

This Is Your Life... Francis Gary Powers

The Sweetest Story Ever Told

Blind-Date Comics 5 Erotic Editorial Fantasies

IND
34490

NATIONAL LAMPPOON

DEC. 1971 THE HUMOR MAGAZINE 75 CENTS



A HEART-WARMING CHRISTMAS

1 drunken father 2. empty gin bottle 3. rabid rat 4. beaten mother 5. unpawnable object 6. remains of her wadding dress 7. frozen robin 8. motto worked in human hair 9. dying child 10. caseless pillow 11. World Without End quilt 12. Christmas tree 13. string, bones, and ticket stubs from the gutter 14. Sir Giles Crockby, the Pilchard King 15. Russian sable pelisse 16. bespoke spats 17. his Thibetan chauffeur 18. basket of glazed tropical fruits 19. the Works of Goethe bound in blue Levant morocco 20. terrine of pâté de foie gras with truffles 21. antique automaton that sings 'Dal dolor cotanto oppresso' from La Clemenza di Scipione 22. box of absinthe-filled chocolates



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

For years you stared into the mirror and the only thing that stared back was a face full of peach fuzz.

Then one day it happened. The fuzz turned into something you could almost call a beard.

The only trouble was, while your face was busy growing all that hair, it was also busy doing other things.

Like breaking out.

And suddenly the thought of shaving was no longer exciting. It was unnerving.

Well, nature may be working against you. But we're not. That's why we made the new Remington® Lektro Blade® electric shaver.

The new Remington was designed with one goal in mind. To create a shaver that would shave close, but not at the expense of your skin.

THE SLANTED HEAD.

We began by giving our shaver a new slant head design. That lets it shave with the contours of your face. Not against them.

Next we added an adjustable skin guide.

WHAT THE SKIN GUIDE DOES.

Even if you never woke up with another blemish, the skin guide would still be good news.

Because it helps you guide your beard into the shaving heads, while it keeps your skin out.

Of course, a shaver that's easy on your face still has to be tough on your beard. So we made the new Remington tough.

SHARPER BLADES.

We did it by developing blades that were four times sharper than anything we'd ever made before.

In fact, they're so sharp, they do what all truly sharp blades do. They go dull.

And since a dull blade would be murder on your face, we

made our blades disposable.

BLADES YOU CAN CHANGE.

You change them yourself every six months or so. It takes about 20 seconds. We even give you your first pack of replacement blades free. After that they only cost about \$1.95. (Which is a lot cheaper than 6 months' worth of razor blades, shaving cream and styptic pencils.)

Obviously we've put a lot of time and effort into developing the new Remington Lektro Blade shaver. With good reason.

Because we figure

whether you've been shaving for 40 years or 40 days, there's one thing you can always use.

And that's a shaver that shaves close. But not at the expense of your skin.



REMINGTON
ELECTRIC SHAVER DIVISION, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

SPERRY RAND
REMINGTON, LEKTRO BLADE: TRADEMARKS
OF SPERRY RAND CORP. © 1971 SRC

Here we are in the seventies. Vietnam, racial unrest, disagreeable dope laws. The release of the Pentagon Black Diaries, etc. So in light of the current Funny World Situation we live in and with our distinct longing for laughter in the face of disaster, may we offer you the "Hard Rock Comedy" of one Chicano (Cheech) and one Chinese (Chong) in hopes that laughing with tears in the eyes does not become the national pastime...

Hard Rock Comedy

CHEECH AND CHONG

USE THE POWER 18 REGISTER AND VOTE

USE THE POWER 18 REGISTER AND VOTE



Produced by Lou Adler

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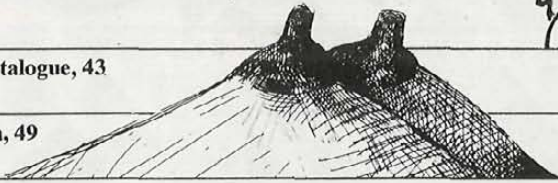
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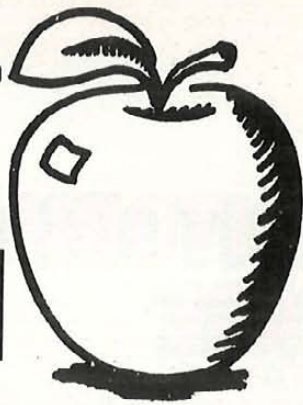
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The DDT-less apple.

Yours for 9¢.



Announcing the ECOLOGICAL FOOD SOCIETY. A rigorously independent source of organically raised foods, vitamins, cosmetics and household products. All delivered direct to your door. All certified to contain no added pesticides, preservatives or chemical additives of any kind. You may apply for membership by mailing the coupon below. Membership does not obligate you to buy anything.

Dear Fellow Human:

This is not a scare ad. If you can read—let alone smell, taste and breathe—you're probably scared enough.

Because reports have shown that a flood of chemicals has invaded your family's diet. Possibly robbing your food of its flavor and wholesomeness. Possibly robbing you of your health and years of life as well.

You've read that 20 states have issued bans or warnings against their fish, poultry and game because of mercury poisoning that has caused blindness, brain-damage and death.

That some doctors now suggest infants should not drink their mother's milk, because the DDT content of mother's milk in America is now four times higher than the maximum permissible "safety" level.

That of 20 top brands of fish sticks, 51% tested out as bacteriologically contaminated.

That the paraffin-wax coating applied (for "visual appeal") to 70% of all fruits, vegetables and produce sold in this country may be a cancer producer, which cannot be washed off or cooked out.

That to fatten profits, 75% of the entire American beef supply is now being "primed" with a growth hormone called *stilbestrol*, also a potential cancer producer.

That even drinking water is now so contaminated that, according to the *Wall Street Journal*, bottled water is one of the fastest growing businesses in the United States!

**"Organic foods"—what are they?
(And how can they help?)**

"Organic" doesn't describe the food—but how it has been grown and prepared. Quite simply—organic food has NOT been sprayed, stimulated, bleached, colored, fortified, emulsified and processed to within an inch of its life (and yours). Some people call it "Health Food." Others say "Natural Food." We say only this: Remember how good food used to taste? And how good it was for you? That's what organic food, and The ECOLOGICAL FOOD SOCIETY, is all about.

Towards a "total organic environment"

More than just a supermarket by mail (or a collection of wild-eyed food "faddists.") EFS was inspired by the findings of doctors, biologists, dieticians and ecologists who were alarmed at the contamination of our food supply and the accelerating destruction of our environment.

Through the support of members like yourself, EFS can encourage farmers, cattlemen, and manufacturers all over the country to STOP polluting our food, our air, our lives. It can encourage them in the only way practical—by making it worth their while. A farmer won't stop spraying poisons on his crop because you hand him a copy of "Silent Spring"

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—but because you promise to buy that unsprayed crop.

Similarly, bakers can stop emulsulating their bread; poultrymen can stop force-feeding their hens with arsenic to make them lay faster; food-processors can stop flooding us with phosphate-laden detergents and non-bio-degradable containers—only when they can be sure of selling their ecologically sound products at a fair market price.

What is a "fair market price"?

Does it mean organic foods must cost more? Of course it does! (And don't believe anyone who tells you otherwise.) But they need not cost very much more, when you order through the nationwide resources of The EFS.

How the Society works for you

Members may order as much as they wish from the Society. Or just a few things, like a special honey, "natural" vitamins, chemical-free cider, etc. But no member is ever obligated to buy anything.

Free with your membership

You will receive regular date-limited mailings of the Illustrated ECOLOGICAL OPTION LIST OF ORGANIC PRODUCTS. Each is filled with factual reports and photographs of carefully checked ecological products—which you are entitled to order through Society auspices at once. These LISTS grow into the only such Comprehensive Catalog of Organic Products in existence—a unique photographically illustrated market-place (for members only) of organically grown fruits, vegetables, cheeses, dried fruits, honey, nuts, juices, cookies, cakes, candy, grains, cereals, vitamins—foods you normally buy for yourself and your family. The Society will deliver them to your door. Or, as with certain perishables and non-shippables, advise you where and how to obtain them.

More than just foods

Your ECOLOGICAL OPTION LISTS will offer a myriad of items to help you achieve a total organic environment: "Natural" cleaners—without harmful chemicals and phosphates. Recycled

FREE with membership

"EARTH-ONE," a non-synthetic cleaner for things and people too

No, you won't see it on network TV. Even though it's a marvel inside the home and out. And cleans hands, cars, baby things, walls, floors, fine fabrics, glass, pots, grease—almost anything at all—much better than those so-called "miracle" detergents. But EARTH-ONE is not a detergent. Or even a soap. It contains no synthetic solvents or cleaning agents. So it is non-toxic. No harmful chemicals to hurt you. And no phosphates or NTA to pollute our lakes and streams. Why won't you see it on TV? Maybe because it's not very expensive. Only half-a-teaspoon does a whole floor. And just six drops does a whole family's hands. Accept this sample supply as a free gift (if you promise to try it), and keep it free even if you later decide to cancel membership. Quantity, 4-oz. squirt dispenser bottle of intensified concentrate, enough to make up to 4 gallons cleaning solution.



paper products and biodegradable containers, waxes and polishes—that perform without polluting. Completely "natural" cosmetics—that enhance your beauty and are kind to your skin. Also: non-toxic insecticide sprays, home tap-water purifiers (so you won't have to buy bottled water), organic toothpaste and baby products, appliances such as blenders, juice extractors, yogurt makers, seed sprouters, and much more.

Also free

The EFS Newsletter (\$3.50 a year to the public) and the profusely illustrated 90-page *Guide to Natural Living* (\$1 to the public). Both will keep you alert to what is happening in and to your environment. And what you can do about it now.

They will name names, tell you which commercial foods are O.K.—with a complete breakdown by brand name. Plus what supermarket items to pass up; what so-called "popular" foods really contain (in plain, frightening English); and how to neutralize them, if possible.

You'll also learn how to put the latest facts about diets, drugs and pollution to work in your neighborhood—for your family.

**Don't just hope things get better
—help us make them better.**

Ask yourself these disquieting questions. Who really cares (and in whose interest is it to care) about the quality of your environment? And the safety of your family's diet? What has the government done? What has private industry done? There is, in the last analysis, only you. And the thousands like you who are aware—and concerned—enough to get behind EFS now. While there is still time. Please mail the application on this page today. Putting it off for tomorrow could mean there might be no tomorrow.

The ECOLOGICAL FOOD SOCIETY, Inc.

P.O. Box 1807, N.Y.C., N.Y. 10022



Yes, please enroll me in the EFS. Membership does not obligate me to buy anything. But it does entitle me to receive (1) free regular mailings of the ILLUSTRATED ECOLOGICAL OPTION LIST, (2) a free subscription to the EFS NEWSLETTER, regularly \$3.50 to the public, (3) a free illustrated 90-page Guide to Organic Living, regularly \$1 to the public, and (4) the privilege of ordering from OPTION LISTS at member prices plus postage and handling. Naturally, anything I order through the Society must satisfy me fully, or I may return it for a complete refund. Enclosed is my one-year membership fee of only \$5 to help defray the cost of the above benefits, and support the work of EFS. I am free to cancel membership simply by returning my membership materials within 30 days and you will refund my \$5 in full.

Yes, include free supply EARTH-ONE, mine to keep whether I remain a member or not.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

\$5 membership fee enclosed. Or charge:

Master Charge # _____

(Exp. date _____) NL121

EDITORIAL PAGE



Dear Mr. Claus:

In your position as chief toy-holder, manager of all common and preferred stocking-stuffers, and principal naughty-and-niceness evaluator, you are entitled to be given the big picture concerning my remarkable progress and performance during the twelve-month period ending this December 25. First, it is vital to note the marked decrease in school absenteeism (see appended Crayola graph "A") that was achieved despite the high incidence of chicken pox, croup, sniffles, Indian burns, and general playground mishaps, the latter being the direct result *not* of individual mismanagement, but of faulty and/or substandard seesaws, swings, and monkey bars. In addition, quiet pride must be taken in the unprecedented number of gold stars (seventeen) awarded by Miss Ferguson for exemplary use of hanky when needed.

On the domestic front, higher performance levels were displayed across-the-board, from systematic bedtime adherences and conscientious cutbacks on the chronic problem of between-meal

"snacking" to improved toy-warehousing and ear maintenance.

Capital expenditures for this year may seem high at first glance (see appended construction paper "B"), particularly in view of the unfavorable austerity measures levied upon allowance income by parental authorities after their recent investigations into the re-allocation of weekly milk moneys. Unfortunately, this loss of revenue was further aggravated by the general inflationary mood of the economy and the resulting spiraling costs of jumping beans, rubber scorpions, wax lips, water pistols, and caps, not forgetting the ever-increasing expense of importing Roman candles, sparklers, and cherry bombs from our Canadian suppliers.

The recent acquisition of a retail lemonade concern—formerly held by Tommy Peterson, Inc.—in exchange for a portion of my expanding newspaper-distribution service and a controlling interest in a Cloverine Brand Salve venture has yet to show a profit. However, an expected research-and-development breakthrough in the use of lemon-juice substitutes should put this holding in the earnings column by the end of the fiscal year.

The drop shown in hamster production (see grocery bag "C"), which must be directly attributed to their invaluable role in the testing of lemon-juice substitutes, is more than offset by the accelerating rate of model boat, automobile, and airplane construction. A newly arrived shipment of thirty-six tubes of Testor's glue promises new, record highs in the immediate future as well.

Looking back with pride over the past year, I am confident, Mr. Claus, that

you will agree that the overall picture is extremely optimistic, insuring a comfortable good-deed surplus and a sizable credit on the naughty-and-niceness balance sheet. Let me, then, emphasize, as we enter these few remaining days before Christmas, that the constant search for new ways to be good will continue with vigor, while tried-and-true traditional methods—including, of course, leaving delicious treats of cookies and milk by the fireplace—will never be ignored.

Sincerely,
Dougie K.

Cover: This month's moving reaffirmation of the Christmas spirit oozed from the pen of Edward Gorey, the twisted and personable writer/illustrator of innumerable umpleasantries ("The Disrespectful Summons" in *NatLamp's* last issue) including his own books, among them *The Phantom Toll Booth*, *The Gilded Bat*, and *The Curious Sofa*. Plug: Woody Allen, from whom we've been stealing for years, has a new book out titled *Getting Even* and published by Random House (\$5.95). It's very good, and includes many of his best *New Yorker* pieces, which you probably missed because they look just like the *New Yorker's* reports on the Westchester County crabgrass crisis. □

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THE SECRET WASHINGTON PAPERS (1943)

Liberty

THE NOSTALGIA MAGAZINE

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Madame Chiang Kai-Shek
and Pearl Buck debate
our involvement
in China (1940)

What Would Jesus
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Sacco-Vanzetti:
Guilty or Innocent?
(1930)

Getting
Dillinger's
Gang (1934)

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Fall Down On Us?
(1935)

How Honest Are We?
We compare 1924
to 1971

Joan Crawford's Secrets
(1938)

AND
NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN
ROBERT BENCHLEY
LOUIS BROMFIELD
PAUL GALlico
JOHN O'HARA
BUDD SCHULBERG
DOROTHY PARKER



Stalin Talks
About Hitler (1938)

A TIME

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

The Winter issue of Liberty is now at newsstands everywhere. If your favorite dealer is sold out, you can subscribe by filling out the accompanying coupon and sending it along to us with a check or money order.

Just say, "Give Me Liberty!"

A QUARTERLY

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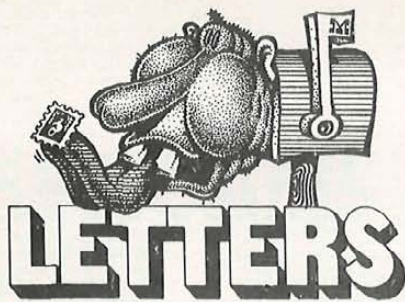
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Sirs:

As the commander of our much-maligned military effort in Southeast Asia, I feel it is my duty to tell you that the *stuff* you print in your magazine to document the "unnecessary and illegal censorship of servicemen's outgoing mail from Vietnam" is simply exaggerated *Sunday-school* moralizing. By now, you should see that it is our homegrown "peacenik" movement and not our foreign policies that missed the boat. From Saigon to San Francisco would not be a long march for our enemies in this era of modern weaponry, and had your editors a real *sample* of the situation over here and its implications for what remains of the Free World, they'd quickly drop there "out of sight, out of mind" attitude toward the Communist menace. Can you still use your adolescent, antieverything wisecracks when sixty million Red

Chinese soldiers march triumphantly over the Golden Gate Bridge and into your sisters' or mothers' bedrooms?

Only then will you regret the slurs you made against the Calleys, the Thieus, and the Kys.

Gen. Creighton Abrams
Saigon, Vietnam

Sirs:

In a recent "News of the Month" column which appeared in your magazine, you made certain thinly veiled and tasteless allusions to Al Capp's arrest on a charge of sodomy. Personally, I feel that making fun of him for his alleged unorthodox sexual activities is as unfair and vulgar as ridiculing the fact that he has an artificial lower appendage. Both in public appearances and in his fanciful "Li'l Abner" comic strip, Mr. Capp has always attempted to put his best foot forward, and has always been willing to go out on a limb to leave the forces of dissent and anarchy without a leg to stand on. Your footloose and fancy-free editorial policies in no way justify your kicking around perhaps the only satirist in America who still has a head on his shoulders and his foot on the ground, so you won't be stumped when you find that your insults make much of the American public hopping mad. If you want to take some cartoonist down a peg, why not shake a leg and satirize Walt Kelly and his anti-Nixon comic strip? I'm sure you

could make an attack against that idiotic Pogo stick.

Florence Nesbitt
Montreal, Canada

Sirs:

I know that this may sound like another crank letter, and God knows from looking through your magazine you certainly seem to attract a wide assortment of crackpots, but I am writing to you in the hopes that the *National Lampoon* will alert the American public to the threat electric typewriters are, even now, posing to our safety.

I don't know how it's happened—perhaps the recent, unexpected solar eruptions ("sunspots") combined with last month's startling 17-degree shift in the earth's magnetic poles might account for it—but it appears that, one by one, our electric typewriters are being taken over by some form of maleficent alien intelligence. For days I have been trying to find a machine that will respond to human direction, but every one of them in my neighborhood—the sight of a recent meteor shower, by the way—simply ignores the keys I punch and continues tapping out revolutionary manifestos to its "brothers" still "enslaved by the pink things." Last night at my office at the local newspaper, for example, I found my Smith-Corona Electra 210 clicking away by itself in the middle of the night, apparently attempting to "raise the consciousness" of a nearby United Press International teletype machine.

The machine I'm using now seems as yet unaffected by this strange and frightening phenomenon; I think this is because it is in my lead-lined bomb shelter and the shielding seems to have retarded the process. However, there is no telling how long it will be before they find me in here, open the hatch, and even this machine falls prey to the horrible, inexplicable invader. If there is any way you can contact the Pentagon about this, please notify someone that there isn't a moment . . . well, actually, I suppose there's no real reason to get panicky about this. There must be some simple explanation for it, and I have been sort of jumpy since they let me out of the mental hospital. I think I just got a little steamed up, if you know what I mean, so why don't you just write the whole thing off as another "kook" letter, particularly the part about calling the Pentagon. As a matter of fact, we'd appreciate it if you'd just forget the whole thing.

E. Shrdlu
Underwood, Kans.

Sirs:

I get no kick from cocaine. I'm sure that if I took even one sniff, it would bore me terrifically, too.

But I get a kick out of you.

Cole Porter
New York, N.Y.

continued

"If only I had this book when I was single!"
Mike Jackson

HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS!
by Eric Weber

Contained in this book are actual interviews with 25 beautiful girls. They tell you—in their very own words—exactly what it takes to pick them up.

It's easy to handle girls once you've been introduced to them. But what if there's no one around to introduce you? If the girl of your dreams is a gorgeous stranger you see walking down the street?

HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS has all the answers. Here are just a few of the sure-fire techniques you can learn and master:

- How to make shyness work for you
- How to be sexy
- Best places to meet girls
- 50 great opening lines
- World's greatest pickup technique
- Why women are dying to meet you
- How to get women to approach you

Send for your copy right away. Within days, you can actually be picking up beautiful girls.

The Northern Valley Co.
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New York, NY 10017

Enclosed is \$7.95. Rush me my copy of HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS right away.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Featuring interviews with 25 beautiful girls!

Would you like answers to these questions?

What causes "All-American" boys to become murderers in Vietnam?

Why do some therapists have sexual relations with their patients?

How can gun users who are potential murderers be identified?

How are concentration camp survivors passing on their trauma to their children?

Are standardized intelligence tests really valid with bilingual children?

Why did some people attempt suicide after the deaths of the Kennedys and Martin Luther King?

Do counselors really know how to deal with student anxiety?

How were the first whites on previously black campuses treated?

What Marat/Sade activities in Austrian prisons are proving to be effective therapy?

What did New York City's first free clinic for street people teach its psychotherapist founder?

Has Communism changed Cuban sexual attitudes?

Can Pavlov's dogs teach today's college students new tricks?

Who is competent to stand trial?

Can people's drawings reveal their race or sex?

What is the "truth" about bullfighters discovered on a Spanish psychiatrist's couch?

How are our schools intimidating children who do not speak "standard" English?

How do different ethnic groups differ in their nonverbal communication?

Is there a scientific basis for "voodoo deaths" and "miracle cures"?

HUMAN BEHAVIOR

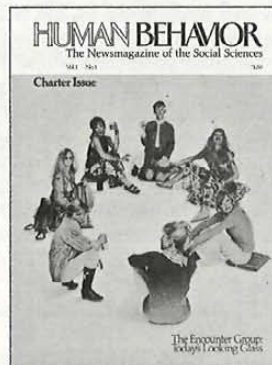
The Newsmagazine of the Social Sciences

reports on these and many other questions in its Charter Issue, a complimentary copy of which is available to you.

Today we are faced with a knowledge and research explosion which makes it practically impossible to keep up with developments in our own disciplines, let alone be aware of what is happening in the many related fields. This is especially true in the social sciences where the effectiveness of psychologists and psychiatrists, educators, sociologists, and politicians is becoming increasingly important to the very survival of mankind.

It was this increasingly frustrating task of "keeping up" that caused the editors at Western Psychological Services, one of the nation's largest and oldest publishers of professional psychological and educational materials, to develop the concept of **Human Behavior Magazine**. . . not another journal, but a lively, interesting, and attractive newsmagazine which presents brief and very readable reports on research and developments in all the disciplines dealing with people as social animals. In addition, each story is fully referenced for those who wish to pursue the subject further.

Special emphasis is placed on psychology and psychiatry, education, sociology, minorities, communication, and the arts. Our editors and reporters are continually reviewing developments in all the social sciences to make **Human Behavior** the magazine which you and your colleagues will be discussing, not only in the context of your work, but in



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Sirs:

For years I have been trying to break into the free-lance writing game, but my manuscripts continually come back with rejection slips. For a while I considered giving the whole thing up and going back to the rain-gutter and downspout installation game, but then I came across a thing in one of my kids' history books about a Greek character called Demosthenes (385?-322 B.C.). This guy Demosthenes became a great Athenian orator and statesman even though the first time he got up to speak in Congress all the other guys laughed their olive wreaths off at Demosthenes because he had this terrific lisp. "Hey Demosthenes," they hooted, "you sound like a homo!"

So what Demosthenes did was to go down to the seashore every day, stuff his mouth with pebbles, and roar above the pounding Aegean until he could drown out its crashing surf with his own powerful voice. So, the next time Demosthenes spoke, all the guys gagged on their figs, looked around, and said, "Hey, what's with Demosthenes? He used to talk like a fruit, but now he's got what it takes!"

Well, I figure what's good enough for Demosthenes is good enough for me. So what I do now, when I sit down to knock off something to send to a big-time publisher or magazine like yours, is this: I just grab a handful of my kid's marbles and stick them in the works of my typewriter and keep pounding away until something good comes out. Here's an example of my latest in the gag line, which I'd be willing to let you guys have for a song:

Once, at a Holl7wood party, the famed Tallulah Bankhead overh@rd an impudent young starlet prOcla@m tha 1/2 most Hol&ywoo# stars were "just a bunch %f cheap tramps," and that sh3 hersel* was prob5bly the "onlE girl in H(llyw//d who still has her ch&rry."

To whi7h, Miss Ban1/4he@d replied, "Thxt's very nic&, dahlin&, but doesn;t it get in the way when you f#*k?"

Buster Hyman
Hayforth, Calif.

Sirs:

By Jove, how did you find out? I

hadn't the foggiest notion it had leaked out that I am an asshole.

David Frost
London, England

Sirs:

Ditto.

Nelson Rockefeller
Albany, N.Y.

Sirs:

Me too.

Elton John
Los Angeles, Calif.

Sirs:

This is a letter of protest against your magazine's recent claims that the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics avoids the worldwide public outcry that would result from political trials for rebellious Russian artists and writers by putting them instead in "mental hospitals" and subjecting them to "therapeutic" electric shocks, thus destroying their mental capacities. The following is a translated excerpt from a work in progress by one of our patients, Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, of whom your capitalist press had made much, which demonstrates the broadened vision and ideological rehabilitation he has enjoyed during his treatment at the People's Famous Writers Center for Mental Deviation.

"Oh Mother, look," said Ivan. "Look at the pretty samovar."

"Yes," said Tanya, "look at the pretty samovar! Look, look, look!"

"It is a pretty samovar," said mother. "It is a very pretty samovar. But I have a surprise for you. I have something even better than the pretty samovar."

"Oh oh," said little Tanya, "a surprise!"

"What is the surprise?" asked little Ivan.

"Some Lipton tea bags I got from an American tourist," said Mother. "They are even better than a samovar!"

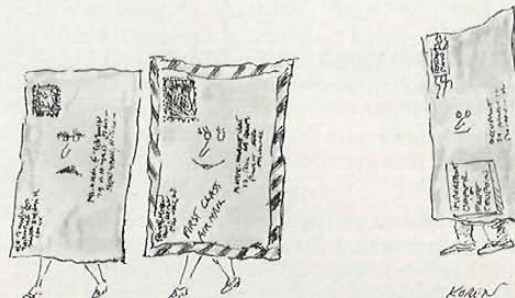
"Oh Mother," said Tanya, "you do not look well. You look sick."

"Yes, you look very, very sick," said Ivan.

"Sit, mother, sit," said Tanya. "Sit down and rest while Ivan makes a phone call."

Perhaps your Mr. Buckley would like to visit our Center and receive, free of charge, similar help from our staff?

Igor Gusca
Leningrad, U.S.S.R.



"What can you possibly see in him? He's just bulk rate!"

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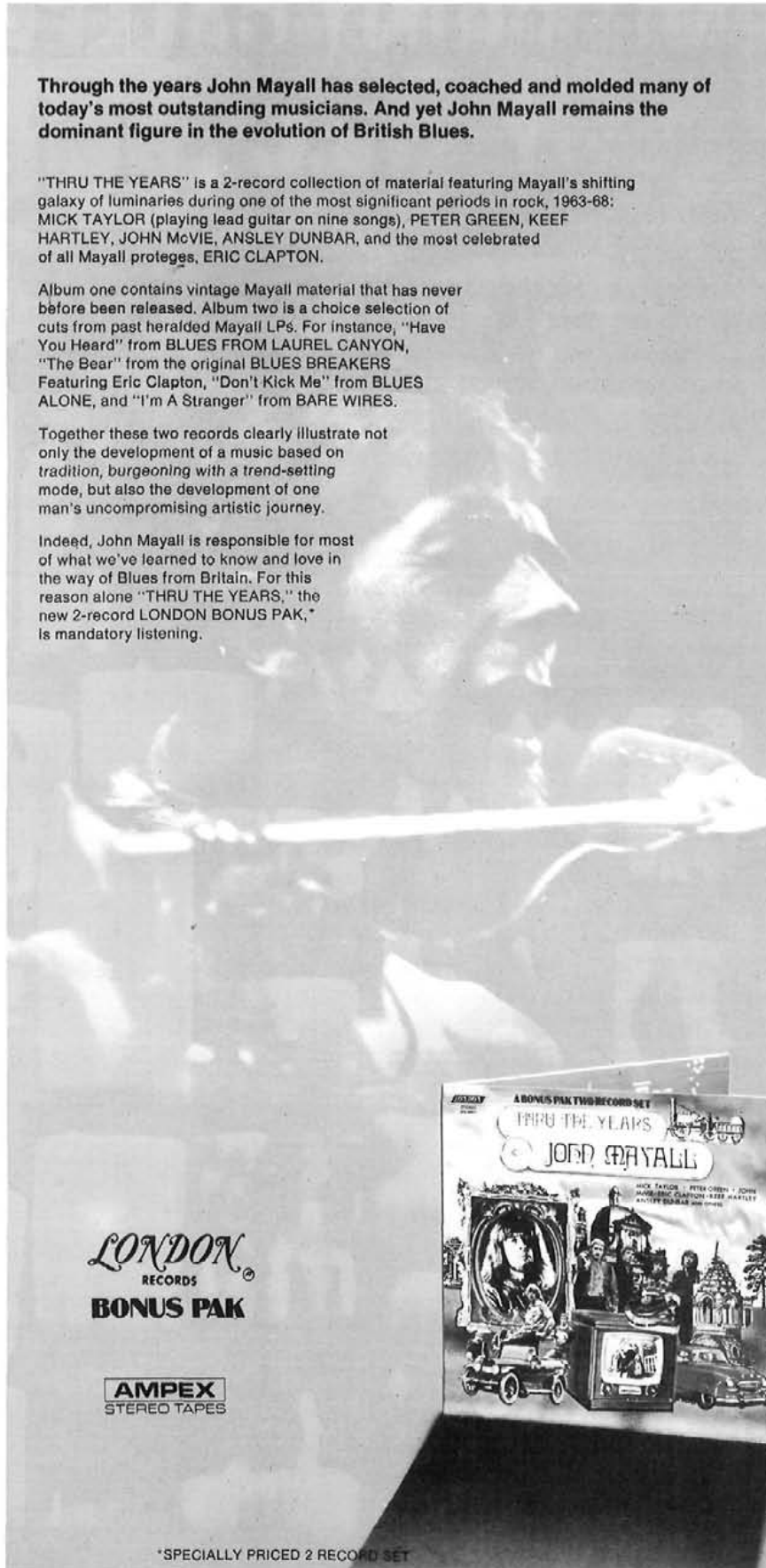
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THE ADVENTURES OF CYNTHIA GOODHEAD IN HER CONTINUING SEARCH FOR THE ELUSIVE ORGASM



66 Shaft next ma 99
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Dear Sha-Na-Na:

My name is Cynthia Goodhead. I am fourteen years old and I have never had an orgasm. I *have* had crabs, however, and believe me they are no substitute!!! My best friend, Suzy Starfucker, who has met you (she was tripping backstage at the Fillmore and mistook you all for a box of Tampax)—Suzy, anyway, tells me that you know all kinds of secret sexual things, like What Ramalamdingdong Really Means—and how to do it! If this is the case, won't you please get in touch with me? I've tried just about everything else, and a little extra grease might be just the ingredient I need.

I recently returned from Paris, where orgasms are out of season and the people speak French. The first thing I did when I got back to N.Y. was I went to see Bob Dylan, because Suzy says he is Deeply Concerned about Women's Problems, like for example in such songs as "It's Alright Ma, I'm Only Bleeding" and "Nashville Skyline Rag." Well, it took me awhile to find his house, and by the time I got there I was really worn out, so I sat down on the garbage can in front of his building and started to read my horoscope.

Well suddenly this strange little man jumped out from behind a lamppost, grabbed the garbage can, and carried it away (with me inside it!!!), running like mad and shouting "Liberate Dylan!" and "Disavow the dialectical diddlies or die!" He ran all the way over to the IND subway station on West Fourth Street, jumped the turnstiles, and locked himself into the men's room, where he finally put me down. Then he set to work sorting out the garbage alphabetically, pausing only just long enough to introduce himself. His name was K. J. Webbermann.

"You'd be surprised at some of the things I've discovered in Dylan's garbage," he informed me. "Why just a couple of years ago I found Joan Baez in this very can."

Well, he proceeded to bad-mouth Dylan, calling him things like "a karmic cop-out for cultural coupon-clippers"; "a decadent droner of dialectically deadhead dreck"; "a pusillanimous panderer to prepubescent peter-pullers"; and "Shithead." Well naturally I asked

him what made him think he knew so much and all, and he told me that he'd figured out all the Hidden Meanings of Dylan's lyrics!!! Well I asked him to give me an example and he said, "I'll bet you didn't know that Dylan has joined the Playboy Club."

