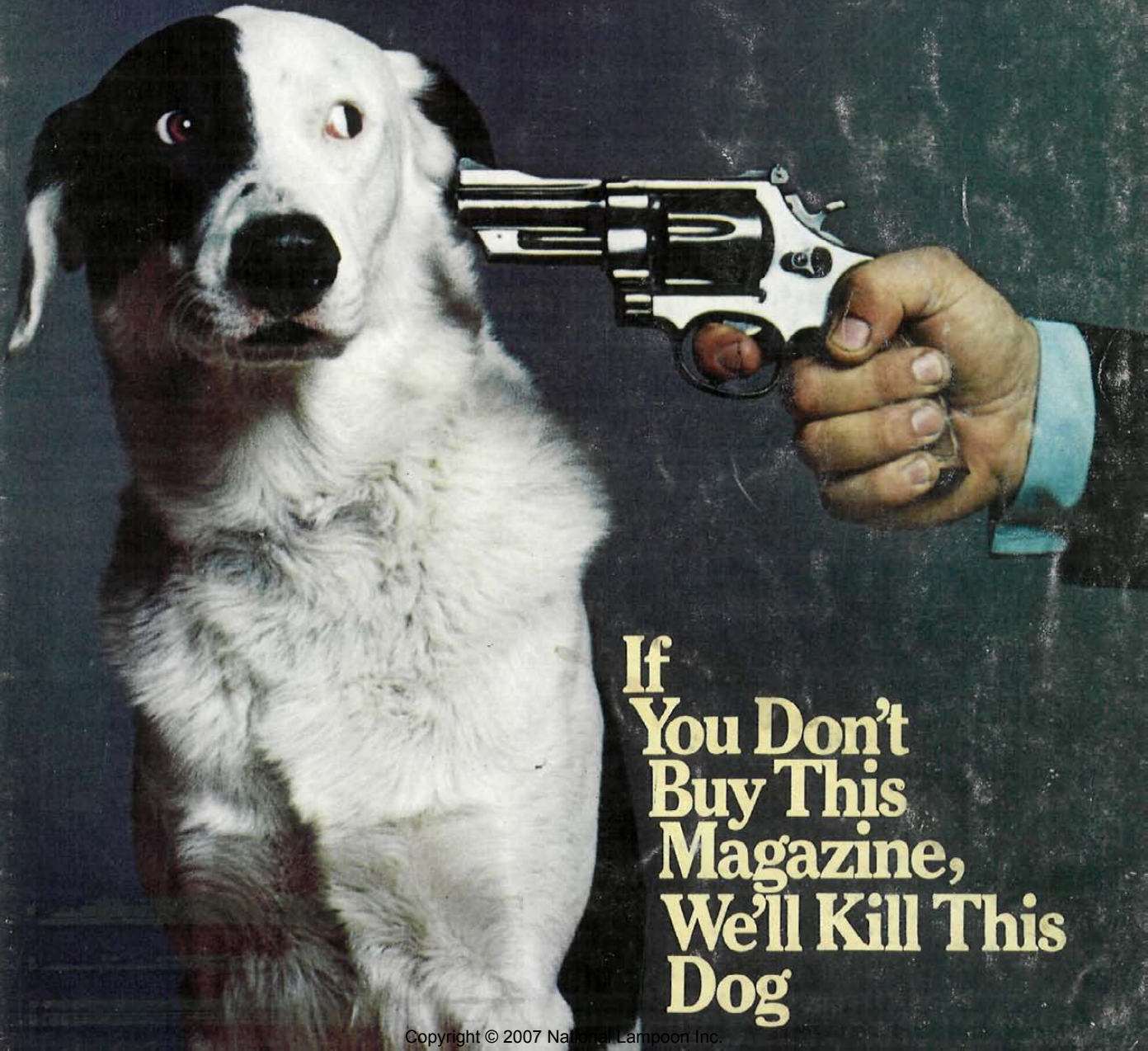


Death  
The Adventures of Deadman Playdead Magazine  
Last-Aid Kit Suicide Letters to Santa

IND  
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# NATIONAL LAMP<sup>®</sup> POON

JAN. 1973, THE HUMOR MAGAZINE 75 CENTS



If  
You Don't  
Buy This  
Magazine,  
We'll Kill This  
Dog

# An acoustic achievement destined to become the universally preferred sound reproduction system.

Too often these days superlatives are used to camouflage mediocrity. Let's just say you'll be excited with the magnitude of the achievement of the three new Pioneer series R speaker systems. We built in the sound most people prefer when compared with the conventional speakers now available.

Sound is a personal thing. Each individual sets up an arbitrary standard of his own. Prove it yourself. Take your favorite record or tape to a Pioneer dealer. Ask him to play it for you using one of the Pioneer series R speaker systems. In fact, listen to them all. Your Pioneer dealer will welcome your interest. For the first

time you'll hear nuances in the sound that you never heard before. The bass notes will be impressively rich and robust rather than thumping like Godzilla's footsteps. The highs will sound crisp and clear instead of piercingly shrill.

Better still, play the same recording, alternating the series R sound with other brands of speaker systems. Here's where you'll really hear the difference. Precisely balanced sound that offers sharply defined separations of lows, midrange and highs, with an absolute minimum of distortion. That's why we say the

new series R is destined to become the universally preferred sound reproduction system.

Pioneer has incorporated many meaningful refinements in the R series to achieve this exceptional sound reproduction. We'd be happy to send you complete specifications. But first make this test. Compare the R700 (\$229.95), R500 (\$159.95), R300 (\$119.95) with similarly priced speaker systems at your Pioneer dealer. It's their absolute superiority in sound reproduction that will convince you to buy them.

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**PIONEER**<sup>®</sup>  
when you want something better

## New Series R Speaker Systems



"How could we have been so stupid?" President John F. Kennedy asked after he and a close group of advisers had blundered into the Bay of Pigs invasion.

But stupidity was not the answer. The men who participated in the Bay of Pigs decision comprised one of the greatest arrays of intellectual talent in the history of American government.

Yale University psychologist Irving L. Janis spent two years looking for the answer. He studied not only the Bay of Pigs but also Pearl Harbor, Vietnam, and other policy disasters.

In each case, he found the decision-makers to be victims of certain clear laws of what he calls Groupthink, a process that results in the distortion of sound collective judgment.

#### Symptoms of Groupthink

"I was surprised to discover," he wrote in a recent article in *Psychology Today*, "the extent to which each group displayed the typical phenomena of social conformity that are regularly encountered in studies of group dynamics among ordinary citizens.

Janis was able to isolate and illustrate 8 symptoms of Groupthink, such as Feelings of Invulnerability, Rationalization, Assumptions of Inherent Morality, Stereotyped Views of the Adversary, and Pressure to Conform.

#### Successful Planning Also Studied

As a counterpoint to this gloomy picture, Janis also investigated two highly successful group enterprises, the formulation of the Marshall Plan in the Truman Administration and the handling of the Cuban missile crisis by President Kennedy and his advisers.

From these observations, he has drawn 9 recommendations for preventing Groupthink which can be used by any planning group, whether it's the Pentagon or your local P.T.A.

What if Janis's conclusions had been developed ten years earlier? And what if there had already been a magazine called *Psychology Today* to communicate world-changing ideas like these to a wide general audience of thoughtful readers? Might it have prevented the tragic American military intervention in Vietnam?

We'll never know. But there is reason to hope that the discoveries being made by psychologists about human and animal behavior today can help prevent "another Vietnam"...if they can be broadly disseminated in time.

#### What Is Psychology Today?

*Psychology Today* was born to bring ideas like these into the mainstream of social thinking immediately, to bridge the gap between the behavior lab and the living room.

It took Freud's ideas a generation to trickle through the barrier of learned books and journals to the consciousness of the educated layman.

But *Psychology Today* brings you the deeply significant psychological theories and discoveries of today as soon as they take shape. Not jazzed up or watered down for popular consumption. But not clouded over with professional jargon either. Just straight and clear, in a way that both professionals and an interested general public can enjoy and appreciate. And visually enhanced with colorful prize-winning graphics that reinforce the tingling feeling of high adventure. Some other recent examples:

Criminals Can Be Brainwashed—Now  
Characteristics of the Successful Investor

The Masks We Wear—Hypocritical or Healthy?

Teaching Chimpanzees to Read and Write

The Screaming Cure—Does It Really Work?

Why Fat People Eat Even When They're Not Hungry

How Accurate Are Trial Witnesses?

Shouldn't you be keeping up with *Psychology Today*? It costs you nothing to find out. Just mail the bound-in reply card. We'll send you a copy to read free and enter your name as a trial subscriber at the special introductory rate for new subscribers. However, if you're not delighted with the first issue, simply write "cancel" on the bill and return it without paying or owing anything, keeping the first issue with our compliments.

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## psychology today

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Boulder, Colorado 80302

Please send me, without cost, obligation or commitment, my complimentary copy of the current issue. If I like it, bill me for a year's subscription (11 additional issues) at just \$6 instead of \$12, half the regular price. If I don't like it I will write "cancel" across your bill, return it, and that will be the end of the matter. In either case, the complimentary issue is mine to keep.

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# Could Psychology Today have prevented the Vietnam War?

Another example of the behavioral discoveries which are shaping the thinking of a new generation of thoughtful readers



# EDITORIAL PAGE



"Sorry, pal, we don't serve necros!"

**W**he the Editors of *National Lampoon*, being of sound and disposing mind and memory and considering the uncertainty of this life, do make, publish, and declare this to be our last **Will and Testament** as follows, hereby revoking all other former Wills by us at any time made.

First, after our lawful debts are paid, we give the painful notion of doing this month's Editorial as a Last Will and Testament to any television program, magazine, desperate comedy writer, radio show, college skit, etc., who feels anally aggressive enough to find this sort of witless list-humor in keeping with his nonplussed taste. There. The idea's even too cheap for us to do. But, you may believe, not too cheap to insult and assign to someone else in the hope of praise for not having done it in the first place. Or, if you wish, you may further be misled by the notion that the items that were to go into the Will were of such weak quality as to make the whole thing a bust and again we're attempting to escape gracefully by explanations and not examples. But were we to give examples, it would be the same as doing it. And that we will not do. Or I will not do, as you must know by this time the editorial "we" is not four people sitting on a bench all punching keys together but one person, me, who is thinking seriously at this time of not initialing this load of

shit. Not that anyone would give a good goddamn, save those persons who find perverse pleasure in seeing an actual Editorial start squirming right before their eyes because it didn't do its homework and is ad-libbing its ass off until some curly-haired midget art-director who's hung like a gerbil starts explaining away all of the fuck-ups he's been responsible for. Take it away, somebody.

**Issue Note:** The paper this particular issue is printed on was made from trees that died from the dreaded Dutch Elm disease and it cannot be recycled. Remove the staples after you've read it and bury it in your back yard . . . if you have a back yard.

**Cover:** If you're a regular reader, you must be asking yourself, "Why are NatLamp's covers so inconsistent?" Do you think the editors who insist, month after month, that I am the cause of all our cover problems, can possibly be right? I'll let you decide.

First, let's examine the artist (me). I'm charming, six-foot tall (with the profile of a Viking), slim, blonde, hung like a horse, not very witty (but that's not *my* job), and would like to correspond with singles and couples interested in exchanging Polaroids (no gay guys, please).

Second, let's examine the problem. This month's brilliant cover, photographed by Ronald G. Harris, is a success primarily because of one element—a *joke*. Give me a good joke to work with and I'll give you an effective humor-magazine cover. The problem around here lately is that the

combined efforts of the entire editorial staff have not resulted in a single funny cover in four months. This month's superb cover idea was conceived by Ed Bluestone, and through skillful art direction and minimal interference from asshole editors it became the tasteful entity you hold in your hands.

There now! I hope my critics have been silenced, while you the reader sit as my judge.—Michael Gross.

**Plug:** There are two new books by Edward Gorey somewhere in your bookstore, probably buried under *Jokes I Tell To My Cat*, *The Bhagavad Gita According To Peanuts*, and *The Wit and Wisdom of Kurt Waldheim*. They are both brilliant, like everything Gorey does. The first is *The Adwrey-Gore Legacy* (Dodd, Mead, \$3.95), a slight amplification of a piece that first appeared in the Crime issue of the *National Lampoon*. The second is *Amphigorey* (Simon & Schuster, \$12.95), a collection of fifteen of his earlier works, most of them totally unobtainable in their original editions, including, among others, "The Insect God," "The Gashlycrumb Tinies," "The Vinegar Works," and "The Curious Sofa." □

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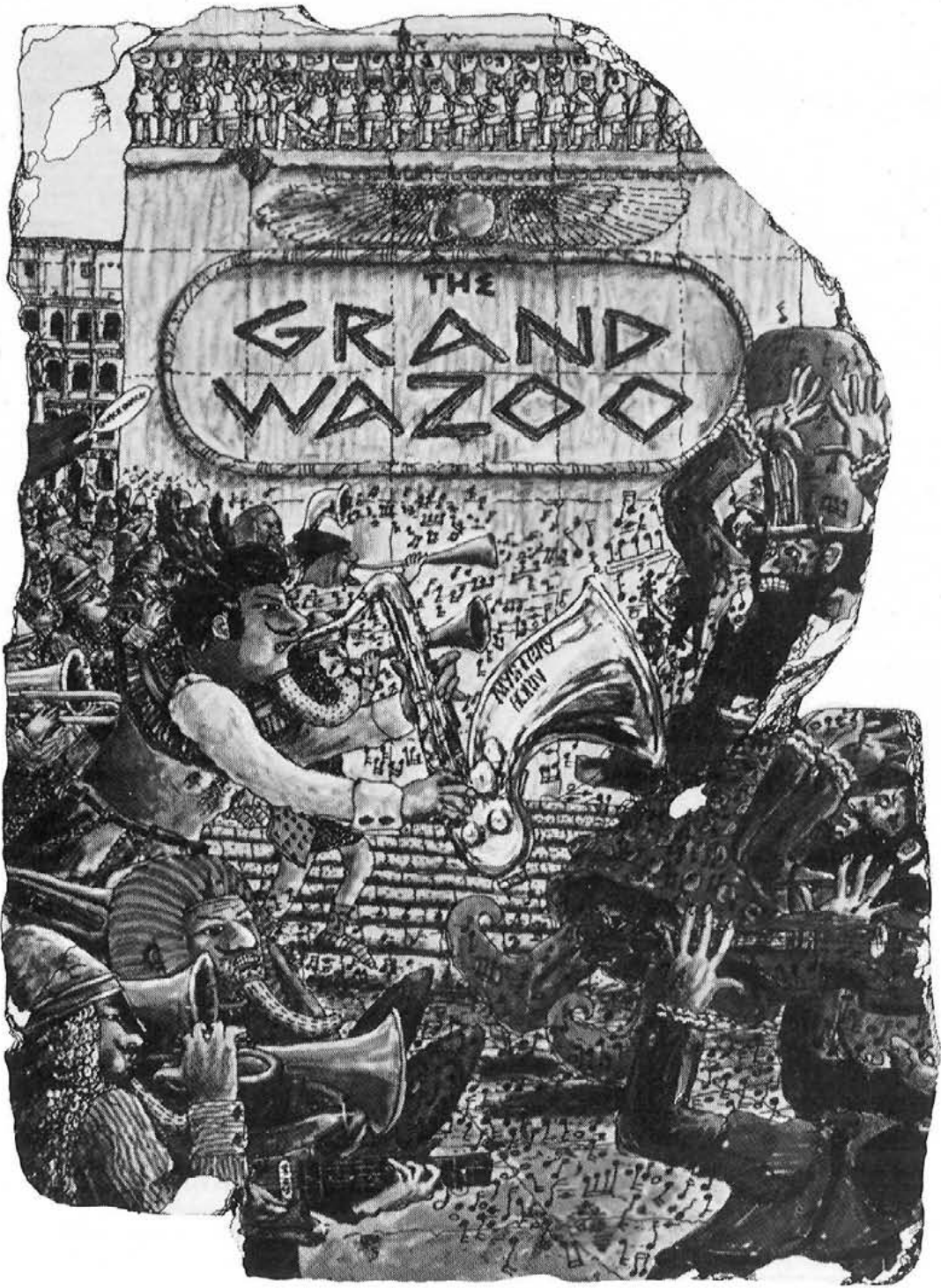
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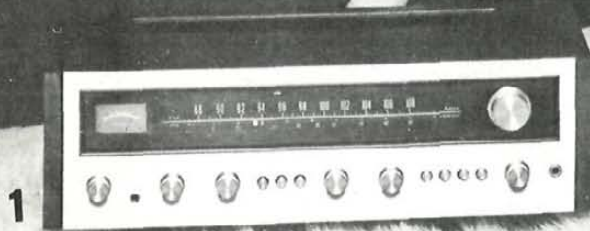
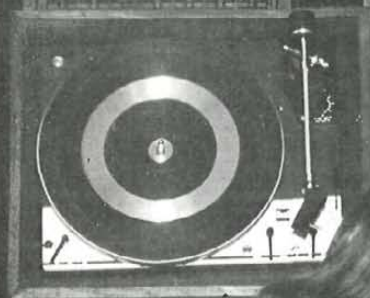


Newest Musical Event from THE MOTHERS OF INVENTION

on Bizarre/Reprise



# five great repr



## SYSTEM ONE

**SAVE \$162**

**Pioneer SX-626 Receiver  
Dual 1215S Changer  
Rectilinear 11 Speakers**

A system that's loaded with power, performance and versatility. The popular SX-626 receiver generates 110 watts (IHF) of music power with 2.0 V FM Sensitivity and features high and low filters and an illuminated tuning meter. Such a precisely engineered receiver commands the equally impressive Rectilinear 11 2-way speaker systems. Each cabinet contains an extended range 10" woofer and 3" tweeter. The final touch, the choice of professionals, the Dual 1215S 3-speed changer with base and such precision features as anti-skate, pitch and cue controls to get the most out of the ADC 250XE high compliance cartridge which is also included.

## SYSTEM TWO

**SAVE \$172**

**Sansui 210 Receiver  
BSR 310X Changer  
Harvard 3000 Speakers**

At last, components designed especially for those who don't need all the power and glory of a big system yet are particular about really great sound! The Sansui 210 receiver with built-in tuning meter feeds 34 watts (IHF) of power into two critically engineered Harvard 3000, 3-way speaker systems. Each cabinet contains a 10" woofer, 4" mid-range and a 3" tweeter for glistening highs and full-bodied lows. Then we've added the popular BSR 310X 3-speed changer with Shure M75 cartridge, base and dust cover (not shown). Here's a system you'll be proud to own at a price you'd never have believed possible.

## SYSTEM THREE

**SAVE \$152**

**Harmon Kardon 50+ Receiver  
Garrard 42M Changer  
Harmon Kardon HK20 Speakers**

Here's all the concert hall realism you'd expect in a 4-channel system at a price you'd expect for just 2-channel. The highly rated 50+ receiver puts out 50 watts (IHF) of music power into 8 ohms and boasts a 2.8 V FM Sensitivity. Aside from handling all 4-channel sources, the receiver also converts stereo programs to quad. Four two-way speaker systems, each with an 8" woofer and 3" tweeter assures you of crisp, clear reproduction. The Garrard 42M changer with Pickering V15 cartridge and base completes one of the finest 4-channel systems on the market.

This system lists for \$610  
but now it's just . . .

**\$448**

\$420 worth of sound  
for just . . .

**\$248**

Priced normally at \$540  
but now it's yours for . . .

**\$388**

# reproduction systems...



## SYSTEM FOUR

SAVE \$162

**Herwood 7100A Receiver**  
**BSR 610X Changer**  
**ADC 303AX Speakers**

We've put together a medium powered system from the highest quality components to offer it to you at an extraordinarily low price! The 7100A broadcasts 70 watts (11HF) of music power with a 30 V FM Sensitivity to rival the performance of anything in its price range. The ADC 303AX two-way speaker systems disperse crisp, clear transparent sound through a 10" woofer and a wide dispersion super driver. Finally, we've added the professional series BSR 610X changer with Shure 31 magnetic cartridge, base and dust cover (not own). All this performance adds up to a list price of \$530 but now you can have...

**\$368**

30 of the finest  
 re components for...

Audio World has gathered together five of the finest reproduction systems available to offer four of them to you at a price that's far below what you'd expect to pay at your local hi-fi outlet. (Sorry... System Five has been included for artistic purposes only).

If you're into great music and really appreciate true value then you'll realize the tremendous savings

that each of these systems represent. We've made this possible by eliminating costly overhead and by buying in such large quantities that we are able to pass these added discounts along to you. As a result, you can be certain of buying the finest audio system in its price range at the lowest possible price! Furthermore, if after you hear the system you've selected in your home and you're not completely satisfied that it's a superior value for the

ship it back and the return delivery charges are on us, You have nothing to lose, but you'll gain the satisfaction of knowing you have purchased one of the finest audio systems on the market today at an incredibly low price.

# audio world

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Yes, I'd like to order the system I have checked.

- System One @ \$448       System Three @ \$388  
 System Two @ \$248       System Four @ \$368

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Address \_\_\_\_\_

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

Check or money order enclosed. Ship freight collect

Charge my Master Charge Account # \_\_\_\_\_



Sirs:

You think you people are pretty sick. That's nothing. You should have seen how sick I was Sunday morning. After I was done, the place looked like Boy's Town had a lasagna fight. All over the place. Matted in the curtains, towels, blankets, and my ties — they're stuck together. It's disgusting. And I'm not cleaning it up. Why then, you well ask, am I telling you this? It's a true fact. You print "True Facts," don't you? You can come over next Saturday to check it out.

Nevil Blanklahore  
Albany, Ga.

Sirs:

Do you know what I use instead of underwear? Old, faded, torn upholstery covers. Yes, I do. Surprised? I thought you'd be. I get that reaction a lot. I'm withholding my name and

address to save you the trouble of withholding it and then coming up with it anyway.

Eleanor Roosevelt  
Asbury Park

Sirs:

Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo! Pass it on.

The Moth People  
Brentwood, Ill.

Sirs:

Who am I? I have seen the barren lands plowed green. I have witnessed verisimilitude in action. My conscious time spans the Imo and the Sumo. I enjoy speaking on the telephone and am able to go to the bathroom standing up. I'll give you a hint: small, bristly, dark hairs grow on my face when I sleep, and I wouldn't eat seaweed if it was the last vegetable on earth! If you can guess who I am, I'll let you unload 50,000 Mona Gorilla T-shirts on me.

I'm obviously not putting my name to this.

Rome (but I've left there)

Sirs:

My name is Johnny Tomorrow, and I live in the fourth dimension and hold the rank of captain. Actually, that doesn't mean anything, all of us here hold one sort of a rank or another. The reason I'm writing is: I've

been wondering if your readers would like to know what it's like here. What we eat, what we read, what type of plays and music we enjoy, etc., etc. As an example, currently, songs about black holes in the universe are very popular. But, as you may have guessed, we don't have to actually sing them out loud. Things like that. I've been looking for pen pals in the third dimension for some time now and hope that your readers in the third dimension will exchange information with me and my friends. If any of your readers are interested in writing to me, please address all correspondence to me in care of Norman Mailer, 142 Ponce de Leon Heights, Brooklyn, N.Y. He's sort of our tesseract.

Johnny Tomorrow

Sirs:

You think I'm bored, how do you feel I think? Nuts. Cancel my subscription. And leave two quarts of cream.

The Seven Santini Bros.  
(Iny, Beeny, Weeny, Feeny,  
Deeny, Jeanie, and Teeny)  
Cincinnati, Ohinny

Sirs:

I'm going fast, and there's not much more time. Pay attention . . . the name of my murderer is . . . the name of my

*continued*

# Steely Dan

## Can't Buy A Thrill

Every new rock group that can play "Louie, Louie" all the way to the end is proclaimed by its record company to be "Dynamite," "Killer" . . . "not since the Beatles," etc. Steely Dan has a new album out on ABC/Dunhill. They think it's very good, the company thinks it's very good, and so far, a lot of radio stations have agreed by playing cuts from the album. Steely Dan is six guys from New York transplanted, physically at least, to Los Angeles. They don't dress trendy, they aren't particularly pretty, they just play and write fine music. They are currently on a concert tour, catch them if you can and make up your own mind. A lot of superlatives from us isn't going to convince you. Their music will. The album is titled "Can't Buy A Thrill" . . . We're not so sure.





**A Gourmet Guide  
to Love Making  
for men and women  
who are familiar  
with the basics—  
and want to go on  
from there**

# The Joy of Sex



You've read sex manuals before. But there's never been one like this.

THE JOY OF SEX is Different with a Capital D.

It's a book that is based on the premise that love making should be joyous, inventive, and carefree.

It's a book that maintains that sex at its best is essentially play, not work.

It's a book that deals fully, frankly, sympathetically, and non-clinically with aspects of sex that other books circumvent or completely ignore.

It's a book that proves that the whole joy of sex-with-love is that there are no rules, as long as there is mutual pleasure—and that your choices are practically unlimited.

Among the many obscure, potentially fulfilling areas of sexuality that are revealed in THE JOY OF SEX:

- the use of enticing adornment, gadgets and gimmicks
- the effective employment of all the senses
- the discovery of little-known erogenous zones
- the enhancement of the quality and intensity of climaxes
- the enjoyment of unusual and exciting practices and games
- the excitement of variety—time, place, position, performance

THE JOY OF SEX is the first really happy and contemporary love making manual—a unique book that will liberate you from anxieties and inhibitions, and guide you to the full enjoyment of sex.

The special illustrated version of THE JOY OF SEX is the only love making manual that is as beautiful as it is instructive. It contains 120 unique illustrations, 33 in full color, depicting the act of love in all its tenderness, passion, and sensuality.

**"THE JOY OF SEX is the Kama Sutra brought up to date . . .** At last a love making manual that does not regard making love a euphemism . . . Wisdom, tenderness, affection are used to provide a modern setting for love making much beyond the traditional marriage manual. . . . Written too with a sense of humor which will appeal to anyone at all open to sexuality as an adventure. The illustrations are the most beautiful portrayal of sex that I have ever seen—at the same time both absolutely frank and yet personal, honest and tender."

—Dr. Lester Kirkendall, co-founder and director of Siecus (Sex Information and Education Council of the United States)

**"A sex guide deluxe, serious yet never ponderous, slyly humorous and completely human and civilized—one that understands body, skin and psyche as a single harmoniously responsive erogenous zone worth cultivating without apology, excuse or rationale."**

—Publishers Weekly

**"THE JOY OF SEX is the most intriguing and useful advice on psychophysical love I have read.** The authors produced what others were too uptight or too innocent to give us . . . Has made the other manuals—all of them—grotesque curios . . . Bound for bestsellerdom."

—Patrick McGrady, author of *The Youth Doctors* and *The Love Doctors*

**"There are many competing current books on sexology written for the general public, but THE JOY OF SEX, in its wit, urbanity and wisdom, is in a class of its own.** For many, I am certain it will reduce much of the shame and anxiety which, unfortunately, often accompanies human sexual behavior . . . Thoroughly delightful."—Irvine D. Yalon, M.D., Stanford University.

**"THE JOY OF SEX is an unusual and outstanding sex manual** that has been edited and written by a real professional. It is far better and saner than any of the 'sensuousness' books of recent vintage and, in addition, it is superbly and tastefully illustrated. I heartily recommend it."

—Albert Ellis, Executive Director, Institute for Advanced Study in Rational Psychotherapy

**"May be the best thing of its kind ever published . . . A manual**

in encyclopedia form that contains sane and beguiling advice about love making in all its aspects. The authors write very well, with relaxed humor and with awareness of the profound relationship that sex is for."

—New York Magazine

**"Dr. Alex Comfort is one of the brightest writers and scholars in the sexual field in the world today, and I want to give strong encouragement and endorsement to the publication and circulation of his materials.** It seems fair to predict that THE JOY OF SEX with outstanding text and illustration is destined to become one of the most useful and popular marriage manuals ever published."

—William E. Hartman, Ph.D., Director, Center for Marital and Sexual Studies, Long Beach, California

**"For those who favor—and enjoy—the explicit depiction of human sexual intimacy, Dr. Comfort's THE JOY OF SEX, with its lively text and its exceptionally fine illustrations, is the best, most handsome thing available in print."**—Vance Packard

#### Ten-day examination

Examine THE JOY OF SEX now at your bookstore—or mail the coupon below for your copy. (For sale to adults over 21 only.) Please enclose check or money order—\$12.95 for the illustrated edition, \$7.95 for the regular edition (New York and New Jersey residents please add applicable sales tax). Return book for refund within 10 days if not completely satisfied.



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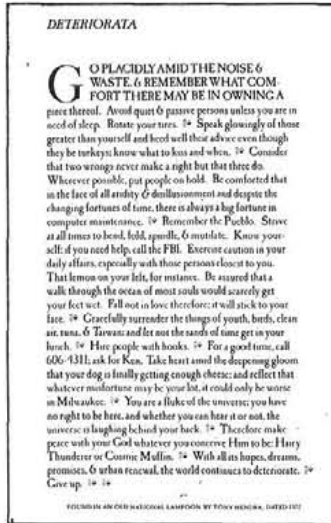
Please send me THE JOY OF SEX as checked below, for which I enclose payment as indicated (New York and New Jersey residents please add applicable sales tax). For sale to adults over 21 only. If not completely satisfied, I may return book(s) postpaid within 10 days for complete refund.  
..... copy(ies) of the illustrated edition @ \$12.95  
..... copy(ies) of the regular edition @ \$7.95

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City ..... State ..... Zip .....

# WHOLE MIRTH



Deteriorata



I Am the Queen of England

## National Lampoon Posters

There is one of these *National Lampoon* posters, or paper-printed-put-on-the-wall-eye-see-things, for each of the great rotations of Kielbasa, the Blessed Flywheel. They're better than a mandala for inducing the Three Basic States: Delaware, Wisconsin, and Oklahoma. They tell us a lot about our whole outmoded learning systems and why we should be taught useful things in school, like how to play spit-in-the-ocean and what the lindy is.

[Suggested by Kurt Waldheim.  
Reviewed by Rainer Barzel]

## National Lampoon Posters

Deteriorata (from *Radio Dinner*, the *National Lampoon* comedy album) \$1 (P1005)

I Am the Queen of England \$1.50 (P1006)



Mona Gorilla



Pornography Poster

## National Lampoon Color Posters

Mona Gorilla (P1001)  
 Pornography (P1004)  
 Lt. Calley—What, My Lai? (P1002)  
 Che Guevara (P1003)  
 Posters: \$1.50 for each, \$3.50 for three, \$4.50 for four, \$5.25 for all five.

## National Lampoon Mini-Posters

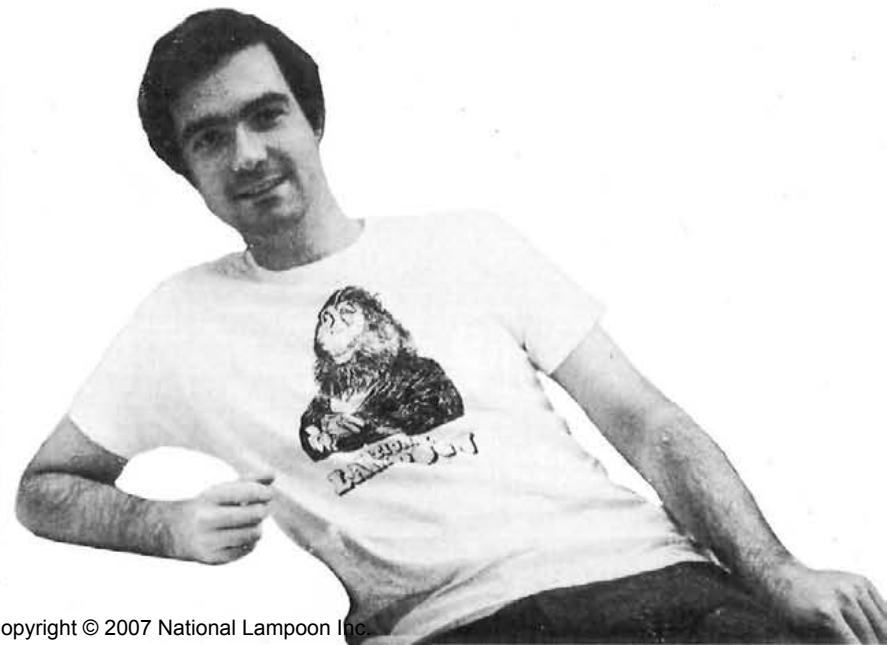
(black and white)  
 English Literature, a Course to Remember (MP1009)  
 Calculus! (MP1008)  
 Buckminster Fuller's Redesigned Sex Modules (MP1012)  
 Ralph Nader, Public Eye (MP1010)  
 Right On! Jane Fonda Movie Poster (MP1011)  
 Little Doug Kenney (MP1013)  
 Mini-Posters: \$1 each.

