DAY AFTER DAY HE FORGED HER TO PERFORM BEYOND THE LIMITS OF HUMAN ENDURANCE...



ONE MORE TIME! LET'S ROCK!

PLEASE! O'I'M SO TIRED... (SOB) OICARN'T GO ON!

ROCK 'N' ROLL HAS GOT A BEAT! STOMP YOUR HANDS AND CLAP YOUR FEET! LET'S ROCK!



ROCK, ROCK, ROCK AND ROLL...

KID, YOU'RE GREAT! REAL GONE! A STAR IS BORN! NOW GO ON UP AND KNOCK 'EM DEAD.

THANK YOU, PHANTOM.. THANK YOU!



GET WITH IT, LUV! THIS IS WHERE IT'S AT! YOU CAN BE IN THE CHORUS!

BUT UPSTAIRS AT THE FILLMORE THE PUBLIC'S TASTE HAD CHANGED ONCE MORE.



O'I'M BACK! AND... AND... OI CAN ROCK AND ROLL!

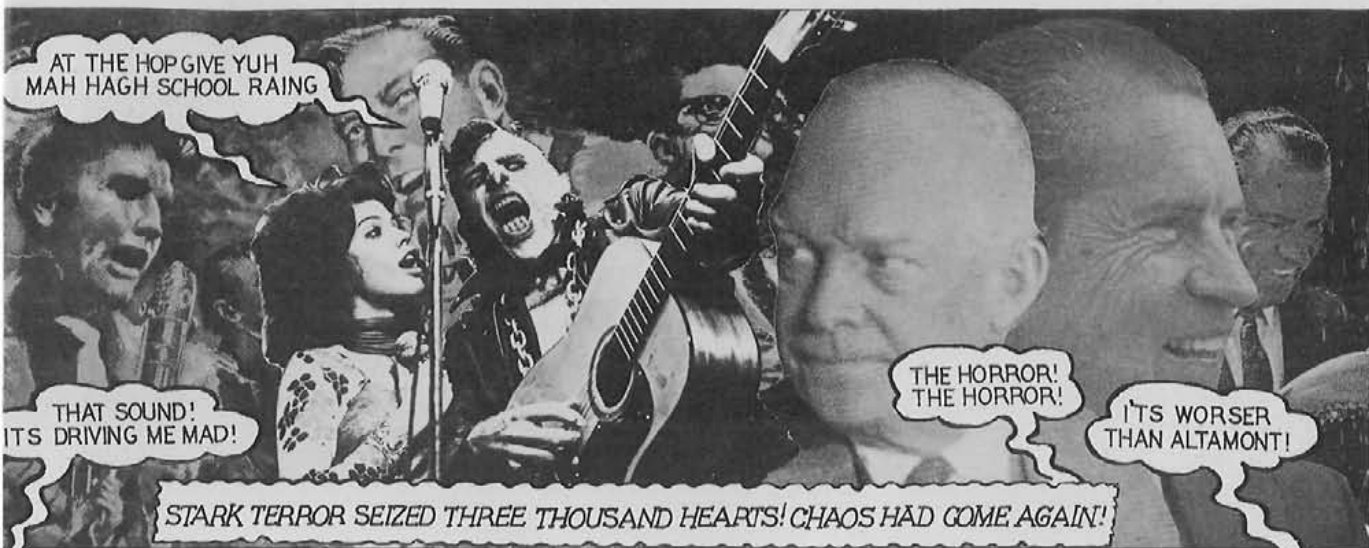
YOU'RE OUT, LUV! BILL AND I ARE BRINGING IN A NEW SENSATION!



COR! THAT'S A TOUCH UV CLASS, NOW, IN'IT?







AT THE HOP GIVE YUH MAH HAGH SCHOOL RAING

THAT SOUND! ITS DRIVING ME MAD!

THE HORROR! THE HORROR!

IT'S WORSER THAN ALTAMONT!

STARK TERROR SEIZED THREE THOUSAND HEARTS! CHAOS HAD COME AGAIN!

AN ERA HAD ENDED.

LET'S ROCK! LET'S ROCK!

NO MORE! STOP! I CONFESS! I STOLE THE OPERA!

YIPPIES, FOLKIES, JUNKIES I COULD TAKE... BUT NOT THE FIFTIES! I'M CLOSING THE FILLMORE!



