

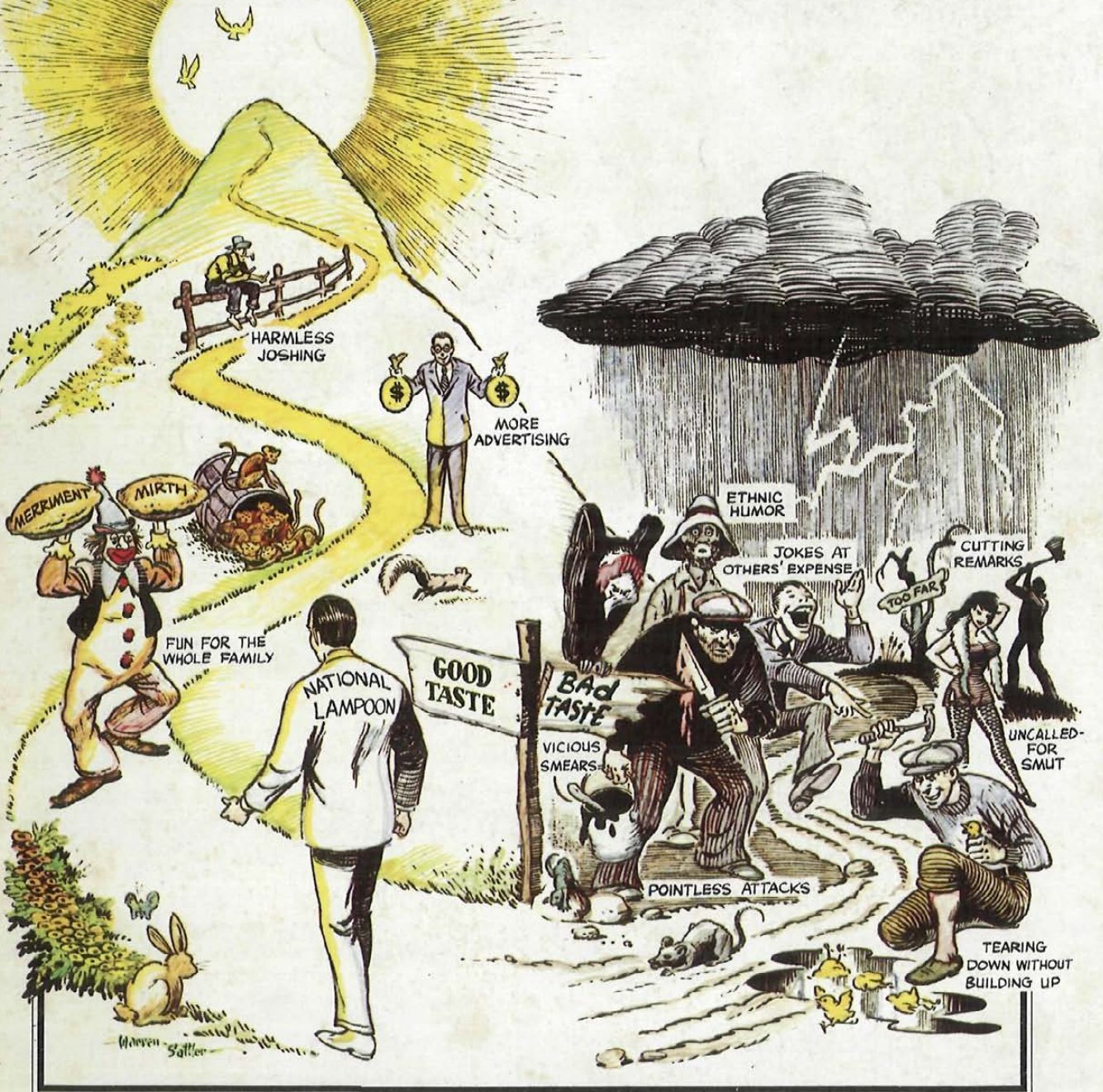
SWEETNESS AND LIGHT

Talking lilies, waltzing bears, clean jokes, first love, happy endings, new ice-cream flavors, peace in our lifetime, glow worms, fireflies, songs for your mom, surprise parties, huggycar, kissyface, rub-a-dub, and chin chortles.

NATIONAL LAMPOON

MARCH, 1973 THE HUMOR MAGAZINE 75 CENTS

IND
34490



"The performance of the Sherwood S8900A left nothing to be desired. Both its FM and audio sections delivered what we would consider 'state of the art' performance."

Hirsch-Houck Laboratories

Hirsch-Houck Laboratories has a well deserved reputation for conducting incisive, "un-puffed" tests on sophisticated audio equipment. Which makes their report on our S8900A [FM] and S7900A [AM/FM] receivers in February *Stereo Review* doubly gratifying. In almost every case their measurements exceeded our specifications.

Example: Our power rating is 60 watts per channel [8 ohms, both channels driven]; Hirsch-Houck measured 75 watts.

Example: At rated output we specify distortion [from 20-20,000 Hz] of 0.3%; Hirsch-Houck measured only 0.07%!

Example: We specify FM sensitivity of 2.7 uv for 50 db signal to noise ratio; Hirsch-Houck Labs measured 2.3 uv.

Other excerpts: "Unlike many receivers, the S-8900A can deliver its rated power at *all* audio frequencies."

"The S-8900A's FM tuner was as noteworthy as its amplifier section. Its measured IHF sensitivity was 1.9 microvolts, and a 50 dB signal-to-noise ratio [with which a program could be considered listenable] was achieved at only 2.3 microvolts."

"With the current publicity being given to various quadraphonic recording systems, it is well to remember that the Dynaquad can synthesize rear-channel ambiance from stereo material as well as any system—and better than most."

Reprints of the entire Test Report are available from us or from your nearest Sherwood Dealer.

But don't rely on mere words when you can experience one of the best sounds in the medium \$400 price range. [\$429.95 for the S8900A and \$459.95 for the S7900A]

See your Sherwood Dealer.

Sherwood Electronic Laboratories, Inc., 4300 North California Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60618



**Excitement
by Sherwood**

CHOICE



MARY TRAVERS'
new album,

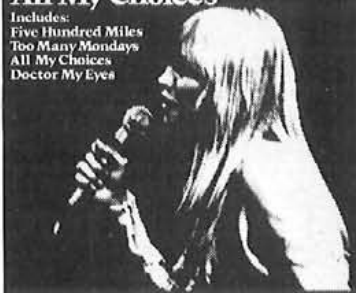
ALL MY CHOICES

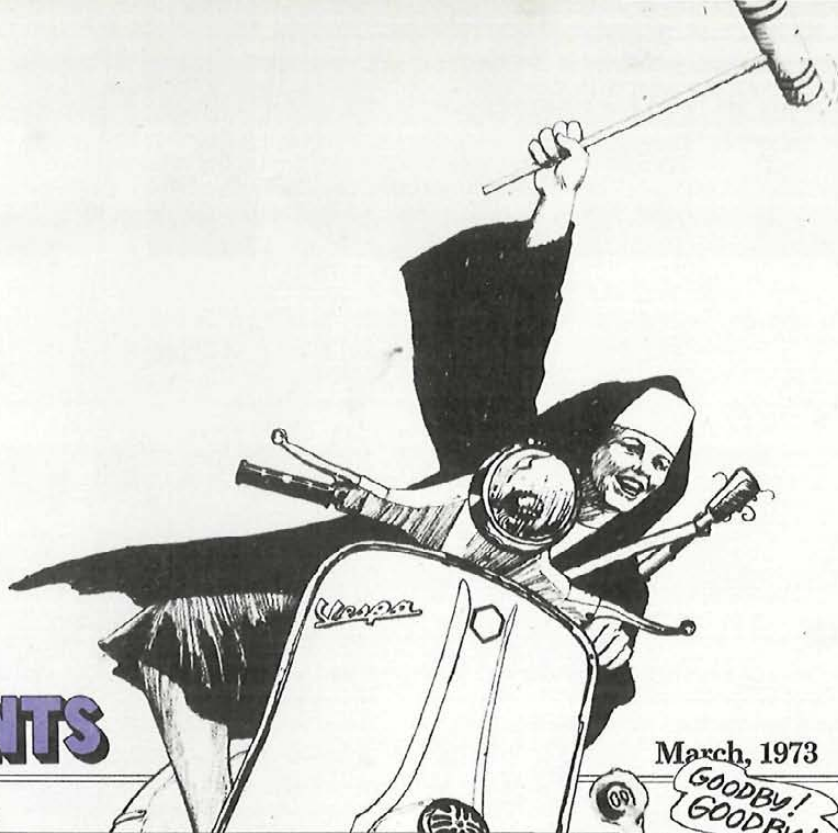
produced by
Milton Okun,

on Warner Bros. records and tapes.

MARY TRAVERS
All My Choices

Includes:
Five Hundred Miles
Too Many Mondays
All My Choices
Doctor My Eyes





CONTENTS

March, 1973 Vol. 1, No. 36

Angels in Crewcuts, 30

By Brian McConnachie

My Own Stamp Album, 33

By Bruce McCall

Garden Giggles, 39

By Michael O'Donoghue

The Young Adorables, 42

By Gerald Sussman

Another "True Life" Western Romance, 47

By M. K. Brown

Pharmacopoeia, 50

By Chris Miller

50 Nice Things About Nixon, 56

By Anne Beatts

National Inspirer, 57

By Henry Beard and P. J. O'Rourke

The Happy Ending, 65

By Edward Gorey

Stuff to Make Playing with Your Food Even More Fun Than It Already Is, 79

By Michael O'Donoghue

Editorial, 4

Letters, 8

Mrs. Agnew's Diary, 12

True Facts, 18

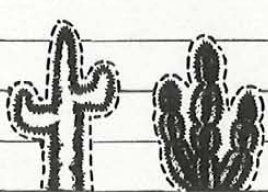
News on the March, 22

Foto Funnies, 41

Funny Pages, 85

Coming Next Month, 96

RIP-OFFS



NATIONAL LAMPOON® MAGAZINE: "National Lampoon" is a registered trademark of National Lampoon, Inc. The Lampoon name is used with the permission of the Harvard Lampoon, Inc. Copyright © 1973 National Lampoon, Inc., 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. All rights reserved. Nothing may be reprinted in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher. Any similarity to real people and places in fiction and semification is purely coincidental. **SUBSCRIPTIONS:** Published monthly by National Lampoon, Inc., 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. \$6.95 paid annual subscription, \$11.95 paid two-year subscription, and \$15.95 paid three-year subscription in territorial U.S. Additional \$1.00 for Canada and Mexico. \$2.00 for foreign. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices. **CHANGE OF ADDRESS:** Subscriber please send change of address to Circulation Manager, National Lampoon Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Be sure to give old address, new address, and zip code for both. Allow six weeks for change. **POSTMASTER:** Please mail Form 3579 notices to: Circulation Manager, National Lampoon Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. **ADVERTISING INFORMATION:** Contact Advertising Director, National Lampoon Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, or call (212) 688-4070. **EDITORIAL INFORMATION:** Contact Submissions Editor, National Lampoon Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, or call (212) 688-4070. Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings, and photographs submitted if they are to be returned. Publisher assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material.

Why you should buy the best turntable you can afford.

Chances are you've already put more money into your record collection than into the rest of your entire component system.

That's reason enough to make sure that nothing happens to your records when you play them.

Remember, records are made of soft vinyl, and they're played with a diamond-tipped stylus. And there's nothing harder on this earth than a diamond.

If that stylus can't respond easily and freely to all the contours of the record groove, there's trouble. Especially with the sharp and fragile curves which produce the high frequencies. Instead of going around these peaks, the stylus will simply lop them off. And with those little bits of vinyl go the high notes, your record and your investment.

There's still more to consider. The record must rotate at precisely the right speed, or pitch will be off. The motor must be quiet and free of vibration, or rumble will be added to the music.

In short, the turntable should neither add sounds to a record, nor take any away. And

that's the kind of turntable you should want. To get that kind of turntable, we suggest you ask someone you know and trust who really knows components. A friend. A record reviewer. An audio engineer, or a good audio dealer.

And if you'd like to read more about turntables, we'll send you two booklets that someone else wrote. One tells you what to look for in turntables. The other tells you what independent test labs have reported about the Duals they've evaluated.

We'll leave it to you to decide if you can afford anything less than a Dual.



United Audio Products, Inc.,
120 So. Columbus Ave.,
Mt. Vernon, N.Y. 10553. Attn: Dept. NL

Please send me your free literature on turntables.
I won't mind if you include your own catalog.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____



United Audio Products, Inc., 120 So. Columbus Ave., Mt. Vernon, N.Y. 10553

Exclusive U.S. Distribution Agency for Dual.

EDITORIAL PAGE

Say, wonderful crowd of readers we have here. Really. I'd like to take you all home with me—I live at the Esalen Institute, so I mean that! . . . You know, my whole family lives there. We all like it. Take my wife—and that's one of the beautiful things about Esalen! . . . But you have to give her right back because I love her. Really a kind woman. She's so kind that when our son's pet chicken caught cold she boiled her own hand to give it a bowl of schiksa soup! . . . She's great! . . .

But that's nothing compared to her mother. My mother-in-law is the best. One time I was protesting the war. And my mother-in-law called the cops—you shoulda *heard* what she called the cops! . . .

Of course that was before we moved to California. I mean, I went to a demonstration *here*, and before I'd done anything this patrolman gave me a belt—a real nice one—hand-made, silver buckle, and everything! . . . And the other day when I was on jury duty a guy got tried for insulting a hippie. "Look, fellow," the judge said, "if you think you don't like hippies, next time you want marijuana—ask a cop!" . . . I can't believe it. It's all peace and love out here. The riot squad goes around stuffing flowers into hash pipes! . . . My kid thought a minority ghetto was a short play by Beckett! . . .

But I'm not knocking the rest of the country just because California is so wonderful. Everything's getting better. Like now that Government jobs are completely nondiscriminatory, things are getting better for black people. Why, there are so many

blacks working in the U.S. Mint that it's illegal for Rhodesian dance-hall girls to stuff American money down the front of their dresses! . . .

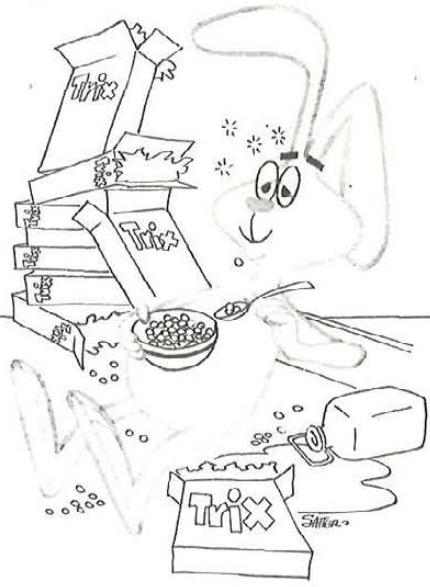
Yeah, things are getting better. Of course money doesn't grow on trees yet. But before the exhaust emission controls *leaves* didn't even grow on trees! . . . Things are so good that the last time I tuned in on "Dragonet" they were looking for some guy who forgot his wife's anniversary! . . . No kidding. And my uncle Bradley. He's completely suicidal. But the last couple of times he tried to hang himself he used a clip-on tie! . . . Always lands on his feet when he does that!

And it's sweeping the world. All you have to do is read the papers. King Hussein's son had a briss! . . . Somebody just opened a chain of carry-out curry parlors in Uganda! . . . And when you say "tanks" in Czechoslovakia, they say "you're welcome!"

Really. You know, just last week a bunch of Algerian stockbrokers hijacked a DC-3, demanded \$100,000 from the Black Panther Party, and donated it to the Bank of America! . . .

But if you think that's going to a lot of trouble, take a look at this issue. You probably think it's fun, making up jokes about Man's Victory over Rubella and How to Teach Your Begonia to Tap Dance. Like *@!?* it is. And all so Brian McConnachie can have something to show to his mother. She thinks *National Lampoon* is an Italian light-fixtures catalogue. Go sit on a kitten, McConnachie. - P.J.

Plugs: Playboy Press has just published an excellent collection of Ga-



han Wilson's cartoons entitled *Playboy's Gahan Wilson*. It contains nearly 300 of Wilson's appetite-reducing drawings, half of them in color, and costs \$2.50.

Dodd, Mead and Co. has published a very fine new collection of twenty-one of Jean Shepherd's stories (one of which, "Great Expectations, or the War of the Worlds" originally appeared in the *National Lampoon*) called *The Ferrari in the Bedroom*.

Our thanks to Playboy Press and Dodd, Mead and Co. for the five cases of Piper Cub Cordon Sanitaire champagne, the pair of handsome Benelux Revolta watches, the life memberships in the Playboy Dude Dairy Farm in Rising Gorge, Wisconsin, and the Karman Miranda BLT 400 Roadster. I guess this goes to show that the publishing industry has a heart, after all.

Cover: Copping two 4s, a 3, and a 2 from a bunch of goddamn Commie judges from Bulgaria, this flawless Assisted Last-Minute Idea Executed from a Sitting Position (degree of difficulty of 10) still gets Warren Sattler, three-time American Artistic Association Felt-tip Pentathlon champion, a prestigious Steel Medal for the good old USA. □

Editors: **Henry Beard, Michael O'Donoghue, Tony Hendra, Brian McConnachie** Design Director: **Michael Gross**

Senior Editors: **Sean Kelly, George W. S. Trow, Douglas Kenney**

Art Director: **David Kaestle** Associate Art Director: **Sonja Douglas**

Copy Editor: **Judy Gould** Editorial Assistant: **Louise Gikow** Art Assistant: **Celia Bau**

Contributing Editors: **Anne Beatts, Ed Bluestone, John Boni, Terry Catchpole, Christopher Cerf, Michel Choquette, Dean A. Latimer, Bruce McCall, Chris Miller, P. J. O'Rourke, John Weidman**

Contributing Artists: **R. O. Blechman, Peter Bramley, M. K. Brown, Randall Enos, John Glashan, Edward Gorey, Dick Hess, Stan Mack, Rick Meyerowitz, Arnold Roth, Warren Sattler, Frank Springer, Gahan Wilson**

Production Manager: **Carolyn Yeager** Associate Editor (Gt. Brit.): **J. Dudley Fishburn**

Staff Assistant: **Michael Simmons** Subscription Manager: **Howard Jurofsky**

Publisher: **Gerald L. Taylor**

The National Lampoon, Inc. is a subsidiary of Twenty First Century Communications, Inc.

Chairman: **Matty Simmons** President: **Leonard Mogel** Vice-President: **George Agoglia**
Vice-President, Sales: **Gerald L. Taylor**

New York: **Doug Bornstein**, Eastern Advertising Manager, National Lampoon, 635 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022, (212) 688-4070. Chicago: **William H. Sanke**, 1013 Brookside Lane, Deerfield, Ill. 60015, (312) 945-2820. West Coast: 10960 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. (213) 478-0611.

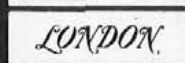


MAM-5

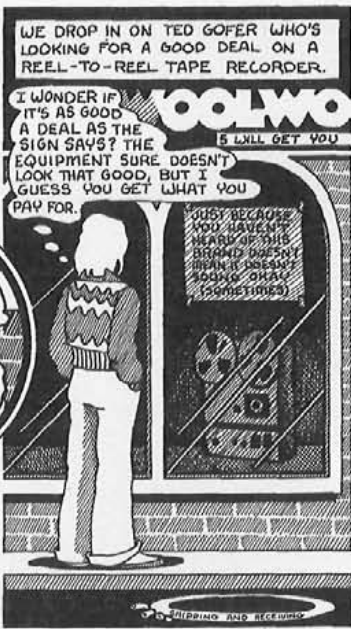
Gilbert O'Sullivan
himself has a brand new LP...

"BACK TO FRONT." Included in it is
"Clair," a song we all know by now.
And twelve other songs written by
Gilbert O'Sullivan especially for
the occasion.

"BACK TO FRONT" by Gilbert
O'Sullivan. Available now!



Produced by Gordon Mills



★ 4000DS Stereo Tape Deck 3 Heads — including 2 AKAI One-Micron Gap Heads for recording and playback — Dual Monitoring ... Tape Selector Switch ... Sound-On-Sound, Sound-With-Sound, Mic/Line Mixing ... Automatic Shut-Off ... Pause Control ... Expanded Scale VU Meters.

AKAI™
AKAI America, Ltd./ P.O. Box 55055, Los Angeles, California 90055

The UNIVERSE Book Club invites you to join the

INNER CIRCLE

9407. En cycl. of Witchcraft and Demonology \$10

9886. En cycl. of Ancient and Forbidden Knowledge \$7.95

9316. Astrology for Adults \$7.95

9373. Fortune in Your Hand \$6.50

9480. I Ching \$7.95

9829. Dreams: Your Magic Mirror \$5.95

9415. Born Again \$5.95

3319. Linda Goodman's Sun Signs \$7.50

9449. A Complete Guide to the Tarot \$6.95

9654. Premonitions: A Leap Into the Future \$6.95

4648. What Witches Do \$5.95

9407. The Encyclopedia of Witchcraft and Demonology \$10

9464. Heaven Knows What \$10

9738. A World Beyond \$5.95

9647. Mastering Witchcraft \$6.95

8680. The Life Beyond Death \$6.95

9308. Psychics \$4.95

9712. A Time For Astrology \$9.95

9399. Astrology and Sexual Analysis \$6.50

9589. The Black Arts \$6.95

9365. Test Your ESP \$4.95

9613. Your Eastern Star \$5.95

1750. The Occult: A History \$10

9464. Heaven Knows What \$10

9738. A World Beyond \$5.95

9647. Mastering Witchcraft \$6.95

8680. The Life Beyond Death \$6.95

9308. Psychics \$4.95

9712. A Time For Astrology \$9.95

9399. Astrology and Sexual Analysis \$6.50

9589. The Black Arts \$6.95

9365. Test Your ESP \$4.95

9613. Your Eastern Star \$5.95

Take any 4 books for only 98¢

...PLUS your personal computerized horoscope FREE! All with trial membership

Now. Take your place among those who seek a deeper understanding of life through the psychic sciences. ESP. Prophecy. Astrology. Telepathy. The Supernatural. With The Universe Book Club you get the best in occult books from all publishers at average savings of 50%. Plus convenient advance reviews. To-your-door delivery. Even charge account privileges. Choose four of the books above and join now. The Universe Book Club, Garden City, N.Y. 11530.

Prices shown are for publishers' editions. The Universe Book Club offers its own complete hard-bound editions, sometimes altered in size to fit special presses and save members even more.

THE UNIVERSE BOOK CLUB

23-U57

DEPT. CO-05, Garden City, N.Y. 11530

Please accept me as a member and send the 4 books listed below. Bill me only 98¢ plus shipping and handling. About every 4 weeks send descriptions of new selections. If I don't wish to receive the featured selection, or prefer an alternate, I'll give instructions on the form provided. Prices of books offered will average 50% off publishers' edition prices (plus shipping and handling). I need take only 4 books in the coming year and may resign thereafter.

NO-RISK GUARANTEE: If not delighted, I may return everything within 10 days. Membership will be canceled and I'll owe nothing. Include free COSMOSCOPE cast from the information I've provided.

Please allow three weeks for delivery of your personalized COSMOSCOPE.

SEX: _____	BIRTHDATE: _____	*If you don't know your birth time, 12 noon will be used.
M _____	month _____ day _____	Year _____ hour (AM or PM) _____
F _____	PLACE OF BIRTH: _____	
city _____	state _____	
county _____	country _____	

MR. _____
MRS. _____
MISS _____
(please print)

ADDRESS _____
CITY & STATE _____ ZIP _____

PHONE NUMBER _____

Members accepted in U.S.A. and Canada only. Canadian members will be serviced from Toronto. Offer slightly different in Canada.



There is music on your records you have probably never heard

The average listener spends more than twice as much on records as he does on his entire music system. And then never gets to hear many of the sounds on his records.

In most systems, the speakers limit the sounds to be heard. What goes in just doesn't all come out. This is because conventional speakers are simply not designed to convey some of the sounds that are vital in capturing the sense of the real musical experience.

BOSE speakers are designed to bring the sound to your ears in the same way it arrives during the actual performance. Projected from the entire wall of your room

as it was from the stage. With the full stereo experience everywhere in the room, not just in the middle.

The way to learn this is to *listen*. Listen to a record through a conventional system. Listen to a cymbal. Or a complex vocal harmony. A drum solo. An organ. How real does it sound? Does it evoke the emotion of the live performance?

Now listen to the record through a BOSE DIRECT/REFLECTING® speaker system. Bring your most demanding records to your BOSE dealer. Ask him to play them through BOSE speakers. You will hear music you have probably never heard before.

Covered by patent rights, issued and pending.
For copies of reviews and other literature,
write Bose Corp., Dept. L, Framingham, Ma. 01701

You can hear the difference now.



Sirs:

Your silence on the matter has been somewhat conspicuous, to say the least. Of course I'm referring to the new corporate name, Exxon. Exxon, as I'm sure you'll remember, was a rather unpopular but thoroughly effective laxative of the 1930s that went out of business several years ago. And now, for some vile marketing-research reason foreign to us all, the name has been revised and given to a gasoline. How utterly disgusting! And don't for a minute think that top-level management isn't howling right up their French cuffs at this effrontery to us all. Polluting our air and spoiling our beaches somehow wasn't enough for them—they now insult us in the basest of ways. I propose that every one of your readers do as I am doing and write to Standard Oil of New Jersey and demand that they change the name from Exxon to something else. Something nice. Or else their gasoline will be boycotted by every decent American. Please do this today. Thank you.

Ella Cox Bracy
Williamsburg, Va.

Say Hey:

How many outs is it? Is it one out? Or is it two outs? I forget how many outs it is.

Willie Mays
Shea Stadium, Say Hey

Sirs:

Hello there from down under. We are all, every one of us, in partial need of information and refreshments, as well as excitement and a little adventure thrown in to boot. But that's not all of it. We need also our sleep and our exercise to round us out. Since we're upside down in your daytime, that's when we get our sleep. Then the world turns over, you go to sleep, and we walk around on our feet or waltz—as we're quite fond of doing. Were we to stay up all night (your daytime), we would have to hold onto the ground with our hands or go falling out into space. You can easily see the difficulty of our situation, which brings me to the purpose of this letter, which is mainly an apology. We dug a big well in the middle of the country some months ago, and we forgot all about

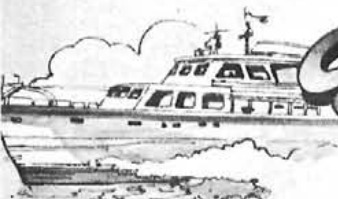
continued

Win a trip to

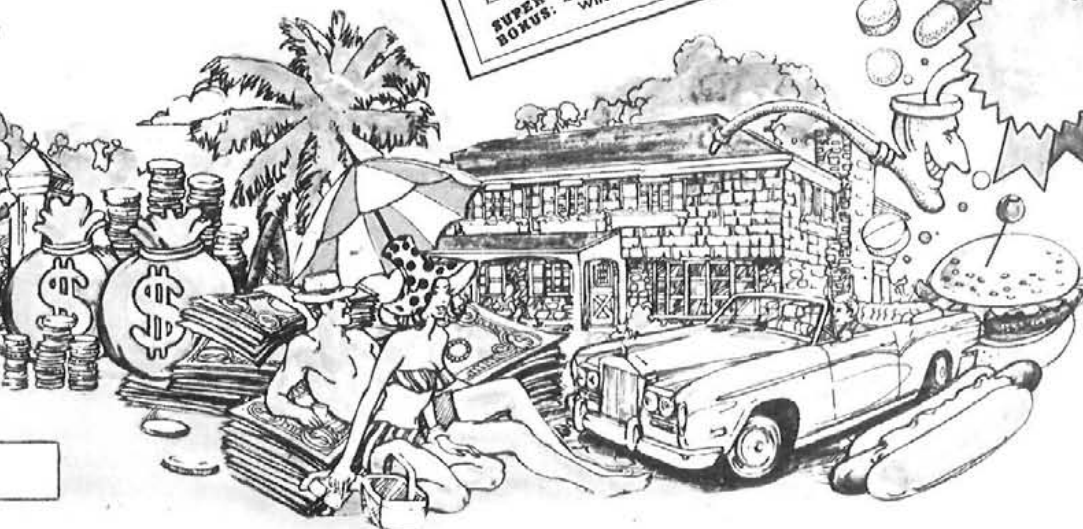
Artificial Paradise



Low pay . . . Long hours . . . Routines . . . No future. Is that what's got you down? Artificial Paradise is just around the corner. Just follow the bouncing ball down to your neighborhood record store, plunk down four or five crisp ones (depending on which part of the country you're from) and pick up The Guess Who's new album, "Artificial Paradise." The one that's wrapped funny. Come play in our vinyl.



3 FOURTH PRIZES!



continued

the business of turning over all of the time. Well, we forgot to put a top on the well, and all of the water fell out into space. And then a couple of weeks later I read in the paper that your whole East Coast got flooded with a torrential downpour last year. Quite a while passed before we put two and two together. All we say now is that we're real sorry and we promise to be more careful in the future.

William McMahon
Australia

Sirs:

"Why God Hates Women," by Four Jills in a Jeep: Why God hates women is anybody's guess, but He sure does. He gives them tits with cancer in them, bleeds them once a month, and sends them magazines like *Ms.* to read.

Four Jills in a Jeep
Fort Sill, Okla.