## National Lampoon T-shirt

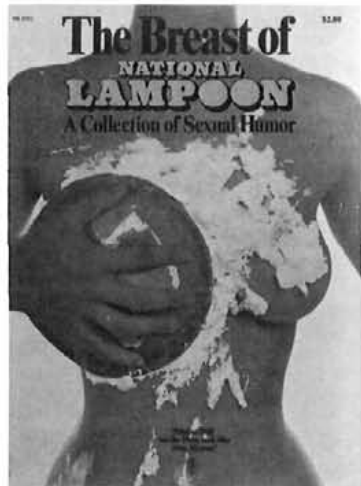
This is the well-known Yehmta-gvahi, the Baluchistani T-group meditation shirt made from fibers of the sacred cotton plant which grows in the Indus River basin. Durable and colorful, they each have a picture of Sri Gorilla printed on them by kindly old machines, which aids in contemplation on the uselessness of material things, like the mere \$3.95 that each T-shirt costs.

[Suggested by Judy Gould.  
Reviewed by Louise Gikow]

*National Lampoon* Mona Gorilla T-shirt (TS1019) \$3.95.  
Specify small, medium, or large.



# CATALOGUE access to yocks



## The Breast of National Lampoon

One look at this book and I knew it had to go right into my library next to *Building With Broccoli*, *Tibetan Cheese Worship*, and *Vegetonics: Ten Simple Exercises You Can Teach Your Produce*. I haven't had my mind blown so completely since I was turned on to Belgian bread-kissing and found out that the roof of my mouth was an erogenous zone.

[Reviewed by Brian McConnachie.  
Suggested by Henry Beard]

*The Breast of National Lampoon.*  
A Collection of Sexual Humor  
(BR1020) 1972; 144 pp.  
plus a Pornography Poster  
\$2.

## The Best of National Lampoon, No. 1

There isn't anything you can't do with this book. I've used my copy to prime my potato-chip kiln, as a fulcrum for my dome-bilge shadoof, as a cheap lunar-power receptor, as a substitute for naval jelly in my recipe for elm loaf, and as a roof for scatter-site birdhouses. Open it to any page and you'll find something special—paper, ink, sometimes even colored ink, things we've left behind in our mad "anything-for-a-buck" technology-dominated world.

[Suggested by Brian McConnachie.  
Reviewed by Henry Beard]

*The Best of National Lampoon, No. 1*  
(A1015) 1972; 160 pp. \$2.



## National Lampoon Binders

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[Suggested by Louise Gikow.  
Reviewed by Judy Gould]

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murderer is . . . the big oak tree at the Glenview Fork.

Ken Hobbs

P.S. That isn't right. The big oak tree at the Glenview Fork is where the stuff is buried and is obviously not the name of my murderer. The name of my murderer is . . . name is. . . I'm just about to die. . . Name is . . . (I'm going to be dead in a second. Isn't this exciting? You're really on the edge of your seat and I'm dying and I'm just about to give you the name of my killer. I think it's really exciting. I've pictured this sort of thing happening but never to me. Wow) name is . . . water, WATER. . . I NEED WATER! GGGGgggggggaaaaaagg umph

Sirs:

You published a letter last month written by a Clifford Sitts of Rego Park, Long Island, who, for no reasonable provocation, called my November 5 letter "irresponsible." By way of review, all I stated was that I preferred fabric radials to steel radials. I hardly find that "irresponsible." Some people prefer peaches to plums. Does that make them irresponsible? Hardly. I must wonder, though, if Mr. Sitts is aware that chemical companies such as Du Pont really do make better things for better living through chemistry. Wake up to the twentieth century, Mr. Sitts. We no longer clunk around in armor to protect ourselves. Strong, durable fabrics are here to stay. That sort of barbarism where everything was made out of steel is, thank goodness, well in our past. Let's leave it there and enjoy progress. Even the warship *Old Ironsides* was not made out of steel — it was made out of modern wood.

Wake up.

Thomas McCormack  
Bethesda, Maryland

Sirs:

Hey! We're over *here!*

Hale Boggs  
Here, Alaska

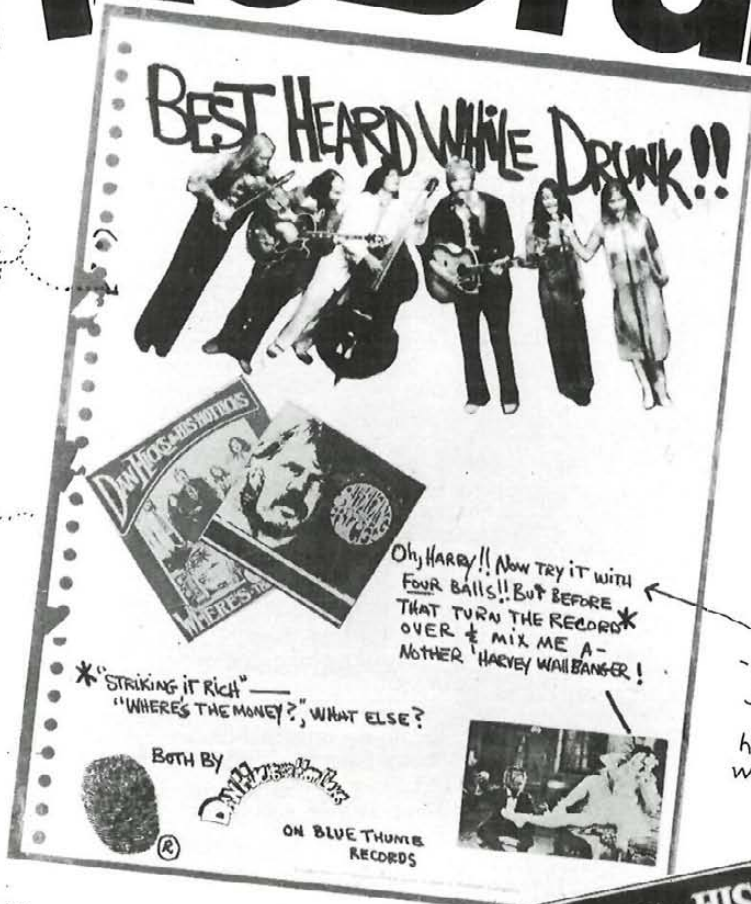
Sirs:

I realize that *National Lampoon* is basically a "humor" magazine, or at least is so intended. Moreover, I'm quite aware that humor is a fairly subjective phenomenon. I don't wish to suggest, therefore, that there are (or should be) *guidelines* as to what is or is not "funny." What you consider to be humorous I may not—and vice versa. That is your right. However, the so-called letter regarding the SGR that appeared in the November issue is quite another matter.

(Editor's Note: For those readers who may have missed the letter referred

*continued*

# Best Heard While Drunk

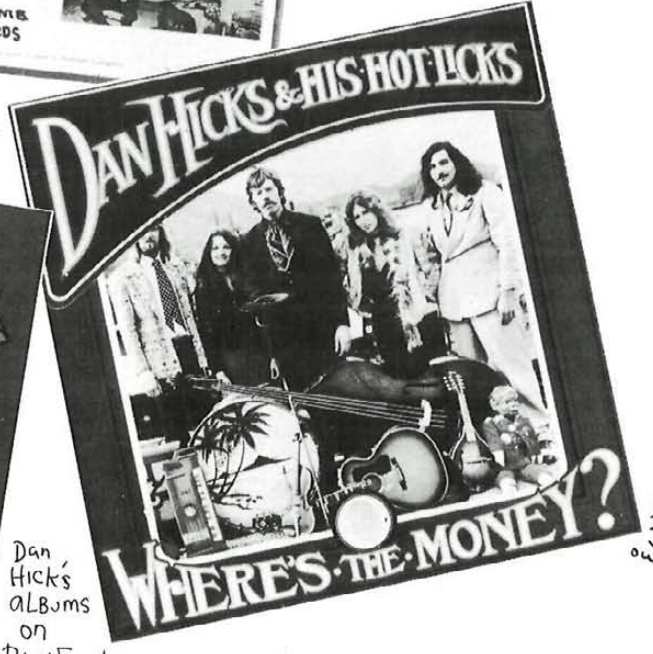
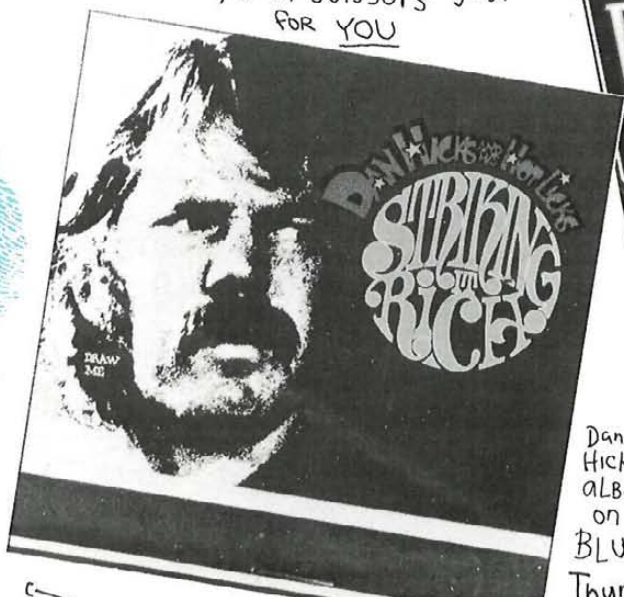


↑ Fancy Type Set here in Los Angeles to give this damn ad some CLASS

← (the Harry - ape-man is juggling 3 balls - hard to see but well worth looking for)



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↑ Dan Hicks albums on BLUE Thumb Records



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continued

to, the initials SGR are for "Stiff-Gook Rimmers," a group of Vietnam veterans who allegedly engage in the practice of *anilingus* with the enemy dead, and do so in a manner of "derish-like abandon.")

This "letter"—if indeed it is a letter and not merely the eruption of a pitifully sick mind—should not have been printed. Its release is, in my opinion, one of the most despicable episodes in the history of American publishing; it's not simply a question of violating common taste and decency but may well be in violation of criminal statutes... a possibility which, I assure you, is being investigated at this very moment. I trust you understand my displeasure does not arise from any sort of simplistic *moral* view but from a strictly *clinical* one: I am a psychiatrist; and during twenty-eight years of experience, in both therapy and analysis, I have treated many so-called rimmers. Perhaps if you understood a little more about the matter, you would be less inclined to treat these complex cases so lightly. The basic syndrome of the rimmer, in heterosexual relationships, is quite straightforward and represents nothing more, nor less, than another manifestation of intimacy, i.e., of conventional love and/or affection. By extension (inverse), the same may be said of the practice ("rimming") in homosexual relationships, as indeed in bisexual or group-sexual liaisons. One of my former patients, an attractive woman of thirty-seven with a "typical" middle-American background, could achieve deep, vaginal orgasm *only* through rimming, i.e., being rimmed and simultaneously manipu-

lating her clitoris (manually). This is not as unusual as it might first appear. There are many cases, both in my own files and in the experience of my colleagues, where ejaculation is achieved *exclusively* through rimming—in either the active or passive role. All well and good. The nature of the cases, however, which you have so cynically seen fit to publicize, is of a different order, a different order in two fundamental regards: (1) necrophilia is involved (consorting with the dead, an illegal act in itself) and (2) the quasi-love object, i.e., "Cong-rim" is that of an *enemy*. These two factors in confluence must be regarded as constituting a fairly rare aberration. I use the word "aberration" with certain misgiving; in clinical psychiatry we have come to take a rather broad view of what is the "norm" and what may properly be considered a deviation from it. My personal experience, however, with a number of SGR cases (both clinically and socially) leads me to believe that such persons are deeply disturbed. Consider the case of Lt. Col. E. Thornton (not his actual name) of First Corps Military Intelligence: a brilliant and sensitive man in most respects, with three years in the Nam and nine citations, his avidity for Cong-rim was so extreme that he insisted on wearing them like jewelry and forced the men of his command to weave them together in profusion to form huge garlands and necklaces. It was their very abundance (and consequent stench) that brought the practice to the attention of division HQ. In another case, that of Maj. Gen. S. Greene (again not the actual name) of Twenty-seventh Brigade, the subject suffered from an un-

continued

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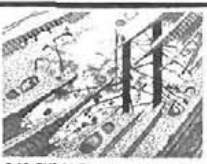
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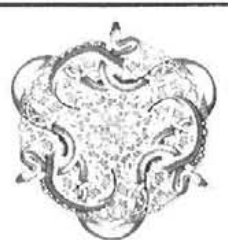
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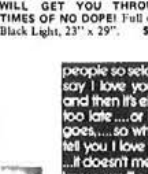
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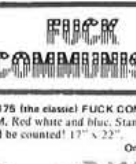
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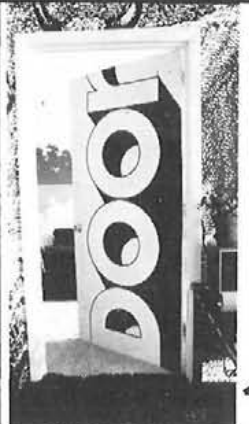
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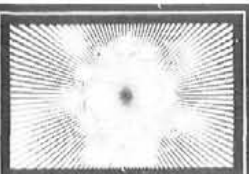
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**NOVEMBER, 1970/NOSTALGIA:** With The 1956 High School Yearbook; The Dink Patrol; The Sears, Roebuck Sex Catalogue; 1936: A Space Odyssey; Monster Memories; and the Special 1950s Section.

**DECEMBER, 1970/CHRISTMAS:** Gahan Wilson's Christmas Bowarel, Write Your Own Agnew Speech, The Myth of the Mafia, Santology, I Remember Jesus, Sob Story, and Underachiever Jokes.

**MARCH, 1971/CULTURE:** With Michael O'Donoghue's How to Write Good, da Vinci's Undiscovered Notebook, Captain Bringdown, The Dolts, and Gracie Slick's etiquette handbook.

**APRIL, 1971/ADVENTURE:** With Derby Dames on Parade, Tarzan of the Cows, Real Balls magazine, The Philosopher Detective, Spoilers, Mexico on 5 Toilets a Day, and the Corn Flakes parody.

**MAY, 1971/FUTURE:** With The NASA Sutra: A Zero Gravity Sex Manual; Toilets of the Extraterrestrials; Printout, the computer magazine; and The 1906 National Lampoon.

**JUNE, 1971/RELIGION:** With The Polaroid Print of Dorian Gray, Big Blessings Bulletin, Gahan Wilson's Holyland, O.D. Heaven, Magic Made E-Z, and a parody of *The Prophet*.

**JULY, 1971/PORNOGRAPHY:** With The Breast Game, Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex (Aren't You Sorry You Asked?), Are You a Homo?, and Nancy Reagan's dating guide.

**AUGUST, 1971/BUMMER ISSUE:** With Defeat Comics; the Canadian Supplement; Would You Buy a Used War from This Man?; As the Monk Burns; Welfare Monopoly; and the CIA newsletter.

**SEPTEMBER, 1971/KIDS:** With Eloise at the Hotel Dixie, The Hardy Boys, Children's Letters to the Gestapo, The Toilet Papers, Death Is and How to Cook Your Daughter, and My Weekly Reader.

**OCTOBER, 1971/BACK TO SCHOOL:** With the *Mad* parody, Rodrigus' Hire the Handicapped, Magical Misery Tour, The Campus War Game, School of Hard Sell, and 125th Street.

**NOVEMBER, 1971/HORROR:** With Dragula, The Phantom of the Rock Opera, Sick Jokes of the '70s, Gahan Wilson's Science Fiction Movie Computer, and The Incredible Shrinking Magazine.

**DECEMBER, 1971/CHRISTMAS:** With Jessica Christ, Blind-Date Comics, This Is Your Life . . . Francis Gary Powers, The Russian Gift Catalogue, and Editorial Fantasies.

**JANUARY, 1972/IS NOTHING SACRED?** With Son-o'-God Comics; The Vietnamese Baby Book; and The Last Really, No Shit, Really, The Last Supplement to the Whole Earth Catalog.

**FEBRUARY, 1972/CRIME!** With Groin Larceny; Ralph Nader, Public Eye; Angela and Rocky Take You on a Tour of the Big House; Dick Tracy on the lake, and an Edward Gorey whodunnit.

**MARCH, 1972/ESCAPE!** With Hitler in Paradise, the California Supplement, celebrity suicide notes, the *Papillon* parody, Swan Song of the Open Road, and doing it with dolphins.

**APRIL, 1972/25TH ANNIVERSARY:** With the '58 Bulgemobiles, The Playboy Fallout Shelter, Commie Plot Comics, Frontline Dentists, Third Base, the Dating Newspaper, and Amos 'n' Andy.

**MAY, 1972/MEN!** With How to Score with Chicks, The Men's Pages, Germaine Spillaine, Stacked Like Me, Norman the Barbarian, and The Zircon As Big As the Taft.

**JUNE, 1972/SCIENCE FICTION:** With *UFO*, The Flying Saucer Magazine; a Theodore Sturgeon sci-fi story; *Sextraterrestrials*; The Last TV Show; *Dodosaurus*; and Gahan Wilson's *Klik*.

**JULY, 1972/SURPRISE!** With Third World Comics, the Refugee Pages, the Little Black Book of Chairman Mao, How to Be a He-Man, Sermonette, and Col. Jingo's Book of Big Ships.

**AUGUST, 1972/THE MIRACLE OF DEMOCRACY:** With True Politics magazine, The Coronation of King Dick, Gahan Wilson's Miracle of Seniority, and Tales of the South comics.

**SEPTEMBER, 1972/BOREDOM:** With The Wide World of Meat, Our White Heritage, Bland Hotel, the *I Chink*, *National Geographic* parody, and the President's Brother comic.

**OCTOBER, 1972/REMEMBER THOSE FABULOUS SIXTIES?** With Bob Dylan and Joan Baez in Zimmerman comics, Tom Wolfe in Watts, and a long-suppressed Rolling Stones album.

**NOVEMBER, 1972/DECADENCE:** With Sgt. Shriver's Bleeding Hearts Club Band, Defeat Day, the Meat Chess Set, the Fetish Supplement, and Adlai Stevenson in Remnants-of-Dignity Comics.

**DECEMBER, 1972/EASTER:** With Son-o'-God comics #2, Chris Miller's Gift of the Magi, Great Moments in Chess, Diplomatic Etiquette, and the Special Irish Supplement.

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relieved compulsion to use Cong-rim as an infant's pacifier and, indeed, could not sleep without one or more of "my little doughnuts," as he called them, in his mouth throughout the night. So unrelenting was the habit that he was known to the men of his command as "Baby Cong-Suck," a familiarity that led to instances of insubordination and, in consequence, over thirty summary courts-martial.

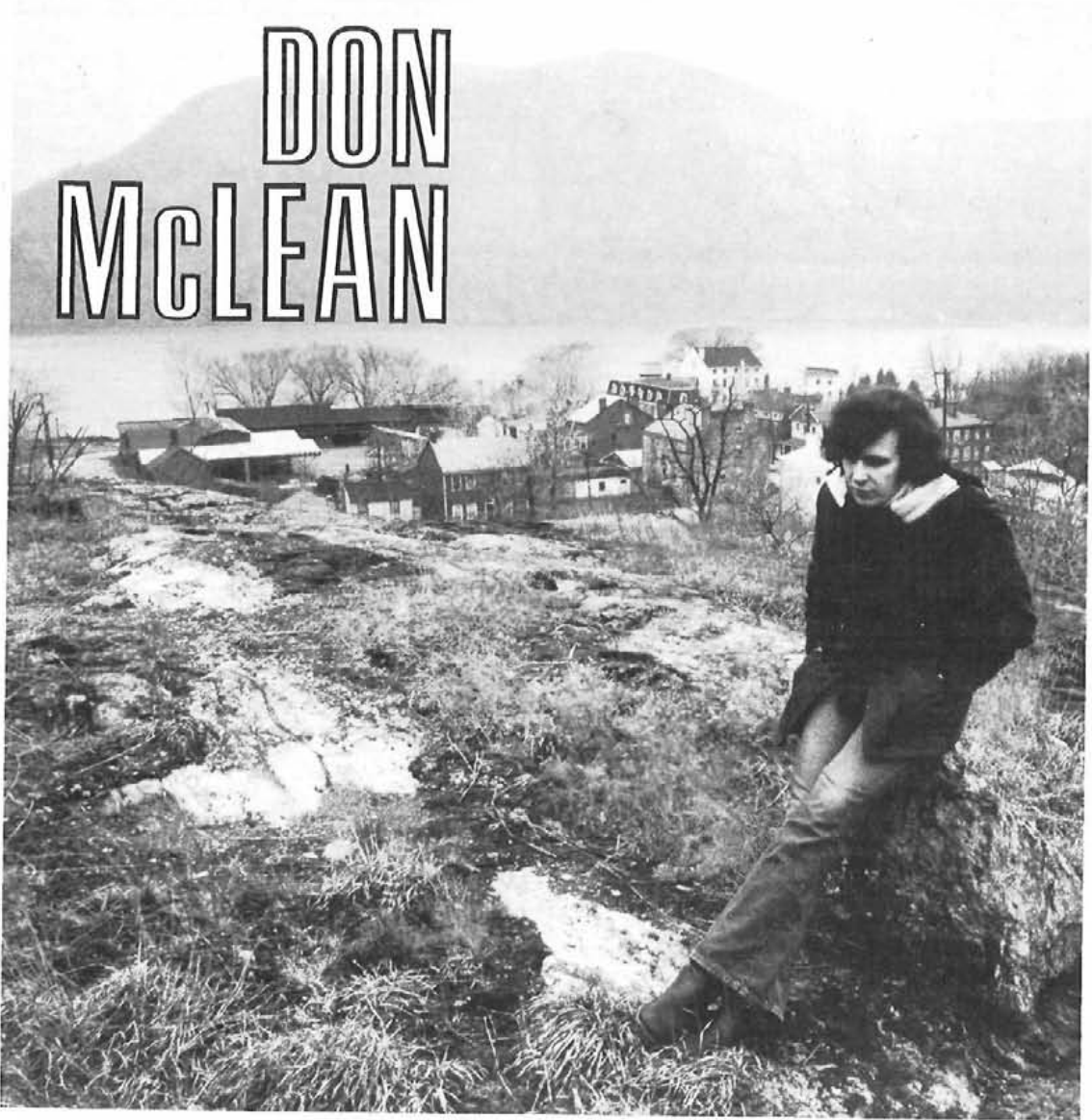
A final word as to the patent spuriousness of your so-called letter. It implies that SGR membership is limited to persons who have served in Vietnam. This is not strictly true. It is a fact, for example, that at least two of the two most highly placed officials of the present administration are among those with the deepest involvement in the practice of Cong-rimming. Indeed, one of them (who shall, of course, in professional confidence, remain nameless) has been a patient of mine for the past three years; and he acquired the habit *prior to visiting the Nam* and to this day *has never tasted Cong-rim in the field*. The truth of the matter is that his initial exposure occurred when he stumbled over a diplomatic pouch in the VIP annex of the White House mail room, which was, in his words, "choc-a-bloc full of fat rim-pacs!" It is worth noting, however, that he had already exhibited proclivities of a decided anal nature and, in fact, had come to the mail room on this very occasion in pursuit of what he termed "another dirt-road affair" with one of the young black mail-boys. In any event, his conversion was immediate and total. So overwhelming was his obsession with "rim o' the Nam" that he actually tried to *become* it, as he continues to do to this day by donning snug-fitting jump suits made wholly of Cong-rim, meticulously stitched together by his senior staffers. Then, after cavorting in an eccentric and dervish-like manner while his rim jump suit (due to the disintegrating nature of decomposed flesh) gradually begins to fall apart, he will turn on himself (like a wounded scorpion) in a grotesquely frenetic attempt to *devour the rim-pac suit entirely*, while shrieking, "I'm a rotten gook asshole! I'm a rotten gook asshole!" In fact, it is with such outlandish frenzy that he pursues this end that he has acquired the nickname among the more impressionable SGRs of "The crazy Greek gook asshole."

I hope this will help to clarify certain misapprehensions you have regarding the phenomenon of Stiff-Gook Rimming and to indicate to some extent how odd and erroneous you were in your original account.

Thomas A. Harley, M.D.

THE NEW ALBUM

DON  
McLEAN

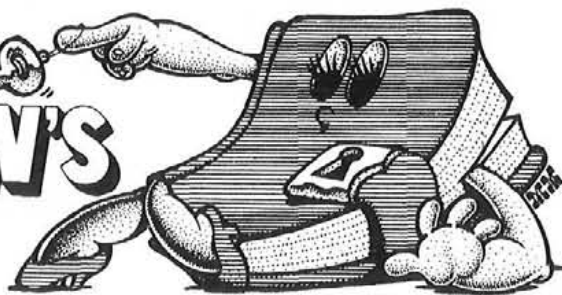


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# MRS. AGNEW'S DIARY



Happy New Year, Diary!

And a good thing it is too because, golly, what a Christmas at our house!! Everything got what Kim calls "fruit cupped," not that she was a bit of help herself. First it was that silly boyfriend who keeps playing tricks on her. Every time he comes over to the house he's dressed as somebody different, but Kim says she always knows it's her John. He wants her to go into animal training or learn French, but Kim says she wants to be a gym teacher and that's why she got that after-school job in the massage parlor, though I can remember when she wanted to be a nurse and even had a little black bag with hypodermic needles and everything until David Eisenhower found it one day when he and Spiggy had to stay indoors because it was raining and they decided to play doctor and Spiggy wanted to

check David for prostate cancer and David began to cry and I had to drive him home. Then it was the tree! That nice Walt Hickel invited us to come out to the country where he and Pete McCloskey are staying with the Ripon Society people. Spiggy says it's a funny farm, and it certainly did seem strange to me because lots and lots of people were living there and they didn't seem to be growing anything. But there was chicken wire all over the windows, so I said maybe it was a poultry farm and sure enough Pat told me later that was where they keep the chicken hawks. We were going to pick out a Christmas tree and chop it down while we were there, just the way the Pilgrims did. That was when Kim threw a fit. She really went Premium Saltines! She kept insisting that this scotch pine was a Hammond organ, or something like

that, and that if we touched it something awful would happen to Henry Cabot Lodge's echo and a whole chain of food stores would go bankrupt. I told Spiggy to stick a finger in her mouth so she wouldn't swallow her tongue the way she did when she got heat exhaustion last year, the time that she came in and said she'd had too much sunshine and then began telling me that the lovely china panther we have on top of the television set was married to the Barcalounger. So finally we gave in and got an aluminum one with all pink bulbs, which I must admit was very pretty. Mr. Ling—our handyman who fixed up Hank Kissinger with that French woman named Martha Harry, who's old enough to be Hank's mother—thought our Christmas tree was the most beautiful thing he'd ever seen and got real excited. "Whele do they glow??!! Whele do they glow??!!" he kept asking. I told him that if you shine a light on them they glow all over, and the next day when he came to help me decorate the inside of Spiggy's safe-deposit box for the holiday season and bring some truth syrup for the Neapolitan ices, I caught him in the utility room holding three Tenslor lamps over a roll of heavy-duty quilted Reynolds Wrap.

But I could have put up with all that easy (I didn't win the 1935 Junior Miss Glen Burnie Future Housewives Second Prize in Family Health and Hygiene for nothing!) if at the last minute Pat hadn't called on the phone and said that the entire First Family was going to come to Christmas dinner at our house because last night Dick had a dream all about Ike rattling around in chains and the ghosts of Christmas presents and some of the craziest stuff I've heard since Richie Kleindienst played that gag record of his about phone calls to the Democratic headquarters, so Dick and her and Tricia and Ed and David and Julie and Mamie were just piling into the car that very minute; and that Dick had really changed and was going to give me a terrific goose, which is certainly no change but good of her to tell me, since forewarned is forearmed and helpful; and that Dick even hoped to help poor Randy out, maybe get him a job as White House window dresser!

Kim said I looked like I was going to sneak out, and I think I would have had to if Hank's girl friend Miss Harry hadn't come by in her wheelchair and brought a huge transistorized tuna-casserole, which was the cleverest thing I've ever seen, because any time you said anything at the table it would get up on little legs, walk over, and tilt up towards you.

continued



## They Laughed When I Sat Down At The Typewriter But When It Started To Pay!-

Norman had just finished reading his astronaut book. The room rang with applause. I decided that this would be the perfect time for my debut. To my friends' shock and surprise, I strode confidently to the typewriter.

"Erich is up to his old tricks again," somebody chuckled and the crowd laughed.

"Can he really write?", I heard a girl ask Norman. "Heavens no," exclaimed Norman. "He's never written a best seller in his whole life."

With mock dignity, I drew out a silk handkerchief and lightly dusted off the keys.

"What do you think of his execution?", called a voice from the rear.

"We're in favor of it," called another and the crowd roared.

Then I Started To Write.

Thirty seconds later, my novel was completed. I stood up. "What can you say about a 22 year old girl who died?", I began to read. As I continued, I could hear gasps of amazement as my friends sat breathlessly spellbound.

When I reached the end, the room was strangely silent; then burst into sudden applause. How my friends carried on! Wildly congratulating me, pounding me on the back!

Suddenly, the ceiling opened and wads of money poured forth from heaven. Talk of first serial rights and film rights swam around my brain as hard and soft cover negotiations began.

My friends started plying me with questions. "Erich, where on earth did you learn how to write like that?" It was then I told the whole story.

"It seems just a short while ago that I saw an ad in a pointlessly vulgar humour magazine . . ."

"You must mean The National Lampoon," someone interrupted.

"This ad told of a magazine called *Writer's Digest*. How it's filled with writing instruction and market information for freelance writers like me who want to make it big. It lists paying markets like magazines, book and play publishers. What the editors are looking for. Where to find them. How much they pay. And enough freelance tips to help even a first-time writer like myself.

"I sent away for a subscription and studied it carefully each and every month. Nothing stopped me from writing history's classic after that. My book really captures the spirit of American life. I mean it really touches people where they live, you know what I mean? You see, one of the things that's made it famous . . ."

**Writer's Digest** 22 East 12th Street Cincinnati, Ohio 45210

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HEY MAN, YOU REALLY GOT STRUNG OUT. SOMEONE HANDED YOU A BOGUS. COME ON TO MY PLACE AND LET THE SHOW YOU SOMETHING...

LOSER

ALWAYS RIGHT

LATER...

Hmm...

I HATE TO PUT YOU DOWN MAN BUT JUST DIG THIS NEW AKAI X 2000SD! IT'S

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SMART BUYER AWARD

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SMART BUYER AWARD

I REALLY BLEW IT...

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WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME THIS BEFORE?

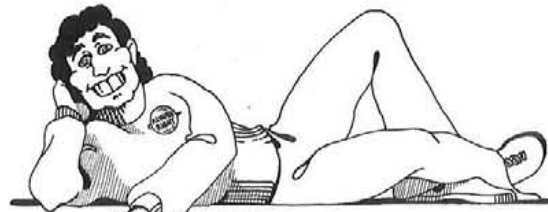
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continued

I think Miss Harry is sweet even if she is a Sinister Citizen, though I don't know if she and Hank are getting along so well these days. Last time he was over he started telling me how she could really gum up the works. Then he asked me if I wore dentures. (???)

Well, when the First Family got here I could tell that Dick had been having bad dreams, all right. He looked as pale as toast. Especially when he was trying to say grace and all he could remember was the Elementary Schoolteachers and Federal Student Loan Recipients' Loyalty Pledge and the tuna casserole got up and trotted over to his place at the table and all its macaroni started to click. But I was so happy to think that Dick and Spiggy had gotten over the little tiff they were having (back before convention time, when it got to the point that Dick almost considered hiring John Connally for Spiggy's job if John could just get over screaming "Jackie, Jackie, not behind me!" every time he rode in a convertible), until Spiggy finally gave in and invited Jerry Rubin home for Scrabble and let Jerry get away with "ZZZ," "BAMBI," and "AMERIKKKA" if Jerry would tell *Time* magazine that next to Mikhail Aleksandrovich Bakunin and the Rosenbergs, Richard Nixon was the man he admired most in the whole world. And sure enough, as soon as dinner was over those two were back kidding around like old times. First Dick gave Spiggy a Christmas present—two enormous sea bass wrapped in former General Lavelle's flight jacket. Spiggy says that was an old silly-onion message meaning "He ranks with the Waves." Then Spiggy excused himself from the table and went to do his business, though I wasn't noticing and went to do my own business and walked right in on him; but Spiggy wasn't doing his business at all, instead he was groping around behind the toilet tank. I didn't think a thing of it until Spiggy came out sort of nervous looking with his madras sports coat folded over his arm, walked up to Dick, said, "Take this!!", squeezed the box of d-Con Mouse Killer that I'd put in the bathroom that same afternoon, and sprayed the whole table with sticky bait-pellets. Then Spiggy got all sort of flustered and locked himself in the den, which he insists we call "library" now. He's been spending a lot of time in there lately pacing around with his cheeks stuffed full of cotton and muttering, "lasagna," "ravioli," and "Franco-American Spaghetti." After a while I got him to come out by kissing him on both cheeks and calling him "Amanda Grade B Speck," which

he likes for some reason, and we all went out on the patio to see the new go-cart that Tricia and Ed went together with Julie (even David saved five dollars from his paper-route money) to get Spiggy, but Randy jumped in it before Spiggy had a chance and started screaming in that funny voice he has sometimes like "Our Miss Brooks" about drag racing—which he seemed to think was very funny—and hot cam-shafts and up the chocolate speedway and I-don't-know-what-all until he finally pushed the little starter button and the whole thing blew up like when Dick gave George Romney that trick cigar and George had to have his brain washed and it ruined Randy's brand-new yellow beach-comber pants and halter-top that his friend Mr. Doris at Capitol Hairdo and Dry Cleaning gave him. Spiggy started talking about going to the Mattresses, which I think are near the Bahamas, and then he insisted that we had to go for a walk and have "one of the boys follow to be safe." And I told him that Randy was in no condition to drive, so he made me go downstairs and get poor old Mr. Puwalski, our building janitor who can hardly see, to follow us around in the Oldsmobile, although he right away ran into a bus and Spiggy kept saying, "Say, governors and congressmen don't kill people," and I'd say, "Boy, they sure don't!" and Spiggy would get all worked up and say "Say, governors and congressmen don't kill people!" and I'd agree with him again and so on and snow fort until I finally got him to go home. Honestly, Diary, sometimes I don't know what gets into men. And to top it all off, Spiggy spent the whole week after Christmas pacing up and down in the "library" (isn't that silly . . . all that's in there are World Books A, B, and IJ and three old copies of *McCall's*) with Q-Tips in between his teeth mumbling "Kharman Ghia," "Venice," and "noodle."