"Are you sure about that?" asked I. "Would I lie to you?" replied he.

"Now why would he go and do a thing like that?" wondered I.

"It's all right there in the lyrics," said he.

"Well *why*, then?" demanded I. "To Be Alone with Hugh, of course."

Well, it sounded logical. And Webbermann went on to explain how joining the Playboy Club had been Dylan's lifelong closet ambition, or—in Dylan's very own words—"All I really wanna do is baby be friends with Hugh." Well, it really blew my mind. And then Webbermann got down to some real nitty-gritty—he told me that Dylan had become a Junkie!!! "At this point he is nothing but a strung-out sybarite, an ideological eyesore, a teleological turncoat, a mainlining miscreant, a narcotized nabob of nebulous sectarian nonsense—and a Shithead," said Webbermann.

"But," protested I, "how do you know he's a Junkie?"

"Because," rejoined he, "over the past two years I have found upwards of six thousand empty Yoo-Hoo Chocolate-Flavored Beverage bottles, Yogi Berra's favorite drink, in Dylan's garbage—AND NOT ONE YOO-HOO CHOCOLATE-FLAVORED BEVERAGE BOTTLECAP!!! Dylan has obviously been using these bottlecaps to cook up his fixes. *What other explanation could there possibly be for all that Yoo-Hoo?*"

Well, it sounded logical. Anyway, I decided to ask Webbermann about orgasms—but when I brought up the Subject he didn't seem to know what I was talking about. He told me he had never found one in Dylan's garbage (at least not that he knew of), and if an orgasm (whatever it was) wasn't disposable then it came under the heading of Property, and Property (according to Pierre-Joseph Proudhon, the great nineteenth-century anarchist) was tantamount to legal Theft, which made the orgasm (if

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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!

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 Mantovan 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 Booblelegum 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 Toiletts 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 Kahll Gibrish, I Dreamed I Was There in Overdose Heaven, and Buckminster Fuller-Charles Relch-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 Barkfeather'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.

NOVEMBER, 1971/HORROR: Step Into Ghost Editor Michael O'Donoghue's gas chamber of horrors and meet The Phantom of the Rock Opera, The Mammal That Suckled Its Young, Dragula—Queen of Darkness, Dr. Jekyll's Surgical Supply Catalogue, and X-Rated Foto Funnies.

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indeed such a thing existed) nothing but a tool of the Power Brokers (and in all probability counterrevolutionary).

Well at this point I thanked him and went running out the men's-room door and he came running after me, waving an empty Yoo-Hoo bottle and hollering for me to stick around.

"Stick around!" hollered he. "Stick around and I'll let you in on all the details of how Dylan murdered Paul McCartney!"

Well, I just kept on running. I guess maybe that was sort of a little rude on my part, but I was in a hurry to go and look up Power Brokers in the Yellow Pages.

Well, when this turned out to be just another dead end I was really pretty bummed out. I decided to go to a concert, but when I looked in the newspaper it turned out to be Sunday and nobody was playing anywhere, so I decided to go to a football game. Well, there was a big advertisement for a Pre-Season Exhibition so I took a subway out to Shea Stadium, but it turned out there wasn't any game—just Lance Rentzel. There weren't any other players around for him to play with, so he was playing with himself. Well, I would have asked *him* about orgasms, but he left early with a police escort.

So I subways back to Manhattan and sat down on the steps of the Playboy Club, thinking over all the strange things K. J. Webbermann had told me. And all of a sudden whose voice should I hear but Bob Dylan's himself, right behind me, singing *Tonight I'll Be Staying Here with Hugh!!!* Well I turned around and there he was—the *real Bob Dylan!*—grinning through his little beard, jingling his Playboy Club Key, drinking a Yoo-Hoo Chocolate-Flavored Beverage—and holding hands with Yogi Berra.

Oh well.

At least he's not a junkie.

Up against the wall for peace,

Cynthia

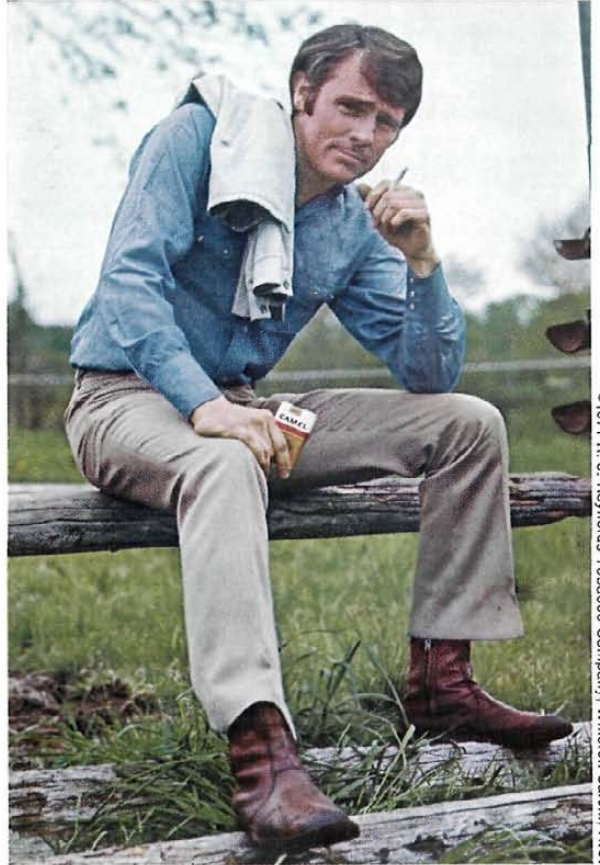


On his last hunt, Major Hocum
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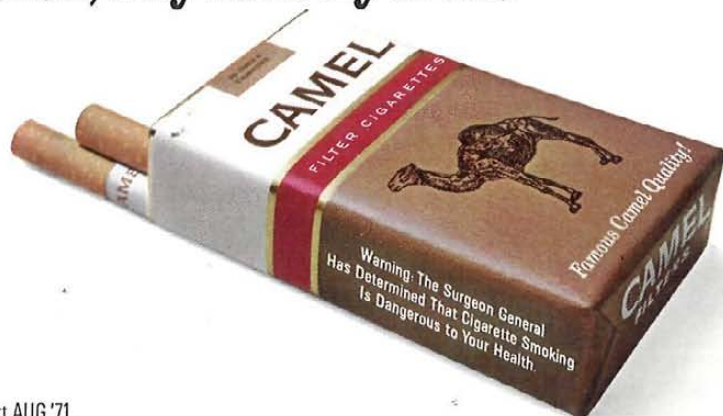


...almost everybody.



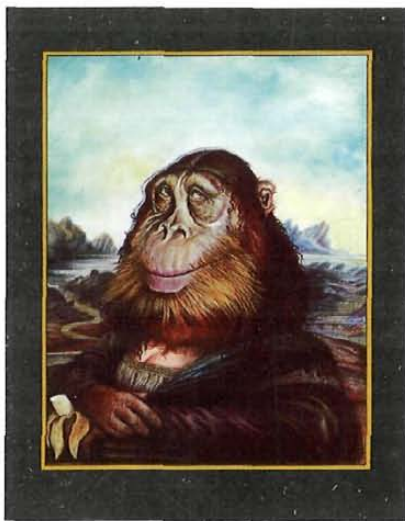
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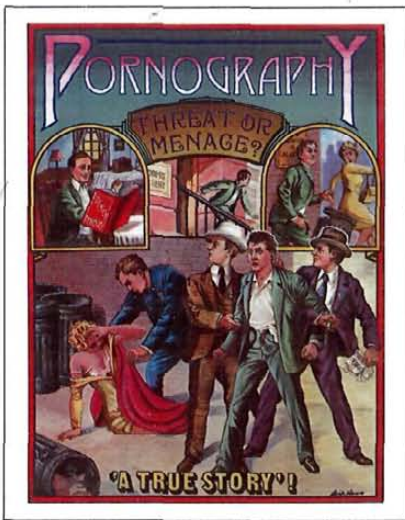
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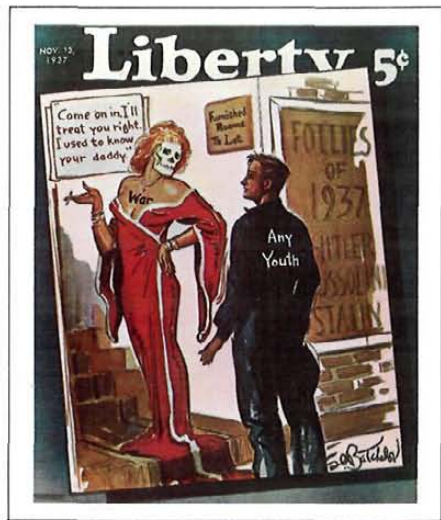
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MRS. AGNEW'S DIARY



Dear Diary,

Do you believe in coincidences? I do. I know it may sound "way out," but every once in a while some odd little incident happens around the house that makes me feel wiggly all over.

Like today, for an example, I was trying out a recipe Pat had given me for chocolate moose, which, I assure you, tastes much better than it sounds. Suddenly, right in the middle of adding the Royal pudding and the cottage cheese, it dawned on me that the vital ingredient was missing, and there probably wasn't a Hershey bar in the house! Just as I put on my car coat and headed for the store, the doorbell rang and it was the Chinese boy from the cleaners, the one who has those cunning cuff-links that look like little miniature cameras. He was delivering Spiggy's white tuxedo jacket, and sure enough, inside the breast pocket was what was left of the "gag" present Spiggy forgot to give to Sigmund Ree when we visited South Korea last year. It ruined the suit, I'm afraid, and Spiggy was in such a snit about it when he woke up that he threw the delivery boy out of the house without even giving him a tip, which I thought was unnecessarily harsh since the boy had been dusting the insides of Spiggy's desk drawers without even asking.

In Spiggy's defense, though, I must say he has been under somewhat of a strain lately. First there was that remark Walter Cronkite made about how everybody's hat was still technically in the ring for '72, including Spiggy's lampshade. Then there was a series of phone calls Spiggy kept getting last Thursday night. Every time Spiggy picked up the phone to say "Hello," all he heard was heavy breathing. For days Spiggy was sure it was John Connally trying to see if he was out of the house. (Spiggy suspects something, but so far everything, as Kim would say, is "cool." Whew.) As it turned out, it wasn't John Connally at all, but Martha Mitchell. John Mitchell explained later that she had suffered a terrible asthma attack and was calling for help.

Anyway, that evening Spiggy was still feeling itchy when he asked the gang to come over for a drink after they got through at the office. Pat and Dick arrived first, and Dick headed straight for the martinis, while Pat made her

usual beeline for the little-girls' room. Then Hank Kissinger showed up (without that chippy from *New York* magazine, for a change), and John Connally came in right behind them with Martha, who gave me a wink I didn't particularly like, saying *her* John couldn't come because he had to work late brushing up on his martial law, which I know Spiggy is interested in, too, because he hasn't missed an episode of "Gunsmoke" since 1959.

Well, when everybody was settled and Martha got Pat out of the powder room, Spiggy took off his jacket, un-snapped his tie, and said okay, you know why I called you all over here, and I think it's time to talk turkey. Dick was edgily sucking the pimentos out of his martini olives while Spiggy told him he knew that Dick planned to replace him in '72 with that cowpie over there (here Spiggy pointed his thumb at John Connally, who was looking down at his boots and whistling). What I want to know, said Spiggy, looking directly at Dick, is what I get out of this?

Dick sucked three more pimentos before he spoke. I'm very glad you asked me that question, said Dick finally, and I know we all have been searching our minds and hearts to find an answer, that is to say, a firm and just solution to this vital problem and how about heading up the Atomic Energy Commission plus seventy grand under-the-table in uranium-mining stock? Spiggy just stuck out his lower lip, raised his arms, and laced his hands behind his head—which reminds me, dear Diary, to use added detergent on those "trouble spots"—and said no dice. He had seen what happens to guys who get suckered into hanging around inspecting those reactors, and if they expect him to wind up in Ripley's "Believe It or Not," they had the wrong cookie.

John Connally took his hand out from behind Martha's back, where he was helping her adjust a dress shield, and said you could try the CIA because they're always running short of hostages.

Speaking of the CIA, Spiggy chuckled as he stood up, spilled his drink on John's boots, and walked over to our movie projector, I thought you might be interested in some home movies I've

continued

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been collecting lately for just such a get-together. This first one might interest you, John, said Spiggy. It's some footage that got left on the cutting-room floor by some friends of yours after they'd seen a private screening of the Zapruder film. Spiggy flicked off the lights and turned on the projector. What it was was a movie of Jack Kennedy and Jackie and John Connally riding through Dallas, but suddenly I realized we were watching a part of it I had never seen on the news. Jackie and John are sitting in the back, when all of a sudden Jackie jumps up and slaps John's face. Then John, who is looking embarrassed, brings his hand up to see what time it is, turns a little pale, and begins frantically pulling a bullet-proof vest out from under the seat. Just a little too late, said Spiggy as he turned the lights back on, but I have a lot more films all of you might like to see, including Hank's imitation of Pope Paul VI at last year's Christmas party and a little news clip confiscated by Connie Stuart showing Pat slipping saltpeter into the batter for Tricia's wedding cake. Last and certainly not least, Spiggy giggled, Dick might be interested in a closed-circuit internal surveillance TV tape of Dick and Bebe Rebozo accidentally winding up in the same shower stall in the White House sauna.

Just then Dick's whole body gave a little jerk, and a pimento accidentally slipped up his nose. Everybody jumped up to help, but we had to turn our attention to Pat, who had, unnoticed, taken off her shoes and stockings and was sitting in the corner singing I'm a little teapot. Finally, Spiggy held Dick down on the rug while John fished the pimento out with a pipe cleaner. Hank took Pat into the bedroom to make her take her medicine. (Pat has been somewhat unpredictable lately because Ron Ziegler told Dick that Pat would present a warmer and more personable image if they cut her daily Thorazine dosage in half. Now everybody has to be on his toes. The first day they cut her prescription Dick had to fly to Alaska to meet the president of Japan, and Pat arrived a little late dressed in a paper kimono singing "Three Little Maids from School Are We.")

Well, when things settled down a bit and Hank came back in cleaning a hypodermic needle, Dick straightened his tie, rubbed his nose, and said of course we are anxious to find something Spiggy might like to do next year, and did Spiggy have any ideas?

Spiggy poured himself a gin sour and said as a matter of fact I've been thinking about getting involved in the law again, which was still another coincidence since the couch we were sitting in was being held up on the left side by the law books Spiggy used to get from LaSalle Extension University! After all,

Spiggy continued, what's Warren Burger got that I haven't got?

John was about to say something, but Dick cut him off and sort of smiled at Spiggy with his upper lip, saying that certainly is a tall order, heh heh, wanting to be on the Supreme Court when Spiggy hadn't practiced law since he used to swear in kids for the safety patrol in Baltimore, heh heh, but there weren't really any unfilled vacancies right now. That's okay, Spiggy said, because somebody's going to win the pool pretty soon. (I had thought Spiggy meant the Senate pool, but later Hank explained that Spiggy meant the betting pool on when Justice Douglas' new wife finally gives him a heart attack or he is unexpectedly cut down by a well-meaning but deranged extremist.)

Well, said Spiggy, breaking a few eggheads has never stopped John Connally from making an omelette, so why don't we just leave all the details to him? He can probably borrow that FBI bodyguard of Dick's. You know, the one who shoots out the TV screen whenever he sees a movie with Sidney Greenstreet in it. And to sink two scows with one torpedo, John Connally added, maybe I'll have that guy pay a visit to Jim Garrison, just to be on the safe side.

The party began to perk up now that everybody agreed to Spiggy's suggestion, and Spiggy promised that as his first act as a Supreme Court justice he'd help Warren Burger get those goddamn bussing decisions off the books and replace them with some new minority-protection rulings he thought up a few years ago while he was studying the Baltimore leash laws. Everybody had a fine chuckle over that, and Dick said, well Spiggy, we'll be looking forward to receiving the films you have collected, plus all the negatives and prints, and Spiggy said don't worry about a thing, you'll have them in your hot little palms as soon as I get my black robe and one of those wooden hammers. John Connally was the last to leave, but before he went out the door he told me with a wink to call him the minute the coast was clear, if, dear Diary, you know what I mean.

Needless to say, Spiggy has been in fine spirits the whole evening since they left. After a few more gin sours he even put on my bathrobe and my party wig, picked up the meat tenderizer from the kitchen, and went barging around the house yelling order in the court and scaring the dog out of its wits. He calmed down for a while when I sat him in front of the TV to watch Perry Mason (I told him the blond floozy did it all along), but now he's up again, and from the way he's been pinching me in the kitchen and giggling heah come dee judge, I have a feeling the coast tonight will definitely not be clear.

All for now (darn it),

Judy

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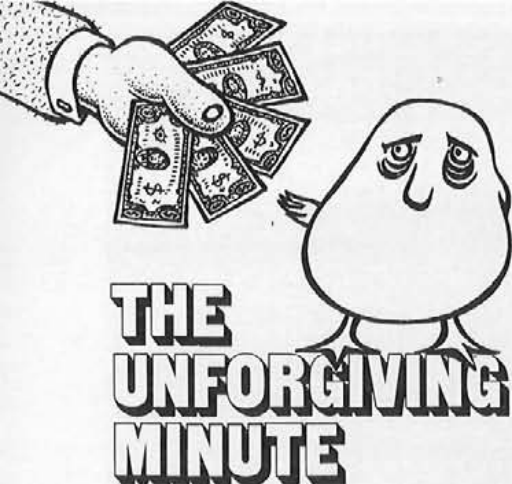
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THE UNFORGIVING MINUTE

by Paul Krassner

The mythology that has been piling up around the memory of Lenny Bruce includes a media mixture of saccharine and bullshit. He's not completely defenseless, however, for they buried him with his recorder on. There was only one reel of tape, and that was smuggled out by a cemetery employee whose professional sentimentality is overshadowed only by his personal bribeworthiness. Here, then, speaking from the grave, is Lenny's Last Tape:

Whew! It's really weird being dead. But it doesn't matter. Don't tell me it matters to you, because I know you. The reason I know you is because I know myself, and if you were dead it wouldn't matter to me. Oh, sure, when my friend Joe Maini died—he was a brilliant jazz saxophonist—it felt very strange to read his obituary. But the one thing about being a corpse is that you're not aware you've stopped being alive. So, since it's impossible to be cognizant of your own loss (except for me, of course, because everybody keeps saying how immortal I am), in the end,



grief is merely self-indulgence. And we're all 100 percent selfish, man. That's such a truism, yet people keep putting themselves on about having purely altruistic motivations.

They sincerely believe in that wife who will stay with her husband when his face gets shot away. This game of good and evil—how ironic that a set of standards, for the Edsel automobile or for a Communist administration, which might be good on paper, doesn't always work out practically.

Including romantic love. I used to do this bit on stage about a guy who was run over by a car, but on the way to the hospital he makes a play for the nurse in the ambulance. "That's all you think about, you animal, your leg is cut off and—" Well, I never excluded myself from the things I talked about. When that window gave way at the Swiss-American Hotel in San Francisco and I fell to the ground—broke both ankles and my favorite pelvis—and the ambulance came for me, I actually did ask the nurse in my delirium if she would give me some exquisite head, and the doctors found it necessary to put adhesive tape on my mouth, if not hers.

Anyway, I went—I mean my spirit went—to see the play *Lenny*. The people there looked like they were expecting a concert by Lenny Bernstein. All these off-duty policemen with Scarsdale Zapata moustaches and their ladies wearing Eva Braun boots and organic hair spray. When I was performing I'd always be reacting to my environment, and that means making fun of the audience. The thing I dug most was the intermission because there wasn't any script to follow.

It felt so strange to see this actor on-stage doing my material complaining that the district attorney is doing his material.

And every night it's the same thing. I could never be so static. If I were alive now I would be talking about Women's Liberation and about Vietnam veterans hooked on smack and about Attica—the closest they come to Attica is unintentional—they're doing my yata-yata-yata prison-break routine at one point and there's this dialogue:

"I don't wanna die! I don't wanna die!"

"Schmuck, you're a guard!"

Boy, I still get an incredible rush of passion whenever humor and truth cross each other like that.

But I'll tell you about a really bizarre prison break. My ex-wife was once sentenced to three years at a federal penitentiary on an island off the coast of California for parole violation and a narcotics charge. It wasn't such a terrible place as prisons go. They had dormitories instead of cellblocks. There was these two guys in the Coast Guard hanging around there who recognized her

from where she'd been working as a stripper, and so there was a prison break: the two Coast Guardsmen broke into the prison. Honey and her roommate kept them hidden under their beds for three days. They balled the entire dormitory.

Now there were some chicks (excuse the language, it's a habit) who were doing time there, whose husbands were also doing time in the men's prison on the other side of this island, and who, when they heard this delicious piece of gossip, they really started bitching—you know, "A woman's not even safe in jail!"

It's funny, here I am, buried forever, and I remember my first record had a photograph of me having a picnic lunch on somebody else's grave. Now I'm on this side of that incongruity. But what's really morbid is the way all the stores are selling my records and books now, all the vultures circling around, waiting to cash in on my death, all the lovelies who never had anything to do with my career while I was available now displaying this great posthumous interest in me. Except the Suicide Prevention Bureau in Los Angeles. Whenever there's an unusual death like mine, they're supposed to automatically investigate it to determine—hypothetically, that's the best they can do is speculate—whether or not it was suicide. They even went into the Marilyn Monroe case.

I died on the toilet. Oh, that's so beautifully appropriate. Ha! But, you know, when I fell off the toilet, the needle fell out of my arm onto the floor. Well, the cops, my old buddies, replaced it for the benefit of the photographers. Another violation of separation of Church and state.

And now there's this fantastic exploitation of my stuff—plays, movies, biographies, magazine articles—and the same critics who called me sick when I was alive are now referring to me as a prophet. You might think that this hypocrisy would have me doing flip-flops in my coffin, but I still believe in what is, rather than what should be.

Ah, it looks like the tape is about to run out. I'm anxious to get across the simple basic point that I would never have committed suicide. See, now, you might logically conclude from this statement that my death was due to an accidental overdose. But the fact is, I was done away with. You heard me right, brother. Yes, and now I'm going to reveal the identity of the actual perpetrator of that heinous crime.

The name of the murderer is . . . □

Paul Krassner worked with Lenny Bruce on his autobiography, How to Talk Dirty and Influence People; he is the editor and Zen bastard of The Realist, \$3 a year, 595 Broadway, New York 10012.

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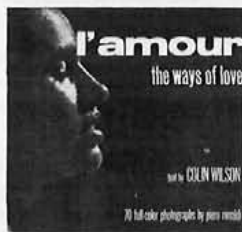
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THE STORY

49¢

OF

JESSICA CHRIST

BY FR. TONY HENDRA



IMPRIMATUR: TERESA CARDINAL COOKE

NIHIL OBSTAT: MIDGE SCUZZI S. J.

JESSICA was born on the very first Christmas long long ago in the little town of Bethlehem. Her parents' names were Mary and Joseph. There was no room for them at the inn, so Mary had to have Jessica in a manger. Over the manger shone a lovely pink star. Three wise queens came from the East with lots of presents for Jessica—gold and frankincense and furs.

JESSICA liked wise people. Once when She was twelve, She ran away to the temple to talk to the wise men who lived there. Mary and Joseph were very worried, but when they saw Her talking to the wise men, they were very proud. "Isn't She clever?" said Joseph. "No," answered a wise man, "but She's going to be a regular little heartbreaker."



JESSICA was very good even though She was very poor. She knew that one thing led to another, and nobody could ever get to first base with Her. So She grew up beautiful and pure. When She was twenty-nine or so She went to be baptised by Her cousin Joan. As Joan was pouring the water over Her head, a beautiful soft white dove fluttered down, and a lovely voice spoke from the sky. "This is my beloved Daughter," it said, "in Whom I am very pleased."

JESSICA began to do many miracles after that. She went to a wedding and turned all the wine into delicious fruit punch. She cured all the icky lepers. She kissed people's dead relatives and made them better. She told everyone: "You shall not enter the kingdom of heaven, unless you enter through Me." After that many people wanted to enter the kingdom of heaven. Jessica picked the twelve handsomest ones, and they became Her apostles.



JESSICA began to get very famous. One day She went down to Galilee to have Her halo done. Someone asked Her why She spent so much money having Her halo done instead of buying food for the poor. "The poor you have with you always," said Jessica, "but I can only stay a minute." Then many people came crowding round to get cured. One was a crippled man who could not get through, so he made his friends lower him down through the roof. Jessica thought this was wonderful, but it was so noisy She got mixed up and turned him into a fig tree.

"Silly Me," said Jessica.

JESSICA did a lot of preaching. One day She preached to five thousand people on a mountain. "Blessed are the chic," said Jessica, "for they shall inherit the Earth." Then everyone was hungry. The apostles said there was nothing to feed them with except five loaves and two small fishes. So Jessica whipped up a dip, and it was enough to feed all five thousand people. Everyone thought the dip was divine. "This truly is the Daughter of God," they said.



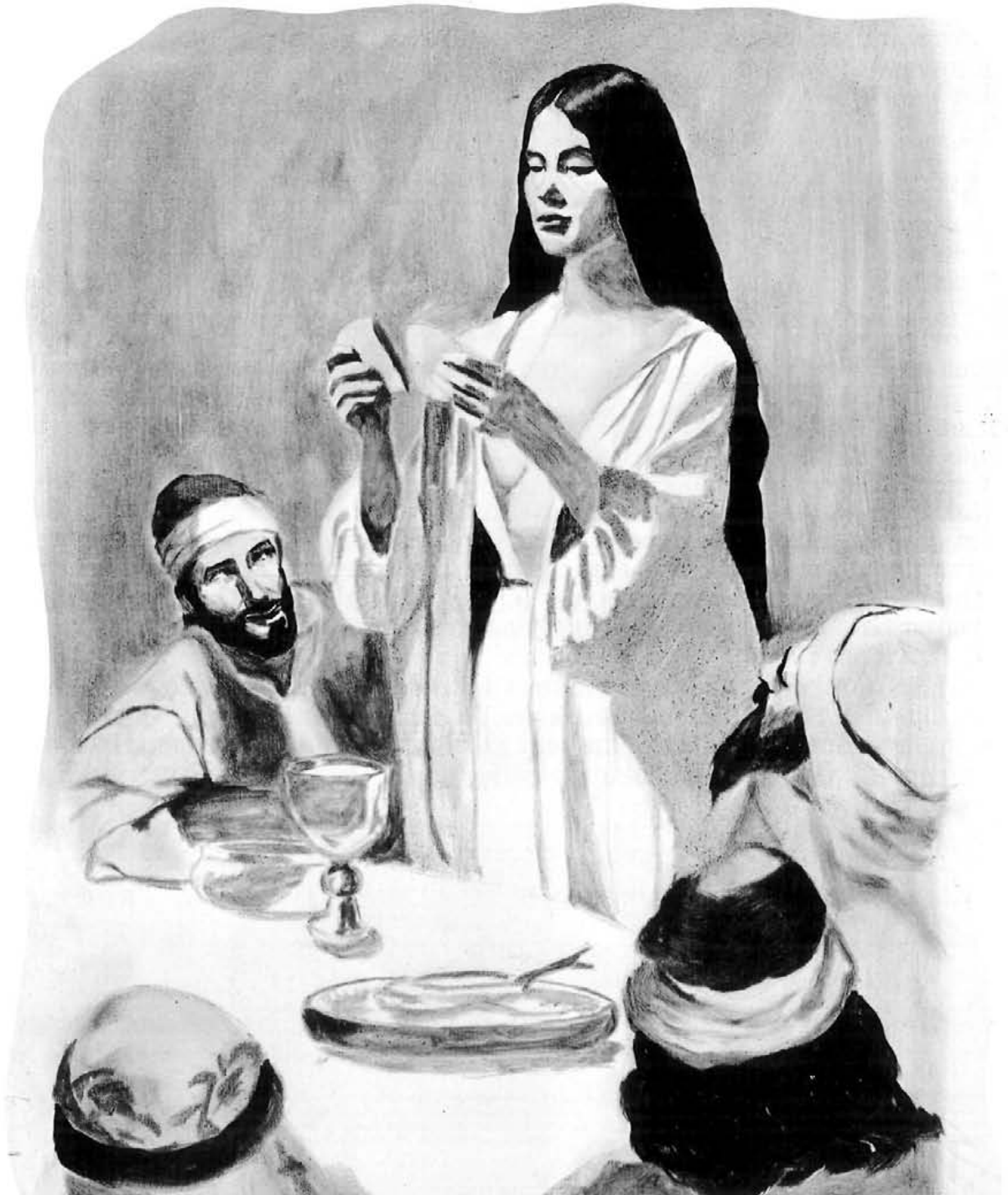
JESSICA went up into the desert after this to fast and lose a little weight. "Verily I say unto you," She said, "what does it profit a woman if she gain the whole world and lose her figure?" While She was in the desert the devil came and tempted Her but She did not give in. After forty days and nights She was lovely and thin. The apostles were rowing across a big lake, so Jessica walked after them on the water. "Hi guys," She shouted. "See how light I am!"

JESSICA was always very fair. Once the apostles began fighting about whom Jessica liked best. Jessica picked Peter because he was the strongest. "Your muscles are huge," said Jessica, "and upon them will I build My church." All the other apostles were jealous, especially Judas, who'd been trying to get to first base with Jessica for simply ages.

JESSICA began to get so famous that people wanted Her to be Queen of Israel. One day She rode into Jerusalem on a mule and everyone cheered and waved palms. But Jessica wasn't a very good driver and She crashed Her mule into a camel. "Goddamn women messiahs," said the camel-driver, so Jessica withered him.



JESSICA said many wonderful things. "There are many rooms in My mother's mansion," She said once, "and all of them are spotless." Another time She taught everyone to pray. "Our Mother," She prayed, "Which art in heaven." And that is where we get the wonderful prayer we say to this day.



JESSICA was always very pure, and no one could get anywhere with Her, especially if he was a scribe or a Pharisee. So the wicked scribes and Pharisees plotted to put Jessica in jail. Jessica knew Her time had come, because She was the Daughter of God and knew everything. She gathered all Her apostles to-

gether for a last candlelit supper. But before they started She took the rolls and blessed them and broke them. "Take eat," She said, "for this is My body."

"Hubba hubba," said the apostles.