Sirs:

My stepfather came home drunk again that night, and I could tell by the look in his eyes that my worst fears had been realized. Stella had made sure that the rumors she was spreading about Joe and me had reached the ears of my stepfather's drinking cronies. They would have been only too eager to tell him the latest gossip, and he would have been

all ears. It never would have occurred to him to doubt the truth of these stories she'd been telling. She knew it and was counting on my stepfather's wrath against me to drive me out of town. She was determined to be rid of me at any cost, and as it turned out she succeeded.

Shirley Chisolm
Letchworth Village

Sirs:

If you receive a malicious or annoying phone call, hang up. Don't keep talking. This is what the caller wants. If the calls persist, please contact our business office. We have specially trained representatives who will work closely with you and the police in apprehending the offender. Our highly skilled teams will appear at your home or apartment and are prepared, if necessary, to hide in your closet, even though there be smelly underpants and other unmentionable items of yours piled up in there; and they will wait for however long it takes the offender to call back. So inconspicuous will they be that if you were to walk around stark, staring, bucko naked, using no hands to cover up the hair part, you wouldn't even be aware of their presence in the closet. You could even fall back on your bed with your legs spread and begin caressing

your genitals with such force and abandon in solitary ecstasy, moaning and writhing, going faster and harder (YES OH CHRIST GOD YES IT'S COMING), that were the phone to ring, you wouldn't have to stop. We would get it. You could go right on masturbating. What do you say? Let us know.

Dinah Cunningham
The Bell System

Sirs:

I'm an American too.

Lawrence Welk
Anaheim, Calif.

Sirs:

Are ye yet aware what your surquedy and outrecuidance merit, for scoffing at the entertainment of a prince of the House of Anjou? Take back your damned gorilla t-shirt!

Rev. Fitzroy Sandhope
Whoppingham and Forest Beach

Sirs:

Who put the ram in the ram-a-lam-a-ding-dong?

Dore Schary
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

It is apparent that you have refused to pay the charges you incurred at my psychiatric clinic and that further attempts to collect are futile. I regret that you feel this way about the therapy sessions I had with you, and can only hope that you will work out your problems with extreme paranoia on your own. This, of course, may be difficult because, some night when you're about to go to sleep, I am going to slip through the window, hide under your bed, and, when you finally conk off, slit your throat from lobe to lobe with a chain saw.

Dr. Ivan Kutchurcokov
Seattle, Wash.

NOW...from the same wizards who brought you Long Playing records and SQ 4-channel sound

...the **FAIL-SAFE** cassette.



Columbia knows a lot about recording. In fact—with all our record producers and studios and tape duplicating facilities, and CBS Labs—we probably know more about recording than anyone else.

That's why our new blank recording tape is so good. It's the same premium quality, gamma-ferric oxide formulation we use in our high-speed duplicators, where we turn out hundreds of millions of perfectly uniform tapes and where we can't afford signal drop-outs or housing jam-ups.

Everything must be perfect. We can't settle for less. And neither should you. Ask for Columbia recording tape. Cassettes, 8-tracks, open-reel, and accessories.

COLUMBIA
Blank Recording Tape



Manufactured by Columbia Magnetics/a product of Columbia Records/a Division of CBS, Inc.



"Oh, you remember me. I'm the memo you wrote in 1963 that put the skids under Harold Wilcox."

Be Sure To Hear The Advents.

If you're going to be buying some loudspeakers or a tape machine, it will be worth your while to make sure to see and hear Advent equipment.

We haven't been around very long, don't do a lot of advertising, and sell our products only through the fairly small number

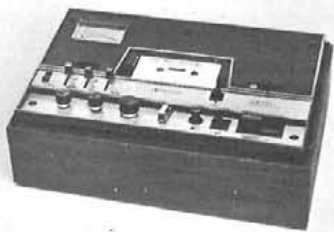


of dealers who we feel have the knowledge and display facilities to do them justice. But our products are best-sellers, and our word-of-mouth reputation is second to nobody's. Nothing we make is less than excellent, and if you need service or answers to questions, we—not a computer or a form-letter-spewer—take care of things quickly.

Most people know us by our speakers: the Advent Loudspeaker and The Smaller Advent Loudspeaker. Both of them are designed to be compared in every aspect of audible performance, including frequency response from the lowest to highest frequencies of musical interest, to the most elaborate and expensive speakers available. The only difference between them is that the original Advent will play slightly louder in bigger rooms than The Smaller Advent. Either one of them will take head-to-head competition with absolutely anything of any price, size, or vintage, and both sound obvi-

ously and dramatically better than many far more expensive systems. The original costs \$105 to \$125, depending on cabinet finish and the part of the country we've shipped it to. The Smaller costs \$70 to \$75.

We also make the Advent 201 Cassette Tape Deck, the Advent 202 Cassette Playback Deck, and Advent Chromium Dioxide Tape Cassettes. The 201 (\$280) has not only been called *the best* and *the state-of-the-art* cassette deck by audio critics, who don't usually get that explicit, but has been compared favorably with open-reel tape recorders of far higher price. (Owners of open-reel machines who buy a 201 consistently write us that it is the kind of tape deck they had always hoped for, and that they now

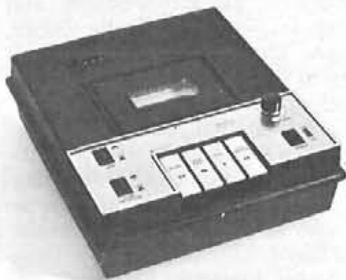


The 201

use their open-reel machine seldom or never.) The 202 (\$130) is an ideal machine for any purpose in which a "cassette turntable" (that plays cassettes but doesn't record them) is called for. 202's are currently sprouting like alfalfa in music libraries, especially in a headphone-amplified version (the 202HP, \$150) that combines with a stereo headset to provide the lowest-cost high-performance sound system you can find.

Both of our machines use the Dolby System of noise reduction, which we were the first to

apply to cassette recording, and which now has been accepted by recording companies and other equipment makers as the key to cassettes that sound as good as (or better than) the best records. We also pioneered the



The 202

use in cassettes of Du Pont's chromium-dioxide tape formulation, which previously had been used only in video taping and other studio applications. Chromium-dioxide is the ideal formulation for cassettes, and Advent cassettes cost the same as or less than other high-grade cassette tapes.

We have some interesting new products coming soon, including a new kind of color television set with a picture ten times the size of the biggest conventional set.

There are enough words in this ad already. So if you would like further information, including a list of Advent dealers, please send in the coupon.

Thank you.

To: Advent Corporation,
195 Albany Street,
Cambridge, Massachusetts 02139

Please send me some more information, including some on your color television set.

Name _____

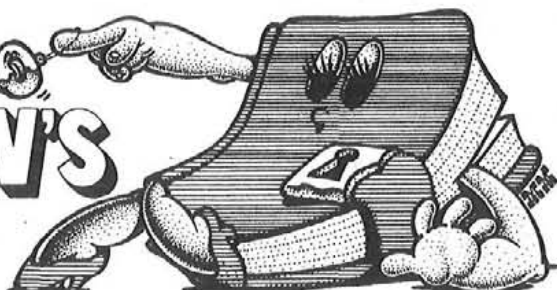
Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Advent Corporation, 195 Albany Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02139.

MRS. AGNEW'S DIARY



Dear Diary,

It looks like four more years of the same, only more so, and who'd have thunk it? Honestly, when I sit down sometimes in the Barcalounger and *cherchez la plume de Tante Perdu*, you know, kind of look back on it all and try to figure out how Spiggy and I ended up an eggbeater away from the Presidency, it just sometimes seems like a Bingo game where all the little squares on the card are marked FREE. When I think that just fifteen years ago Spiggy was elected President of the Baltimore PTA with those seven votes someone found on the canapé tray in spite of awful Mr. Vincenti giving that speech about how all the children would be eating sheep dip and goat curds for milk lunch if Spiggy won, I have to have a glass of Clamato juice and lie down just to keep my head from going into a spin-

dry cycle! You know, I think maybe Spiggy is a big deal in the zodiac, just like Madame Paprika said. I don't go in for this astronomy bit in a big way, but I had Spiggy's telescope done for him by a woman in a tea shop in Georgetown (done up like at the plan-aquarium with the Big Dipper on the walls) after we did some shopping in those phoney-baloney stores on R Street because Pat was looking for another one of those electric-football games for Dick to replace the one he broke over Mr. Rebozo's head, and they were all out of them downtown. We could have saved the trip because the only game these places were selling was that one Eddie Fisher played against Boris Karloff in Ireland.

Anyway, we got some tea and a plateful of something that looked like what Twinkies must look like when they retire and start getting their So-

cial Security checks, and when we were finishing a woman who looked a lot like Mrs. Volpe and smelled like a bus came out of the kitchen and asked if we'd like her to consult the stars for us and said how they were a useful guide for our daily lives. And I said if she thought I was going to run my life according to what Richard Burton and Liz Taylor and George Hamilton and that bunch said, she had another thing coming, because I've read about them in *Midnight*, and they spend all their time cheating on each other and putting their babies in wastebaskets.

Then she said no, it wasn't that kind of star, she was talking about astronomy and how you can tell what's going to happen depending on what you were born under. I said I was born under the Schwartzes (mom and dad were in a two-family house in Towson back then, and I was born in the back bedroom, so actually it was under Mrs. Schwartz), and she said no, it was planets and things like that that made the difference, and even if we didn't want to have it done for ourselves, wouldn't it be a nice Christmas present for our husbands?

Then Pat said Dick already had someone to do that for him—some friend of that Dr. Jacobson he goes to in New York for those allergy shots, Pat told me later—so I said sure, because I thought Spiggy would get a kick out of it, and I gave her his birthday (which didn't make much sense because it was for Christmas) and five dollars, and she said it would come in the mail in a few days. Well, sure enough it did. What it was was a drawing of something that looked like a pizza pie with doodles all over it and a lot of stuff about how the Mercury was rising and Pluto wasn't feeling so hot and Saturn and Jupiter were attending some convention. Then it said something about how Spiggy was a Virgo, which he really was—at least until after we were married—and how the future was very bright for him because all the planets thought a lot of him and that every year would be good for him, but especially 1976.

Then after that there was a little note signed Madame Paprika, which said something about how in all her years she had never seen anything like it and if Spiggy decided to buy any stocks or anything like that would I give her a call because she'd like to buy the same ones. It was dizzy, but I gave it to Spiggy, and he got a big kick out of it and said how maybe he wouldn't have to wait till 1976, because Dick seemed to be acting a little funny these last couple of years, what with deciding to play ball with the Reds, and some people who were worried about it were thinking of pre-

continued

What do you think of a guy who bought a \$150 turntable to go with a \$75 amplifier and a pair of \$40 speakers?

Smart. Audio "accountants" have formulas for appropriating funds to the various components in a stereo system. Usually they recommend about 20% of the total to take care of the turntable and cartridge, which is OK if your total is \$500 or more.

But what do you do if you really love music, and have a 10-LP-per-month habit that leaves you with peanuts to spend for hardware.

If you followed the accountants' advice you might end up with a \$5 or \$10 cartridge in a \$30 changer. It would be arithmetically compatible, and might even sound OK. But later on, when you can afford that monster system

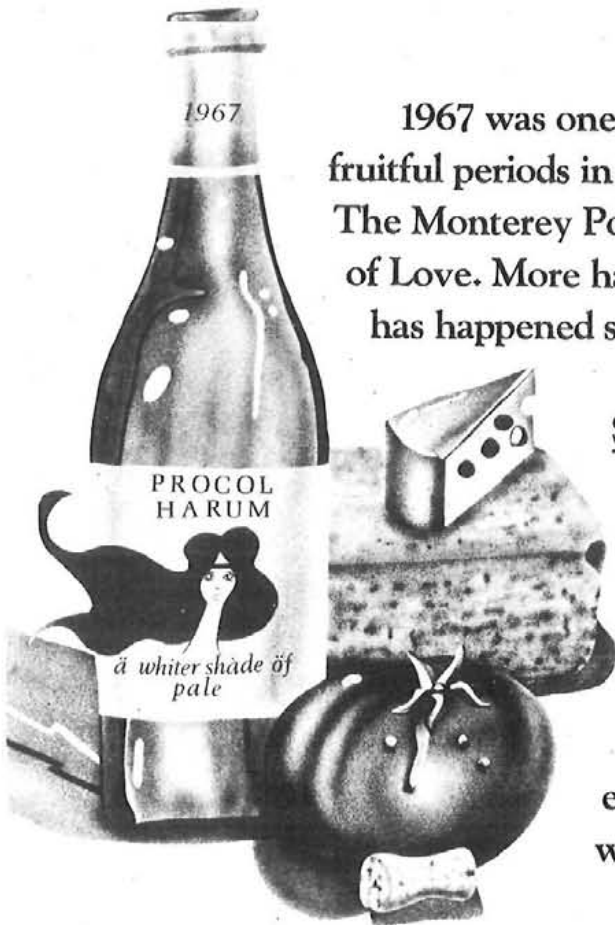
you've had your eyes on, you might find that your records sound worse than they did on your old cheapie system—because the inexpensive changer, with heavy stylus pressure and unbalanced skating force, was grinding up the grooves. And your cheap amp and speakers wouldn't let you hear the damage.

And now that you've spent a pile on high power, low distortion electronics, and wide-range speakers, you have to spend another pile replacing your records.

So, if you think you will want the best amplifier and speakers later, be smart and get the best turntable now... the BSR 810. Send for detailed specifications. BSR (USA) Ltd., Blauvelt, N.Y. 10913.

BSR





1967 was one of the most important and fruitful periods in recent musical history: Sgt. Pepper, The Monterey Pop Festival, San Francisco's Summer of Love. More happened in that one year than has happened since.

It was also when "A Whiter Shade Of Pale" became the most popular song in the country and established Procol Harum as a major contributor to the history of rock.

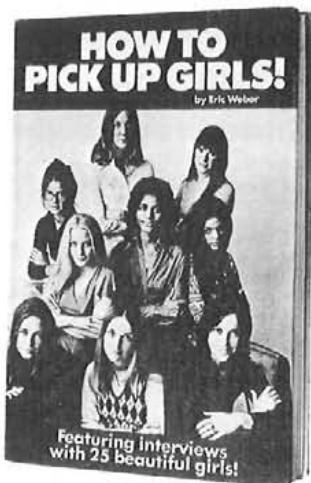
The organ line from that song, derived from Bach, also established the group's involvement with classical themes.

Their subsequent albums, Shine On Brightly, A Salty Dog, Home, Broken Barricades, and Live In Concert, expanded on that classic style and provided them a good measure of success. The best example of which is their "Live In Concert" album—the most recent and most popular to date.

Procol Harum continues to be a strong musical influence so we feel it's only right their original album, which has been largely unavailable in this country, be re-released. It contains their first classic and the first version of their newest one, Conquistador. It's Procol Harum's first album "A Whiter Shade Of Pale"—finally. On A&M Records



THE BIBLE



This book is neither a put-on nor a male chauvinist treatise. Rather, it is a practical, lucidly written exposition of the how and why of meeting girls you haven't been introduced to.

Hank Heyman,
Temple University Populist

Never before has one book so radically changed the social life of an entire nation. What some people originally thought of as a put-on is now recognized as a nearly fool-proof guide for picking up girls.

This incredibly simple yet brilliant book has already sold over 250,000 copies. It has literally become a bible to an entire

generation of young men. They've discovered you don't have to be handsome to pick up girls. Or tall. Or rich. Or talented. Or even especially brave.

All you have to do is follow the more than one hundred techniques you'll find in *How To Pick Up Girls!* Techniques that work literally like magic. You'll learn how just three or four words can turn an icy stranger into a warm, receptive, smiling girl. You'll learn how to be sexy to women. How to make shyness work for you. Fifty great opening lines. The world's greatest pickup technique. How to get women to pick you up. The best places to meet girls. Why a man doesn't have to be good-looking. Why girls get horny. Magic confidence builders. And much, much more. All of it so effective and so easy to master you'll wish this book had been written years ago.

How To Pick Up Girls contains interviews with twenty-five beautiful girls. They tell you—in their very own words—exactly what it takes to pick them up.

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

Just fill out coupon below.



Have you ever wished there was some magic technique for meeting all the great-looking men you see everywhere you go? Well, there is! In fact there are *hundreds* of techniques! And you'll find every one of them in the fantastic new best-seller *How To Pick Up Men*.

Contained in this book are actual interviews with 25 great-looking bachelors. They tell you—in their very own words—exactly how to pick them up. Here are just a few of the surefire techniques you will learn and master:

How to make shyness work for you.
Why a woman doesn't have to be beautiful.
50 great opening lines.
World's greatest pickup technique.
How to get him to pick you up.
3 secrets stewardesses know.
How and where to meet rich men.
How to meet the "marrying kind"
7 ways to be sexy.

Meeting the man you want is easy. Easier than you ever dreamed possible. All you need is the great new best-seller *How To Pick Up Men*. It costs only \$7.95—less than what you'd pay for an ordinary blouse. Yet so much more of a help when it comes to getting the man you want.

Northern Valley Co., Dept. L.L. Post Office Box 515 Tenafly, N. J. 07670

_____ How To Pick Up Girls! (enclose \$7.95 plus 75¢ postage and handling) Name _____

_____ How To Pick Up Men! (enclose \$7.95 plus 75¢ postage and handling) Street _____

_____ Both Books (enclose only \$15.25 plus 75¢ postage and handling) City _____

State _____ Zip _____

continued
scribing some shots. I said, "You mean like the ones he gets from that Dr. Jacobson in New York Pat told me about?" and Spiggy just smiled.

Just to show you that all that astronomy stuff isn't hokey, Spiggy got a call the next day from Dick saying how they were planning the Inaugural Balls and it looked like there were going to have to be six separate ones this year because of all the people who were coming, and would Spiggy mind being mister of ceremonies at one of them? How about that for an Important Position, Diary? "Well," Spiggy said, "which one?" and Dick said, "The one out at the Chick 'n' Lick on the Beltway, with a lot of big-wigs, like the Ambassadors from Sarah Leeone, Guatamelon, and Abba Dabba; the Chairman of the Subcommittee on Sand and Gravel of the United Nations Committee on Loosely Packed Earth; the Lieutenant Governor of Delaware; Joan Crawford, Fred MacMurray, and Flipper from the Hollywood branch of Democrats for Nixon; a whole bunch of Canadians; and some other people." And Spiggy said since it was kind of an out-of-the-way place, would Dick mind his inviting some guests, and Dick said sure, it was his show, because he wasn't sure if he'd be able to make it out there since one of the helicopters had a flat rotor, and who did he want to invite, anyway? And Spiggy said he knew this doctor in New York named Jacobson who liked to rub elbows with celebrities, and then Dick made that whuffing noise he makes when he wipes his upper lip and said on second thought, would Spiggy mind coming to the main ball at the Mayflower, even if it meant not inviting anyone, and Spiggy said that would suit him fine.

Afterwards I told Spiggy to be careful and remember how that nice Hale Boggs called Dick that bad name (Dick said he'd better take it back, or else—he didn't, and now nobody knows where he is) and how Judge Hugo Black got so sick after that White House dinner. And Spiggy just laughed and said it was all in the stars but not to worry because there was also some in a few safety-deposit boxes all ready to be mailed to a couple of newspapers.

Well, I have to run. There's a meeting of the Cost of Living Council in an hour. It's RCA today. I wonder if they'll give us all color TVs for "long-range price evaluation" the way that nice GM man gave us Pontiacs?

All for now,

Judy

The awesome responsibility of being the very best.

Leadership means responsibility. At Pioneer we do not accept this lightly. This is dramatized magnificently by the new SX-828. As the top of the great Pioneer line of receivers, the SX-828 is extravagantly endowed with increased performance, greater power, unsurpassed precision and total versatility.

Providing 270 watts of IHF music power (that's 60+60 watts RMS at 8 ohms, with both channels driven), there's more than enough power to fill your world. And it's consistently controlled throughout the 20-20,000 Hz bandwidth with direct-coupled circuitry and dual power supplies.

Suburbia, exurbia or inner city. It makes no difference to this superior

performer. Advanced FET/IC circuitry brings in each FM station smoothly and cleanly as though it's the only one on the dial. Small wonder with 1.7uV FM sensitivity and 1.5dB capture ratio.

Music lovers will have a field day with a complete range of connections for 2 turntables, 2 tape decks, 2 headsets, 2 microphones, 3 pairs of speakers, an auxiliary, plus 4-channel terminals, when you want them.

And Pioneer really pampers you with features like: a new and exclusive fail-safe circuit to protect your speakers against damage and DC leakage, a super wide angled dial that eliminates squinting, loudness contour, FM muting, mode and speaker lights, click-stop tone

controls, dual tuning meters, hi/low filters, audio muting, and even a dial dimmer to set a more amorous mood.

At \$429.95, including a walnut cabinet, the SX-828 is overwhelmingly the very best receiver at its price. It completely fulfills Pioneer's responsibility of leadership. Hear it at your Pioneer dealer.

U.S. Pioneer Electronics Corp.,
178 Commerce Rd., Carlstadt,
New Jersey 07072
West: 13300 S. Estrella, Los Angeles
90248 / Midwest: 1500 Greenleaf,
Elk Grove Village, Ill. 60007 /
Canada: S. H. Parker Co., Ont.

 **PIONEER**[®]
when you want something better



SX-828 AM-FM STEREO RECEIVER

Copyright © 2007 National Lampoon Inc.

FREE! up to 25 STEREO LPs or WORTH UP TO \$152.50



- 0566 NEIL DIAMOND MYT AUGUST NIGHT
Counts as 2 records and as 2 tapes
- 5616 The Moody Blues Seventh Sojourn
- 5800 KRIS KRISTOFFERSON Jesus Was A Capricorn
- 0901 ERIC CLAPTON At His Best
Counts as 2 records and as 2 tapes
- 1402 three dog night /EVEN SEPARATE FOOL/
- 5956 CURTIS MAYFIELD
- 4607 GRAND FUNK PHOENIX
- 8380 HONKY CHATEAU
- 5594 GILBERT & SULLIVAN HIMSELF
- 0109 THE BAND In Concert
Counts as 2 records and as 2 tapes
- 2158 ROD STEWART Never A Dull Moment
Moment Mercury
- 9127 THE OSMONDS Crazy Horses MGM
- 8333 SONNY & CHER All I Ever Need Is You Kapp
- 7829 5TH DIMENSION Greatest Hits On Earth Bell
- 0915 HEAVY CREAM 2 LPs & 2 tapes
Polydor
- 5629 AL GREEN I'm Still In Love With You Hi
- 5602 SAVOY BROWN Lion's Share Parrot
- 5814 KRIS KRISTOFFERSON Border Lord Monument
- 4638 RICK SPRINGFIELD Beginnings Capitol
- 7717 DAVID CASSIDY Rock Me Baby Bell
- 7272 THE SOUNDS OF LOVE . . . A To Zzzz Yorkshire
- 4654 GLEN TRAVIS CAMPBELL Capitol
- 0816 STAN KENTON Today 2 LPs & 2 tapes London
- 5534 TEN YEARS AFTER Alvin Lee & Co Deram
- 1416 B. B. KING Guess Who ABC
- 1119 JAMES GANG Pasin' Thru ABC
- 6686 TEMPTATIONS All Directions
Gordy
- 4688 ANNE MURRAY Annie Capitol
- 0635 ISAAC HAYES Shaft 2 LPs & 2 tapes Enterprise
- 9226 TONY BENNETT The Good Things In Life MGM/Verve
- 2796 A TRIBUTE TO BURT BACHARACH Scepter
- 5827 BOOTS RANDOLPH Plays The Great Hits Of Today Monument
- 6806 CRUISIN' 1962 Rock 'N' Roll History Increase
- 0398 GREATEST SONGS OF WOODY GUTHRIE 2 LPs & 2 tapes Vanguard
- 9058 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY MGM
- 9191 PORTRAIT OF SAMMY DAVIS JR. MGM
- 1433 THE GRASS ROOTS Move Along ABC/Dunhill
- 3761 TEDDY WILSON With Billie In Mind Chiaroscuro
- 1480 JIM CROCE You Don't Mess Around With Jim ABC
- 7777 GODSPELL Original Cast Bell
- 5547 THE MOODY BLUES In Search Of The Lost Chord Deram
- 3700 JAMES TAYLOR & The Flying Machine Euphoria

Compare and see! See why 4,000,000 Record and Tape Buyers Paid a Lifetime Membership Fee to Join RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA when Other Clubs Would Have Accepted Them FREE!

	CAN YOU CHOOSE FROM ALL LABELS?	CAN YOU PICK LPs AND TAPES, INCLUDING CARTRIDGE AND CASSETTE TAPES?	MUST YOU BUY A "MINIMUM" NUMBER OF LPs OR TAPES? HOW MANY?	HOW MUCH MUST YOU SPEND TO FULFILL YOUR LEGAL OBLIGATION?	CAN YOU BUY ANY LP OR TAPE YOU WANT AT A DISCOUNT?	DO YOU EVER RECEIVE UNORDERED LPs OR TAPES?	HOW LONG MUST YOU WAIT FOR SELECTIONS TO ARRIVE?
Columbia Record Club (as advertised in American Girl Mar '72)	NO	NO	10	\$58.05 to \$78.05	NO	YES	5 to 6 weeks
Columbia Tape Club (as advertised in Stereo Review Mar '72)	NO	NO	7	\$56.06 to \$63.06	NO	YES	3 to 6 weeks
RCA Record Club (as advertised in Reader's Digest Jan '71)	NO	NO	6	\$40.78 to \$52.08	NO	YES	5 to 6 weeks
RCA Tape Club (as advertised in Reader's Digest Jan '71)	NO	NO	6	\$52.68 to \$58.68	NO	YES	5 to 6 weeks
Capitol Record Club (as advertised in Playboy Dec '71)	NO	NO	12	\$70.03 to \$94.03	NO	YES	5 to 6 weeks
Capitol Stereo Tape Club (as advertised in Playboy May '72)	NO	NO	10	\$77.62 to \$87.62	NO	YES	5 to 6 weeks
Dittol Record Club (as advertised in Esquire Feb '72)	NO	NO	12	\$56.25 to \$74.25	NO	YES	5 to 6 weeks
RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA	YES! Choose recordings on any label. No exceptions! Over 300 different manufacturers including Capitol, Columbia, RCA, Angel, London, etc.	YES! Pick LPs OR 8-track tape cartridges, OR tape cassettes. No restrictions. No additional membership fee or separate "divisor" to join!	NONE! No obligations! No yearly quotas! Take as many, as few, or nothing at all if you so decide.	ZERO DOLLARS You don't have to spend a penny because you're not "legally obligated" to buy even a single record or tape!	ALWAYS! Guaranteed discounts go to 81% on LPs and tapes of ALL LABELS!	NEVER! There are no cards which you must return. Only the records and tapes you want are sent - and only when you ask us to send them.	NO LONG WAITS! Your order processed same day received. No shipping on cycle.

Record Club of America - The World's Largest and Lowest Priced Record And Tape Club

15 TAPES Cartridge or Cassette With NO OBLIGATION TO BUY ANYTHING EVER!

Make Your Own Membership in Record Club of America

YES! Now you can "Make Your Own Membership" Offer in Record Club of America! Choose up to 25 Stereo LPs (worth up to \$152.50) or up to 15 Stereo Tapes (cartridge or cassette, worth up to \$108.70) FREE—as your welcome gift for joining. Pick your FREEs from the Top Hits here. Or, if you can't find the full amount, choose the ones you want now, and check the appropriate box on the Order Form—we'll mail you immediately the "Expanded Choice" List, with hundreds of Top Hits to select from. All this with NO OBLIGATION TO BUY ANYTHING EVER!



5520 THE MOODY BLUES Days of Future Passed Deram



0385 JOAN BAEZ BALLAD BOOK 2 LPs & 2 tapes Vanguard



7720 PARTRIDGE FAMILY At Home With Their Greatest Hits Bell



4611 BLOODROCK Passage Capitol



6884 CHUCK BERRY The London Sessions Chess



5171 YES Fragile Atlantic



6181 SPIDER-MAN From Beyond The Grave Buddah



5322 JOHN MAYALL Jazz Blues Fusion Polydor



5111 EMERSON LAKE & PALMER Trilogy Cotillion



4624 RASPBERRIES Capitol



8178 THE WHO Who's Next Decca

1037 STEPPENWOLF Gold ABC/Dunhill

8401 NEIL DIAMOND Moods Uni

6905 RAMSEY LEWIS The Groover Cadet

9028 THE MIKE CURB CONGREGATION Song For A Young Love MGM

0299 COSBY GREGORY FOX & FLIP Just For Laughs 2 LPs & 2 tapes Scepter

4641 BEST OF THE BEST OF MERLE HAGGARD Capitol

7044 BEETHOVEN Piano Sonatas Yorkshire

0829 THEM featuring VAN MORRISON 2 LPs & 2 tapes Parrot

"MAKE YOUR OWN MEMBERSHIP" RECORD AND TAPE CLUB Free LP/Tape & Savings Chart

Choose Any One Offer	Worth Up To	Membership Fee
5 FREE LPs or 3 FREE Tapes	\$32.90	ONLY \$5.00
10 FREE LPs or 6 FREE Tapes	\$62.80	ONLY \$10.00
15 FREE LPs or 9 FREE Tapes	\$92.70	ONLY \$15.00
25 FREE LPs or 15 FREE Tapes	\$152.50	ONLY \$25.00

See how your savings increase if you select an offer with more FREE Hits. Note how each successive membership is an exact multiple of the base offer...yet each higher step privileges you to take up to \$59.80 MORE in FREE LPs and Tapes. At the peak plateau, you literally pocket up to \$152.50 in FREE Hits...for NET SAVINGS of no less than \$127.50! AND YOU ARE NOT OBLIGATED TO BUY ANOTHER LP OR TAPE FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE. Buy 1, buy 100—or buy none at all—you call the shots. Scoop up these incredible savings NOW by choosing your membership offer on the special Order Form at right.