I guess it was all worth it though because we got a lovely note from the Nixons inviting us to come to dinner with them at Umberto's Clam House in New York.

And last night David and Julie came for a visit and went in to talk to Spiggy about something to do with the Betsy-Wetsy doll that Pat gave them and that put Spiggy in such a good mood that he took us all out to the Pizza Castle for the first time since 1968 when they had the riots in Baltimore and our cook was out shopping for color TVs.

All for now,

*Judy*



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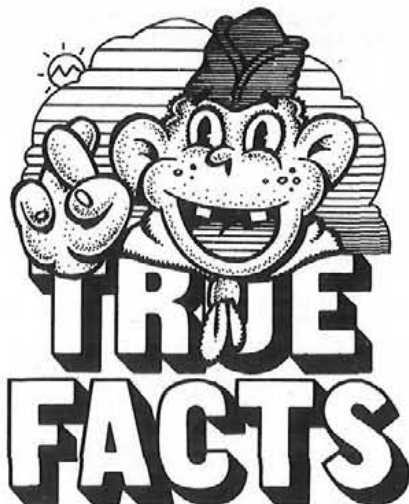
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- Eugene Sims, 24, of Tampa, Florida, was arrested in September for trading his infant son for a used car. Mr. Sims and his wife, Jennifer, who has also been arraigned, allegedly traded their three-month-old son, Eugene Evans Sims, to a Mr. and Mrs. Harold Vannoy of Immokalee, Florida, in return for a 1971 Chevrolet. The couple faces charges under a Florida law that prohibits "selling a child for payment or something of value." *New York Times* (D. Williams)
- A young Yugoslavian named Dor-sun Yilmaz recently made arrange-

ments to elope with his beloved, the daughter of one of his neighbors in the town of Dalmali. Sometime after midnight, a shadowy figure wrapped in a blanket descended the ladder he had placed by her window, he carried her to his waiting car, and they sped away.

Several miles down the road he unwrapped the delectable bundle and discovered that he was carrying off the girl's grandmother, who beat him up. *The Sun*

- A New York artist named Neke Carson paints portraits with his ass. Carson inserts a paintbrush in his rectum, squats in a kneeling position, and puts his head between his legs. He recently used the technique, which he calls "Rectal Realism," to do a portrait of Andy Warhol. The drawing was executed with a pink felt-tip pen, which has a special rubberized shaft to facilitate penetration.

Observers who saw the finished product described it as surprisingly realistic. "Boy, can that asshole paint," said one of Warhol's associates. *Village Voice* (W. Taurins)

- During the last four years, the Navy has spent \$375,000 on a scientific study of the flight characteristics of Frisbee to determine if the saucer-shaped plastic toy could be turned into a weapon of some sort.

Navy scientists launched countless thousands of Frisbees from Hurricane Mesa in Utah and monitored their flight with tracking cameras. At the same time, extensive wind-tunnel tests of discs were conducted at the Navy Ammunition Depot at Crane, Indiana.

Lt. Comdr. Hugo A. Hardt, who has headed the testing program for the last two years, said the project was cancelled last fall when attempts to adapt the Frisbees for use as flares or airborne projectiles proved totally fruitless. *Newsday* (R. Hupp)

- A man in Redondo Beach, California, who refused to serve beer to a gang of youths who crashed his daughter's wedding reception was beaten to death with a garbage can. *Royal Gazette of Bermuda* (F. Li)

- The Republican nominee for the 7th Congressional District in the state of Washington was J. J. ("Tiny") Freeman, a six-six, 275-pound unemployed tugboat deckhand who was running because he "digs" the \$42,500-a-year salary of a congressman and wanted to go to Washington because "I have friends in Maryland and Virginia that I haven't seen for a long time and this would be a good excuse to visit them."

Freeman became the GOP candidate by filing just minutes before the deadline. Because of the popularity and strength of the Democratic incumbent, Rep. Brock Adams, no regu-

lar Republican was found to invest the \$100,000 or so involved in running a campaign in what was clearly a losing battle. The Republicans had intended to caucus privately after a suitable delay and handpick a symbolic candidate to make the race, but under state law Tiny automatically became the Republican candidate and ran unopposed in the primary.

Mr. Freeman was running his campaign out of a booth in the Central Tavern in Seattle, where he collected contributions in an old wine bottle, and his campaign appearances were limited to a circuit of other beer taverns in Seattle. His platform included a call for a "muscatel maintenance program" for skid-row winos and for the return of the mushroom industry to Seattle. On the issue of unemployment, his position was: "Let them run for Congress."

Embarrassed by the whole affair, the local Republican officials denied Tiny any campaign funds, and he threatened to sue them for "nonsupport," insisting that the GOP could at least spare Martha Mitchell to campaign for him. *Wall Street Journal*

- As part of a program of public-service and safety presentations, radio station KPIK in Colorado Springs, Colorado, sponsored a contest offering a free funeral to the first person killed over the Labor Day weekend.

Contestants were required to register prior to 6:00 P.M. on Friday, listing their names, addresses, ages, Social Security numbers, and next of kin.

Although there were reportedly "hundreds of applicants," according to station spokesmen, no one claimed the prize. *Colorado Springs Sun* (P. Arkow)

- A Bronx, New York, liquor-store owner is facing charges of failing to report a death and moving a body without the required permit, following the death in his shop of a man he hired to guard the premises over a long weekend.

Last March, the merchant, Seymour Schwartz, discovered that the burglar alarm in his store was out of order and hired a man named George Lawrence, an unemployed laborer, to stay in the shop all weekend in return for carte blanche to drink as much of the merchandise as he wanted.

Lawrence apparently drank himself to death, and his body was found in a vacant lot, where Schwartz had moved it. *New York Post* □

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Your soul lies between two giant slices of stale white bread. Above you are another soul and a slice of stale white bread, completing a triple-decker sandwich. The sandwich you live in travels through infinity narrowly avoiding the open mouths of Bertrand Russell and his grandparents. After many centuries of this, your mind's only function is that of further inculcating the Russell family's facial features. Yet soon, the flawless retention of these faces becomes comforting . . . more comforting . . . almost sensual. And eventually you begin to experi-

ence orgasmic surges of reassurance as passing the Russells verifies your existence.

A cycle completes itself when Bertrand, and then his grandparents, are seen eating chocolate, halvah, and cheesecake. For soon they will have skin blemishes, and your memory's only possessions start to seem vague....

You find yourself pinioned to the floor of a travel agency. All around you, employees are helping customers arrange vacations to Ocean City, New Jersey. Your back is covered by an immense scab. Every few thousand years Florence Nightingale applies a large Band-Aid to the scab, and Diogenes the Cynic rips it off. Then Florence and Diogenes laugh, hold hands, and

start planning to visit Ocean City for about a millenium.

You're condemned to give Kenneth Clark an endless piggy-back ride through the Cluniac Abbey of Vézelay. Clark is demanding and will suddenly scream, "Take me to the Reliquary of St. Foy at once!" You try to explain that many of the relics he requests to see are in other churches, but Clark only yells "blasphemy" and slams a porphyry jar against your neck.

You're hanging upside down, encased in a swaying salami. In the background, a cantor chants "The Syncopated Clock," making it sound more like a suffering pocket-watch. Somehow you know that you're owned by a delicatessen that disguises salamis as pendulums. Occasionally you hear a counterman say, "I'll tell you vigh. Would a hungry boigla dreg away a grendfather clock?"

You live in an apartment building designed after the Periodic Table of the Elements. Each apartment represents a different element, but things aren't as quaint as they sound. The atomic weight of the apartment above you determines how often the ceiling caves in, your landlord is an inert-gas freak, and it's damn hard to sleep with the increasing ionization potential subshells being completed . . . not to mention the thieves and riffraff who stop at your place when you live next door to gold or silver.

You sit in on an infinite number of therapy sessions in which Carl Sandburg pretends he's Lincoln in psychoanalysis.

You stare at twin antelopes who've been run over by a steamroller and attempt to mentally calculate if they're congruent. But whenever a solution seems near, you're distracted by the question of whether congruency would necessarily prove them to be identical twins. And if so, could they be stitched into one realistic hunting trophy?

You're doing the elementary backstroke in a bottle of Canoe. Charles Boyer, who's standing on a raft, holds a stack of Red Cross swimming cards. Boyer has been withholding your "intermediate" card for years; consequently, you live with a fear that Buster Crabbe will break the Canoe bottle.

A scaffold suspended against an infinite brick-wall is your permanent working place. You must paint *Robert's Rules of Order* on the wall. Earphones bring you the voice of Heywood Hale Broun lecturing on parliamentary procedure as a competitive

*continued*

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sport.

You sit in a restaurant — deaf, dumb, and addicted to phonetic alphabet soup. Thus you can only order more soup by spelling out your wishes in phonetic symbol-shaped noodles. Beethoven sits at a nearby table mocking your difficulty in transcribing sound mentally.

You lie unconscious in a coffin, but every New Year's Eve you're granted one minute of awareness—a telephone operator wishes you season's greetings, followed by an ear-shattering rendition of "Auld Lang Syne."

You sit in a room which is wallpapered with Day-Glo bibliographies. On a desk before you are a goldfish in a bowl and a bibliography of every source used in compiling the *Oxford English Dictionary*. The bibliography is not properly compiled: all pamphlets included have been entered in the bibliographic form applicable to essays in an edited collection, and, even weirder than that, every "et.al." used has been capitalized and they're now totally confused with Et Al the semanticist, whose name appears frequently.

Attached to the bowl is a note saying that you've been assigned to correct this bibliography before the goldfish dies. Should you fail, you'll start all over, the fish being replaced by another one with a shorter life-expectancy. After several thousand failures, it becomes amazing how fast a fish can die.

The actuary who delivers the fish has blackheads.

You're the only customer in the Vienna Copacabana. Opening the show is a magician who saws a pregnant woman in half and puts her back together but leaves the embryo in two pieces. The featured act, who's on for about ninety years every show, is Sigmund Freud performing as a comic:

"Gud evening, ladies and gentlemen. A funny ding happened to me on da vay to Vienna. I was sitting on da train reading von of my essays on infantile sexuality . . . ven a woman with an infant valked by. And as they passed, the infant said to me, 'Dun't read about it grandpa, I'm available!'"

"Did you ever hear the von about the pleasure principle? Every teacher wanted to work in his school!"

"And den dere's always the story of the three masochists. One liked to have monkeys valk on him vid golf shoes. Another enjoyed being whipped with dried kishka. And da third . . ."

You eternally write editorials defending the Ptolemaic system of the universe. □

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# NEWS ON THE MARCH



## NIXON LANDSLIDE DISASTER HITS U.S.! DAMAGES SAID TO RUN INTO BILLIONS ONLY MASS. AND D.C. ESCAPE HORROR

Wave of Sludge Fills White House, Most Government Offices;  
Supreme Court Threatened; Senate, House Narrowly Spared



A proposition restoring the death penalty in California has passed by a 2-to-1 margin. The proposal, which received widespread support from groups concerned with law and order, makes California the only state in the union where executions are legal. In their unsuccessful fight to defeat the measure, the proposition's opponents cited extensive studies indicating that death may be harmful to health and

strong evidence, admittedly based on incomplete research, that heavy doses of electricity or cyanide gas, the two most common "executinogens," tend to result in a permanent change in affected individuals' characters, most often typified by a glassy stare, a do-nothing, don't-give-a-damn attitude, and a dramatic reduction in motivation of any kind. They further cited figures that show that of the several

thousand individuals known to have taken "last trips" or participated in "necktie parties," not a single one went on to a useful or productive life.

An irresponsible proposition on the same ballot favoring the legalization of the notorious killer-drug marijuana and supported by dangerous radical groups was soundly defeated, also by a 2-to-1 margin.

Sources in Washington report that the

*continued*





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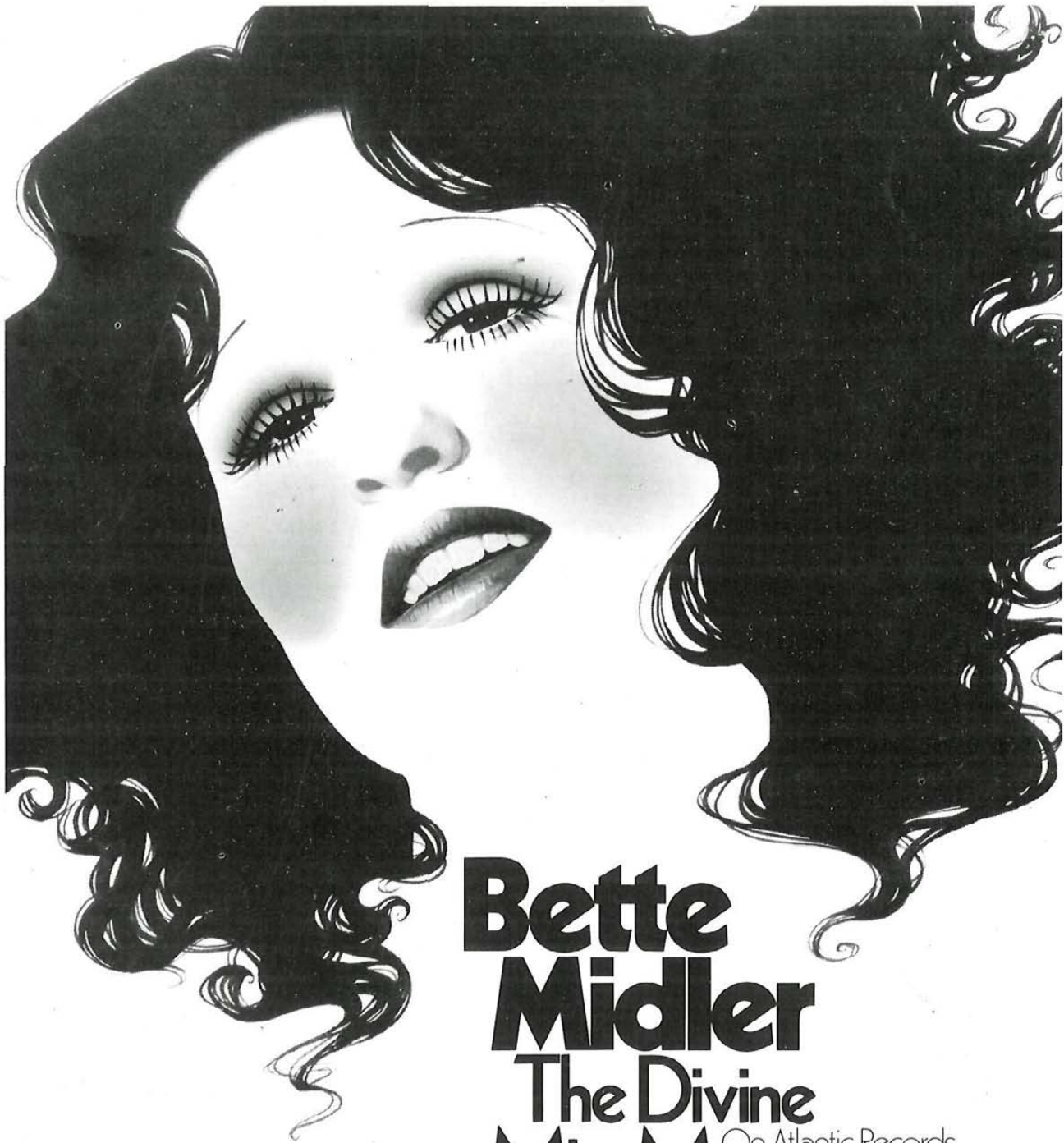
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# Bette Midler

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continued

Nixon Administration, buoyed by its triumph at the polls in November, plans a "100 days" style legislative package to put the nation on the road to recovery. The daring new "game plan" will call for a number of bold initiatives aimed at solving the stubborn problems of the American economy, initiatives which to some will be reminiscent of the "alphabet soup" programs Franklin D. Roosevelt instituted in the months immediately following his overwhelming election victory in 1932. Included in the President's current plans are: the CCC, or Corporation Conservation Corps, whose task it will be to find meaningful occupations for large conglomerates whose profit pictures have been significantly damaged by cutbacks in space and defense spending. The CCC will primarily concentrate on creating vast "private works" projects, such as logging operations in national forests, highway construction in urban parks, and revival of the SST project.

The EEA, or Executive Employment Agency, will provide funding for the relief of top-level management personnel displaced by mergers, streamlining of operations, or the pressure of foreign competition; it will guarantee to them a decent living wage of \$50,000, subsidize their country-club dues and private-school-tuition costs for their children, and provide for them, if need be, a job in government at least as pointless and socially useless as the one they lost in industry.

The WPA, or Wiretappers Protection Act, will assure professional electronic eavesdroppers (whose jobs have been threatened by recent Supreme Court decisions restricting warrantless telephone surveillance to foreign agents) by guaranteeing them a decent, interesting telephone to tap somewhere in the U.S. and providing a Federal Bail Insurance Fund and a Defense Fund to pay their legal costs when and if they are caught.

The FPIC, or Federal Profit Insurance Program, also known as Profitcare, will provide funds to assist ailing or bankrupt companies. Under the plan, affected companies will be reimbursed for the first year of their stay in receivership, they will receive up to \$500 million in low-interest loans to help tide them over the difficult recovery period, and their legal fees, up to a limit of \$10 million, will be underwritten.

The AAAA, or Agricultural Administration Assistance Agency, will guarantee wheat and commodity dealers and other middlemen a standard of living tied to an upward-sliding parity scale based on an average of the annual incomes of Andrew Mellon and Queen Juliana of the Nether-

lands.

The Socialites Security Act will provide decent employment, in most cases as ambassadors or under secretaries, to needy individuals, with benefits to be calculated on the scale of their campaign contributions. □

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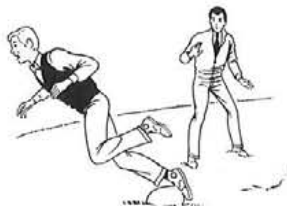
FIRST BANK

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HENRY BEARD  
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# LAST AID

## What to Do Until the Mortician Comes

Death can strike anyone, anywhere, anytime. It can happen miles from the nearest mortuary or funeral parlor, in terrain too rugged for hearses, or under circumstances—such as in combat or time of natural disaster—when a cry of "Mortician!" or phone call to a funeral director may go unanswered, and precious minutes, even hours, will pass before a qualified undertaker reaches the scene. In this critical period immediately following a death, when irreversible changes in the deceased take place, the presence of a cool-headed individual with a good knowledge of last-aid techniques can mean the difference between a dismal, perfunctory, closed-coffin ceremony that wouldn't do justice to some shapeless lump on the highway and a lavish, unforgettable funeral, with the departed transformed by the embalmer's and cosmetician's arts into a personification of peace and contentment that gives friends and relatives a memory to cherish always. Remember: morticians aren't magicians. If someone comes in looking like 150 pounds of stew beef, he's going to go out looking like he's auditioning for a role as a walk-on in a Jap horror movie. Learn these seven death-saving steps; sometime soon, someone you love may be dying for your help.



1. Don't panic. Move quickly to the side of the deceased. *Do not* waste valuable time trying to revive him. It is in the first few minutes that the most damage is done to the remains—either by well-meaning but clumsy individuals, who often permanently ruin the body's appearance by trying to apply hopelessly inadequate medical treatment like snakebite incisions, tourniquets, and amateur tracheotomies, or by the deceased himself, who often ruins skin texture and facial tone in the course of his struggles, grimaces, and fits.



2. Immediately render the deceased immobile. This may be done by pressing a folded blanket or rolled-up coat over his face and holding it in place for at least three minutes or by pinching the nostrils and using mouth-to-mouth asphyxiation. If his involuntary reflexes or death agony proves too violent for these methods, hit him repeatedly behind the ear either with a sock filled with sand or with the upper, soft side of a shoe or boot. *Do not* use a solid object like a rock or log, as this will leave permanent bruises and marks. Once you have quieted the deceased, apply the blanket or coat.



3. Insure that the deceased is lying as flat as possible. If a leg or arm will not go straight due to fracture or dislocation, force it slowly to the ground by kneeling on it. Do not be concerned by breaking noises, but if the limb shows signs of becoming detached from the remains, do not attempt to straighten it further. Fold the arms over the stomach. If there are any visible wounds, cover them with basic flesh-tone cream cosmetic from your last-aid kit; or if you have no kit with you, place a clump of moss or grass (from which you have shaken most of the dirt) over the wound.



4. To prevent excess blood from flowing to the head and discoloring the face, use your belt to tie a tourniquet around the deceased's neck just below the Adam's apple. Fasten it as tightly as you can by hand, but do not use a stick to wind it tighter. At the same time, prevent the jaws from becoming frozen in an open position by tying a necktie or strip of cloth into a loop from beneath the chin to the top of the head or by wadding well-chewed chewing gum along the deceased's lower teeth, then pressing the jaws together and holding them in a closed position for at least one minute. Make sure that the jaws are properly aligned.



5. Remove the deceased's wallet and search through it for any card or slip indicating that his body has been sold or willed to a medical school. If you find one, burn it immediately; then remove the deceased's shoes and socks and examine his ankles and the soles of his feet with the ultraviolet viewer in your last-aid kit to find the identification mark. If you have no kit, look for a slightly pale rectangular patch of skin approximately  $\frac{1}{8}$ " x  $\frac{3}{4}$ ". When you have found it, use a knife or other sharp tool to cut it out. *Do not* merely scrape the skin; make a deep incision and remove the entire area.



6. Using your knife, carefully cut away the deceased's clothing from the inside of both his left and right thighs, approximately six inches above the knee. When the skin is exposed, make gauges at least three inches deep in

the fleshy portions of the legs. Repeat until there is a copious flow of blood. Allow blood to drain for five minutes or until flow diminishes. Contrary to widespread belief, *do not* attempt to put soft drinks, cleaning compounds, or any other temporary embalming fluids into the deceased by means of a tube or in any other manner.



7. Using folded clothing, several layers of pine boughs, or six inches of dirt or sand, make a platform covering the deceased from below his neck to below his knees. Once the platform is in place, pile on top of it the largest rocks, logs, or other heavy objects you can carry, covering the entire area as evenly and completely as possible. This will prevent rigor mortis from permanently stiffening the deceased into any unnatural positions that the random relaxation of his muscles might cause.

NICE WORK, SON. THANKS TO YOUR PROMPT APPLICATION OF LAST AID, THIS BOY IS GOING TO LOOK LIKE A MILLION BUCKS AT HIS FUNERAL!



For information on last-aid programs in your community and the location of stores selling last-aid kits, contact your local chapter of the American Dead Cross or write to: The American Dead Cross, Box 101, Morticello, New Jersey 08101.

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HOT DAMN! THIS DAGO JALOPY HAS WHAT IT TAKES!

AT HIS SIDE SITS THE LATEST IN A LONG LINE OF LOOSE COMPANIONS—BELLE PAESE, AN ITALIAN-SWISS GO-GO SPEAKER HE PICKED UP AT A TOPLESS LECTURE ON ADMIRALTY LAW IN THE BASEMENT OF THE WORLD COURT AT THE HAGUE.



OH, HAMSTER, ZIS CHAMPAGNE HAS MADE ZEE BOTTOM OF MY SLIPPER ALL STICKY. I WANT YOU TO WIRE DR. SCHOLL AND TELL HIM TO SHAG OUT HERE PRONTO WIZ A CASE OF HIS SWELLEST FOOT-PADS!

SHUT UP, YOU TRAMP!

HIS LIFE HAS BEEN AN EMPTY SHAM, A STUDY IN DECADENCE PLAYED AGAINST THE BACKDROP OF AN ENDLESS SUCCESSION OF FANCY EUROPEAN WATERING SPOTS.

VOICI, M'SIEUR. TWO CAVIAR-BURGERS—ONE WITH FOIE GRAS, ONE WITH PHEASANTS' TONGUES—A LAFITE-ROTHSCHILD FRAPPE, AND A MALTED MARGAUX.

HERE, FROG-FACE. TAKE A FISTFUL OF THIS COMFORT TISSUE YOU GREASERS USE FOR MONEY!

BUT, HAMSTER, MON CHER, I WANTED MY BURGER WIZ OWL KIDNEYS.



SHUT UP, YOU TRAMP!

HIS ONLY REASON FOR RETURNING TO HIS NATIVE LAND IS TO CATOLE HIS WIDOWED MOTHER INTO GIVING HIM A \$5-MILLION ADVANCE ON HIS NEXT ALLOWANCE TO COVER THE GAMBLING DEBTS HE HAS RUN UP PLAYING CHEMIN DE FER AT THE NOTORIOUS CASINO IN ST. LAZARE.

JE REGETTE, MONSIEUR LA BREA, BUT ONCE AGAIN YOU HAVE LOST! ACHETEZ VOS BILLETTS! EN VOITURE, MESSIEURS, DAMES!

TROP DE WAGON-LITS!



THIS LAYOUT'S RIGGED!

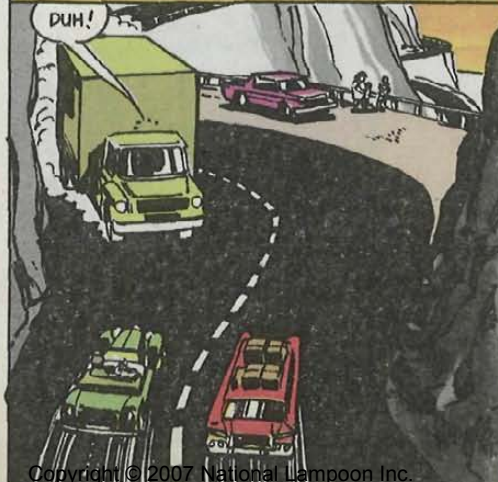
BUT AS HE RECKLESSLY ACCELERATES THROUGH THE RUGGED SIERRA NEVADAS TOWARD THE MANSION HIS FATHER CONSTRUCTED FROM BUILDINGS MAILED STONE BY STONE FROM EUROPE...

...LITTLE DOES HAMSTER REALIZE THAT ANOTHER DEBT HAS COME DUE.

HE MAKES ONE FINAL SELFISH GESTURE...



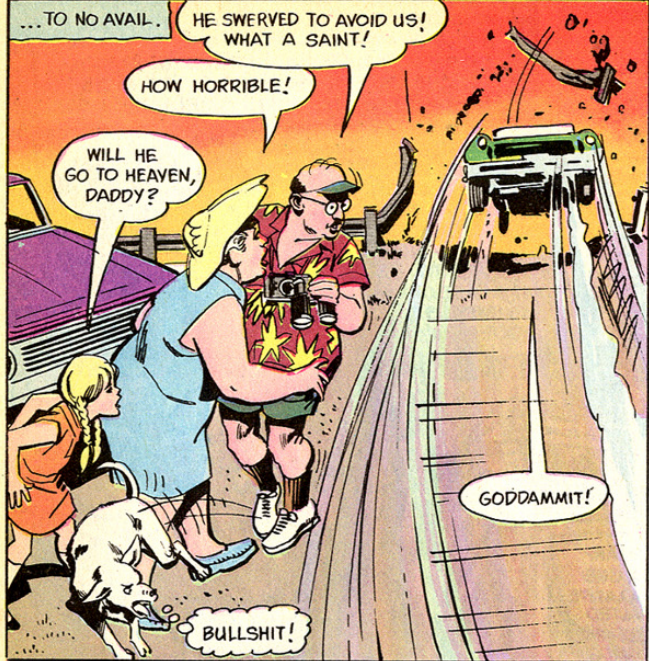
OH, HAMSTER, HOW QUAIN'T! SUICIDE CURVE!



DUH!



IF ONLY I CAN PLOW INTO THOSE DOLTS, MAYBE THEIR BODIES WILL SLOW ME DOWN JUST ENOUGH!



... TO NO AVAIL. HE SWERVED TO AVOID US! WHAT A SAINT!

HOW HORRIBLE!

WILL HE GO TO HEAVEN, DADDY?

BULLSHIT!

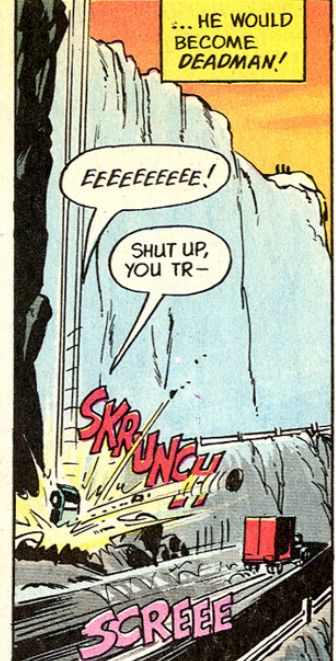
GODDAMMIT!



THE PRAYERS OF CRIMINALS EVERYWHERE WOULD BE WITH HAMSTER LA BREA IF THEY KNEW THAT IN A FEW SHORT SECONDS...

OH, HAMSTER, I DON'T WANT TO GO DIE-DIE!

OH, GOD, IF YOU'LL SAVE ME, I'LL GET SOME LEPERS INTO THE COLONY CLUB!



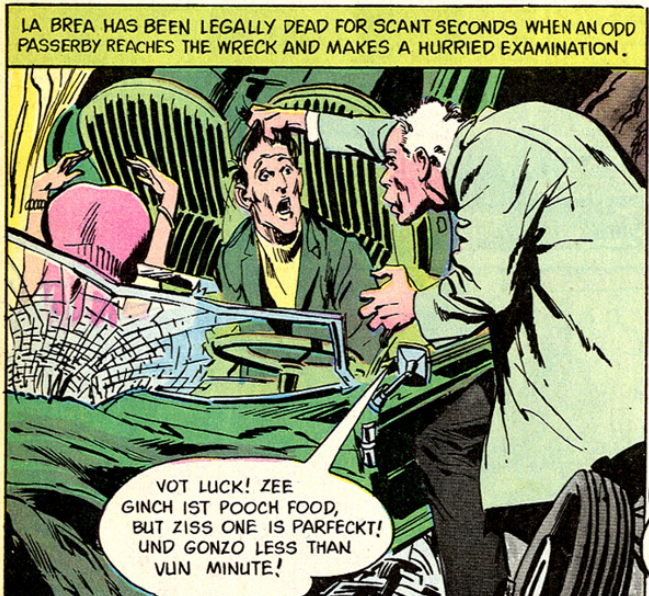
... HE WOULD BECOME DEADMAN!

EEEEEEEEEE!

SHUT UP, YOU TR-

SKRUNCH!

SCREEE



LA BREA HAS BEEN LEGALLY DEAD FOR SCANT SECONDS WHEN AN ODD PASSERBY REACHES THE WRECK AND MAKES A HURRIED EXAMINATION.

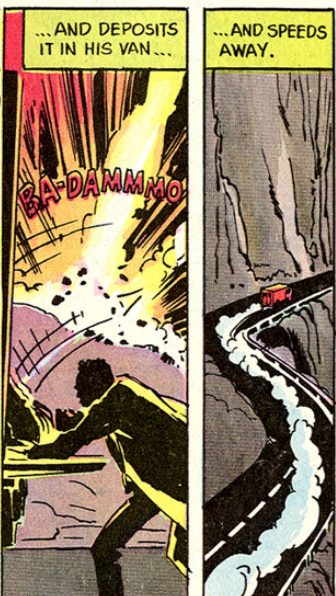
VOT LUCK! ZEE GINCH IST POOCH FOOD, BUT ZISS ONE IS PERFECT! UND GONZO LESS THAN VUN MINUTE!



THE MYSTERIOUS FIGURE SHOULDER HIS GRUESOME CARGO...