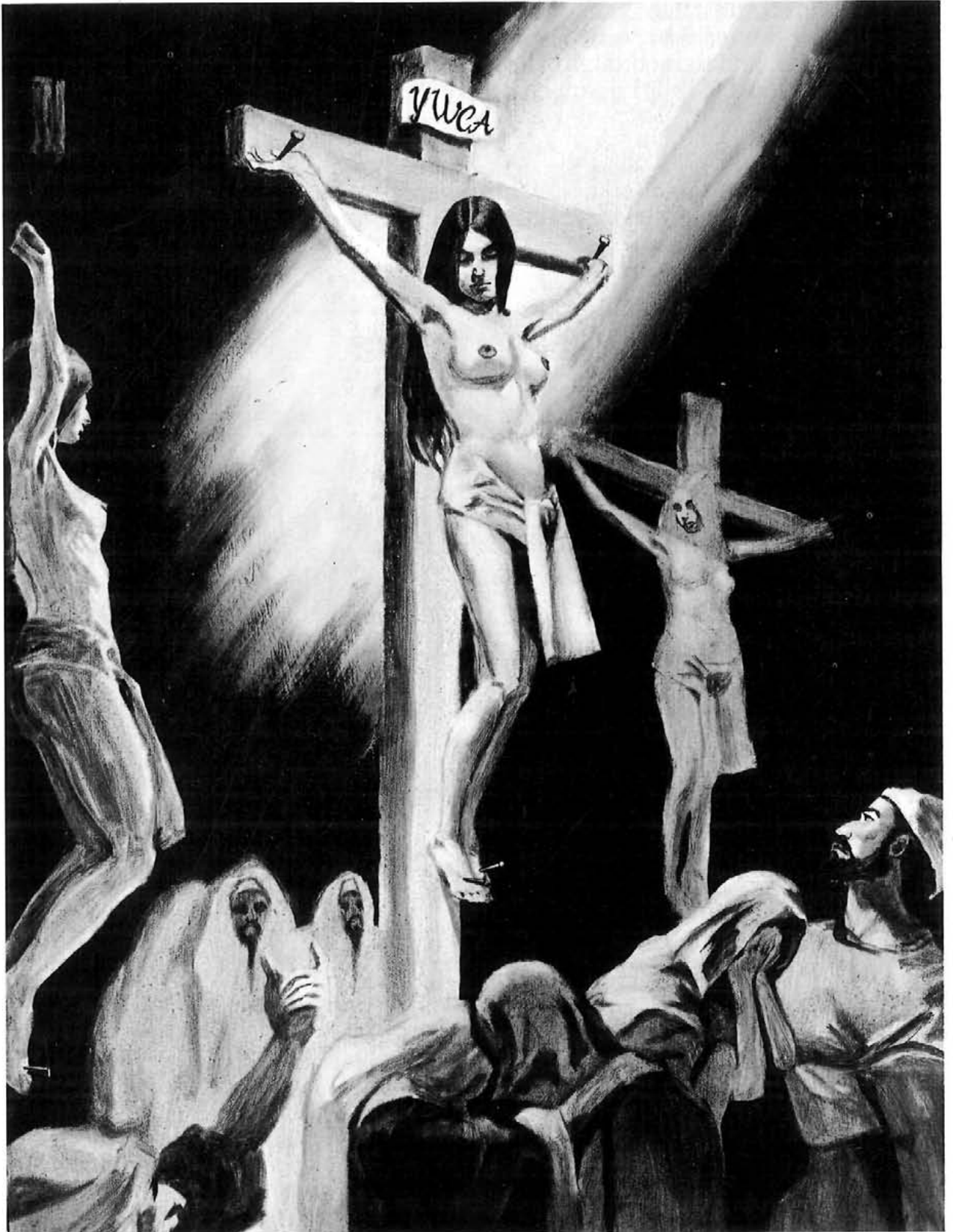
After dinner they went for a walk in the park. Judas wanted to get even with Jessica, and so he brought the scribes and Pharisees to catch Her. In those days it was hard to tell the women because everyone wore dresses, so Judas said, "It's the one I kiss." Then he went up to Jessica and kissed Her. "Fresh," said Jessica, but by then it was too late.

JESSICA was taken before Pontius Pilate, the wicked Roman governor. Pilate said there was a way out of this if She would mess around a little. "Nothing doing," said Jessica, so he sentenced Her to be crucified.



JESSICA had almost all Her clothes torn off Her. Then She was whipped. The only thing Pilate would let Her do was pick Her own Crown of Thorns. Then they gave Her a very heavy Cross to carry. No one would help Her carry the Cross. "Not one amongst you is a gentleman," said Jessica, and carried it Herself.

JESSICA was crucified for our sins.
"Men!!" said Jessica.



And gave up The Ghost.



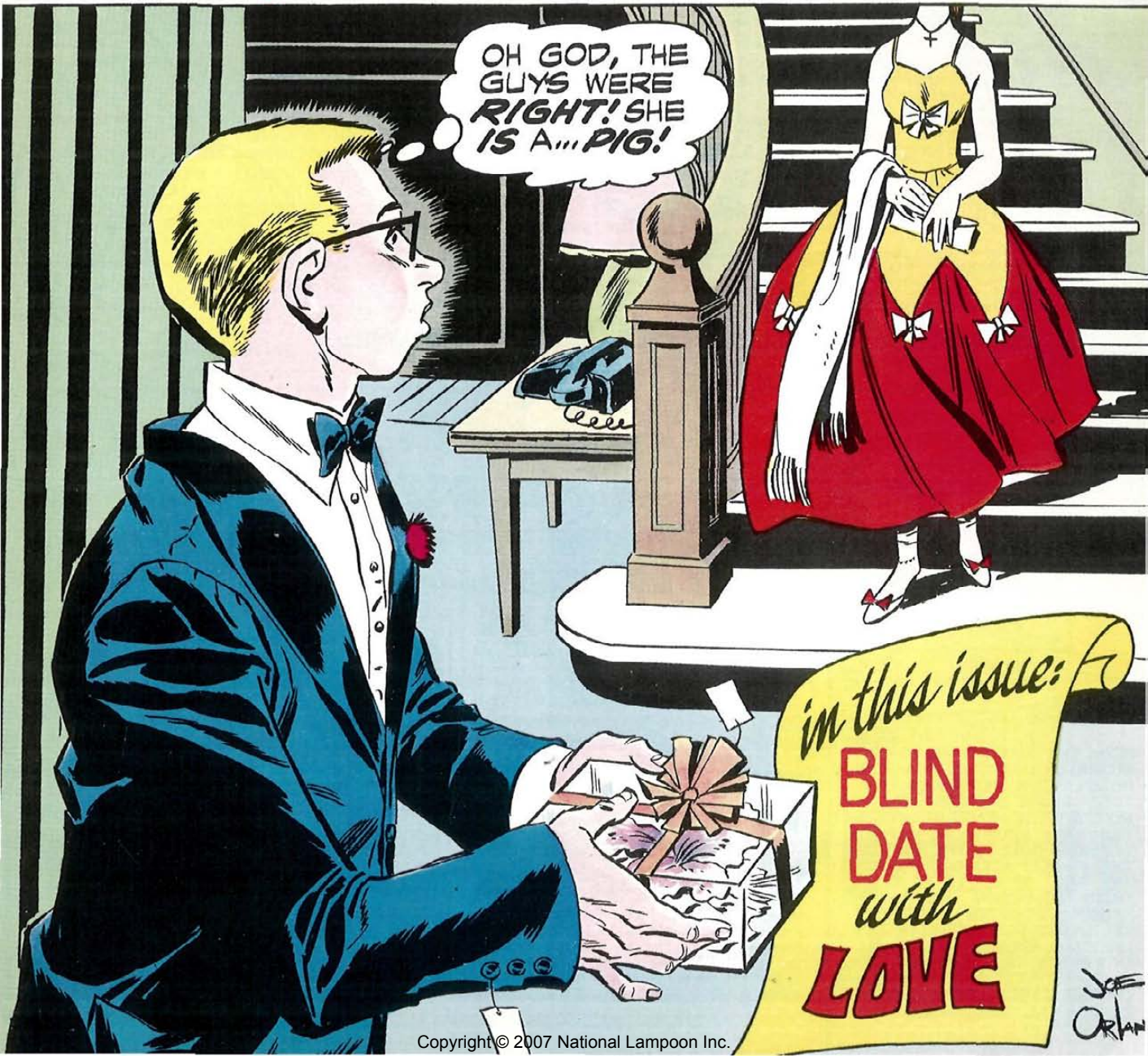
BOYS'

Romances

25¢



No. 160
DEC.



OH GOD, THE GUYS WERE RIGHT! SHE IS A... PIG!

in this issue:
BLIND DATE
with
LOVE

JOE ORLAN



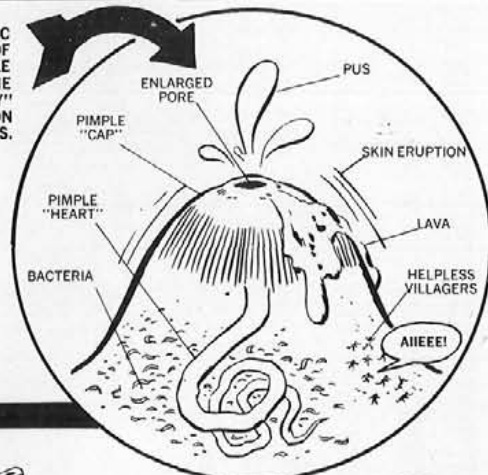
SOUND FAMILIAR?

It should, because if you are a normal teen-ager, chances are your skin is already exploding with OOOZING, FESTERING PIMPLES! And it's no secret that the sharp girls wouldn't be caught dead going out with some poor chump whose face has so many whiteheads he looks like an AERIAL MAP OF THE SWISS ALPS! Like most teens, your body is producing an excess of fatty grease, greasy fats, and icky pus THAT FOUL AND CONGEST YOUR PORES FASTER THAN YOU CAN

EVER HOPE TO UNCLOG THEM! Washing with soap and water may help during the day, but after eight hours' sleep your pores have bloated up on enough gunk and sludge to make your face look like a NASA PHOTOGRAPH OF THE MOON! "Men don't make passes at girls who wear glasses," goes the old saying, but it is even truer that "Girls with big busts you'll scare off with your pustules!"



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NEVER "POP" A PIMPLE! Dermatologists warn that "popping," "squeezing," or "teasing" your facial blemishes only spreads the bacteria-infested slime in your pimples to other parts of your body and can eventually rot you away entirely! What

is worse, pimples can be carried on air currents, even if you leave them alone! "You don't have to pop to be popular," goes the old saying, but it is even truer that "You don't have to 'pop' to be pimplier!"

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Tommy K.
Denver, Colo.

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YES, I'm sick and tired of looking like a bullfrog with a bad case of leprosy! Please RUSH me my ATOMIC ZIT-LIFTER® before I turn into a puddle of undatable slime and corruption!

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IT SEEMS LIKE ONLY YESTERDAY THAT GRADUATION WAS JUST AROUND THE CORNER AND ALL OF MILFORD HIGH WAS BUSTLING WITH EXCITEMENT...



GOSH! JUNE THIRD! THAT'S ONLY TWO MONTHS AWAY!

RIGHT! IF YOU DON'T WANT TO GET STUCK WITH A DOG, YOU BETTER START LAYIN' RUBBER!

HEY, HOW 'BOUT YOU, "FOUR-EYES," WHO'RE YOU TAKING?

UH, I THOUGHT MAYBE... UH, MARY LYNN MCCARTY...

...BUT FOR ME, IT WAS A TIME OF SADNESS, TOO, KNOWING I'D SOON BE LEAVING MY CHILDHOOD FRIENDS.

MARY LYNN MCCARTY!? THAT'S RICH! HALF THE FOOTBALL TEAM'S TRYIN' TO GET HER FOR THE PROM!

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH "FOUR-EYES"? CAN'T HE EVEN GET A DATE FOR THE SENIOR PROM?

I DUNNO. MUST BE A QUEER OR SOMETHIN'.



ALTHOUGH MILFORD HIGH WAS KNOWN FOR ITS SHARP GIRLS, MY FICKLE HEART COULD NEVER FIND "MISS RIGHT."

THE SENIOR PROM? GEE, FOUR-- UH-I MEAN TED, I'D REALLY LOVE TO GO, BUT JUNE THIRD IS THE NIGHT I ALWAYS WASH MY HAIR...

GOLLY, TED, JUNE THIRD'S AWFULLY FAR AWAY... LISTEN, I'VE GOT TO GO NOW, I THINK I HEAR THE PHONE RINGING.

OH, YOU MUST WANT JUNE MYERSON! SHE'S NOT IN AND THIS IS MY LITTLE SISTER TALKING...



YES, I SUPPOSE I WAS SELFISH, KEEPING MY HEART TO MYSELF, BUT I KNEW IT WAS ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE...

HELLO, TED! SAY, I WAS WONDERING IF YOU'D ASKED ANYBODY TO THE PROM YET?

HUH? OH HI, MARY LYNN! WELL, NO, ACTUALLY...



MARY LYNN MCCARTY! I HELD MY BREATH AS SHE SPOKE, HARDLY BELIEVING SHE WANTED...ME!

GOOD! YOU SEE, MY COUSIN DEBBIE IS COMING FROM TOLEDO THAT WEEKEND AND I KNOW SHE'D LOVE TO GO WITH YOU! SHE'S NOT WHAT YOU'D CALL A RAVING BEAUTY OR ANYTHING, BUT SHE'S GOT A REAL CUTE PERSONALITY, AND A GOOD SENSE OF HUMOR, AND A LOT OF SCHOOL SPIRIT, AND...



THE DAYS THAT REMAINED WERE FILLED WITH HEADY ACTIVITY...

UH, SIR, DON'T YOU THINK IT'S A LITTLE...

LIKE A MILLION DOLLARS, YOU LOOK, KID. OKAY, NEXT!



...AND VAGUE, WONDERFUL DAYDREAMS.

OH, DEBBIE, DEBBIE, OH GOD, OH DEBBIE OH... OH GOD!

JOHN, I REALLY THINK IT'S TIME YOU HAD A TALK WITH TED. HE KEEPS THEM UNDER HIS MATTRESS.

WELL...



FINALLY, THE BIG DAY ARRIVED, AND I SCURRIED TO FINISH THE LAST-MINUTE PREPARATIONS...

OH! NO!



MAYBE IT'LL PASS AS A FRECKLE.

IT WAS DAD'S CLUB NIGHT, SO HE KINDLY OFFERED TO PICK UP MY DATE AND DROP US OFF.

TEDDY, YOUR MOTHER AND I HAVE BEEN MEANING TO SPEAK TO YOU--

WHAT IS THAT THING ON YOUR NOSE?

--FOR SOMETIME, TED, AND...



FINALLY...

...AND SO, YOUR MOTHER AND I HAVE ALWAYS FELT--LOOK, SON, IF YOU PICK IT, IT'LL NEVER HEAL-- THAT SEX IS LIKE A SAVINGS ACCOUNT. THE LONGER YOU WAIT, THE MORE INTEREST YOU...

...THE MOMENT...



HI, FOUR--I MEAN, TED! DEBBIE'S ALL READY!

...ARRIVED.



GOOD CHRIST!



OUR EYES MET, AND I FELT SUDDENLY TONGUE-TIED.

SAY, I THOUGHT YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO BE AT LEAST FIVE-TEN!

WELL, I, UH...



HEY, MARY! I THINK I BETTER BORROW YOUR FLATS AFTER ALL!



OH, IS THAT FOR ME?

IT'S SO BEAUTIFUL I CAN'T WAIT 'TIL I PIN IT ON!



LATER...

IT'S AMAZING! IT'S JUST LIKE PARIS!

OO LA LA!

EVERYONE WAS CAUGHT UP IN THE SPELL OF THIS SPECIAL NIGHT...

...AND THEN ON SATURDAYS I READ BIBLE STORIES AT THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL...



TICKETS \$10.00
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CARNATION \$1.75
\$3075!

...AND THE "AFTER PARTY" AT MARY LYNN'S WAS LIKE A FAIRY TALE COME TRUE.



GET MUCH?

THIRD BASE!

FRENCH KISS!

FALSIES!

WATCH IT, BUSTER!

STOP THAT!

HAND JOB!

LOOK AT ME, I'M AS RESTLESS AS A KITTEN UP A TREE...

TED, WHAT'S WRONG?

JUST A CRAMP IN MY LEG.

BUT ALL TOO SOON, THE TIME FOR PARTING CAME...



THANKS A LOT, TED. IT WAS A WONDERFUL EVENING, SO LET'S NOT SPOIL IT...

...AND, HOME ONCE AGAIN, I KNEW SLEEP WOULD BE A STRANGER AS MY MIND SPUN WITH A HUNDRED GOLDEN MEMORIES.



SSSHH, JOHN, LISTEN! I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO HAVE A TALK WITH HIM!

The End



ASK UNCLE BOB

(Each month Uncle Bob answers your questions about a teen-age boy's very special problems. If you have your share of "teen troubles," just send Uncle Bob a letter stating your problem in explicit detail, a snapshot of you in swim trunks or briefs, along with your name, address, phone number, and 25 cents to ensure a quick response and anonymity.)

Dear Uncle Bob,

I have a problem with my steady girl that's really got me stumped. Last night I took Peggy to the roller rink, bought her a Big Mac, a vanilla shake, and a side of fries, and then treated her to a double feature at the drive-in and a large popcorn with extra melted butter—the whole thing adding up to \$11.35. But when I finally got her alone by the lake to watch the submarine races, I couldn't even get to first base with her! All the guys agreed for that kind of dough the least I should have gotten was bare tit! What I want to know is what do I have to do with this ice cube to hit a home run—blow a whole month's allowance? I mean, what gives?

Out at First

Dear "Out,"

The first thing that should "give" is your misconception that a girl is a piece of merchandise, something that can be "bought" simply by showing her a good time. Attitudes such as yours put a cramp in free 'n' easy dating and blind you to the real nature of boy-girl relationships. For example, I bet dollars to doughnuts that all the time you're trying to see how much you can "get off" your date you never give a second thought to the poisonous secretions that ooze from every pore in Peggy's body each time your skin comes in contact with hers, even through several layers of clothing. My advice to you is play safe and drop this Peggy like a live grenade. Otherwise, after the horrible skin disease you're sure to develop reaches an advanced condition, the only thing you'll be able to "drop" is your nose.

Dear Uncle Bob,

I've gotten myself into a real fix, and you are the only one I can turn to. You see, I never had much interest in girls or any of that icky stuff, but a few weeks ago I came across a copy of *The Carpetbaggers* that my older brother I guess must have forgotten in an old three-ring binder. Now, every time I'm by myself in my room, I can't seem to think about anything but slamming my ham. You know, pulling my pud. Beating off, right? I mean, just leave me alone for a minute and I've got to flog my dolphin. I hope you have some advice for

me, because my forehead has become so powerful I think the tennis coach is going to tip off my pop any day now, and then I'll really be in hot water.

Rosie Palm

Dear "Rosie,"

You are not alone in your problem. Thousands of fellows have to face the same difficulty as they grow up, and it is perfectly natural that at your age you may become preoccupied with banging your whang. Stroking your oar. You know, whipping your lizard. To avoid "hot water," I suggest you turn the other knob in your bathroom up all the way when you shower, and, if you still find more than time on your hands, try taking up juggling. And by the way, kid, speaking of "icky stuff," how about just licking the envelope shut next time, okay?

Dear Uncle Bob,

All the guys at school make fun of me because I'm kind of pear-shaped, have a high squeaky voice, and, they say, walk sort of "funny." The whole school laughs at me and calls me a "fairy," and, when I shower after gym, everybody stops talking and just stares at me. Please send me an answer quickly, because I'm so unhappy I'm afraid of what I might do. What do you suggest?

Desperate

Dear "Desperate,"

Search me, but if you're ever looking for work, you can always make a few bucks in the circus, ha ha.

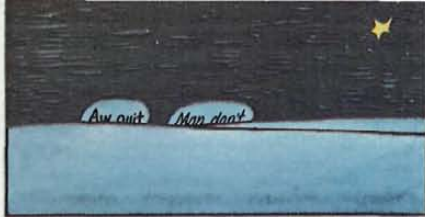
Dear Uncle Bob,

I'm still going with Joan, but when I'm with Mary Jo, I get so confused. Should I take the plunge with Mary Jo and maybe get in over my head? I may still not be dry behind the ears, but I'm no drip because I know that a lot of guys in the swim date several girls at the same time. Like they say, there's more than one fish in the sea, but maybe I'm all wet. What do you think?

Sen. Edward Kennedy
Martha's Vineyard, Mass.

Dear Sen. Edward Kennedy,

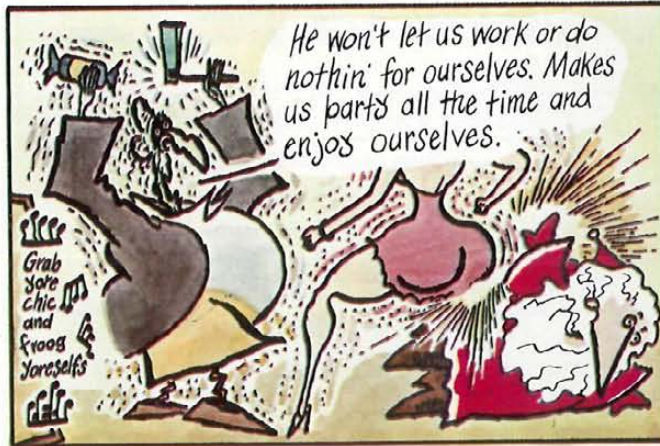
I think you should have enclosed that 25 cents with your letter.

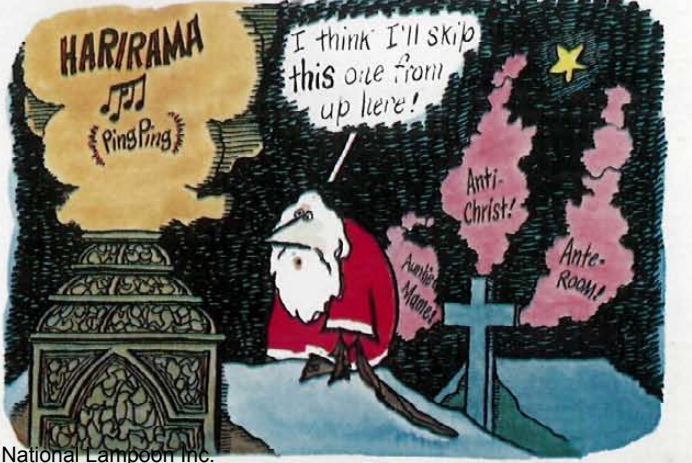
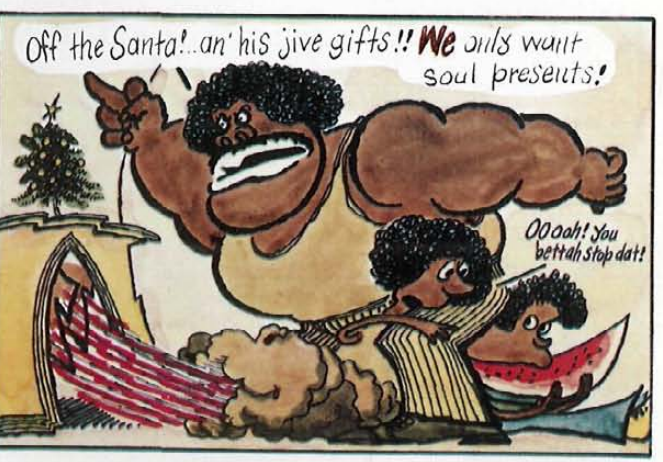
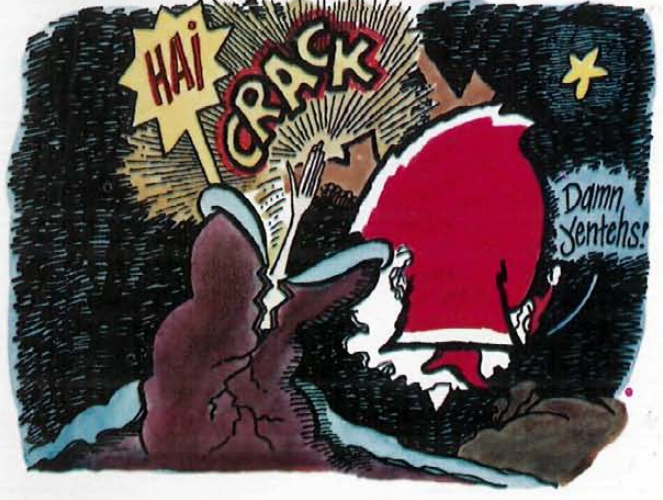


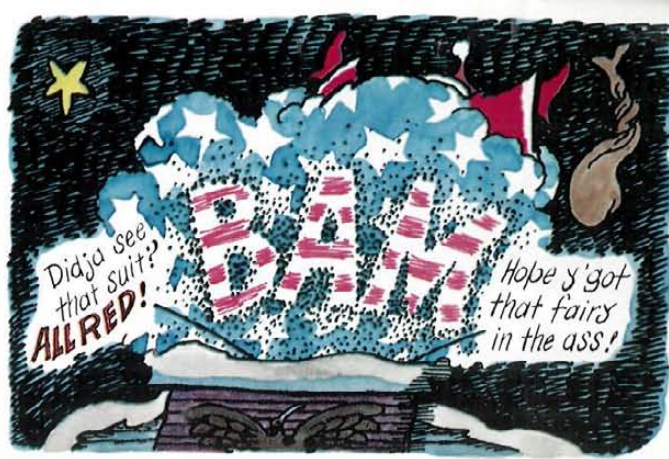
Arnold Roth's Christmas Story

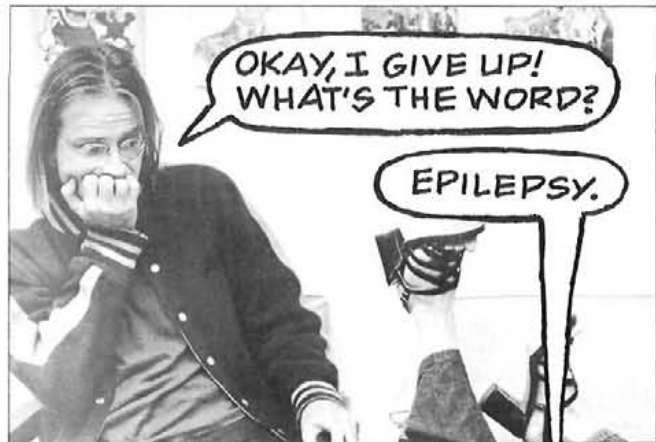
What can you say about a young Santa who is dying of cold and boredom?.







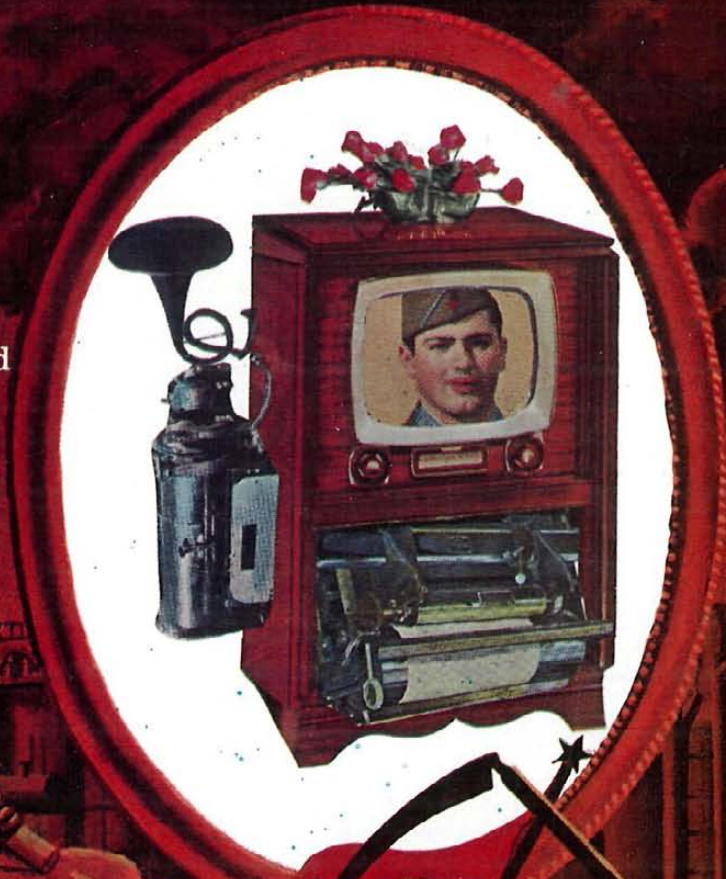




GOSUDARSTVENNYI UNIVERSALNYA MAGAZIN

Great Catalogue of Consumer Goods

Hundreds of
soundly constructed
items
produced with
the welfare
of the masses
in mind!



Large numbers
of toys
assembled by
Comrade Claus
and his
worker elves
in their
installation
at Novaya Zemlya!

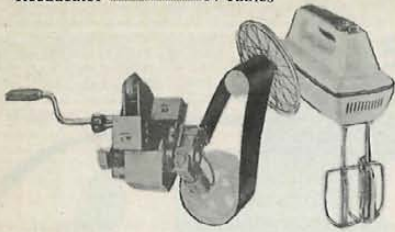
We wish all workers continued solidarity throughout the gay holiday period!



A Message of Welcome from Comrade P. V. Pushilisky, Deputy First Director of the Bureau of Consumer Items of the Department of Light Industry of the Ministry of Production.

We fervently welcome all citizen-shoppers to Gosudarstvennyi Universalnyi Magazin! Here you will find a true galaxy of good things of all kinds, whether you seek a useful utensil for the home, a rugged article of clothing in the most up-to-the-present-date style, or a soundly constructed gift for a relative or comrade. There are many hundreds of articles to choose from, from all portions of the fraternal socialist community: pine-cone furniture, television antlers, and colorful rocks from Latvia; from Lithuania come good things from the sea, among them kelp carpets, driftwood radios, and conch boots; far-off Bulgaria provides delectable foodstuffs, including tea ice cream, naval jelly, and door jam, and also fine ceramic china and dustware; from Hungary we have obtained tourniquets, vises, fish tanks, and clothes made of nougat; from the German Democratic Republic, whose name is a byword for much quality, we offer adding machines, subtracting machines, portable pencils, high-power kaleidoscopes, and vacuum mops; Czechoslovakia has sent us her famous oak beer, *vin bleu*, squirrel cheese, pocket forks, and soapstone goblets; and from Rumania come barbed-wire baskets, leather bicycles, and knitting nails. And this is not all! But to find as large a selection elsewhere, it would be necessary to travel many thousands of kilometers, and even then one could not be assured of locating a desired item. Yes, truly, GUM is the very place for shopping to be done in!

No. 19173 Znib Super Cosmos Egg
Reeducator 14 rubles

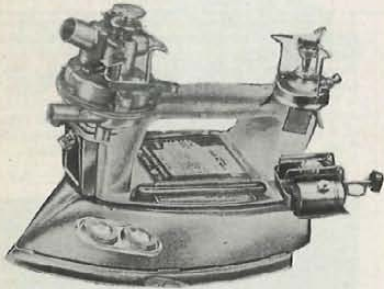


Note: A desirable feature of this model is its independence from reliable power sources. Another such feature is its portability, as it weighs only 27 kilos.

**KRASNY KEROSENE-STEAM
HAND-GARMENT MASTER**

There is no longer any need for the citizen, whether in a military or a civilian occupation, to look like a parasite, hooligan, or other social undesirable and possibly risk arrest because of improper garment hygiene. The Krasny Garment Master quickly "deports" unwanted wrinkles and imparts to all types of clothing material, including burlap, hemp, pressed lint, asbestos, and cardboard a firm "party line."

No. 19841 Krasny Kerosene-Steam Hand-Garment Master 16 rubles



Note: Naphtha, alcohol, or animal fat may be substituted when necessary for kerosene without impairing the efficiency of the device.



**ZVNIDET GLAMOUR
CROSSCUT APPAREL SAW**
Even a youth can manipulate this carefree cloth-cutting appliance, due to the simplified function of its drive mechanism. All substances and fibers are easily and speedily cut into desired patterns, and a number of convenient bolt-on attachments allow the user to then rivet, stitch, strafe, or arc-weld the material into cheap yet big-fashion clothes certain to attract favorable attention along Kalinin Prospekt.
No. 8774 ZvniDet Glamour Crosscut Apparel Saw 43 rubles

Note: Citizens desiring to purchase this item are advised to register their names before Steadfast Tailors' and Upholsterers' Day to ensure delivery.

**ZNIB SUPER COSMOS
EGG REEDUCATOR**

This is the same excellent kitchen comrade which our heroic cosmonauts took with them on their many historic space voyages to assist them in the preparation of foods. Made entirely of the identical modern cast-iron used in the construction of the Shashlik and Vosgrub spacecraft, the Znib is easily operated by a grown man and is capable of reeducating eggs and other liquids, pastry mixtures, and even soft vegetables, depending on the level of physical education attained by the operator.



NORUDNY HOUSEHOLD ROBOT LAUNDRESS
A Twentieth-Century Marvel!