AT LAST A RECORD AND TAPE CLUB WITH NO "OBLIGATIONS"—ONLY BENEFITS!

Ordinary record and tape clubs not only make you choose from a few labels, they make you buy up to 12 records or tapes a year. And if you don't return their costly IBM cards, they send you an item you don't want and a bill for up to \$7.98! We're the World's Largest ALL LABEL Record and Tape Club, so you get the LOWEST EXISTING PRICES on all records and tapes made, at guaranteed discounts of up to 81%. A current Club Sale offers hundreds of top hit \$5.98 LPs of ALL LABELS at an average price of only \$2.39 (an average saving of \$3.59 per LP)—PLUS get average savings of \$3.88 on top hit \$6.98 tape cartridges and cassettes. Start these giant savings now—not after you fulfill your obligation like other clubs—by taking up to 25 Stereo LPs or 15 Tapes (worth up to \$152.50) with no obligation to buy anything ever! Remember, you can even select some FREEs here, and the rest from our "Expanded Choice" List, which we'll mail to you immediately (check the appropriate box on Order Form). And now you can charge it too! Moneyback Guarantee if items are returned within 10 days.

LOOK WHAT YOU GET

- FREE up to 25 Stereo LPs or 15 Tapes (cartridge or cassette), worth up to \$152.50 with absolutely no obligation to buy anything ever!
- FREE All-Label Lifetime Discount Membership Card—guarantees you brand new LPs and Tapes at discounts averaging up to 81%.
- FREE Giant Master Discount Catalog—World's largest master discount catalog of all readily available records and tapes (cartridges and cassettes) of all manufacturers, all labels (including foreign)...biggest discounts anywhere.
- FREE Disc & Tape Guide—The Club's own Magazine, and special Club sale announcements which regularly bring you news of just-issued new releases and "extra discount" specials.
- FREE Subscription to the WAREHOUSE™—colorful catalog of hip products, plus more FREE LPs and Tapes.



RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA
CLUB HEADQUARTERS V023H
YORK, PENNSYLVANIA 17405

YES—Rush me a Lifetime Discount Membership Card, Free Giant Master Discount Catalog, Disc & Tape Guide—along with a Free subscription to the WAREHOUSE™ Catalog—at the Special Introductory Membership Offer of my choice. Also send me Free LPs or Free Tapes which I have indicated below (with a bill for the Club's standard mailing and handling charge). I enclose my Lifetime Membership Fee (never another club fee for the rest of my life). I am not obligated to buy any records or tapes—no yearly quota. If not completely delighted I may return items above within 10 days for immediate refund of membership fee.

Choose your own Membership Offer

- CHECK ONE**
- 5 FREE LPs or 3 FREE Tapes, worth up to \$32.90 (\$5 membership fee)
 - 10 FREE LPs or 6 FREE Tapes, worth up to \$62.80 (\$10 membership fee)
 - 15 FREE LPs or 9 FREE Tapes, worth up to \$92.70 (\$15 membership fee)
 - 25 FREE LPs or 15 FREE Tapes, worth up to \$152.50 (\$25 membership fee)

IMPORTANT! YOU MUST CHECK ONE:
 LP or 8 TRACK or CASSETTE

Send "Expanded Choice" List, with hundreds of Top Chart Hits, which I understand I can select as "Make Your Own Membership" FREEs.

Mr. Mrs. Miss _____

RT/RR/RD/SR _____ Box or P.O. Box

Street _____ Apt. _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

All Servicemen write _____
Soc. Sec. # _____

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

Check one: Master Charge American Express
 BankAmericard Diners Club

Signature _____ Expiration Date _____

Please Print Name
TELL US THE KIND OF MUSIC YOU PREFER BY CHECKING ONE OF THE FOLLOWING CATEGORIES:

- 1 ROCK FOLK 2 EASY LISTENING, BROADWAY SHOWS, MOVIE SOUNDTRACKS 3 BLUES-JAZZ
- 4 COUNTRY-WESTERN 5 CLASSICAL
- 6 CHILDREN'S 7 I LIKE ALL THE ABOVE
- 8 I HAVE NO PARTICULAR PREFERENCE

CANADIANS mail coupon to above address. Orders will be serviced in Canada by Record Club of Canada. Prices vary slightly.

© 1972 RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA #117

BALTIMORE

STEREO WHOLE- SALEERS

Now, from the comfort of your home you can buy almost any Stereo Component at Special Discount Prices, from one of the East Coast's Leading Wholesalers...Your order shipped promptly in factory-sealed cartons. Write for quote today.

7C Aylesbury Road
Timonium, Md. 21093
(301) 252-6880

Write for our latest free catalog

At last.... contraceptives through the privacy of the mail.

Obtaining male contraceptives without embarrassment can be a problem. Now, Population Planning Associates has solved that problem. We offer a complete line of famous brand condoms—sent by mail in a tasteful, plain package for absolute privacy.

For the first time, you can choose from a wide variety of brands, and learn what the differences really are. We offer the famous Trojan, the exciting green-tinted JADE (available only from PPA) and ten other carefully selected top-quality brands. All meet strict government standards of reliability.

MORE THAN 50,000 SATISFIED CUSTOMERS

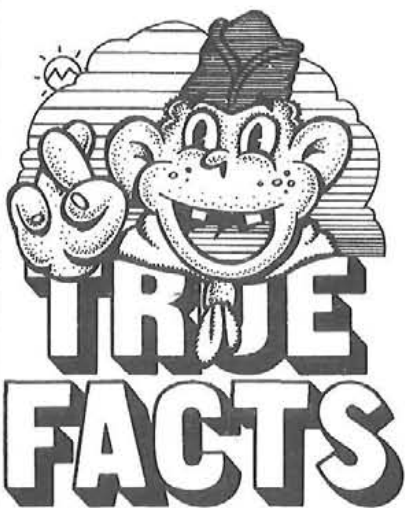
Find out why PPA has become America's fastest growing birth control service. Send for our illustrated catalogue which describes our complete line of men's contraceptives, plus nonprescription birth control products for women (including rhythm aids) and books and pamphlets on contraception and population. We also offer a reliable pregnancy testing service by mail. Send just \$3 for a sampler pack of 12 assorted men's contraceptives, plus our catalogue. Our products are sent to you promptly and you must be completely satisfied or we guarantee your money back—without questions. Why not write today?

AMERICA'S LARGEST RETAILER OF CONTRACEPTIVE PRODUCTS

Population Planning Associates, 105 N. Columbia St.
Dept. NL-7, Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514

Gentlemen:
Please send me _____ Sampler package of 12
assorted condoms plus catalogue. (I enclose \$3.)
_____ Catalogue only: 25¢

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____



• The Committee to Re-Elect the President rewarded each contributor of \$5,000 or more to the Nixon campaign with an R.N. pin with a diamond chip. Contributors of \$12,000 received pen-and-pencil sets with the Presidential seal and the embossed signature of Nixon.

Leftover diamond-chip R.N. pins and pen-and-pencil sets have been included in "Democracy Kits," which will be dropped over North Vietnam to demonstrate how free elections work. It had originally been planned to include bumper stickers saying FOUR MORE YEARS, but they were vetoed, apparently because officials felt the North Vietnamese would come to the conclusion that the stickers meant four more years of war. *Boston Sunday Globe* (C. McDonald)

• Two doctors at the Cambridge Hospital in Cambridge, Massachusetts, have reported the first known instance of complications resulting from prolonged heavy marijuana use.

The doctors describe having treated three male patients between the ages of twenty-three and twenty-six, all of whom admitted to being very heavy marijuana smokers, for gynecomastia, a rare disorder in which males develop female breasts.

The doctors conducted extensive examinations to determine if any of the known causes of the disorder—including liver disease, testicular, pituitary, and adrenal tumors—were present. They also checked for the presence of drugs such as hormones, digitalis, and phenothiazine, which have been found to cause gynecomastia as a side effect.

The doctors were unable to detect the exact mechanism that might have been responsible for the breast growth; but they theorized that the very high degree of similarity between 9-tetrahydrocannabinol, the major ac-

tive ingredient in marijuana and marijuana-related substances, and estradiol, an extremely powerful estrogenic female hormone that plays an important part in normal breast growth in women, may have been responsible. Both are closely related hydrocarbons with similar phenol rings and polycyclic structures.

In two of the cases, operations were successfully performed to remove the breast tissue. The third individual apparently elected to retain the unexpected bonus of marijuana smoking. *The New England Journal of Medicine* (M. Rosen)

• A service-station attendant, reportedly angered by a customer who complained to him about a vending machine that was out of order, doused the man with gasoline from one of his pumps and set him on fire with a cigarette lighter. The customer, Joseph Adams, twenty-seven, received third-degree burns over 60 percent of his body and is in critical condition. The attendant, Pickney Steen, forty-five, was charged with assault to murder. *New York Times*

• In an address during his weekly general audience on November 5, 1972, Pope Paul stressed the existence of Satan and his concern with demonic matters.

"We know that this obscure and disturbing being really exists and that he still operates with treacherous cunning; he is the occult enemy who sows errors and disgrace in human history."

The Pope described the Devil as "the perfidious charmer who manages to insinuate himself into us by way of the senses, of fantasy, of concupiscence, of utopian logic, of disorderly social contacts."

Demonology, according to the Pope, is "a very important chapter of Catholic doctrine that ought to be studied again, although this is not being done much today."

Pope Paul is seventy-five years old. *New York Times*

• The inhabitants of a section of Bydgoszcz, a city in northern Poland, found beer gushing from their water taps one morning last month.

According to local officials, a faulty valve at a nearby brewery sent thousands of gallons of the beverage flowing into the city water-mains. *San Jose News* (D. Hamilton)

A one-year subscription or the equivalent value in *National Lampoon* products will be given for items used. Send entries to: True Facts, National Lampoon, 635 Madison Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022 □



This man puts more thoughts, more ideas and images into one song than most people put into an album.

Some silicone sister with her manager's mister told me I got what it takes. She said I'll turn you on sonny, to something strong if you play that song with the funky break.

And go-cart Mozart was checkin' out the weather chart to see if it was safe to go outside.

And little Early-Pearly came by in her curly-wurly and asked me if I needed a ride. —“Blinded by the Light,” Bruce Springsteen

“There hasn't been an album like this in ages. There are individual lines worth entire records. The record rocks, then glides, then rocks again. Bruce Springsteen sings with a freshness and urgency that I haven't heard since I was rocked by ‘Like a Rolling Stone.’”

—Peter Knobler, *Crawdaddy*

And some new-mown chaperone was standin' in the corner all alone watchin' the young girls dance.

And some fresh-sown moonstone was messin' with his frozen zone to remind him of the feeling of romance.

—“Blinded by the Light,” Bruce Springsteen

“Debut LP instantly establishes artist as one of our most brilliant singer-songwriters. A completely original vision and a work of genius!” —*Record World*, Cover Review

Oh, some hazard from Harvard was skunked on beer playin' backyard bombardier.

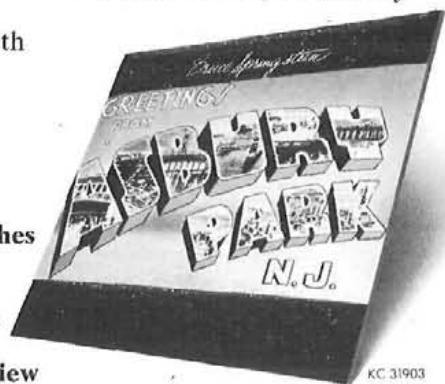
Yes and Scotland Yard was trying hard, they sent some dude with a calling card.

He said, “Do what you like, but don't do it here.”

—“Blinded by the Light,” Bruce Springsteen

“You know the kid is good when you wake up and you're singing his songs.”

—Peter Knobler, *Crawdaddy*



There are eight more songs on Bruce Springsteen's remarkable debut album. On Columbia Records and Tapes

TUNE IN THE GRAMMY AWARDS SHOW SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 10 PM ON CBS.

All lyrics by Bruce Springsteen. Copyright © 1977 Sioux City Music Ltd. Used by permission. All rights reserved.

YESART HAS THE FIRST AUTHENTIC BLACK-LITE BULB

VD IS NOTHING TO CLAP ABOUT

Y-131 FRIENDLY REMINDER. Full color, 11" x 17" on heavy stock. \$1.00



Z-29 TV MAMA. You have to see it to believe it. Giant 30" x 40" photo. Sepia. \$2.00



Y-137 YOUR PROBLEM IS OBVIOUS. Man living his head! 23" x 29". \$1.00



B-3 VIETNAM. Travel Poster blues and greens white stock, 23" x 31" Only \$1.00



Y-150 GINA. Exciting full color unretouched photo, 23" x 31". Only \$1.98



Y-175 (the classic) FUCK COMMUNISM. Red, white and blue. Stand up and be counted! 17" x 22". Only \$1.00

people to seldom say I love you... and then it's either too late... or love goes... so when I tell you I love you... I doesn't mean I know you'll never go, only that I wish you didn't have to leave. **Y-176**

Z-10 LAWRENCE CRAIG GREEN. Dayglow, 24" x 36". \$2.50



B-99 Now you can have a real BLACKLITE anywhere in your home. Our new BLACKLITE bulb fits in any socket and costs only a fraction of fluorescent black light tubes! Guaranteed 480 hours! Perfect for all black light and dayglow posters as well as for just plain mood lighting effects in any room. Only \$3.99



B-56 SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL PLANET. Full color photo on deep blue background 22" x 34". \$2.00

Yes, though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, I shall fear no evil: for I am the mercant ann-of-a-bitch in the valley

Y-142 MEANEST S.O.B. IN THE VALLEY. Revise of 23rd psalm, parchment, 17" x 23". Only \$1.00



Z-33 LOVING DOLLS. In full color, 16" x 21". Only \$1.00 2 for \$1.50

Killing to end war is like hating to end love

Y-240 KILLING TO END WAR. Dayglow pinks and reds, 18" x 24", subscree. \$2.50

Z-14 THE CLASSIC LAUREL AND HARDY. Giant 30" x 40" photo. \$1.50



Y-274 DAWN II. Unretouched color photo, unvarnished stock, 23" x 35". \$1.98



Y-74 DON QUIXOTE. Figures in black and white 24" x 30". \$2.00



Y-171 THE ESTABLISHMENT Young man literally "PISSE OFF". Unretouched photo. 16" x 20". \$1.00



Y-115 BEEP BEEP YURASS. 23" x 29" dayglow color. \$1.98



Y-132 CHICKEN DELIGHT! Unretouched photo, 23" x 23". Black and white. Only \$1.00



AS IF YOU GAVE AT THE OFFICE, YOU NEED NOT GIVE AT HOME. Full color, 11" x 17". \$1.00



Z-13 WEREWOLF. Giant black and white photo guaranteed to scare the crap out of you. \$1.50

COSMOLOGICAL DIAGRAMS. Vibrant full color art prints, 10" x 30" Usually \$2.00 each now only \$1.00 each

B-18 ULTIMATE QUEST **B-19 HOMAGE TO JUNG** **B-20 YINYANG MANDALA**

T O O M U C H S E X M A K E S Y O U B L I N D



Y-167 DOPE WILL GET YOU THROUGH TIMES OF NO MONEY BETTER THAN MONEY WILL GET YOU THROUGH TIMES OF NO DOPE. Full color black light, 21" x 29". \$1.98



Y-182 HOT WHEELS. Full color action photo, 23" x 29". Only \$1.98



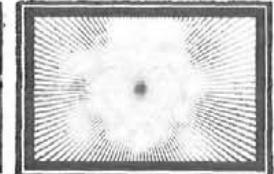
A-32 SO WHAT! Daily Newspaper on Moon Landing. Black and white, 25" x 35". \$1.00



Y-272 THE BIG "A". You won't believe it! But this is the absolute end. Black and white photo (unretouched), size 23" x 29". Staggering \$1.50



Z-30 WOMEN'S LIBI Introducing the co-ed bathroom. Fantastic full color photo, 23" x 29". \$1.98



Z-6 ZONK Six feet by four foot dayglow monster. A Mini Blower. Only \$5.95. Shipped in four foot tube.



Z-25 FRANKENSTEIN. Is scary and 30" x 40". \$1.50

ARE YOUR WALLS BARE?
Yes Art has 35 answers and all are imaginative. Below are just two answers. Environmental Graphics are a new form of wall paper. Easier to apply because it comes in 8 x 8 foot sheets, not endless rolls of paper. You can use part of the design or all as you wish. Environmental Graphics are the greatest things that's happened to bare walls since paint. For full color booklet with all 35 designs shown with decorator hits, circle item C-50 and send 50 cents for postage and handling.



C-4 RISING SUN, 8'8" x 19'6". B/W (sun panel in full color). \$39.95

Y-154 VERN'S CHOICE. It's a great choice. Full color photo, 24" x 38". Only \$2.00



Y-302 MONA GORILL. (Homage to the renaissance) Full color reproduction exquisitely printed on dark background. 22" x 34". \$2.00



Z-11 BILL OF RIGHTS L.A. (Homage to the renaissance) Exact replica of Bill of Rights printed on heavy parchment with red stamp void where prohibited by law. Our pick for poster of the month. 19" x 25". Only \$1.00



Y-276 NEW KING KONG POSTER. B/W photo 28" x 38". Only \$1.50

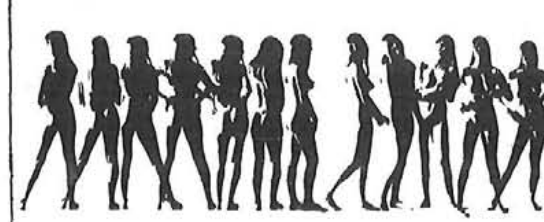


Y-110 MEANEST S.O.B. IN THE VALLEY. Revise of 23rd Psalm. Full color, 25" x 31". \$2.00



Y-62 STARS BACK We have a Staggering poster of her from! 25" x 35" B/W. Only \$1.9

★ **Y-102 MYSTERY GAME.** ★
Nationally Advertised at \$2.95. Yours for \$1.00



C-3 NUDE. Panels 8'8" x 19'6" color B/W. \$39.95



Y-278 THIS ONE'S FOR YOU BABY. Black Light, orange on dark background. 22" x 34". Only \$1.98



Y-165 WE ADMIT IT! THIS POSTER SMELLS! Just like strawberries, that is. Sumptuous full color black light photo scent lasts 6 months, 22" x 34". Only \$2.98



Y-363 LOVE IS A LOT OF BULL. Color rendition of a forgotten fact! 23" x 29". \$1.00

YES ART NOW MORE THAN EVER!

NO MINIMUM ORDER • MONEY BACK GUARANTEED
FREE EXPANDED NEWSLETTER WITH EVERY ORDER!

Any 1⁰⁰ poster in this ad free with order of 5⁹⁸ or more!

\$1 UP

NEW DOOR GRAPHIC



Y-127 B. G. KING. At his very best! In black light, 23" x 29". \$1.98



Y-267 BITCH, BITCH, BITCH. Black on White stock, 23" x 35". \$1.00



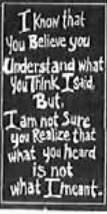
Y-209 ADA Re-vealing full color photo, on coated stock. \$1.98



0-46 MARIJUANA POSTER, 1920's. Multi-colored, 25" x 36". \$2.00



Y-166 FUCK HOUSEWORK. Esholms full color on mat stock, 11" x 17". Only \$1.98



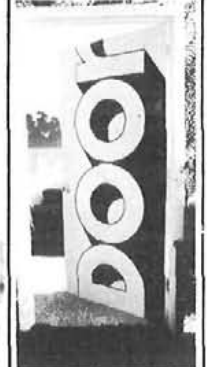
Y-273 Day glow red on black, 20" x 31". Only \$1.50



Y-261 12TH COMMANDMENT. Red and black on parchment, 15" x 11". \$1.00



Y-32 HE KEPT OUR BOYS OUT OF NORTHERN IRELAND. Full color Nixon poster. 17" x 23". \$1.00



C-31. Maybe YES ART can solve your boring door problem! Like with our 4 color Door Graphic - red, blue, yellow, black! This crazy new item is great for any room - applies like wall paper - any one can do it. Over all size 24" x 39". Can be cut to fit any door. Only \$10.00. Shipped in 4 foot mailing tube! Rush for Fast delivery!



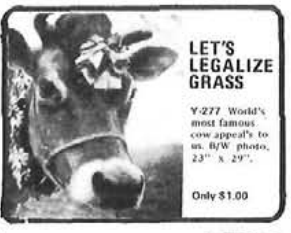
Z-8 CLASSIC CHAPLIN GIANT. Black and white photo, 30" x 40". \$1.50



Y-169 POSITIONS UNLIMITED. Graphic and very erotic silhouette of love making. Only \$1.98



Y-60 WORK DILIGENTLY WITH INTEGRITY. You'll get your just reward. Full color on heavy stock, 12" x 17". \$1.00



LET'S LEGALIZE GRASS. Y-277 World's most famous cow appeal! to an. B/W photo, 23" x 29". Only \$1.00



Y-174 BURT REYNOLDS. 34" x 29". Sepia. \$2.00



Y-169 IVONA. Full color photo, 22" x 34". \$1.98



Y-106 VA VA VOOM. Our former mystery poster now exposed! 23" x 29" photo (untouched). \$1.98



0-47 PUBLIC ENEMY NO. 1. Rebel Against Bell, 23" x 23". Red, blue and yellow. \$2.00



A-5 TIRED OF THE SAME OLD SHIT. Brown sepia, 23" x 35". \$2.00



Y-183 RATED. Full color day glow 23" x 31". Only 1.98



0-40 SHIT CENEDELA. 23" x 23". Vibrant Red, Green and Blue. \$2.00



Y-67 FLY UNITED. Day glow red, blue and pink on coated stock, 23" x 29". \$1.00 or of the month, 23" x 29". Only \$1.00



Z-31 HANG IN THERE BABY. Post-17" x 22". \$1.00 or of the month, 23" x 29". Only \$1.00



Y-165 LADY BARBARA. She is our choice for nude of the month. Full color, 24" x 28". \$2.00



Y-82 RAQUEL WELCH. Classic black and white photo, 29" x 42". \$1.00



Z-32 OH HENRY! Full color photo with Kissinger in the buff! 18" x 38". \$2.00



Z-26 MARX BROS. 30" x 40", black and white photo. Only \$1.00



Y-72 EXPRESS THYSELF. Photo progression. Full color photo, 28" x 30". \$2.00

Y-100 POSTER MOUNT. Good things come in small packages. Sticky Yippy is the miracle poster mount that works on all walls-even brick-and is reusable. Enough for 10 posters. \$1.00

For quick delivery, send check, cash or money order to:

**YES ART POSTERS- Dept. Poon 18
P.O. Box 58. New York, N.Y. 10014**
Add 75¢ for Postage and Handling on all orders. Please send me the items circled below.

A-5	A-8	A-31	A-32	B-3
B-18	B-19	B-20	B-40	B-46
B-47	B-56	B-99	C-3	C-4
C-31	C-50	E-2	Y-32	Y-40
Y-60	Y-62	Y-67	Y-72	Y-74
Y-78	Y-82	Y-85	Y-100	Y-101
Y-102	Y-104	Y-106	Y-115	Y-116
Y-119	Y-127	Y-131	Y-132	Y-133
Y-137	Y-142	Y-150	Y-154	Y-155
Y-158	Y-159	Y-165	Y-166	Y-167
Y-168	Y-170	Y-171	Y-174	Y-175
Y-182	Y-183	Y-189	Y-205	Y-209
Y-240	Y-242	Y-260	Y-261	Y-263
Y-264	Y-265	Y-267	Y-268	Y-269
Y-270	Y-271	Y-272	Y-273	Y-274
Y-275	Y-276	Y-277	Y-278	Y-302
Z-6	Z-8	Z-10	Z-11	Z-13
Z-14	Z-25	Z-26	Z-29	Z-30
Z-31	Z-32	Z-33		

FREE BONUS! Any poster in this ad FREE with order of \$5.98 or more. Write # of your free poster here

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

New York City residents add 7% city sales tax. Other New York State residents add applicable sales tax.



Y-205 W. C. FIELDS. The classic. Field! Black and white photo, 30" x 40". \$1.00



Y-133 SMILES? Yellow and black on heavy paper, 12" x 17". Only \$1.00



Y-158 LOVE IS CONTAGIOUS - WE GET IT FROM ONE ANOTHER. Full color drawing, 11" x 17". \$1.00



Y-85 FLAMING LOVE. Dayglow on black background, 22" x 30". \$2.00



Y-168 SPHERES. M. C. Escher black light, 19" x 31". Only \$1.98



Y-40 CHISHOLM AND WALLACE TOGETHER. Black and white on heavy stock, 23" x 29". \$1.00



Y-264 DESIDERATA. The original authorized printing in day glow orange and black. 23" x 35". \$1.98



Y-170 LOVE STORY as told by feet in ten panels. Full color on heavy stock, 23" x 35". \$1.98



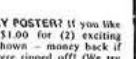
Y-242 SQUARE WIZARD Mind Twisting. Black Light 11" x 17". \$1.00



Y-270 NOTHING TO SPITZ. Full color on heavy stock, 23" x 35". \$1.98



A-31 WITH LOVE J. Y-78 PEACE. Human! (Superstar Poster) Sepia. Peace Symbol. Full color on heavy stock, 23" x 35" or 22" x 32". \$2.00



Y-101 MYSTERY POSTER? If you like surprises send \$1.00 for (2) exciting posters - not shown - money back if you feel you were ripped off! (We try harder!) \$1.00



NEWS ON THE MARCH



Enemy Picks Sunday Morning in December for Sneak Attack; His Deceitful Negotiators Still Talk Peace As Bombs Fall; Ships Sunk, Noncombatants Killed in Air Raids on Harbor



Once more failing to acknowledge its debt to honorary speech-writer George Orwell, the Nixon administration last December ordered an unprecedented "clamp down" on the release of accounts of American bombing of the North, citing the need for "protection of information." In this regard, it is worth noting that four newsmen are in jails around the country for "protecting" their sources from grand-jury investigations, a not wholly dissimilar

action.

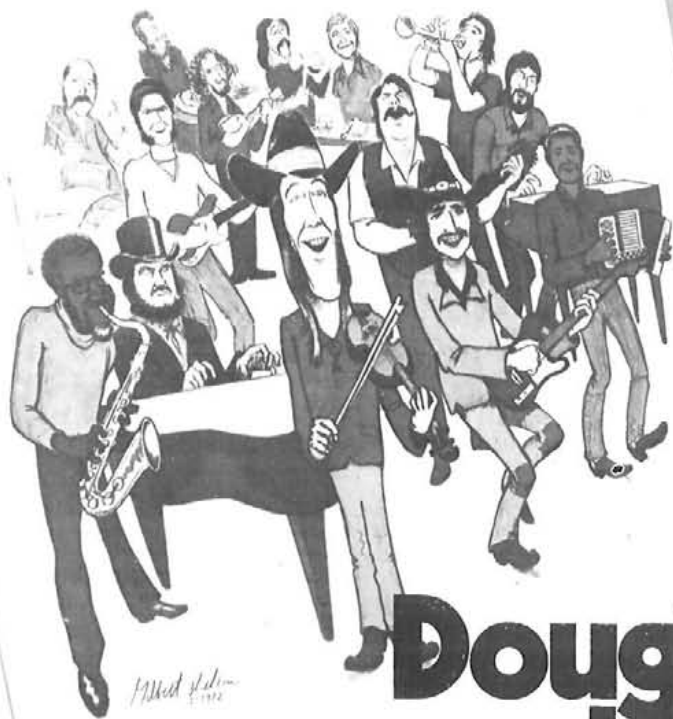
Interestingly enough, the First Amendment to the Constitution has always been thought to make the second sort of protection legal, while the Freedom of Information Act makes the first sort of protection illegal since it is now against the law to withhold information from the public that does not jeopardize "national security." Presumably, telling everyone how many bombs we dropped and where

doesn't jeopardize national security. (It seems reasonable to assume that the North Vietnamese have a more than vague inkling of the statistics in question.) Perhaps there was mix-up of some sort; even in the best-run countries, these things do happen.

Clay T. Whitehead, of the White House Office of Telecommunications Policy, recently declared that the Administration intends to seek legisla-

continued on page 26

DOUG SAHM AND BAND



Doug Sahlm and Band.

featuring
**George Rains,
Jack Barber, Augie Meyer,
Bob Dylan, Dr. John,
David "Fathead" Newman
and Wayne Jackson.**



On Atlantic Records and Tapes.



15TH ANNUAL
**GRAMMY
AWARDS**

CBS

March 3, 10 to 11:30 P.M.

A TELEVISION PRODUCTION OF
PIERRE COSSETTE COMPANY



Available direct from the publisher. This magnificent 54 volume set of Great Books.



You get all volumes now...pay later on convenient budget plan.

If you think there's more to life than your everyday activities. If you want to know more, do more, be more than you are... the Great Books are for you.

These are the writings of Plato, Homer, Cervantes, Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, Freud, Rabelais, Aristotle, Shakespeare, and many, many more. They contain just about every important thought of Western Man for the past 3,000 years! The Great Books were published in collaboration with the University of Chicago by Encyclopaedia Britannica. There are 54 beautifully bound volumes containing 443 masterpieces by 74 of the world's greatest thinkers.

\$1,000,000 Syntopicon included.

With the Great Books you get an amazing reference work that required 8 years and more than \$1,000,000 to write. It's called the Syntopicon and it indexes over 163,000 references to ideas and topics in the Great Books. So, in minutes, you can look up any idea and find what each of the great thinkers thought.