IT HAS BEEN YEARS ZINCE I HAVE HAD SUCH FINE MATERIAL TO WORK VITH-

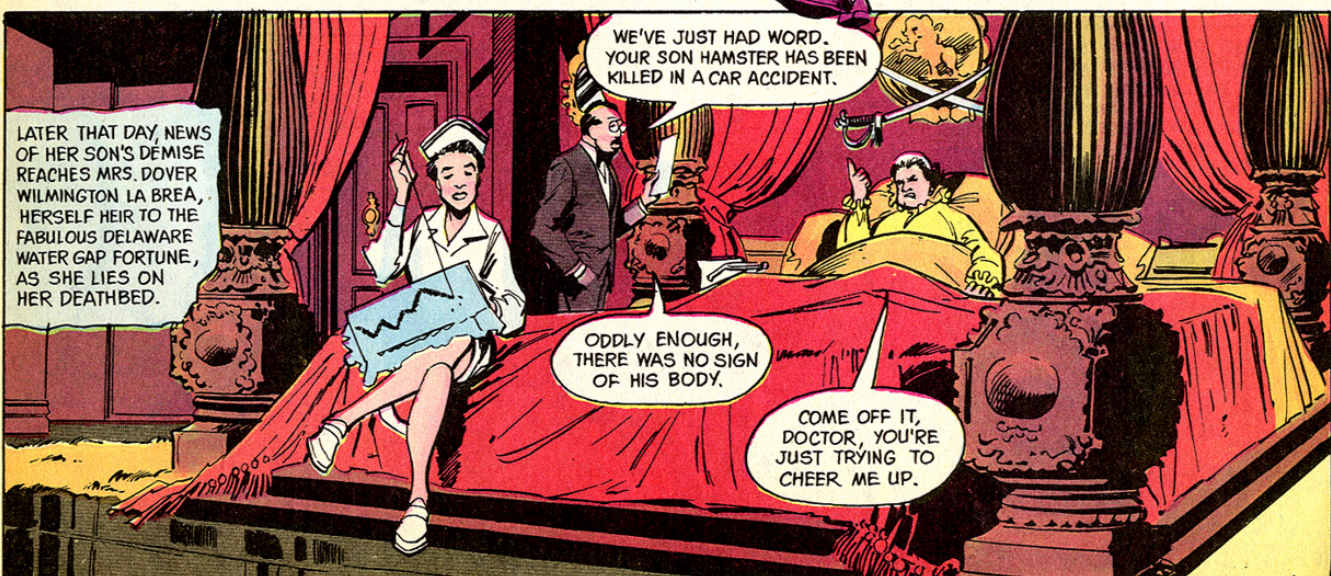
NOT ZINCE ZEY HAVE CLOSED BEAUTIFUL BUCHENWALD! ZOB!



... AND DEPOSITS IT IN HIS VAN ...

... AND SPEEDS AWAY.

BA-DAMMMO



LATER THAT DAY, NEWS OF HER SON'S DEMISE REACHES MRS. DOVER WILMINGTON LA BREA, HERSELF HEIR TO THE FABULOUS DELAWARE WATER GAP FORTUNE, AS SHE LIES ON HER DEATHBED.

WE'VE JUST HAD WORD. YOUR SON HAMSTER HAS BEEN KILLED IN A CAR ACCIDENT.

ODDLY ENOUGH, THERE WAS NO SIGN OF HIS BODY.

COME OFF IT, DOCTOR, YOU'RE JUST TRYING TO CHEER ME UP.



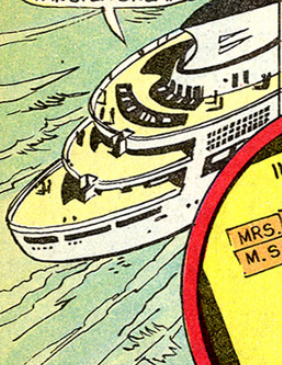


NEWS OF THE DISCOVERY IS WIRED TO MRS. LA BREA AT SEA...

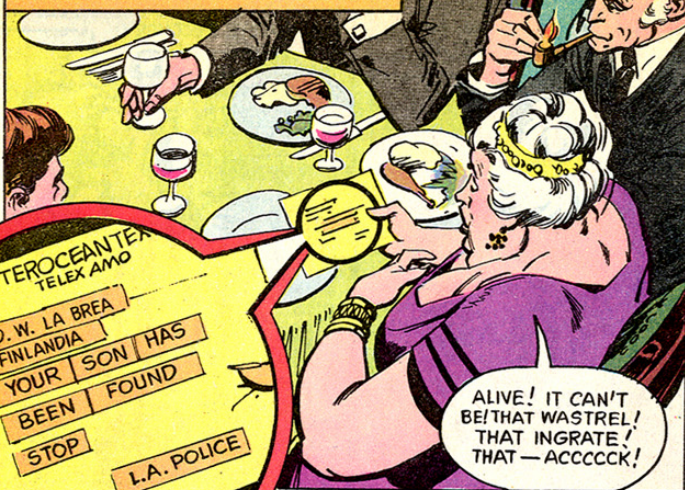
...BUT IT IS TRAGICALLY MISWORDED...

...AND THE SHOCK PROVES MORE THAN A MOTHER CAN BEAR.

CABLEGRAM FOR MRS. LA BREA!

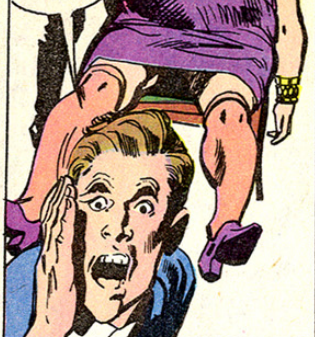


INTEROCEANIC  
TELEX AND  
MRS. D. W. LA BREA  
M. S. FINLANDIA  
YOUR SON HAS  
BEEN FOUND  
STOP  
L.A. POLICE

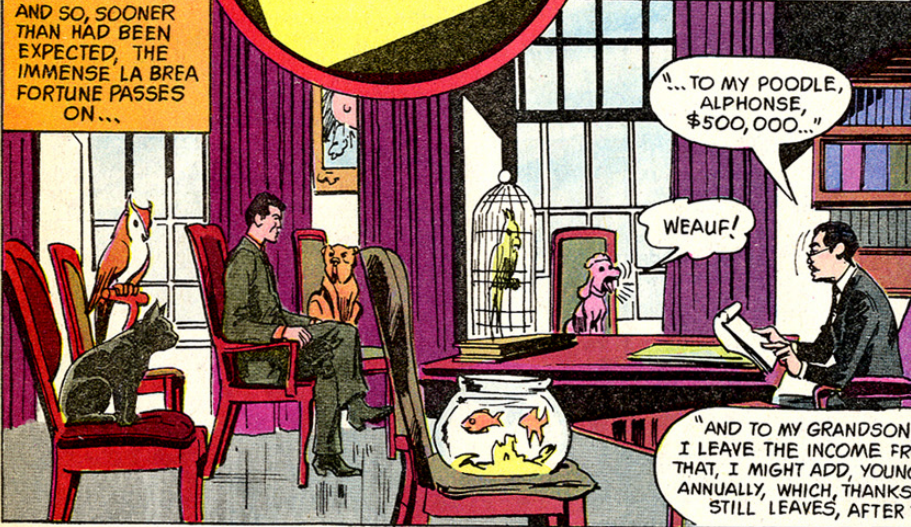


ALIVE! IT CAN'T BE! THAT WASTREL! THAT INGRATE! THAT - ACCCCCK!

PURSER, QUICK, GET THE SHIP DOCTOR! SHE'S HAD A HEART ATTACK!



AND SO, SOONER THAN HAD BEEN EXPECTED, THE IMMENSE LA BREA FORTUNE PASSES ON...

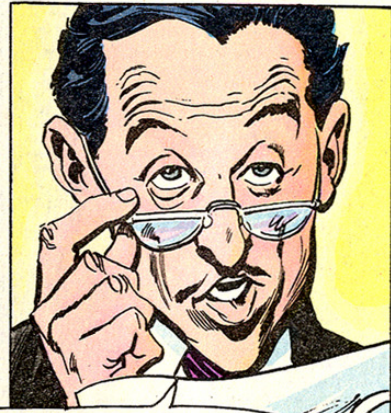


"... TO MY POODLE, ALPHONSE, \$500,000."

WEAUF!

"AND TO MY GRANDSON, DELMAR TRESROJO LA BREA, I LEAVE THE INCOME FROM THE REMAINING \$145 MILLION." THAT, I MIGHT ADD, YOUNG MAN, ADDS UP TO \$8,487,950 ANNUALLY, WHICH, THANKS TO CAREFUL MANAGEMENT, STILL LEAVES, AFTER TAXES, \$8,487,950!

I'M VERY GRATEFUL!



THERE ARE, HOWEVER, TWO PROVISIONS. THE MONEY WAS NOT TO BE YOURS UNLESS (AND UNTIL) YOUR FATHER DIED, A CONDITION WHICH HAS, OF COURSE, BEEN SATISFIED.

AND THE OTHER?



YOU'VE GOT TO BE KIDDING! DEVOTE THE MONEY TO RESTORING HIS GOOD NAME? BUT HE'S A STIFF!

OF COURSE, IN THE EVENT THE CONDITION ISN'T MET, IT ALL GOES TO THE UPKEEP OF HER PRIZE RHODODENDRONS.

MEOW!

ÂRF!

POLLY WANTS A TRUFFLE!

FRANKLY, I WROTE THE CLAUSE AT MRS. LA BREA'S INSISTENCE TO CUT YOU OUT OF THE WILL WITHOUT GROUNDS FOR CONTEST. FOR HALF OF EVERYTHING, I'LL LET YOU HAVE A LETTER I TRICKED HER INTO SIGNING ADMITTING TO MENTAL FATIGUE. IT'S THE ONLY WAY THAT WILL CAN BE BROKEN.



HALF? CROSS-EXAMINE THIS, YOU BARACUDA!



LISTEN, DO YOU WANT SOME GODDAMN PLANTS DIPPING THEIR PULPY TOOTSIES IN GOLD DUST WHILE YOU LIVE ON BEEFARONI AND NEAR-BEER?

GO SIT ON A WRIT!



YOU WON'T GET A PENNY! I'LL SEE TO IT THAT THOSE STUPID BUSHES GET WATERED WITH DOM PERIGNON! VIDAL SASOON WILL PRUNE THEIR TINY STEMS! THEY'LL GET MOON ROCKS FOR THEIR MULCH! THEY'LL HAVE GREENHOUSES IN ST. MORITZ AND CAPRI!

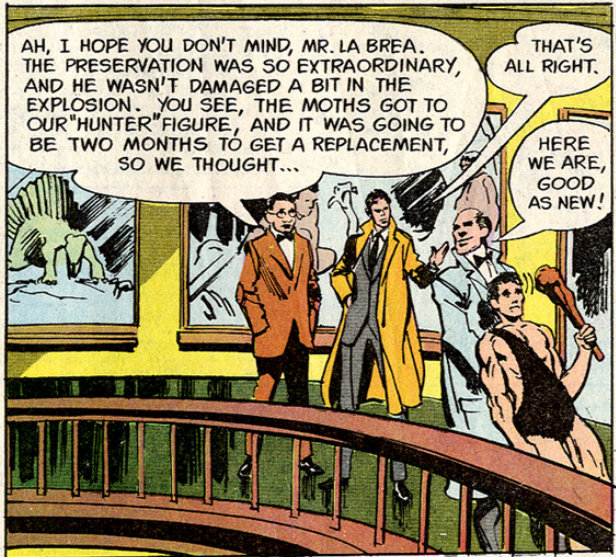
THERE HAS TO BE A WAY!



SEVERAL DAYS LATER AT THE MUSEUM ...

I'M DELMAR LA BREA. I HAVE A COURT ORDER HERE FOR THE RELEASE OF MY FATHER'S BODY TO ME, AS NEXT OF KIN.

YES, OF COURSE, MR. LA BREA. FRANK, UH, COULD YOU TAKE THE "MAN THE HUNTER" FIGURE OUT OF THE DAWN-OF-HISTORY TABLEAU? WE'LL BE RIGHT OVER.



AH, I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND, MR. LA BREA. THE PRESERVATION WAS SO EXTRAORDINARY, AND HE WASN'T DAMAGED A BIT IN THE EXPLOSION. YOU SEE, THE MOTHS GOT TO OUR "HUNTER" FIGURE, AND IT WAS GOING TO BE TWO MONTHS TO GET A REPLACEMENT, SO WE THOUGHT...

THAT'S ALL RIGHT.

HERE WE ARE, GOOD AS NEW!



MIGHT I ASK WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO DO WITH, ER, HIM? IT SEEMS A PITY TO BURY HIM. REALLY, TOTTENTANZ WAS A GENIUS, AND I'M AFRAID HIS SECRET DIED WITH HIM.

WELL, ACTUALLY, I CAN'T BURY HIM. YOU SEE UNDER THE WILL—



BLAM  
VLAM  
VLAM

GOOD HEAVENS, GUNSHOTS! IT SOUNDS LIKE THEY CAME FROM THE MINERAL ROOM!



THIEVES! AND THEY'VE GOT THE STAR OF BENELUX, THE WORLD'S LARGEST BROWN DIAMOND!

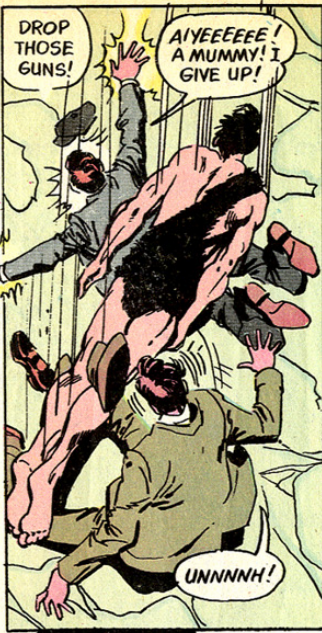
JEEZ, LET'S GET OUTTA HERE. DIS PLACE GIVES ME THE CREEPS! WHICH WAY?

LET ME THINK! CHRIST, WHY'D YOU PLUG THAT GUARD?



DON'T FORGET, DIS ROCK HAS A COISE ON IT!

OK, LET'S MAKE TRACKS!



DROP THOSE GUNS!

AYIEEEEE! A MUMMY! I GIVE UP!

UNNNNNH!



ALL RIGHT, YOU TWO, MOVE!

ANYTHING YOU SAY, JUST GET ME AWAY FROM THAT STIFF!

WE OWE YOU A LOT, MR. LA BREA.

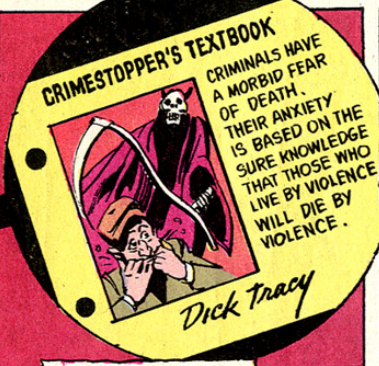
GLAD TO BE OF HELP.

I WONDER...



LATER THAT DAY AT THE PUBLIC LIBRARY...

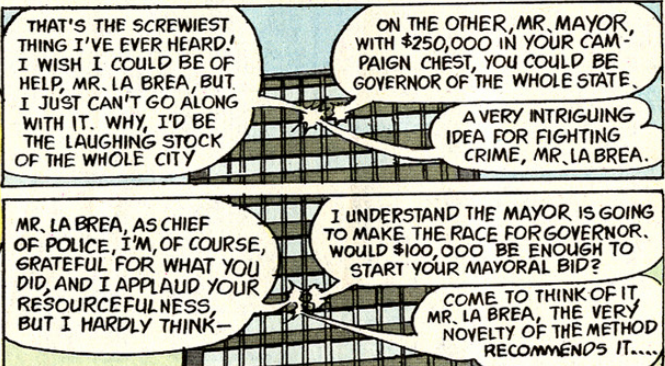
HERE IT IS!



THAT SAME WEEK...

MR. LA BREA, THE WHOLE CITY IS IN YOUR DEBT. THAT CERTAINLY WAS QUICK THINKING.

THANK YOU, MR. MAYOR. AND NOW I WONDER IF I MIGHT HAVE A FEW WORDS WITH YOU IN PRIVATE.



THAT'S THE SCREWIEST THING I'VE EVER HEARD! I WISH I COULD BE OF HELP, MR. LA BREA, BUT I JUST CAN'T GO ALONG WITH IT. WHY, I'D BE THE LAUGHING STOCK OF THE WHOLE CITY

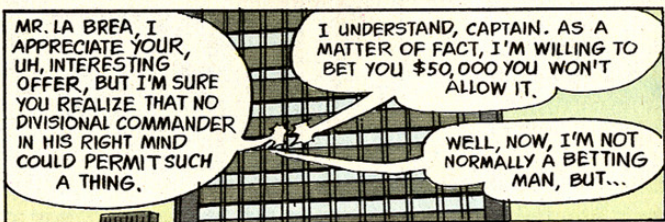
ON THE OTHER, MR. MAYOR, WITH \$250,000 IN YOUR CAMPAIGN CHEST, YOU COULD BE GOVERNOR OF THE WHOLE STATE.

A VERY INTRIGUING IDEA FOR FIGHTING CRIME, MR. LA BREA.

MR. LA BREA, AS CHIEF OF POLICE, I'M, OF COURSE, GRATEFUL FOR WHAT YOU DID, AND I APPLAUD YOUR RESOURCEFULNESS, BUT I HARDLY THINK—

I UNDERSTAND THE MAYOR IS GOING TO MAKE THE RACE FOR GOVERNOR. WOULD \$100,000 BE ENOUGH TO START YOUR MAYORAL BID?

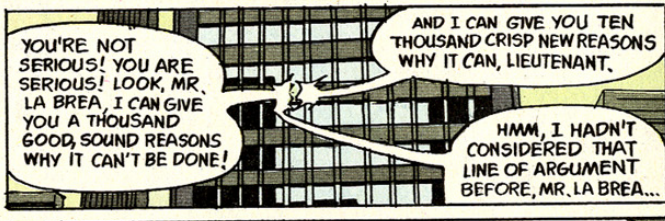
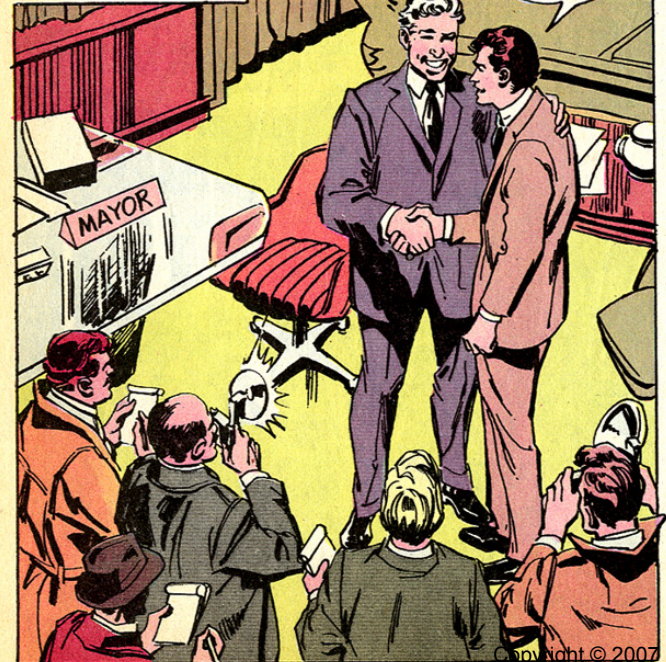
COME TO THINK OF IT, MR. LA BREA, THE VERY NOVELTY OF THE METHOD RECOMMENDS IT...



MR. LA BREA, I APPRECIATE YOUR, UH, INTERESTING OFFER, BUT I'M SURE YOU REALIZE THAT NO DIVISIONAL COMMANDER IN HIS RIGHT MIND COULD PERMIT SUCH A THING.

I UNDERSTAND, CAPTAIN. AS A MATTER OF FACT, I'M WILLING TO BET YOU \$50,000 YOU WON'T ALLOW IT.

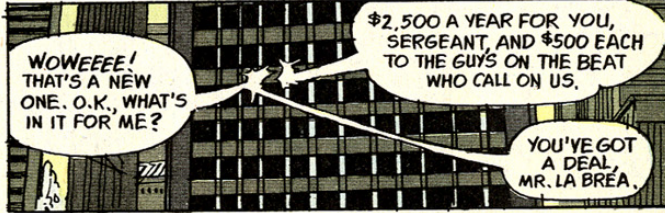
WELL, NOW, I'M NOT NORMALLY A BETTING MAN, BUT...



YOU'RE NOT SERIOUS! YOU ARE SERIOUS! LOOK, MR. LA BREA, I CAN GIVE YOU A THOUSAND GOOD, SOUND REASONS WHY IT CAN'T BE DONE!

AND I CAN GIVE YOU TEN THOUSAND CRISP NEW REASONS WHY IT CAN, LIEUTENANT.

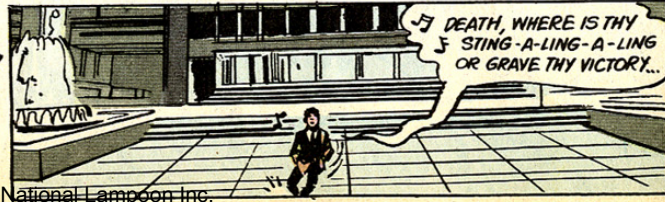
HMM, I HADN'T CONSIDERED THAT LINE OF ARGUMENT BEFORE, MR. LA BREA...



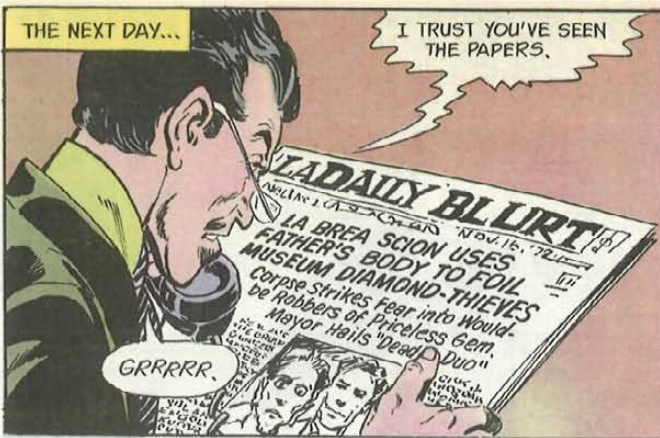
WOWEEEE! THAT'S A NEW ONE. O.K., WHAT'S IN IT FOR ME?

\$2,500 A YEAR FOR YOU, SERGEANT, AND \$500 EACH TO THE GUYS ON THE BEAT WHO CALL ON US.

YOU'VE GOT A DEAL, MR. LA BREA.



DEATH, WHERE IS THY STING-A-LING-A-LING OR GRAVE THY VICTORY...



THE NEXT DAY...

I TRUST YOU'VE SEEN THE PAPERS.

GRRRRR.



GNASH GNASH

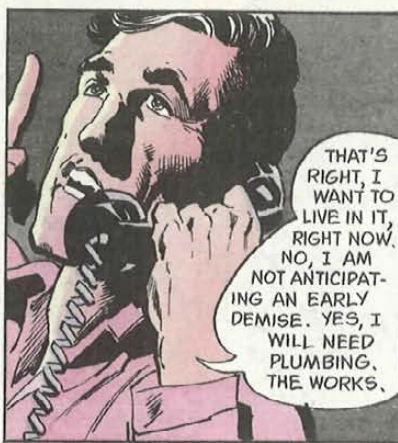
YOU CAN TAKE THOSE LEAFY MOOCHERS OFF THE GRAVY TRAIN. I'LL EXPECT THE FIRST CHECK BY TOMORROW.

GNASH.

WITH THE UNTOLD WEALTH OF HIS INHERITANCE AT HIS DISPOSAL, DELMAR LOST NO TIME IN MAKING HIS PREPARATIONS...



NO, I DON'T WANT A PLOT, I WANT THE WHOLE SHOOTING MATCH, 200 THOU? I'LL TAKE IT!



THAT'S RIGHT, I WANT TO LIVE IN IT, RIGHT NOW. NO, I AM NOT ANTICIPATING AN EARLY DEMISE. YES, I WILL NEED PLUMBING. THE WORKS.



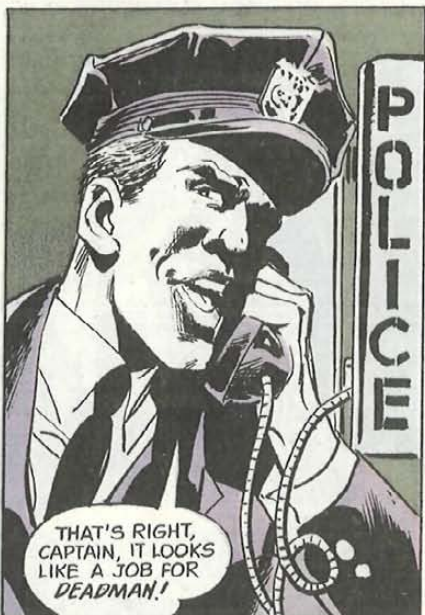
TELL GM I WANT THAT HEARSE NO LATER THAN THE FIFTEENTH.

LESS THAN THREE MONTHS LATER, DEADMAN STOOD READY TO ANSWER HIS FIRST CALL...

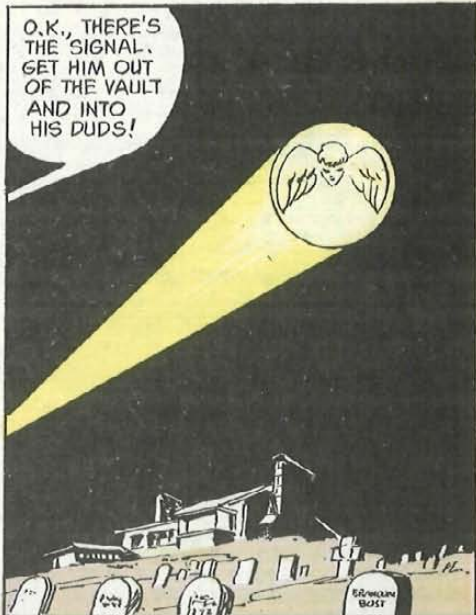


THOSE KLUTZES WILL BE IN THERE FOR AN HOUR. LET'S WORK DEADMAN INTO THIS.

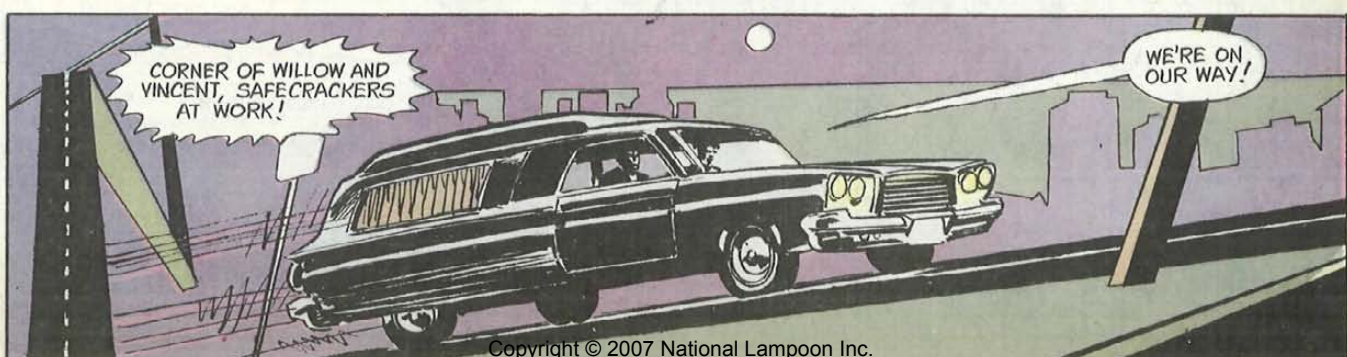
BOY, I COULD SURE USE THE \$500. I GOT A PAYMENT TO MEET THE END OF THE WEEK.



THAT'S RIGHT, CAPTAIN, IT LOOKS LIKE A JOB FOR DEADMAN!



O.K., THERE'S THE SIGNAL. GET HIM OUT OF THE VAULT AND INTO HIS DUDS!

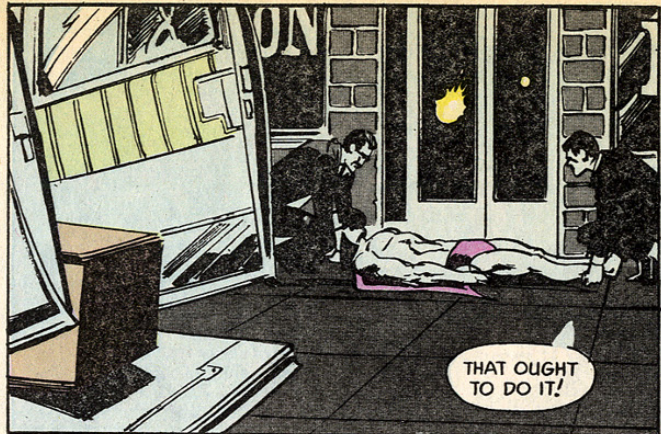


CORNER OF WILLOW AND VINCENT, SAFECRACKERS AT WORK!

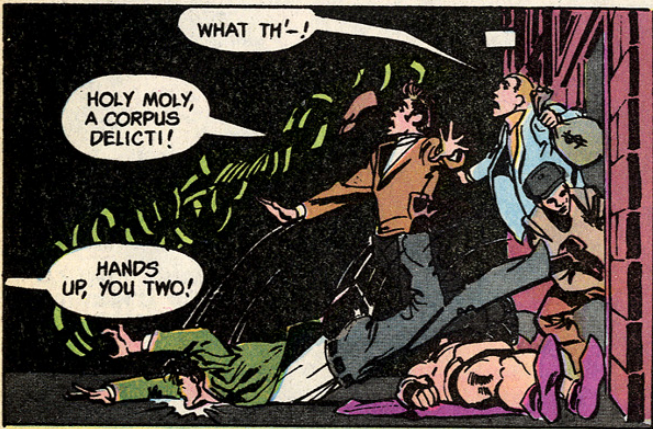
WE'RE ON OUR WAY!



THERE IT IS! LET'S GO!



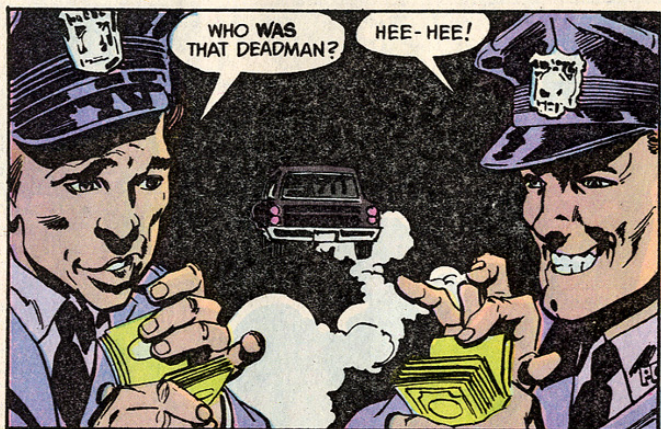
THAT OUGHT TO DO IT!



WHAT TH-!

HOLY MOLY, A CORPUS DELICTI!

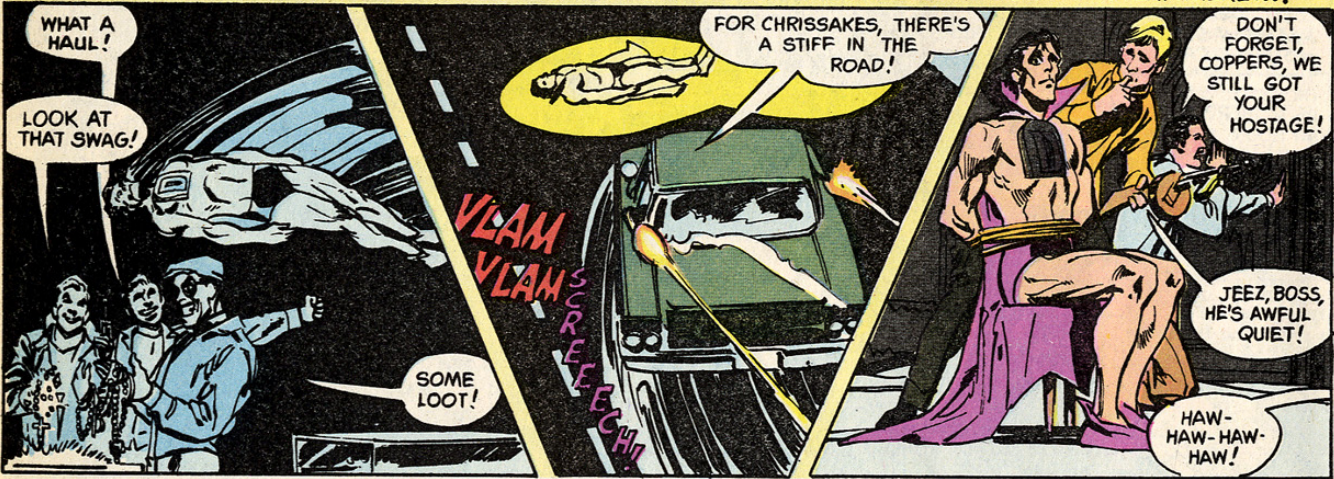
HANDS UP, YOU TWO!



WHO WAS THAT DEADMAN?

HEE-HEE!

AND SO IT WAS THAT IN THE MONTHS THAT FOLLOWED, DEADMAN BECAME THE SCOURGE OF CRIMINALS EVERYWHERE....



WHAT A HAUL!

LOOK AT THAT SWAG!

SOME LOOT!