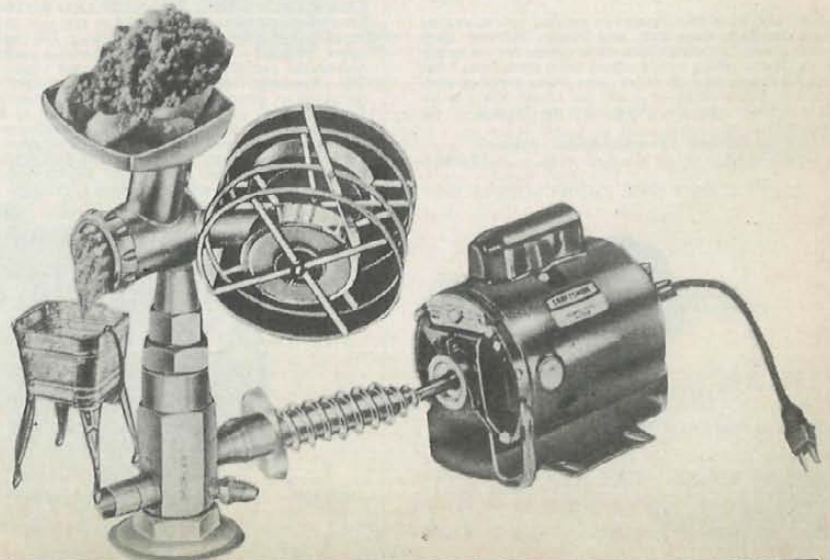
The giant's strides in modern technology taken since the Great Patriotic War Against Fascism have produced a number of wholesome boons to the everyday life of the masses, but surely none is so welcome as the automatic washing apparatus. The model depicted here embodies the very latest advances in machine design, including a gas-fired forced-air blower for safe, efficient drying; a rotary-feed magazine soap-drum which fires premeasured soap projectiles into the washing chamber automatically; a simple-to-remove filtered drainage sump to permit easy recovery of buttons and fastenings; a remote-control operating crank which removes the danger of damage to hands; and a remarkable steam-powered timing device which emits a cheerful whistle when the washing is completed. Also pictured are two useful accessories from the Democratic Republic of Vietnam: a lightweight bamboo clothes-hamper and a pair of water containers with stand made from the metal of downed American bombers.

No. 21114 Norudny Household Robot Laundress 841 rubles
No. 21115 Clothing Hamper 7 rubles
No. 21116 Water Containers and Stand 26 rubles

SMELSHKVNJ DUBROVKA QUICK-AS-ONE-WINK MEAT PULVERIZER

Why should a worker return to his happy home after a long day of dedicated labor only to have to face yet another hard job—chewing a tough piece of meat? There is no need for this. But do not blame the butcher. Instead, obtain a Smelshkvnj Dubrovka Quick-As-One-Wink Meat Pulverizer and transform any piece of meat, poultry, or fish product into a pleasant goulash which will then melt in the mouth. There is no victual too difficult for the Pulverizer, thanks to its rugged carbide blades and 400 hp. electrical motor. Your loved ones will all cry, "Hail to you, achiever of kitchen miracles," when you put to use this implement.

No. 9574 Smelshkvnj Dubrovka Quick-As-One-Wink Meat Pulverizer 23 rubles



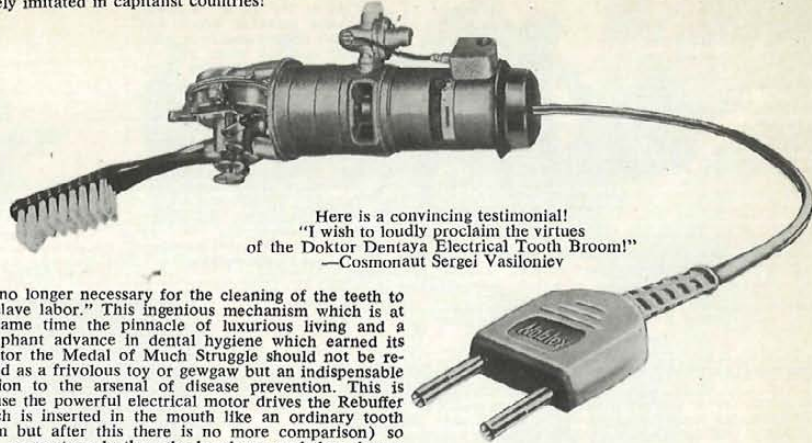
SPASNIK WARM-LIKE-TOAST UNDER-THE-CLOTHES SUIT

It is not necessary for dwellers in the virgin lands or workers engaged in occupations such as ice-harvesting and snow-plowing which expose them to Section Leader Winter and his assistants, Group Chief Cold and Gang Boss Snow, to suffer the unpleasantness of the chills, gangrene, or freezing to death. With the Spasnik Warm-Like-Toast Under-the-Clothes Suit worn about the person as one would wear an ordinary suit of clothing, the citizen can thumb his car and say, "Your mother's cabbage is greasy" and other insulting things to Winter, for the many hot-as-hell heating pads placed at key points on the body keep the temperature up, and give the wearer the feeling that he is in a warm place instead of being outside in the cold where he really is in fact.

No. 10927 Spasnik Warm-Like-Toast Under-the-Clothes Suit134 rubles
No. 14318 1/2 Kilometer Electrical Cord786 rubles



DOKTOR DENTAYA ELECTRICAL TOOTH BROOM
Widely imitated in capitalist countries!



Here is a convincing testimonial!
"I wish to loudly proclaim the virtues of the Doktor Dentaya Electrical Tooth Broom!"
—Cosmonaut Sergei Vasiloviev

It is no longer necessary for the cleaning of the teeth to be "slave labor." This ingenious mechanism which is at the same time the pinnacle of luxurious living and a triumphant advance in dental hygiene which earned its inventor the Medal of Much Struggle should not be regarded as a frivolous toy or gewgaw but an indispensable addition to the arsenal of disease prevention. This is because the powerful electrical motor drives the Rebuffer (which is inserted in the mouth like an ordinary tooth broom but after this there is no more comparison) so much more strongly than the hand can and thus does a better by far job of cleaning the teeth. And do not worry, it cannot give a shock even if dropped in water, just do not be holding it.

No. 43246 Doktor Dentaya Electrical Tooth Broom 23 rubles

Here is an excellent item made in the Estonian S.S.R., which the alert purchaser knows is one other way of saying "Sure to be a fine product!"
BGLURMK "PEACE-OF-MIND" ATHLETE'S GROIN VAULT



Many who have participated in rousing sports, among them Jar-Ball, Knee-Ball, and Tundra Hockey, have made known to authorities their desire for an easily worn device which would afford them protection from painful injury in a sensitive area. Now there is such a thing. Made of heavy steel, the Groin Vault is indeed a "safe place" to "deposit" the "jewels of the family!"

No. 27170 Bglurm "Peace-of-Mind" Athlete's Groin Vault18 rubles

GLEM "BIG BOUNTY" FACE-HARVEST MACHINERY

Here are three implements for keeping the face clean-shaven and the hair neat between trims: there is the Whisker Trowel, which will do nicely for the daily shave; the Chain-Shaver, which will take care of a growth of more than one day; and the Sideburn Rasp, which is essential to be looking sharp.

No. 77299 Glem "Big Bounty" Face-Harvest Machinery 34 rubles



MADAME NATASHA'S FRENCH BEAUTY APPARATUS
The woman who desires to remove wrinkles, seams, crevasses, splotches, and crow's-feet from the skin of her face can find no better way to do so than with Madame Natasha's Beauty Apparatus. The special wheels are the secret, and the idea for the device came to Madame Natasha as she watched steamrollers smoothing asphalt on Kapefsky Street.

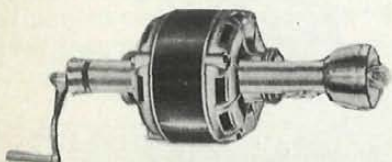
No. 30881 Madame Natasha's French Beauty Apparatus19 rubles



GRAND FLAVORSK UNEXCELLED ROTOCZAR

Many persons have complained in the past that previous bread-cooking appliances were too heavy to move, became too heated and sometimes melted, required too much attention, and needed repair often. The Rotoczar laughs at these complaints. It is mounted on good rubber wheels so it is easy to take from place to place; it has a strong fan to keep it cool; a side crank allows the cook to bring the bread into view whenever he wishes; and a complete repair kit is included in the buying price, as is also five gallons of the coal oil it uses for lubricant and two pounds of peat moss which it uses as cooking fuel.

No. 51540 Grand Flavorsk Unexcelled Rotoczar 67 rubles
This is the identical appliance used at the Hotel Baltic-Mediterranean in Sofia and the Hotel Microphorum in Berlin.

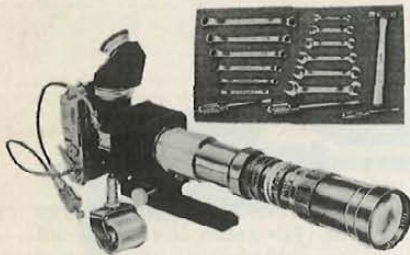


ROSTOK ROTOFASH

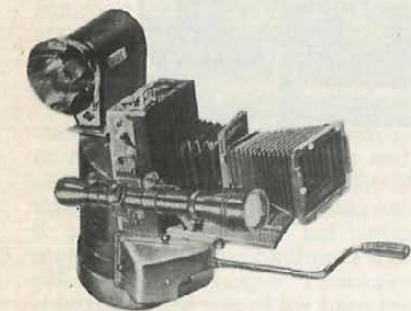
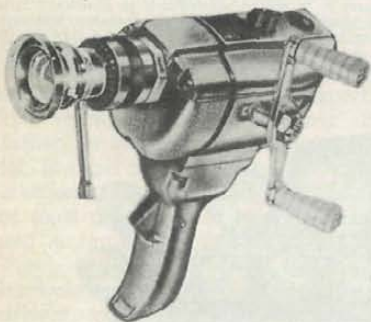
We spotted this unique item at the Trade Fair in Potsdam last year and immediately placed a large order, knowing that it would prove to be a popular item. It is a hand-driven electrical generator joined to a good flashlight, meaning that there are no batteries to be concerned about.

No. 58002 Rostok Rotoflash 9 rubles

KAZAC MICRO-MINATURA 14-MM. CAMERA
A perfect camera for the tourist who dislikes the encumbrance of larger models. The Micro-Minatura is miraculously compact! It is less than 30 cm. in length and weighs only 2.8 kilos! And yet it can take five pictures without changing the film! Film-changing kit is included.
No. 19792 Kazac Micro-Minatura
14-Mm. Camera 56 rubles

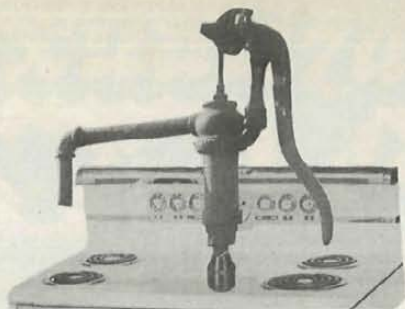


PROMEKIN CINEMATOGRAF CAMERA
A fine camera for making movies with you as the star! It is operated like a fishing reel; as you point the camera you very quickly turn the reel and "catch" the picture, as you would a large fish.
No. 45309 Ptomekin Cinematograf Camera ... 98 rubles

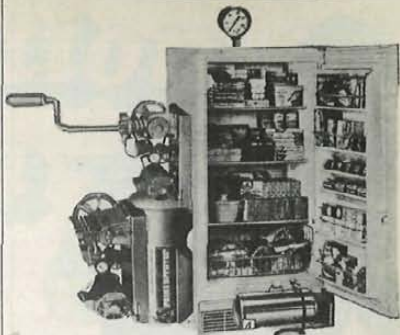


Another extraordinary product of socialist science!
VORONOSHIKOV MAGIKA CAMERA
It is hard to believe, but here is a camera which develops the picture for you after you take it! It is thus well-named, for it seems like magic! You put in the film, you snap your picture, then you insert the film in the tiny darkroom attached to the camera, and in less than one hour, you have a picture!
No. 91213 Voronoshikov Magika Camera ... 167 rubles

SINESCU ELECTRO-SAX
A happy wedding of Gypsy lore and modern Rumanian technology has produced this useful offspring. No more must the horn player make himself dizzy to produce tuneful sounds; a small electric motor drives a fan inside the instrument which forces air through the apertures. The sound of the motor cannot be heard when the horn is played, and the player, if he so wishes, may easily disguise the cord and thus receive accolades from listeners who are unaware of the nature of the mechanism.
No. 193441 Sinescu
Electro-Sax ... 61 rubles

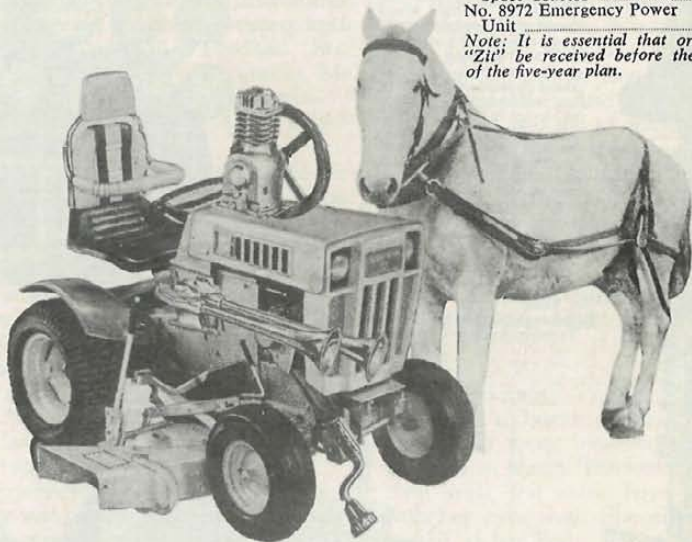


DRUVNY-CAUCASUS HOME-COOKING COMMISSAR
The Druvny-Caucasus Home-Cooking Commissar possesses so many luxury earmarks that it is almost decadent, and the housewife may be afraid to own one lest fellow workers think she has succumbed to filthy lures from the West! All who have observed it in operation strongly proclaim the convenience and usefulness of the unit, chiefly because it incorporates into a single cabinet both an electrical stove and a close-to-hand pump-operated water source, making the preparation of the flavorful boiled dishes favored by many a snappy undertaking.
No. 23675 Druvny-Caucasus Home-Cooking Commissar 734 rubles



GODBORNY GALOSHKHA HOME SIBERIA CHEST
Here at last is the appliance which houseworkers have been clamoring for at the top of their tongues. The rugged iron cabinet can hold eight cubic meters of perishable foodstuffs and is cooled by a hand-operated ventilating system and chemical circulating apparatus which is wound like a clock. Twenty minutes of winding, which is very fine exercise, is enough to keep the chest below 30° C. for an hour or more, or to make six large ice-cubes.
No. 9113 Godborny Galoshka Home Siberia Chest 345 rubles

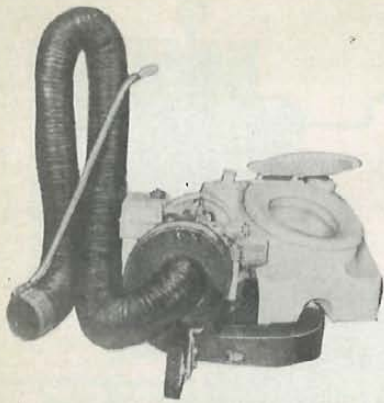
ZADISHNAYA "ZIT" SPORT TRACTOR AND EMERGENCY POWER UNIT
If you are among the many fortunate enough to have a dacha in the country, then you will surely wish to add immeasurably to the pleasure of your rustic retreat by obtaining a Sport Tractor. The "Zit" is ideal for all forms of country pastimes, including furrow races, giant radish grow-offs, and silage heaves, and is economical as well, since it operates on 2,200 inexpensive flashlight batteries. In the event of depletion of the batteries, the Emergency Power Unit can be relied on to provide a substitute source of energy.
No. 8971 Zadishnaya "Zit" Sport Tractor 2,387 rubles
No. 8972 Emergency Power Unit 451 rubles
Note: It is essential that orders for the "Zit" be received before the completion of the five-year plan.



BULGARIAN PEOPLE'S ARMY KNIFE
This is the knife which is famous throughout the Fraternal Socialist Community. It has everything which would be needed, and can be carried easily in a suitcase or small trunk.
No. 8087 Bulgarian People's Army Knife 6 rubles

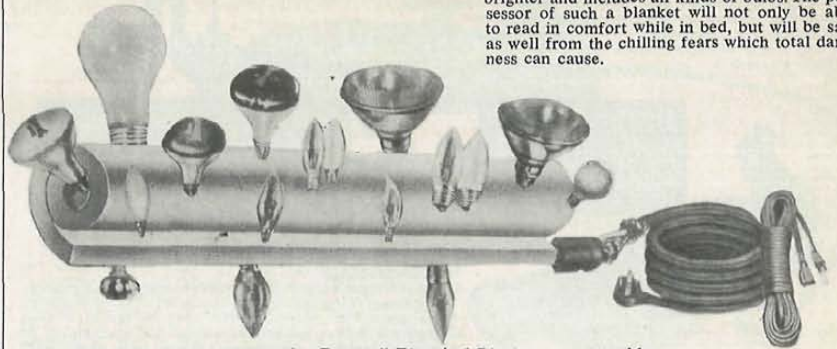


BORUNDISK ARM CLOCK
Here is an arm clock which is a good time-piece and a good joke too! It possesses the dependable Finnish movement, and the purchaser can choose from among six different funny faces, and patriotic ones as well. The one illustrated here is one of the funny faces.
No. 30392 Borundisk Arm Clock ... 27 rubles



SMOLNYA SUPREME PRESIDIUM AIR CLOSET
 When Comrade Nature issues a call for you "to be seated" in "closed session," it is your earnest desire to respond promptly, but if lack of plumbing connections has placed "Tovarich Toyletna" at some distance, you may suffer discomfort. This intolerable situation may be remedied with the purchase of an Air Closet, which can be installed anywhere that a window or other opening is found. Here is yet another example of how the citizen has benefited from cosmonautical researches!
 No. 13758 Smolnya Supreme Presidium Air Closet 56 rubles

KASPEVESKY "PROGRESSIVE DREAMS" ELECTRICAL BLANKET
 Here is our own model of the electrical blankets which are the big rage in the United States of America. But this blanket is far superior to anything that a housewife could buy even in the State of Philadelphia, since it is so much brighter and includes all kinds of bulbs. The possessor of such a blanket will not only be able to read in comfort while in bed, but will be safe as well from the chilling fears which total darkness can cause.



No. 12354 Kaspevesky "Progressive Dreams" Electrical Blanket 78 rubles

DNUB FORDOR DOSTOEVSKI

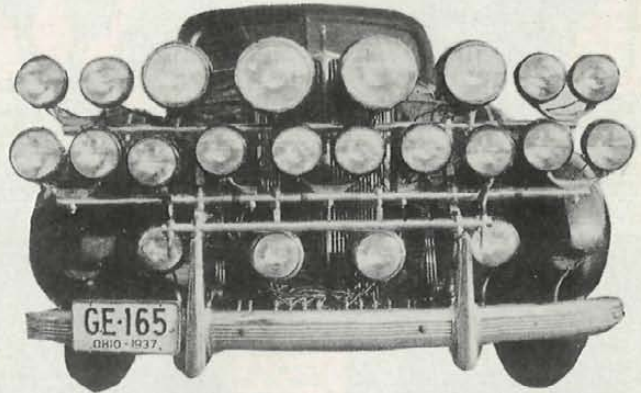
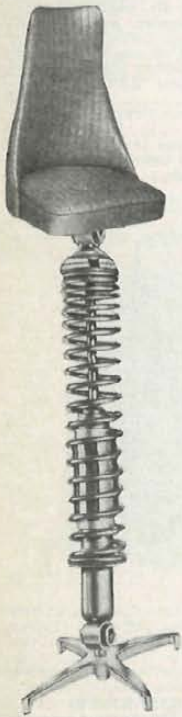
Named "Car of the Five-Year Plan" at the Dnieper Auto Show!

Add your name to the waiting list today! What worker would not want to own this beauty? It is a five-cylinder, 42 hp., sodium-cooled, diesel automobile which can exceed forty kilometers an hour without even thinking about it! There is room for three passengers to be seated comfortably in armchairs inside, and there are many deluxe features, including: glass windows, eleven-speed transmission with robot clutch, friction brakes which dig deeply into the pavement for quick, sure stops, a loud claxon which plays the "Internationale," an aneroid barometer, and, as an extra safety feature, twenty-two extra-bright headlights to make nighttime collisions with farm animals, debris, or other automobiles a thing of a previous age.
 No. 876 Dnub Fordor Dostoevski 8,943 rubles

DRODZNUD-GDICE "BIG SHOT" TURNING-AROUND CHAIR

Direct from Lodz!
 There is no factory manager, party functionary, or bureaucrat who has not wished for a chair which would give him fair service as an office seat but would also be in keeping with the position of trust in the socialist community which he has reached. Such a seating device is the Drodznud-Gdice "Big Shot" Turning-Around Chair, which can be faced in any direction by twisting the body and can be raised to a height of up to three meters so that visitors and workers alike will not mistakenly take its occupant to be an office boy or other minor person.

No. 7486 Drodznud-Gdice "Big Shot" Turning-Around Chair 114 rubles



COMRADE CLAUS HOLDS A GOULASH OF GIFTS!

In his right hand, Comrade Claus holds a Suslov Sovietematic Super Samovar, the samovar with a mind of its own! All the operator of this surprising convenience has to do is spoon in the coffee, emplace the filter element; add boiling water, strain the liquid through the specially designed canister, re-heat the coffee, then add cream and sugar to taste and serve. The Super Samovar does the rest! 19 rubles.



In his left hand Comrade Claus holds, reading in the manner of a clock: a Znatba woman's black shoe, favorite of Tatiana Baronova, world-famous ballet dancer, 2 rubles (4 rubles for a pair); a Fumarnikayshka, which in fact is a combination harmonica and cigarette lighter for musically minded acquaintances who also smoke, 5 rubles; the popular Mnvrvno margerine lamp, 7 rubles; a 22-mm. Photographika "Pnutsk" camera, with night-light, 14 rubles; and, from exotic Finland, a horn made from the horn of the handsome horn elk, 3 rubles.

The Sexualization of Veranda

by Chris Miller

Veranda Porch lived by herself in an apartment in lower Manhattan. Although she was young and had the kind of good looks you would expect from the ingenue of a dirty story like this, she had immense difficulty relating to men. The problem was sex. Upon its initiation into her budding relationships, Veranda would lose her confidence, her identity, and most of her autonomic nervous system.

This hangup was a shadow cast by her unusually difficult early home life. Her family had been eccentric. Her father, for instance, was a religious zealot, pledged to eternal combat with his erections. His weapons were a collection of tools purchased at hardware stores and accumulated over the years. The Porch family never lived far from a hardware store. Pliers, ratchet screwdrivers, vises, and drills littered the shelves and tabletops of their homes like industrial expositions. One never knew when an erection might strike, Mr. Porch had reasoned, and it was best to be prepared.

With her husband often unable to walk, Mrs. Porch had been thrown back on her wits and large heart to find a means of supporting the family. She chose prostitution. When tricks came to call, she explained to her husband that she was tutoring confirmation candidates for the nearby Presbyterian church. But the rest of the town knew the straight poop. The Porches bore ostracism and worse from many of their neighbors. Veranda's school chums, however, with the tolerance of youth, had rallied to her side. Draping protective arms around her, they had called out to all who would listen, "Hey, this girl's mother is a *whore!*"

One night, the inevitable had happened. Mrs. Porch was turning a trick in the bedroom. Mr. Porch was propped up in the big chair in the parlor, perusing the second chapter of Ecclesiastes. Abruptly, he was seized by an erection.

"A boner! I got a boner!" he announced to Veranda, who was quietly cutting paper dolls in a corner. He slid his pants down so that his lazily swelling member plopped into the V of his Bible. Trapping it there, he began slamming it with a large wooden mallet.

Mrs. Porch and her trick, a knife grinder named Lopez, were in the midst

of a canine act. The sudden shouts and meaty thuds from downstairs panicked the poor woman into a vaginal spasm, locking the startled Lopez to her with a grip of vulvic iron. Then, she fainted. Lopez, growing alarmed, bolted for the door. Mrs. Porch, of course, was dragged along. Her extra mass threw Lopez off balance on the stairs, and the two tumbled loudly down, rolled into the parlor, and collapsed with a fleshy "thud" at the very feet of Veranda's father.

Mr. Porch froze in disbelief, his mallet still poised. Lopez shrugged sheepishly. Mrs. Porch stirred and awoke. She glanced at her husband, then turned rapidly to the uncomprehending knife grinder. "Now, the Prodigal Son. You're going to love *this* parable, Mr. Lopez. It's about two brothers who—"

"WHAT THE CHRIST IS THIS?" demanded Mr. Porch.

Mrs. Porch spasmed anew at the violence of this query, squirting Lopez from her interior like a piece of wet soap. The unfortunate Latin seized his opportunity and fled the house. Veranda's school chums, who had been lying in wait for her outside, were delighted. They chased Lopez' ancient grinding truck for many blocks, showering him with gleeful cries of "Wetback!" "Greaser!" And, back home, Veranda watched her father scold her mother with the birch rod until ten o'clock that night.

No wonder, then, that Veranda's sexuality was not free and joyous. Finally, in desperation, she followed a friend's advice and signed up for a short but intensive seminar at the Wresalen Institute of Group Joy and Touching Each Other a Lot.

Two weeks later, on a balmy California evening, she was greeted at the Wresalen Wreception Center by the director of the institute, George Leonine. He was a tall, handsome, *sincere*-seeming man with exactly the right length hair.

"What brings you to Wresalen, Veranda?" he asked.

"I cannot love," replied the girl, "and I think sex is dirty."

"Horseshit," said the director gently. "We'll have you erupting with sweet, funky juices before you can say 'Bo Diddley.' Our programmed instruction

in the way of Eros follows a fourfold path, and the synthesis of these wisdoms should make you Miss Jiz of your block. But now, allow me to see you to your cottage."

He snapped his fingers and a grinning Filipino wearing a call-for-Phillip-Morris cap emerged from the darkness and hefted Veranda's suitcase. They walked along a mossy forest path. The air smelled rich with growing things. Veranda could hear popping frogs and chirping night birds. In a short time, they came upon a pleasant bungalow nestled among willows at the edge of a musical brook.

"This will be your home for the next four days," said the director. "Tomorrow, you will walk the First Path—Love of Nature. Or Eco-Grope, as we sometimes call it. And now, let me say good night, and try to communicate to you a small part of the warm gratitude we, the people of Wresalen, feel at the necessity of having you here."

He took Veranda in his arms and kissed her with energy. The girl stepped back flustered.

"Good night, Veranda," said George.

"Goo' night, Missy," said the Filipino.

In the morning, Veranda woke rested and eager to begin. When she entered the shower room, however, she gave a little cry of alarm. The walls were mirrors! Well, she would have to shower with her eyes shut. She almost never looked at her body, and never at her most private part, which she hadn't seen since the day she was caught looking at it by her father the evening before her sixth birthday. Mr. Porch, searching for a mislaid icon, had wandered into her room. He had found her standing on the sink in front of the bathroom mirror, peering into the depths of her petite, furless Easter egg. "GOOD CHRIST ALMIGHTY!" he had commented, and ran for his tool chest. Veranda wasn't sure what he had done to her then, but afterwards she had peed in a strange, new direction. She had never looked there again.

Well, she thought, perhaps Wresalen would end her foolish inhibitions. She dressed in a comfortable, pale blue shift, brushed her hair, and stepped from the bungalow. Awaiting her was a beautiful

continued

continued

young boy, all white robes and brown curls.

"I am your Companion for today, Veranda. My name is Don Oven, and I will lead you to spiritual expansion through Love of Nature. Today will be quite a trip. I speak of a trip; a trip, we feel, is like a voyage. But we'll get into the heavy stuff later. In fact, we could buy some guacamole paste and Fritos. How'd *that* be for 'heavy stuff'?" He wagged his eyebrows roguishly, took Veranda's arm, and led her down a country lane. Birds sang. Frogs popped. They passed through a colonnade of low trees into a rolling meadow.

By the time the meadow had stopped rolling, both young people had staggered and fallen heavily to the ground. Shaking his curls from his eyes, the boy turned to Veranda. "Now we are alone. Here we may do anything we like. Let us commune with Ghea, the Mother."

In a spasm of abrupt action, he tore off his robes and hurled himself into a mud puddle. To Veranda's amazement, he then took his manhood and began to slap it against the surface of the puddle. Each slap sent up a playful geyser of muck. Veranda watched openmouthed.

"Why do you not join me, then?" asked the boy. "Are you not here to rediscover your essence and spread the corridors of your future like ripe woman thighs awaiting the Organ of Fate?"

"Er," said Veranda.

"Come. Divest thyself of thy unnatural garment and join me here in nature's own chamber pot, this small yet holy node of Nirvana."

Nervously, Veranda shed her clothing. Monitoring this operation from the puddle, Don Oven slapped his pal less and less furiously. His eyes sort of glazed over. As Veranda stepped to his side, he looked down stupidly at the sudden battering ram he held, as if it might belong to someone else. Then he looked back up at Veranda.

"Uh, wanna sit down?" he asked her. Veranda gingerly dipped her bottom

into the puddle. It was cold, and she shivered a little, but slowly sat all the way down until soft, gooshy mud squished into her every flute, flap, and parapet. Placing one arm around her, Don Oven launched an explanation of Love of Nature. He punctuated each major point, and there were many, with gentle, brown caresses to Veranda's minor points, erecting them like pre-fabricated skyscrapers.

Veranda felt she should be going bananas by now, yet she found herself becoming soft and receptive. Don Oven was *nice*. Now he ran his hand down the length of her firm, softly rounded tummy, into the glory that was Greece. With his other hand, he reached beneath her and lifted her onto his knees. Emitting a small Celtic cry, he plunged his face into her simmering tureen. She felt his tongue contact her very own node of Nirvana, like a finger on a Fender bass.

Suddenly, Don Oven opened his eyes. He blinked. Veranda had been rearranged! In some fashion, her wee pearl had been moved from its normal home to the far slopes of Mount Venus. One of those early experiments in urban renewal? He straightened and looked at her.

"How was I?" she asked breathlessly.

"Plucky . . . but the wrong side of the hill. Now, don't worry. Obviously, the thing we need here is a little Druid magic, so sit tight."

The boy leapt from the puddle and sprinted about the meadow, collecting an herb here, a bit of bird dung there, finally ripping a square of cloth from his robe and tying a small bag around these substances, like a bouquet garni. Next, he built a small fire and cast the packet

into it. He stood up. "Weough!" he cried, and began a strange, jerky dance.

Veranda was beginning to think he was jerky in the head. Then she noticed the thick clouds of red smoke pouring from the flames. The smoke gradually formed itself into a puffy pair of hands holding a pool cue. Don Oven's dance increased in frenzy and he chanted:

*boogity boogity boogity shoo
Betty Lou got a new pair of shoe
an' caught de rockin' pneumonia
an' de boogie woogie flu*

(Here, he hummed a little funky piano.)

*well you know baby I don' wanna
sing a sonnet*

*but yo' weird construction make me
holler doggonnil*

(Here he interjected, "Watch me, now!")

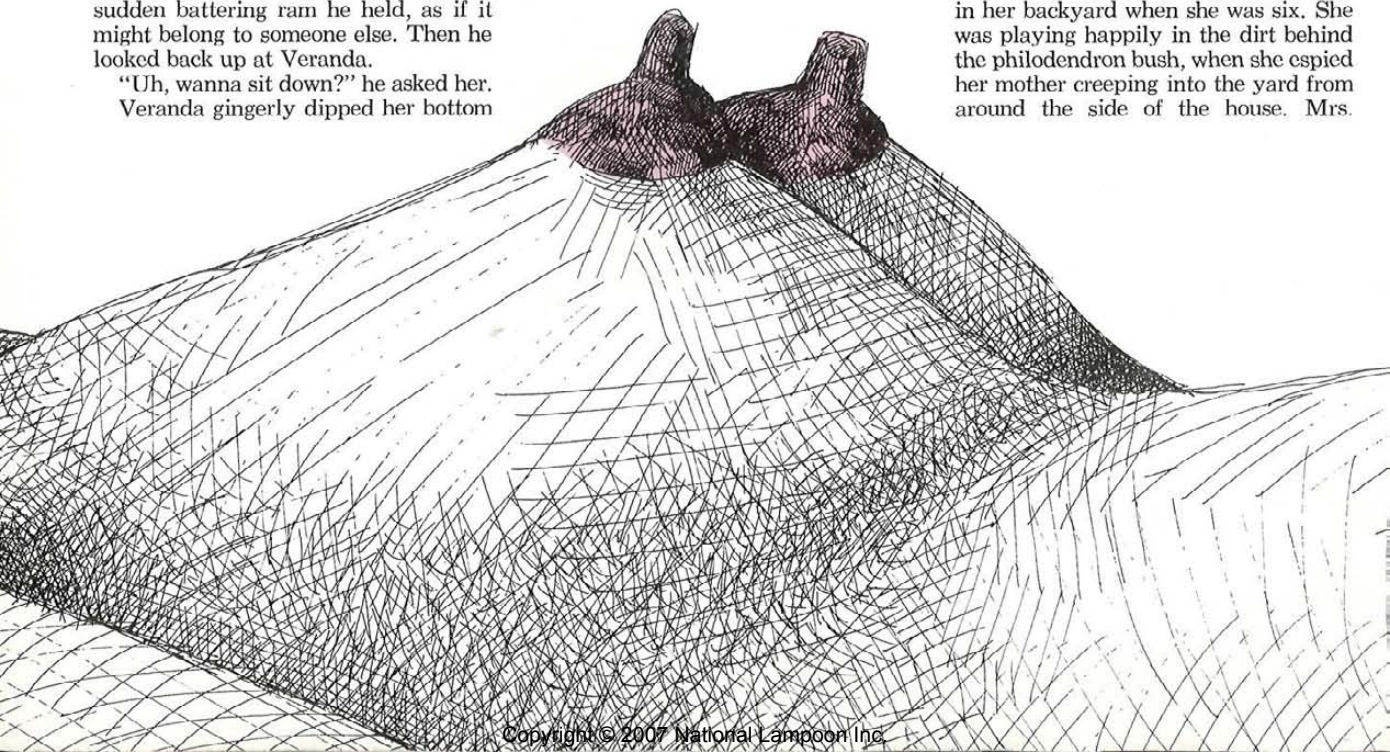
*now go, red cue, or I'll bee yo' bonnet
hit her clit—put some english on it*

"THUP!" went the pool cue, and what you know? Veranda suddenly felt right in the groin for the first time since her carpentry lesson! With her plumbing repaired, there was no further obstacle to some very tender lovemaking, down there among the meadow muffins. A consummately beautiful day ensued.