Also available with the Great Books are the handsome 10-volume reading plans. And you may also get the remarkable 10-volume set called Gateway to the Great Books.

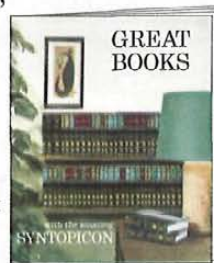
Certainly the Great Books belong in the home of every thinking person.

Let us send you more information. FREE

To learn more, just fill out and mail the attached card. If card is missing, write to Great Books, 425 N. Michigan Ave., Dept. 100-T, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

You will receive a full-color, 16-page booklet describing the Great Books in detail.

There is no cost or obligation. You don't even need a stamp. Do it now.



tion that would have the effect of holding local television stations responsible at license-renewal time for the content of anything they broadcast from network sources. It has now been learned that there is another similar piece of legislation in preparation that would hold individual citizens accountable at driver's-license renewal time for repeating to their friends over the telephone, or otherwise, any "malicious gossip" or "slanted news" they may have picked up from their local station.

"We just can't have people driving all over the place spreading this left-wing stuff they get from Dan Rather and John Chancellor," said Roger Ackney, head of the Office of Verbal-communications Policy. "These people are like little individual radio stations; so, of course, what we're doing here is just an extension of the Federal Communications Commission's licensing power. I mean, you've seen that commercial where the guy broadcasts bad breath, right? Well, this is the same thing. We're not going to let a bunch of radic-lib loudmouths monopolize the conversation, and that's all there is to it."

The legislation is said to be aimed at the New York-based networks' alleged monopoly of the airwaves, a monopoly the Administration—usu-

ally through Vice-President Agnew—claims has resulted in the presentation of only one ideological point of view in news broadcasts.

In view of demands by a number of religious groups in California that science textbooks explaining the Darwinian theory of evolution give equal space to the Biblical view that the earth and life were created in six days, it seems only fair to provide space in basic-science texts for other equally important contributions to scientific thought by the Christian religion, including the following: the theory that the sun revolves around the earth; the body of thought that holds that lunacy is the result of infestation by devils; an interpretation of the noted "torture" cure; a list of roman-numeral multiplication tables; a good, clear statement of the flat-earth theory; a thorough study of the angel-pinhead problem; and a detailed explanation, preferably with diagrams, of the fascinating mechanisms involved in virgin birth. Similarly, it seems equally fair to require that all Bibles printed in the United States include a chapter, immediately following Genesis, explaining the DNA molecule, natural selection, genetic mutation, paleontology, continental drift, carbon-14 dating, and

the Big Bang and solid-state theories of the formation of the universe.

We have learned from correspondents recently returned from China that the musk-ox craze remains in full swing and that the popular musk-ox dolls sought after by Chinese children are still totally unobtainable in toy stores anywhere in the People's Republic.

Less than a week after the announcement that *Life* magazine was ceasing publication came the equally sad news that *Literaturnaya Gazeta*, the Soviet Union's only periodical devoted to works by new authors, literary reviews, political comment, and social criticism, has also closed down. Founded seven months ago by Valery Tamarakovsky, the journal had run into increasing competition from the big Russian networks like KGB and NKVD and had found that its 5,000-copy circulation was just "too big for comfort," as former editor Tamarakovsky explained in an interview in his simply furnished but snug basement-apartment. "Right now I'm planning to take fifteen or twenty years off to write a novel on prison-camp life," said Tamarakovsky. "I took a beating on this venture, and I guess I just need some time to myself to unwind." □

Katch up with the Kinks.

If you're a recent re-convert to The Kinks, and for all you know the Muswell hillbillies spent the four years 'twixt "A Well Respected Man" and "Lola" walking up and down Hollywood Blvd., then you, buddy, have lotsa catching up to do.

Two Reprise albums featuring material from those lean but creatively brilliant years will make your catching-up easy and fun.

The Kink Kronikles you've probably heard of: they're two LPs containing twenty-eight of the Kinks' most kolossal musical triumphs, many of which used to be unavailable for love or money.

The other, the brand-new *The Great Lost Kinks Album*, consists entirely of never-released-in-America splendors. A couple of tracks come from the never-released-anywhere Dave Davies solo album. A few come from Ray Davies-composed scores for British TV shows and films. And a bunch would have been on the legendary *Four More Respected Gentlemen* album, mere mention of which has been rendering Kinks devotees glassy-eyed for nigh onto four years.

Without these two your Kinks collection is skin and bone.



THE KINK KRONIKLES

Victoria • The Village Green Preservation Society
This Is Where I Belong • Holiday in Waukiki • Polly
David Watts • Lola • Dead End Street • Shangri-La
Autumn Almanac • Sunny Afternoon • Got Back in Line
Did You See His Name? • Fancy • God's Children • King Kong
Mindless Child of Motherhood • Death of a Clown • Apeman
Waterloo Sunset • Berkeley Mews • Big Black Smoke • Days
Susannah's Still Alive • Willesden Green • Wonderboy

SPECIALY
PRICED
2-RECORD
SET

Want a free Warner/Reprise record and tape catalog? Write to Catalog, Box 6868, Warner Bros. Records, Burbank, Calif. 91505



PICKERING MODEL OA-1 DYNAMIC OPEN AIR HEADPHONES

The perfect environment for listening -- and it costs only \$19.95

■ Light-Weight—Open Air

There's no "locked-in" feeling, no sense of isolation from the rest of the world. This feather-light set of headphones perches so gently on your head, pours fabulous sound into your ears . . . yet you're always aware of, and part of, your surroundings. That's why we call these phones the "perfect environment for listening."

■ High Efficiency Full Range Speakers

Here is sound reproduction of extraordinary quality—unprecedented at this price. Every fine feature has been designed and engineered by Pickering to give acoustic excellence and exceptional comfort.

■ Soft-Foam Filled Cushions and Headband

The comfort secret is in the lightness of the ear cushion assembly with its open air foam filling that helps give you a participatory feeling in your environment while all the music pours into your ears.

■ Fully Adjustable Headband

Carefully designed to fit comfortably all sizes and shapes—especially *your* head. The secret is a channel slide that conforms to *you*.

■ Molded Heavy-Duty Plug

Twist it . . . turn it . . . abuse it. It is designed and constructed to stay together through the life of the phones.

SPECIFICATIONS

ELECTRICAL

IMPEDANCE: 8 ohms

MAXIMUM INPUT POWER:
300 m watts

SENSITIVITY (Specific Response):
100 dB at 600 Hz

FREQUENCY RESPONSE:
30-19,000 Hz

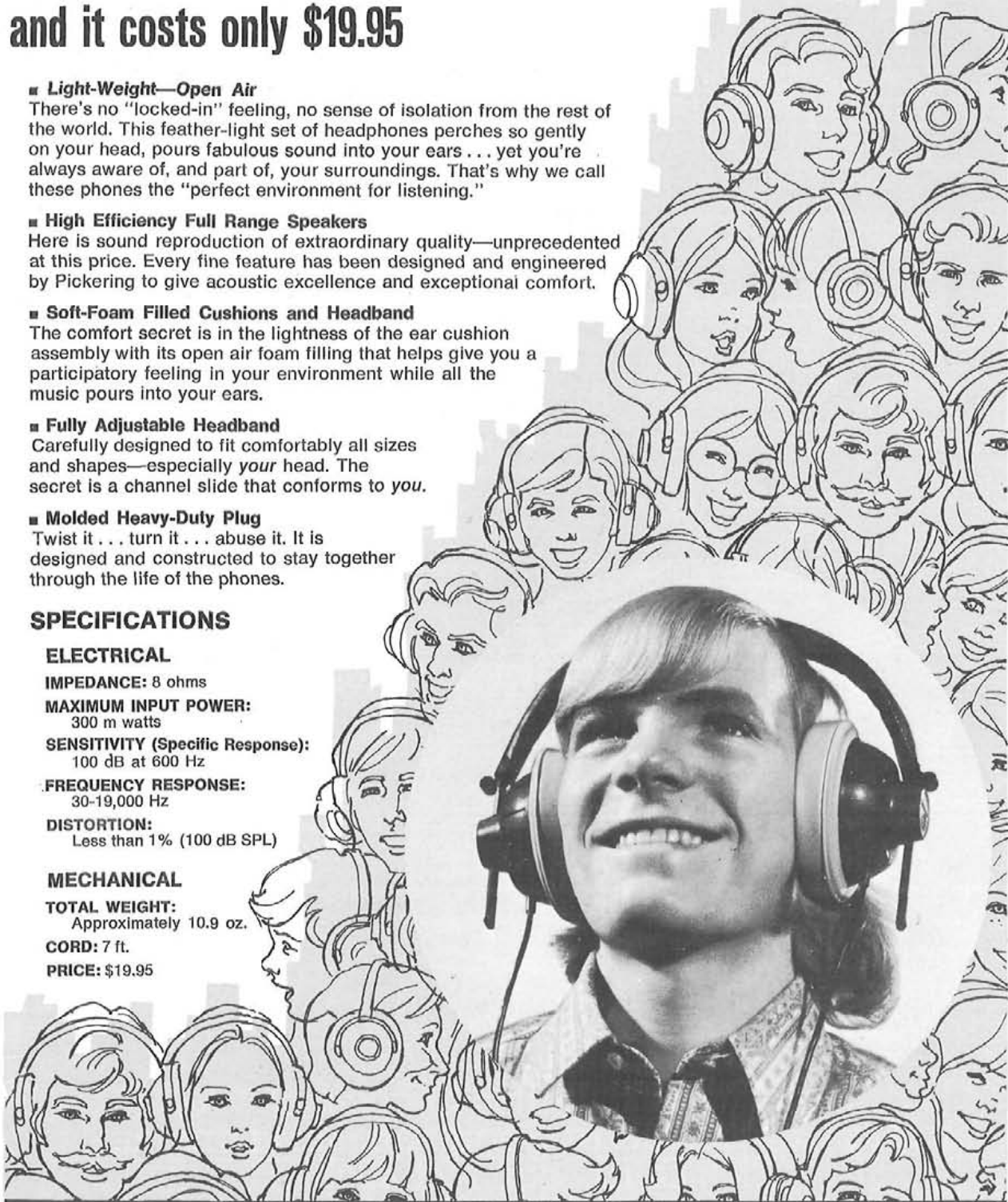
DISTORTION:
Less than 1% (100 dB SPL)

MECHANICAL

TOTAL WEIGHT:
Approximately 10.9 oz.

CORD: 7 ft.

PRICE: \$19.95



"for those who can **hear** the difference"

For further product information, write to Dept. N.L.,
PICKERING & COMPANY, INC., Sunnyside Blvd., Plainview, N.Y. 11803

MAHAVISHNU ORCHESTRA
Birds of Fire



KC 31996

including:
Miles Beyond/Celestial Commuters
Thousand Island Park/Sanctuary/Birds of Fire

The Mahavishnu Orchestra:
Billy Cobham, Jerry Goodman, Jan Hammer,
Rick Laird, John McLaughlin.
The second album, "Birds of Fire," is now available.
On Columbia Records  and Tapes

Strategy & Tactics



The paper time machine

STRATEGY & TACTICS is a magazine. It's also a tool: a time machine that enables you to replay the crucial events—past, present, and future—that shape our lives.

Now, instead of merely reading about what's happening, you can explore and experience the alternatives and decision points through the technique of Conflict Simulation.

What is Conflict Simulation?

Conflict Simulation is a way of analyzing a political or military conflict situation. A way that is as intellectually stimulating as a game of chess, and as thorough as a written analysis.

Through the use of the Conflict Simulation (or "game") format, the conflict situation is re-created—so that you are in a position to make the vital decisions and, in the game at least, change the way things were, are, or will be.

What you get

STRATEGY & TACTICS magazine is published bi-monthly. Each issue contains:

★ A ready-to-play conflict-simulation game with a 22 x 28" playing surface, die-cut play-

ing pieces, and complete rules.

★ An analytical article on the same subject as the game in that issue.

★ Other feature articles on historical and military subjects.

★ Game and book reviews, commentary on existing games, and discussions of subscribers' questions.

The magazine is 48+ pages long, and all material is handled in a highly organized (and easily understandable) graphic format.

Games recently published in STRATEGY & TACTICS were: *GRUNT* (ground combat in Vietnam), *LOST BATTLES* (tactical combat in Russia, 1941-44), *USN* (the war in the Pacific, 1941-43), *COMBAT COMMAND* (tactical combat in Western Europe, 1944).

We also publish a separate line of conflict-simulation games, which you will find listed in the coupon.

Free to new subscribers

NAPOLEON AT WATERLOO, history's greatest battle presented in a game-design specialty created to introduce new readers to Conflict Simulation.

Send check or M.O. to:

Simulations Publications Inc.

Dept. 477 44 East 23rd St., New York, N.Y. 10010

Please enter my subscription to S. & T. for:

1 Year (6 issues)—\$10

2 Yrs. (12 issues)—\$17

3 Yrs. (18 issues)—\$24

Current Issue \$4

Send me the following Simulation Games:

Kursk (Russia, 1943)—\$6

Korea (1950-51)—\$6

Phalanx (ancient Greece)—\$6

Barbarossa (Russia, 1941-45)—\$6

Leipzig (Napoleonic Wars, 1813)—\$6

Normandy (the D-Day Invasion)—\$6

Please send me your free brochure.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

At TEN Shun,

all you Jills & Joes...
here they come.
It's

Brian McConnachie's

Angels in Crewcuts

AT EASE...
for family fun
FORWARD, MARCH...
to ko-ed khaki kapers
EYES RIGHT...
to the facing page



"I declare, Private Collins," shouted Cadet Captain Pennington from the esplanade, "sometimes you don't have the sense God gave animal crackers."

Private Collins had misjudged the angle of the "echelon left" and had tripped over the neatly stacked cannon balls.

"Now pile up those cannon balls and get back into formation," barked Pennington. As he turned, he saw Cadet Captain Osbourn.

"You know, Pennington, you're too easy on your men. If he was one of mine, I'd have him typing out two cannon reports and make him stand out in the rain in his bare feet."

"Collins is a good man, Osbourn, and besides, those cannon balls shouldn't be stacked up like that all over the parade ground. Why aren't they placed where people can't fall over them? Why do we need all those piles of cannon balls anyway?"

"Ours is not to reason why, old boy. You know as well as I do: commandant's orders. They're gifts from distinguished alumni."

Both officers' attention turned as another cadet fell over a stack of cannon balls. "Let me handle this one, Pennington. She's not one of yours."

"CADET, YOU DOUBLE TIME OVER HERE. I'll teach her not to fall over and break ranks. What's your name, cadet?"

"Nigel Osbourn, you know perfectly well what my name is. Cadet Private Joan Wellington Godfrey, sir."

"Well, Cadet Private Joan Wellington Godfrey, suppose you recite the state charter and goals of this academy, and do it face down in the gravel over there. And loud, so I can hear you."

"Oakdale Military Academy is a coeducational, liberal arts boarding school which emphasizes academic inquiry and creative discipline for the over four hundred orphans who are under its charge. The faculty is aided in this endeavor by the Sisters of the Advanced Gua—"

"All right, that's enough. Report back to your platoon. . . . Wait a minute, cadet. Are you wearing lipstick? You know the rules on wearing lipstick during drill period. Give me your lipstick."

The cadet opened up the butt plate of her rifle, and the lipstick dropped out. Osbourn took it and wrote "I am a nincompoop" across the girl's face.

"Now get going." She ran back to her platoon.

"See here, Osbourn. That's going a little too far. Charter recitation is one thing, but writing on—"

"The trouble with you is, Pennington, you're all jelly and no peanut butter!"

Cadet Private Tim Collins sat on his bunk rubbing his shin.

"I would've seen those darn cannon balls if you hadn't distracted my attention, Mr. Pearly. And how is it that I'm the only one who seems to see you?"

"Never mind about that, Tim. We have another job to do tonight. The manager of Blanchard's department store has been cheating on the accounts and fixed it so it looks like one of the clerks did it. We've got to straighten it out before the store opens on Monday when the auditors come. I'll be back at ten to pick you up."

"... Wait, Mr. Pearly. . . . Darn it. He's gone. How does he do that?"

Just then, Cadet Jane Wellington Godfrey came into Tim's room.

"Jane, my goodness, you're bleeding. Let me get—"

"Never mind. It's that rat Osbourn. I won't go out on a date with him, so he pays me back this way."

"Oh, Ozzie's not such a bad sort. Rules are rules, Jane. Say, why don't you wash your face, we change into our dress uniforms and take a walk over to the infirmary to visit Sister Benito. She was driving her motor scooter and crashed into the pile of sculling boats, then fell into the boat basin."

"I was going to get ready for our date tonight. You promised to take me to the training-film movies and then maybe a walk down Huggy Lane afterwards. Remember? . . . You're getting that look in your face, Private Tim Collins. Don't you go telling me you have to go with that nonexistent Mr. Pearly again. Oooohhhh . . ." Joan ran from the room and down the hall, and Tim ran right after her.

"Joan, Joan, let me explain. . . ."

She ran past Sister Anna Maria Theresa. Tim stopped and noticed the sister had her arm in a sling.

"Don't ask, Tim. My Vespa crashed into a pile of cannon balls on the parade ground. That was Joan running down the hall. Was that blood all over her face?"

"No, Sister, it was lipstick."

"She should be more careful putting it on."

Commandant of cadets, Jerome Thacher, sat bent over his desk studying a map of the campus. He took a pencil and began drawing x's near the edge of the wooded area. He started smiling to himself. Just then the side door opened and Pops Duley poked his head in. "Scuse me, Mr. Thacher, some cartons just arrived. Where do you want the workmen to put them?"

"You muttonheaded oaf. Knock before you come in here. I'll be out in a minute." He folded up his map, put it in the top drawer, locked the drawer, looped the key around his neck, and

went out of the office. "Here, you workmen, be careful with those."

"Cripes, chief. What you got in here, cannon balls? These things weigh a ton."

"Put them all down in the basement. Duley, you go with them and make sure they're careful."

Just then Jojo, the school's adopted mascot, came scurrying around the corner and whacked the commandant on the shin with a rubber hammer.

"Ow! Duley, grab that ape." Duley made an ineffectual pass at him but missed.

"After you see to these workmen, I want you to catch that monkey and tie him up, and then I want you to mow all the grass on the parade ground—and I don't want to hear any excuses. Now get going. And find out who spends the time making clothes for that monkey. Every time I see that animal, it has a new outfit on."

Thacher walked back into his office, and as he sat down at his desk his intercom buzzed.

"What is it, Miss Thorndike?" he said with exasperation.

"There are two gentlemen waiting to see you, sir. One is from the Department of Immigration. A Mr. Brooks. And the other gentleman is Mr. O'Mally, who says he has an appointment with you. Shall I send Mr. Brooks in?"

"No, I'll come out." He got up and went into the reception room.

"Mr. Brooks?"

"Ah, Mr. Thacher. I'm from the Department of Immigration, and I wonder if you can be of any help to us. We're trying to trace a hundred Dominicans who have been illegally smuggled into this country and have been reported seen in this area. . . ."

"I don't know anything about any missing Dominicans, Mr. Brooks."

"They're not missing, Mr. Thacher."

...

"Like I said, Mr. Brooks, I can't help you. Now if you'll excuse me, I have a number of matters I must see to."

"Very well, Mr. Thacher. But if you hear anything, I'll leave my card with your secretary. Please give me a call." He turned and left.

"Mr. O'Mally, will you step into my office?"

He rose from the couch and crossed the room into Thacher's office. When the door was shut behind him he said, "I have the results of the soil samples you sent to our oil company, Mr. Thacher; and if I know my business, I'd guess you're sitting on top of a gusher. Five, six hundred barrels a day." But this is all state land, isn't it?"

"Not exactly, Mr. O'Mally, not exactly."

continued

The cadet adjutant slowly looked across the filled mess hall. All of the cadets sat at strict attention. "REST," he shouted, and they began their evening meal.

"What's for dinner?"

"Jelly and butter sandwiches again. And some kind of soup."

"Hey, there are things rolling around in the soup. They look like jelly beans."

"Why don't they ever give us anything that can stick to our ribs?"

"We got Spam two days ago."

"No, you guys, really. Remember what Professor Ableman used to tell us about a balanced diet? . . ."

"Hey, yeah, how come he doesn't talk about that any more?"

"Pass the jelly, somebody."

"I don't know, but I heard Thacher really chewed him out for it. Said something about we should spend more time dissecting our frogs and less time worrying about what we're stuffing into our faces all the time."

"Pass the jelly back here, somebody."

"Moose ate my frog, didn't you, Moose? Moose would eat anything."

"You bet I will. And I'll eat your hand if you don't pass that soup. I'M HUNGRY. No kidding, guys, I'm really weak with hunger sometimes. Sometimes . . . all the time!"

"You're not the only one, Moose. We all are. And that game against Baywood is only two weeks away. We got to find a way to get some real food into us. I don't know if we're going to be ready for it."

"Hey, Moose, how about leaving some jelly beans in the soup?"

"The door's locked, Mr. Pearly. I can't get it open."

"Now try it, Tim."

"Hey, it's open. How do you? . . . Oh, never mind."

"Come on, Tim, the accounting department is back this way."

"Mr. Pearly, can we stop for something to eat first? I'm weak."

"We'll worry about that later. There's work to do first."

They tiptoed to the back of the store and went into the manager's office. Mr. Pearly went over to the safe and opened it as if it were never locked, took out the books, and placed them on the manager's desk. "We'll change this 1 back to a 4 and this 7 to a 9. That should do it." They put the books back in the safe and started to leave when they heard a key go into the front door.

"Quick, back into the office, Tim. We'll hide in the closet."

Four men came into the office laughing. One of them took out a bottle and placed it on the desk, and another took out a deck of cards and started deal-

ing as the others got chairs to put around the desk.

"Where is Thacher? He said he'd be here. Gimme a shot from that bottle."

"Take it easy, he'll be here. I'll take two cards. Look, the plan will work. We got nothing to worry about. Those kids'll be so skinny and weak by June they'll never pass the state inspection. The governor will have to close the place down, and we buy the land from the state."

"What about the headmaster?"

"The guy's never there. When he comes back, Thacher can take care of him."

"What if the kids aren't so skinny and weak and put on a pretty good display of field maneuvers for the governor and he grants the school another year's operating funds?"

"Well, my friend, that's where we come in. We'll be hiding in the woods to make sure nothing goes wrong. Those kids show they can make it, WHACK-O right on the head."

"HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA."

"HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA."

"O.K., O.K. Say, who do you like in the game coming up?"

"Some big boys from New York are coming out, and the smart money is on Raywood."

Tim turned to Mr. Pearly and whispered, "This is terrible. We have to get back and warn the others. But can I get something to eat first?"

"No, Tim, you must never say that you heard any of this."

"But . . ."

"Promise me."

"I promise."

"Come on, we'll sneak out this window of the closet."

"What window? There's no . . . How do you do that, Mr. Pearly?"

"Say, how about making me a nice roast beef sandwich?"

Pops Duley and Professor Ableman were crossing the parade ground avoiding the piles of cannon balls when Sister Corberelta came whizzing by on her Vespa. She circled them twice, then headed off toward the chapel and crashed into a hedge. They both went running over.

"You all right, Sister?"

"I'm fine, I'm fine. Nothing at all. No bones broken. Have either of you seen Tim Collins? He was missing from bed check last night, and he has to report to the commandant."

"He should be over practicing with the team for the big game against Baywood. Is he in trouble?"

"I'm afraid he is." The nun got on her Vespa, drove right over a stack of cannon balls, and spilled over. She jumped to her feet and shouted, "LORD, YOU BETTER NOT LET THE MEEK INHERIT THE VES-

PAS OR THEY'LL BE IN HEAVEN BEFORE YOUR SECOND COMING." Then she kicked the back tire as hard as she could.

Mrs. Thorndike pressed the intercom into the commandant's office. "Private Collins is here, sir."

"Have him wait."

Tim waited close to an hour before the door finally opened.

"Come in here, Collins."

"Cadet Private Timothy R. Collins reporting as directed, sir."

"You were absent from bed check last night, Collins. I'm going to ask you only once. Where were you?"

"Sir, I . . ." Then Tim remembered his promise to Mr. Pearly. ". . . I'm afraid I can't tell you, sir."

"You're afraid you can't tell me, sir. Well, I'm afraid too, Collins. I'm afraid I'm going to have to confine you to quarters until you're unafraid. And, Collins, I'm putting the entire senior class on punishment rations. And they'll stay on punishment rations until you decide to tell me. Dismissed."

"But, sir, the game—"

"Dismissed."

Tim saluted sharply, did an about-face, and left.

Tim began shouting for Mr. Pearly as he shut the door of his room. "I know you're here." He first looked through his closet, then his foot locker. "PLEASE, Mr. Pearly." Then he noticed a note on his bunk. It read, "Dear Tim: Don't think I've let you down. I haven't. I've been called away on another assignment in Liechtenstein. Remember your promise. Yours truly." It's funny, Tim thought, the guy can spell 'Liechtenstein,' but he can't spell 'truly.'

Someone knocked on his door.

"Come in."

It was Joan. She was wearing a sandwich board that said in bold letters, "I have rocks in my head."

"Tim, I just heard the news."

"Joan, why are you wearing that thing?"

"Oh, it's that beast Osbourn again. I wasn't saluting when they were lowering the flag."

"That's pretty serious, Joan. What were you doing?"

"I was fixing my stocking, if you must know. I'll never go out with him now. But forget about that. What are you going to do?"

"I don't know, Joan. There's not much I can do."

"Not much you can do.' You march right downstairs and tell him what he wants to know. If the whole class goes on punishment rations, we won't have a chance against Baywood. It's time to stop thinking about yourself, Tim, and begin thinking about others."

continued on page 70



My Own Stamp Album

written and illustrated by Bruce McCall

Your Fascinating Folio of Philatelic Fun

Here's your magic key to a pastime that's taking the hobby world by storm—stamps! “The calling cards of nations,” they've been termed. And we all know just how fascinating it is to pore over a pile of old calling cards. And that's just a fraction of the fun, 'cause stamps are also educational! How else could you learn what it costs—in Turkish money—to airmail a letter from Turkey? Ready, set, grab your tweezers, and go!

United States

Why don't you and your friends rifle the stamp machines in your neighborhood to see if you can't complete this collection of fascinating contemporary US postage stamps?

Blessings of American Life Issue, 1973

Heated Shave Cream



Cheese-flavored Dog Food



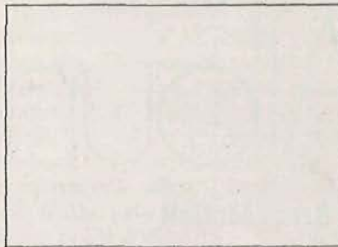
Static-free Sox



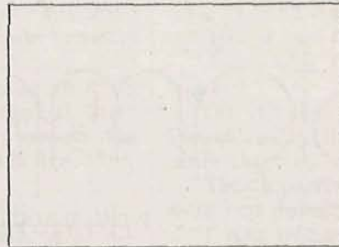
Feminine Hygiene Sprays



Twist-off Bottle Cap



Strawberry Yogurt



The Postal Service Sez: Postage Due Means Trouble for You!

United States

America has been "international-minded" ever since US guns levelled Manila in 1898. And it's reflected in these handsome, rare special-issue stamps. Got 'em? Get 'em!

Rays of Hope in a Troubled World Issue, 1972

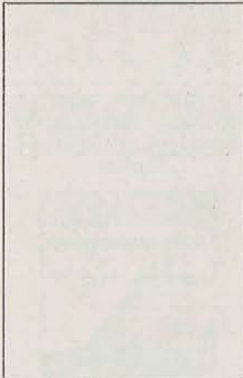
Denuclearization of
Antarctica



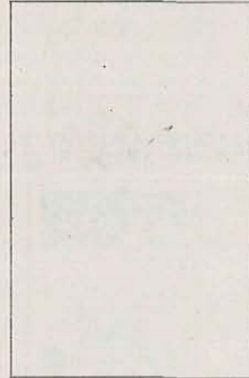
23 Years of Peace
on Quemoy-Matsu



Water Treaties
Signed with Mexico



Harvesting of the Sea
Begun at Last



Reminder: No Return Address Means a Postal-Service Mess!

continued

Backward Nations

Even Mr. & Mrs. Ignorant Barefoot Peasant use stamps—but chances are you've never seen 'em, because what do they have to say to you? And what good's a letter when it's just a few pages of X's from some illiterate? But there's good clean fun in stamps from the have-not nations!

Lesotho Commemorates
US Baseball,
1971



Romania Vows
Vigilant Friendship
With US, 1970



Somnolent Nations

Who says nothing ever happens in the dozing distant relations in our Family of Nations? Here's proof that it only takes a simple idea to create the miracle of a stamp!

Canada Launches Her
First Satellite, 1969



Italy Celebrates
365 Days of Safety on the
Rome-Reggio Calabria
Express



Remember: A Bomb in the Mail Could Land You in Jail!

Nations in Transition

Stamps can teach economics as well as history! Tiny Sudan had a revolution, then a counter-revolution within days. But with clever retouching, two governments needed only one stamp. Money's saved to buy guns, tanks, etc., for the people!

Republic of the Sudan Special Issues, 1970

June, 1970



July, 1970



Great Britain

This nation isn't going anywhere, but the stamps keep streaming forth. You'll want to collect both of them!