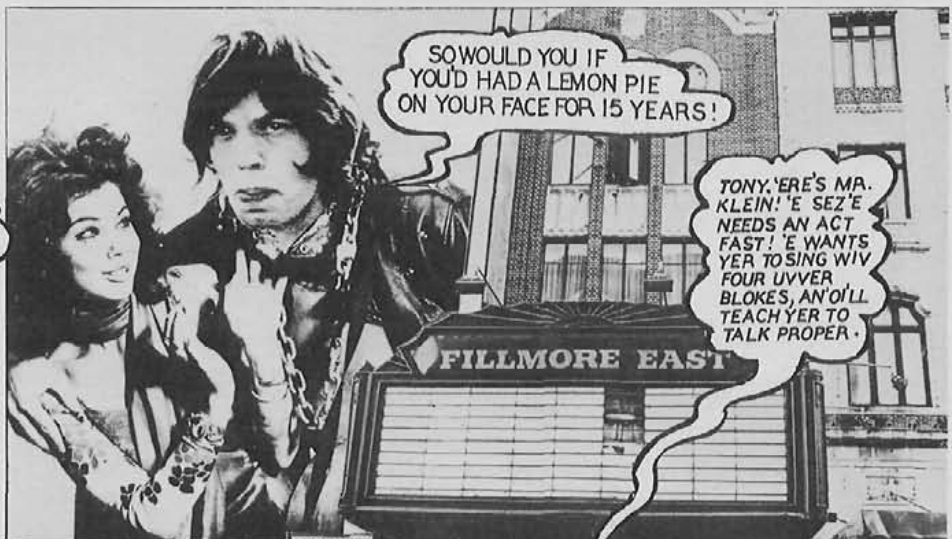
WE DONE IT! WE STOPPED THE SHOW! LILY, WILL YOU CHANGE YOUR NAME TO MINE?

ARF A MO'! FIRST LET'S 'AVE A LOOK AT YER!



NO! I'M ALL FIGURED!

GASP! YOU... YOU LOOK... YOU LOOK LOIK...



SO WOULD YOU IF YOU'D HAD A LEMON PIE ON YOUR FACE FOR 15 YEARS!

TONY, 'ERE'S MR. KLEIN! 'E SEZ 'E NEEDS AN ACT FAST! 'E WANTS YER TOSING WIV FOUR UVVER BLOKES, AN'O'LL TEACH YER TO TALK PROPER.

BUT WHY ME?

I LIKE YOUR LOOKS KID! SIGN HERE!

THUS THEN IS OUR STORY TOLD. THUS DID THE FAMOUS FILLMORE FALL. AND EVEN NOW, MONTHS AFTER, STREET PEOPLE STILL SHUDDER AS THEY PASS THE DESERTED THEATER, AND SAY A MANTRA, REMEMBERING... THE NIGHT THE FIFTIES CAME BACK!



### Christmas

Dear Santa,

I have bin a good boy this yere so I'm shure you will give me evrithing I want. Their is a rumer going a round that it wuz me who put Sally Ferndon's hamsters in the ovun and turned it up to Rowst and tortshured them with cocktail stiks and dropd thum tax a round Mr. Bolton's swimming pool and hung Kathy Haberele's cat fum a extenshun coard which wuz plugged in and somwun had scrayped all the stuff off the wires so it got kind of burnd and may be twitched a lot but my dad all ways says if you beleave evrything peepul say then you are dum and I dont think you are dum Santa. My dad also says not to ask for annything made by the jappineze becuz look what thoz yello busters did to our boys on the Button Deth Marsh and ennyway they make toyz out of peepul's fingernales and neecaps and other cheep stuff so evryone in the U.S. is out of wurk. Are your littel

helpers jappineze I don't reely care Im just asking? Here is what I want for Christmas:

**The Refugece Pages.** Find out how to turn a phosphorous burn into a handsome beauty mark; read how above-the-knee amputations are catching on with Saigon's with-it working girls; learn how to electroplate your baby.

**Great Disappointments.** Whatever happened to liquid lead pencils, the atomic airplane, William Scranton, the VTOL plane, situation ethics, and the Superegg? **Amyl and the Nitrate Visitors.** A tasteless Christmas story for our times.

**The G.U.M. Catalogue.** What Father Christmas and his operatives put in those nylon stockings when they kick down good little comrades' doors at three in the morning.

**This Is Your Life, Francis Gary Powers.** In this joyous season, let us take time out to consider those less fortunate than ourselves.

**The Films of Richard Nixon.** A cinematic biography of one of Hollywood's most durable character actors, featuring stills from some of his greatest performances, including **Seeing Red**, **Red Happy**, and **The Road to Caracas**.

**How To Pick Up Girls.** How do you expect to get any tail if the cat's got your tongue?

**Just the Sweetest Story Ever Told.** Great moments in the life of Jessica Christ, the Daughter of Man, including the Sewing Circle on the Mount, the Stoning of the Faggots, and the miraculous recipe for loaves and fishes.

**An Anglo-Saxon Yuletide Tale.** Cornelius V. Spoon learns the meaning of the Christmas spirit.

**Plus:** Mrs. Agnew's Diary (you can stop this column if you register to vote), Hot Flashes, cold toddies, lumps of coal, reindeer pellets, yellow snow, candy crutches, thank-you notes, and plovers' eggs the size of emeralds. □



Nothing is better than Landlubber<sup>®</sup> clothes.

Landlubber jeans, bells, shirts, jumpsuits, overalls, jackets, pants, western-wear and other gear. That's all there is. For a full color poster of this ad send \$1.00 to Landlubber poster # 11-L, Box 8006, Boston, Massachusetts 02114.

A man in a blue and white striped shirt is shown in profile, looking towards the right. He is holding a white duck puppet with a red comb and yellow beak. A lit cigarette is in his mouth. The background is a dark, festive setting with colorful lights and various toys hanging from above. To the right, a large, circular, red and white striped structure, possibly a Ferris wheel or a game, is visible. The overall atmosphere is that of a busy, colorful carnival or fair.

America's Favorite Cigarette Break.

# Benson & Hedges 100's.

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



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health