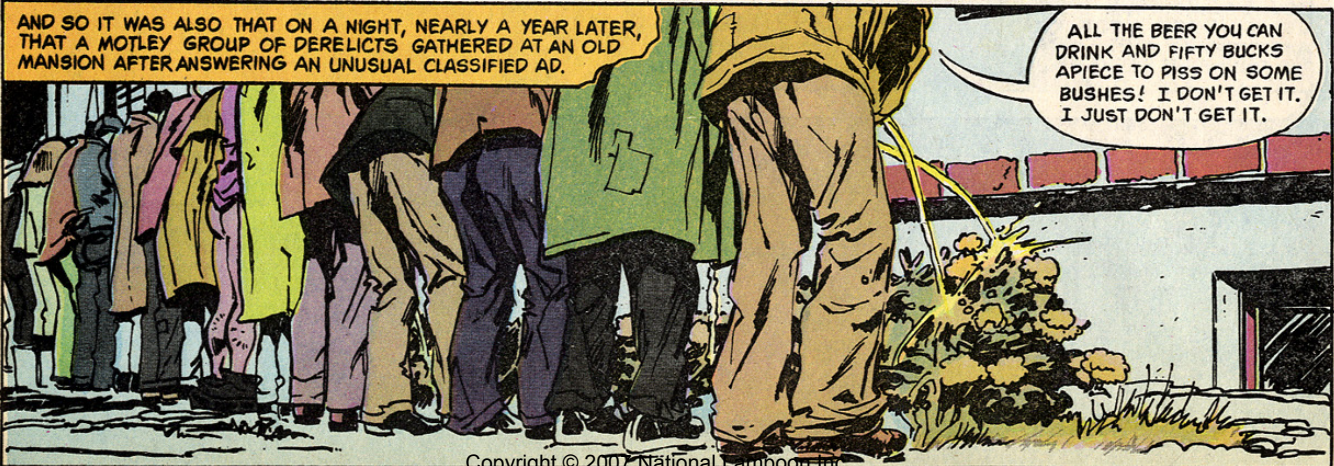
FOR CHRISAKES, THERE'S A STIFF IN 'THE ROAD!

VLAM VLAM SCREEECH!

DON'T FORGET, COPPERS, WE STILL GOT YOUR HOSTAGE!

JEEZ, BOSS, HE'S AWFUL QUIET!

HAW-HAW-HAW!



AND SO IT WAS ALSO THAT ON A NIGHT, NEARLY A YEAR LATER, THAT A MOTLEY GROUP OF DERELICTS GATHERED AT AN OLD MANSION AFTER ANSWERING AN UNUSUAL CLASSIFIED AD.

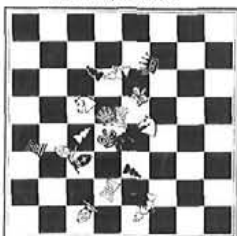
ALL THE BEER YOU CAN DRINK AND FIFTY BUCKS APIECE TO PISS ON SOME BUSHES! I DON'T GET IT. I JUST DON'T GET IT.

# This Book Can Add One, Two, or More Years to Your Life!



**Bobbie Fisher Shows You How to Beat Death**

DEATH/BLACK



Position after 12:  
Knee to Corner of Board

Yes, you can take advantage of the little-known "loop-hole" that gives you an extra year of life after your time is up by beating Death at a game of chess! Sounds impossible? Well, normally an ordinary amateur player faced with a champion of grandmaster caliber like Death wouldn't stand a chance, but Bobbie Fisher has collected into one useful, easy-to-follow volume all of the remarkable psychological techniques he has developed during his long and colorful chess career—techniques that can turn even the clumsiest beginner into a formidable opponent in just weeks! You'll learn:

- How to unnerve Death by complaining about the gleam of his scythe blade, the rustle of his robes, and the sound of sand in his hourglass.
- Hundreds of methods of distracting and annoying Death between moves, for example, ostentatiously writing out checks for life subscriptions to magazines, reading a copy of *Death Be Not Proud* while he studies the board, and noisily humming derogatory hymns.
- Dozens of surefire delaying tactics that can buy you precious days and weeks—tactics like insisting that a special chair be sent from Brooklyn, demanding that the "purse" be increased by a few months to "sweeten the kitty," and rejecting the match date as too "arbitrary."
- How to put Death at a disadvantage by making him play with strange chess-sets with which you have thoroughly familiarized yourself (such as chessmen made from door-knobs, a set composed of snowflake paperweights of different sizes, or one consisting entirely of canapés arrayed on a board made from inlaid luncheon-meats.)
- How to keep Death off-balance by continually citing him for one of the nearly eight thousand technicalities and infractions under International Chess rules, which will entitle you to inflict penalties ranging from loss of a move to indefinite postponement of the match.

You also get valuable play-by-play descriptions of games won against Death by the leading grandmasters of all time to study:

- The famous match between Death and Capablanca in 1934 in Havana, when the great Cuban grandmaster routed death with a chess set made from clamshells on a board scrawled in chalk on the back of a sea turtle he had trained to run around in circles whenever it heard the word "check."
- The match between Death and Panowsky in 1941 in Moscow, when Panowsky invoked an obscure rule that actually forced Death to agree to a substitute contest, a game of puff billiards, which Panowsky won handily.

## Order your copy of this extraordinary book today!

"I wouldn't know a fianchettoed bishop from a dish of linguine, but thanks to this book I've beat Death three years running. Right now I'm preparing for my next match by training my Weimaraner to wee-wee on his rooks."—V. J.

"Before I read your book, I was so scared of Death I couldn't have gone five turns with him in a round of state capitals. But now I'm confident I can make him say "uncle," or whatever it is they say when you win."—B. L. T.

Tomorrow may be too late! Rush me my copy of *Bobbie Fisher Shows You How to Beat Death* today. I enclose \$8.95.

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Also from the same publisher: *How It Is That a Man May Vanquish the Specter of Death at the Game of Go*, by Keinji Yushita

# 23 Ways to Be Offensive at the Funeral of Someone You Didn't Like

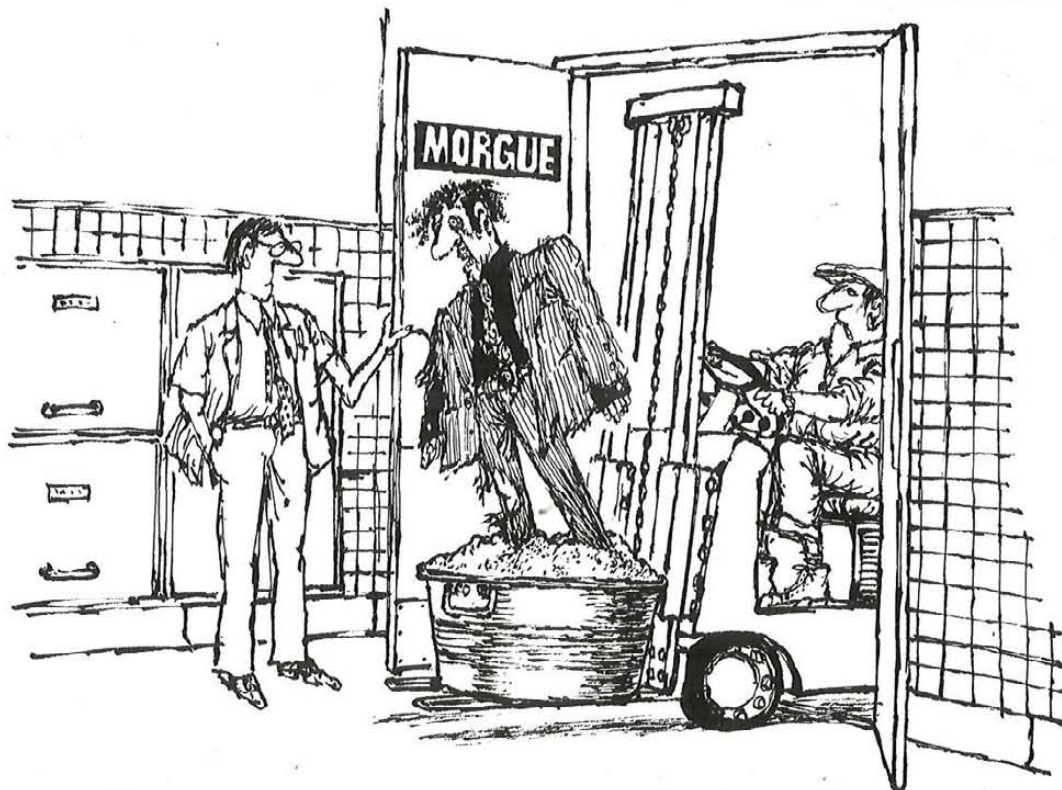
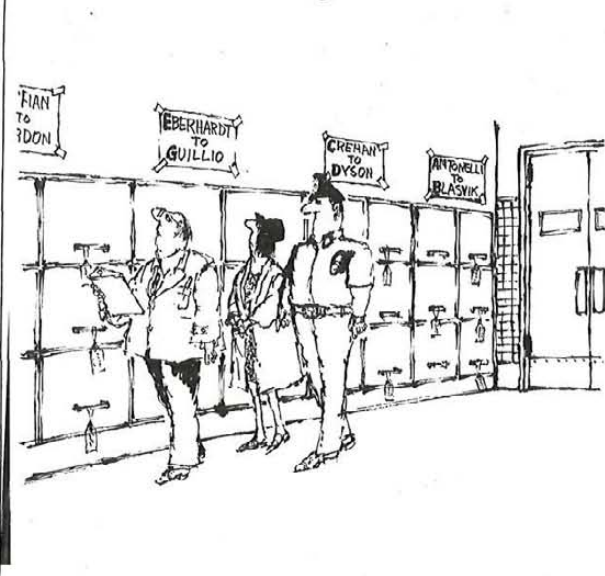
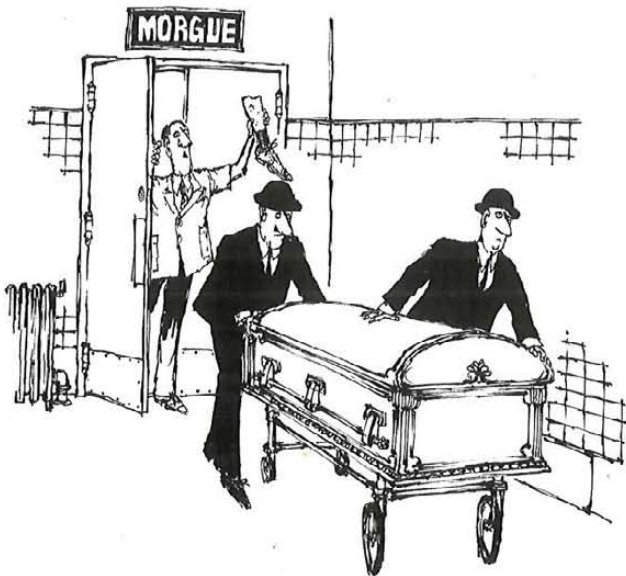
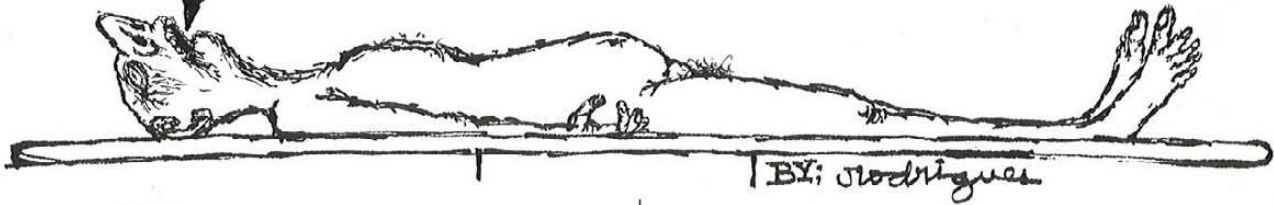
by Ed Bluestone

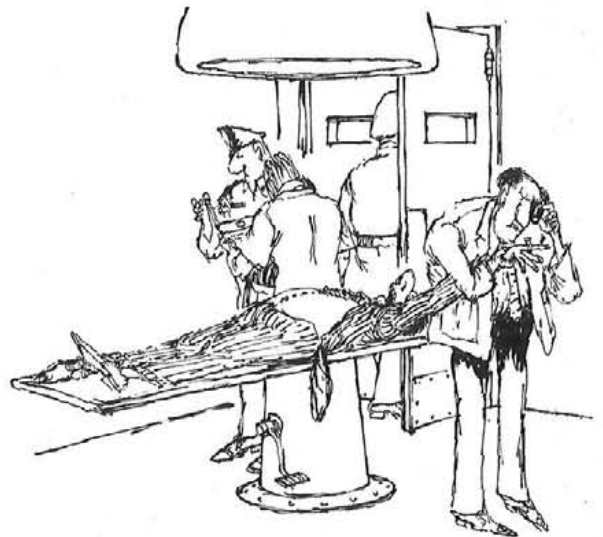
1. Offer \$10,000 to the person who can draw the best moustache on the deceased.
2. Stick peace-sign decals all over the coffin.
3. Congratulate the deceased's parents on outliving him.
4. Listen to the baseball game on a transistor radio and react loudly to every pitch.
5. Start telling the widow an old army story about you, the deceased, and two girls in Shanghai.
6. Keep asking everyone if they saw the previous evening's Johnny Carson show.
7. Keep remarking that you're having a good time, but Louis Armstrong did have Peggy Lee at his funeral.
8. Stand around at the cemetery saying, "At least now he'll no longer be tormented over being impotent."
9. Tell everyone that they can either stay at the funeral or come over to your house and see something terrific involving a belly dancer and a Great Dane.
10. Stand up at the funeral service and announce that you've purchased a new car.
11. Show up at the cemetery in swim trunks, diving mask, and flippers and announce that you're going swimming right after the funeral.
12. Show up at the cemetery with your Doberman pinscher, and just as the casket is being lowered have him play dead.
13. Walk up to the casket and start comparing the size of the deceased's clothes to your own.
14. Stay home and call the funeral parlor saying that the deceased has just won the state lottery, but since he's dead the money goes to the Defense Department.
15. Immediately after the eulogy, stand up and propose to the widow.
16. Tell the clergyman that the deceased was a vampire and ask if you can drive a stake through his heart.
17. Pass out baby pictures of the deceased.
18. Shake the widow's hand with an electric buzzer.
19. Have representatives of the eye bank show up, say they're too late, and demand the widow's eyes.
20. Show up at the cemetery masqueraded as the deceased.
21. Show up at the cemetery masqueraded as the widow and claim that she's a phony.
22. On the way home from the cemetery, tell the widow that you're not sure, but you think that you saw the body move.
23. The day after the funeral, send the widow a candygram from the deceased.

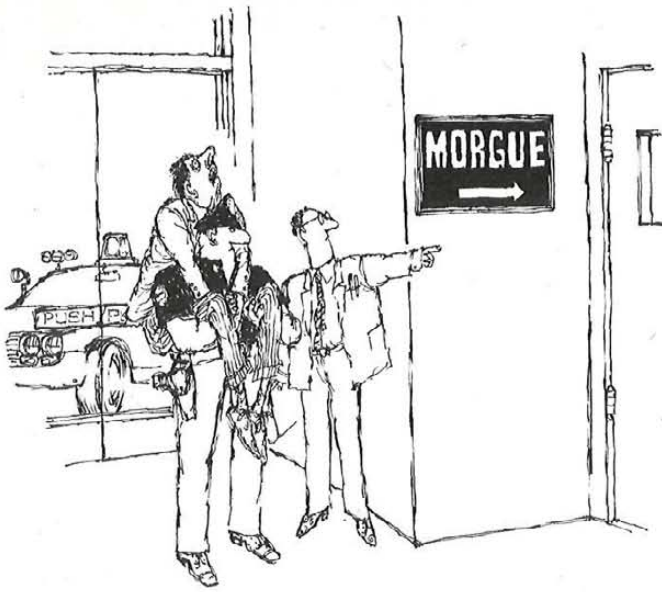




# MAN IN MORGUE







# Who Are They Now?

by Guru Minnie Raj Ji, Perfect Thirteen-Year-Old  
Gossip Columnist



Mrs. Stanley Erp of 2229-87 Sixty-seventh Avenue, Queens, New York "doesn't really remember" her incarnation as *Empress Maria Theresa* of Austria. "From what I've read though, she—I mean I—was a very lovely person," Mrs. Erp remarks. Next to Mrs. Erp is Mr. Albert Feinstein, a lawyer friend who is helping Mrs. Erp in her legal effort to retain the Austrian crown jewels, Dalmatia, Croatia, and Upper Silesia.

## Reunion of "Fighting 69th"

Famed Unit, renowned for wiping out "ten times its weight in Germans," meets once a year. Last survivor, Cpl. James Apthe takes it upon himself to round up his reborn buddies. Corporal Apthe has been surprised over the years to see his comrades reborn down instead of up. "They told us we'd get good karma for killing those Jerries and that we'd have our pick of top assignments in lives to come," Corporal Apthe says, "but most of the guys seem to be reborn as insects or lower. Some of the fellas are really hard up, too. This year I found that one of our sergeants had been made into a sweet-potato pie. Gee, how quickly people forget."



## Minnie's Memo: Hollywood Salad

(Interested in reincarnation? For an inconsequential sum—no more than you can pinch from the petty-cash box or obtain in a small scale candy-store heist—Guru Minnie will send you a copy of her autobiography *More Times Than I Care to Remember*, the moving story of her many rebirths.)

The other day at an elaborate Hollywood dinner party, I happened to remark to my dinner partner that our hostess (a famous commedienne) had spent several former lives in the yellow vegetable kingdom.

My partner was visibly shocked, so much so that his ability to manage his soup (a delicious senegalaise) was seriously impaired. It appeared that my partner had been "taken in" by the publicity generated by our hostess's studio, which has "ballyhooded" the famed funny girl as the reincarnation of Anne of Cleves, a well-known medieval wit. Would it interest him to know, I asked my partner, that many filmland favorites shared our hostess's vegetable origins? Indeed it would! So much so, in fact, that at his urging I compiled a list which, while far from exhaustive, began to indicate to him the extent of the movie colony's involvement with "another world." Then it occurred to me that my readers might like to be "in on the secret." Here is the low-down on what insiders call "the Hollywood salad":

Carole Lombard, blonde, glamorous, amusing, the "sauciest" girl in filmland, and one known for her sarcastic jibes at the expense of others, spent *dozens of lifetimes as a turnip* before achieving stardom . . . a background she shared with Pola Negri (whose previous lives were not spent, as she claimed, in a Near Eastern seraglio but in a *vegetable garden*

*She made it with a carrot.*





So much celery

in the San Bernadino valley). Ramon Novarro, Wallace Reid, and Eva Tanguay—the “I Don’t Care Girl”—were other stars who had past lives as turnips. Eva Tanguay was less hypocritical than the others and admitted that one thing she *didn’t care for* was any dish involving turnips. Eva had a sentimental side and lived in fear of consuming one of her close relatives, many of whom remain in *obscure truck farms to this day*.

During the Roaring Twenties, studios lived in *mortal fear* that their “sex goddesses” and “leading men” would be exposed as *reincarnated barnyard-fodder*. Studio publicists hired *bogus mystics*, whose job is was to trace their stars’ history of rebirth back to exotic and regal figures, which would boost sales at the box office. Few knew (or dared tell) that at MGM where, according to Louis B. Mayer’s boast, there were “more stars than there are in heaven,” there were *more reborn turnips than there are in Dixie*.

Still there were leaks. . . . One Holly-



She walked into the sea when a restaurateur pegged her as cabbage.

wood restaurateur (who by a quirk of fate was one of the few people in Hollywood who could legitimately claim a distinguished former birth—he had been Benjamin Disraeli, the famed prime minister,) *blackmailed stars* by threatening to name salads after them. Beauteous Mabel Normand walked into the sea when this vicious *ex-prime minister* permanently linked her name to cole slaw—a nasty blow, close to home, as it was widely rumored that Mabel had spent

several lives as a cabbage.

Some stars fearlessly flaunted convention . . . and risked box-office suicide. *Pickfair*, the palatial home of Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford (beloved as “America’s Sweetheart”), was the scene of *asparagus banquets* that openly proclaimed the provenance of that “ideal couple.” Seemingly nothing—not even the open admission of vegetable proclivities—could harm the reputation of Fairbanks and Pickford or the box-office appeal of their partner *Charles Chaplin*, even though it was well known that the “Little Tramp” had, not so very long before, been *so much celery*. But others were not so lucky: Erich von Stroheim lost his Universal contract when he had a bathtub made in the shape of a squash. Clara Bow had “it,” but she also had too many *cucumber facials* and was junked by her studio. Hollywood, jittery about its image and the specter of censorship, was trying to clean its own house. The studios let it be known that they wanted stars with “animal appeal” and that actors with salad in their past need not apply.

But Hollywood discovered, to its horror, that there seemed to be *some strange link* between what it termed “star quality” and *very recent incarnation from the vegetable kingdom*. No sooner had *Natalie Wood* and *Robert Wagner* (both promoted as “animal appeal” stars) been married than evil tongues dubbed them “succotash,” although just who was the *corn* and who was the *beans* no one seemed to know. And if that wasn’t bad enough, *Jayne Mansfield*, who was film-town’s prize “animal” jewel, was supposed to have made a “stag” movie in



Succotash

which she “made it” not with a stag but a *giant carrot*. For Jayne, “making it” with a carrot wasn’t just strange, it was *incest*.

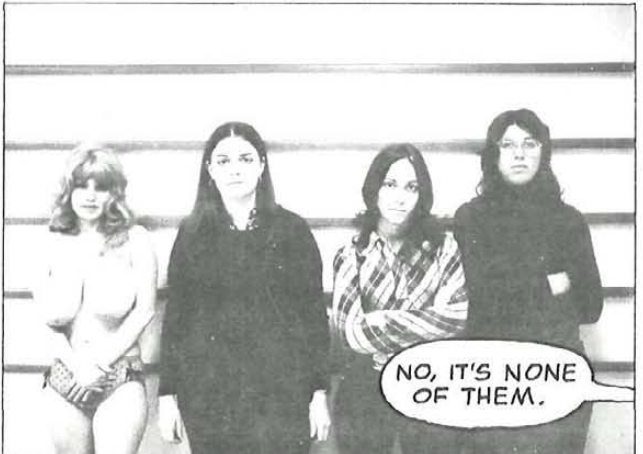
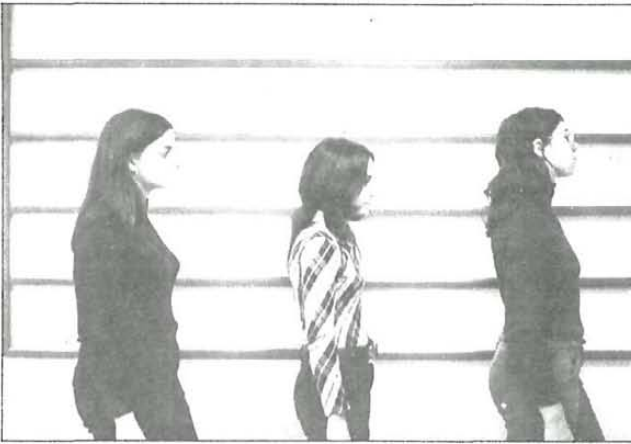
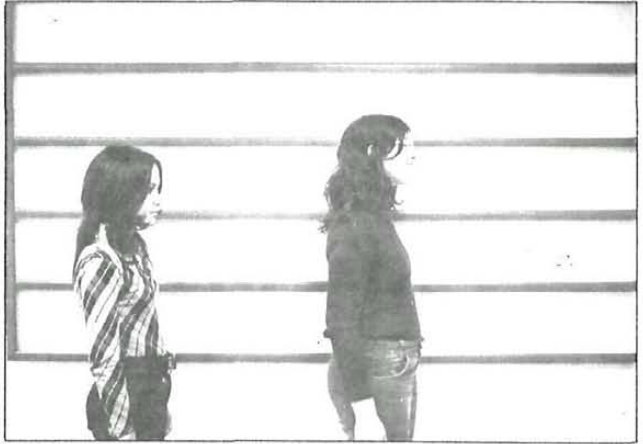
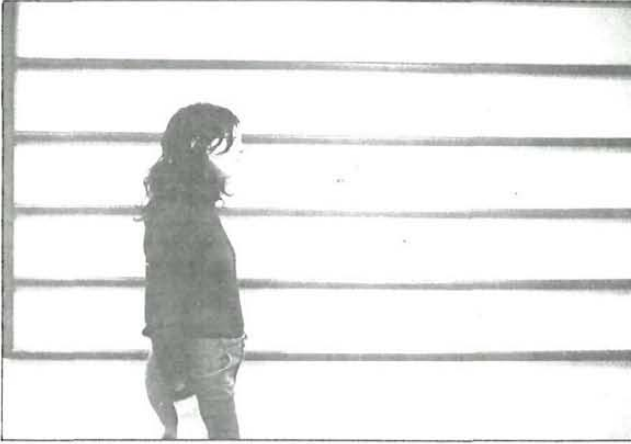
And it wasn’t just a one-way street. Stars on the wane began to revert. It was bad enough that Hollywood karma—the tinsel, the Duesenbergs, the long-term contracts—should lead to the grave, but it was unendurable that leading ladies planted at Forest Lawn should shoot back up as spinach. Hollywood cringed when *James Dean*, the idol of a box-office-boosting après-death cult, came back as a *humble potato*, but few who knew anything about Jimmy’s bad karma could say they were surprised. . . . Virile Ty Power, despite his work for multiple sclerosis, came back as a tomato . . . and found himself just another ingredient in the most sinister dish of all . . . Hollywood Salad. . . .

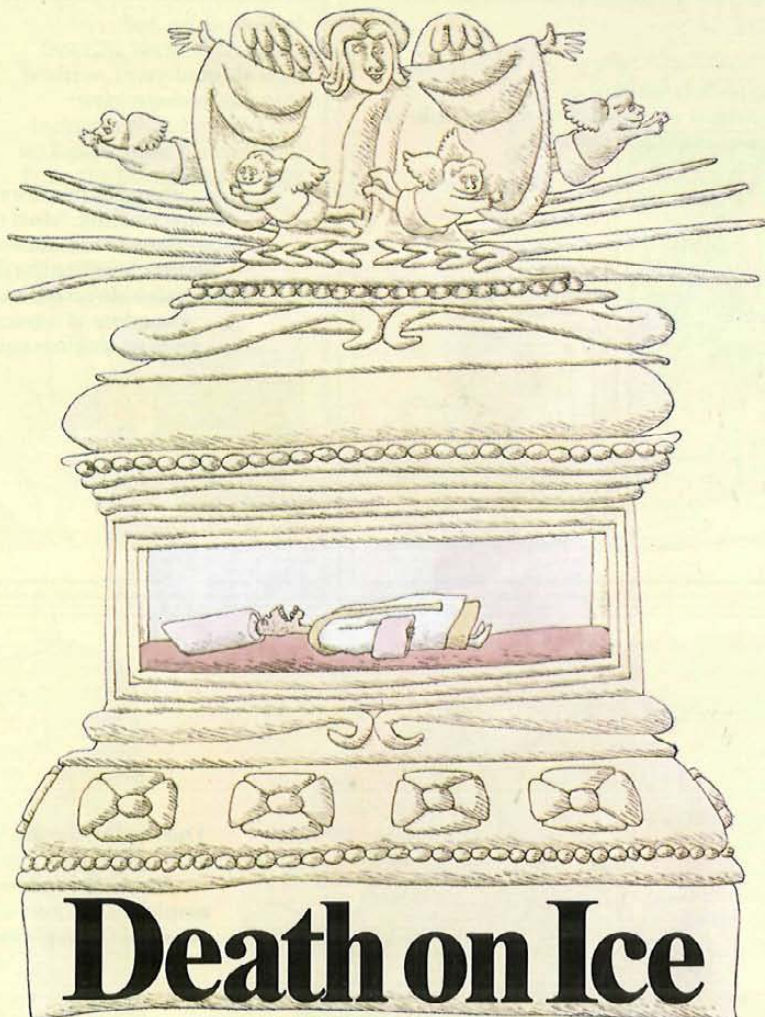
#### Do You See Your Name on This List?

If you do, Minnie and her friends at Rebirth Heritage Associates can tell you about YOUR PREVIOUS LIVES. For all you know, your heritage may include the life of Charlemagne. You may have walked the earth as MATTHEW ARNOLD or JEREMY BENTHAM, “The Father of Utilitarianism.” Included in the one-time price of twenty-five dollars is meticulous research plus a list of your previous identities inscribed on beautiful simulated parchment.

<u>Animal</u>	<u>Vegetable</u>	<u>Mineral</u>
Adams	Carrot	Stalagmite
Angel	Apple	Schist
Tiger	Elm	Marble
Mosquito	Rose	Red Beds
Wood Thrush	Iris	Travertine
Robin	Kelp	Basalt
Van Rensselaer	Seaweed	Granite
Cougar	Turnip	Gold
Whitebait	Lettuce	Iron
Bumblebee	Spinach	Copper
Cavendish	Celery	Uranium
Balfour	Pear	Silver
Mackerel	Bluegrass	Limestone
Whitney	Dandelion	Mica
Eisenhower	Aster	Quartz
Mayfly	Yam	Moonstone
Moth	Corn	Asbestos
Spider	Sycamore	Ruby
Astor	Ivy	Coal

# FOTO FUNNIES





# Death on Ice

by Gahan Wilson

Until recently, all of man's attempts to protect the human cadaver against the rigors of death have been, unfortunately, discouraging. Even with the very best rites and preservatives, the best to be expected was a shriveled, brown object, repulsive even to those attempting to worship it.



Legends did come out of Vermont concerning folk in isolated hamlets having a tradition of freezing their elders for the winter in order to spare them the discomforts of the season, and while few believed these rumors . . .

*continued*



... they did inspire some crude efforts at home chilling. Most of these tended to be abandoned sometime around midsummer, either because the deceased took up too much valuable refrigerator space or because the odors of advancing decomposition gave an unpleasant taste to food stored with the corpse.



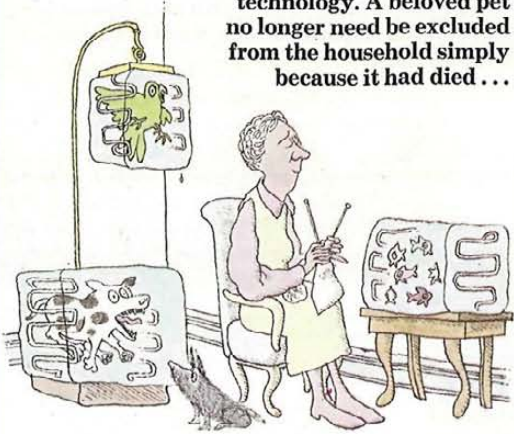
During the second World War startling advances in the field were made, even though the improved freezing approach was employed only on an elite few. The final result of these pioneer experiments may still lie in the future.



As techniques improved, various practical applications resulted. At first subjects were restricted to the great and the near-great ...



... but, as the cost of freezing became less prohibitive, more humble uses were made of the new technology. A beloved pet no longer need be excluded from the household simply because it had died ...



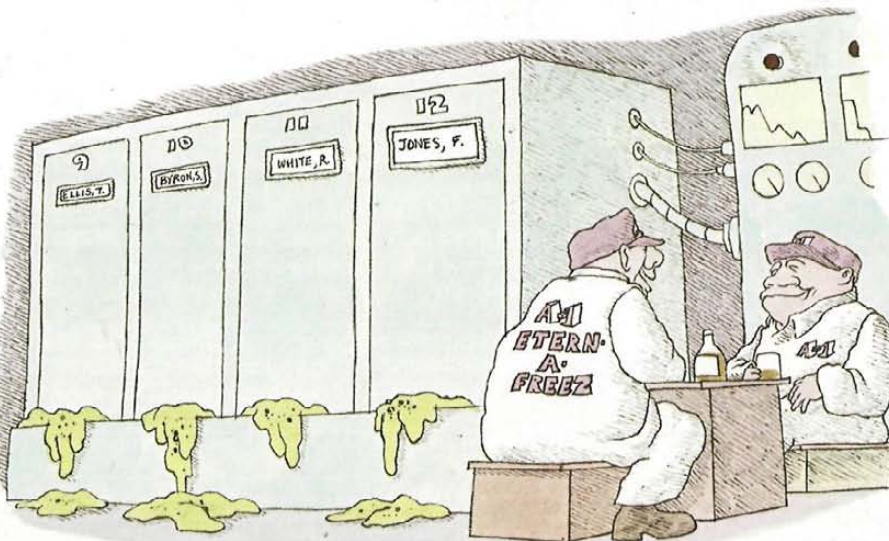
... and the doting parents of a departed child could console themselves by holding the same birthday party through the years as many times as they wished.



Of course, as freezing became perfected, the idea of an eventual defrost and return to life via advanced surgical techniques came to the fore. This sometimes led to criminal acts on the part of frustrated heirs ...



... and there were occasions when incompetence or carelessness led to premature defrost and irreparable damage.



Once the resurrection dream became a reality, a number of unanticipated drawbacks became evident. Although the frozen one would not change, his friends and loved ones suffered the usual wear and tear produced by the passing of years, and reunions tended to be on the difficult side.