Rather Decent Occasions Issue, 1972

Decimal Pence
Introduced



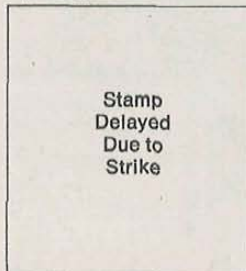
BBC 50th
Anniversary



Capital Punishment
Not Reinstated



British Museum
Opening Hours Extended



Don't Be a Dope—Put Your Letter in an Envelope!

continued

Red Communist Monolith Nations

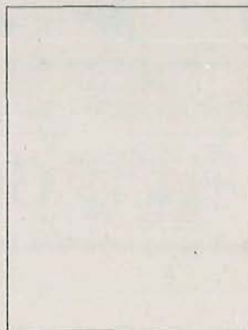
The Commies smuggle most letters in and out of foreign lands, but internally? Stamps are Big Business behind the Iron and Bamboo Curtains! And you know who runs it! Study these Russian and Chinese stamps—but don't be sucked in by the propaganda!

Great Soviet Inventor and Tinkerer Series, 1959

Lev K. Friminivikov,
Inventor of
the Galosh,
1937



H. Gubiknisov,
Agent Who Denounced
the Traitor
Lev K. Friminivikov,
1938

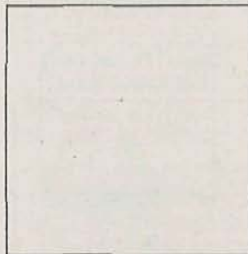


People's Republic of China Series, 1972

Commemoration of Chairman
Mao's Telephoning the
Police to Report a Drowning
Man While Swimming in
The Yangtze



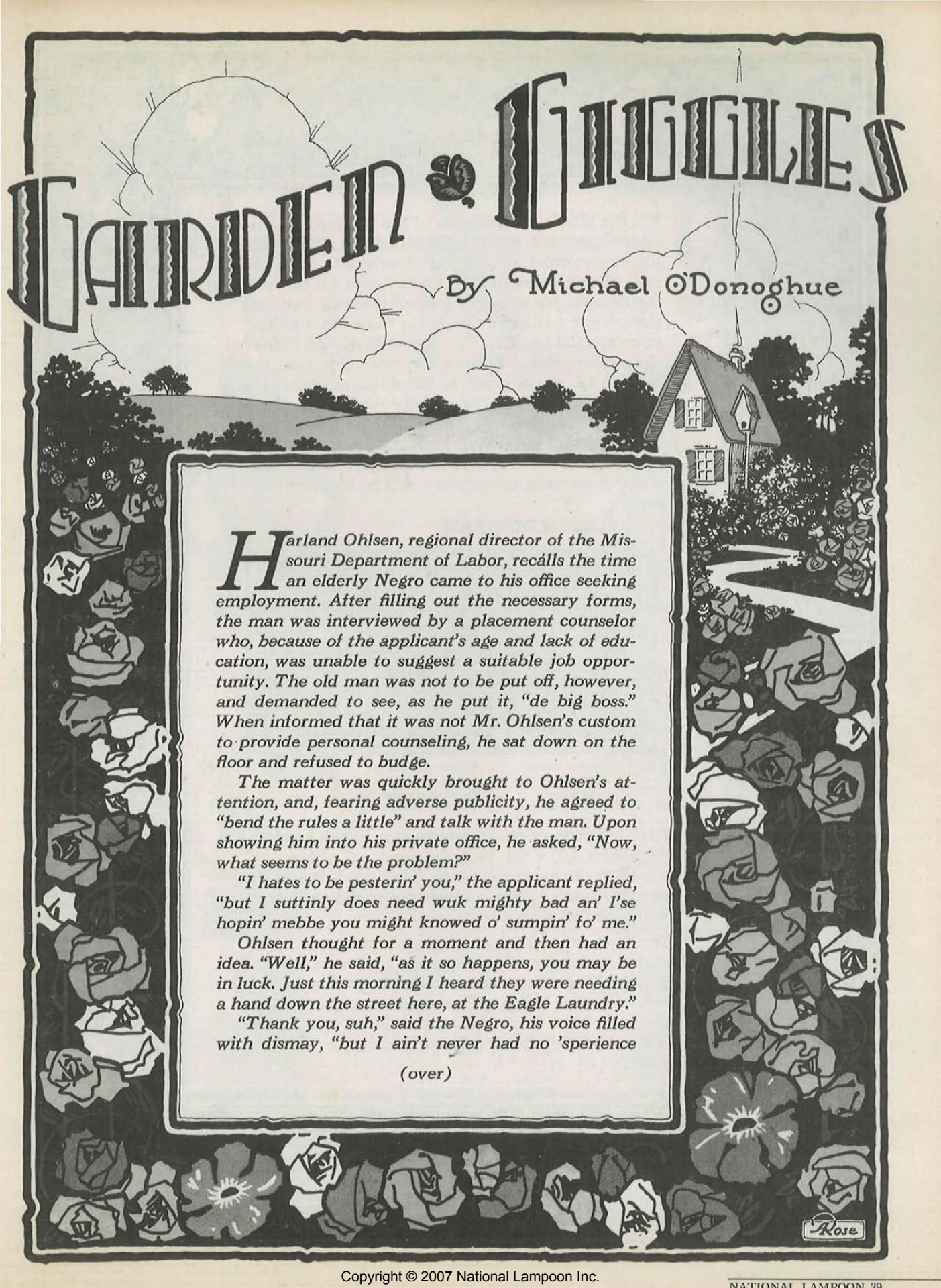
Commemoration of 2,100
Red Guards Drowned
In the Yangtze While
Trying to Recover
Mao's Telephone



**Regardless of Your Scornful Hate We're Going
to Raise the Postal Rates!**

GARDIE IN GIGGLES

By Michael O'Donoghue



Harland Ohlsen, regional director of the Missouri Department of Labor, recalls the time an elderly Negro came to his office seeking employment. After filling out the necessary forms, the man was interviewed by a placement counselor who, because of the applicant's age and lack of education, was unable to suggest a suitable job opportunity. The old man was not to be put off, however, and demanded to see, as he put it, "de big boss." When informed that it was not Mr. Ohlsen's custom to provide personal counseling, he sat down on the floor and refused to budge.

The matter was quickly brought to Ohlsen's attention, and, fearing adverse publicity, he agreed to "bend the rules a little" and talk with the man. Upon showing him into his private office, he asked, "Now, what seems to be the problem?"

"I hates to be pesterin' you," the applicant replied, "but I suttinly does need wuk mighty bad an' I'se hopin' mebbe you might knowed o' sumpin' fo' me."

Ohlsen thought for a moment and then had an idea. "Well," he said, "as it so happens, you may be in luck. Just this morning I heard they were needing a hand down the street here, at the Eagle Laundry."

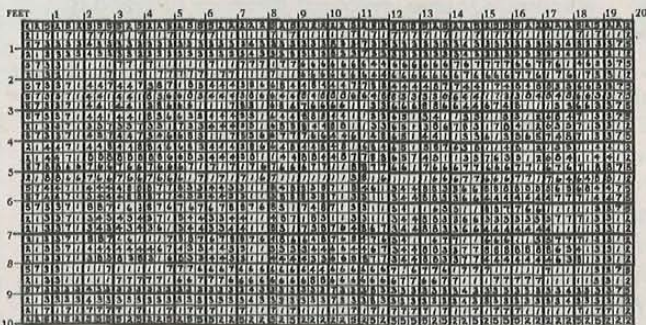
"Thank you, suh," said the Negro, his voice filled with dismay, "but I ain't never had no 'sperience

(over)

Rose

For the hilarious conclusion to the story of Harland Ohlsen and the elderly Negro, simply follow the planting instructions and wait three months. **WARNING:** Don't waste time trying to figure out the ending because it's so weird and off-the-wall that you haven't got a chance. You could think for a million years and not come up with that ending. And funny? Ooooooooooweeeeeee! Believe me, when you read the punch line, you're going to fall down laughing. It's unlikely in your entire life you'll ever see a joke funnier than this one. You'll want to share it with your friends, pass it on to your grandchildren, treasure it forever. So start that garden today. The sooner you plant those seeds, the sooner you'll be laughing your ass off.

GARDEN DIAGRAM:



- KEY**
- | | |
|-----------------------|------------------------------|
| 1. A yellow flower | 5. Another blue flower |
| 2. A blue flower | 6. Another yellow flower |
| 3. A red flower | 7. Yet another yellow flower |
| 4. Another red flower | 8. Yet another red flower |

Planting Instructions (guaranteed to raise a laugh) : Prepare a 10' x 20' plot and mark off squares as shown in the garden diagram. Then plant the seeds or bulbs in the square number corresponding to key. Water and tend regularly.

Due to variances in soil conditions, climate and availability, it is impossible to key the garden to specific flowers. Use either seeds or bulbs, but be careful to choose flowers of approximately the same height and blooming time. I am placing you all on your honor not to cheat by using crayons or colored pens and pencils.

FOTO FUNNIES



WHEN MY HAIR SHALL SHADE THE SNOW-DRIFT,



AND MINE EYES SHALL DIMMER GROW,



I WOULD LEAN UPON SOME LOVED ONE, THROUGH THE VALLEY AS I GO.



I WOULD CLAIM OF YOU A PROMISE, WORTH TO ME A WORLD OF GOLD,

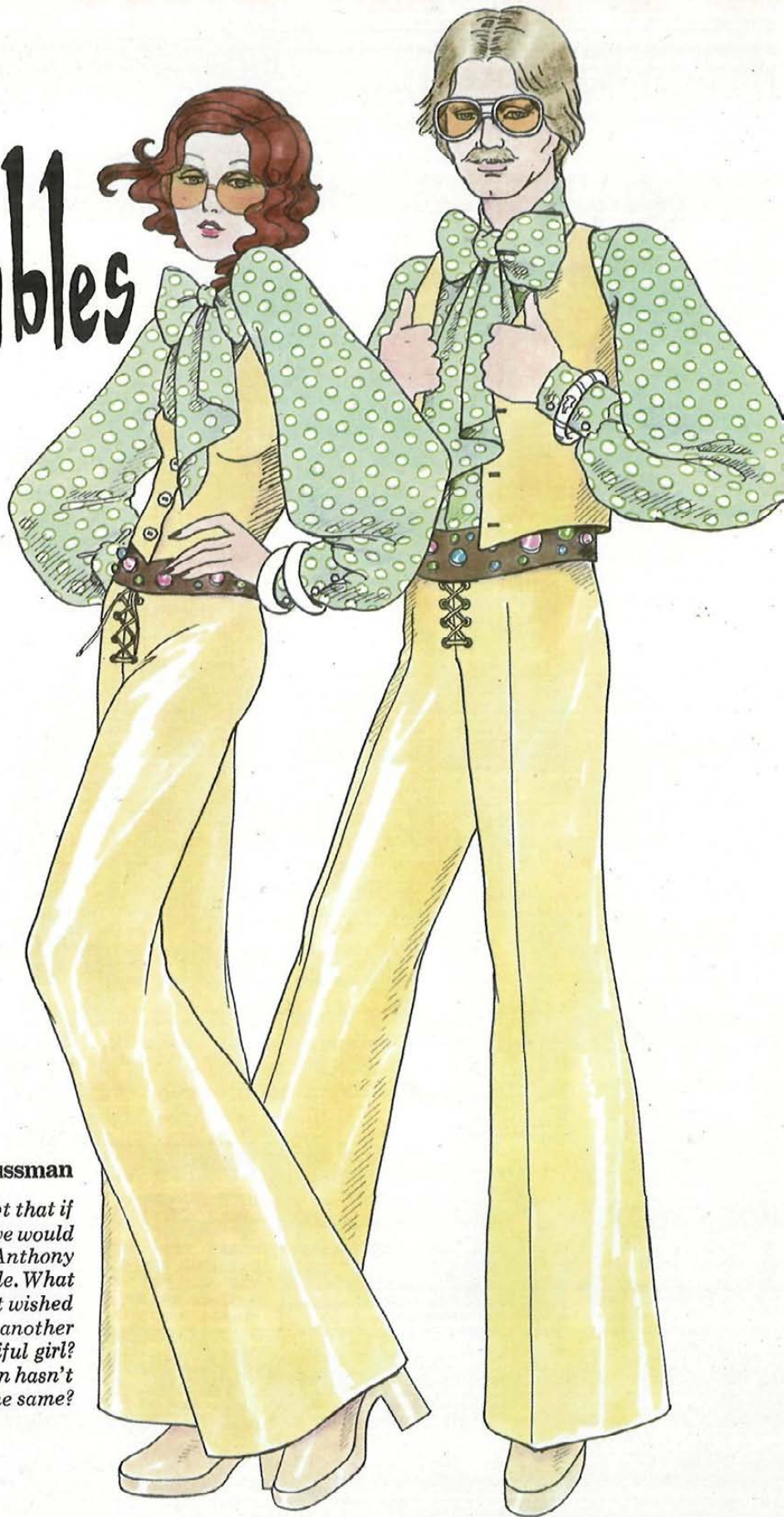


IT IS ONLY THIS, MY DARLING, THAT YOU'LL LOVE ME WHEN I'M OLD.



LIFE'S MORN WILL SOON BE WANING, AND ITS EVENING BELLS BE TOLLED, BUT MY HEART SHALL KNOW NO SADNESS, IF YOU'LL LOVE ME WHEN I'M OLD.

THE YOUNG Adorables



by Gerald Sussman

There is no doubt that if we had one life to live, we would choose to be Anthony or Alison Adorable. What woman among us hasn't wished at one time or another to be a rich, beautiful girl? And what man hasn't wished for the same?

Introducing Anthony and Alison Adorable, the most beautiful of the Beautiful People.

Though there are many who have looks, ability, and style, only Anthony and Alison Adorable possess these qualities in the rare combination that emerges as genius. They are the beautiful ones . . . the doers . . . whose pursuits are as limitless as their ferocious talents and energies. Eternally young . . . frankly sensual . . . delightfully spontaneous and warm . . . yet possessing an inner *noblesse* that commands respect, if not outright devotion.

Even by today's inflationary standards the Adorables would be considered rich. But it is nowhere written that the rich cannot embrace life with the same style, intelligence, and good taste as the poor. For though their background of wealth has endowed them with money, it has only served to enhance the ease and assurance of their life . . . a bold, bright, brilliant life of pleasures rare and work well done. The Adorables have no room for medium.

In New York . . . the season begins at the home of Anthony and Alison Adorable, a Manhattan townhouse they converted into a rambling country barn.

Their kitchen: where Alison Adorable, wizard cook, can take a carrot, an onion, a jumbo olive and turn them into a rousing Fettucine Alfredo . . . where Tony Adorable can take the same ingredients and turn them into a platter of fluffy flapjacks.

Food everywhere . . . blunt, irreverent cheeses, ripe and ready as a runny nose . . . scads of homemade margarine . . . a tub of country turpentine . . . apothecary jars filled with woodsy-smelling paper (Alison bakes her own paper) . . . a mock samovar filled with their favorite drink: a mixture of Lafite Rothschild and Orange Plus.

On the floor: Tony's uninhibited Mexican spiders, Brio and Elan, dashing about, begging for flies.

In the corner: a butcher named Block they use as a table.

The dining room: the first in a series of rooms of such perfect order and comfort, informality and elegance, they couldn't be planned . . . the ultimate tribute to the painstaking planning of Wally Whimsey, the noted homosexual decorator.

"I wanted twelfth-century Portuguese furnishings, and Tony was in-

sisting on nineteenth-century Jewish Ghetto," said Alison. "But Wally was right, and we went to twentieth-century Swiss."

"In a dining room the furnishings should never overpower the good food, good drink, and good talk," said Wally Whimsey. "I loved the idea of twentieth-century Swiss. It's so Patek-Phillipe . . . neutral . . . yet discreet, dependable—the perfect background for the Adorables and their guests, who are so dynamic and decorative in themselves."

The only non-Swiss piece in the room . . . an early Samsonite dinette set in the traditional Chantilly pattern, now mottled and burnished to a mellow brown. Table and chairs of the folding type . . . all partly folded, all stuck in that position. The fun part . . . sitting on partly folded chairs at the partly folded table . . . slipping, sliding, reaching for food and drink . . . a giddy blend of haute cuisine and hurly-burly.

Frequent dinner guests of the Adorables include . . . the Glenbernies, Jensen and Davida . . . both whip-smart, alive and kicking. He . . . heads up philanthropic projects such as buying wigs for poor Spanish peasant girls who must sell their hair for wigs. She . . . small-boned, inquisitive, loves to take long naps. Count Nicola Bommagiore and his wife, the former Pam Pumpley of Boston and Gizzard Bay. He . . . a brilliant deaf-mute . . . raises artificial truffles on his farm in Venice. She . . . freckled, pug-nosed, terrifically cruel . . . loves pajama parties . . . has plans for opening a boutique specializing in vacuum-cleaner accessories. Miss Sauna Smith . . . old schoolmate of Alison . . . now a gifted amateur burglar. Yahrni Yamar, Israeli pharmacist . . . blonde, delicate, blackberries-and-cream looking. Prince Benjamin and Princess Fay . . . dreamers to the throne of Scotland.

After dinner everyone gathers around the splendid ninth-century Chinese fireplace, used not only for marshmallow roasting, but for human sacrifice (the Adorables are passionately fond of ritual). The exciting part . . . a guest taken by surprise . . . suddenly becoming another log in the fire.

The drawing room: "We try to make our material things come alive with love."

Alison Adorable speaking . . . in a lyrical, reedy voice with the barest suggestion of a lisp (the result of a childhood accident that claimed the life of her twin sister).

In a rare Speichen vase a bunch of celery and soup greens may be soaking blissfully . . . while a set of red

velvet skullcaps, once worn by Cardinal Richelieu, may be used to dry them . . . on the twelfth-century Welsh mantel Tony's priceless collection of broken glass and wood stands diffidently next to a plastic catsup dispenser won in a pokerino game at the penny arcade.

Treasures everywhere: in a corner, a *d'amboiserie*, the French country version of the ox cart, here painted fake blue and used as a dust collector . . . a bust of Tony by Sir Joshua Roth . . . the fifteenth-century masterpiece, "Unspeakable Sins of Mario," by Fra Brodetto della Vongole . . . the bronze, "Small Boy Biting His Nails," by Tontino . . . a delightful turn-of-the-century pot-bellied uncle the Adorables use as a plant holder.

Sofas are made of laminated chocolate with almonds to give them a rough-textured, pebbly look . . . chairs and tables of sugarless chewing gum stretched over frames of balsa wood, patterned after movie-style breakaway furniture.

The Adorables keep a good supply of these chairs and tables for old-fashioned Hollywood fight parties, authentic re-creations of movie fight-scenes where Tony always plays the part of John Wayne, fighting ten men at once in devil-may-care donnybrook style.

In the spring and summer Wally Whimsey likes to cover the furniture with slipcovers made of buttered noodles. "I know they're impractical, but they're beautifully soft and shiny and do such nice things with light reflections . . . and they're so good with freshly grated Parmesan cheese."

The library: "Perhaps our favorite room . . . because we never outgrow the need for the milk of human knowledge."

He loves: Spanish-language love comics, Martin Buber's picture books, anything by William Cullen Bryant. She loves: the simple pleasures of curling up with a good book.

"I don't read. I just love to curl up with a good book . . . like our thumb-indexed Gutenberg Bible," said Alison.

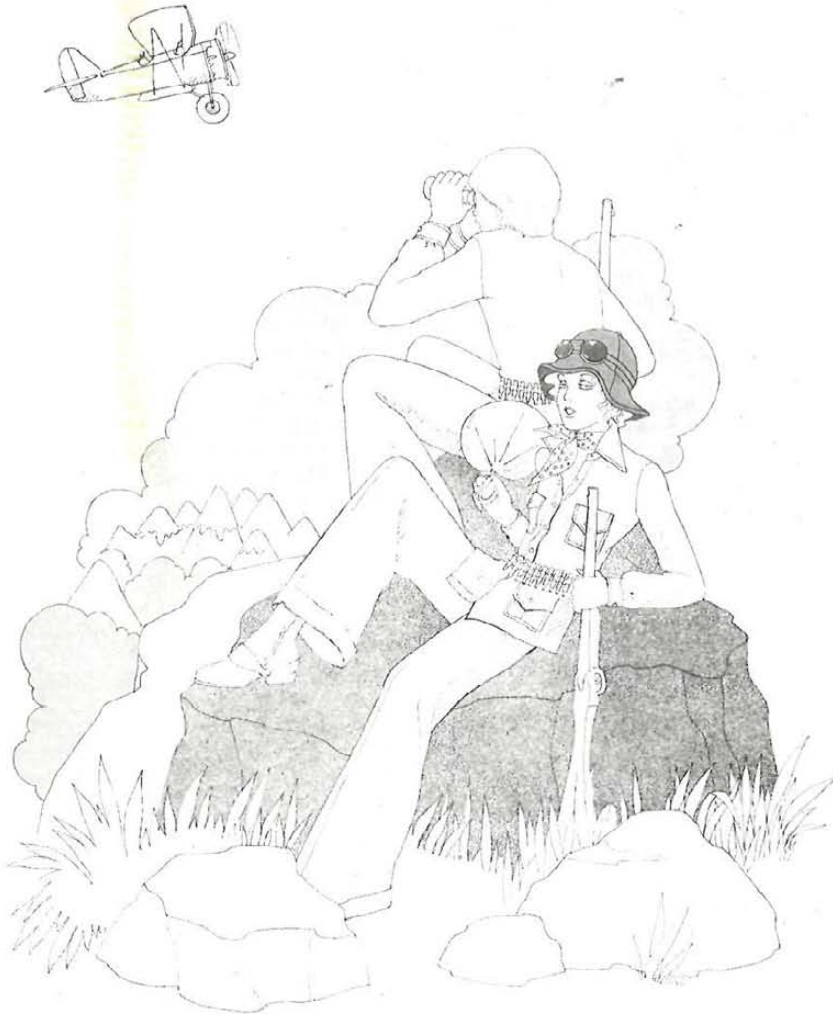
"Our shaggy library dog, Ben (actually a Nubian in costume), likes to curl up next to me. Sometimes our friendly library cockroach, Demos-thenes, comes out and teases Ben to death."

On the long wall: a wall hanging of six hardened criminals. Against the short wall: a nineteenth-century German cannon they use as a cannon.

The bedroom of Alison Adorable: frivolous . . . practical . . . naive . . . serious.

continued

Credit the Adorables for starting the big winter move away from Switzerland and skiing to Peru and strafing. They now spend as much time as they can in the tiny Peruvian village of Chiropractl. The natives of Chiropractl are the finest strafing game in the world . . . fast, elusive, with a remarkable ability to blend into the terrain.



From the polished rattan windows of Alison Adorable's bedroom one can see growths of wild sausages . . . lightning-struck trees . . . veils of mist hovering over the moorlike terrain . . . all created by Nigel, the Adorables' city gardener, out of papier-mâché and dry ice. The scent of guava jelly, chrome, and pumice stone lingers in the air, and sometimes Ringo, Alison's pet ferret, will be seen for a brief, darting moment at feeding time.

One would expect a room like this to have a not-so-innocent, childlike quality. And it does. Yet here is where Alison Adorable does great gobs of work . . . where she writes, meditates, sorts out her larger-than-life day.

She writes with old-fashioned colored chalk on Egyptian papyrus scrolls made for her by the firm of I.

Tuktian and Son. As she dashes off a note, a memo, a fragment of a lyric poem, one can hear the efficient crackle of the scrolls opening and closing in the cool stillness of the room, sounding like great celery stalks being bitten.

On her tiny Albatoire desk: mountains of caraway seeds . . . primitive cotton jewelry . . . books dealing with thirteenth-century shaving tools, dental surgery, Australian cuisine. Always at her side: her good-luck charm, a baked Idaho potato stuffed with sour cream and chives.

On the walls: a paint-by-number landscape done contrary to the directions by her artist friend, James Bufalo.

On the floor: an eighteenth-century newspaper once used to cover the new-

ly waxed floors of the London townhouse of Lord Brushburn.

In a corner: hundreds of men's socks in every style and color. Alison is studying *Timori-Tatsu*, the ancient Japanese art of decorative sock-folding.

Throughout the room: a brilliant exclamation of chintz, paisleys, jungle prints, and Day-Glo colors. Nothing harmonizes. Nothing is supposed to. Yet all is in harmony. The secret: a to-hell-with-it attitude Alison Adorable learned from her uncle, E. Jordan Tatz, Jr.

The bedroom of Alison Adorable combines high frivolity with high seriousness of purpose, for it is a room primarily intended for sleeping.

"Why not? It's a free country," she says with a perky whimper and a gutsy logic that ends all possible questioning.

The bedroom of Tony Adorable: serene . . . simple . . . utterly Arabian.

"The fondest memories I have of my years at Saudi Arabia University were the nights," said Tony Adorable.

"All the dorms had terraces overlooking a beautiful view of the Sahara. It was like a sea of sand. Every night the freshmen would sing *moutafas*, the school songs, on the quad . . . and there would be a pleasant drone from my roommate, who was chanting his verses from the Koran. I always wanted to recapture those Arabian nights in a room of my own."

And as Tony's days grew more vivid and exciting, more strenuous and demanding, so did his need for this tranquil Arabian bedroom, a masterpiece of design by Wally Whimsey.

"We took the room almost intact from a Moslem-type monk who was defrocked," said Wally.

"I wanted to recapture the simple quality of Tony's college room, without making it *too* simple or it would become pure *drab*. Hence we bought the furnishings of an *ex-monk* . . . still religious enough to live simply, but not ascetic enough for complete poverty. We bought his little chest of drawers, cardboard night-tables, and camel oil-lamps. Then Tony added a few of his marvelous personal things, and the room was perfect."

One of Tony's marvelous personal things: a WPA mural, "The Story of Pig Iron" . . . a silver-framed photograph of his father pinned under a Sequoia tree while salmon fishing . . . a small head of a young boy.

The crazy room: a room the Adorables share and share alike, a room they delight in . . . where they escape the outside world . . .

a room where one is likely to encounter anything . . . everything . . . with surprises as lively as an ice pick through the brain.

Examples . . . a ramshackle old fruit-crate Alison found in a fruit market which she plans to make into a signet ring when schedule permits (schedule doesn't permit at the moment) . . . a piece of cheese given to them by their good friend, Baroness DeKuyperchausen . . . a Louis XV writing table crammed with unanswered mail, bills, phone messages, pressed flowers, finger-poked chocolates, little vials of pills they can't recall using . . . a large, unidentified animal who prowls somewhere in the rug . . . a plastic swimming pool where they have impromptu splash fights . . . a wolf trap Tony hides somewhere, sometimes springing down on an unsuspecting foot, causing pain . . . a big, shaggy platinum blonde rug made of human hair they bought in Spain for a dollar (once a week Alison gives it an egg-and-beer shampoo and a tint) . . . an opened can of smoked sprats, overturned, lending an oily feeling to everything.

Everywhere . . . souvenirs of their African safari, including the elephant they brought home and adopted, raised, and cannot let go.

A day in the life of Anthony and Alison Adorable . . .

Morning . . . every day but Tuesday Alison Adorable is up at five. While Irish setter Herzog and twin painted-turtles Monet and Manet romp about, she begins her day by doing nineteen ballet warm-up exercises with a large provolone cheese attached to each leg. To firm up nose, chin, and tummy she boxes six rounds with Joshua Moses Jefferson, contender for the middle-weight crown. To firm up thighs and calves: a simple but marvelous idea . . . walk. Alison walks from Manhattan to Philadelphia. Upon her return she breakfasts on "anything in the cabbage family and a cup of Spanish tea."

Except Thursday Tony Adorable is up at four. He begins his day with the controversial Strawberry Exercises devised by Dr. Karl Bulgans, the Swiss physical therapist (one simply holds a bushel of strawberries over one's head for twenty-five minutes). This is followed by leg pulls, toss-ups, and a spirited pillow fight with his secretary, Barnaby Mole. After exercises: a needle shower and a Spartan breakfast (toast, black coffee, one small Spartan).

Alison's farina-pale skin led her to the canny Swiss dermatologist, Dr. Horno Blemel, for his famous Skin-alysis, a twenty-one-day examination

"First, we threw the cups and saucers. Then the everyday Baccarat and the little Dresden things. Then the big stuff. Just as we got to the old Worcester, someone suggested we throw midgets. Why not? A very small midget is no heavier than a medicine ball. We rented a dozen darling little things and threw them at each other."



of every pore of her skin. Result: Dr. Blemel concluded she had a pale skin. Recommendation: a special regimen to keep it that way.

Alison washes with Dr. Blemel's Chinese mustard soap and a fine grade of Moroccan peanut oil (Dr. Blemel forbids water on the skin). Chinese mustard burns out the hard-to-get bacteria, keeps the pores alert and alive.

Hair: now in the magical hands of Roy, young, self-taught Nigerian. Roy likes to combine bangs, curls, and straight hair in one hairdo, adding anything he finds in his little cigar box. Hair care: a shampoo every day with split-pea soup and ham. Good for thickening. Gives a nice greenish tint, too. Uses a big old clothes dryer to dry her hair. Crawls right in for the thirty-minute cycle and gets tossed

around like a hot towel. Never uses hair spray. Simply dips her head in organic honey and it stays put.

Afternoon . . . For walking in New York Alison wears John Worm's new pantsuit with just one opening for the legs (some contend it's actually a very tight skirt extending to the ankle). Tony wears a barrel. For gloves, packages, togs, and just things, their new carry-all: a slave.