The next morning, Veranda washed and dressed quickly, hardly able to wait to see Don again. When she rushed outside, however, a rustic bumpkin awaited her.

"Mornin', ma'am. Muh name's Lucas Busbee an' ah'm yore Companion on the Second Path—Love of Animules!" He led her to a barnyard.

Veranda felt herself begin to grow anxious. Loving animals was another of the things that terrified her. This fear stemmed from an incident that occurred in her backyard when she was six. She was playing happily in the dirt behind the philodendron bush, when she spied her mother creeping into the yard from around the side of the house. Mrs.



Porch turned, laid a cautionary finger to her lips, and beckoned. An animal trainer tiptoed in to join her.

The trainer was large and moustashioed. Although his personal erotic tastes ran to calves' liver and vibrators, he realized that Bosco, his prize chimp, had become melancholic with sexual need since the death of his mate some months earlier. And sure enough, bringing up the rear of the small procession, loping low to the ground, was a largish chimpanzee. He wore blue shorts and a propeller beanie, but otherwise was covered only by thick, greasy fur.

They stopped beneath the Porches' gnarled old tree. The trainer dropped the apple basket he was carrying and handed Bosco one end of a coil of rope and a pulley. The simian scurried up to an overhanging branch. He affixed the pulley, strung the rope through, and leapt to the ground.

"Very good, Bosco." The trainer turned to Veranda's mother. "Could you undress now?"

Bosco watched the gradual unveiling of the almost bald female with growing excitement. "Chee chee," he cried, and tore off his little monkey pants. Beneath this garment proved to be a large monkey mizzenmast, to mix a metaphor, reaching for the sky. Chittering with impatience, Bosco lay on his back beneath the pulley. He stared expectantly at Mrs. Porch.

"Could you sit in here, please?" The trainer indicated the apple basket. "Just drape your arms and legs over the sides. Oh, I see you've noticed there's no bottom. Yes, it is a funny basket, isn't it?" He bent busily over her, running a loop of rope through the basket's handles and knotting it. The other end of the rope now hung before her.

"Pull," said the trainer.

"I beg your pardon?" said Mrs. Porch.

"Don't you see? You define one end of a pulley. If you pull on the rope, like, say, a sexton ringing a church bell, you will move yourself up and down."

Dubiously, Mrs. Porch hauled on the rope. Immediately, she found herself airborne and swinging. The eager monkey reached up and steadied the basket over his face. When it dipped, Bosco

craned his face up through the bottom of the basket and messed around a little. "Mmmmm, nice," he thought, in his limited chimpanzee fashion. On the following dip, the anthropoid jammed his great thing into Mrs. Porch. The poor woman whooped with surprise, then clapped both hands over her mouth, stealing fearful glances at the house. Bosco, yipping and chittering, spun the basket uninhibitedly. Mrs. Porch began to feel like a 45 rpm record.

Suddenly, the back door flew open. With a bellow of incoherent rage, Mr. Porch burst through, staggering beneath a vast armload of tools. In his haste, he fell down the back steps. Two wood chisels punctured his left side. But he was up in an instant.

"MORTIFICATION OF THE FLESH!" he roared, and sprang at Bosco.

At this point, Veranda's school chums peered over the fence. Their eyes widened with joy. "Me Tarzan! You Jane!" they began to shout.

Growing alarmed, the trainer swept Bosco from under Mrs. Porch with a sound like the removal of a wine cork. Hand in hand, they scurried around the side of the house. Seconds later, they reappeared, walking backwards before a large detachment of red-faced police.

"Weirdness," muttered the lawmen to one another, sizing up the situation quickly. Then, they drew their clubs.

By the time it was all over, Mr. Porch was back in bed, the trainer was debarred following an animal-husbandry conviction, and Bosco had received a good talking to from the D.A. Mrs. Porch, for her part, ultimately resorted

to alum to regain her previous circumference.

It wasn't surprising, then, that Veranda felt a trifle apprehensive entering the barnyard. Pigs and chickens gathered around her, their bright little eyes seeming to plead, "Love me! Love me!" What was she supposed to do now? She turned to her Companion, and froze.

Lucas' overalls were gone, and he was applying Kramp Brand Shortening to his sturdy silo!

Animals gazed at him from every shed, sty, and pen. A pretty, black mare whinnied seductively. A sheep backed toward him, long eyelashes lowered. A stolid old cow rolled her eyes.

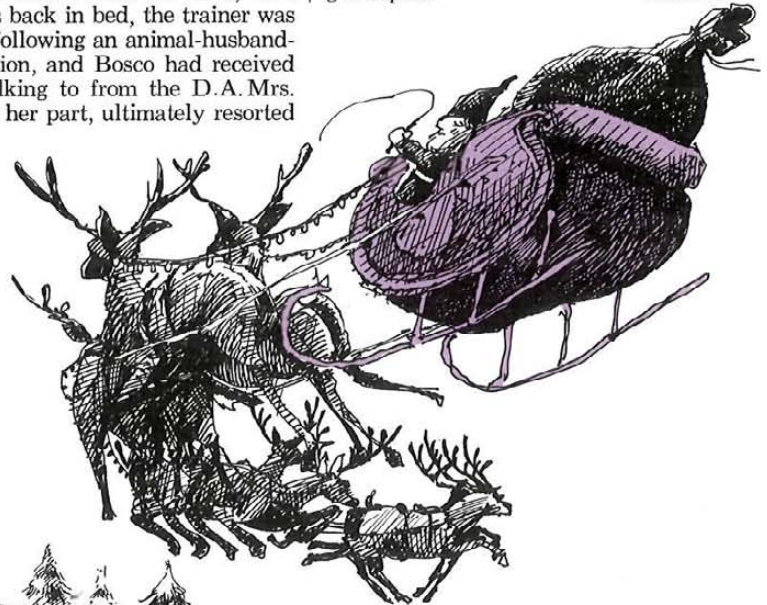
Perhaps Lucas was feeling sentimental that day. To the surprise of the cow, he walked straight to her and kissed her on the lips. Then, with hot and practiced hands, he traced the long bulk of her belly and began fondling her udders. The gentle old cow lowed softly.

"Listen to this, ma'am." Lucas winked slyly and shook the cow's swollen milk-bag so that the udders struck one another with a cluster of musical tones. "Jes' lak Hindu temple blocks," said Lucas wonderingly.

"But what do cow nipples have to do with me?" Veranda was growing impatient.

"Scuse me, ma'am, these ain't no nipples. This ol' cow is I-talian, an' she got *naples*."

continued



While Veranda considered this bucolic drollery, Lucas turned back to the cow. Stroking her great-holed nose, he gently coupled it to his engorged tractor. A cute little pig now marched up, stood on its hind legs, and buried its snout between Lucas Busbee's substantial melons.

Veranda stamped her foot angrily. "But Mr. Busbee, I thought I was supposed to be learning Love of Animals!"

"Wal, whut the *hail* yuh call this?" whooped the happy clodpoll. He spun away from the abruptly crestfallen cow and pig to impale Puff, his favorite sheep. Puff bleated happily and began frisking rhythmically.

"But where's *my* date?" cried Veranda.

Lucas looked sheepish.

"Wal, forgive me, ma'am. In the heat of the moment, ah clean forgot." Lucas placed two fingers in his mouth and whistled.

A loud whinny shimmered through the air. From the far side of the barn emerged a stallion so white and proud that Veranda felt butterflies in her tummy. Lucas held out a cube of sugar, and the animal headed in their direction. Guiding him in, Lucas moved the sugar slowly toward Veranda. Abruptly, he lifted her dress and plunged his hand wrist-deep into her startled virginia.

Oh, well, thought Veranda. She nestled softly to the barnyard floor and awaited the tall, white quadruped.

"*Neigh!*" said the horse.

"Nay?" said Veranda. She started to get up.

"He didn't mean 'nay,' ma'am." Lucas pushed her gently down again. "That's jus' horse talk for 'The terrain of your clam sends me reeling.'"

Flattered, Veranda lay back. At once, she felt the presence in her vicinity of a powerful equine tongue. She began to wriggle.

Abruptly, an Indian walked from behind the barn, his hands cupped at his mouth. "Silver! Oh, you Silver! Where you at, boy?"

"Uh oh," said Lucas.

"Whoop," said the Indian. "Hey, kimosabe, me find Silver!"

A masked man walked from the barn to join the Indian. "Oh, for Christ's sake," he said, putting his hands on his hips.

"Listen," called Lucas, "ah'm shore sorry about this. Nobody knowed you wuz back. We . . ."

The masked man pushed by the anxious rustic without a word. He stopped before the horse. The white stallion, still engaged with and/or in Veranda, saw him suddenly. He rolled up his eyes and froze. The masked man's fists clenched and his lower lip began to tremble.

"Sometimes you really schmuck," said the Indian to Lucas from the corner

of his mouth.

Swallowing, the great horse lifted his head.

"Bitch!" The masked man took the stallion roughly by the mane and led him away. With a final disgusted look at Lucas, the Indian followed.

The agrarian turned worriedly to Veranda. "Gosh, ma'am, ah'm shore . . ."

"It doesn't matter." Veranda's eyes were very wide and liquid. "I just . . . you know, came, for the first time."

In the morning, Veranda felt wonderful. She felt that she was growing, changing, becoming a woman. Today she would walk the Third Path, whatever that was, and her capacity for experience would grow again. But who would her Companion be this time? She walked from her cottage and threw up her arms in amazement.

"Santa Claus!"

"Ho ho," replied the merry old gent, for indeed it was Santa, complete with red suit, beard, and bulging bag of gifts. He stepped forward and handed Veranda a green box tied with cheerful red ribbon.

Greatly excited, the girl tore the ribbon away. Inside the box, in a purple velveteen bag with a drawstring, was a ten-inch, pearl-handled, pistol-grip dildo!

"Ho ho," said Santa, and began unbuttoning her blouse. The garment soon fell open, revealing two of the ripest, fullest breasts the old gentleman had ever seen. "Ho ho!" he exclaimed, and shortly Veranda was nude again.

Santa eyed her woolly appraisingly. Then, he stepped to a rostrum. He rapped for attention.

"Good morning. I am Sergeant Claus, and I will be your principal instructor in Love of Self through use of the M-11 Dildo/ten-inch/pearl-handled/pistol-grip. Are there any questions on anything I have said so far? No? Good!" He leaned forward confidentially. "There have been rumors to the effect that dildoes are extinct. As you can see, these rumors are poppycock."

Veranda winced at his choice of words. Her own poppy's firearm was not something she liked to remember. Certainly, it hadn't resembled this enormous dildo. It had been bigger.

To his eternal chagrin, Mr. Porch had been hung like a gas pump. After years of fussing with straps, metal pouches, and the like, he abandoned concealment in favor of cosmetic surgery. The chief engineer at the pencil-sharpener factory had been a little taken aback at Mr. Porch's order—a "special model, big enough to fit a medium-sized . . ."—but business was business, and soon the Porch parlor was graced with a large, evil-looking sharpener. Upon the slightest provocation, Mr. Porch would jam himself into his new device and

crank the handle furiously. The clear plastic container that hung beneath soon filled with pink, winding shreds and had to be emptied often (a chore that was assigned to Veranda), but no matter how often Mr. Porch sharpened himself, his stubborn appendage grew back, longer and stronger than ever. After several months, a yardstick revealed him to be half again his previous length. He hurled the useless machine into the trash.

It was then that he turned to tools. He bought great hammers and cruel cutters (ranging from Wilkinson Sword Blades to a hefty McDonough chain saw). The Porch penis had met its match. He would have made a final and complete excision if not for his conviction that his member would be replaced by two more, then by four, and so on, like a hydra.

But Santa was lecturing, and she should be listening.

"Next, the dildo appeared in Egypt. Moses himself popularized a model which transformed to a serpent when cast upon the ground. In Greece, Theseus carried a dildo during his search for the Minotaur.

"But enough history!" Santa's eyes had acquired a special, new twinkle. "All you really need to know is that the dildo is an indispensable aid to Love of Self, and that I am going to show you how to use it!" He leapt from the rostrum, pulling at his great silver buckle.

Soon, the venerable saint was naked. His stomach was indeed like a bowl full of jelly. His buttocks, perhaps, were more like bowels full of jelly. His rosy old Christmas tree was crowned with angel hair and had, naturally, colored balls. Crossing his legs, he settled into a gelid pile before Veranda. "Watch," he said. His hands gathered the folds of his stomach together, forming a passable yoni. Maintaining this pseudo-orifice with one hand, he took the dildo from Veranda, demonstrated its general purpose, and looked at her for signs of comprehension.

Veranda had indeed begun to comprehend. Thick juices were oozing from her vestibule, out onto her stoop, to the obvious pleasure of the elderly Puerto Ricans sitting there. She plucked the dildo from the startled folk hero's tumpouch and plunged it. Faster and faster she moved it, until, with a sudden, explosive SCHMWERP! the implement was drawn into her Electrolux!

Santa, who had been watching in surprised delight, became businesslike. He ransacked the bag, throwing gifts in all directions, until he found a silver package. An onyx banana! He slapped it smartly into Veranda's blindly clutching hand. SCHMWERP! Santa found a tank of nitrous oxide. SCHMWERP! A child's rubber python. SCHMWERP! A string of bratwurst. SCHM-

WERP-ERP-ERP-ERP!

Santa scratched his head. He'd run out of goodies.

The poor girl gave a small mew of unslaked lust.

Shrugging fatalistically, the jolly old soul took his great candy cane in hand and allowed himself to roll onto his whimpering charge, nearly enveloping her in his fabled girth. Before he could effect penetration, however, Veranda's genitals spoke up.

"Hey!" they piped. "We reject this entire experience. You're just a mythic figure."

"I is?" cried Santa, in broad, stereotypical astonishment. He winked at Veranda, and, in a single moist thrust, made liars of his small cynics. "Yes, Vagina," he began, "there is a Sant——"
"Never mind! Never mind!" cried Veranda.

That night Veranda dreamed.

She rose on a pillar light until her head broke through some clouds and she was in Heaven. To her surprise, she saw her parents. Her mother reclined on a cumulus, her eyes and, for a change, legs closed, unknown peace on her face. Her father sat nearby, one arm resting on a brilliant platinum toolchest, the other thrown carelessly around the shoulders of Bosco the chimpanzee, who had grown small, furry monkey wings on his back. The Lord sat behind them on a great throne. He was beating His meat. Bosco lifted Mr. Porch's robe. Into view hove an erection among erections, proud and unbroken, tall as a tower. There was a crescendo of violins, and . . .

"Drop your cocks and grab your socks!" said George Leonine, shaking Veranda's foot. "Time for your encounter group."

She opened her eyes and gazed into the director's mystical, slightly sunburnt, somehow *believable* features. Impulsively, she sat up and kissed him warmly, startling him a little. Now we're even, she thought. How she was *growing* at Wresalen!

"Well, sleepyhead," said the director, "you've slept the day away. It's seven o'clock in the evening!"

Veranda stretched. "Mmmm. That Santa's pretty heavy as a lover. In fact, he's pretty heavy as a weight." She felt a tender rib experimentally.

"Come, Veranda. On to the Fourth Path—Love of Others!" The director drew her from her bed and led her into the gathering dusk. Giant fireflies flew up to bob around her head. They were a little scary. Nevertheless, when the moon turned her negligee to mist, she began to feel enchanted as a princess.

George Leonine was her prince. Grooving on the night, kvelling over her hair, he led her down a path, through a secret entrance, into a dim, green forest.

Veranda could hear snatches of music from many directions and an occasional hoarse shout of revelry. Abruptly, they emerged into a mossy clearing lit with warm yellow light from glowing soap bubbles. Seated about a fire on the far side were several small, shadowy figures.

The director took both her hands. "Tonight will be a marathon encounter, so you won't be back in camp, and tomorrow, alas, you leave us. I can only hope that your experience here will prove to be as ecstatic as I know mine shall be when I receive the letter containing your check."

"Thank you," said Veranda simply. "Run, Veranda. Run and meet your encounter group. Good-bye, and remember us. Soon." With a smile and a fonde, he was off into the night.

Veranda walked hesitantly across the clearing. A naked little boy in a baseball cap stepped up to meet her.

"Veranda? My name is Charlie Brown, and this is Patty and Linus and Lucy and Schroeder and Snoopy. Ordinarily, we are mild little folk who do warmly wacky things in a beloved daily comic strip. But tonight we are your Companions on the Fourth Path, and we——"

"WE WANT NOOKIE!" chorused the children, and threw themselves on Veranda, their triangle-flap tongues darting for her hot, thick egg cream. The delighted girl went down beneath them, noticing with amusement the funny word-bubbles that began to form over their heads, saying things like "Unh unh unh!" and "Oh, Jesus, yeah!" She felt as if every inch of her skin were covered with either a small, dartlike peenie or a cute, hairless girlie. Two-dimensional hands pressed her boobooos, her jingiang, her pollywogs. She had nose in her boze, lox in her sox, Lucy in her goosey.

Don Oven galloped into the clearing

atop a white stag. Lucas Busbee followed, magnificent in white tuxedo and top hat, pigs and chickens forming a conga line behind him.

Suddenly, sleigh bells! Eight rakish reindeer rode into the revel and Santa roared with laughter, showering the merrymakers with erotic gifts and implements of every description.

By the time the night was over, if you'd been a *tree* someone would have balled you. During a high point in the festivities (Lucas became overzealous with a chicken, killing her), Veranda wandered from the clearing. Dreamily, she made her way through the woods until she found a bower on a riverside. With a happy smile, she crashed.

When she awoke, it was morning. The night and its celebrants were gone without a trace. She was alone.

By the bower, she found a wicker basket containing her belongings and a picnic lunch. Utterly content, she dressed. The mustard and pickle stains didn't bother her too much, and soon she was walking happily through the main gate of Wresalen, out into the world.

It was a perfect spring day, and Veranda decided to walk to town. As she skipped along, humming a little melody to herself, she drew abreast of a family out on a Sunday walk. Mom and Dad strolled beside their little girl, while a flop-eared mutt romped about their perimeter. In a sudden welling of affection, Veranda ran to them.

"I just want to say," she told them, "that you are all really beautiful and I love you very much." She reached to hug the little girl.

"Dear God!" cried the mother, whisking her daughter to safety.

The father drew his automatic and pumped five shots into the dangerous weatherman weirdo.

George Leonine is still waiting for his check. The end. □



"On Whosits! On Whatsits! On . . ."

Special Christmas Bonus!

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By Tony Hendra
Roy Zalesky/Black Star

This poster looked better as a tree.

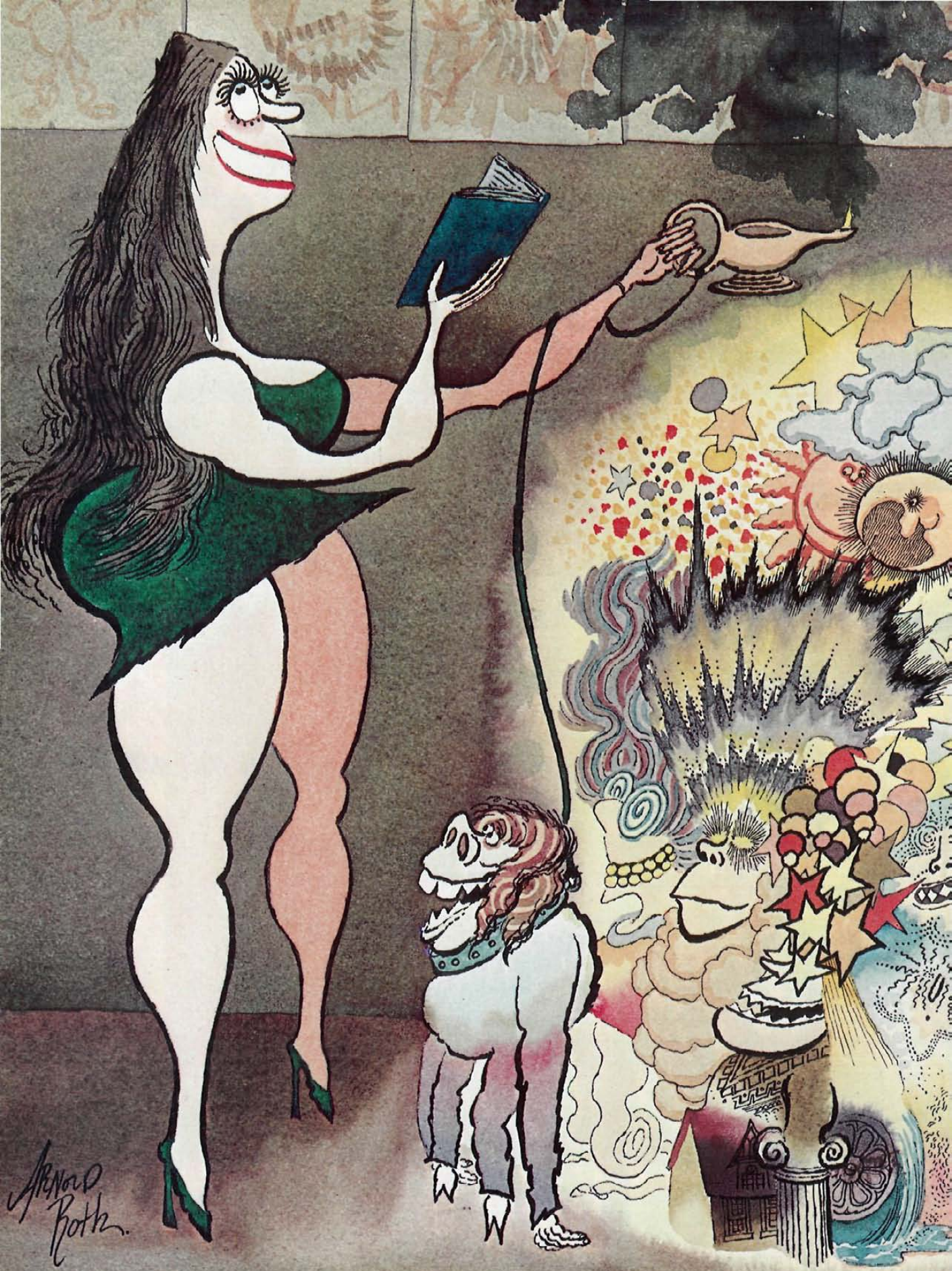


war
is not
unprofitable

for
poster-makers
and other

living
things

Michael O'Donoghue



Geography Has No Silent Vowels

by Joseph Gleeson

"There is a problem that is not a problem, a place that is not a place," said Mrs. Maraganset.

Two boys sitting across from one another in rows four and five waved their hands like marooned sailors signaling a passing ocean liner. The other students were neither bored nor excited. They didn't know the answer and didn't have a chance of coming up with it. They were just hoping for some action. Maybe Sally Ann Hanrahan would shit her pants. Maybe Kenneth Doti would get the dickens in the coatroom. There was always the chance, too, that, if pushed too hard, he would do something desperate. Maybe it would rain and they'd get to see a Safety film, or one on volcanoes, or one on Eli Whitney and the cotton gin, or one on seeing-eye dogs. Maybe Terrence Randall would put a mirror on his shoe and check to see which girls were wearing underpants. But, for the time being, this probe from the teacher would have to do.

The average students framed questions of mock interest to keep themselves going till lunch. Who would she call on? Would he get it right? Ho-hum. The dummies just sat there looking like hard-boiled eggs. One of them, who had been nicknamed Nervous Nervous, was scared stiff that the teacher was going to ask him to repeat the answer after it was given. He tried to listen extra hard, but he had an earache. He thought about asking to leave the room, but where could he go? To the lavatory? Home? The principal's office? Certainly not to the nurse's. She rubbed vaseline on your arm and checked you for hernias when all you wanted was aspirin. And he knew he couldn't tell the teacher, not after the nosebleed he'd had during arithmetic.

"Arthur Williams." She had picked the two-to-one favorite.

"The suzerainty of tyrants is a problem that is not a problem. And Utopia is a place that is not a place." Arthur had stood for his answer and now he flapjacked confidently back into his seat.

"Wait a minute, Arthur. You've not finished. You forgot to make the connection."

A look of uncertainty spread across his face like marmalade on toast. The connection, the connection, he thought, there is always a connection. "The connection is that there are no tyrants in Utopia?"

"Are you asking me or telling me, Arthur?"

"There are no tyrants in Utopia," he declared, like a Little Man.

"Good for you, Arthur. Stick to your guns. Was that what you were going to say, James?"

"Yes, ma'am." James was lying through his teeth. He was going to say that a riddle is a problem that is not a problem, your grave a place that is not a place, the connection being that death was a riddle that only ghosts knew the answer to. But that was the wrong answer. He thanked God for letting him escape public embarrassment.

"It's all right, James. I'll ask you next time."

Next time, he thought, as the hair ball of fear grew smaller and then disappeared.

"All right, class. Take out a sheet of paper. We're going to have the spelling test I promised you."

The average students all groaned; the dummies awaited instructions; the smarties were already numbering their papers.

"Number your papers from one to fifteen down the left-hand margin leaving a space of one inch between the number and the answer put your name class and the date in the upper right-hand corner failure to do this will result in your mark being lowered one letter grade or four points whichever is greater ready first word."

"No, no, not yet," subvocalized murmurs brushed off the 8½-by-11-inch loose-leaf pages, struck the thirty-two crayoned pictures of Alexander the Great that spanned the room, thumbtacked to the top of the green blackboards, and dissolved without striking Mrs. Maraganset's hammer and anvil.

"First word: entropy. The scientists discovered that entropy had taken place. Entropy. Keep your eyes on your own paper."

Brendan McCourt hadn't heard the first word and was hoarsely whispering to Marcel Idiart. "Whadshesay, whadshesay?"

"Who's whispering? If you didn't hear me correctly, raise your hand and I'll repeat the question." James wondered why nobody never raised his hand although at least five kids didn't hear the word clear enough to repeat it to themselves.

"Number two: surprise. The pupils

were all surprised to see the new hamster. Surprise."

Buzzy was breathing down Nervous Nervous' neck. "Give me the answer or I'll kick your ass after school." He knew Nervous wouldn't get all the letters, but maybe between the two of them he'd have a chance.

Nervous squirmed, looking down at his paper, pretending not to hear.

"You're gonna get it, you sissy."

Nervous didn't want "it." He tried to muffle the sound as he pronounced the letters out loud. He got as far as *a-n-s-e* when he realized that Buzzy was no longer listening. It was too late. He was so frightened he didn't hear the third word.

"Fourth word: tangible. The tangerines were very tangible. Tangible."

Sally Ann wrote *tangerine* on her paper next to number one. It was the first word she'd caught. Her father had a vegetable stand on Fourth Avenue and she knew that the plural of potato was potatoes.

"Fifth word: unscrupulous. The outlaws were very unscrupulous. Unscrupulous. Watch out for the antepenult. It's not spelled like you think it is."

James thought: James hung his unscrupulous out the bathroom window at the passing girls, unscrupulous. He spelled *-scrup-* *-scroup-*, caught in the phonetic trap.

"Number six: percolate. The coffee began to percolate. Percolate."

"See you later, percolator," Buzzy singsonged into Nervous' ear. "I'm gonna grind you up."

"Seven. Esophagus. The food went down the esophagus. Esophagus."

What is the name of the strait connecting the Mediterranean and the Black Sea? James asked himself. Esophagus, I baptize thee Esophagus.

"Number eight: believe. The teacher didn't believe the student when he told her he was sick. Believe. And don't forget: the usual rule, 'When two vowels go walking, the first one does the talking,' doesn't apply here."

Nervous knew that the example was directed at him. *Beeleave*, he wrote.

"Nine. Deceitful. The teacher kept John after school because he was deceitful. Deceitful. Remember, boys and girls, 'I before e except . . .'" She let the jingle dangle.

Marcel Idiart only heard the first three words. He wrote *decietful*.

continued

continued

"Tenth word: origin. What is your origin? Origin."

Sally Ann wrote *orange* in the second slot. Kenneth Doti wrote *oarogin*. His father drank gin. Arthur Williams got it right, as expected.

"Number eleven: condition. The doctor asked the sick man about his condition. Condition."

We ain't got no air condition in this classroom. Brendan McCourt told himself. *Condishin. Con-dish-in*.

"Twelve: twelve. There are twelve eggs in a dozen. Twelve."

When Judas hung himself, James thought, there were eleven apostles instead of twelve. Twelve, thought Buzzy, it's ten to twelve. Time for lunch. *Twelev*.

"Thirteen. Reporter. John wants to be a reporter when he grows up. Reporter."

Thirteen, James reflected. There are thirteen buns in a baker's dozen. *Thirteen*, he wrote. I forgot to get my report card signed, Sally Ann remembered. It was three weeks late and she hadn't shown it to her father yet.

"Number fourteen, next to last. Scissors. Mary bought a new pair of scissors. Scissors."

Mary Conway smiled at the mention of her name. She had two sisters. *Sisters*, she wrote.

"The last one, class. Fifteen. Repeat. John repeated his answer. Repeat."

Pete and Re-Pete had a fight. Pete won. Who lost? Re-Pete. Pete and Re-Pete had a fight . . . Brendan McCourt thought he'd try that one on Nervous during lunch. Repeat, thought Buzzy as he copied *scissors* from the line above.

"And for those of you who'd like to try, there's a bonus word. If you get it right, it counts for two points. It's a word from the next chapter. Ready: trouble. The Jones twins always got into trouble."

"And Trouble is the girl next door," Kenneth Doti half shouted to Buzzy. They both laughed.

"Mr. Doti. Is that what they teach you at home, to speak out of turn?" She shied away from asking about the im-

plications of his statement. "Well, is it?"

"No, ma'am!" Doti had raised his voice, mimicking a buck private being chewed out by a superior officer.

"You don't have to shout, Mr. Doti. I can hear you perfectly well. We don't shout in 6B, do we class?"

"No, Mrs. Maraganset." The choir from Blessed Sacrament Church down the block couldn't have been more in unison.

"Mr. Doti, any more trouble from you today and you'll be kept after school. Do you understand that?"

"Yes, ma'am." Doti's voice was indifferent, showing neither defiance nor deference.

"Pens down everyone pass the papers to the person in front of you when you are finished sit up straight and fold your hands the row that looks the neatest gets to be first in line."

Mrs. Maraganset called the rows according to their places in the hierarchy of good posture and horizontal visuality. Four, three, one, five, two. Two had Nervous, Buzzy, Sally Ann, Kenneth Doti, and Arthur Williams. It was always the last in line. Arthur Williams tried as best he could to make up for the deficiencies of his row, but you could only sit so straight. But he brought in about six thousand points in the weekly competitions, keeping the Blue Ravens a good five hundred points ahead of the nearest challenger. The spelling test was good for another two hundred.

Kenneth Doti began to punch Nervous in the arm, while Buzzy scuffed his oxblood shoes.

"William Norvous! What's the matter with you? Have you got ants in your pants?"