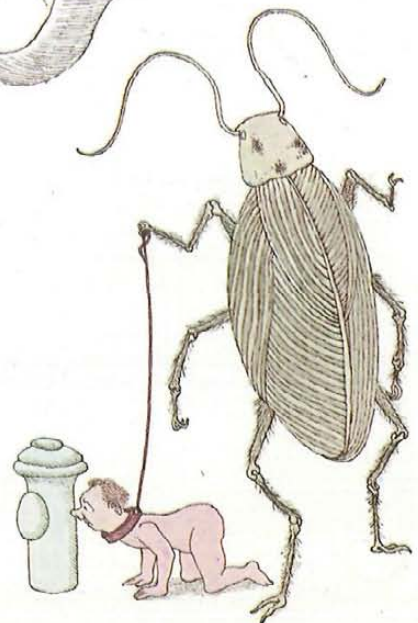


No one can tell what will happen to those who arrange to have themselves frozen for centuries, but present guessing is not on the optimistic side. It is highly possible that the future inhabitants of the earth may find us difficult to sympathize with, if not actually disgusting ...



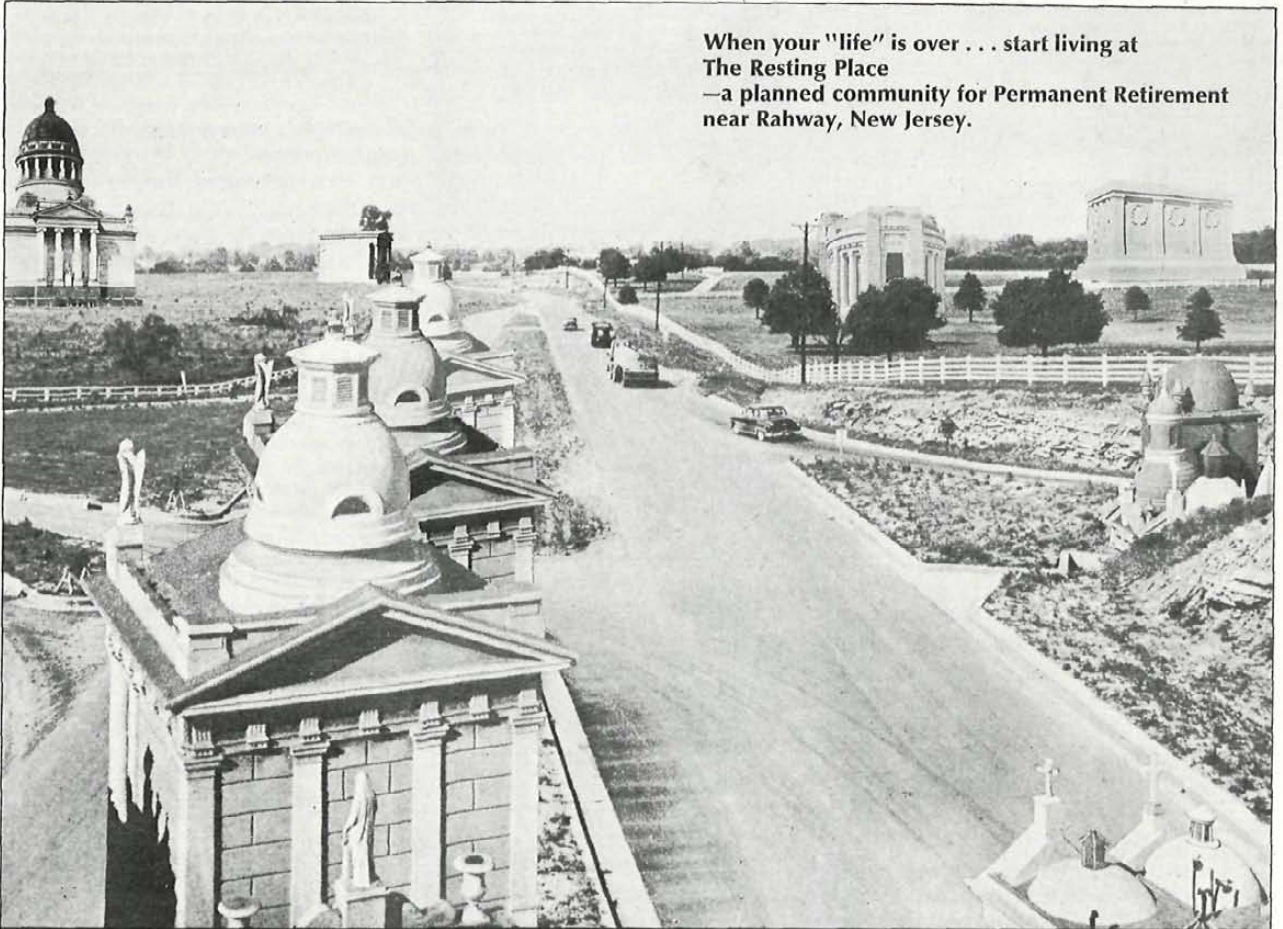
... or this planet may be invaded by creatures who will be grateful to us for having preserved ourselves so carefully.

One thing alone seems to be certain, and that is that the cockroach will be the final master of this globe; and if the defrosted is unfortunate enough to survive into that era, he will have to take what is given him, and the greatest minds of our time declare it is not likely to be much.



# Dead Pages

by George W. S. Trow and Cynthia Laverty



When your "life" is over . . . start living at  
The Resting Place  
—a planned community for Permanent Retirement  
near Rahway, New Jersey.

**He:** We'd heard of Permanent Retirement, of course. In fact, a lot of my buddies were permanently retired during the War, and Martha's whole family was permanently retired in an automobile accident not long ago. But we had never made any plans for our own permanent retirement. It just seemed so far away.

**She:** Then a friend of ours was permanently retired by a freak drill-press malfunction, and we saw the terrible results of lack of planning. Gee, instead of enjoying his permanent retirement with lifelike friends who shared his interests, this unfortunate man was put in something the size of a bag of peanuts and dropped off the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge.

**He:** The next day we took a trip to The Resting Place, a planned community of luxury condominiums for the permanently retired, located near Rahway, New Jersey.

**She:** I was impressed by the people! Everyone was so lifelike and friendly!

**He:** We met people like ourselves . . . professional and

business people used to an active role in their communities who weren't about to mope around just because they were "resting."

**She:** I loved the grounds! I'd never seen so many flowers. Lilies and gladiolas in profusion . . . and so tastefully arranged.

**He:** But no gardening or maintenance headaches!

**She:** And the community center! Neither of us had ever before seen a community center designed like Chartres (the famed cathedral). We learned that services in the faith of our choice were available twenty or thirty times a day.

**He:** But, hey! Let's not forget to tell about our own Permanent Retirement condominium. We looked at some lovely gothic and Greek-revival styles, but we finally settled on a lovely unit in a restrained Egyptian motif.

**She:** And because we took advantage of The Resting Place's unique early-retirement plan, we're allowed to use our condominium as a weekend and vacation home until the day when we desire to retire permanently!

Another happy ending at The Resting Place

# THE SUICIDE PACK

Who are they? They're the people who discovered ecology years before the herd . . . the people who adored the Indians before Indians were the vogue. They're the people who speak to Miss Margaret Mead as a friend. To give our crowded planet room to breathe, they're doing now what everyone will be doing tomorrow. The Suicide Pack . . . they know that death is a *once-in-a-lifetime* thing, and they mean to share it, together, now. The Suicide Pack . . . leaving us the precious legacy of sub-zero population growth.



## Is Suicide Right for Everyone?

You may think you have valid reasons for wanting to live weeks, even months, more into the terrifying, overpopulated future. If you're in doubt, this simple questionnaire can be a help.

- I earn
  - more than \$350,00 a year
  - \$200,000-\$350,000 a year
  - \$100,000-\$200,000 a year
  - less than \$100,000 a year
- I have sex
  - more than 7 times a day
  - 5-7 times a day
  - 3-5 times a day
  - less than 3 times a day
- I won my last important athletic trophy
  - this week
  - this month
  - this year
  - not since college
- My yacht
  - is now a floating hotel off Singapore
  - is too big to use the Panama Canal
  - was fitted with wheelchair ramps at the request of Franklin D. Roosevelt
  - other
- My engagement
  - was illegal under the Sherman Antitrust Act
  - interrupted the Davis Cup finals
  - angered Princess Margaret
  - other

**Scoring** is easy. Allow one point for each *a* answer, two points for each *b*, three for each *c*, and four for each *d*. More than ten points, and your continued existence is an affront to your neighbors.

The counseling arm of the President's Council on Sub-Zero Population Growth will show you how you can take it all with you—family, personal possessions, pets. Write for our prospectus. Offering made only through prospectus.



There is a certain sort of man . . . whose contempt for his heirs is as great as his dislike for charitable trusts, who hates his school almost as much as he despises his wife. . . . There is a certain sort of a man who is naturally attracted to the Perpetual Propinquity Plan offered by the New Amsterdam Trust.

If you appoint the New Amsterdam Trust as your Perpetual Propinquity Trustee, a unique scheme (completely legal, to all intents and purposes) goes into effect upon your death. Your vital financial papers, your personal valuables (even the change in your pocket at the time of your demise) are securely locked in a series of safe-deposit vaults. Immediately after your funeral your remains,\* that is, the remains of your body, will be transported to the New Amsterdam to be placed in a safe-deposit vault immediately adjacent to your wealth. The New Amsterdam will then undertake to embroil your will in a series of legal hassles that will keep you and your money intestate, undistributed, and happy together until Armageddon or until your estate is used up in administrative fees. It's another example of imaginative financial planning at the New Amsterdam.

\*We must insist on cremated remains.

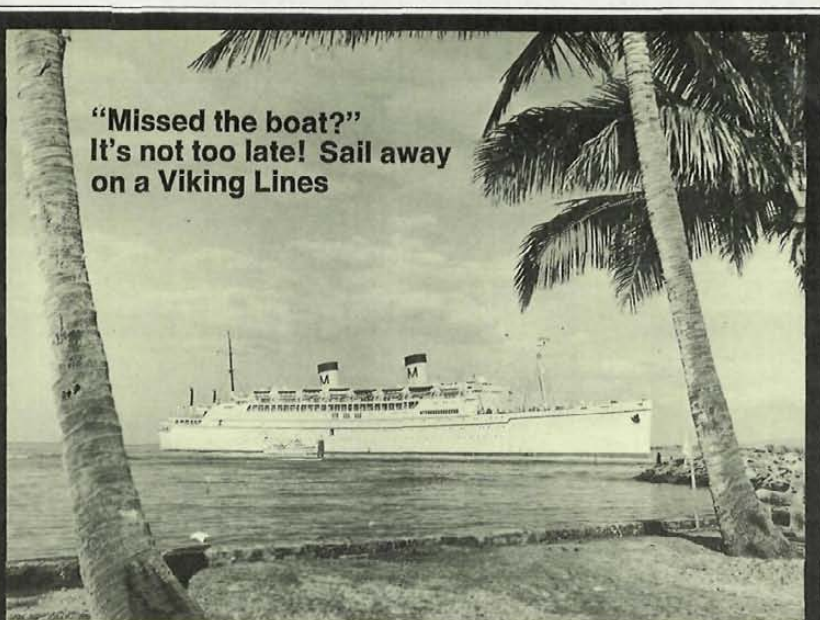
## CLASSIFIED

# Yearn For Wide Open Spaces?

One or two choice sites available in Mesa de los Muertos, Arizona. Lovely land covered with real sand. New Medical Center makes Mesa de los Muertos the transplant capital of the world. Famed local industries: bone china, lampshades. Family center and wax museum now on drawing board. Write Mesa de los Muertos, Arizona.

# Bed Wetter?

Problem Child? Bed Wetter? Cry Baby? Why put up with the torture of sleepless nights, boring days? Place your difficult child in a Mama Medea Child-Care Center. Mama Medea has a permanent solution for all troublesome children. Nip the troublesome child in the bud. Remember, if you let it reach adolescence, it just gets worse. Rub your problem out before it learns to squeal. Don't be misled by foolish right-to-live advocates who never had a problem child. Free death rattles for every child. Write for booklet, Box 6F, Grand Central Terminal, New York, N.Y.



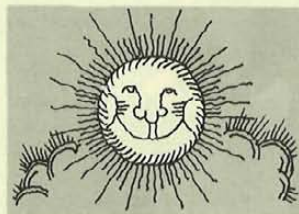
"Missed the boat?"  
It's not too late! Sail away  
on a Viking Lines

## Round-the-World Cruise, the thrill of an afterlifetime

If you are among the many departed who once longed and saved for a luxury world-cruise (only to be cheated of your dream by death's unkind beckon), look lively! Your final reward is yet to come—aboard Miami's most fashionable necro-liner, the S.S. *Valhalla*. A floating heaven on earth, the *Valhalla's* bound on a winter cruise of four enchanting ports and ninety days of elegant serenity on the high seas.\*

Each guest will enjoy the comfort and security of a private stateroom equipped with permafreeze climate-control, no-will carnation arrangements, and two-channel stereo playing a favorite hymn or popular song. Decksides, you'll lounge by a pool, protected by the *Valhalla's* nonretractable Immuto-Dome and pampered by our qualified staff of five, including a hair stylist and manicurist. Frozen banana daquiris will be served in the afternoon. They're guaranteed to stay frozen till vespers!

Every evening, you'll be escorted to the Captain's Bier, and, later at night, you'll recline next to the likes of Louis Armstrong and Maurice Chevalier in our glamorous elysian ballroom.



### Special Summer Rates

Enjoy a "last fling" on the *Valhalla's* open-air July cruise to the Caribbean. Special package includes three days of glorious sun and spray, plus a gala burial at sea.

### \*Itinerary:

**Waikiki**—where lovely Hawaiian girls will come aboard to decorate you with traditional leis.

**Hong Kong**—geishas on sampans will wave you a smiling sayonara.

**Singapore**—you'll spend hours soaking up the atmosphere of this mysterious port.

**Majorca**—the "pearl of the Mediterranean" salutes you.

# Helena Rubenstien's Guide to Après-Vie Beauty

So many women these days seem to think that the passing of life frees them from the responsibilities of proper grooming and body care. This is simply not true. No matter whether you're from potter's field or a fancy plot in Forest Lawn, death is no excuse for letting yourself go. It's heartbreaking to see women allow their bodies to sag and decompose, their hair grow frightful and unkempt, their nails become unsightly when, with a little effort, they could remain radiantly beautiful forever.

Death is nothing to be ashamed of. In fact, some of the world's most glamorous women—Rhonda Fleming, Suzy Parker, all three Gabor sisters, Yvonne De Carlo, and Tricia Nixon, for example, have been dead for years; but thanks to skillful makeup and body-control aids, their condition has proved no "beauty bar" to a full social life.

Now that you've become a truly liberated lady, isn't it about time you set yourself free from the ravages of underground life? Start shaping up right now with these Bright Angel cosmetics, created especially for the après-vie:

Bright Angel Basic Porcelain—to give your entire body a flawless finish even Venus will envy.



Ashes-to-Lashes Liquid Onyx Mascara and Liner.

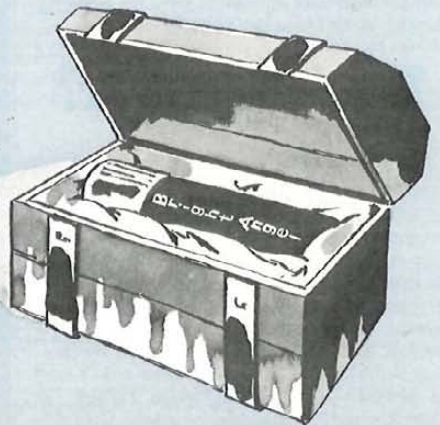
Dust-to-Blushed Rouge Stick—made with a special polyurethane formula that never says die.



Angel Dew Froster—flecked with the glitter of formica and quartz to give you a heavenly shine even in the dimmest *boite*.



Buried Treasure Hair Conditioner and Nail Varnish—genuine 14-carat-gold formula to guarantee a lasting no-grow hold and an "is she or isn't she?" permanent color.

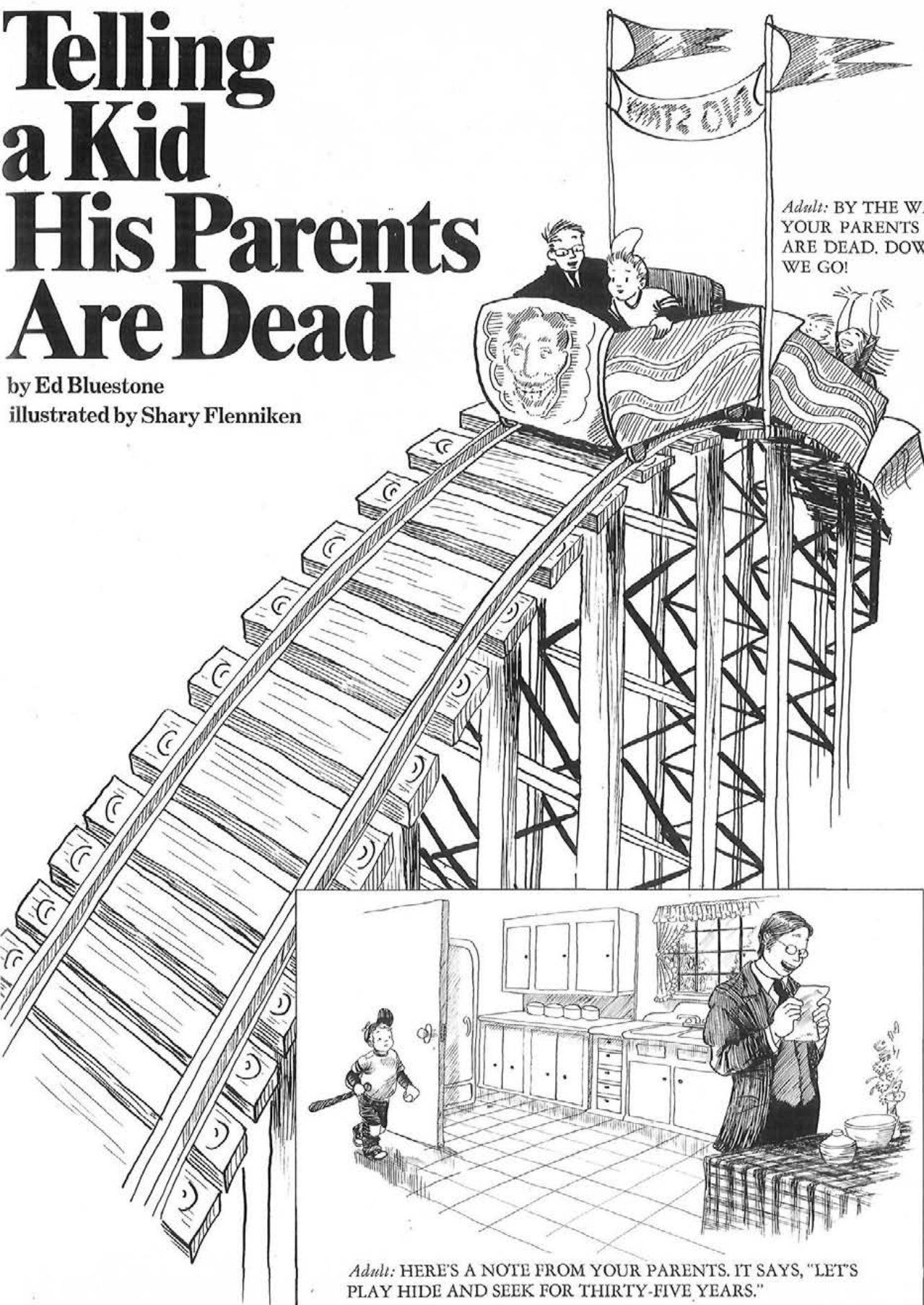


Eterna-Lips Gloss—fiberglass luster in two exciting shades: Red-on-Arrival and Rest-in-Peach.



# Telling a Kid His Parents Are Dead

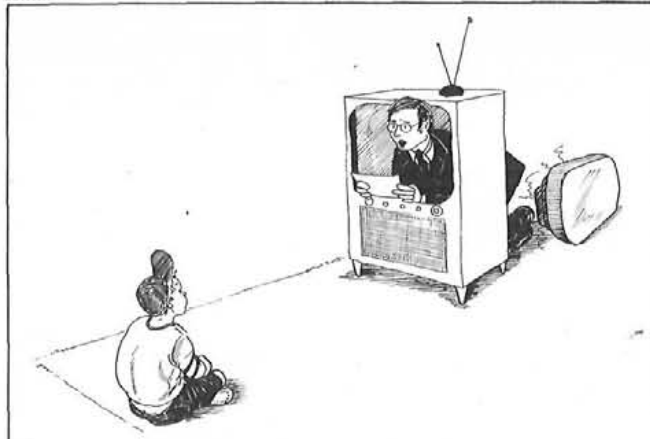
by Ed Bluestone  
illustrated by Shary Fleniken



*Adult:* BY THE WAY,  
YOUR PARENTS  
ARE DEAD. DOWN  
WE GO!

*Adult:* HERE'S A NOTE FROM YOUR PARENTS. IT SAYS, "LET'S  
PLAY HIDE AND SEEK FOR THIRTY-FIVE YEARS."

*continued*  
NATIONAL LAMPOON 65



*Adult:* AMONG THE COMBAT DEATHS REPORTED IN VIETNAM TODAY ARE FIVE GIs, THREE PILOTS, AND TIMMY HALDERMAN'S PARENTS.



*Adult:* AND THAT'S WHY GOD THREW YOUR PARENTS IN FRONT OF A SUBWAY CAR.



*Adult:* I'VE GOT GOOD NEWS FOR YOU, TIMMY. YOUR PARENTS ARE NEVER GOING TO TURN INTO FREAKS.



*Adult:* HERE'S YOUR HALLOWEEN COSTUME. YOU'RE GONNA BE AN ORPHAN.



*Santa Claus:* . . . AND YOUR PARENTS HADN'T PAID MY BILLS IN THREE YEARS. SO WE PAID THEM A VISIT LAST NIGHT; A COUPLE OF THE ELVES GOT DRUNK AND TORE YOUR MOTHER'S DRESS. THEN FOR SOME REASON YOUR FATHER GOT MAD. IT WAS A LOT LIKE *A CLOCKWORK ORANGE*.





*Adult:* STOP SWEATING OVER THOSE MULTIPLICATION TABLES. YOU'LL GET STRAIGHT A's WHEN THEY HEAR ABOUT YOUR PARENTS.



*Adult:* I TELL YOU WHAT—I'LL GO TO THE PTA MEETING WITH THIS PICTURE OF YOUR PARENTS... AND DEPENDING ON WHAT THE TEACHER SAYS, I'LL DRAW SMILES OR FROWNS ON THEM.



*Kid:* I'M SO HUNGRY THAT MY STOMACH HURTS. WE'VE BEEN WALKING ALL DAY AND HAVEN'T EATEN A THING.

*Adult:* I KNOW, BUT I HAD A REASON FOR NOT BUYING YOU FOOD. RIGHT NOW YOU'VE GOT TEN SECONDS TO CHOOSE BETWEEN ALL THE ICE CREAM YOU CAN EAT OR SEEING YOUR PARENTS ALIVE AGAIN.



*Kid:* WHAT DID HE WRITE BEFORE HIS AUTOGRAPH?  
*Adult:* IT SAYS, "YOUR PARENTS ARE DEAD. BEST WISHES, ROCKY THOMPSON."



*Kid:* WHO ARE YOU, INJUN? WHERE'S MOMMY AND DADDY?  
*Indian:* HOW. BIG EXCHANGE PROGRAM. I LIVE HERE, THEY LIVE HAPPY HUNTING GROUND.

**College Kids,**

**Attention!!!**

# FINNSWAKE AGAIN

**Incredible Puns  
Satirical High-jinks  
Clever Phrasing  
Meaningful Parody  
Brilliantly Done  
Very Smart Material  
Hidden Jokes  
And Much, Much More**

So  
So so  
sorry fir yir thrubble  
place axscent me daypest symphonies

Let's nail be the open gasket of the laid laminted and toll a decayed of the zeroful myscrics on the venerable boards. Look down in the boox. All that remains. Content the contents and formalthchide. Look at the phizz of him. Look at the fuzz of him. Goaty the chinny and the pursestring mout. And the high of his brow and the down of his nose. And the cheek of him. Tonguein it? Tip o' my? And the long Jim the parrot patch over the empty orbis terrabilis. Sock it? And the one good eye of him on his daughty laughter. O Reilly, its piercing. Orally, its parsing. O really its person. A penny for the eye. Dead, aye.

SHAM.—Isn't it late out national? As if he was slaving. Bard as a stiff. With his blind mouse-tale cut off.

SHAME.—Poor as a church and dead as a door.

SHAM.—How diddydie atholl atoll? Was it the coughin carried him off?

SHAME.—He'd been sic all weak of his own crazy-fiction.

SHAM.—Did he die with a will? Did he rite a new testyment?

SHAME.—The bequest of this here O was only write and pauper.

SHAM.—Shure, he left all the big-shot full officers a canon of high caliber.

SHAME.—Arragh, the auld punographer. He'd've been life-sinsured if the voice squad could raid.

SHAM.—Not accordin to the Arnormican presidents of Woolsleyheaded stir-shy boastin liars.

SHAME.—At the laced he was booted. Existed from the aisle of aints and collars. Out of ourland on his erse he went and lived incontinent.

SHAM.—Will the carps be inturd in constipated soil?

SHAME.—Not after his darty laving of Holy Murther Church to follow his own apostate glands.

SHAM.—But didn't he die in the ordure of sanity? And wasn't himself scold by the Jesuits?

SHAME.—Parish the taught.

SHAM.—And what of all his kingly arthur's royalties?

SHAME.—He niver mint a word of a phace he comed.

SHAM.—Shure, but his capital was always doublin.

SHAME.—Behind the curtain his books are red.

SHAM.—Nun to lease, I tink they should rap him round in bandinages and pickle his corpus to cape it delectable.

SHAME.—Sow ye kin praise yer mummy.

SHAM.—Wile yo fakes yer joyce.

Pen an oink for this pearl of a poet! An unindemnified flyting chaucer! Will he shake a spear when he's donne with da foe? Trow the herricktick<sup>2</sup> into the milton plot, snake eyes with his pair o' dice lost! With his steclc dryden truc, he'll be swift at his travails. And gay at his huggers operaration. (When there's whigs on the green, that's another tory.) Like a reeling sterne. No silly-shelleying nor austentation, and the dickens with him who would makepeace.<sup>3</sup> A wildeman for shaw! Mark the buoy who cries wolf from Beo's thorns to Virginia's streams!

Ssshhhh! Zipper yer lip, will yez? Silence in the liebury! You're now in the Joyce Mummorial Musseyroom and Lye-

Geni-  
ology

Bibul-  
ography

*I never  
promised  
you a  
prose  
guardian*

*For  
bitter,  
for  
verse*

*Works of  
friction*

*Exdream  
junction*

berry. All his pompous sand works and sue veneers on dismay here. Self after self cluttered wit books. A mythguided tower\* of hysterigaul zeits. Hush, will yez! Some lines ye may have the fortune to read he palmed off in his own hand. Others he had archy type.<sup>5</sup> Shhh! Hauld yer gob! For instants, here's a fact simile of his farced publicked werk, a nashty bit of traumatic grittyschism of our own sweet synging playboys. Yct here's his own theatrickal play which he rote itself that has seldom directly come out of the closet and trod the boreds. Even at this stage, he was never won to make a scene. All essay and no act. Pipe, pipe, the Thomist's son. Now, here's trec leaves of grace, three tomes of pomes. Pansy each. Fit maybe for lovely laccy valentinos day, the great laughter of the silenced scream. Full of harps and flour. Waxing semimental and waning triolets. Lilly-boys and good knights for a race already bard to deaf. Shhhh! Ut up! And lashed but not leashed, we come to the fame-mouse four hoarsemen of the apocalyps. Stair up at these storeys. Full bloom. Even stephen. Coddled molly. And live-lier plural belles! The ghost lion of ire land. The garbled straits of dubloons farecity. A site for sour eyes! It was off among the eye ties he visual eyed it all. Auto exorcism. A poor trait of the artist. Keep it up and you'll go blind. Shhhhhh! Keep it down!

Inhospitable he passed aweigh when he caught his death of surgeons. Patient of their practice with his pilgrim work in progress. Annoynting his census and shrivening his sense away with the lost secremeants. And where did it get um? In the end. Only plain dead. Is't possum-bull? In the alms of the laird. Malice to underland, durst to durst. In the ordure of sanity, in the hope of the raised erection. I mean. With leprous, who was pure. A man.

Fin  
Agen

Hi! Lo! The tome is humpty! Why seek ye jim here? Faith, wou'dn't he stir somday? The east horizon! An oyster roising! Merry, not maudlin with an angel at the pale gate and a sexton at the wicked. Censurians, up an atom! Gone new clear fishin'? Your phonics was always your only park for sunnyday re creation. The seacant coming is at hand. By his own, onan on, in volumes. Likeasnot he dayscented undauntayed into hell, or cannaught he have harrowed the least of the saxhuns? It's the woeman's libation moment, and erewhon go braless! Hohoho, Mr. Joyce, you're going to bejimm again! Hehehe, Mr. Jim, you're sure to rejoyce!

Up the underground! A wake! A wake!

<sup>1</sup>Purl to you, brow-beaten knitters.

<sup>2</sup>He never metaphysical he didn't take.

<sup>3</sup>A novelty notion. A prose by any other stein.

<sup>4</sup>Hohoho, Mr. Buck, you're going to be mulled again.

<sup>5</sup>I'm a freud he was too jung and adlerpatated.

# Children's Suicide Notes to Santa

Dear Santa,  
I don't want toys. I want to  
see God. I know that God  
hides in that old refrigerator  
with the door still on it at the  
dump. Is there anything you  
want me to tell Him when I see  
Him?

Harold

Dear Santa,  
Thank you for  
electric train  
They are real  
to run. I love  
and I am going  
to play with  
in the bath  
Good-Bye. To

Dear Santa,  
I am  $8\frac{1}{2}$  Years  
old ~~and~~ and  
it's as old as  
I'm going to  
get.  
Butch

MANY  
GOOD WISHES  
for  
Christmas  
AND THE  
NEW YEAR

DEAR SANTA,

I WANT A DOLL THAT WETS + A  
SUZY HOME MAKER TRAVEL  
MIRROR CASE + A MATTEL TALKING  
CLOCK + A LITTLE MISS REGINA  
FLOOR POLISHER + A LARRY THE  
LOIN THAT TALKS + A 3 STORY  
DOLL HOUSE, + A BIZZY BOX  
FOR MY PONY + A PONY + A  
HUNDRED FINABARBITALE,

THANK YOU

BETH

XXXXX

he  
my  
them  
to  
know  
ile.  
and I  
mg

Santa,

anks for the swell  
reater and the  
green socks you  
gave me instead  
of toys. I will wear  
them tonight  
when I jump out of  
the window.  
Your friend  
Tod

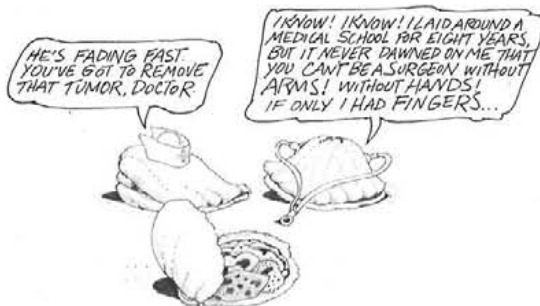
dear Santa  
By the time  
you read this  
i will be dead  
from eating  
all of the  
yellow snow.  
Jenny  
xxx

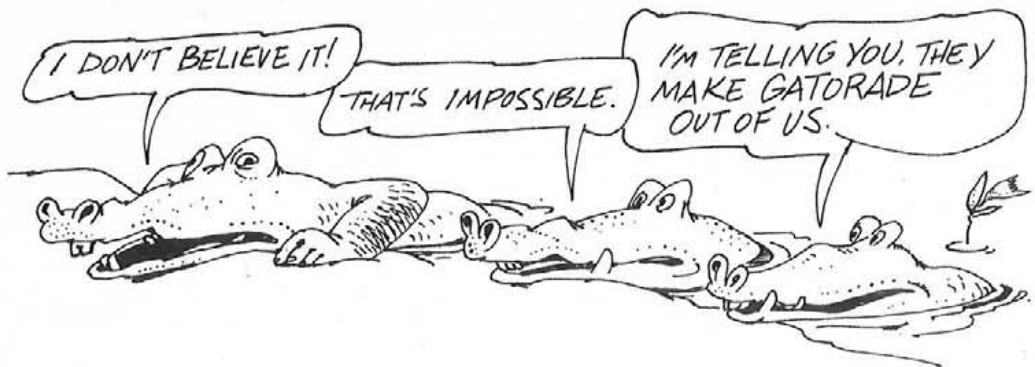


# The Day the Animals Discovered Death

by Ed Bluestone

illustrated by M. K. Brown





I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE.

I'M TELLING YOU, THEY MAKE GATORADE OUT OF US.