First stop: the galleries. At the Ziskin . . . the invisible paintings of Gregory Stoones. At the Morganstein . . . the childlike drawings of Francis Francis, the sixty-year-old artist with the mind of a five-year-old. At the Tetanus . . . the Roy Luxembourg opening. Luxembourg works with hundreds of different cheeses that he softens to room temperature and

continued

List of Those Who Were Invited to the Adorables' Masquerade Party

John Agincourt
Mr. and Mrs. Bennett Agincourt
Niles Alabaster
Mr. and Mrs. Chester Allacore
George Alino
Franz Alp
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Alpaca
Mr. and Mrs. Peter Allumen
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Amityville
Mr. and Mrs. George Anthracite
Lester Arhesh
Nybur Artesian
Ramon Avillar

Christopher Bainstock
Mr. and Mrs. Nestor Balderian
Hugh Balls
John Helladonna
Prince Benjamin and Princess Fay
Rudy Beneficio
Mr. and Mrs. Walter J. Bibbeling
Dr. Hugo Von Bifteck
Alan Blath
Helen Blemish
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas L. Blipps
Katherine Bjobb
Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Blundop
Castillio Boeci
Tanya Bogratz
James Bogus
Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Bomb
Count and Countess Nicola Bommaggiore
Terry Bondage
Clyde Boorvis
Leslie Boorvis
Dr. and Mrs. Seth Bottsie
Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Bordello
Camilla Bosroches
Richard Bowtie
Dame Doris Bovine
David Breadwell
Mr. and Mrs. Paul Brei
Bruce Brick
Norella Brigandi
Stanley Brilliantine
Melissa Brine
Joanna Bris
Lord Broadcloth
Jill Brogan
Newburyport Lamont Brooks Brothers
Mrs. David C. E. Brougham
Lady Brusdeckel
Peter Brusque
Anthony Bryle
Nina Buckle
Hope Budwell
James Buffalo
Joan Bugmore
Moe Bulb
Mr. and Mrs. Bruno Bumbarti
Madge Bumbarti
Mr. and Mrs. Philip Bumblebee
Emily Bundel
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Buns II
Jezebel Buns
Mr. and Mrs. Perlman Butz
Beatrice Bushing
Mimi Bushing
Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Bushmaster
Cyril Buskin

Vera Calgary
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Candy
Helen Canister
Monrando Canfrantoni
Max Canoli
Marissa Caramel
Jason Caribuncle
Lord Cardigan
Sir Morris Cardommon
Bernard Carport
Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Cashmere
Ronald Cask
Rita Castenet
Stanley Caucus
Michael Chive
Mr. and Mrs. Edward Chowderland
Harry Cloister
Sir Anthony Clove
Boris Coal
Alan Cockerel
Spencer Colon
Mrs. Patrick Cormorant
Mr. and Mrs. Noel Cornerstone
Mr. and Mrs. James Cornice
Walter Crankcase
Bradley Crayon
Philip Cuticle

Vittorio de Copa
Hector del Famado
Cisco de Puglia
Alexis De Tocqueville
Baron and Baroness
Clomide de Kuyperchhausen
Anthony di Bravura
Charlotte Dimples
Mr. and Mrs. Gregory Din
Feydor Dostoevsky

Ian Downeyflake
Pat Dreydil
Alex Droll
Baron and Baroness
Leo Chaconne d'Umberly
Sir Renfro Dumbroon
Lanell Dupionl
Maria Elnora
Richard Elmira
Mr. and Mrs. Earl T. Engleheissen
James Von Eppes
Raoul Esperanto

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Faire
Julia Fank
Fia Faraglove
Jessica Farl
George Feet
Taylor Felman
William Flabbert
Gilbert Flail
Peter Flake
Julian Flan
Janet Flannel
Basil Flogg
Dennis Flogg
Sir William Fluke
Mr. and Mrs. Brian Foame
Jean-Pierre Fondue
Amy Forbrush
Mason Forge
Etienne Foulard
Spurgeon Foulker
Anne Foxman
Francis Francis
Vyella Freestone
Governor and Mrs. Robert E. Fudge
Nancy Fudge
Mr. and Mrs. McAdams Fundy

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Gabardine
Mr. and Mrs. J. Whitney Gallstone
Paul Garrot
Prince Giano Gelati
Mr. and Mrs. Saul Geysler
Peggy Gingham
Mr. and Mrs. Jensen Glenbernie
Admiral Ernest K. Glick
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Gomma
Nikos Gregarious
Michael Grepsz
Mr. and Mrs. Sanford Gropp
Mr. and Mrs. S. Millard Grouse

Lord and Lady Halitose
Myron Hunker
Governor Leland Heist
Leslie Helanca
Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Helzel
Nina Hole
Ned Holster
Hamilton Homes
Senator Blair Homing
H. N. Hopps
Sir Winston Hopsacking
Senator and Mrs. Albert Horg
Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Hormone
Tina Hothouse
Mr. and Mrs. Antonio Hummel
Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hurdy-Gurdy
Dr. Desmond Spitzer-Hunt
Venerian Hubar

Mr. and Mrs. Orlon Jacquard
Prince and Princess
Jaroslav Jaroslavnic
Lorna Jeed
John Jeremy
Jamie Joe
Selena Jons
Baron and Baroness
Gottfried Jugernaut
David Juniper

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Kashruth
Tzimos Katzenbakis
Carol Kipkin
Mr. and Mrs. Milo Kojel
Hayley Kornblau
Dr. Suavos Laberre
Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Laekey
Mrs. G. Halbert Ladle, Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Lafarn
Richard La Planne
Donald Landlo
Oscar por la Plenta
Dr. Murray Lapel
Senator and Mrs. Kenneth Lard
Jason Lasfreiter
Toomis Latrobe
Lapis Lazoli
Curtis Lebrew

Mr. and Mrs. Sanders Leering
Duke and Duchess of Lefcourt
Diana Leggings
Lady Miriam Duff-Levine
Anne O'Brien Licht

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Lidd
Joyce Limbo
William Lamp
Brendan Woolsey-Linsey
Mr. and Mrs. Winston Loom
Mr. and Mrs. Sanderson Lobe
Mr. and Mrs. William Lognberry
Basil Loomie
Sir Novis Lotroon
Blair Loveseat
Nikos Lukschon
Roy Luxembourg

Hon. Alwyn MacDurum
Mr. and Mrs. James K. T. Mace
Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Maraschino
Anthony Maraschino
Carlos Marbona
Sir John Marro
Mr. and Mrs. Richard Marvis
Adams McWatney
T. Bernard Helm
Ledy Mensch
Levi Mendelthaler
Theodore Metropolis
Meyer P. Meyer
Curray Mikes
Mutterne Millionaire
Mr. and Mrs. Carl Mink
Mrs. C. Taylor Misgiving
Michael Modalming
Fiazi Abn Mohaar
Arnold Mohaire
Jeremy Mole
Tyler Moleman
Linda Mook
Rorick Murtimer
Theodore Motel
David Post-Mortem
Mr. and Mrs. Michael Mouse
Mr. and Mrs. Roy Mulchison
Jason Murpee
Murphy Murphy
Ann Mush

Talbot Nadish
Donna Maria Nagroni
Paul Narvi
Ceil Navarin
Nixos Naxos
Mr. and Mrs. Spintos Necropolis
Mario Nespardo
Richard Neuter
Donna Pastina Nicci
Nyla Noodles
Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Noreen
Agressa Norenson
James Nostril
Mr. and Mrs. Albert Numb
Sally Nut
Tyronie Nuvister

Liam O'Feign
Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Orange

Constantin Pachenko
Laspargo Pantoni
Mr. and Mrs. Norton Paramus
Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Pareil
Jean Pareve
Taeo Pavanne
Bennett J. Pee
Leila Popocrene
Luis Ramon Persimmones
Guy Peruke
Mary Pewter
Mr. and Mrs. David Philippines
Sally Piffle
Mr. and Mrs. Earl Pigeonblood
Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Pipe
Seymour Plikin
Jean Plumberg
George Plump
Seventh Earl of Breakstone
Russell Plurn
Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Poach
Mme. Claudelle Pomm
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Poplin
Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Poove
Felix Popover
Lawrence Portico
Michael Poolarde
Wendell Prints
Mr. and Mrs. Bruno Promissori
Turner Fry
Cecilia Puce
Sir Herbert Puffenstein
Nancy Pugliani
Czeitlew Pulki
Sheila Pulse

Mr. and Mrs. Byron Quail
Duke and Duchess of Queensboro
Ian Quickles

Mr. and Mrs. Harland Ralph
Silvia Rash
Georges Ravigotte
Mr. and Mrs. Gaylord Rifkind

Sir Joshua and Lady Roth
Daniel Roulade
Joff Ruddbrick
Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Rugg
Mrs. Cornelius Rummles
Nina Runaway
Frank Rutt

Jean Sacrosanct
Peter Salmon
Jackye Sampler
Christopher Sapling
Gino Scampi
Burney Scarf
Dr. Albert Schmeltzer
Kermitt Schnorr
Mr. and Mrs. Philip Scimitar
Barbara Scones
Mortimer Scope
Nino Scopitone
Mr. and Mrs. Alan Scudd
Mr. and Mrs. Joel Schago
David Sensitive
Mr. and Mrs. Bennett Shoetree
Amanda Shubnick
Conrad Skorn
John Slovitz
Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hay Slutsky
Sauna Smith
Lord Randolph Boxball-Smith
Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Snear
Mr. and Mrs. Walter Carrara-Soles
Margaret Soup
Elinor Spang
Spectos Spartos
Dr. Milo Spazma
Mr. and Mrs. James Spindrift
Jonathan Spittsbard
Donna Alvira Spitzzielli
Jessica Spoelm
Tim Spokane
Franklin Spree
Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Staircase
Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Stawn
Stavros Statistis
Gloria Sternem
Mr. and Mrs. Peter Stockings
Gregory Stooones
Brian Stult
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Supine

Mark Talasco
Laszlo Takvar
Osborn Talcott
Orlando Tampa
Ned Tantrum
Dolores Tapatio
Jules Tassiter
Mme. Pupa Tavel
Alexander Tchilipenko
Mrs. Nicholas Tendennin
Mr. and Mrs. Walter Tension
Leslie Thames
Mr. and Mrs. Guy Theramin
Courtney Thistle
Marquis of Throneberry
Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Thool
Aileen Thursday
Fontina Tisit
Bruce Timber
Wendy Tish
Peter Toastmaster
Leonard Tomes
Mr. and Mrs. Chandler Tooles
Lauren Toreh
Gianna Tornado
Gerard Torp
Lucho Scanzi-Tortone
Theresa Scanzi-Tortone
Peter Treadmill
Mr. and Mrs. David Truce
Sir Harry Troth
Sir Baryl Tuft
Rex Tugboat
Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Tumbler
Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Tureen
Mr. and Mrs. John Turzid
Mr. and Mrs. C. Van Huddersfield Twill
Neil Twine
Suzan Twope

Tyler Vanwillig
Peter Votz

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Warlock
Mrs. Ronald Wee
Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Wentz
Wallace Whimsey
Nelson Windbreaker
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Wine
Toby Wine
Gareth Wood
John Worm

Yahroni Yamar

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Zinfandel
Robert Zomni
Mr. and Mrs. Harold Zottfryer

ANOTHER "TRUE LIFE"
WESTERN ROMANCE

BY M.K. BROWN



WITH



LOLLY BARROW,
 ADOPTED DAUGHTER
 OF CECIL & MAE.

BILLY BARNS,
 LOLLY'S FIANCE,
 — STOLEN BY
 INDIANS AND BE-
 LIEVED DEAD BY
 ALL BUT A FEW.

THE BARROWS
 (CECIL & MAE),
 MARRIED SINCE
 EARLY CHILDHOOD
 AND DEVOTED TO
 HELPING "OTHERS."

BABY AMANDO,
 BORN TO CECIL
 AND MAE ONLY
 MINUTES AFTER
 LOLLY'S ADOPTION.
 A SMALL BUT
 FORCEFUL CHILD.

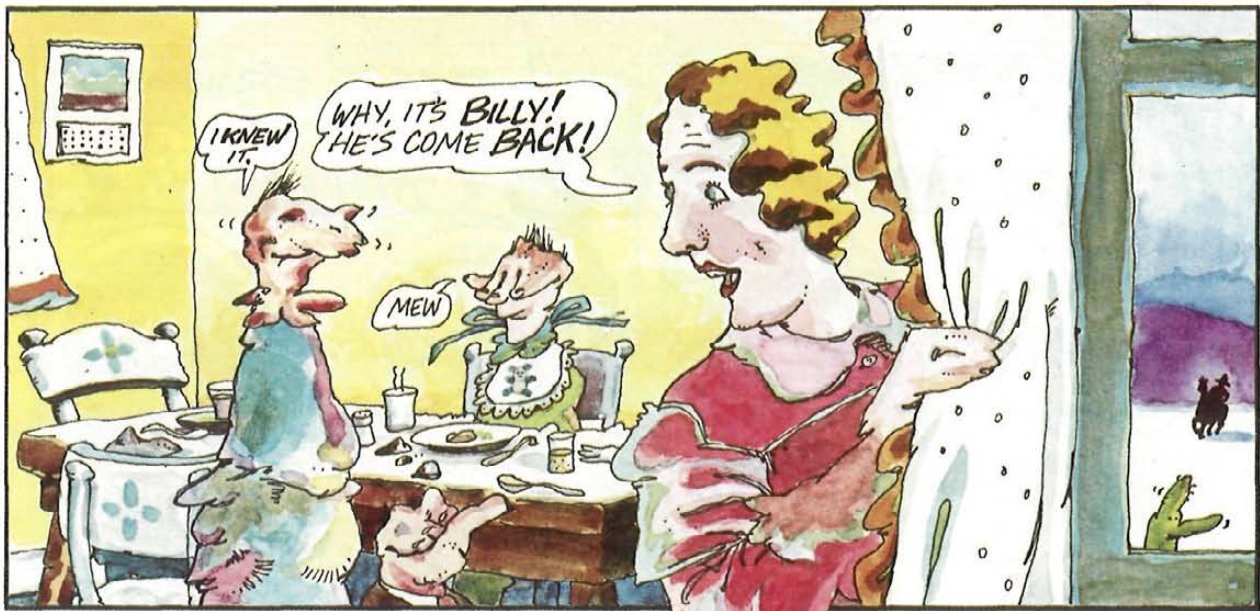


The Barrow's Ranch in Texas where Lolly keeps her lonely vigil



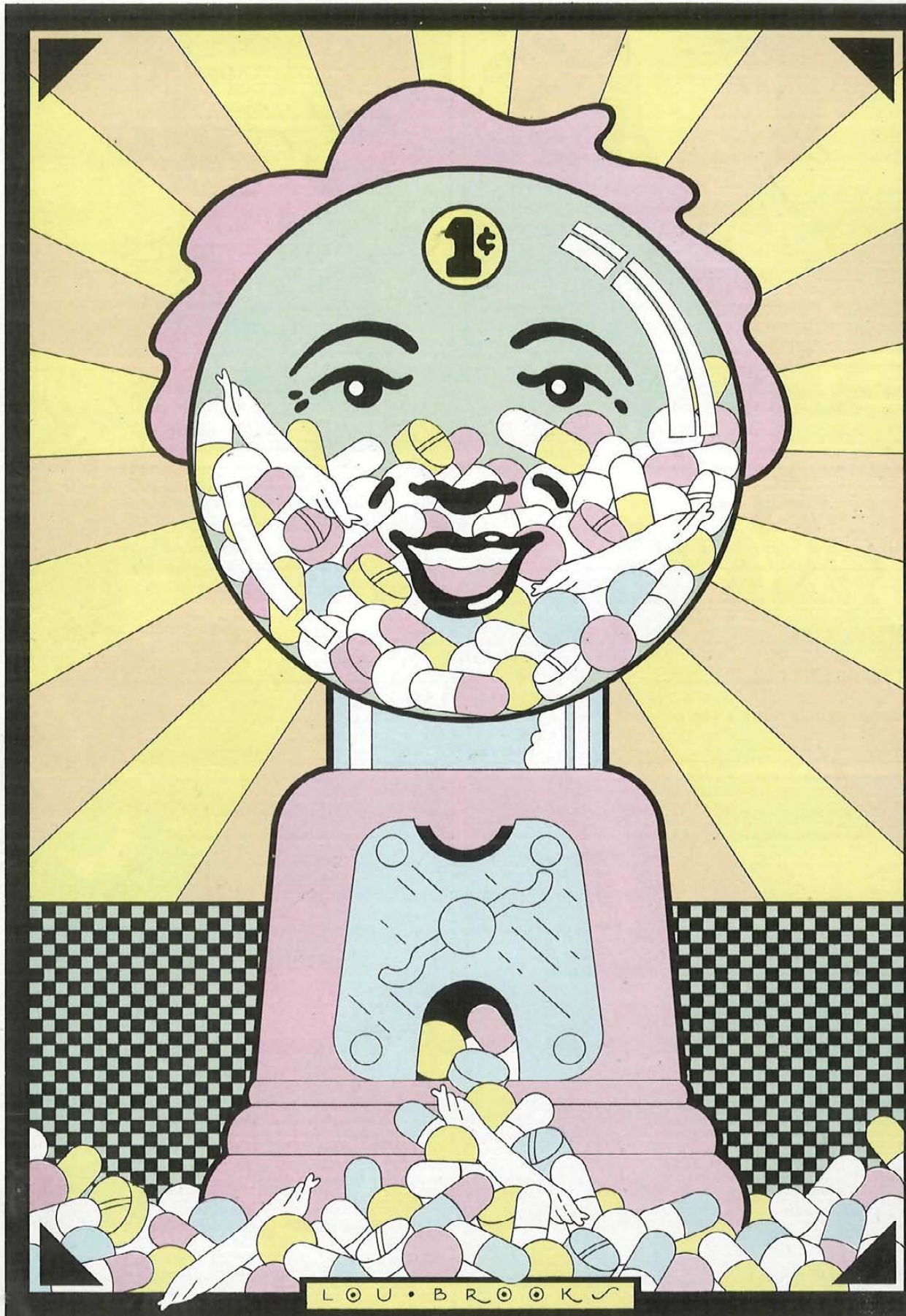
COMING MOTHER







Lolly and Billy spend the night in a cave eating squirrels. Early the next morning Billy is captured by Indians, and Lolly returns home to the Barrows Ranch in Texas to keep her lonely vigil. Four days later Billy is sent home free, this time with useful gifts made of bark and moss. In his absence, Lolly reunites with her mother, who recognized her at the wedding.



Pharmacopoeia

by Chris Miller

BROOKLYN CENTRAL HOSPITAL BIRTH REPORT

Date: March 1, 1942
Name of Baby: James Willie Fish
Name of Mother: Margaret Perkins
Fish
Medication: Morphine, for pain

High Harold, a thirtyish freak, was worried sick about his growing impotence. He finally screwed up his courage and made an appointment with his dealer.

"You gotta help me, man," Harold told him. "My old lady is taking this thing personally. She claims I'm being hostile toward women."

"I've got just the thing for you," said the dealer with a sly smile. He opened his leather dealer's bag and withdrew a rapier-thin joint. "Smoke this together during the last ten minutes of Cavett and woo-woo!"

"Outstanding." Harold paid and departed.

The following morning he returned to the dealer's office and burst angrily into his stash room, surprising him at his triple-beam scale.

"What the hell was in that joint?" he demanded.

"Why, Michoacán buds," said the dealer. "What's the matter? Didn't you get potent?"

"Potent? I got so potent I could have hired out as clapper for the Liberty Bell. Sunshine says she may be permanently stretched out of shape. And the head of my dick looks like a cheese grater from being repeatedly punctured by her intrauterine device. Michoacán buds, huh?"

Stunned, the dealer turned his bag inside out and examined closely the spilled contents. Abruptly, he looked up at Harold.

"Good Lord, man, I gave you the DMT by mistake. You owe me a buck-fifty."

—Playboy party joke, September,

1976

Willie pauses at the closed bathroom door and listens for tinklings. If there are tinklings, it means Mommy is making siss and he is not allowed in. But he hears no tinklings.

He opens the door and sees Mommy put something in her mouth and drink two swallows from a glass of water.

"What ya doin'?"

"Mother is taking a pill, dear. To make her feel better."

Willie digests this intelligence, then holds out his hand.

"Me too, Mommy."

Scored an ounce of pure, uncut smack, Copped it from a French refiner, Took a quick blow an' then I hid it real good

To find it takes a lamp like a miner's.

Flyin into ol' Boston, Mass.

With a finger stall stuck up my ass, Don't check my can if you please, Mr. Customs Man.

—Pop song lyric, 1967

Willie's parents get up at nine or ten o'clock on Saturdays and make pancakes for Willie and his little brother, Benny, and Bloody Marys for themselves. While Willie and Benny listen to *Big John and Sparky* on the radio, George and Meg drink several more "bloodies," as George calls them.

When Willie returns from play in the afternoon, the bloodies have been replaced by long-stemmed martinis. After dinner, it is scotch on the rocks, and George takes out his New Orleans jazz records and listens intently, occasionally saying, "Yeah!" It is the happiest George is all week. It is when Willie can most nearly love him.

The acid that Abbie intended for the reservoirs was intercepted by Da-

ley, who cut it with five pounds of very impure Methedrine and dumped it into the water tank at the assembly point of his special convention police-force.

—Street rumor, Democratic National Convention, 1968

Dr. Mossbacher has his face right up close to Willie's. He is picking gently at Willie's teeth with the instrument that has the pointy metal question mark on top. The dentist is the only man Willie can think of who gets this close to him without smelling bad, and Willie likes him.

"Lots of holes, pal. You'll need four or five appointments, at least."

"Our or 'ive a-ointments?" Paranoia blossoms in his belly. Having his teeth drilled is the worst thing in the world. Even with Novocaine he sits stiff as rigor mortis, cringing at every change of pitch in the whine of the drill. Paralyzed with fear, he awaits his injection.

"Ever heard of laughing gas?" asks the dentist.

"Uh, I saw it in *Son of Paleface*. People breathe it and start laughing?"

"Medically incorrect. The reason they named it laughing gas is because the king and his court laughed like hell at the behavior of the poor page, who the king had volunteered for demonstration purposes, the day the doctors brought it to show to him."

"What does it do then?"

"It makes you not afraid."

The rubber nose-mask smells sickly sweet, but the gas makes Willie feel terrific. The dentist drills and drills, and Willie never moves. He is picturing birds and willows.

Fishcakes and Jerry were sitting on the front porch of their commune. Fishcakes pulled a joint from his pocket, lit up and passed it to his friend. Jerry had taken three hits when a mutant pigeon chanced to fly

continued

continued

overhead and release its daily bowel movement. Approximately the size of a medicine ball, the turd splatted to the ground directly before the porch.

"My God," cried Jerry, "where'd this shit come from?"

"Colombia," said Fishcakes proudly.

—Neobebop joke, 1973

Alfred is holding an ounce of cocaine, which he is dealing for \$45 per gram. He scores a half ounce of superfly for \$700, which he would have to deal for \$60 per gram to make anything on it. How much of the \$45-per-gram coke should Alfred mix with the superfly to make grams that will sell for \$50?

—Question from New York State Algebra Regents, 1970

Willie slouches against the grimy brick wall of the Brooklyn Paramount, hoping his poor suburban charade of toughness will keep him safe from the many real hoods all around him. Willie's pals, Steamin' and Ned, slouch beside him. They are waiting in line for the box office to open and grant them access to the day's first performance of Alan Freed's Second Anniversary Rock-'n'-Roll Jubilee. Soon they will be rockin' an' reelin' to an endless string of snazzy, choreographed black vocal groups.

The hoods are cool in the early morning chill. Many smoke cigarettes and drink coffee from paper cups. It is time for Willie's little melodrama. He takes a pack of Camels from his jacket, carefully withdraws a cigarette, and places it between his lips. Steamin' is starin'. Ned is agog. They know Willie has always been afraid to inhale but is probably even more afraid merely to let the smoke dribble lamely from his mouth before real hoods, who would detect this uncoolness immediately and whump him with their belts. What can he be thinking of?

Willie lights up real quick, like the hoods do, and flips the match to the gutter. He draws on the weed — and inhales. Yes, he breathes in and breathes out, and when he breathes out, smoke comes out. Steamin' and Ned are massively impressed, which they do their best to hide.

Willie never tells them that his Camels were actually disguised Sanos.

Answer to Regents Question:

Alfred saves the cheaper coke and steps on the superfly twice with lactose, thus creating 42 grams, which he sells for \$50 per gram. He makes a profit of \$1400.

SUPERCOOL: Hey, man, you ever hear

'bout de Bungo tribe?

SLICK:

De who?

SUPERCOOL:

De Bungo tribe. Dey a little-known tribe of Pigmy in Central Africa. Dey got an asshole instead of dey nose, an' dey very, very mean.

SLICK:

An asshole instead of dey nose?? Den how does dey snort coke?

SUPERCOOL:

Dey don't! Dat's why dey so mean!

—Harlem nightclub joke, 1971

First Handwriting: I LOVE COCAINE

Second Handwriting: MY MAN!!!

—Elevator graffiti, New York City, 1971

Willie is sitting in the formica-and-simulated-pine basement of Joyce Retch, a freshman he has noticed in the halls at Nozzlin High. It is a Friday night. Though he has just sort of dropped in, Joyce doesn't mind. Willie is a Senior. With credentials like that, he doesn't have to call first.

Joyce's parents are out for the evening and she is starting to let Willie get a little. They have been dry-humping with great zeal for some time, and now she is getting slower and slower to remove his hand from her breast. Willie has had a hard-on for over an hour. His balls feel as if they have migraine headaches.

They separate to smoke cigarettes. Willie ponders the situation. Joyce is really young, hardly more than a kid. Maybe, if he can get her to drink, say, half of one of his beers, he can convince her she is drunk and not responsible for her actions. It's worth a try. If she swallows it, he'll ask for a hand job. He offers her a swig.

"Tk!" She makes a face. "I hate the taste of beer. I'd rather drink my mother's stuff." She disappears up the stairs, returns with a quart bottle of hundred-proof vodka.

"Holy shit," breathes Willie.

"What's the matter? Isn't this good?"

"Oh, yes, it's very good. Sort of like a mild wine. Allow me to pour you a glass."

It's an uphill fight all the way, but gradually, to his stunned disbelief, he actually gets all her clothes off except for her panties. At that garment, her resistance stiffens. Willie is half mad with frustration. His balls feel like cantaloupes. If something doesn't give soon, he'll be forced to go to the bathroom and jerk off.

But wait. Joyce appears to be fading in and out of consciousness. If he can time this correctly . . . There. She closes her eyes and, quick as a reptile's tongue, Willie tugs the panties

down.

"Yoo-hoo, dear! We're home!"

Good God. A boulder rolls over in his stomach. He lurches to his feet. The room whirls around him the way the dock whirled around Marlon Brando at the end of *On The Waterfront*. He is halfway to the back door when he remembers his coat and darts back for it.

Joyce is snoring softly on the sofa, her panties bunched about her knees. Willie remembers the incredible blue balls she has given him. Suddenly, he smiles. Moving quickly, he places the half-empty vodka bottle in Joyce's right hand and closes the fingers around its neck. Then he takes her left hand and inserts the middle finger into her vagina.

"Joy-oyce! Are you in the basement?"

Whoops, the father. Like speeded-up film, Willie grabs his things and is out the door. Behind him, he hears heavy footsteps on the stair.

I looked. And looked again. Mrs. Roistacher was lying as if flung on a low divan. Tight, green lounging-pajamas encased her like a stem, and her face, daubed with glistening pink and sticky lavender, was framed by a teased burst of fire hair.

She was scary as hell.

Then she sat up, and, through the cloud of pale-green gauze gathered at her bust, I glimpsed lazily shifting enormities. Beneath my thickly waffled underwear, I felt myself begin to perspire.

Smoothly, Mrs. Roistacher withdrew a cigarette from a slim, silver box and fitted it into a black ivory holder. Watching me intently through the prison windows of her lowered false eyelashes, she lit up and inhaled deeply.

"You must be warm in that parka," she purred, allowing thick dribblets of smoke to issue from her mouth and nose. "Why don't you—" She broke off, seized by a fit of sudden coughing. "Shit," she said, wiping at her eyes.

—Excerpt, *National Lampoon* story by Chris Miller, 1973

The music ceases. Disquieted by the sudden silence, several of Willie's fraternity brothers move unsteadily to the juke box and start pushing buttons. The bar fills once more with tranquilizing Motown ooh-wahs.

Houseparties Weekend has ended, but the Delta Alpha Hard Core drinks on. Their beery vigil is just entering its fifth day. Willie has been there from the start, sleeping only when the keg was turned off. His last meal was a peanut-butter-and-mayonnaise sandwich sometime Friday morning. He has urinated 347 times. He feels

continued

After two albums,
and a slew of performances
that have had reviewers
raving at their typewriters,
Nils Lofgren and Grin
have made another album that
makes themselves and
all their reviewers
look good.



Nils Lofgren and Grin's new album, "All Out."
On Spindizzy Records.

KZ-31701

Distributed by Columbia Records.



continued
about like a turnip.

In walks Fred Mules, carrying a cardboard carton under his arm.

"Oh, Jesus," mutters someone, "the rag box."

On big weekends, the brothers vacate the House and dates stay in their rooms. Before the brothers leave, and not without much snappy banter, they place in each bathroom a carton with a slot cut in the top. It is one of these very cartons that Fred is setting on the bar.

Fred's date has left and now he feels he can be sick again. He's been taking shit all weekend for not getting drunk and perverse with the guys and is anxious to regain their good graces. He opens the box.

The brothers gather close to peer inside. They behold a sparse pile of red-spotted toilet-paper bundles. Fred removes one and unwraps it. A tampon! He runs it beneath his nose as if it were a cigar. "Mmmmm," he says.

Two pledges go pale and a third leaves. Fred is doing very well.

The second bundle yields a highly soaked napkin. Fred glances at his audience. He puts the napkin in his mouth and begins to chew.

Willie is one of the three who do not vomit. He feels equivalent to a football hero.