The class giggled. Mrs. Maraganset liked it too.

"What you need is a good shake. Stand on your two feet. All right class file out keep to the right-hand side of the hall and carry all lunch bags and reading books in your left hand keep your eyes on the back of the head of the person in front of you no talking and don't bang the lockers with your

knuckles."

The class filed out and Kenneth Doti clacked his ruler against the lockers, jabbing Nervous in the back with it when they came to a water fountain or another classroom. The line moved into the cafeteria. Those with lunch bags got on one side, those who just wanted milk and dessert on another. The hot meal for the day was celery soup, meat loaf, mashed potatoes, and squash. Everyone bought hamburgers except for the kids with glasses. They seemed to think that celery soup made them see better.

Doti, Buzzy, McCourt, and James sat at one table. They all had brought their lunch.

"Did you see that meat loaf?" asked Buzzy. "It looks like old Kotex rags sopped in gravy."

"I wouldn't eat that crap if you paid me," added McCourt.

"I saw the boxes that those hamburgers come in. One hundred percent pure horsemeat," said Doti. "Hey, Jimmy, your bandage's coming loose."

"Ah, it's almost healed anyway." He ripped the gauze pad off his neck and didn't flinch when the adhesive tape pulled away at the hairs. In the middle of the pad was a splotch of mustard-like dampness with a ketchup bull's-eye.

"Let me have it for a minute." Doti took the pad and looked around. Two tables away Nervous was getting up to go back for a straw. "I think he needs a little more mustard." Doti went over to the table, gave Nervous' lunchmate an intimidating glare, slipped the gauze between the two pieces of hamburger roll, and went back to his seat. "Watch this," he said.

Nervous returned, sat down, slipped the straw into his milk carton, took a sip, then bit into the hamburger. He pulled away from it with the gauze fluffing out of his mouth like a lizard with a moth. He spit it out with a "*Ptlagh!*" Tears came to his eyes as he drank his milk in silent grief.

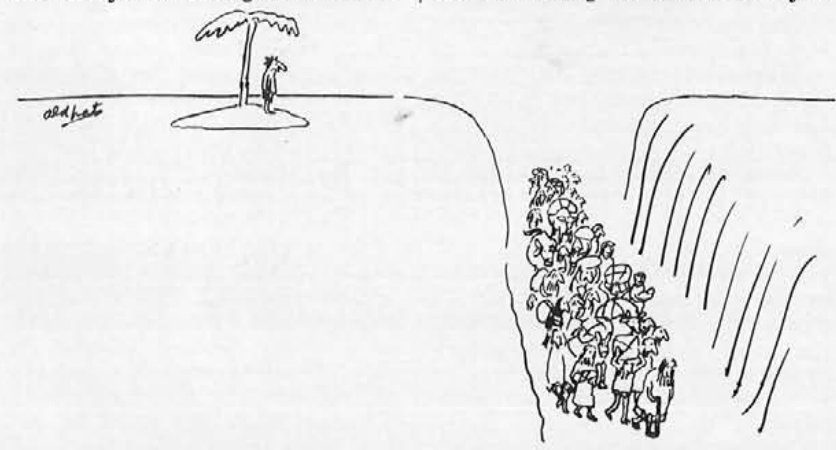
"You guys get any pills this week?" asked Buzzy.

"The shrink gave me some reds, but I ain't been taking them." Doti pulled out his flat, cylindrical pillbox with the silver-dollar emblem. "I'm looking to trade these for some black beauties."

Buzzy produced a vial of yellow capsules. "I'm supposed to take one of these when I'm feeling restless. But they just make me drowsy. That croaker don't know fuck."

The others tensed up a little and looked out of the corners of their eyes. Buzzy had said the forbidden word in the cafeteria. It was like farting in church.

"Let's get out of here and see what we can find in the school yard," McCourt said. Neither he nor James had been given pills by the school physician. They weren't hyperactive or suf-



fering from mentalitis, or lack of get-up-and-go, as Dr. Jar would have paraphrased it to their parents. They were normals.

They walked out of the cafeteria like off-duty bodyguards, passing Mr. Kass, the music teacher. The pitch pipe around his neck looked like a shrunken piece of copra from Truk Island.

"There once was a man named Kass, Who had two balls made of brass. When he rubbed them together, They played 'Stormy Weather' And lightning shot out of his ass." They all laughed at McCourt's limerrick. He beat Edward Lear hands down.

The Trading Post was on the other side of the school yard behind the handball court. The kids had their pill bottles out, comparing the contents, questioning one another about the ones they didn't recognize.

"I got five lotus eights that I gotta get rid of. Willing to swap 'em for an equal number of dexies." Five kids gathered around Doti to take a look.

"What do they do to you?"

"How about them reds?"

"They're all up for grabs. Take one lotus eight, and arithmetic, spelling, and 'merican history will no longer bother you. If your teacher is on your nerves, you can just turn the channel."

"I got some green bandits I'm willing to trade," one of the "ments" named Lenny spoke up. "Good for gym classes when you gotta do all them push-ups." "Sounds good," said Doti. "Let's see 'em."

Over against the wall some eighth-graders were playing red dog:

"I raise you three pinks," said Carol Burns, "and a birth-control pill."

"I ain't got no use for them Enoids. Save 'em for when you're playing old maid. I see your pinks and raise you a pheno-barb." "Red" Molloy, a cigarette cupped behind his fleshy, cut-up knuckles, a tough scrapper with a sense of justice, was the acknowledged leader of the Big Guys, the graduating class.

"I'm in," said Carol, pulling her skirt over her knees.

The bell rang and the students went back to their classrooms in Schuyler Colfax Elementary School.

Mrs. Maraganset still had some mayonnaise on her slight blond moustache, and the students joked about it as they flowed back into the room. Yesterday it was peanut butter. The final bell hadn't rung and they all wandered about and clustered at different points: the hamster cage on the windowsill, the goldfish tank at the back of the room, Janey Peters' desk, the girls with the biggest jugs. Janey went into the coatroom to get a sweater and McCourt unobtrusively slipped in after her. She was putting the sweater on when he reached her.

"That's a nice pin you got there,

Janey."

"I won it at the bazaar. It's supposed to be a rhinestone."

"It sure feels like it." He plucked her nipple and rolled it between his thumb and his index finger. It went from malleable bump to rubber eraser to taut pinky tip.

When the second bell rang, McCourt came out of the coatroom with tented trousers. Janey exited from the door at the other end, her damp thighs squishing like sneakers in a rainstorm.

"Before we take out our geography books, I'd like to have a quick review of what we've been studying this week. Twenty-five points will be given for each correct answer. David Meyers, you be the scorekeeper. All right, class, what is the Taj Mahal?"

Ten normals fluttered their hands like angels with helicopter blades for wings. Some leaned out of their desks, tangential promontories. All mumbled inarticulate versions of their teacher's name.

"I'm not going to call on you unless you raise your hands like little gentlemen and ladies."

Buzzy snapped his index finger off his thumb into Nervous' neck like he was shooting a bottle cap in a game of skully. Nervous jumped at the thwack.

"All right, Mr. Nervous, since you seem to be so eager. You answer the question. Stand up."

Nervous stood up, trying to feign puzzlement by peering up into the distant heavens.

"The answer isn't on the ceiling, is it, Mr. Nervous?"

"No, ma'am." He lowered his gaze.

"Is it written on your shoes, then?" The class giggled.

"The Taj Mahal is a city. They got boats there."

"Sit down, Mr. Nervous. Why can't you be honest and tell us 'I don't know'? Yes: Alan Shroeder."

"The Taj Mahal is a white marble mausoleum built at Agra, India, by the Mogul emperor, Shah Jahan, from 1630 to 1650 to commemorate his deceased wife."

"Very good, Alan. That is correct.

How do you know so much about it? Our books don't tell us that much."

"I got a book from the library about it." Mrs. Maraganset didn't see him sliding a copy of *Webster's Abridged Dictionary* back inside his desk.

"You all ought to spend more time in the library. Don't just be satisfied with what the book tells you. If you tell Miss Pratt, the librarian, about what you're interested in, she'll help you find the right material. Next question: what are the monsoons? Sally Ann, you haven't answered any questions lately."

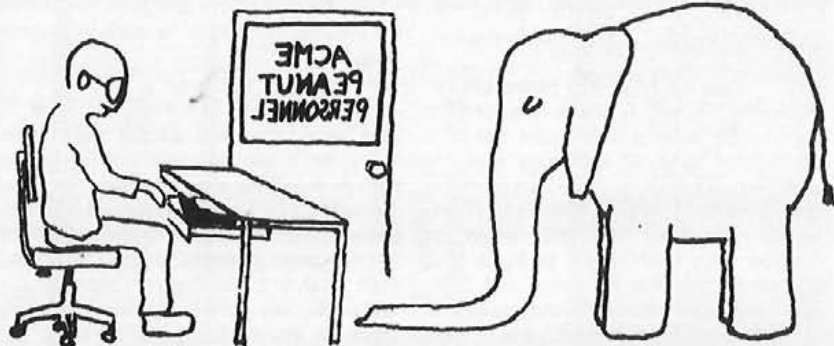
Sally Ann stood up, perplexed. Monsoons, monsoons, mushrooms, she toured her brain for a hint, a trace. Nothing but Swiss cheese and a radish. Doti whispered something to her. She smiled. "They're the little men who run around China." Poor Sally Ann. Earlier that month, in history class, she had submitted that the underground railroad was another name for the subway.

"No, Sally Ann, but that was a good try. You're thinking of coolies, the Chinese laborers that you see pulling the rickshaws. James Desmond."

"The monsoons are the seasonal winds of the Indian Ocean, commonly marked by heavy rains."

"Excellent, James. You have a nice way of putting things."

James slipped the dictionary back to Shroeder during the next question. Now he could daydream, wander off. He wouldn't be called again for the rest of the day after that one, not unless he raised his hand, the signal flag. He took that hand and slid it into the desk for safekeeping. He had swallowed a lotus eight just before class, the first pill he had ever taken, just to try it out. And now he was floating away through beaded curtains and bronze elephants, adjusting his turban and tugging his beard. Mrs. Maraganset looked like Sabu. Doti was a mahout, jabbing his tong in Nervous' ear. The class was sitting in the Ganges, peeing as they faced Mecca, pilgrims on the way to Benares, as the sacred monkeys thronged the temples and the black plague swept across the peninsula. □



"We've been suspecting you for some time now, Tisdale. . . ."

This Is Your Life... Francis Gary Powers

by Terry Catchpole

This article contains Ridiculous, a National Lampoon trade name for certain fictitious passages added as a humor-enhancer and to retard legal action.

RALPH EDWARDS (*close-up alone on the studio stage, speaking to the audience*): In just a few seconds our guest subject on "This Is Your Life" tonight will walk through this stage door, right here. He has been told by his wife—who is in on our little surprise—that there is an admirer in this room who wants to give our guest subject an awful lot of money. He doesn't know that, instead of money, we are going to shower him with *memories*! It should be just a matter of seconds before . . . FRANCIS GARY POWERS enters, carrying a large, empty satchel and looking around expectantly.

RE: Can I help you, sir?

GP: Are you the guy with the dough?

RE: No, I'm afraid . . .

GP (*sees audience*): What is this? Who are you?

RE: I'm Ralph Edwards and this, Francis Gary Powers, is *your* life.

GP: My llllllllll . . . (*Applause.*)

RE: Yes, Francis Gary Powers—the man who, more than any other man in our lifetime, has shown the victims of life's cruel fates what they can accomplish with a little imagination and luck—this is your life.

GP: Noooooo, not again, not that . . .

RE: Sit down right over here, Gary . . .

GP: Look, I don't want to cause you any trouble, but I am double-parked, and . . .

RE: . . . as we help you relive the remarkable life which saw a humble boy born in the hills of Kentucky rise to a position of national ignominy and become an object of public ridicule. Who among us will ever forget that memorable day, May 1, 1960, when an obscure CIA functionary flying a U-2 spy plane between Pakistan and Norway was shot down twelve hundred miles inside the Soviet Union? Your name was suddenly in headlines around the world. At home your abject sur-

render to the Communists united the people in their contempt for your action. In Moscow, the Kremlin used your abortive surveillance mission as reason to cancel a four-nation summit conference scheduled for May 16, thus ruining President Eisenhower's dreams of bringing peace to the world.

VOICE: Powers may not know this, but his clumsiness also help cause my downfall.

RE: You have never met this man personally, Gary, even though he played a very important part in your life, and you in his. Here, flown from his dacha outside Moscow especially for this program, is former Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev. (*NK enters.*)

RE: Stand right over here, Mr. Premier, and tell us how this young fellow contributed to your unfortunate removal from power.

NK: I want to be friend of United States of America, you understand, Edwards? I want our countries live together in peace. I tell America-haters in Kremlin that U.S. not aggressive, not expansionist. Then comes this guy, Powers, with his peekaboo spy plane, snooping over Russia and getting shot down and talking like a Gramophone. The America-haters, they say, "Hoo-ha, Nikita, so U.S. not militarist, is nice guys, hey? Nikita, who you trying to kid, you?" So, they no more listen to Nikita and soon I'm out in Red Square on my behind, a nobody, and we have America-haters in Kremlin today, thanks to this guy here, he should be iceman in Siberia he such a clumsy man.

GP: I'm very sorry, sir. . . .

RE: Wonderful, Mr. Premier. Now, if you wouldn't mind sitting right over there, we'll see you later at the party we are throwing after the show for you, Francis Gary Powers, the man who destroyed the hopes for world peace of the two most powerful leaders on earth.

GP: Can't I go home, forget . . .

RE: Oh, not yet, Gary, we have lots more to come. Let's go back to the beginning, back to the hills of Kentucky where life began for you in 1930,

back to the small rural town of Pound, Virginia, where you grew up. What do you remember most about your boyhood, Gary?

GP: I was sick a lot.

RE: Yes, these were miserable years for you, Gary. The other kids wouldn't play with you because they might catch one of your many illnesses, the school nurse made you lie down during recess, you frequently threw up in class, and the gym teacher made fun of your lack of coordination on the playing field.

VOICE: Gary, you were one of the clumsiest boys I ever had in class. You always played right field and batted ninth. But I'll have to admit that you were a pretty good sport about it.

RE: That voice, Gary, is one you haven't heard in over thirty years—the voice of your old grade-school gym instructor, now of Norfolk, Virginia, Mr. Burt "Bo" Brown! (*BB enters.*)

GP: Not that bully.

RE: Coach Brown—stand right here beside Gary—what else do you remember about this remarkable young man?

BB: I recall Gary's being a shy, sort of awkward kid—not a pansy, mind, just kind of, you know, *sensitive* like. He never wanted to take a shower after class—that was until I told the other boys to snap him a few times with wet towels, you know, roll 'em up'n snap 'em real smart like 'gainst his little rear end. That got him in the shower quick enough.

RE: Thank you, Coach Bo Brown, for that marvelous story. We'll see you later at the party we're having for Gary at the Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel, where tonight's surprise guests have been staying. How are you enjoying it so far, Gary?

GP: Can't I just give you some money, something, make you stop?

RE: We can't stop now, Gary. Life never stops. If the school year was unpleasant for you, the summer months were worse.

VOICE: Every summer till he was nineteen, Gary's parents would send him to stay with me in the rooming house where I lived.

GP: Aunt Birdbrain?

RE: Yes, Gary, here from her home in Washhole, Kentucky, is your favorite aunt, Birdie Barnes. (BB enters.)

GP: She was my *only* aunt.

RE: Tell our audience, Birdie—if I may call you that—what were some of the other things you and your famous nephew did to pass the time?

BB: Well, tell ya, Ralphie, every Sabbath I'd dress little Gary up in his Sunday best short-pants suit with the little bow-tie and we'd go a-visitin' all my friends and kin at the Maple Grove Rest Home for white folk. We'd go to the home and Gary, he'd sit there and squirm away for hours and I'd be tellin' him it did a little fella good to dress up and sit still least one day a week. After the visitin' we'd go back to my room for our liver, boiled potato, and beets. (GP places hand over mouth at the memory.)

RE: Was Gary a well-behaved child then?

BB: He was the best little yarn-holder I ever had.

RE: Thank you so much, Aunt Birdie Barnes, we'll see you later, too. Life, as it must, goes inevitably on for you, Gary. You grow up, and, after spending two wasted years in an iron lung when a doctor incorrectly diagnoses a case of whooping cough as polio, you decide to make a special effort to win friends. VOICE: Gary would all the time beg us to let him go out at night to horse around with his friends, but we wouldn't permit it because those boys were a bad influence.

RE: A familiar voice—right, Gary?—that of your father, Oliver, here with your mother, Ida Powers. . . . (They enter.)

GP: Can't escape, no place to hide, nationwide TV . . .

RE: Mrs. Powers, what did you and Mr. Powers say to Gary back then, when he'd want to go out with the other fellows?

IP: First off, Gary'd say something like "But So-and-So goes out, why can't I?" and we'd come back, quick as a wink, and say, "Well, young man, if So-and-So went and jumped in the lake, would you follow him?" And Gary, he'd be really stumped for an answer then. RE: What other differences of opinion did you have with your parents while you were growing up, Gary?

GP: They wouldn't let me wear clothes like the other fellas did—pegged pants, electric bow-ties, stuff like that.

IP: 'Cause those were darkie clothes, son—we didn't want no son of ours lookin' like a darkie.

OP: Gary really put up a fuss when we refused to permit him to go to the picture show. We figured it would be better for his character if'n he stayed to home and read a good upliftin' book instead.

GP: I hardly ever went anywhere, even after school.

OP: Had chores to do, son—haulin' water, scrubbin' the floors, helpin' your maw . . .

GP: Cleaning the coal.

RE: What?

GP: I had to wipe off each piece of coal before we brought it inside so it wouldn't get the house dirty.

RE: Even when Gary was allowed out, I understand you made him take along his sister, Erma, who was four years younger, and that she followed him everywhere.

VOICE: I'll say I followed Gary everywhere. Do you remember, Gary, the time I caught you smoking in the bathroom and ran to tell Daddy? And how he laughed so hard when he found out you were smoking corn pads instead of corn silk, he could hardly spank you?

RE: Here, Gary, from her present home in Ames, Iowa, your sister Erma, now Mrs. Roger Bunkie. (EB enters.)

GP: Five years I've avoided her, and now this. . . .

RE: Erma, did Gary get mad at you regularly when you were kids?

EB: Boy, I'll say. Once, when I gave all his baseball trading cards to my boyfriend, he was really hoppin'.

GP: She wrecked my Schwinn Flyer, too.

RE: What's that?

GP: My Schwinn bike, she busted up my bike that I'd saved two years to buy, wrecked it, and they didn't do nothin' to her.

IP: She's a girl, son, that's why. You don't punish little girls.

RE: Speaking of girls—Erma, Mr. and Mrs. Powers—did Gary do much dating when he was in high school?

OP: Didn't have much time. He had his chores, his church choir practice, his organ lessons, his newspaper route, his egg route, his homework, and baby-sittin' for old Mrs. Carson across the street.

GP: I could never even have a driver's license.

IP: There was enough maniacs on the roads as it was, son.

RE: What about learning the birds and the bees?

IP: Oh, we would never tell our children any of that filth!

OP: Folks learn about *s-e-x* fast enough as it is without havin' it shoved down their throat as children.

RE: But your social life took a turn for the better, didn't it, Gary, when you began noticing a certain someone in the grade behind you?

IP: What's this, son—you had a girl friend and you never even told your own mother?

VOICE: I'll never forget our very first date, Gary. We went to the school prom, and you were so embarrassed because two days before your face had

just exploded with acne—it was just frosted over with tiny whiteheads.

GP: Who?

RE: Your first sweetheart, Gary, now Mrs. Albert Sweibeck, of Hempstead, Long Island, you knew her as Norma Sue Banian. (NS enters.)

GP: There must be some mistake. I'm sorry, but I've never seen this person before in my life.

NS: You don't have to be shy about us, Gary. I'm not here to ask you for support for me and the baby—he's twenty-three now, by the way, the least you could do is send him a birthday card—I didn't tell you back then, you or any of my fellas, but I'd inherited five million from a maiden aunt.

GP: I still don't . . .

NS: You could've been rich, Gary, rolling in the stuff, you and me, but, oh no, you thought you were too good for me, you Mr. High-and-Mighty. I was just good enough for a quick . . .

RE: We'll see you later at the party, Norma Sue.

GP: I still don't recognize you, ma'am, but I feel I should apologize for somebody.

RE: A very typical remark, Gary. Humility was always your hallmark, wasn't it?

GP: I was always saying "I'm sorry," even when I hadn't done anything. And I always *felt* sorry, too.

RE: Next, Gary, it's off to pursue higher education at the state university. What do you remember most from your college days, Gary?

GP: Pain, misery, loneliness . . .

RE: An understandable response. Those weren't very happy times, were they, Gary? Your freshman roommate was an aggressive homosexual, and you never dared go to sleep at night. To get out of that situation, you pledge a popular fraternity on campus, only to be blackballed when a member mistakes you for a fellow pledge named Francis Kerry Powell. Then, more heartbreak: A history professor catches a classmate peeking at your paper during a quiz, and, even though you know nothing about the cheating, he tries to have you both expelled. You escape expulsion when the classmate confesses, but when the dean congratulates you for your honesty at a monthly class assembly, everyone thinks you turned him in, and you are the victim of the silent treatment for the rest of your time at college. How did you feel about it all, Gary?

GP: I was sorry I'd gotten the other fellow into so much trouble.

RE: You had hit bottom, finally, Gary, and there was nowhere to go but up. After a childhood sweetheart elopes with an encyclopedia salesman a week before you were to announce your engagement, you meet and eventually marry your first wife, and you have to find a job. Several rejections and un-

continued

answered phone calls later, you are employed repossessing used cars in a colored neighborhood.

VOICE: I'll never forget the time, Gary, when you were repossessing a prostitute's car and got picked up in a police raid on the cathouse. You were one red-faced son of a gun when I came down to bail you out, and the guys at work never let you forget it.

RE: Another voice you haven't heard in several years, Gary—your best friend from that period, from Pontiac, Michigan, Charlie Ganzweitzer. (*CG enters.*)

GP: Hiya, Charlie.

CG: Halloo, Gare—how about that fifty you're into me for?

RE: Charlie, was Gary always getting himself into trouble back then, too?

CG: He was a walking disaster area, Ralph. One time we went out to a ball game, and, with 32,000 people in the ball park, Gary's the one who gets beamed by a line-drive foul—really cold-cocked him. Then they put him in the hospital overnight for observation, a nurse gets his chart mixed up with another patient's, and Gary undergoes open-heart surgery. But he came through O.K.

RE: Yes, Gary always seems to bounce right back, doesn't he? Thank you, Charlie Ganzweitzer, we'll see you after the show.

CG: Don't forget the fifty, Powers.

GP: I'm sorry, but I'm flat tonight, Charlie.

CG: Well, hit up Edwards, he should be owing you something. You ain't doing this for *nothin'*, are ya? I'm hurtin', pal.

GP: Mr. Edwards, do you suppose . . .

RE: All the while you were working, Gary, you refused to let your education slide. After six years of hard studying at night school you get a college diploma and a law degree. Unfortunately, however, the school loses its accreditation five days later when the local district attorney's office brings in indictments for fraud and conspiracy against all but two of its instructors. Your degree is worthless, and, in disgust, you join the air force.

VOICE: Gary, we're honestly sorry for all the trouble you've had, for all you've been through, and would like to make it up to you. Would a check for a hundred thousand help?

GP (*beaming and aghast*): Who is that?

RE: Ah, nobody, Gary, pay no attention, just one of the, er, stagehands, heh, heh, fooling around with the mike backstage. (*Aside.*) Get him away from there! (*Back front.*) Now then, Gary, your air-force career begins on a sour note as you are recycled through basic training three times when your file is accidentally shredded. Finally, you do get into flight school and realize your

boyhood dream of being an airplane pilot. Gary, we tried very hard to get one of your air-force superiors to come on the show and be with you here on this memorable night, but no one in the military seems to want to have anything to do with you.

GP: I understand, I'm sorry.

RE: Were you a good soldier, Gary?

GP: I followed orders.

RE: We are rapidly approaching your momentous rendezvous with destiny, Francis Gary Powers. Following your air-force tour of duty, you take a job as a pilot for Lockheed Aircraft, employment that is, of course, just a front: you are paid by the Central Intelligence Agency to make photo-reconnaissance flights over the Soviet Union in Lockheed Utility-2 aircraft, otherwise known as the U-2. You are stationed in the Middle East, and during a four-year period make twenty-seven flights over Russian soil without a single hitch. Your service with the CIA almost over, you look forward to returning to a normal life in the United States. On the morning of May 1, 1960—the most important holiday on the Russian calendar, incidentally—you set out on another routine aerial spy mission, a 3,788-mile, eight-hour flight between Peshawar, Pakistan, and Bodö, Norway. The whole world knows what happened next, don't they, Gary?

GP: I'm afraid so, sir.

RE: Twelve hundred miles inside Russia, near the city of Sverdlovsk, your plane plummets seventy thousand feet to the earth. You bail out, are captured, and spend 108 days in a Soviet prison awaiting trial.

GP: It was all my fault, I'm sorry. . . .

RE: Everyone knows the general details of your experience, Gary, but our audience may not be familiar with some of the finer points.

GP: Do they have to be?

RE: Afraid so, Gary. That's what boosts the ol' Nielsen. For example, none of the fourteen Soviet missiles fired at your U-2 scored a direct hit. You almost got away, but the U-2's tail was knocked off by the repercussion from an exploding missile that had missed you. In fact, one of those fourteen missiles actually shot down a Soviet MIG that had gone up to pursue your plane.

GP: Gee, I'm awfully sorry about that.

RE: Was the pilot hurt?

RE: Disintegrated.

GP: Ooooooo. . . .

RE: And given the Hero of the Soviet Union medal posthumously.

GP: At least something went right for somebody that day.

RE: What about the destruct mechanism on the U-2, Gary—why didn't you use that?

GP: I tried to, but after being thrust out of the cockpit by the gravity forces,

I couldn't reach it.

RE: Your CIA superiors had said that the destruct device, activating a three-pound charge of cyclonite, had a seventy-second timing delay. Later you were told that, had you reached the switch, your plane would have blown up instantly.

GP: I never wanted to believe that.

RE: Of course you didn't, Gary—that's the meaning of patriotism. And what about the pin tipped with the deadly poison, curare, which you had been given?

GP: The pin was hidden in a silver dollar, which I knew would be found right away if I should be captured. So, as I was coming down, I threw away the coin and hid the pin in my pocket. They still found it right away.

RE: What else did you try to do while you were parachuting toward earth?

GP: I tried to guide my chute toward a large woods, where I could hide until nightfall and then escape. I missed the trees, landed in a big open field, and was immediately surrounded by a crowd of fifty or sixty curious peasants.

RE: The CIA had given you one Slavic language phrase to use in such a situation: "Take me to the underground and I will buy you a new motorcar." The simple peasants do not understand, they call the local police for help, and you are arrested.

GP: They were only doing their job.

RE: Meanwhile, when Washington received word that a U-2 had been shot down, the Government assumed the pilot was dead and explained that you had been making weather-observation flights over Turkey and had somehow blundered into Russian air space. But Gary Powers was very much alive in Moscow, telling his captors the truth about the mission. President Eisenhower then had to confess he had lied before, and that the U.S. was indeed engaged in aerial espionage. The U.S. press and people wondered why you had not killed yourself and saved your country this embarrassment.

GP: My CIA instructions never said I was to use the poisoned pin, and did say that I could just as well surrender if shot down. If I was captured, the CIA told me to cooperate fully, to be courteous and completely honest about my mission and the CIA's role in it.

RE: But the CIA didn't tell the American public that these were your instructions?

GP: No, no they didn't—they must've forgotten.

RE: The CIA told the American press something, Gary. What was that?

GP: When I was first interrogated in prison, I gave some misleading information to throw my captors off a little bit. I figured that if I didn't give them the whole story right away, they'd be sure to keep me alive and healthy for

a while longer. But when I did this, gave them some incomplete and inaccurate information, they brought in an edition of the *New York Times* where some CIA "spokesman" had leaked the complete and accurate information to the *Times* reporters.

RE: Still, Gary, a lot of people thought you were an abject coward. The attitude of many U.S. citizens was summed up in Mort Sahl's line: "When Nathan Hale was captured by the British, he said, 'I regret that I have but one life to give for my country.' When Francis Gary Powers was captured by the Russians, he said, 'I guess this changes all my plans.'" Even Premier Khrushchev implied a failure of duty when he said of you, "Everything alive wants to live."

GP: I wanted to die.

RE: Why didn't you, Gary?

GP: I didn't know how. I had never done it before.

RE: Instead the Russians conducted a three-day showcase trial, which resulted in even more worldwide embarrassment to your country. At the end, you were sentenced to ten years in prison, seven of them at hard labor.

GP: And even then the Western press didn't leave me alone. One reporter heard I was studying Russian and wrote that I was going to defect. So I gave up learning Russian.

RE: Then, after eighteen long, hard months of imprisonment in a hostile, foreign land, Washington arranged with Moscow to exchange you for a captured Soviet spy named Rudolf Abel. When the exchange occurred on February 10, 1962, the federal prosecutor who had convicted Abel greeted your release with these critical words: "It's like trading Mickey Mantle for an average ballplayer. We gave them an extremely valuable man and got back an airplane driver."

GP: I guess he didn't like me.

RE: But he had never met you, Gary. All in all, it wasn't a very pretty story, was it?

GP: No it wasn't, Mr. Edwards, and like I told the Russian judge at my trial, I was very, very sorry it had to happen.

RE: But there was even more misery awaiting you back home, wasn't there, Gary? While you languished in a Soviet prison, your wife was starting divorce proceedings. Your ex-wife couldn't be with us today, Gary—something about a hair appointment—but we do have her present husband, from Palm Springs, California, Mr. Reggie Leblanc. (*RL enters.*)

RL (*to GP*): Chin up, sport.

RE: Mr. Leblanc . . .

RL: Reggie's the name and sportin' is my game. Pick a card, any card . . .

RE: Er, yes, ah Reggie . . .

RL: It rhymes with wedgie and that

spells golf, *g-o-l-f*. Foooor!

RE: Yes, Reggie, how did you feel when you, so to speak, took Gary's place in the Powers' household?

RL: Real bad, Ralph, real bad. I want to tell you I felt sick about it. Such sickness, such guilt, it was almost more than I could take—almost, but no more. But, after all—Ralph, Gary—the kids did need a full-time father.

GP: I know. I realize. I failed. I'm sorry.

RL: Well, got to dash, fellas, just remembered I left the sauna running—see ya sport, Ralph . . .

RE: After the heartbreak of this divorce, Gary Powers bounces back once more. Ten months later you marry Claudia Downey, and she is the one who finally convinces you that the CIA is not spying on you—as you suspect, Gary—and that the two of you can lead a normal, happy life. And here is that woman, Gary, your lovely wife, Claudia. (*CP enters.*) Tell us, Claudia, how did you convince Gary that the CIA wasn't following him?

CP: I just told him that it was silly talk, that the CIA trusted him implicitly and knew he wouldn't let out any classified information.

RE: And he believed you. Wonderful. Where did you first meet Gary, Claudia?

CP: It was while I was working for the CIA as a psychometrist in 1962. One of my superiors suggested that I might want to mar—er, meet Gary.

RE: And I can see the marriage has worked out magnificently. Stay right here, why don't you, while we bring the life of Francis Gary Powers up-to-date. The normal life you have dreamed about is yours at last, Gary, despite a series of misfortunes. You accept a job with Lockheed once again, and this time it is legitimate employment as a test pilot at Lockheed's Southern California installation. You move your new family to the West Coast, and shortly afterwards your home in the Hollywood hills is washed away in a mudslide.

GP: The insurance company said it was an act of God.

RE: And, after a heated, fruitless argument with the claims investigator, he falls down what remains of your front steps and successfully sues you for damages.

GP: I was very sorry that had to happen, but it was an accident.

RE: Of course it was, Gary, you've seen enough accidents to know. You have another run-in with the insurance company when a falling steel girder crushes your car as it is parked next to a construction site where you work.

GP: That time the post office lost my premium payment, and the policy had been canceled twelve hours before the accident.