HERE'S THE DEAL:  
FOR 320 WATER LILIES  
WE PUT YOUR BODY IN  
FORMALDEHYDE, IN THE  
HOPE THAT SOME  
FUTURE GENERATION  
WILL HAVE A CURE  
FOR WHATEVER  
YOU DIED OF.



THIS GUY IS CRAZIER  
THAN PAUL EHRlich.



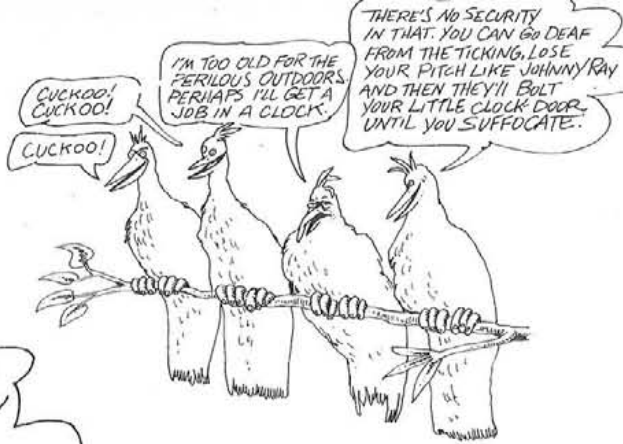
THERE'S A BUTTERFLY  
AND HE LOOKS DANGEROUS.  
I'LL GIVE HIM THE ODOR.



YOU'D BETTER NOT.  
IF HE'S IMMUNE TO IT,  
HE'LL TORTURE US.



continued





PAUL MCCARTNEY IS DEAD.

THAT'S HORRIBLE!  
NO ONE ELSE IS  
STUPID ENOUGH TO  
PUT US IN THEIR  
SONGS.



GET AWAY FROM ME.  
I'M A HEMOPHILIAC!

EXCUSE ME,  
COULD YOU TELL ME  
HOW TO GET TO...



ESCAPED CONVICTS.  
KILL 'EM.

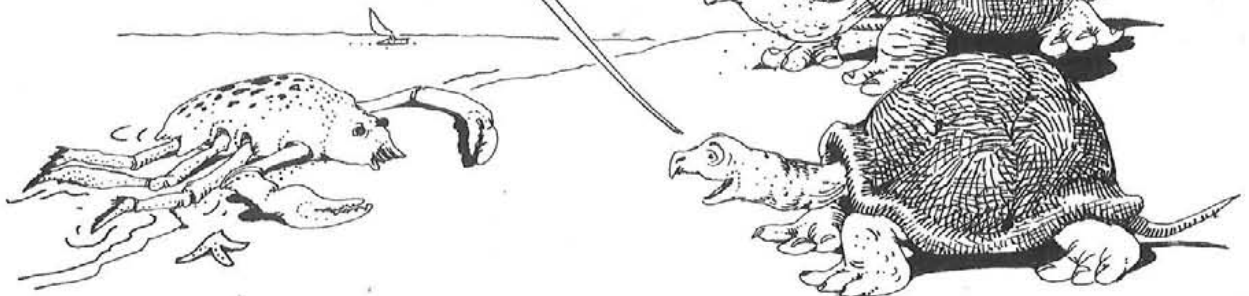
DON'T HAND ME THAT  
LIBERAL BULLSHIT.

I'VE ALWAYS  
WORN STRIPES

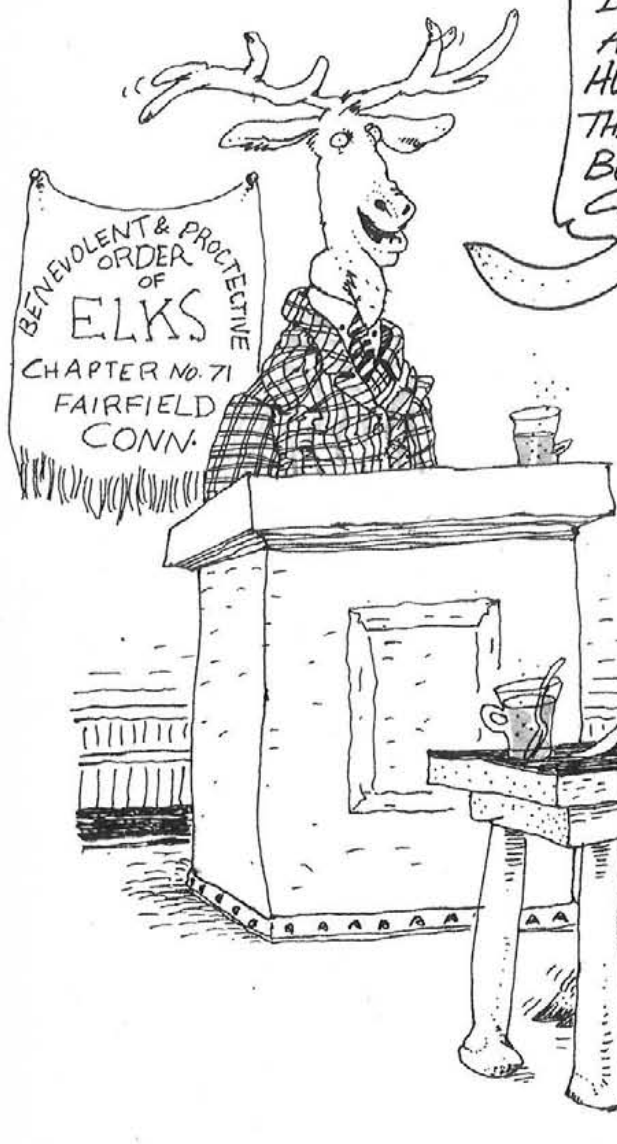


LOOK AT HIS PATHETIC  
MECHANICAL LIMBS. THE  
CRUELTY OF WAR SURPASSES  
DEATH FOR THE VANQUISHED  
AMPUTEE.

WE SHOULD BE THANKFUL  
FOR OUR HELMETS AND  
RETRACTABLE LEGS.



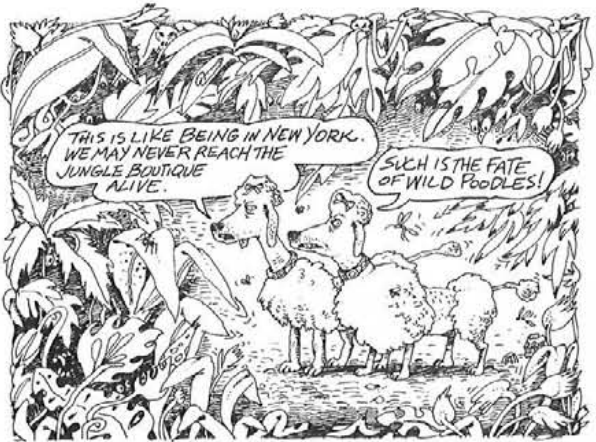
continued



... ONCE SAID, "EXTREMISM IN THE DEFENSE OF LIBERTY IS NO VICE." AND I SAY, IT'S BETTER THAT HUMANS DIE IN FOREIGN LANDS THAN OUR YOUNG BULLS AND FEMALES BE SLAIN IN THE FORESTS OF CONNECTICUT BY ATHEISTS FROM ACROSS THE OCEAN.

NOW, THESE LOOK GREAT!

DON'T! THOSE ARE ARMY ANTS. THEY'RE HIGHLY EQUIPPED TO SABOTAGE THE INSIDE OF YOUR NOSTRILS. NOT EVEN NEO-SYNEPHRINE CAN HELP YOU AFTERWARD.



THIS IS LIKE BEING IN NEW YORK. WE MAY NEVER REACH THE JUNGLE BOUTIQUE ALIVE.

SUCH IS THE FATE OF WILD FOODLES!

INTERMENT FOR MEN

JANUARY 1973 ONE DOLLAR

# PLAYDEAD



PLAYDEAD PICKS  
THE PIGSKIN PLANE-  
CRASHES OF '73

13 PAGES ON THE  
GIRLS OF FOREST LAWN

SHROUDS OF SPRING:  
FASHION FORECAST

SUBURBAN GRAVE-SWAPPING  
THE NUDIST SHARON TATE EXHUMED

## for that dead-letter day

Our fine, high-rag-content Playdead Suicide Notepaper, richly embossed with our playful possum trademark, is certain to give your last words the weight they deserve. P104 One ream (144 sheets) \$12.50.



## go out in style

Handwoven His-'n'-Hearse matching shrouds embroidered with our familiar mascot make it easy to say "Good-bye, Crewel World." P99 Pair of shrouds \$25.00.



## Hic! Jacet

Luxurious embalming-fluid caddy made from choice Brazilian deadwood. P845 Embalming-fluid caddy \$45.00.



Please send check or money order to: Playdead Products, 919 Peaceful Rest Avenue, Forest Lawn, California 90911. A year's sub-subscription delivered to your graveside for either PLAYDEAD or for our new publication for the young dead, NON, is included free in orders of \$50.00 or more.

## THE PLAYDEAD ADVISOR

I have a delicate problem. My girl friend is a lifelike dead person who is "passing," and she is very intolerant of my family because they aren't "up on" the latest grooming techniques and don't look as lifelike as she does. She is especially hard on two uncles of mine who have decomposed. I am embarrassed that my uncles don't take more pride in their appearance, but I can't help loving them and I can't help being hurt when my girl friend refers to them as "those old stiff." What can I do to change my girl friend's attitude?—Y. M., New Hope, Pennsylvania.

*Uncork the bottle one half hour before you plan to serve it, and you will enhance its bouquet and avoid the "vinegary" taste you mention.*

I'm writing you because I'm just too embarrassed to ask anyone else. I had always thought that in subtraction the number on top was the minuend and the number on the bottom was the subtrahend, but in a bus the other day I happened to overhear a remark which indicated that it was just the reverse. Can you set me straight?—C. P. A., Wilmarth, North Dakota

*Glad to help. The sweater you saw was a cardigan. One reason you were confused is that in France all sweaters are called "pullovers," even if (as is the case with your cardigan) the sweater buttons down the front and is not "pulled over" the head.*

The flesh is beginning to fall away from my right arm in chunks. I have consulted my mortician, and he assures me that the situation is completely normal for my time of death (I passed away six months ago), and he tells me not to worry. Still, it is alarming to see my very own flesh come off by the handful. Is there anything I can do, or must I resort to long-sleeved shirts?—C. S., Essex Fells, N. J.

*No, you lose your bet. Frankfurt isn't the only town with a "wide open" section where prostitutes can ply their trade legally and under the supervision of trained medical authorities. Brussels and Milan have similar arrangements, and Copenhagen has a "kennel district" where animal contacts are supervised by the state.*

Now, with my nose drops is it three drops every two hours or two drops every three hours?—M. L., Norfolk, Virginia

*Not in this day and age. Five years ago it might have been necessary to tell your hostess in advance that you planned to bring a dead date to her dinner party. Dead people are now so much in evidence at nearly every "live" event that your question would be embarrassing as well as superfluous.*

The other day I went to a restaurant in a part of town I rarely frequent. I ordered a steak and a salad. I was halfway through my meal before I noticed that there was salt but no pepper on the table. When I complained to the waiter, he came back with a funny-looking wooden thing the size of a bedside table. He turned this thing once or twice and something that looked very much like pepper came out. What gives?—L. M., Quincy, Massachusetts

*It could be an allergy. Even lifelike dead people develop new likes and dislikes after death. The fact that you were accustomed to eating strawberries without experiencing aftereffects during your life does not directly bear on your après-death situation.*

My stereo goes whurra-whurra whenever I turn it on. Then it makes noises like dentures going down the garbage disposal. Then it backfires. Then the turntable speeds up to about two hundred rpm's. Then it goes blurp-a, blurp-a and stops completely. Frankly, it's been a long time since I've really enjoyed listening to music on my machine.—G. H., Greenwich, Connecticut

*Be thankful you have a wife who will speak to you frankly about her sexual needs. Encourage these discussions. Sometimes the sex life of a married couple can be enhanced by a "change of place." Suggest to your wife that you make love in the cellar, the laundry room, or under the dining-room table.*



# PLAYDEAD INTERVIEW: DAN BLOCKER

*a candid conversation with ole hoss cartwright of the ponderosa, tv's latest pulmonary embolus*

It's no secret to any casual observer that the new mortality is here to stay. It has only taken a few short years for it to make its way from the closed tomb to the drawing room. Sanctified by the public's demand, this once grave subject is now the topic of major motion pictures, best sellers, nightclub acts, reviews, and the like. Even the predictable standard fare generally offered to television viewers has taken steps in this new direction to give its public what they've been craving for many years.

One early pioneer in this area is the fifteen-year-old-and-still-going-strong "Bonanza." Though still subject to a great deal of criticism by true aficionados who claim, "Yes, they've killed a lot of people on the show, but they do nothing with the bodies afterward. What's that? That's garbage to us," "Bonanza" has been responsible for over 1,247 TV deaths. One hardly can think of "Bonanza," though, and not think of the lovable, gullible second son, Ole Hoss, played admirably by Dan Blocker.

Born Daniel Blocker in Bowie, Texas, of monied parents, he was bent on an acting career from the start. His parents encouraged his vocation by sending him to Yale, where he studied drama and became president of Bubble and Sweek, the college's acting society. After a stint in the Korean War, he earned his master's

and half a Ph.D. and was hired to appear on "Gunsmoke." In his first TV role he lassoed and dragged Chester fifteen miles out of Dodge. Marshall Dillon caught him but had to release him when Doc said that Chester would live. Still furious, Dillon took him out behind the jail and beat him into unconsciousness. That was in Dodge. He then headed as far West as you could go and not be in California: Nevada . . . and was given two brothers and a father whose penchant for riding into town, riding around their ranch, and asking each other questions was boundless. It was on this stretch of land, the Ponderosa, that Ole Hoss made the show a success and himself a wealthy man.

PLAYDEAD sent our own handgun editor, Kevin Dowd, to interview Dan Blocker and had this to say about him: "The first thing you're struck by is the man's size. Figuratively, not literally. He's enormous. I talked with some of the extras he'd work with, and they'd always like to say, 'Why he's so big he has to go out of the bunkhouse just to change his mind.' Lorne Greene, who plays his father, asked me to change that 'bunkhouse' to 'main house' because he didn't like Hoss going into the bunkhouse when he had a perfectly good room right upstairs. Greene expressed some confusion when I suggested that Hoss is

really Dan Blocker and not his real son.

"There were two separate interviews. The shooting schedule of the show demanded most of his time, but I was able to ride with him for the two-hour drive to and from the set. The producers of the show explained to me that they plan to alter his character somewhat this season and have him play the part of a comatose shut-in. The nature of the program led me to my first logical question."

**PLAYDEAD:** After fifteen years of high riding, ranch tending, and shout-outs in and around Virginia City, Nevada, you've become an institution and a very wealthy man. How much of the show's success would you say is attributable to your gun vis à vis your brother's and father's guns?

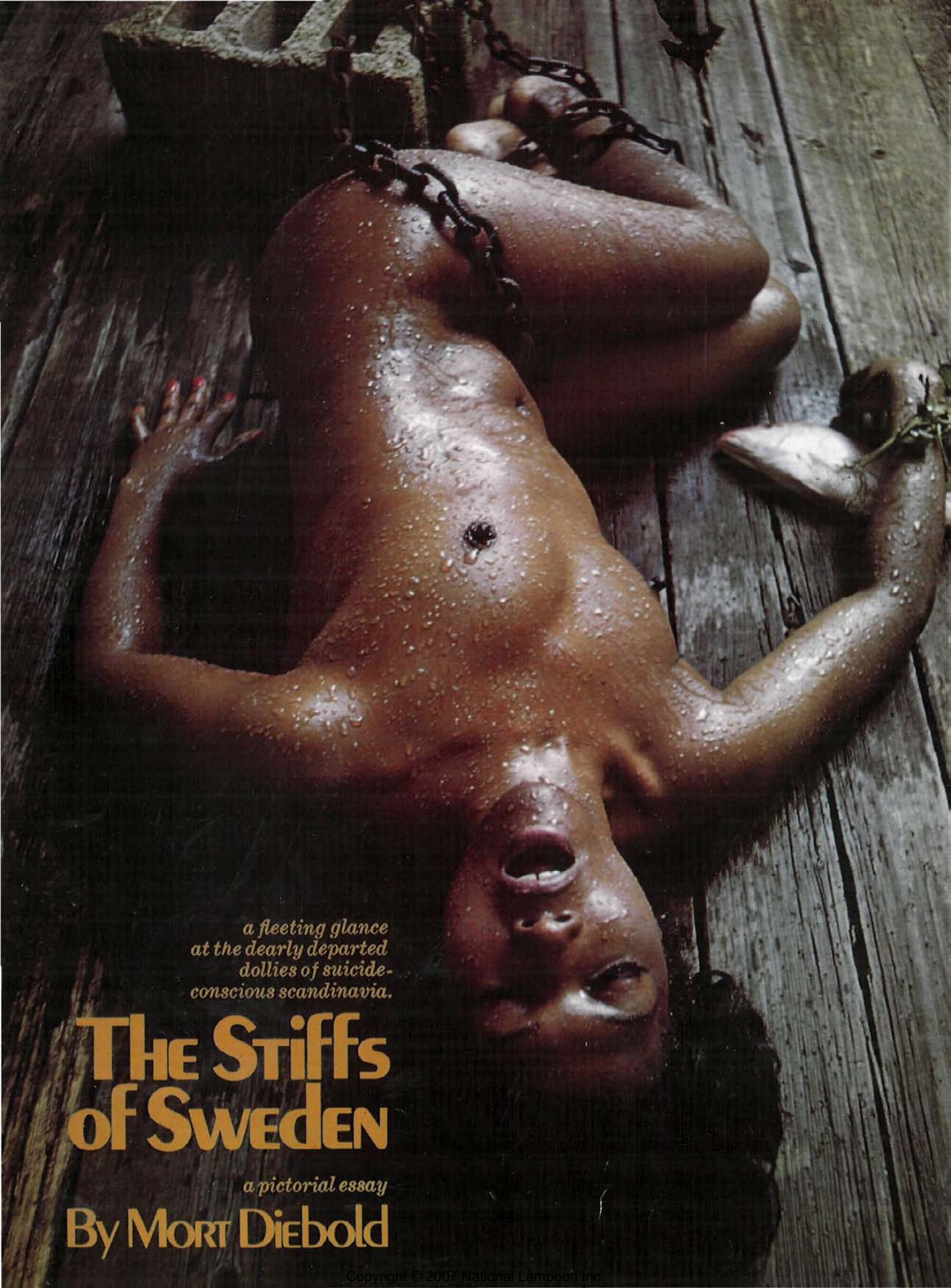
**BLOCKER:**

**PLAYDEAD:** In your present situation, how often do you get laid and blowed and see other dead people naked?

**BLOCKER:**

**PLAYDEAD:** We don't want to put any words in your mouth but . . .





*a fleeting glance  
at the dearly departed  
dollies of suicide-  
conscious scandinavia.*

# THE STIFFS OF SWEDEN

*a pictorial essay*

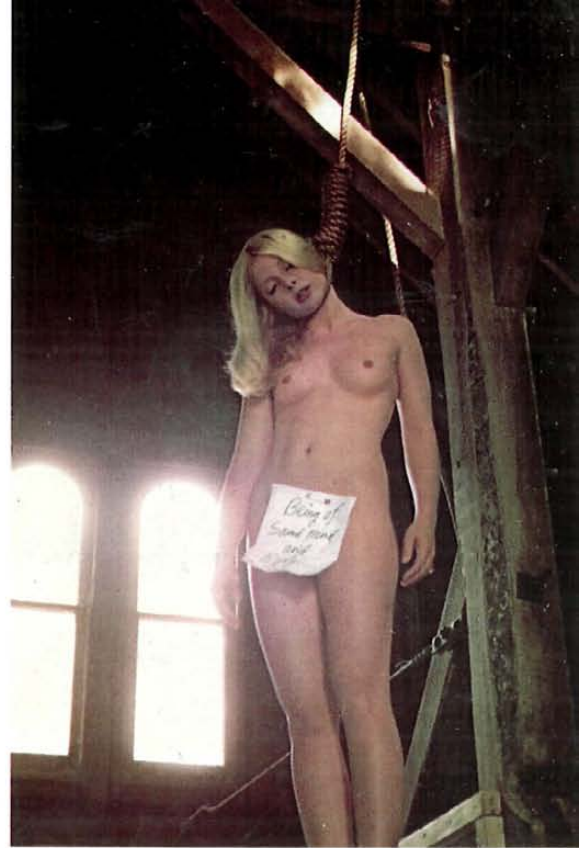
By MORT DIEBOLD

While Paris may sizzle and Rome may burn, no place can satisfy the multi-faceted desires of today's sophisticated necropolitan male quite like Sweden. The signs are all about in this land of the moonlight sun—from the grammar-school chants, "You can rig a soccer match,/You can rig a tortoise,/You can rig a sailboat,/But you can't rig a mortis," to the nation's top songs, which freely extole the virtues of virulence. In 1967 Sweden played host-country to the first International Death Fair. Though other nations have attempted to repeat this fatal phenomena, their brands of dead reckoning left much to be desired. The Japanese, who rank second to the Swedes in per capita suicides, were able to capture some of the cryptic celebration but fell short inventively when they tried to recreate the individual body-embalming exhibits, the grave-digging displays, and the corpse-stripping and hefting-and-running events.

*(continued on page 125)*

With over twenty-seven arrests and eighteen convictions attributed to her clandestine undercover-work, gangland gossip Penny Soljivon (left) seems a little mortified as she's dragged from her visit to the deep six while Songe Korjoe (right), the daughter of a minister, finds it all in keeping to spend her day off hanging around the attic.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID KAESTLE



Debbie Peterson (below), a true organic gourmet, winds up cooking her head off and reminds us to pick up some buns on the way home tonight; and certainly worth stairing at is pert Miss Mia Fojrd (left), a former airline stewardess who knows how to take steps in the right direction.

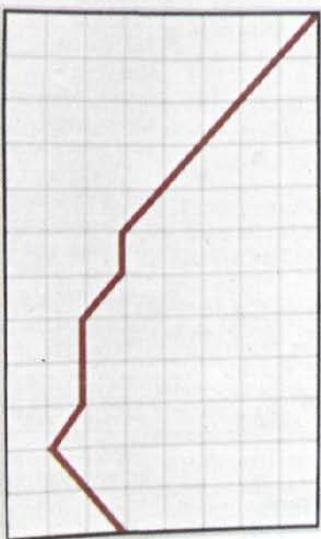
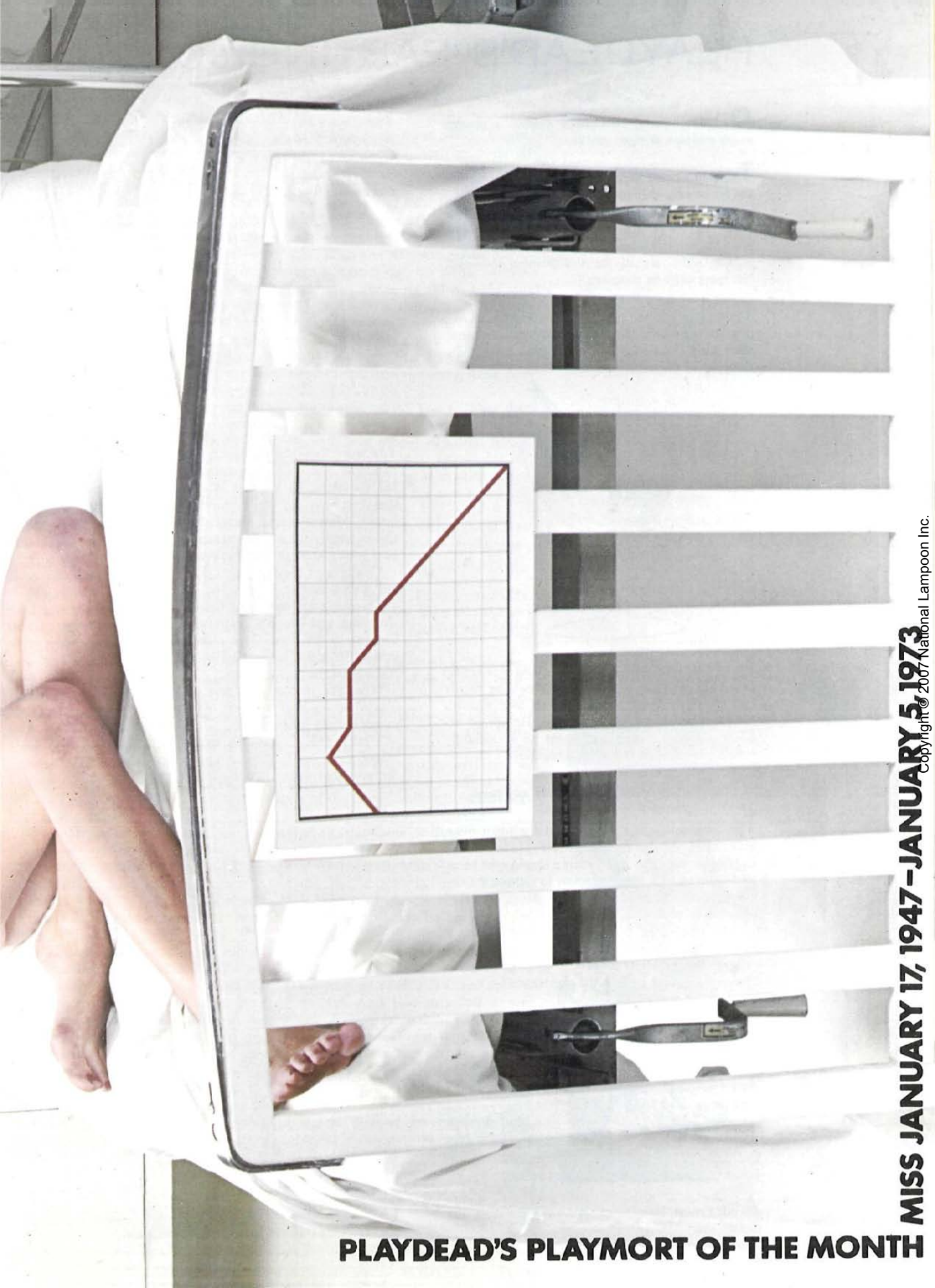




PHOTO BY DICK FRANK

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**PLAYDEAD'S PLAYMORT OF THE MONTH**

**MISS JANUARY 17, 1947 - JANUARY 5, 1973**

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# PLAYDEAD'S PARTING JOKES

**O**ur Disinterred Dictionary defines a *posthumous erection* as *vigor mortis*.

**T**he homosexual necro went down to the morgue for his weekly dalliance.

"Slim pickings today," said the friendly mortician, "all we've got today is a beautiful, sexy, young housewife who slashed her wrists."

"Oh, well," sighed the disappointed sodomite. "Buggers can't be choosers."

**T**hen there was the newly widowed husband who thought his wife's body would look good in something long and flowing, so he threw it in the Mississippi.



**T**he Texas cowboy had been pursuing a beautiful dance-hall girl named Eugenie. When he finally got her into bed she begged him to do it with his Colt instead of the usual weapon. He got so excited that at the crucial moment he accidentally pulled the trigger and creamed his Gene.

**I**t's an ill whore that blows nobody any good.

**T**he three conventioners out on the town for a little old-fashioned necro, found Madame Fifi LaJambe's stiffs the best looking they'd ever seen. Each retired to a separate room to sample the delights of the house and after a decent interval emerged to compare notes.

"The best ever," said the first. "Stiffer than a Marine sergeant on V-J day."

"Just the greatest," said the second. "Tighter than a thirty-foot putt on the eighteenth."

The third was silent.

"How was yours?" asked the other two.

"She moved," was the glum response.

**O**ur Disinterred Dictionary defines a *homosexual necrophiliac* as someone who's always running into a dead end.

**T**hen there was the frustrated cancer patient who had himself cremated in a whorehouse in the hopes of one day having his ashes balled.

**A**nd Ernest Hemingway—always shooting his mouth off.

**T**here was a jazz player called Coors, whose riffs drew fantastic applause. When asked why this was, He said, "It's because I'm constantly shooting up 'whores'."



**T**he travelling salesman was quite lost in the wilds of the Middle West. Despairing of finding a place for the night, he stopped at a nearby farm and was taken in by the hospitable master of the house. After a hearty dinner the salesman began to feel some rather basic urges and inquired of his host where he might satisfy them.

"Well," said the farmer, "I do have a daughter, but she's dead."

The salesman, too horny to object, followed instructions and found a beautiful girl with no legs hanging in the barn, three months dead. After a wonderful night, he was overcome with remorse and buried the corpse.

"The rice in her cunt was delicious," he explained to his host the next morning, "but I had to pay her my final respects."

"That's O.K.," was the matter-of-fact reply. "Most guys just left her hanging there. And by the way, that wasn't rice, it was maggots."



**T**hese days those sex-and-death orgies in California are being referred to as gang bang-bangs.

**in the biblical sense**

From The Condensed Apocrypha of the Mad Rabbi Seth Ben-Juserer (c.1560-1618)

In the fourteenth year of the reign of Arphaxad, who ruled over the Medes in Ecbatana in Persia—the same Arphaxad who built walls about Ecbatana with hewn stones three cubits wide and six cubits long; he made the walls seventy cubits high and fifty cubits wide; at the gates he built towers a hundred cubits high and sixty cubits wide at the foundations; and he made its gates seventy cubits high and forty cubits wide, so that his armies could march out in force and his infantry form their ranks—this same Arphaxad was conjured by the Midianite astrologer Sanbalat in the name of Baal to prepare his cavalry and all his chariots; his pikemen, archers, and warriors; his terrible engines of destruction and all his combined forces and troops which were as a horde of locusts, to take up the sword and march out to war against Nebuchadnezzar, ruler of the Assyrians in Ninevah in Syria. Now this Nebuchadnezzar had built the walls around Ninevah with hewn stones six cubits wide and twelve cubits long; he made the walls one hundred forty cubits high and one hundred cubits wide; at the gates he had built towers two hundred cubits high and one hundred twenty cubits wide at the foundations; and its gates it was one hundred forty cubits high and eighty cubits wide, so that his armies could march out in force and his infantry form their ranks. And the King Arphaxad received this counsel, and said thus to him:

“Thus saith the Great King, the lord of the whole earth: You will get thee from mine presence, and mine precincts, and all mine dominions as far as my hand will stretch, with no mount or steed, and only a heel of salted bread. For it is said: He who will offer rash counsel to a king, let him answer for it.”

And in the eighteenth year of the reign of Arphaxad, the Midianite astrologer Sanbalat was taken from the prison where he lay, and his ears struck off, and his nose slit, and he was turned out into the wilderness.

But in the twentieth year of the reign of Arphaxad, the false priests of Baal endeavored to strike down the King, and cast him from his throne, and destroy him utterly. So it happened that the King passed into the ghetto of the city Ecbatana, seeking aid from the people of the Israelites.

Thus spoke the elder Joakim of the Israelites, the son of Merari, son of Ox, who was the son of Mannasseh, who was the son of Merari, who was the son of Ox, who was the son of Mannasseh, who was the son of Merari, and so on, until the time of Abraham:

“Thus speaks Joakim of the Israelites to the King of the Medes: The great God Jehovah, who smotest the hosts of Midian, and put them to the sword to the last man-child; who destroyed Laish and Beth-Sharob, and slaughtered all their inhabitants; who led the hosts of Israel to annihilate the people of Dan and Beer-sheba, and exterminate them with steel and fire, and bathe their feet in the blood of the slain; this Jehovah the merciful and compassionate saith unto thee: King, arise and take from the people of Israel in Ecbatana a certain woman Judith, and lie with her and conceive children upon her, and follow the written laws all the days of thy reign, and only in this way will thee prosper.”

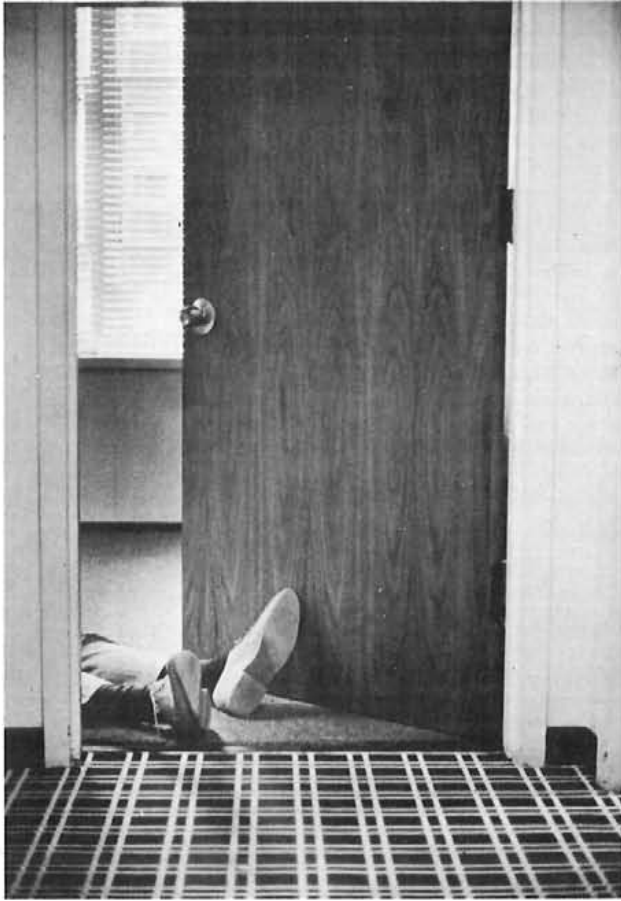
So the King he arose, and found this Judith, daughter of Joakim, son of Merari, son of Ox, who was the son of Mannasseh, who was the son of Merari, who was the son of Ox, who was the son of Mannasseh, who was the son of Merari, and so on until the time of Abraham; and he took her to be his wife in the twenty-fifth year of his reign. And on the eighth day of their marriage he was taken to be circumcised. And on the sixty-third day he lay with her, and had knowledge of her.