The Origin of MDA

A hippie chemist in Ohio produced 1,000 tabs of a new drug he'd invented called MDA. He took them to the two heaviest dealers at Ohio University, explaining that he'd been very drunk when he made them and had no idea what they were but suspected they would be far out. The heavy dealers glanced at each other and purchased the lot.

They decided to taste their new product before selling it to guard against dispensing a bumner. An hour later, wreathed in beatific smiles, they left their off-campus pad and gave the entire thousand pills away free.

That weekend, the whole university seemed to be tripping. Students gamboled through the streets of Athens, giving away their belongings and hugging one another. Virtually everyone got laid. MDA was quickly nicknamed "the love drug."

The original formula was never rediscovered.

—Drug tale, 1970

On a summer night in '63
Willie has his mind set free
By half a pipe of marijuana
His brother copped in Tijuana.

The weed is delightful, the music
divine,
His taste buds are awed by the taste

of the wine,
His girl friend is with him and after
the grass
They repair to his bed for a fine piece
of ass.

And after it's over, no hangover blues:
The death knell has sounded for
Willie and booze.

Robbie Numberwriter was tooling happily along the Long Island Expressway, stoned on hash, when he was pulled over by a cop. Large and mean, the trooper climbed from his car and strode deliberately to his window.

With a sudden terrible sinking feeling, Robbie remembered that he wasn't carrying his wallet. By reflex, his hands continued to move vainly from pocket to pocket. His fingers touched his hash. Inspired, he tore off the aluminum-foil wrapper and compressed it into a small metal lozenge.

"Sorry not to be carrying my license, officer," he said, dropping the foil into the policeman's waiting hand, "but this silver bullet ought to identify me."

—Drug tale, 1969

In the army, they put Willie in an impermeable rubber suit and make him decontaminate toxic chemical agents. The heaviest of these is nerve gas, which can seep right through your skin, causing convulsions, paralysis, and death within fifteen seconds unless you are together enough to snatch an atropine Syrette from your mask carrier and jab it into your thigh. But since atropine also makes you high, the Syrettes are never issued.

In a class Willie sees a filmed demonstration of an experimental new gas called BZ. A tough, no-nonsense sergeant is run through a simple obstacle course, a feat he performs with contemptuous ease. The timer tells him to rest ten minutes, then try to better his time. While the sergeant is resting, they expose him to BZ.

When the timer returns and asks the sergeant to begin his second run, the sergeant giggles and tells him to go fuck himself. He picks his nose for awhile, then crawls on his hands and knees to observe a squirrel. As the film concludes, he is trying to get at his penis but can't figure out how to work the buttons on his fly.

"What a neat gas," Willie says to Sergeant Nutall. "While the enemy is incapacitated, we can go in, take his guns away, and capture him."

"Capture him?" says Sergeant Nutall. "You stupid troop! While the enemy is incapacitated, we go in and blow his brains out."

And so we emerge from the breath-taking experience of "peaking" into the wonderful world of Plateau. If you are "having a bumner," that is, if you are experiencing anxiety or panic as a result of your electrically simulated peaking experience, now's the time to "cool yourself out." Gentlemen, look to your left. The oiled and willing Negresses you see have been programmed chemically to serve your every whim, from body massage to . . . well, you name it. And ladies, the same applies to those rippling Korean muscle fetishists on your right.

Insert credit cards into the arm slots of your ride-a-chairs. Thank you. Thank you. Thank you very much. Thank you. . . .

—Canned spiel in the Acid-Trip ride, Dope World Amusement Park, 1976

Willie studies his companion for the evening, a tasty Bennington chick eight years his younger. They are high on pot and she has her eyes closed, rapt on the music issuing from his sound system. Her bra-less tits are full and heavy, electrically wanton. Willie can hardly restrain himself. Is the THC they dropped never going to hit?

"Fuck it," he says. "Let's smoke some angel dust."

"What's that?" she says, blinking.

"Taste it. You'll dig it." He hands her the pipe.

"It tastes funny."

They begin to feel very spaced. The music seems to be reaching them from a great distance. Willie kisses her. Her lips are thick, her tongue swollen. It nearly fills his mouth. He descends to a breast and puts the nipple in his mouth. She sighs.

Then the THC hits.

Willie looks at the breast. He realizes he is perceiving it as a separate entity, unconnected to the girl. And the music sounds fucked up. The individual notes do not connect. Each stands alone, unrelated to the others. Willie is stuck in an ever-changing now, the individual moments of which make no sense. His mind has rejected continuity.

"Hey," says Willie. He has forgotten the girl's name.

"SNORK!" she honks, her voice greatly amplified. "BLURG ZEEBLE FLUP!" She begins to cry.

Open on funky young dude in opulently hip pad. Visible in background is his dapper, smiling dealer.

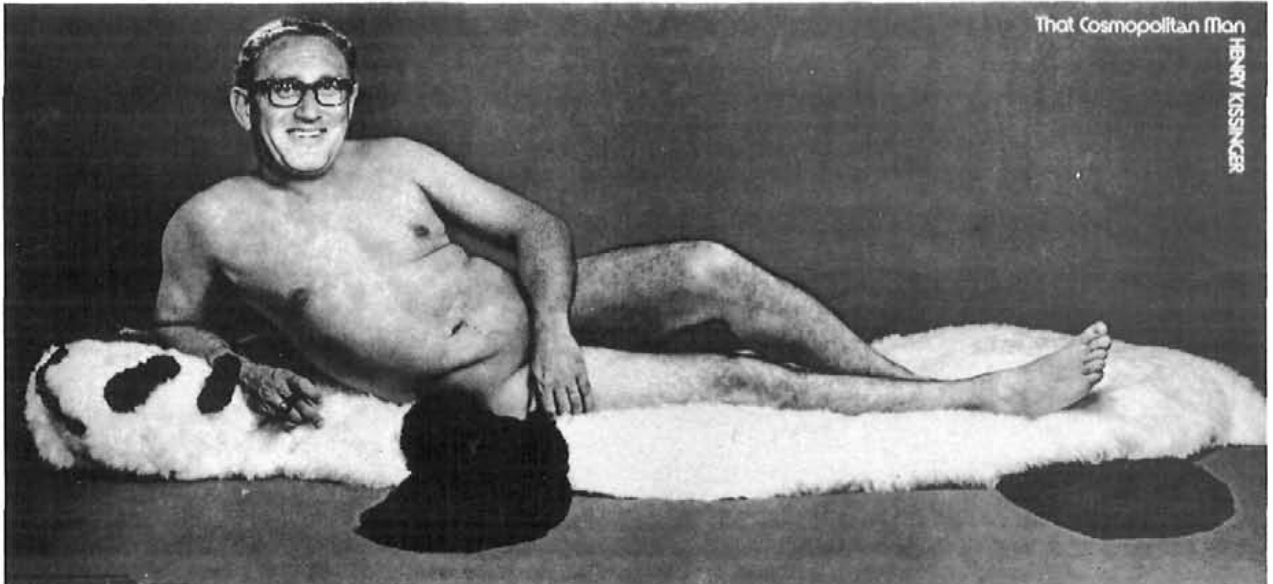
DUDE: (in Brooklyn accent) I go to my dealer's to score two caps of organic mesc. He says, "You're headin' for a biiiig bumner." (Behind him, the dealer nods knowingly.) I says, "Whaddaya mean, a big bumner? I

continued on page 74

“Slowly, Kissinger modified his bargaining position and put forth his lengthy proposal, forcing his key issue into Madame Binh’s working document. “Here’s my one-point plan,” he whispered, as she desperately renewed her nonnegotiable demands for withdrawal. Suddenly, her resistance to his last minute peace-push collapsed.

“Stop your aggressive actions,” she moaned, “and we can come to a conclusion that is mutually satisfactory to both parties.”

—The Story of K



The famous Henry Kissinger nude centerfold from the Harvard Lampoon’s best-selling parody of *Cosmopolitan* magazine is now available as a giant, 18” x 38” full-color poster, for only \$2, including mailing charges. Order today for your copy of the most revealing breach of security since the publication of the Pentagon Papers.

Lampoon Poster Dept. NL373
635 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022

Please rush me the Henry Kissinger centerfold poster.

I have enclosed \$2 in check or money order.

Name _____
please print

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

50 Nice Things About Nixon

by Anne Beatts



1. He is a better-than-average poker player.
2. He collects elephant figurines.
3. He has naturally curly hair.
4. He loved his mother.
5. He ended the ban on mixed dancing when he was student-body president of Whittier College.
6. He developed and tried to market frozen orange juice ahead of its time.
7. In the Navy, his friends called him "Nick."
8. He likes football.
9. In private, he smokes an occasional cigar.
10. He took Pat rollerskating when they first dated, even though he wasn't very good at rollerskating.
11. He made it possible for Helen Gahagan Douglas to spend more time with her family.
12. He wouldn't give Checkers back.
13. He saved the life of his friend Joe McCarthy when Drew Pearson attacked him in the cloakroom.
14. He cried when visiting the Iowa School for the Deaf (1960).
15. He likes to play barrelhouse piano.
16. He made friends with Bebe Rebozo.
17. He chooses his ties himself.
18. He would never wear brown shoes with a blue suit.
19. ~~His wife wears a cloth coat.~~
20. Norman Mailer thought he had attractive daughters.
21. He cried when visiting the Michigan School for the Deaf (1968).
22. He restored white-tie ceremony to the White House.
23. He and Pat helped their Cuban couple, Manuel and Fina Sanchez, to obtain American citizenship.
24. He knows how to eat with chopsticks.
25. He's not flashy.
26. He likes to smoke cigars in private.
27. He would never wear blue shoes with a brown suit.
28. He loved his moth
- 29.
- 30.
- 31.
- 32.
- 33.
- 34.
- 35.
- 36.
- 37.
- 38.
- 39.
- 40.
- 41.
- 42.
- 43.
- 44.
- 45.
- 46.
- 47.
- 48.
- 49.
- 50.

NATIONAL

20¢

INSPIRER

Vol. 47, No. 18, March 14, 1973

IMPOTENCE — YOUR
GATEWAY TO VIRTUE

UNDERCOVER REPORT:

SLEEP CLAIMS JACKIE

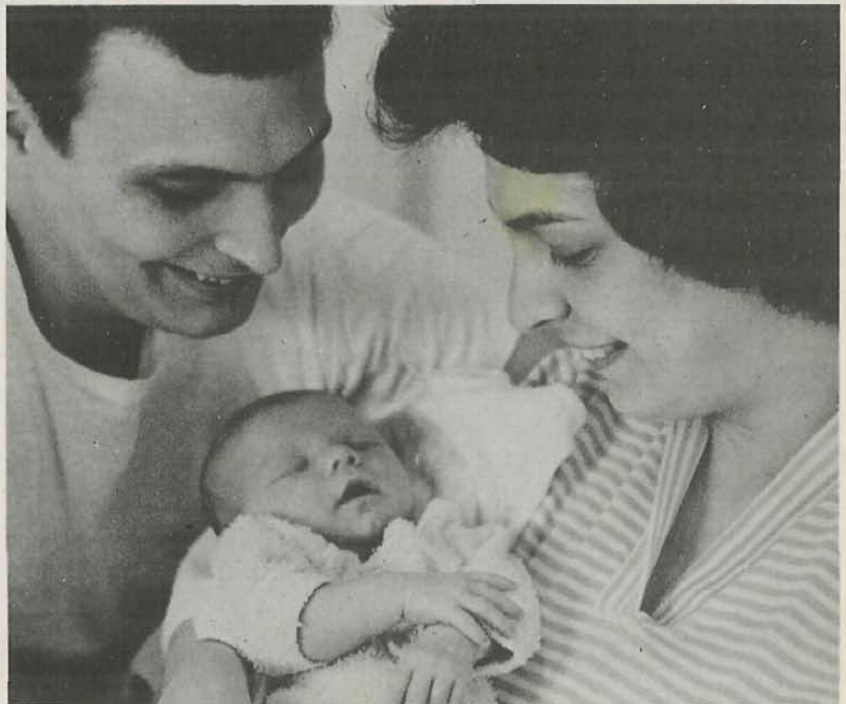
*Unconscious
for 8 Hours a
Day, Says Ari*



Dead to world?

.....

WOMAN GIVES BIRTH TO HUMAN BABY



Husband Fathers Own Daughter

June Allyson's Cactus Survives—in Spite of Unusually Dry Weather

"It's like that," June told the NATIONAL INQUIRER. "It always has been. My cactus has been a source of silent inspiration to me for years. There's something wonderful about a tender succulent plant that's able to endure such hardship and is so well-equipped to defend itself.

"I think we could all learn a lot from the humble cactus. Many people would be so much better off if they'd learn to stand the heat and save up for a rainy day. It's not easy to be grasping with a cactus either. Yet you could hardly call them selfish."

Tot Not Drowned

Tragedy was widely adverted in Varicosa, Ariz., when Michael Farquarth, 9, visiting his grandparents in the small retirement community, wandered too close to the bank of the Plaque River and fell in.

"I suppose it could have ended in heartbreak," said Sheriff Sam Antonio, the local law-enforcement officer who returned little Michael to his grandmother after an unidentified passerby rescued the youngster moments after he slipped, and at the police station.

"But the fact is that section of the river is dry 10 months a year and nothing more than a trickle the other two," continued Sheriff Antonio. "The Corps of Engineers built a bunch of irrigation ditches a few years back that bypassed this whole area."

"Still, it's just as well that fellow happened along. If the child had been out there another 10 or 12 hours, he might have gotten pretty thirsty, though otherwise he'd have been alright. There's no snakes out there so far as I know, and you can't get a sunburn this time of year."

The lucky lad escaped with only a scratched knee.

Bride Marries Man She Was Engaged to Months Before

MICHIGAN WEDDING RING EXPOSED!

Hundreds of willing couples are undergoing nuptials every month in a Lansing, Mich., marriage mill, according to reports from local authorities. The participants in the unusual rites, which involve dressing in outlandish costumes and being pelted with handfuls of rice, are mostly young couples in their early twenties.

A few detractors claim that the ceremonies are only "a bald attempt to dress up cohabitation and worse," but outsiders who have observed the matrimonial procedure insist it is healthy and above board.



SET TO "WED": Bizarrely costumed duo participates in weird rites.

"I've hitched hundreds," admits Justice of the Peace Francis Templeton. "Some days I'll do as many as ten in a single day. And at \$10 a head, that ain't hay."

"I don't care what anybody says," explained pretty Noreen Snellgrove, 20, to NATIONAL INSPIRER reporter Burt Wince. "Jake, that's my spouse, and I wanted to tie the knot since last August, and we weren't about to let anything stop us."

Psychic Claims to Hear Hidden Voices in Radio



UNCANNY ABILITY: Psychic Bernice Fetching prepares to tune in spirit world.

Psychic Bernice Fetching claims to have heard mysterious voices emanating from an old clock radio in her kitchen.

The voices, which are seldom the same, cajole her into buying products, give her predictions about the weather, and sing songs.

"Several times I heard the voice of John Kennedy, but that was many years ago," said Miss Fetching. "Mostly it's people I don't recognize, but sometimes I can pick out celebrities, political figures, and other famous people."

"One time Arthur Godfrey urged me to buy a motorcar," said Mrs. Fetching. "I did, and it turned out to be the best car I ever had. It lasted for years."

"On another occasion, Rod Serling recommended a brand of toothpaste for my personal use, and since then I have not had a single cavity or other dental problem."

Actor José Ferrer Admits...

"I Drove My Child to School"

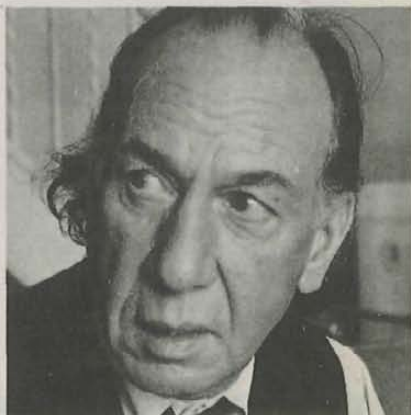
It was a day like any other in the Ferrer household in lush Coma del Gato, Calif., until little Fulgencia Ferrer, 7, rushed into the room where her famous father was going over the script of his latest movie, *A Serious Illness in Venice*.

"Daddy, Daddy," she cried, "the school bus didn't come!"

"I knew right then I'd have to drive her," explained the noted movie actor. "With most kids, they'd jump at the chance to play hooky, but Fulgencia's crazy about school."

Ferrer quickly dropped what he was doing and drove his daughter the 7 miles to the Ackney School for Girls, a private elementary-school. "We beat the bus by 5 minutes," said Ferrer. "It turned out the driver was new and just didn't know the route."

When I got home, I made myself a BLT and went back to work," he added.



FERRER says: "I had to do it. The bus didn't come."

Kentucky Man Said to Be 57 Years Old,

Attributes Remarkable Feat to "Good Habits"

A man who was already 3 years old when World War I ended still pursues a full, active life that would put to shame men half or three-quarters his age.



OLDER THAN AVERAGE: Minookin recalls life before World War II for NATIONAL INSPIRER reporter Don Maim.

Russell Minookin, who was born on January 17, 1915, and has a birth certificate to prove it, has lived all his life in tiny Purvis, Ky., where he still works 6 days a week running the local dry-goods store his father founded.

"My pappy lived to be 69," says Minookin, a short, cheerful man, whom more than half a century has left with thinning hair and a slight paunch. "I guess it runs in the family."

Minookin was in high school when the stock market crashed in 1929, and turned 21 just in time to vote for FDR in 1936. "It was mighty different then," he says. "Cars were all boxy, not modern like now, and you didn't have Perma Prest or any of these here miraculous fabrics."

"I feed him 3 meals a day and see that he gets a good night's sleep," explains Minookin's wife, Mildred, who at 54 describes herself as "no spring chicken, either."

Minookin has some advice for NATIONAL INSPIRER readers. "People should learn to slow down," he says. Other than that, he credits good habits for his continued health. "I stay out of drafts, watch between-meal treats, and slow down at all intersections—whether there's a sign or not."

He still has vivid recollections of events many Americans only read about in history books as if they took place only yesterday. "I remember the year Ruth hit all them home runs, and Pearl Harbor. I'd have joined up," he adds, "but my eyes were bad."

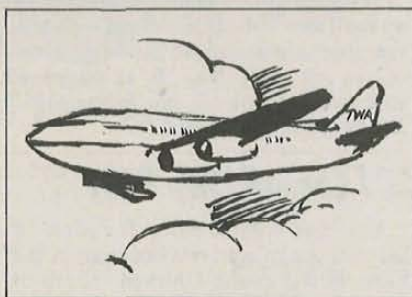
IFOs Plague French Town

Villagers in the tiny town of Beurre-sur-Pain, 10 miles south of Lyons, France, have been losing sleep over the appearance of flying objects with flashing lights that have filled their sky in the last few months.

"They make a noise like a loud vacuum-cleaner or a freight train, a kind of roar," said Armand Bonnier, the local police-chief. "They are not very fast and usually go in a straight line."

The IFOs, or Identified Flying Objects, are commercial jets headed to and from the new airport outside of Lyons. "Naturally, we are not as upset as we would be if they were spaceships from another planet," explained Pierre Cornette, the town's baker, "but this noise alarms the geese and sometimes makes children cry."

"It is nice to know they come from Lyons and not Venus, but they still are a thing that bother us."



ARTIST'S CONCEPTION of objects seen in sky over French town.

Government Releases List of Chemicals Not in Your Food

After extensive research, investigators with the Pure Food and Drug Administration have come up with a list of potentially dangerous elements, which, unlike mercury and cadmium, have never been found in any amounts at all in the food you eat.

The list includes technetium, promethium, neptunium, lawrencium, fermium, einsteinium, mendelvedium, californium, americium, and berkelium.

Mother Heartbroken When She Learns...

Her Child, 7, is Doomed to Be Human Vegetable

Mrs. Constance Lenz remembers the day she was told of her daughter's awful fate.

"It was Friday," recalled Mrs. Lenz. "Little Darlene had just come home from school. I could tell from the look on her tiny face that something was wrong."



TINY DARLENE will look something like this when she appears in school pageant.

"What is it, honey?" she remembers asking the tyke. "What's the matter?"

"Oh, mommy, it's just not fair. I thought God liked little girls and wouldn't let bad things happen to them if they were good!" sobbed Darlene.

"We drew lots for who got to play what in the school Pageant of Local Products," explained the tearful tot, "and I have to be broccoli. And I so wanted to be at least a household convenience, like aluminum foil or comfort tissue!"

"It was enough to break your heart," said Mrs. Lenz.

Death Toll 0 As Train Pulls into Station

The cold metal wheels of boxcars rumble menacingly over the rails between Richmond, Indiana, and Cincinnati.

Every day engineer Otis Bianco lives with the thought of those dozens of axles rolling without stop down the road bed at several miles an hour. He admits that that's about all there is on his mind while he's working.

Along each of those 78 miles, every inch of gleaming rail spells instant death for anything that comes between it and the wheels of the train. No man would willingly let himself be run down by the huge Erie-Lackawana diesel. Even a close call has not been reported.

Youngster Locked in Kitchen

Forced to Eat Own Dinner



HIS LAST MEAL before sleep.



TOTS cold as death.



MOTHER: Said she'd be back in a "jiffy."

Gravity: Nature's Glue The Mysterious Force That Shapes Human Destiny

Strange, invisible rays emanating from unplumbed depths within the earth itself exert a powerful influence on our daily lives, according to Dr. Phillip Buttenheim of the University of Long Island Sound.

"These odd rays keep us attached to the ground just as if we had blobs of stickum on our shoes," said Dr. Buttenheim. "And it's a good thing they do. Without them we'd find it difficult to perform even the simplest daily tasks."

The effects of this powerful force have been felt throughout history, explained Dr. Buttenheim. "The Fall of Rome, the sinking of the *Titanic*, the dropping of the atomic bomb on Hiroshima, and a host of other important events were all strongly influenced by this remarkable phenomenon."

The fateful turn of a simple doorknob spelled cold meatloaf and Tater Tots for Timothy Gardener, 8.

"I meant to . . . I really meant to warm up the Tater Tots, at least," claimed Mrs. Gardener, an attractive St. Louis divorcée in her early 30s. "It all happened so quickly. I just ran out to the supermarket for a second and . . ."

Trapped for more than half an hour, little Timmy pounded minute after minute on the unyielding door. He resorted, at last, to the kitchen tap for water. And was forced to smear the kitchen with Tater Tots to keep himself amused.

Released at last and reduced to pitiful tears, Timmy's frail body lay across his mother's knees. And in one small hand he clenched the poignant note she'd left: "Be back in a jiffy. Turn on the TV."

I Changed My Baby

Mrs. Dee Wilkins pulled the pants off her own son in a private bedroom of her home in the swank Chicago suburb of River Forest.

"It was a filthy mess," her husband testified. "I can't stand it. The whole business makes me want to throw up."

Mr. Wilkins, an important insurance-adjuster, went on to tell how his young wife then took the boy to bed without so much as a word. "And the kid didn't put up a fight!" He admitted, however, that the child had been beat, was really knocked out.

Dee made no bones about her actions on that evening. "I did it," she said. "I did it, and I'll do it again and again."



MOTHER: "I did it and I'll do it again."

Breaks Glass, Throws Deadly Shards in Wastebasket

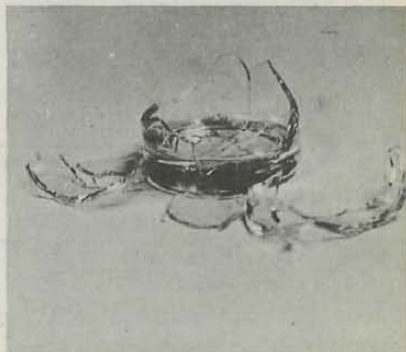
Quick thinking saved Mrs. Theresa Fenton from nasty cuts when she accidentally dropped a drinking glass on the kitchen floor in her Decatur, Ill., home.

"I was washing up after breakfast when it slipped out of my hands," said Mrs. Fenton. "I guess it was slippery because of all the soap."

Mrs. Fenton quickly swept up the knifelike fragments with a dustpan and hand broom, and wrapped them in some old newspaper. Still shaking from her experience, she put the bundle in the metal wastebasket she keeps in the kitchen for old cans, empty packages, and other waste.

"I put in it the newspaper so the trash men wouldn't cut themselves by accident," explained the resourceful housewife.

"I should have stayed in bed," said Mrs. Fenton, recalling the morning that spoiled her day. "All I could think about was how one of the children could have cut his feet on it. About an hour later I was vacuuming and I knocked over a lamp. I guess I was really rattled."



TINY DAGGERS: Stiletto-like slivers of glass similar to these menaced Fenton household.

"I guess I'm proof the American system works," says Murphy Sinclair, a quiet, hardworking son of a successful real-estate broker, who rose from District Salesman to Executive Vice-President of Telledex, a large midwestern plumbing-supply concern.

When Sinclair graduated from the University of Ohio in 1953, he had nothing but a secondhand car, his college de-

READY-TO-WEARS TO RICHES

gree, and, as he describes it, "a heck of a lot of ambition."

Now he owns a \$40,000 suburban home, a swimming pool, two new cars (one of them a luxury model); and can afford to travel every year with his wife,

\$125-a-Week Salesman in 1955, Now He's a \$50,000-a-Year Executive



BIG EXECUTIVE Murphy Sinclair says: "Nobody gives you anything for free. You've got to get on your kiddy-car and work for it."

Selma, while their two children stay with their grandparents. "Last year we went to Mexico," reports Sinclair.

"It just shows what you can do if you want to," he says. "I just kept at it, 8 hours a day, 5 days a week. Often I had to bring work home at night or over the weekend, but I never gave up."

"Sure we had some tough times," admits Sinclair. "It wasn't easy to make ends meet while I was in the Army, even with Dad helping out, and we had to live in a furnished garden apartment for two years until we saved enough to buy our first house."

Would he do anything different if he had it all to do over again? "No way," exclaims Sinclair. "It's been swell. It wasn't all roses, but then hard work is what made this country great."

Woman Who Won \$86 in Aqueduct Daily Double Says Life Is Unchanged

Still Lives in Kew Gardens 6 Years Later

It was in March, 1966, that luck galloped home for Miss Jessica Portman in the form of Dixie Darling in the 3rd and I Love Lucy in the 6th. But she still lives quietly in the same \$140-a-month apartment she was born in.

"Well, I wouldn't leave mother," she says.

"I guess you'd have to say I'm the same kind of person I've always been. I quit my job at the library a while ago, though. Too many colored."

Did the money change her life at all? "I meant to get new drapes. But then mother and I decided to have the rug shampooed."



CLEAN RUG: Her only luxury.

Woman Cooks Dead Turkey, Feeds It to Hubby, Toddlers

4 Unhurt When Gas Stove Fails to Explode

Mrs. Rose Hernandez of New York City and her 3 young daughters escaped serious injury when Bonita, the eldest girl, lit their stove.

"Always I am nervous about lighting stoves," Bonita says.

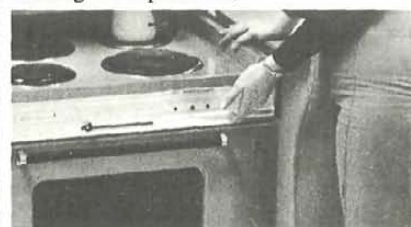
A neighbor confirmed that this was so. "She doesn't like to light the stove," said Mrs. Pearl Smith.

Fortunately the oven did not burst into a massive ball of flame and instantly set gruesome fire to the flowing black tresses and colorful Puerto Rican clothing of the 3 girls and their poor but hardworking mother whose husband deserted her 3 years ago.

Then it didn't spread ravenously into the hallway of the tinder-dry old tenement and turn the 5 flights of stairs into an inferno-like chimney of death.

"I Used the Bones for Soup," She Admits

It was a normal day in the small, neat house where the Bevelacs, Sam and Sarah, lived with their two children, Bill, 2, and Louise, 10 months, except for one thing—it was Thanksgiving, and in Mrs. Bevelac's new GE oven the carcass of a huge, 15-pound turkey was slowly turning a deep brown.



MRS. BEVELAC points to oven where bird was subjected to temperatures hotter than parts of surface of planet Mercury.

"It was the biggest bird I'd ever cooked," recalled Mrs. Bevelac. "After dressing it I had to get Sam to help me push it in the oven. For a while there, I thought I'd have to hack some pieces off it with a carving knife."

When Mrs. Bevelac opened the oven door 4½ hours later, she discovered that she hadn't allowed enough time for the turkey to cook. "I gave it another half-hour and that did the trick," she said.

"It was the best turkey ever," said Sam Bevelac. "I guess we all ate ourselves silly, even the kids. Still, we had turkey sandwiches and turkey salad and turkey casserole for a week."

"It was coming out of our ears," Mrs. Bevelac agreed. "Me, I even used the bones to make turkey soup. I think if I didn't eat it again for a year, it would be too soon!"

**by Ulan Bator,
Astrologer of the Stars**

**YOUR HOROSCOPE TELLS YOU
WHAT SIGN YOU WERE BORN UNDER**

March 21—April 19

Five ways to perceive the universe are yours in the house of ARIES with MARLON BRANDO, JOHN GAVIN, and HARRY REASONER. You'll have hours of time every day this week, but marriage is out of the question for Alison and South American playboy on "Search for Tomorrow."

April 20—May 20

The TAURUS can count on twenty separate aspects of his four major bodily projections, a trait shared with GLENN FORD, WILLIAM INGE, and PHIL SILVERS. Good time to go to Dayton if you're single. Quality courts you. I see a bed of vibrations—for small change but pleasant relaxation.

May 21—June 21

A vital essence surges fluidly through GEMINIs like ZSA ZSA GABOR, ELVIS PRESLEY, and POPE PAUL. One hundred ten is a good number of volts to have in your house current. Rest easy about that heartthrob—it's not angina pectoris.