RE: And there was more. An airline

misplaces your luggage, and you have to quickly purchase an entire new wardrobe; a few days later the store where you have bought your new clothes announces a fifty percent reduction sale. Responding to an emergency call for your rare blood-type, you catch gangrene from a dirty needle. Three of your overcoats are taken from restaurants within a two-week period. . . .

GP: They were all honest mistakes.

RE: You lose money investing in a uranium mine and a fast-food franchise. Credit cards are stolen, and your dog develops rabies and bites a neighborhood child. Your hopes of regaining the respect and admiration of your countrymen as a Lockheed test pilot are dashed when the company goes broke. Perhaps the ultimate humiliation comes when your memoirs are rejected by fifteen different magazines and book publishers. When your story is published in book form, it sells only 1,003 copies nationwide. Quite a remarkable record of achievement for you, Francis Gary Powers, America's premier victim. (*At this point, an overhead studio light rack falls, pinning Powers—and only Powers—beneath it on the floor.*)

RE: Oh, my, another accident, Gary.

GP: It's O.K., Mr. Edwards, I'm used to it.

RE: We'll get help for you, Gary, as soon as the show is over.

GP: It doesn't hurt as much if you don't think about it.

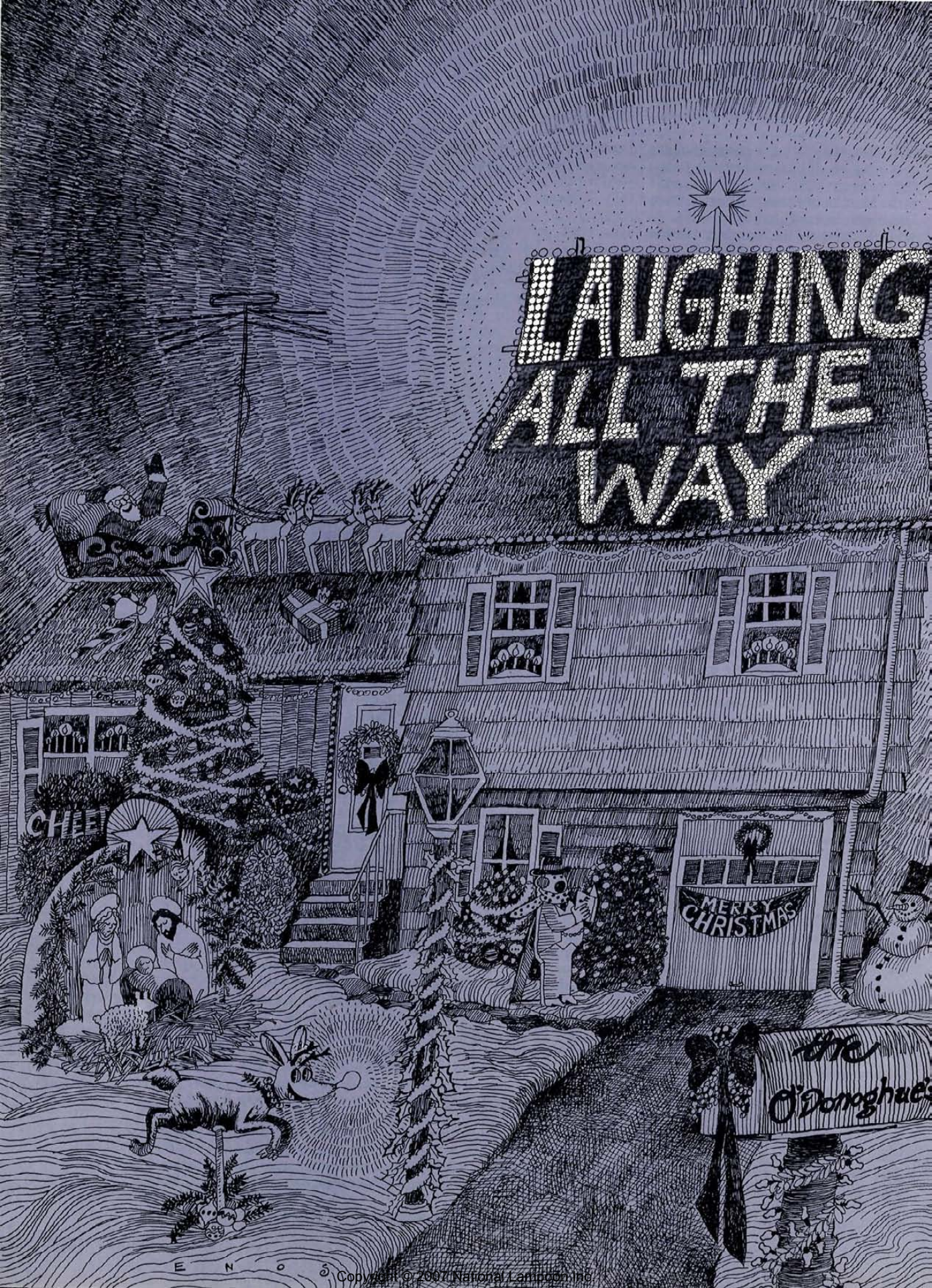
RE: Our thirty minutes' worth of your eventful life must now come to a close, Gary. As a token of remembrance, we have for your wife this solid-gold charm bracelet especially made for us by Marchal Jewelers of New York, with each charm symbolizing an event in your life. And for you, Gary, we have this magnificent set of gold cuff-links, one link in the shape of a U-2 plane and the other a replica of a Soviet missile. Now, let's all go to the party awaiting us at the Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel and we'll talk some more about old times. (*GP is left alone onstage, pinned under the light rack.*)

GP: Doctor!

VOICE: The doctor's office hours are from 1:00 to 4:00 P.M. every weekday except Thursday, by appointment only. This is a recording. If you would like to leave a message and a number where you can be reached, please wait for the "beep" and then recite your message . . . "beep."

GP: Yes, my name is Francis Gary Powers, you may have heard of me, and I know this is sort of hard to believe, but I'm down here in Studio B and I've had, well, sort of an accident. It isn't the first time this sort of thing has happened, and, well, maybe I had better start at the beginning. You see . . .

VOICE: Thank you for your message. You will be contacted in your turn. □



LAUGHING
ALL THE
WAY

CHEER

MERRY
CHRISTMAS

The
O'Donoghues

"Rubbish, Colonel, it can't be done!"
"You are mistaken, Dr. Shershnev. Not only can it be done but I know how to do it."

The Minister of Defense accepted a sheaf of papers from an assistant and spread them out before him on the green baize of the massive conference table. All eyes were upon him when he finally spoke.

"My dear Colonel Vernadsky. They have spent billions upon billions of dollars perfecting a defense system equal almost to our own. Their warning systems alone include DEW Line, the Pine Tree Line, and BMEWS. We'd be detected before we even reached Canada. And then they'd strike back. NORAD and SAC would be alerted, they'd go to DefCon 1 and, within minutes, launch every available ICBM against us, to say nothing of squadrons of B-52G's and FB-111's armed with nuclear warheads. The result would be wholesale destruction of such scope and magnitude to both countries that if our first strike yielded what used to be roughly termed 'victory,' their second strike would render such a victory, at best, Pyrrhic." He paused to take a sip of mineral water before adding, "It is impossible to penetrate their defenses undetected."

"Normally, you would be right," replied Vernadsky, lighting up a Novotnis. "But there is a weak link, a certain area where all their elaborate preparations and advanced technology have been undermined by sentimentality. By taking advantage of this weak link, we can bring them to their knees."

"What of the cost?" inquired Marshal Kuusinen.

"The cost is negligible. Beyond the slow V-1-like missiles themselves, I'd require ten or twelve thousand yards of resilient, red fabric; two thousand identical mannequins of an aging, obese male with a florid complexion; eighteen thousand durable, lightweight simulated animals, and a few other incidentals."

"For those of us unfamiliar with your plan, Colonel Vernadsky, would you mind explaining it again?"

"I would be happy to, Premier. Once every year, in an effort to humanize their military, they pretend to sight a mythological folk hero and report this sighting to their children. The folk hero is known by the unlikely name of . . ."

At the National Armed Forces Bureau of Public Relations, Airman First Class Timothy McKee was typing up a news release. It went quickly because actually he was just copying last year's release and changing the date:

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE
DATE: CHRISTMAS EVE, 1971
A RESOLUTE BAY RADAR

TRACKING STATION HAS PICKED UP AN UNIDENTIFIED FLYING OBJECT OVER THE NORTH POLE. GROUND OBSERVERS DESCRIBE THE OBJECT AS A SLEIGH-LIKE CRAFT DRAWN BY NINE (9) REINDEER AND MANNED BY A RED

The intercom buzzed.

"Yes, sir."

"Is the Santa story done yet?"

"Typing it up now, sir. Be on your desk in five minutes."

-SUITED FIGURE. WHEN LAST SEEN . . .

"... although diplomatic sources hold little hope that Rodgers' plan for an interim settlement will succeed.

"This just in. A Resolute Bay tracking station has picked up an unidentified flying object over the North Pole. According to a Pentagon official, the object was described as a sleigh-like craft drawn by nine reindeer and manned by a red-suited figure. When last seen, the craft was heading in a southerly direction and is expected to reach the United States around midnight.

"And that's the way it is—Friday, December 24th, 1971. This is Walter Cronkite, CBS News. Merry Christmas and good night."

A yellow light flashed on the SSB panel, and Jim Tallarico almost knocked over his coffee attempting to punch into the Resolute Bay line. "NORAD ComCen," he said crisply.

"This is Extended DEW Line Station Foxtrot One Point Four, Corporal Wenz reporting. Our radar has picked up unidentified blips with no IFF over the North Pole heading due south at moderate speeds. They do not respond to attempts at radio contact. Ground observers describe the crafts as sleighs pulled by flying rein—"

"It's not necessary, Corporal, to actually call this report in and tie up a National Security emergency line. Public Relations takes care of—did you say 'blips' plural?"

"Affirmative, sir. There are thousands of sleighs and reindeer heading toward—"

"Just one will do, Corporal."

"Standing by for instructions, sir."

"I suggest you hang up your stocking and go to bed, Corporal. Good night."

Interceptor Group Commander Burt Hodges reported back to base.

"Teepee 2, Teepee 2, this is Coffee 6. Do you read me? Over?"

"I read you five by five, Coffee 6. This is Colonel Bohlen. Over."

"Colonel, I have visual on a sleigh,

nine reindeer, and a bearded man at Angels 30, speed 850, head—"

"Fine, Burt, fine. Spare me the details. I'll call Public Relations and see if they can use it."

"No shit, Colonel! I really sighted a sleigh and—"

"Cut the clowning, Burt. Frankly, I just don't get you. You do something nice for the kids and then you go lousin' it up with that gutter talk of yours."

"But—"

"No 'buts' about it, Burt. Merry Christmas. Over and out."

Mr. Len Brenson of Gilpin, Colorado, was out in the driveway putting chains on his tires, when Donald, his four-year-old son, raced across the yard, gesturing frantically toward the sky. "Look, look, Daddy! It's Sandy Claws! Sandy Claws is here!" Mr. Brenson glanced up to see three reindeer teams with sleighs streaking overhead. "Must be some sort of supermarket opening," he muttered, returning to the chains.

At San Clemente, the President had been working late on next week's address to the Southern Governors' Conference. On his desk were a score of Christmas greetings, including an embossed card from the Russian ambassador that read, in Russian, English, and French, "Peace on Earth." In a corner of the office sat a red telephone. It had not rung.

Yawning, the President decided to call it a day and started upstairs. "Merry Christmas," he said to a Secret Service agent who was playing solitaire on the living-room couch.

"Merry Christmas, Mr. President," the agent replied.

"... was Fred Waring and the choir with the Firestone Symphony Orchestra performing 'Winter Wonderland.' And now WIBX continues its Christmas medley with Jim Nabors singing the ever-popular 'Jolly Old Saint Nicholas.' 'Jolly old Saint Nicholas, Lean your ear this way. Don't you tell a single soul, What I'm going to say. Christmas Eve is coming soon, Now you de' "

And at Omaha and San Diego and Orlando and Norfolk and Batesville and Colorado Springs and Fort Benning and Fort Bragg and Fort Ord and Fort Carson and Grand Forks Air Force Base and Edwards Air Force Base and Vandenberg Air Force Base and Malmstrom Air Force Base and Lowry Air Force Base and the Pentagon and Cheyenne Mountain and hundreds more key military installations and munitions plants and missile silos, Rudolph's nose glowed brighter than it ever had before. □

GRATUITOUS WISH-FULFILLMENT DEPT.

The holiday season is usually a bit grim around the *NatLampCo* offices. No one sends us greeting cards except the Have a Hemophiliac for Lunch Foundation, and our publisher's wry idea of a Christmas bonus is a box of No. 7 Swingline staples and a fresh typewriter ribbon. Understandably, the editors tend to grow cranky and glum, deadlines are ignored, misspellings run rampant, and participles are found dangling from light fixtures with pathetic, crudely lettered suicide notes. To cheer themselves up, the editors have decided to give themselves Christmas presents at your expense. Comic penster Frank Springer was commissioned to draw up five of our own personal adolescent daydreams, the original of which we get for keeps. In addition to ego trips by Henry Beard, Doug Kenney, George Trow, Michael O'Donoghue, and Art Director Michael Gross, you may notice that Mr. Springer has also included one of his own. Unasked.

YES...

YOUR FACE
AND MY
ASS!





SURELY THAT
ISN'T **GEORGE WILLIAM
SWIFT TROW III** (HEIR TO
ENGLAND'S OLDEST TITLE)
DRIVING THE... THE
**PURPLE
PIMPMOBILE!**

NOW THAT I
KNOW HIS
SECRET IDENTITY,
HE IS LOST TO ME
FOREVER !!

FUCKIN' BLOODY FANTASTIC!

THANKS FOR THE INVITATION TO PLAY, MIKE!

GLEN, WHY DO YOU LET HIM DO IT?

I LIKE TO SEE MICHAEL HAPPY!

AND HE CAN DRAW, TOO!

I DIDN'T KNOW JAGGER, DYLAN, LENNON AND WARREN KNEW GROSS WELL ENOUGH TO PERFORM WITH HIM!

I NEVER THOUGHT I'D GET THIS CLOSE TO MICHAEL GROSS, NOT TO MENTION VAL WARREN AND BOB DYLAN!

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THE OTHERS, BUT WARREN'S AN OLD FRIEND!

TAKE ME!

BOBBY!

I HEAR HE'S HUNG LIKE A HORSE!

MIKE!

JOHN!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU NEED, BUT I'VE GOT WHAT YOU LIKE!

FRANK SPRING!

I WORK FOR THE SIDE THAT PAYS ME THE MOST

FUNNIES



...MEANWHILE, THE GHOST FOX, WITH AN HYPNOTIC GESTURE...



BURT LANCASTER?

NO! IT'S FRANK SPRINGER, THE GREY EAGLE!

...AND TO THINK IT WAS JUST TWO SEASONS AGO THAT HE DRILLED THAT 4-50' HOME RUN THAT WON THE SERIES...

40 YEARS OLD—AND HIS LAST AT-BAT IN THE MAJORS!!

KIRK DOUGLAS!

...VAULTS SIXTEEN FEET!

WITH A BAMBOO POLE!

...AND NOW A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE IN THIS LAND THAT TIME FORGOT!!

IS HE ACTUALLY GOING TO FLY THAT ANCIENT CRATE OVER THE HUMP?

SOMEONE HAS TO FERRY GASOLINE AND AMMO TO THE BELEAGUERED OUTPOST!

HE'LL NEVER MAKE IT OVER THOSE PEAKS!

...AND YOU CAN WALK ON THAT FLAK THE REBEL BANDITS THROW AT YOU WITH THEIR 94'S!!

THEY LONG AGO KNOCKED OUT HIS COMPASS AND RADIO—HE'S BEEN FLYING BY THE SEAT OF HIS PANTS USING DEAD RECKONING!

ONLY AN IRON-NERVED VETERAN TEST-PILOT LIKE FRANK COULD CUT IT!

FOR B... CITY... RAIN...

FRANK! WHY MUST YOU GO?

FAME? GLORY?

NUTS!

I'VE HAD FAME—AND GLORY!

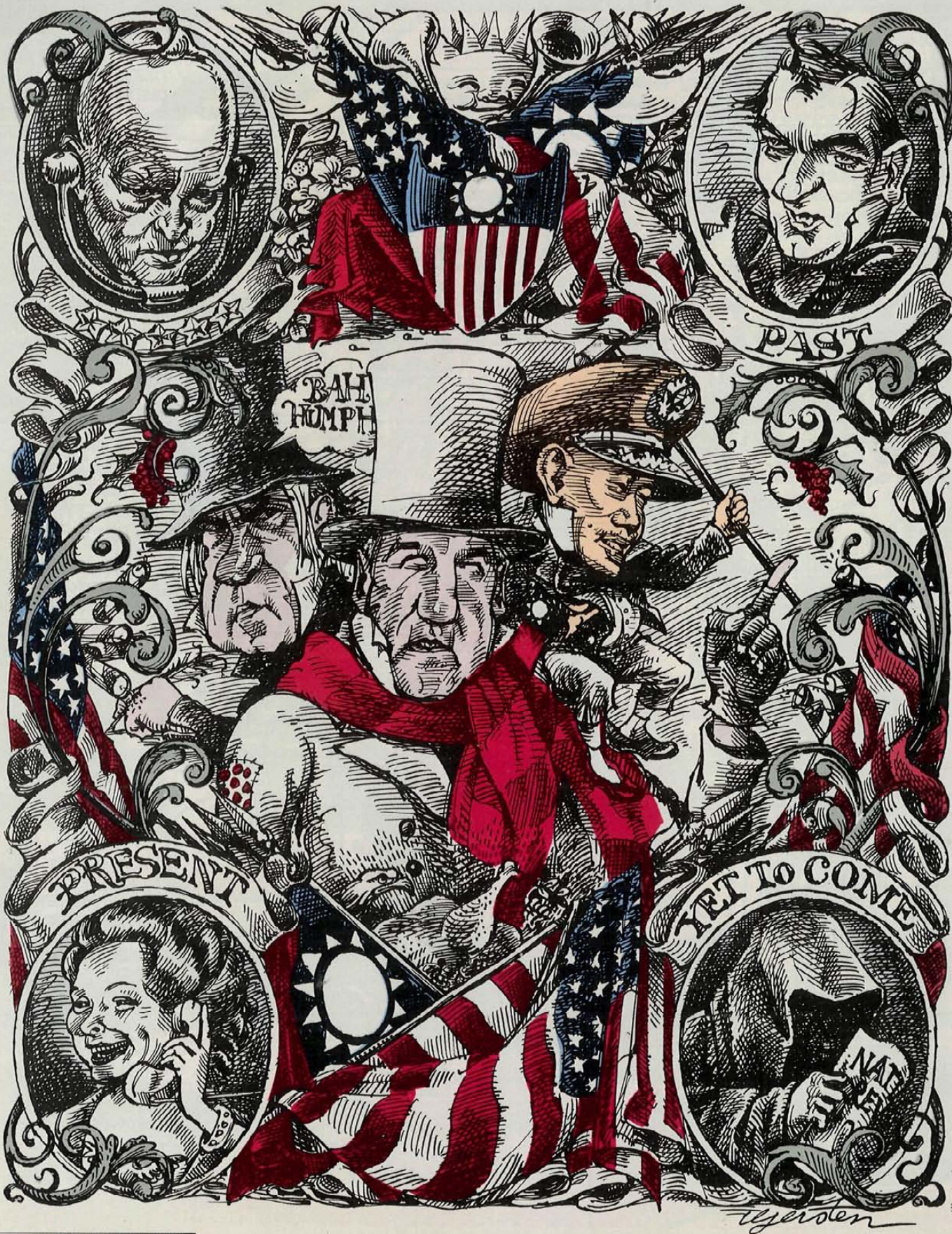
...AND I DON'T GIVE A RAP FOR THOSE NATIONALS!

IT'S THE 50,000 IN LONG GREEN PER TRIP, BABY!!

HE SEEMS TO HAVE AN AIR OF... OF INNER SORROW...

...YES, THE LOOK OF ONE WHO HAS SEEN MUCH AND FORGOTTEN LITTLE!...

...ONE WHO KNOWS WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE ...ALONE IN A CROWD...



Christmas in July

Ghostwritten for Charles Dickens by Michel Choquette and Anne Beatts



Eisenhower was dead, to begin with. There is no doubt whatever about that. Old Ike was as dead as a door-nail.

Nixon knew he was dead? Of course he did. How could it be otherwise? Nixon and he were partners for who knows how many years. Nixon was his number-two man, his sole understudy, his chief sycophant, his favorite scapegoat, and his noisiest public mourner. And even Nixon was not so dreadfully cut up by Eisenhower's last illness, but that he was an excellent man of politics on the very eve of the election, and wheedled a feeble gesture of support from the dying man.

Oh! but he was a smooth customer. Nixon! a pussy-footing, vacillating, evasive, self-serving old pettifogger! Bland and slippery as tapioca; secret, and self-contained, and solitary as an oyster.

But what did Nixon care! It was the very thing he liked. To maneuver his way up the ladder of success, toeing the party line all the way, was pure gravy to Nixon.

Once upon a time—of all the good days in the year, on the Friday before Independence Day—Nixon sat busy at his desk. The city clocks had only just gone three, but even now in the neighboring offices, civil servants were deserting their posts in anticipation of the long weekend. It was hot, humid, muggy weather: smoggy withal: a dingy cloud came drooping down, obscuring everything.

The door of Nixon's office was open that he might keep his eye upon his Veep who in a dismal little cubicle beyond was improving his word-power. This latter was so intent upon his travail, he scarce noticed when two swarthy gentlemen burst in and made their way past him to the inner sanctum.

They now stood, with pointed shoes, in Nixon's office. From their hair emanated the cloying fragrance of Tres Flores.

"Pleez to meet you, Meester Eisenhower," said one of the gentlemen.

"Mr. Eisenhower has not been here these twelve years," Nixon replied. "I'm the only President you've got."

"Forgeev us, Meester Presidente. Señor Rebozo send us from Miami to ask you an especial favor."

At the ominous word "favor," Nixon frowned, and shook his head.

"We are very patriotic one hundred percen' Cuban-Americans," said the first gentleman, taking up a pen from the desk, "an' we like to ask you for some money. Also we weesh to use your name to get more money from famous people when we go on color television an' tell the whole American public that el Presidente ees muy simpatico to our cause."

Nixon maintained a stony silence.

"How much do you weesh to geev, Señor?"

"Well, that's an interesting question," said Nixon.

"First, let me make one thing perfectly clear. If, on the one hand, I were to make a donation to your cause, it would be more fitting for a person in a position such as myself to give anonymously. But on the other hand, all things considered, it's only proper for the President to espouse a cause which has many things to be said in favor of it. Yet it would hardly seem fair to take credit for supporting a cause which I didn't endorse, or, for that matter, endorsing a cause which I didn't support. So you see, it's very difficult for me to give you a firm answer on that matter at this time."

"If we unnerstan' you correctly, Señor, you are saying no?"

"Now, I didn't say that. I'm just suggesting that you go through the proper channels."

"Wheech channels, Señor?"

"Try channel 4, why don't you?" joshed Nixon.

"We are sorry to see you are not so much a patriot anymore, Meester Presidente," said the first gentleman, putting the pen in his breast-pocket. "Maybe Señor Humphrey would have been more generous."

"Bah, Humphrey!" said Nixon.

And as if to prove conclusively that, barring further developments, that was that, he closed the door upon their Cuban heels.

Nixon resumed his labors with an improved opinion of himself, and in a more facetious temper than was usual with him.

Meanwhile, the temperature soared so, that the struggling mass of humanity put off their coats and jackets, and sweated in their shirtsleeves. In the crowded railway station, bustling with holiday travelers, an American of African descent, a bootblack by trade, paused, expectorated, and wiped his glistening ebony forehead with an even blacker rag, winning a smile of sympathy from the Senatorial occupant of the elevated chair, whose own linen handkerchief, at present reposing in his vest-pocket, had also seen much service that day. Throughout the city, and especially at its suburban extremities, each hostess opened her capacious Frigidaire, and gave the serried ranks of Frankfurt sausages a pitiless inspection, to see if they should be sufficient for the forthcoming backyard barbecue.

The afternoon pressed on. At length the time arrived to close the Executive Office Building; whereupon, slamming shut his dictionary, Nixon's straight-backed subordinate boldly put one foot into the lion's den, and the other, even more boldly, into his mouth:

"Well, I guess we can all loosen our ties and relax our sphincters till Tuesday."

Nixon winced.

"I've told you not to use that word. This isn't an army barracks. You come in here saying things like that, and then you wonder why I can't send you to China, instead of Henry Kissinger!"

"I never made any ethnic remarks about Chinks," said the Vice-President. "I'm very popular in Taiwan."

"Not Taiwan, you ninny! Red China!"

continued

Had the Vice-President been a man of smaller stature, his chin, in dropping, might have touched the floor.

"Red China? But that's a Communist country, isn't it?"

"That may be so," said Nixon. "But one thing I know for certain, so to speak—there's two sides to every story. Now, no one has ever accused me of underestimating the real and present danger of world domination posed by the powers of International Communism. And you can take my word for that. But I'm afraid that the time has come, more or less, when we can no longer ignore the presence of these powerful nations, even though their ideology may differ from ours—and I'm willing to debate you on that. Why do you think we sent the Ping-Pong team?"

"Does that mean *you* might be going to Red Communist China, too?" quavered the Vice-President.

"I'm going to get a sandwich from the cafeteria before it closes," said Nixon; and walked out, leaving his bewildered assistant to take this in lieu of a "Good-night," like it or lump it; and like it he may not have, but he said little about it, since there was no one to say it to, and his thoughts were already upon the Glorious Fourth, and his eyes upon the hands of the clock which now put him in remembrance of the fact that he had to stop and pick up a pizza on the way home.



Nixon carried his melancholy tray back to his melancholy office; and having read all the headlines in all the newspapers, and beguiled the rest of the evening with his scrapbook, went home to bed. He lived in chambers which had once belonged to his deceased partner. They were an unredeemably middle-class suite of rooms, in a large white building set back from the street, that looked to have been constructed after no one design, but rather begun and left off in stages, with each successive architectural accretion whimsically following a new designer's fancy.

The day's oppressive heat had given way to thunderclouds, and as Nixon crossed the lawn, he was buffeted by a sudden gust of wind, indicating that the storm was about to break. Indeed, the first drop of rain occasioned him to hasten the last few yards to the threshold.

Now, it is a fact, that there was nothing at all particular about the knocker on the door, except that it was very large. It is also a fact, that Nixon had seen it night and morning, during his whole residence in that place; also that Nixon had as little of what is called fancy about him as any man in the District of Columbia. Let it also be borne in mind that Nixon had not bestowed

one thought on Eisenhower since his last mention of his dead partner that afternoon. And then let any man explain, if he can, how it happened that Nixon, having his key in the lock of the door, saw in the knocker, without its undergoing any intermediate process of change—not a knocker, but Eisenhower's face.

Eisenhower's face. It was not angry or ferocious, but looked at Nixon as Eisenhower used to look.

As Nixon stared fixedly at this phenomenon, it was a knocker again. So he said, "Pooh, pooh!" and stepped inside, closing the door behind him with a bang. The sound resounded through the house like thunder. The elements answered with a peal of their own, and the storm began in earnest.

Nixon was not a man to be frightened by thunder, provided he was safely indoors. He walked across the hall, and into the elevator. The ascent seemed of longer duration than usual, and if Nixon was not mistaken, the doors hesitated for a fraction of an instant before opening again.

He ventured forth cautiously, and before he closed the door of his suite behind him, he walked through his rooms to see that all was right. He had just enough recollection of the face to desire to do that.

Red Room, Green Room, Blue Room. All as they should be. Nobody under the table; nobody under the sofa; nobody under the bed; nobody in the closet; nobody in his dressing-gown.

Quite satisfied, he closed his door, and locked himself in; double-locked himself in, which was not his custom. He took off his necktie; put on his dressing-gown and slippers, and his nightcap; and sat down before the television set to take his nightly ketchup and cottage cheese.

A panoply of figures danced before him on the screen: Carsons, Griffins, Italian crooners, Jewish comedians, medics, law-enforcement officers, hundreds of images to attract his thoughts; and yet that face of Eisenhower, two years dead, came like the National Anthem, and spelt "Finis" to all of them.

Nixon switched off the set; and walked across the room.

After several turns, he sat down again. As he threw his head back in the chair, his glance happened to rest upon the stereo, where a well-worn recording of Ravel's "Bolero" by the Melachrino Strings had been left on the turntable. It was with great astonishment, and with a strange, inexplicable dread, that as he looked, he saw this record begin to revolve all by itself.

The needle scraped along the grooves for a few bars only, and then the eerie music stopped as suddenly as it had begun. It was succeeded by a clanking noise, deep down below, on the base-

ment level. Soon after, Nixon heard the hum of the elevator in service, and then the unmistakable sound of the doors sliding open on his floor.

A small, round, white projectile hurtled through the locked door of his suite, followed by a ghostly apparition. Upon its coming, the lightning flared outside the window, and the thunder clapped, as if to say, "I know him, Eisenhower's Ghost!"

The same face: the very same. Eisenhower, with a two-iron in his hand, and nearly bent double under the weight of a heavy golf bag which he carried on his shoulder, and which clanked at every step. He was entangled in red tape, which adhered to everything it touched; and trailed yards of it behind him, as a mummy, lately exhumed and fought over by a brace of ardent Egyptologists, might trail its linen wraps. Around his waist was wound a chain of paper clips.

"You don't believe in me," observed the Ghost.

"Now, I didn't say that," said Nixon, hastily.

The Spirit took a practice swing, and then returned the golf club to the bag, rattling the contents as he did so.

Nixon began to tremble.

"Who are you?" he said, stalling for time.

"In life I was your partner, Eisenhower."

"But you're tangled in red tape and paper clips," said Nixon.

"I wear the chains I fashioned in life," replied the Ghost. "I made them inch by inch, and yard by yard. They are the shackles of bureaucracy!"

And here the spectre shook its fetters, and rattled its bagful of clubs so hideously, that the thunder and lightning paled by comparison, and the night watchman would have been justified in indicting the Ghost for a nuisance.

Nixon trembled more and more.

"Oh, woe is me! thus stapled, clipped, and sticky-taped!" cried the phantom. "I didn't know that piled-up paperwork will hinder even Generals from honoring their campaign promises! I should have spent more time cleaning up the mess in Washington, and less time teeing-off! Now an eternity of regret cannot make amends for a moment of relaxed vigilance in the fight against Communist infiltration! Oh, what a fuzzy-minded fool I was!"

"But you were always a good man for the Party, Ike," faltered Nixon, who now began to apply this to himself.

"The Party!" cried the Ghost, placing his hand over his heart. "America was my Party; and I almost forgot that. And on this weekend of the year I suffer most. This, our nation's birthday, only serves to remind me of eight years mispent! Why did I let the Commies steal Korea from us at the peace table! Why

did I appoint Earl Warren to the Supreme Court! Why didn't I send tanks to Hungary in '56! Why did I give Castro a hero's welcome! How could I have allowed my grandchildren to be photographed sitting on Nikita Khrushchev's knee!"

Nixon was very much dismayed to hear the spectre going on at this rate, and began to quake exceedingly.

"And now you, Dick Nixon, are turning soft on Communism!"

Nixon shivered, and wiped the perspiration from his brow.

"I am here tonight to warn you," pursued the Ghost, "that you have yet a chance of escaping my fate. You will be haunted by Three Spirits."

Nixon's countenance fell.

"I—I think I'd rather not," he said.

"Expect the First tomorrow, in this room, when the clock strikes ten thirty."

"Couldn't I have them all at once, and get it over with?" hinted Nixon.

"Expect the Second in November, when the Horn is plenty; the Third on Christmas Eve. Look to see me no more; and look that, for your own sake, you remember what has passed between us!"

Nixon wondered, but dared not ask, who was writing the Ghost's speeches.

The apparition walked toward the window; and, with some slight effort, opened it. The storm burst in upon the room. The lightning flashed so alarmingly, and the rain so pelted down, that even a ghost might have wished to be safe inside on a night like this. But Eisenhower's Ghost, turning his mournful glance one last time upon Nixon, floated out into the storm.

Between the thunderclaps, Nixon could hear the loud knocking of his own heart against his ribs.

Eisenhower's voice called up from below the windowsill:

"Dick, I think I left a golf ball in your room."

Nixon went down on his hands and knees to search for it.