But it came to pass that on the day the King lay with the woman Judith that she was even unclean, so the elder Joakim of the Israelites ordained a blood sacrifice to take place. And he took the ram of ordination, and caused the King to lay hands upon the head of the ram. And Joakim killed it, and took some of its blood and put it on the tip of the King's right ear, and on the thumb of his right hand, and on the great toe of his right foot. Then he took the fat, and the fat tail, and all the fat that was on the entrails, and the appendage of the liver, and the two kidneys with their fat, and the right thigh; and he put all these in the hands of the King, who swooned and became ashen as a leper.

And as the King Arphaxad lay swooning on the floor of the temple, behold, the hosts of Nebuchadnezzar, their infantry, chariots, cavalry, and all their hosts, which were as a swarm of locusts led by Midianite astrologer Sanbalat, entered through the great gates of the city Ecbatana and burned all the buildings that stood there, and slew every one who resisted him. But the hosts of the Israelites he suffered to live, and dwell in Ninevah, where they passed unmolested for years without number.



ILLUSTRATION BY BRAD HOLLAND



### **A. C. SPECTORSKY** *write on, over, and out*

RETURNING from an invigorating walk along the beach of St. Croix, where he makes his winter home, Spec, or Augie to his pals, prepares for his long day of editing by listening to records ("my favorites are the ones that have drum solos in them") and baking bread. A firm believer in the renaissance man, Augie likes to keep his hand in a lot of pies and is enrolled at the University of Michigan, where he takes television workshop, modern dancing, and ecology. "I want to know all I can about ecology because if we don't do something now, it might soon be too late, and I'm studying television because technical knowledge is always useful, and dancing, well, I guess I've always just liked dancing." When not hitting the books and posthumously editing *PLAYDEAD*, Spec liked to relax at the student union and chat with some of his fellow students. "The kids today are really so much more aware of everything that's going on. It's really good to be dead." Our sentiments exactly.

## UNDER THE LAWN

### **KEN PURDY** *auto maniac*

IN THE PERIOD of time prior to Ken's personal blowout, Ken enthusiastically liked to hike, play the guitar, listen to records, and bake bread. "Doing things like that relaxes me and makes me feel I'm getting back to the earth." Ken went back to the earth for good this past June and seems to be enjoying it, from what we can gather. Always one for relaxing *au naturel* at his father's funeral parlor, Ken thinks that governments should be more responsive to the needs of all of the people and shouldn't have to resort to war to solve differences. And he adds, "Meaningful dissent is important, but I don't think it includes blowing up things and throwing bricks."





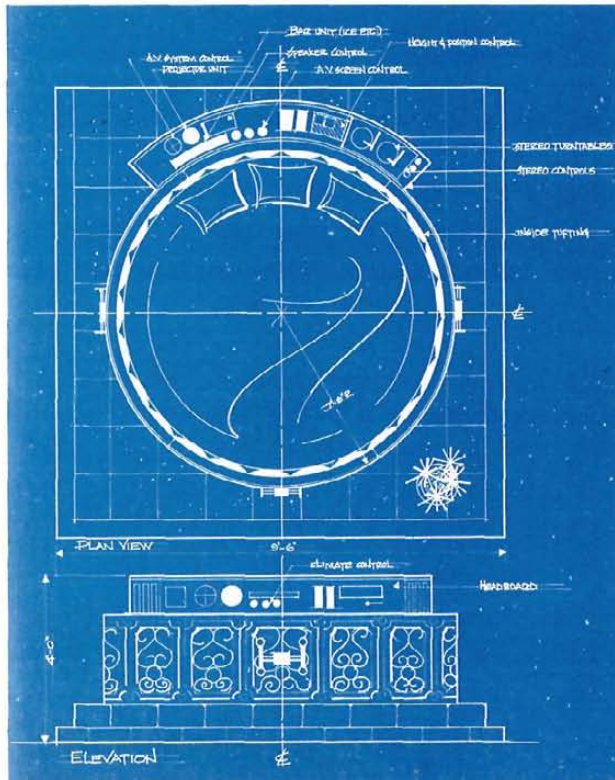
MODERN DYING

# The Playdead Pad/A Tomb With a View

Presented on this page are plans for the ultimate in funeral digs, an *après-vie* retreat, which, in the opinion of the dead-tors, provides a fine and private place for the discriminating playbody with a penchant for post putrefaction.

From the heavy-duty iron doors through whose keyhole our ghostly host issues forth to greet us, to the sunken necreation area where most of the moldering goes on, this mausoleum is a monument to easy afterliving. As we enter, we note that solid prestressed-concrete construction throughout protects our postmortem companion both from a yegg in his bier and from crypt-crashing maggots who might want to nosh in his niche (see Thomas Mario's *Food For Worms*, PLAYDEAD, November 1969).

Passing into the vault, we reflect on the good taste of this forever-chamber's ossuarial occupant in selecting a last-straw bury-preserve that embodies so many of the amenities of the good death, and frankly we're too polite to mention that his *chateau* with an *accent grave* seems to have mausitosis. But the catafalque hasn't got our tongue when it comes to commenting on the charnucopia of posthumous possessables that litter his litter, a testament to the grin-and-take-it-with-you attitude which PLAYDEAD has long espoused (see *The Playdead Necrology*, part 1, January, 1958; part 2, March, 1958; part 3, June, 1958; part 4, August, 1958; part 5, December, 1958; part 6, February, 1959; part 7, May 1959; part 8, July, 1959; part 9, *(continued on page 336)*



From the moment when he kicks the bucket (burnished copper with brass handles: \$24.95, from Necrotics) until the last trump sounds, the man with *savoir mourir* will be on shroud nine in the Playdead Circular Coffin. Amply proportioned, richly appurtenanced, and lavishly accoutered, this Mama Cassket has room for the carefree carcass and his sepulchritudinous *corpa delicta* to peter out on their pall and stay merry as they decay à deux in Seventh-Sealy-Posturepedic comfort. While magic fingers massage the abra-cadavers, a cross-the-bar offers a wide selection of exotic embalmables and an automatic eternal sound system plays music to rot by, allowing our dead man-in-the-know and the nookie in his nook to turn into mulch in tasteful entombment.

## A HISTORY OF DEATH IN THE CINEMA

(continued from page 45)

Sharon Tate in the Manson movies and President Kennedy in the Zapruder film.

Generally speaking, however, the American movie industry has been very timid in treating on-camera death, and until the wave of D-rated films at the end of the sixties, the typical Hollywood product shied away from showing rictus, the death rattle, or even rigor mortis. Traditionally, the scene shifted from the deathbed to an absolutely glassy, smooth sea, a landscape of trees in a dead calm, or to dud firecrackers misfiring.

The morality responsible for this cinematic timidity was based and, to the extent that it remains in force today, still is, on something of a double standard. The same local officials who decry necrography at the local Loew's can be found down at the union or legion hall on beer night watching "black" movies or slipping furtively into "weep shows."

That the atmosphere is changing for the better there can be no doubt, but actors and actresses are still reluctant to appear totally unalive in movies, and even today, in the most frigid "cold parts" of major studio productions, lilies obscure key areas of the body, drowned bodies are always shown face down, and scenes of hangings rarely display more than the dangling legs.

Therefore, it's not surprising to find

that European film makers, even in 1972, still dominate the most film market. Germany, which took an early lead in the field in the thirties, remains, in title at least, the death capital of the world; and German film-makers churn out literally hundreds of hard-corpse features each year, varying in quality from monotonous deathsploitation films and crude "dying stag" movies to the poetic *Everyone's Dead on the Eastern Front* and this year's film-festival entry, *Massacre at München*.

In France, the *nouvelle-morgue* movement contributed heavily to a new, more explicit treatment of death, and the very low quality, but in many ways revolutionary, footage made in Algerian studios in the early sixties left a lasting impression on the French film industry.

Interestingly enough, it was in Algeria that many of the best film makers who later turned up in Vietnam to take advantage of the enormous creative explosion occurring there received their first training. And, of course, in the last five years Vietnam has become the biggest producer of posthumous features.

In terms of scope, the Vietnamese productions don't compare with extravaganzas like the Soviet classics, *One Million Enemies of the State Buy the Collective Farm*, and *What Ever Happened to Babi Yar?*, and in popularity they can't compete with the mass of "Carrion" films produced by British studios in Ireland (most recently, *Carrion Catholic Children* and *Carrion Belfast Housewives*),

(continued on page 234)

## Last Resorts

(continued from page 56)

is the Côte Funèbre, whose narrow, dangerously winding roads make it the number-one slaughtering spot for the sports-car-crazy jet-set.

Best known of the many cemeteries in the region is the quaint, overgrown burial-ground in St. Crapaud where Régie Autonome des Transports Parisiens, the twenty-four-year-old heir to the French subway fortune, was buried in 1963 after he drove his Lotus Elan into a lime tree on the Grande Corniche. The trend towards St. Crapaud got an early boost when two members of café society who made the trip from Nice to attend the funeral were killed in a collision just outside of town and were buried in the same graveyard later that day.

Unfortunately, the tide of fashion has swept on, and at least a dozen bodies have been exhumed in the last two years and moved to more *au courant* diggeries. Chief among these is the potter's field in Fornicazzi di Cano, a tiny Italian hill town about fifty kilometers from the French border. But for those who don't mind breaking new ground, there are several less sought-after spots with more to recommend them.

Best of the smaller French cemeteries is Le Cimetière de Notre Dame de l'Addition in Lavez-les-Mains, a small, pleasant village about thirty kilometers west of Cannes. The local undertakers are Le-Grand et Fils, and they have a well deserved three-shovel rating from the prestigious *Mortchelin* Guide. Insist on trying the local embalming fluids. They tend to be a little garlicky and quite filling, but they make up in zest what they lack in sophistication.

Incidentally, this is a good time to lay to rest a few old tourist myths. French graveyards are not full of worms, and the ground water is perfectly acceptable. The earth tends to be dryer and sandier in the south of France, with a bouquet all its own, but it is no "dirtier" than the loam that most American memorial parks use. And those tales of French "pickcaskets" are vastly exaggerated.

A word to the wise: most of the towns in the Côte Funèbre are located near winding roads. It is best to book in advance during the summer season, when all of France gets into cars made out of old truffle-cans and drives into trees.

Last but not least are the minuscule fishing villages of the eastern Mediterranean coast. Best of these is Mal-de-Mer, where a simple, no-fuss burial at sea can be arranged for the equivalent of about \$40, including rental of motor launch.

But whatever your taste, you can be assured that in the beautiful, bountiful Côte Funèbre, you'll find just the place you're dying to be!



# PLAYDEAD JAZZ PALL ALL-STARRED BAND

BIG SID CATLETT  
drums

JOHN COLTRANE  
tenor sax

CLIFFORD BROWN  
trumpet

LOUIS ARMSTRONG  
trumpet

CHARLIE PARKER  
alto sax

PFC. PRUITT  
bugle

SERGE CHALOFF  
baritone sax

BRIAN JONES  
guitar

HARRY TRUMAN  
honorary dead

TED LEWIS  
Clarinet

CHARLIE CHRISTIAN  
guitar

JIMMY HENDRIX  
guitar

40LBS. OF AL HIRT  
trumpet

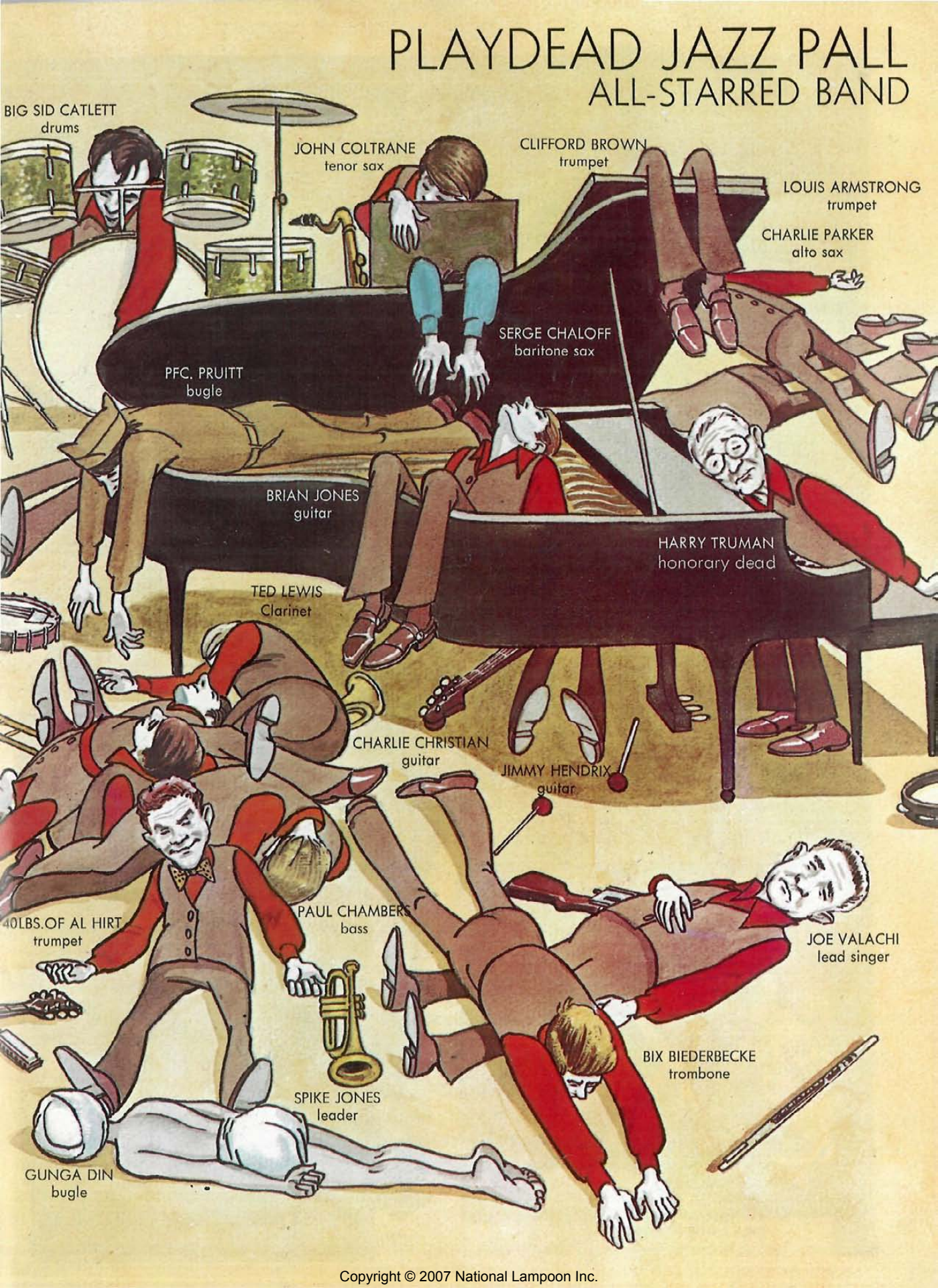
PAUL CHAMBERS  
bass

JOE VALACHI  
lead singer

BIX BIEDERBECKE  
trombone

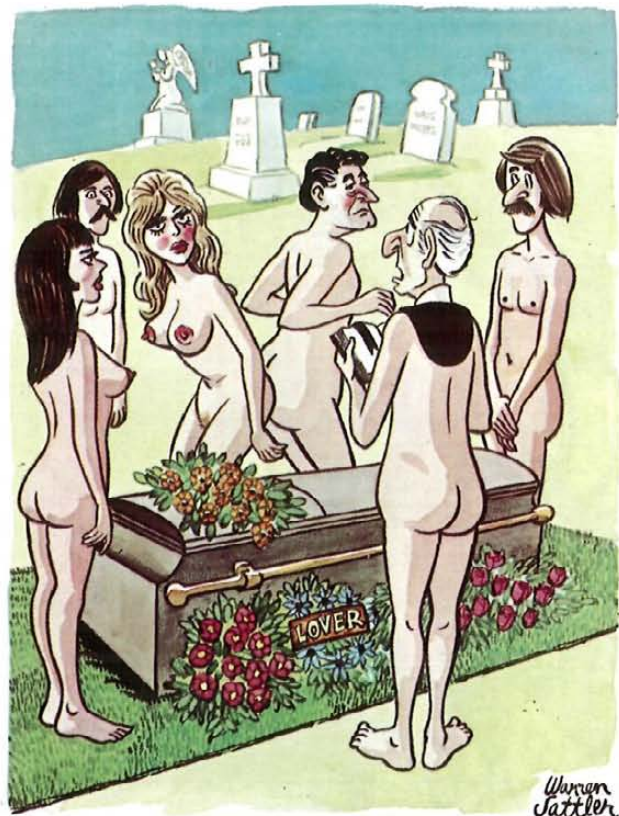
GUNGA DIN  
bugle

SPIKE JONES  
leader

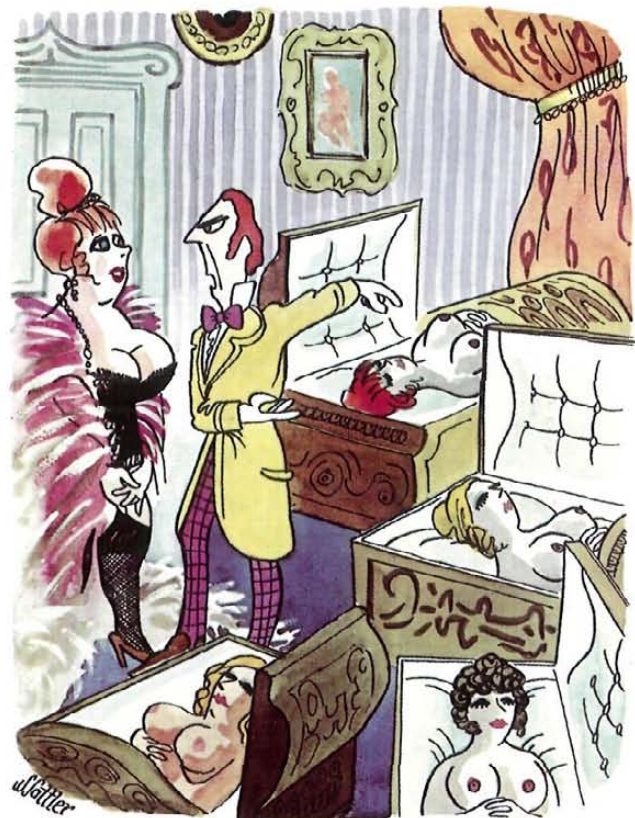




"Don't pay any attention to her. She doesn't know whether she's coming or going."



"I said, 'ashes to ashes,' Mr. Abernathy."



"I'm not paying. You said she was a virgin."





From their very first album and performances,  
everyone knew something special was coming.

In January after almost a year of hard work, Kenny Loggins and Jim Messina put together their first album. It became the sleeper hit of the year.

They followed it with a year-long tour that catapulted their name and high energy music straight across the country.

And now, to compound their triumph, the follow-through. The new album is simply called "Loggins and Messina."

And it's the sum of all the excitement they've spread this year.

*Loggins  
And  
Messina*  
KC 3174B

New On Columbia  
Records and Tapes



**WALDO**

REMEMBER WHEN YOUR FIRST GROWN-UP DIED AND HOW UN-REAL IT WAS AND HOW HARD IT WAS FOR YOU TO RISE TO THE OCCASION BECAUSE EVERYTHING ABOUT IT WAS JUST TOO DAMN BIG?

OH, GOD, HARRY-I JUST-I JUST CAN'T BELIEVE JACK'S GONE!

I KNOW, SWEETHEART. THERE, THERE, SWEETHEART...

KOF! KOF!

WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME? I LIKED UNCLE JACK. HE WAS SWELL TO ME. I WISH HE WASN'T DEAD. HOW COME I'M NOT CRYING? I SHOULD BE CRYING!

HOLD IT, WALDO!

ECH!

I ONLY JUST THINK OF MYSELF, IS WHAT IT IS! EVEN WHEN UNCLE JACK IS DEAD AND THEY'RE GOING TO PUT HIM IN THE GROUND-ALL I CAN THINK OF IS ME!

HOLD IT, WALDO GOD DAMMIT!

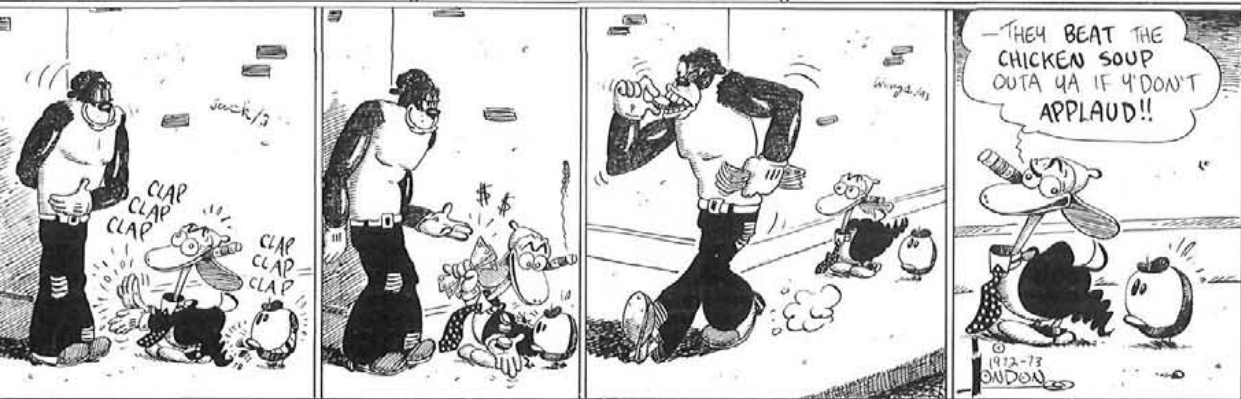
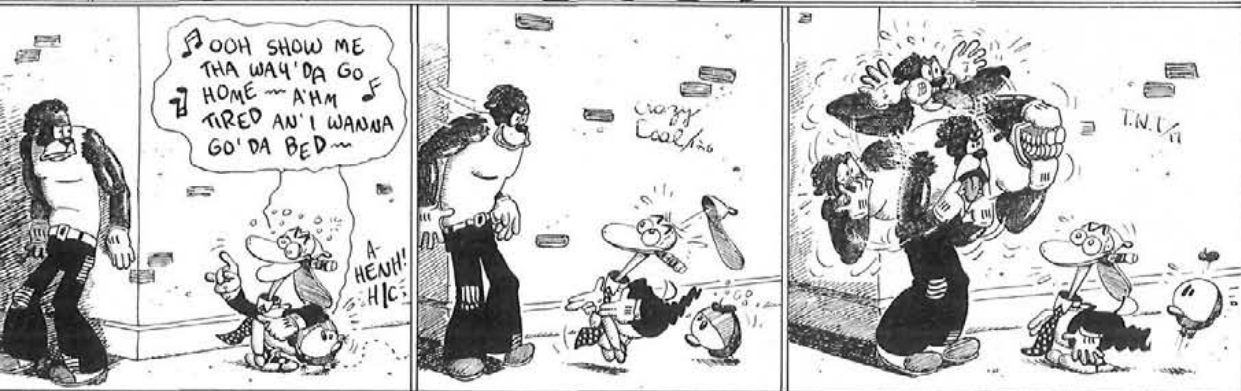
GAH!

Sahari Wilson

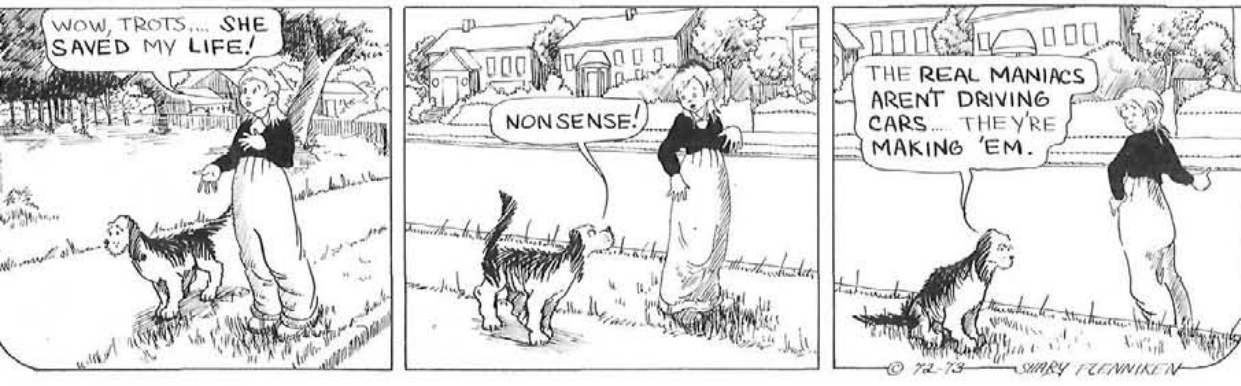
IF YOU DIED, I COULD CRY FOR YOU, WALDO!

SKCH!

NEXT MONTH: THE FUNERAL



# TROTS and BONNIE



...AND NOW BEFORE ENDING OUR BROADCASTING DAY, WE BRING YOU...

# Carmonette

BY ED BLUESTONE



THIS JERK SENT YOU **SNOW SHOES**, BUT IT'S NOT A BAD HAUL THIS YEAR. **GOLF CLUBS**, **TWO STEREOS**, A **COLOR TV**... I CAN USE ALL OF THIS STUFF

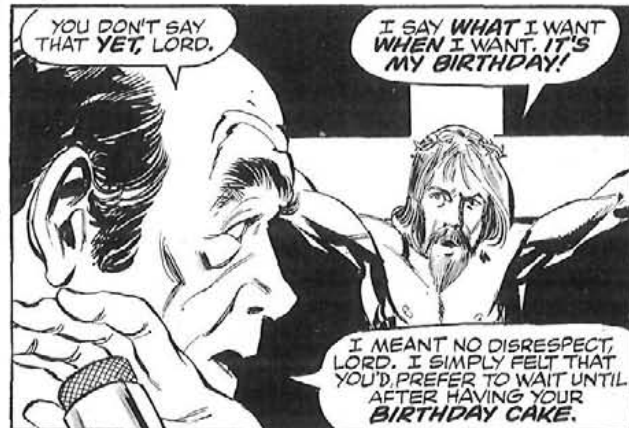
**MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR**

I THINK WE'RE ON THE AIR.



UH, UM... **MERRY CHRISTMAS!** I'M FATHER THOMAS CARLSON, AND I WAS HELPING THE LORD OPEN A FEW OF HIS MANY **BIRTHDAY PRESENTS**.

THERE'S NO TRUTH TO THE RUMOR THAT CARLSON KEEPS THE PRESENTS.



YOU DON'T SAY THAT **YET**, LORD.

I SAY WHAT I WANT WHEN I WANT. IT'S MY **BIRTHDAY!**

I MEANT NO DISRESPECT, LORD. I SIMPLY FELT THAT YOU'D PREFER TO WAIT UNTIL AFTER HAVING YOUR **BIRTHDAY CAKE**.



OH! BY ALL MEANS. **LAY IT ON ME!**

THE CAKE HAS A **VOICE**. HOW **CLEVER** OUR STAFF IS!

MERCY MILD GOD AND SINNER RECONCILED



LOOKS **DELICIOUS!** BOY, DO I LOVE **BIRTHDAYS!**

THERE'S A **LITTLE HAND** COMING OUT OF THE **TOP** OF THE **CAKE**.

**GULP!**



A **WOMAN** MY **SIZE!!!**

**BON SOIR**, JEEZUS!

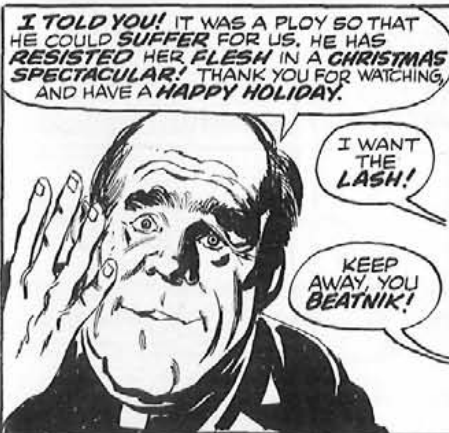
LORD, I'M SORRY. THIS MUST BE THE **PRODUCER'S** IDEA OF A **JOKE**.



**JOKE**, MY FOOT, THAT'S **JOAN OF ARC**. I'VE ALWAYS **WANTED** HER. SHE'S SO **GOOD**. SO **VIRTUOUS**. A **SAINT** WITH A **BODY** OF A **WOMAN**. **LET ME AT HER!**

MONSIEUR, WHY DON'T YOU **CLIMB** DOWN FROM YOUR **LEETLE** **CROSS** AND **SEE** ME **SOMETIME?**

HERE GOES THE **BALL GAME**. IT'S **BACK** TO **BOOKING** THAT **SQUIRT** AT **RODEOS**.



# MULE'S DINER stan mack

MULE, YOU LOOK AT ME NOW, YOU WOULDN'T KNOW I ONCE HAD IT MADE.



I HAD MONEY AND SPENT IT - THREW IT AWAY.



THERE WAS THIS RICH OLD GUY - HERMAN - HAD A THING FOR NOSES. I WORKED A DEAL WITH HIM.



EVERY MORNING AT 6:00 AM. I'D SNEAK INTO HIS PLACE AND SIT QUIET WHILE HE MAKES OUT WITH MY NOSE.



HE GOT REAL EXCITED. IT WAS AWFUL.



AFTER AWHILE HE'D HAVE HAD ENOUGH AND HE'D PAY ME \$100.



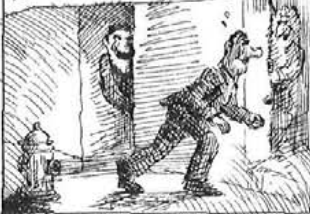
I'D RACE OUT AND SPEND THE DAY SPENDING AND FORGETTING.



WHAT A GREAT TIME! I NEVER THOUGHT ABOUT TOMORROW.



WELL, SOMEHOW A DUDE NAMED JONES CAUGHT THE ACT AND DECIDED TO MOVE IN.



HE WAS CRAZY CLEVER. FIRST HE BOUGHT RED WINE, PEPPERCORNS, BAY LEAF, CLOVES, ONIONS, AND ROSEMARY.



LATER HE MIXES ALL THIS STUFF TOGETHER, SLICES INTO HIS NOSE, POURS THE MIX INTO THE CUTS, AND CHILLS OVERNIGHT.



NEXT MORNING AT 5:00 HE SNEAKED INTO HERMAN'S KITCHEN AND STUCK HIS NOSE ON A HOT GRILL.



HERMAN SMELLS BURNING FLESH, SPOTS JONES'S NOSE AND IS OVERCOME WITH PASSION.



BY THE TIME I ARRIVE, HERMAN'S MADE A NEW DEAL - EVEN UPPED THE PRICE.



JONES WAS IN AND I WAS OUT. CREDITORS CLOSED IN, FRIENDS LEFT, COULDN'T FIND A JOB. I NEVER GOT ANOTHER BREAK.



HOW CAN YOU FIGURE IT, MULE? A GUY CRAZY ENOUGH TO MARINATE HIS OWN NOSE.



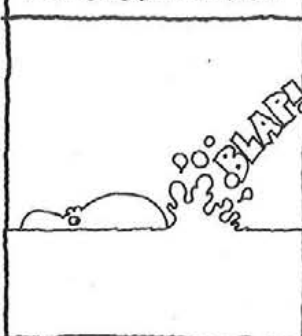
**FAMOUS COMIC ARTISTS SCHOOL**  
BY BRUCE COCHRAN

## LESSON # 5

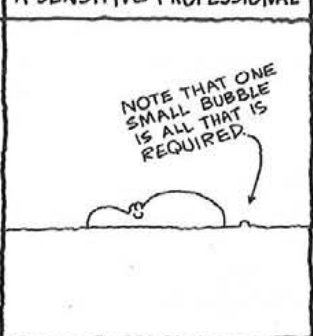
### HIPPOTAMUS FARTS

AN OVERSTATED HIPPOPOTAMUS FART CAN TURN OFF THE SENSITIVE READER. "WHO NEEDS THIS SHIT?!", HE OR SHE MAY SAY.

OVERSTATED, MUD-SPLATTERING HIPPOPOTAMUS FART



DELICATE HIPPO FART, TASTEFULLY DRAWN BY A SENSITIVE PROFESSIONAL





They Only Come Out At Night

The  
Edgar Winter  
Group

Produced by  
Rick Derringer  
Epic

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