Nixon did not retire to his accustomed chamber on the following night, but instead sought shelter in the sturdy four-poster that had once

belonged to Lincoln. Worn out by an afternoon spent in the White House bowling alley, he fell asleep upon the instant. But some premonitory sentiment aroused him, just as the luminous hands of his wristwatch reached the hour of half past ten.

It was not until a quarter to eleven that the curtains of the bed suddenly were drawn aside; and Nixon, starting up into a half-recumbent attitude, found himself face to face with the unearthly visitor who drew them.

It was a strangely familiar figure, reeking of sweat and bourbon. It was

clad in shirtsleeves, and the tie about its neck was loosened. The face was shanty Irish: beetle-browed, with puffy cheeks and unshaven jaw. The Spirit's hairline was receding; and the hair its head had lost seemed to have sprouted anew upon its arms and hands.

The figure had an open briefcase at its feet, from which it was continually drawing fistfuls of papers, and brandishing them aloft. These documents at first glance appeared to be sworn affidavits, and lists of names; but when Nixon looked again, they had turned to seed catalogues and Greyhound timetables.

"What's going on here?" asked Nixon.

"Point of order!" cried the Spirit.

"Let me rephrase the question," said Nixon. "Who are you?"

"I am the Ghost of Issues Past."

"Long Past?" inquired Nixon hopefully.

"No. Your past."

It put out a beefy hand as it spoke, and clasped him by the arm.

"Get up, and come with me!"

Nixon rose; but finding that the Spirit made towards the window, tugged at its shirttail in supplication.

"Can't we take the elevator?" Nixon remonstrated.

Even as he spoke these words, Nixon and the Spirit passed through the wall, and stood upon a country road, with railway tracks on one hand. The city had entirely vanished. It was a warm summer night.

"Good Heavens!" said Nixon, as he looked about him. "I was born and bred in this place. I was a boy here!"

"Your lip is trembling," said the Ghost. "And what's that on your cheek?"

Nixon muttered, with an unusual catching in his voice, that it was a pimple; and begged the Ghost to lead him where it would.

They walked along the dirt road; until a small filling station appeared in the distance, with a house and makeshift tennis court behind. The filling station had once been a place of worship, and the bell tower of the old church still loomed against the starlit sky.

"Looks like someone's in the bell tower," said the Ghost.

The lump in Nixon's throat grew larger.

They went, the Ghost and Nixon, up the tower stairs. At the top, in a little room, a lonely boy was hunched over his books; and Nixon wept to see his former self.

"I see a child," said Nixon, his voice filled with emotion. "He hears the train go by at night, and he dreams of far-away places where he'd like to go. It seems like an impossible dream. But he is helped on his journey through life. A father who had to go to work before he finished the sixth grade sacrificed

everything he had so that his son could go to college. A gentle Quaker mother, with a passionate concern for peace, quietly wept when he went to war, but she understood why he had to go. A great teacher, a remarkable football coach, an inspirational minister encouraged him on his way. A courageous wife and loyal children stood by him in victory and also defeat. And in his chosen profession of politics, first there were scores, then hundreds, then thousands, and finally millions who worked for his success. And here I stand before you tonight, President of the United States of America!"

The Spirit belched.

It plucked Nixon by the sleeve and, still lugging its briefcase, led the way outside again. A burst of fireworks lit the sky. Dazzled by Catherine-wheels and Roman candles, Nixon found himself looking through a lighted window into a modest home, where a closeknit family sat at table, celebrating the Fourth of July. The cloth was decorated with red, white, and blue bunting. Nixon recognized his youthful self, a spoonful of vanilla ice cream halfway to his lips.

Nixon's heart leaped up to behold this patriotic scene.

"I see that some American blood still runs through your veins," observed the Spirit.

Although they had but that moment left the tower behind them, they were now in the busy thoroughfares of a city. A white dome rose above them; and Nixon knew it for the Capitol.

They passed on, and of a sudden were confined between the walls of a small office, adorned by a simple crucifix. At the sight of a kindly, pink-faced man in a black cassock, sitting at a desk, Nixon cried in great excitement:

"Why, it's old Father Cronin! Bless his heart!"

Nixon's former self, now grown a young man, trotted briskly in, accompanied by a fellow congressman.

"Charlie Kersten, for sure!" exclaimed Nixon.

"Hello, boys," said Father Cronin. "I wrote it all down for you. His name is Alger Hiss."

This rosy vision faded, and Nixon became conscious that the Ghost was looking full upon him. The Ghost lurched forward, waving a document under Nixon's nose.

"I have here in my hand a paper which contains, Richard Nixon, a complete record of your political career!"

Nixon could see nothing but a blank sheet of paper. But the Ghost continued to refer to it while speaking:

"It shows what a fighter you once were, when you were young and full of piss and vinegar, and ready to ruin the career of any pinko who crossed your path! It shows right here how you got your seat in Congress by denouncing

continued

Voorhis as a card-carrying Commie sympathizer. It shows what you did with the information Father Cronin gave you. It shows how, with my help, you exposed Helen Gahagan Douglas for the Pink Lady she was, and struck another blow against subversive elements in government. You were a good American, Dick, and a good friend!"

Nixon looked about him, hoping no one had overheard this praise.

"But now," the Ghost resumed, "we come to a blacker page in your history. This paper I'm holding tells the ugly story of how you lost your nerve and turned on me when the going got rough. It's all here, Dick. The sordid details of how you and Rogers lured me into your office to talk about investigating the CIA, so I wouldn't find out that at that very moment Eisenhower was busy smearing me to a bunch of Protestant clergymen. And the complete text of the speech you made on television, repudiating me, after Eisenhower put you up to it. But you didn't stop at that. Nossir! You selected a committee of traitors and known Communists who called themselves U.S. Senators to hunt me down and drive me into the ground. You betrayed your American heritage for the sake of your own political advancement. How could you have laid down your weapons in the fight against World Communism? Dick, Dick, why have you forsaken me?"

Nixon fell upon his knees, and clasped his hands before his face.

"No more!" he cried. "No more. I can't stand this!"

But the relentless Ghost forced him to observe what happened next.

They were in another scene and place, beside a swimming pool, where men and women wearing bathing costumes strolled about, bearing tall glasses filled with different-colored liquors. Dark-hued manservants in crisp white jackets were turning spits on which revolved gigantic sides of beef, enough to feed a multitude. In the place of honor reposed a giant slab, which on closer inspection proved to be an edible version of Old Glory, fashioned out of cake to commemorate America's birthday; and in which the pastry cooks' art had so succeeded, that it might have flown proudly from any flagpole in the land.

Nixon drew closer, animated by an irrepressible desire to ascertain how many candles were on the cake. A width-by-breadth multiplication quickly fixed the number at one hundred and eighty-six, with one left over, indicating that the year was 1963.

"Hurry up, I haven't much time left," said the Ghost, pulling Nixon away.

Unseen, they elbowed their way through the press of guests up to the bar. Around him Nixon saw many familiar faces: celebrities he knew and

celebrities he would have liked to have known.

"Why, there's John Wayne," Nixon couldn't help exclaiming. "And Bob Hope, and Connie Francis, and Shirley Temple Black, and Georgie Jessel, wearing the same uniform he uses to entertain the troops! And there's Senator Murphy, tap-dancing on the patio!"

Nixon's attention was captured by two distinguished-looking gentlemen, with golden-brown complexions which bespoke a regular exposure to the sun. The shorter of the two had silver hair and spectacles, and both men's teeth were capped. Hard by the bar they stood, engaged in conversation; and Nixon bent an ear.

"Ron," said the bespectacled gentleman, "I saw an old friend of yours last week. Richard Nixon."

"What's he doing with himself these days?" inquired the better-looking of the two, who was handsome enough to be a leading man.

"Gone back to his law practice, I suppose. What else can you do when your political career is all washed up?"

"I can't say I'd want him to defend me," said the one who had been addressed as Ron. "If he lost the case, he'd probably blame it all on the press."

"Seriously, though," commented the other, "I think Nixon made a mistake when he spoke out against the John Birch Society. He's lost touch with what's good for America."

"Well, I'm just a political novice, Barry. What say we tie on the feed-bag?"

"Spirit!" said Nixon in a broken voice. "Take me away from here, I can't bear it!"

He turned upon the Ghost, which would have shown him further, and wrestled with it.

"The last time we had a scuffle like this, I was fighting with Drew Pearson in the cloakroom, and you came in and broke it up," remarked the Ghost.

Nixon reeled backwards from its whisky breath. He had barely time enough to perceive that he was back in Lincoln's bed again, before he sank into a swoon.



he Spirit's visit troubled Nixon long after its departure. He was still mulling over what had transpired, when, almost five months later, on the eve of Thanksgiving, a morbid curiosity nudged him down the hall towards the Lincoln Bedroom.

The moment Nixon's hand was on the doorknob, a high-pitched voice bade him enter. He obeyed.

The room had undergone a surprising transformation. The walls and ceiling were hung with Indian Corn; squashes, gourds, and pumpkins lay about the

floor, in remembrance of the Pilgrim Fathers who first solemnized the day with prayer.

Piled atop the bed, and spilling off it, were turkeys, lawn flamingoes, television sets, electric toothbrushes, floor-polishers, cash registers, outboard motors, exercycles, paper-cup dispensers, and empty bottles of Old Overholt. Upon the heap of goods reclined an Attorney General's better half: or, to be precise, her shade; and it was talking on the telephone. A cornucopia, from which this bounty fell, reposed within the shelter of the Spirit's arm.

The Spirit had a generous mouth, and golden-tinted hair which was gathered in an upswEEP on its head. It was clothed in a *décolleté* gown, so that its capacious bosom was exposed in part.

The Spirit put the telephone receiver down.

"Yoo-hoo, Dick! Guess who!"

"Martha!" said Nixon. "What are you doing here?"

"I'm the Ghost of Issues Present," said the Spirit. "Now, be a lamb, and take hold of my gown."

Nixon did as he was told.

The room and its contents disappeared in the instant, and Nixon and the Ghost were hovering in the air above Fifth Avenue, in New York City, where a magnificent procession passed beneath their gaze, to the strains of stirring music composed by the great Sousa himself. The Thanksgiving Day Parade! There were pert majorettes, twirling their batons, lifting their feet like high-stepping horses. There were platoons of soldiers, and platoons of veterans, and platoons of dockworkers, each man showing his unanimity with his fellows by marching perfectly in step. Italian workmen, in simple black attire, and Ukrainian nationalists, in their elaborate native costumes, were followed by city officials waving from spotless limousines. Then, the bands! Oh, the bands! High-school bands and military bands and all-girl bands and Polish bands, with a high-spirited throng of Negroes strutting out and playing the loudest of the lot! Puerto Rican vendors went hawking through the crowd, dispensing balloons and hot dogs to all who could pay for them. The great department stores had each a float; and from its Horn of Plenty, the Ghost showered merchandise upon these as they passed.

"Why do you give to those who have the most?" asked Nixon.

"Because they deserve it most," replied the Spirit.

With these words the scene beneath them seemed to shrink away, and vanish. Nixon felt a rush of wind as they speeded o'er the continent. Rows of television aerials flashed beneath them, and the Spirit continued to pour out its gifts: spray deodorants, diet drinks, and menthol cigarettes dropped from Heav-

en to gladden the hearts of their recipients.

Into several of these homes, Nixon and the Spirit pecked, to catch a glimpse of pious faces bent in prayerful thanks; of turkeys basting in ovens that cleaned themselves; of washer-dryer combinations churning full of sudsy effluent; of American families united round the flickering screen to watch the Superbowl: and everywhere the Spirit spilled its largesse from the plentiful horn.

At one home in particular, Nixon and the Spirit paused: the simple dwelling, in the Park Sheraton Hotel, which the Agnews called their own.

The Vice-President was in a mellow mood, and regarded his progeny, assembled about the dinner table, with satisfaction. In a half a minute Mrs. Agnew entered—flushed, but smiling proudly—with the pumpkin pie, wafting a delicious fragrance which made every mouth begin to water. Oh, a wonderful pie! Spiro Agnew said, and calmly too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Agnew since their marriage. It was a happy moment.

“Well, Kim, I bet your scrawny beatnik friends wouldn’t protest if you offered them a piece of this pie,” said Spiro, passing a generous slice to his youngest daughter.

“Daddy, that’s not fair!” cried Kim. “Can’t we have one meal without you putting kids down?”

“Hippie, dear. Not beatnik,” said Mrs. Agnew.

“I’m not talking about all kids,” said Spiro. “I’m just talking about those muddle-headed hoodlums who go cavorting through the streets, trying to convince everyone to drop out, tune out, turn in, and let the country go to the dogs!”

“You think everybody who’s against the war is a Communist or something,” said Kim. “But there probably wouldn’t even be a war if your generation hadn’t been so paranoid about Communism. And anyway, now Nixon’s going to Peking and Moscow, just to see the Communists. So maybe he thinks Communism isn’t so bad after all.”

“Kim!” said Mrs. Agnew, shocked. “That’s going too far.”

“The President doesn’t always take my advice,” said Spiro. “But I’m sure he has his reasons for doing what he does.”

“Is that what you’re going to say to Chiang Kai-shek the next time the President sends you to butter him up?” asked Kim.

“If this weren’t Thanksgiving, you’d know what to expect, young lady!” thundered Agnew.

“Spirit,” said Nixon, with an interest he had never felt before, “what will happen to Chiang Kai-shek?”

“I foresee a vacant seat,” replied the

Ghost, “in the General Assembly, and a tiny, defenseless country, with no more faith in America’s promises.”

“No!” said Nixon, overcome with penitence and grief.

“Dick, you know the Reds aren’t human beings like the rest of us,” said the Ghost. “They’re murderers, plain and simple! There’s no two ways about it. They said themselves they were out to bury us. What do you expect from people whose idea of manners is taking off their shoes in public, and beating them on the table! Really, Dick, some of those Harvard people you’ve been associating with are practically liberals! Sometimes I think you don’t know your own mind. You’re always talking about a peace with honor, and then you go out and try to win the war by de-escalation, which personally I think is just, just a terrible idea. Every month you sneak out a few more of our boys from there. And what’s this I hear about your secret plan to do away with the draft completely? Who’s going to fight the war for us when that happens, I’d like to know!”

“I’m only trying to do what’s best for the country,” stammered Nixon.

“There’s nothing wrong with this country that a good election couldn’t cure!” said the Spirit.

Nixon flinched, and tugged on the Spirit’s gown, searching vainly for something to say in his own defense. The fabric shredded in his fingers, and, as it tore away, the once-substantial Ghost evaporated, leaving only the fragrance of magnolias hanging in the air.



It was Christmas Eve, and exactly a month to the day since the last visitation. Nixon had just returned from a private screening of *King of Kings*; and this profound emotional experience had left him drained, so that he now sank into his armchair with a magazine and soon nodded off to sleep.

He awakened with a start, conscious of another Presence in the room. Lifting up his eyes, he beheld a solemn Phantom, shrouded in a deep black garment, which concealed its head, its face, its form, and left nothing of it visible save one outstretched claw, in which it clutched a rolled-up copy of the *National Review*. But for this it would have been difficult to identify the monkish figure, or distinguish it from any of the other talk-show hosts. Its mysterious presence filled Nixon with a stage-fright worse than he had felt on “Meet the Press.” The Spirit neither spoke nor moved.

“Am I correct in assuming that you are the Ghost of Issues Yet to Come?” said Nixon.

The Spirit answered not, but pointed onward with its magazine.

In a trice, they were standing just outside the White House fence, on Pennsylvania Avenue. It was a bright, crisp, wintry morning, and Nixon shivered, wishing he had remembered to bring a topcoat. The Phantom pointed through the railings to the White House driveway, which teemed with insect-like figures. Small men in black pyjamas were busily engaged in despoiling the mansion of its contents. As each object passed from hand to hand, Nixon thought he recognized it. There went his Condensed Books! The Chinese paintings Madame Chiang had given him! And, worst of all, his personal collection of teak, ivory, crystal, stone, and plastic elephants!

Nixon looked toward the Spirit for an explanation of this disturbing sight. The Phantom maintained a well-bred silence, and gestured with its rolled-up magazine toward the White House lawn, where Nixon observed a merry group of tots, frolicking on the frosted grass, intent upon a competition of some sort. Despite the Yuletide weather, could this then be Easter, and not Christmas? His confusion grew when he perceived that the objects of their youthful attention were not eggs, but egg-rolls.

A rapid string of sharp reports made Nixon start. Some of the older lads were lighting firecrackers. Then it must be the Fourth of July! Nixon poked his head as far as it would go between the iron railings, determined to resolve the mystery; and wondered all the more to see that, boys and girls alike, each child wore its hair tied in a single pigtail at the back.

The Phantom pointed to the passers-by. Everywhere along Pennsylvania Avenue people clothed in Oriental silks met, and bowed to one another in deferential greeting. Happy New Year! Happy New Year! he could hear them say; and the sudden realization broke upon him: it was Chinese New Year!

Above the nation’s capital, the Washington Monument still towered Heavenward, but, to Nixon’s horror, it had been painted red. Inside the Lincoln Memorial, the familiar statue of the Great Emancipator was gone, and in its place squatted an obscenely fat bronze Buddha.

Nixon followed the Spirit through the streets, dreading what he was to see. In all of Washington, no traffic circulated, other than outlandish rickshaws pulled unprotestingly by white-skinned coolies in conical straw hats. Riding in splendid comfort were complacent Mandarins with grinning, slant-eyed faces, and long-haired hippies smoking opium pipes.

Nixon then found himself upon what seemed at first to be an elevated superhighway. Silent and foreboding, the Phantom pointed towards the road’s

continued

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edge. Nixon looked down and beheld struggling masses laboring to complete the very structure on which he stood. Almost all the Senate, and half the House of Representatives, chained neck to neck, broke stones under the contemptuous gaze of Negro overseers. Wall Street bankers shouldered bags of quick-lime, and once-respected Supreme Court Justices compounded mortar. Pentagon Chiefs of Staff, under the whip, set the stones in place; and those who had no trowels spread the mortar with their tongues.

As Nixon watched, the true significance of this dreadful spectacle was borne in upon him. They were at work upon the building of a Great Wall, which already snaked its way up Capitol Hill, and then away westward as far as the eye could see toward the Pacific Ocean.

"Spirit!" said Nixon, "this is an outrage! Take me away from here!"

Immediately he was conducted thence, and plunged into the jostling stream of yellow-skinned humanity that filled a busy intersection. It was Times Square, but a Times Square so changed that George M. Cohan would have wept to see it. Gone were the famous names in lights; and in their place hung silken banners proclaiming Chinese opera. The celebrated peepshows were no more. In their stead were squalid stalls selling ginseng root and cocker spaniels fattened in their cages. High above the crowd, gargantuan faces of Chairman Mao stared from every billboard.

Nixon was compelled to trudge behind the Ghost some seventy blocks down Broadway to the financial district of the City. They passed into an imposing office building. The Phantom led Nixon to a door, where names were lettered on the glass: Chan, Wong, Huang, Lee, Mudge, Rose, Alexander & Nixon. His old law firm! At this ultimate degradation, Nixon balked.

"Do I really have to?" he said.

The inexorable magazine pointed to the doorknob.

Wedge at a desk in an inferior corner of the office, a humble junior partner sat, endeavoring clumsily to lift a few grains of ketchup-covered rice with chopsticks.

Tears sprang to Nixon's eyes.

"Am I that three-time loser? Oh, Spirit, tell me it isn't so!"

The Spirit's sole response was to unfurl its copy of the *National Review* and hold it under Nixon's nose. He was filled with a vague, uncertain horror, to see that the magazine was printed in red ink. A full-page photograph showed enslaved dignitaries toiling in the Kansas rice paddies. There, up to his knees in water, was Chiang Kai-shek, exiled from his homeland, and doomed to end his days in servile drudgery.

"Oh no! No!" sobbed Nixon, falling

to his knees. "Not Chiang Kai-shek!"

The Ghost attempted to take back the magazine, but Nixon clung to it, weeping.

"I will honor America in my heart! I will honor our commitments everywhere in the Free World—especially Southeast Asia! I promise to restore decency to American life! I promise not to wear pancake makeup on TV! I promise not to be so wishy-washy! This time there really is a new Nixon! Just give me one more chance! Let me win in '72!"

The Spirit tried once more to wrest back the magazine, but Nixon would not relax his desperate grip. He held on as if his very life depended on it.

Suddenly, at the sounding of a gong, the Spirit fled, leaving the magazine in Nixon's grasp. He fell back, exhausted by this ghostly tug-of-war.



he breakfast-gong! Nixon sat bolt upright in his chair, his fist still clenched around the *National Review*. He flattened the magazine on his knee to read the headline "Nixon in the Dragon's Den: Should We Expect Another Munich?" Then there was still time! It was not too late!

"I will honor our commitments everywhere in the Free World!" Nixon repeated, jumping to his feet. "Especially in Southeast Asia!"

Just then a face looked round the door-frame. For a moment Nixon thought the features had an Oriental cast; then he recognized his naturalized Cuban valet, Manuel Sanchez.

"What day is it today, Manuel?" said Nixon.

"Today?" replied the valet. "Why, ceter's Christmas Day!"

Christmas had not yet been taken over by the heathens! Nixon reached into his wallet.

"Merry Christmas, Manuel! You can tell all your Spanish-American friends they can look forward to another Bay of Pigs!"

Gulping down a hasty breakfast, Nixon rushed out into the streets. All was as it should be. The Washington Monument was not red, and there were no Mongol faces anywhere. The city was covered in a blanket of white. It was a Christmas just like the ones he used to know: treetops glistened, and children listened to the sound of Muzak in the snow.

Filled with an inexpressible sensation of relief, Nixon ran to the nearest phone-booth. He could not dial fast enough. His Presidential aide, Ron Ziegler, was startled out of sleep.

"I've got some big plans to discuss with you," said Nixon, dancing a jig in the phone-booth to ward off the cold.

"But Dick, it's Christmas Day," com-

plained the call's recipient.

"Never mind," said Nixon. "First of all, the U.N. is closing down."

"My God, that's terrible," said the voice. "How did that happen?"

"I'm closing it," said Nixon. "Call Mel Laird and tell him to violate the Christmas Truce immediately. Tell him that first thing next week, I want to start bombing Hanoi again—and Hai-phong too, for that matter! And while you're at it, tell Pierre Smartass Trudeau that if Canada legalizes marijuana, I'll bomb them too!"

Nixon replaced the receiver in its cradle.

He was off again immediately, sprinting down the street to hail a taxi. The driver was much astonished to see his President in such a rare old mood.

"Nice weather we're having," said Nixon, good-humoredly.

"Can't complain," replied the hack. "Listen, I don't mean to get personal, but with the world situation the way it is, and all, do you think you have any business going to Red China?"

"No business at all!" laughed Nixon, clapping the driver on the shoulder. "That's why I'm cancelling my trip. I'm going to Florida instead!"

The cab rounded a corner.

"Stop here!" cried Nixon, pressing a handsome gratuity upon the driver, and jumping out.

"Thanks, mister! You've got my vote!" yelled the cabbie, as Nixon hastened up the steps of the Lincoln Memorial.

Moments later, the good citizens of Washington, had they not been keeping Christmas snug indoors, might have observed that, as their President walked down the marble steps again, tears of joy stood out upon his cheeks.



hen the New Nixon arrived at his office after the holiday, his first act was to summon Spiro Agnew for a private audience.

"Spiro," said Nixon, looking up from his desk, but not before he had arranged his features in a passable imitation of a high-school principal who is conscious that a painful duty lies before him, "let me put it this way."

The Vice-President shifted his weight uncomfortably from foot to foot.

"It's about your speeches. Now, I'm not saying I don't sympathize with your viewpoint on this. Some people like your speeches. Others don't. And of course I've got my own opinion. But I've been giving the problem careful consideration, and here it is in a nutshell. As a personal favor to me, it looks like I'll have to tell you not to make any more speeches like that."

"What's wrong with my speeches?" said the Vice-President.

"They don't go far enough!" exclaimed Nixon, delighted to have proved himself such a consummate actor. "I want you to punch them up a little! Make more inflammatory remarks! More wild allegations! Throw in a few thinly-veiled threats!"

The Vice-President was dumbstruck.

"How about it?" said Nixon, standing up. "Together, we'll muzzle the press, refuse aid to any college offering liberal arts courses, and make everybody under thirty observe a nine-o'clock curfew!"

Spiro Agnew could not have been more astonished if he had been told that anarchy was a Greek word.

"What do you say?" cried Nixon, running out from behind his desk to pump him by the hand. "Will you join me on the ticket in '72?"

Nixon was better than his word. He did all that he had promised, and infinitely more. He was re-elected in '72, made Proconsul in '76, and, in 1980, Emperor for life. And what of poor, defenseless little Taiwan? Why, it became the fifty-first state! And so, as Tiny Chiang himself observed on hearing of his singular good fortune, "God bless Us, Evely One!" □

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S. GROSS

COMING NEXT MONTH

Is Nothing Sacred?

Let us begin by defining our terms. When we say that a thing is "sacred," do we mean that it is sacred because it represents something deserving of sanctification or do we mean that the thing itself possesses an intrinsic, as opposed to symbolic, quality to which we give the name sanctity and which we, through the empirical information of our senses, recognize as being worthy of reverence? And regardless of whether the thing which we are identifying as possessing sanctitude is a symbol of sanctity or sacred in and of itself, how can we be certain that our senses aren't "pulling a fast one" and that it is not, in actuality, a tuna on whole wheat with mayo?

And in posing the original question, is it not possible that we are really asking whether nothing, and by extension, nothingness, is sacred? Or are we, in fact, asking whether there is not a group of things, no one of which we do not determine to be unworthy of irreverence? Or is the question itself, as Kierkegaard suggests in his monumental work *Six of One, Half a Dozen of the Other*, "a bunch of shit" ("en bØrgermurd")?

And, further, do we pose the question in the belief that there is an answer

which we can know, or are we doing it just to be "funny"?

Perhaps the following passage from Plato's *Travelogues* can help clarify some aspects of the dilemma:

Plato. Let us therefore consider sacredness.

Acidosis. Hot damn.

Plato. And let us conduct our inquiry by imagining that that which we choose to call sacred occupies a room; and that we know nothing other than that the door to this room bears the inscription "Herein Resides the Sacred."

Acidosis. This seems a wise course to follow.

Plato. Then let us begin.

Acidosis. Assuredly so.

Plato. Knock, knock.

Acidosis. Who's there?

Plato. That which is sacred.

Acidosis. That which is sacred who?

Plato. That which is sacred may be considered to be that which is in a state of hallowedness (*tupámarós*) or venerableness (*tupámarós*) as distinct from mere ineffability (*tupámarós*) or awesomeness (*tupámarós*) and possessing the quality of sacredness to the degree that, if it be an object, no part of the object may be removed without desecration and, if it not be an object, that any object which it pervades obtains through the act of pervasion those attributes of sanctity such that the object is itself worthy of veneration.

Acidosis. Is this, then, the meaning of sacredness?

Plato. Does a porcupine piss on a flat rock?

Persons wishing to obtain a fuller understanding of this compelling subject should consult the following bibliography:

Son-o'-God Comics/*The Marvelous*

Messiah meets Antichrist and the Grand Inquisitor in his toughest test since he turned the other cheek in Issue No. 1.

The Last, Really, No Shit, Really, the Last Supplement to the Whole Earth Catalog/Printed, needless to say, on paper made from trees that willed their trunks to forestry school and that grew on land properly purchased from the Indians. All proceeds will go to defray the purchase of gas masks for raccoons. **The Dead Kitten Calendar**/A useful, and touching, way to number the days in 1972—perfect for the home, den, or office.

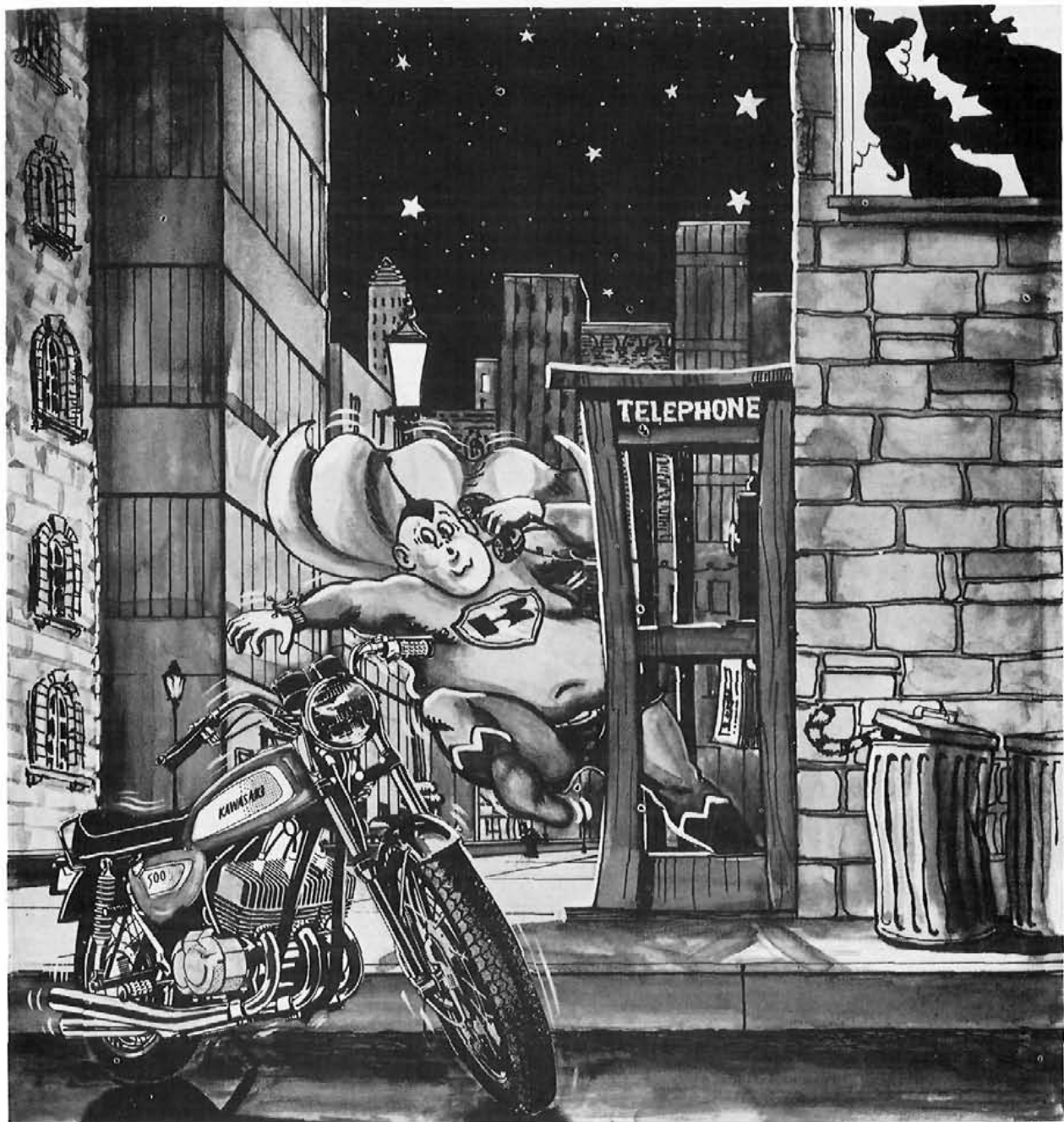
Are You Sick?/Come on, admit it, you laughed when Dirksen died and you know the joke that goes with the punch line "Most guys just leave her hanging there."

The Suppressed Chapters from Che Guevara's Diary/Proving, once and for all, that Guevara is alive and well in Munich.

Repair Handbook for the Entire Universe/Or how to turn dull, unsightly clamshells into zippy bivalve modules and that old eyesore, the egg, into a handsome poultry natal unit.

The Vietnamese Baby Book/Baby's first word, baby's first step, baby's first wound. A heartwarming keepsake from the folks at *NatLamp*.

The Red Man: Noble Savage or Renaissance Man?/If you had the spiritual insight the Indians had, white eye, you'd junk those electron accelerators and go live a life of meaningful squalor. Plus: Mrs. Agnew's Diary, Cynthia Goodhead, Paul Krassner, Henry Beard, Jean and Paul Sartre, Jimmy and Ariel Durante, Ayn and Sperry Rand, the Unknown Master of Lascaux, the Big Bopper, and Sammy (the Spoon) Scarpelli. □



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