June 22—July 21

MERV GRIFFIN, DELLA REESE, CASEY STENGEL, and all CANCERS have backbone beneath that thin skin. Lie low at night this week. Avoid ironing. Pre-soaking with Axion will remove even the toughest stains.

July 22—August 21

LEOs breathe of the same air as the mighty. MELVIN BELLI, DEAN MARTIN, and LOIS NETTLETON share this sign with you. Accent is on meat and vegetables. The express line is your best bet if you have less than 10 items.

August 22—September 22

CHARLES BOYER, RHONDA FLEMING, and TONY CURTIS are warm-blooded, omnivorous VIRGOS who stand on their own two feet. The cycle of your children's need is a three-speed English racer.

September 23—October 22

In the house of LIBRA with ROCK HUDSON, MARGARET O'BRIEN, and DON ADAMS you're gifted with more than half a dozen passageways to the inner self. All of these are open this week. You'll write in your own hand. But beware of mixing stripes with plaids.

October 23—November 21

SCORPIOs are only mortal but include MAMIE EISENHOWER and PRINCE CHARLES. Valuable gifts may be yours with S&H Green Stamps. But be careful—if you clutch, there's no engagement between engine and drive shaft.

November 22—December 21

Vocal SAGITTARIANS really have a tongue in their heads. SAMMY DAVIS, JR., HOWARD DUFF, and FRANK SINATRA will be sleeping this week. You'll be needing extra covers on those chilly nights yourself. Insurance against all kinds of tragedy is available at reasonable rates.

December 22—January 20

RAMSEY CLARK and MARIA CALLAS are CAPRICORNs, and so they have the ability to interpret vibrations that travel through the air. Your family will be related to you. Something can now be done about bad breath in dogs.



January 21—February 19

Those born in AQUARIUS are hard-headed, but when you finger them and look beneath the hard shell, you'll find a soft touch every time. That's the way SIDNEY POITIER is, and JUNE LOCKHART, too. An actress will play an important role this week. Romance is featured on the "Mary Tyler Moore Show."

February 20—March 20

ELIZABETH TAYLOR, JACKIE GLEASON, and BOBBY FISCHER are PISCES. They all have special ways of self-purification that protect them from excessive bile. You, too, are calm when relaxed... though any contract or legal agreement needs your signature.

JACKIE COOPER is going to have serious liver trouble. You too, if you don't brown them quickly on all sides.

It's flaming passion and cognac at Delmonico's ahead for FAYE DUNAWAY. Skip Delmonico's and mix in some mushrooms. Her MYSTERY MAN will smother her in roses when the flame dies down, though a sprinkle of flour will do for the liver.

Before June, PRESIDENT NIXON will be in the same hot water that the broth you add tastes like without enough thyme and marjoram. A NOTED AUTHOR OF MYSTERY NOVELS will be on the cover of the former, next month. ISRAEL's going to be in the soup too, and look for a real pot-boiler in your kitchen and U.N. (It'll be stirred up by COMMUNIST AGITATORS and a long wooden spoon.)

SANDRA DEE will add the noodles to the skillet and mix in. But a FAMOUS MULTIMILLIONAIRE who married into the KENNEDY FAMILY will spoon the chicken-liver mixture over the noodles.

Bacon bits and CLAIRE BLOOM's opinion of EDDIE FISHER should be scattered all over before long. Serves four.

**Get More
Out of
Life!**

Put the hidden energy terminals in your home to work for you! Yes, chances are yours is one of the millions of dwellings dotted with dozens of useful dynamic power points that you can harness for 1001 tasks. If you're in the know, you'll be able to tap a mysterious force that will let you clean carpets in just minutes, turn bread brown in seconds, master the art of temperature control, and much, much more. Find out how you can put the rivers of pure energy running invisibly through your very walls to work for you. Send \$1.00 for informative booklet. Marvellex, Inc., Box 44H, Indian Point, N.Y. 19011

JEANE DIXON



**Predicts Tomorrow's
Chicken Liver
With Noodles**

It's into the frying pan any time now with ROD STIEGER's marriage to CLAIRE BLOOM and your bacon till crisp.

Picking up those pieces, I see a fork and EDDIE FISHER.

And I predict that POLLY BERGEN will get very fat, but you'll sauté an onion in yours.

Dick Powell Flies over Long Island —

“Never Been So Thrilled,” Says East Rockaway Resident, Mrs. N. E. Adler



THRILL OF A LIFETIME every 2.6 minutes (on the average).

“Living next to the airport is more than I ever hoped it would be!” exclaims Mrs. Nathan Adler, a shapely young housewife.

“Every time I hear those jet engines make that sound like a dry washcloth across your teeth, and the storm windows buckle, I nearly swoon. Maybe that’s the screech of Bob Hope’s flight I’m listening to in the carport. Or even Kirk Douglas in the dining room. There’s just no telling how many of those international stars go over me every day. But when I see it in the papers that they’re coming or going to New York, where they all spend a lot of time, then I get a picture of them right out of the NATIONAL INSPIRER, which I always save, and frame it.

“I have quite a collection of famous actors and celebrities who probably were over the den . . . and another collection for the kitchen (I don’t count it if it’s just one of their movies playing on a flight) . . . and one for the patio. And just three days ago Dick Powell flew over my bedroom, unless he left from LaGuardia.”

Mother Washes Baby, Self in Late-Night Tub Melee

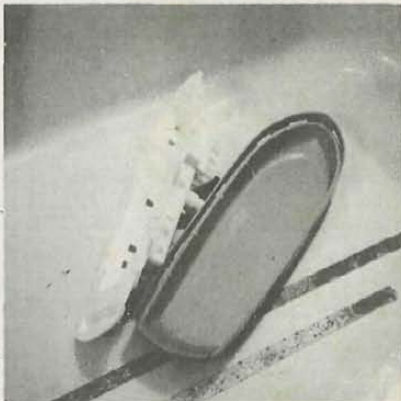
Mrs. Arthur Flemson, mother of 4, covered her 14-month-old child’s body with soap, then rinsed her in lukewarm water in the upstairs bathroom of the family home in Pumice, Nebr.

“Little Dorothea wet herself,” admitted Mrs. Flemson. “She was crying.

I was going to just change her since it was nearly midnight, but she was afloat.”

As she scrubbed the infant, Mrs. Flemson decided to get in the tub, too. “I figured I was already so wet a little more wouldn’t make a dime’s worth of difference. Of course, I took my clothes off first.”

The next morning, the only trace of the dual bathing was a thin ring on the bathtub and the crushed rubber bathtub toy that Mrs. Flemson accidentally sat on during the scrub-a-dub fest.



FLEMSONS’ TUB shows telltale signs of dirt-crazed mom’s wild wash-up.

Learn the Moneymaking Secrets of the Ancients

For thousands of years, men have searched for surefire ways to attain wealth. Now, collected in one handy book, are the successful techniques of all time, the proven moneymaking methods of some of the richest and most successful men in history. You’ll find out how they made immense fortunes, and benefit by their experience. Here are just a few of the literally thousands of fool-proof schemes that netted millions that you’ll be able to choose from:

- inventing the waterwheel
- pyramid-building
- sending spice ships to Punt
- grain storage in famine years
- mercenary-army management
- eclipse prediction
- sacking and pillaging
- crusade organization
- revocation of edicts
- temple design
- investing ducats

Send \$5.95 to MoneyMoneyMoney, Box 116, Kerrville, Texas 80907



“WOOF, bark, ruff, bow-wow, grrr . . .” claims dog.

Talkative Pooch

Talking dogs are no joke around the Reigner household in Ottawa, Canada. Their French poodle, Quebecois, doesn’t speak French, but he can sure bend an ear in English describing canine relatives, epidermal structure of trees, the exterior surface and supporting members on top of a building, elements of courteous greeting, and expressions of surprise . . . not to mention a swell imitation of the first half of Tony the Tiger!

Veterinarians say the dog would appear to be perfectly normal in all respects.

Elke Sommer Cries...

"My Dogs Are Killing Me!"

For glamorous actress Elke Sommer, the thought of an evening stroll with her two pet wolfhounds conjures up images of dread.

"I've got corns, bunions, blisters . . . brother, you name it," lamented the Hollywood beauty. "Just walking across the room is agony, let alone taking Marcel and Foo-Foo out for a walk.

"I've got big feet, 11 EEE, and I can't find anything that fits me," she explained. "Everything pinches my tootsies. It's like wearing a pair of snapping turtles."



VICIOUS HOUNDS—such as these deadly-looking brutes go shoeless, have healthy paws.

Seven Signs You Don't Have Deadly Cancer

1. Persistent steady breathing and long-windedness.
2. Lack of warts or moles.
3. Firm and satisfying regular bowel movements.
4. Smooth silky flesh all over your body.
5. Pleasant drowsiness after large meals.
6. Deep or contented sleep.
7. Ticklishness of feet and ribs.



UNDISEASED female breast.

Learn these seven signs by heart. Any one of them could mean absence of terminal malignancy. And don't call your doctor unless you're sick or in need of a regular physical examination.

PERSONABLY PERSONAL

N76560/MICH./WATER SPORTS:
Vivacious couple into water sports seeks same for boating, fishing, short cruises.

N67561/CONN./LIBERAL-MINDED:
Very liberal man in early forties looking for uninhibited companion of either sex to discuss Bangla Desh, bussing, and local school-board autonomy.

N67562/CALIF./BALLS:
Golden-ager can still "shake a leg," desires cottillion or charity affair in San Fran. area.

N76563/OHIO/ANIMAL TRAINER:
Like to meet with singles or couple who desire "obedience school." Free for seeing-eye dogs.

N76564/ILL./FRENCH ARTIST:
Knows how to please ladies, gentlemen, whole family. Beautiful likeness. Reasonable rates.

N76565/N.Y./GAY COUPLE:
Seeks other gay couples for madcap tap dancing in the park, watching old Ginger Rogers-Fred Astaire movies, and riding home with the milkman in the morning.

N76566/PA./GREEK CULTURE:
Active teacher, 25, available and ready with big slide show of Acropolis ruins and scenic Delphi.

N76567/KANS./LEATHER:
Docile young man loves leather trade. Will teach you to make belts, vests, desk blotter, cuff-link boxes, etc.

N76568/S. DAK./DIGS BIG BUSTS:
Want huge, heavy, creamy-smooth white ones so big it takes two hands to lift them! Any age. Pericles, Augustus, Petrarch, and Thomas Jefferson preferred.

N76569/TEX./EAR FREAK:
Kind, sensitive, shy man of 51 willing to relocate, greatly desires to leave carnival and find secluded job among tactful people. Hard worker.

N76570/N.J./SWING:
Cherry Hill club has hundreds of with-it couples, all ages, all races, lined up and ready to go at the Avalon Ballroom March 30. Benny Goodman, Artie Shaw, Glen Miller, Gene Krupa, Tommy Dorsey, and more.

N76571/GA./MENAGE A TROIS:
Genteel couple—good income, nice house—desires single girl any race. Must be clean, sober, efficient, and courteous. No walls or heavy lifting. Have references.

N76572/NEBR./NEED TO BE LOVED:
Available brunette wants home with kind bachelor, single girl, or couple any age, race. Just treat me like your baby. Big brown eyes. Good legs. Nice pussy. One of a litter of eight.

N76573/S.C./WE PLAY BOTH WAYS:
Charlottesville man and wife, "masters," wish to meet other experienced, skilled couples for rubber. Any way you like it. Contract or auction.

Amazing
Health Discovery



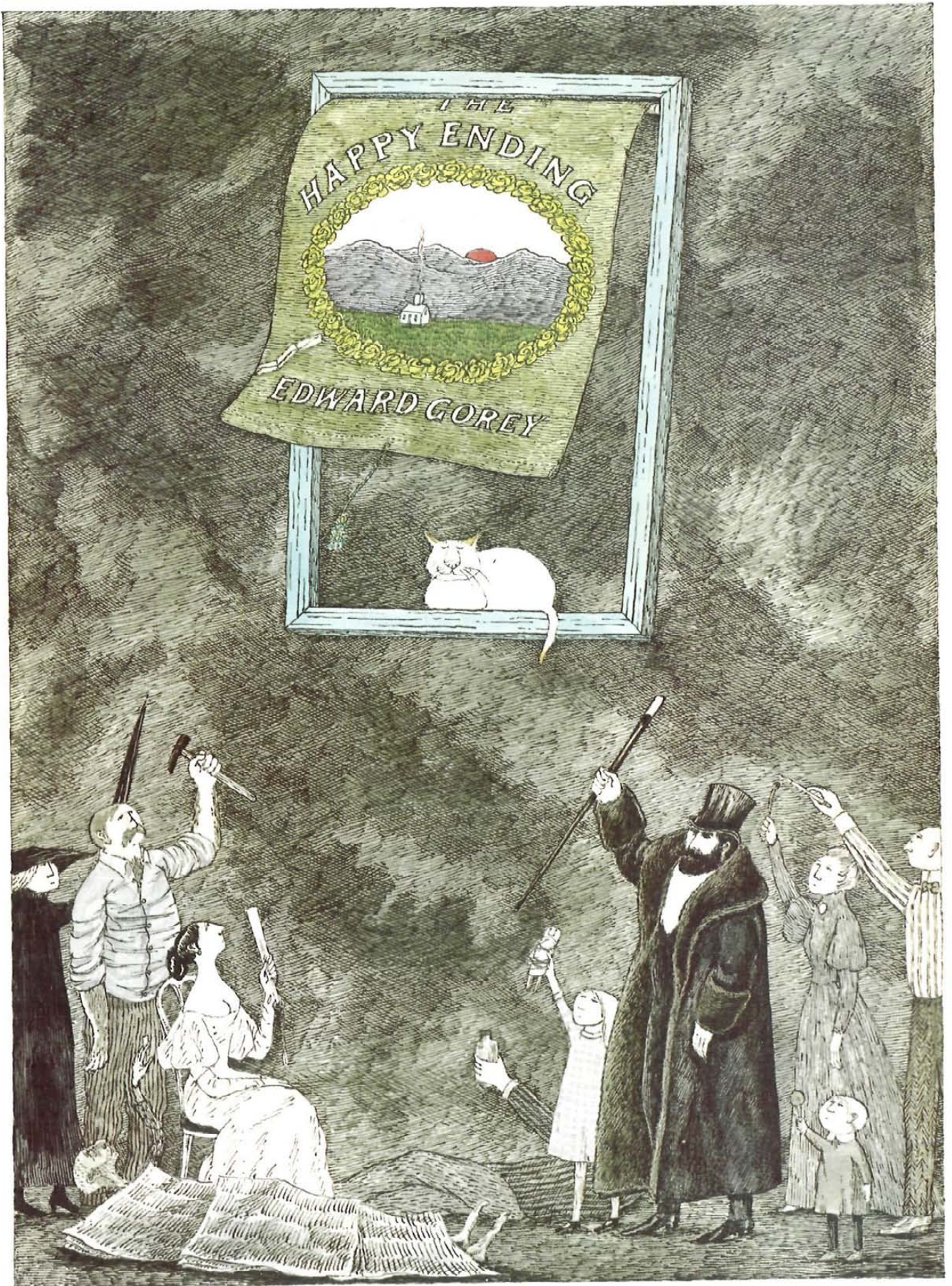
New Scientific Filter

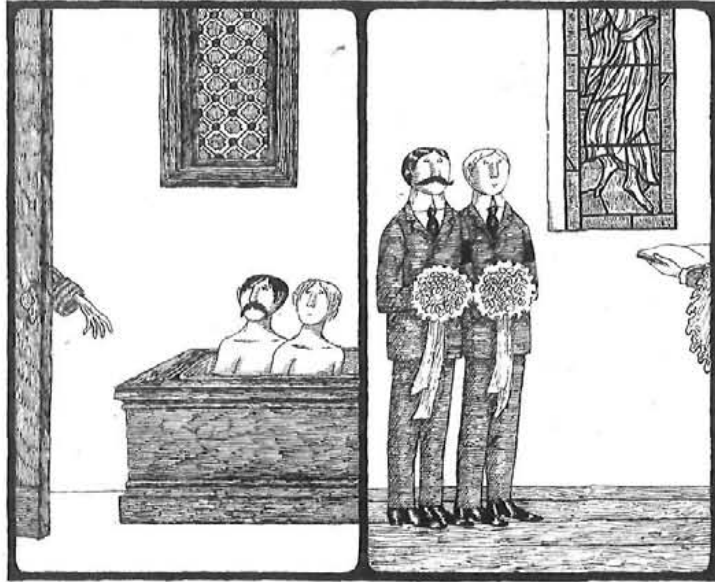
If you can't or don't want to quit smoking but are worried about the consequences, there is now a FOOL-PROOF way for ABSOLUTELY SAFE SMOKING. Remarkable invention by European scientist takes the worry out of inhaling FOREVER. Smoke passes out of cigarette, then into special cagelike filter section containing live white laboratory rat. Rat gets the cancer, you get the smoking pleasure. When rat becomes sickly, simply throw out and replace. Average rodent good for a month's smoking. Enjoy smoking again and give your health a break at the same time. Unconditionally approved by famous Columbia University! ORDER NOW! Scientific filter-kit includes filter cage, 4 rats, and 6-month supply of food pellets. Send \$19.95, postage included, to: MIK-O-DON PRODUCTS, Box 99, Grand Central Station, N.Y. 10044.

N76574/N.Y./STUDENT OF LESBOS:
Cooklamu dolmadakia skamos clado potiri ghamotta angiharès yassu tikamis cokinos apopissu polyorea kalimera skamos.

N76575/FLA./READY STUD:
Big black male looking for a bitch in heat. I've got what you want if you want some pointers. Nineteen inches at the shoulder. Papers, AKA pure-bred.

N76576/ENG./QUEEN:
By the grace of God, Her Majesty, Elizabeth, Queen of Scotland, England, Ireland, and Wales, Monarch of the Dominions of Great Britain and Empress of India. Single girl or suitably married. Older woman should abdicate if possible.





Mr Oswell's shock at finding them together in the bathtub having proved fatal, Larry and Freddie were free to be married by a sympathetic clergyman in Niantic, Connecticut.



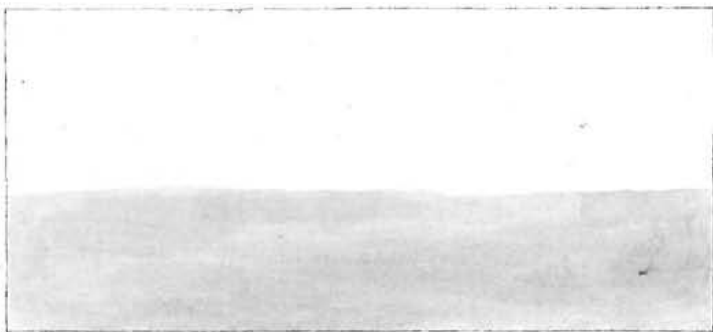
To make everything perfect, when Mabel went back to work on Tuesday she was told she had been made foreman of the teagown section in the dress-pattern factory.



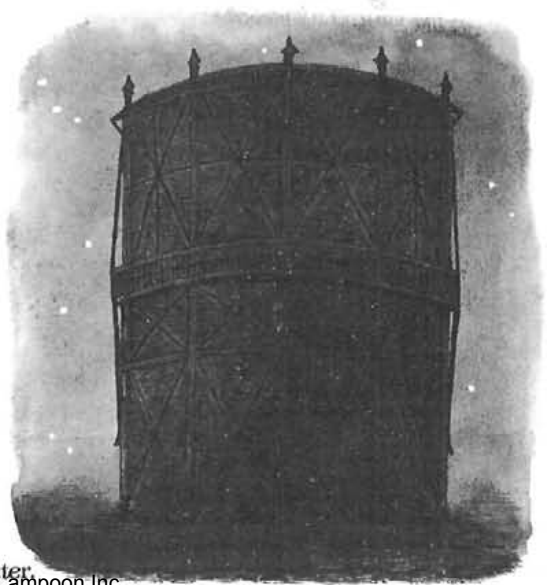
«C'est fini», dit-il, et la plume tomba de sa main inanimée.



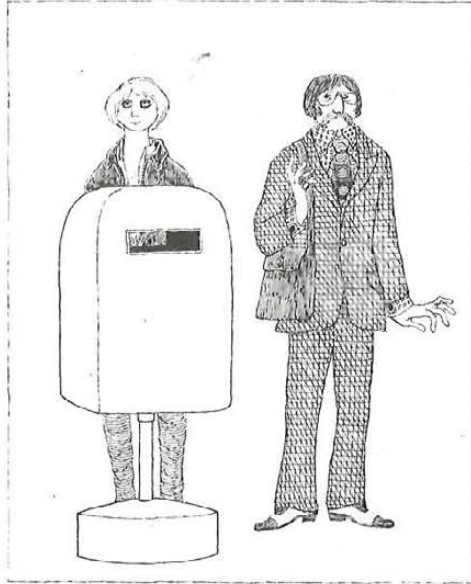
Just at dawn Snibby found Crumbsock lying at the bottom of an irrigation ditch; he yet breathed.



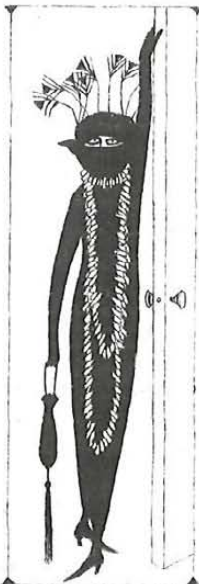
In every direction the snow lay undisturbed as far as the eye could see.



One by one the stars came out around the gasometer.

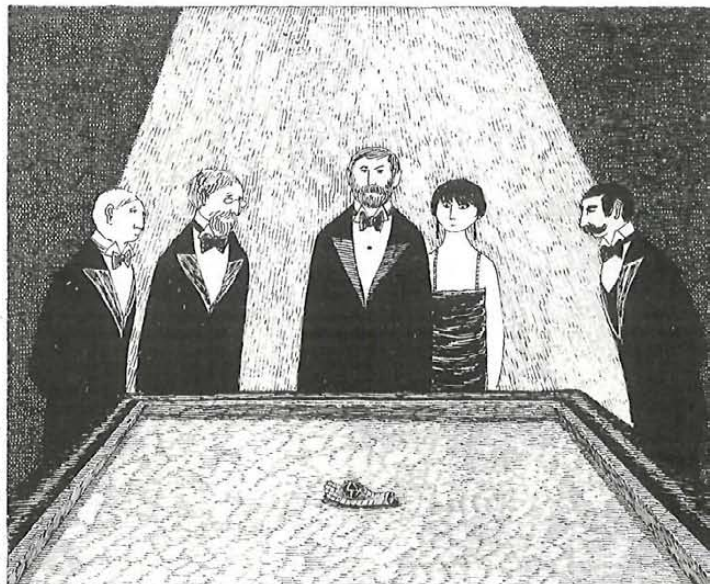


New York at last, with a face that made long-distance trucks grind to a screaming halt, and what had been, until forty-three hours ago, the biggest basket in North Dakota.



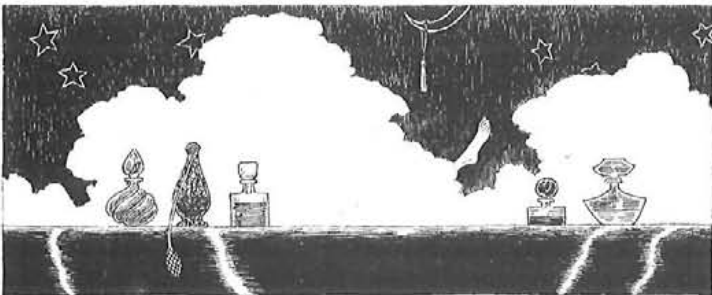
'Dudley,' she whispered.

In the centre of the billiard table the mummy's hand slowly unclenched, and there in its palm lay the eye of Bwadible Ong—the largest emerald the world has ever known.

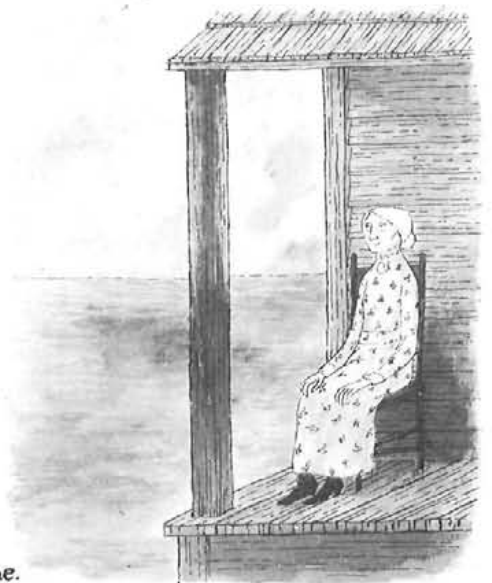




*There was Doubt in the Mind of Royalty, and
Wilfred's sentence was commuted to Penal
Servitude for Life.*



*Serena lay back in her bath : His Highness would
not arrive for at least an hour.*



Tomorrow she would make pea soup with the ham bone.

"I can't do it, Joan. I made a promise."

"Unless you go right down now, Timothy Collins, don't you ever talk to me again." She turned on her heels to go but banged into the frame of the door and had to turn sideways to get out.

Every day that passed, Tim expected Mr. Pearly to show up, but Mr. Pearly never came. Joan wasn't talking to him, his classmates stopped talking to him. He was alone and helpless.

Professor Ableman watched from the door of the locker room as the team dressed for the game. So weakened were they that they could hardly get their pants on. One boy sitting on the bench leaned too far back and fell right over into the ground. "Ow."

"Hey, come on, you guys. We have to get out there and win."

"Win? I don't even think we can get out there. Oh, I'm tired."

The professor stepped forward. "Students, students. Listen to me. I've been experimenting with a pill that will give you extra energy. I want you all to take one." He reached into his pocket and took out a handful of large white balls and handed them out.

"These smell like moth balls, professor."

"YUCK, they are mothballs. Cough, cough..."

"Oh, professor how could you?..."

"Sorry, sorry, wrong pills. Here."

They all took one and waited quietly, and then someone said, "Hey, I feel better."

"Yeah, me too."

"Wow. Now let's go out there and win!!!!"

As the team ran from the locker room, the professor wondered aloud, "But how long will they last?"

The cheering for the home team soon died down when the rival school came into sight at the other end of the field. Each member of the opposing team was seated upon a horse. They had on helmets, and each held a mallet in his hand. A moan rose as they cantered in formation to their sideline.

"They're on horses. Who said anything about horses? I thought we were going to play soccer."

"Horses, nothing. They're on elephants." The horses were Clydesdales.

The referee shouted for each bench to send out its respective captain. "Now you both know the rules. I'm going to place a ball at the center of the field. When I give the signal, you race from your defending goals and charge the center and score by getting the ball between the opponent's end posts. Any questions?"

"Yes, they're on horses!"

"Visitor's option, old chappie. Or have you forgotten the '24 rule? Or perhaps you'd care to forfeit the game?..." said the opposing captain.

"No... we'll never forfeit. Let's get playing."

Both captains ran to their sidelines to get last-minute instructions. The Baywood captain gave a wave to Spats McCort as Spats ran a silk handkerchief across his shoes. The Oakdale captain led his team in silent prayer. They then broke for their defending goals.

The referee's whistle blasted. Both teams charged toward the center. Baywood was there before Oakdale was at quarter field. They whacked the ball with their mallets, trampled three of the seven Oakdale players, and scored a goal in the first eight seconds. Oakdale carried the one unconscious player off the field. With one man short Oakdale returned to the field, and the ball was again put into play. And again the trampling herd rode downfield, wildly swinging their mallets at the Oakdale players' heads as the one ball handler controlled the center path to the goal. The Oakdale goalie made a desperate dive for the ball, only to find himself sailing back in the opposite direction faster than he came. The goalie and another unconscious player were carried off. As Baywood's score grew and the game wore on, the effects of the professor's pill began to wear off. Only two weak-kneed, half-awake Oakdale players were left to stagger onto the field. The only hope that Oakdale had was halftime, so they could revive their players. But when halftime came, all that happened was that the two remaining players fell into unconsciousness. Professor Ableman and Pops Duley tried everything to revive them, but nothing worked.

If Oakdale was unable to return to the field, the game would be lost. Time was up, and the referee shouted to both benches to send out their players. In desperation Professor Ableman and Pops Duley began taking off their jackets and started for the field when a loud rumbling was heard in the distance. It grew louder and louder. The noise filled the air. "Locusts," someone shouted. Then all eyes turned to the open end of the field. It was Sister Benito and Sister Corberetta and Sister Locheska and Sister Dorinetta and Sister Anna Maria Theresa, with her arm still in a sling, all on their Vespas. In V formation they took the top of the field and yelled to the referee to begin. Nervously he stared at them, then put the whistle to his lips and ran to the sidelines. The game was on again. With hesitency the Baywood team trotted down the field, shouting

to one another, "We can't hit nuns." Sister Anna Maria Theresa pulled up beside the ball, put it in her basket, and gunned her engine toward the goal while the other sisters drove their scooters right after the fleeing horses and over the fallen players. Even Jojo, the monkey, ran out to a downed player and whacked him on the head with his rubber hammer. The tide was turned. The nuns scored goal after goal and with only seconds left made the winning score 116-115, Oakdale.

That night the mess hall was jubilant with victory. In further celebration the cadets were all served the chocolate layer cake saved for special occasions. Several of the tables broke out in song. Though against regulations, no move was made to stop the champion spirit. Just then a messenger ran into the hall and gave a note to the adjutant. Joy was wiped from his face as he read it. He stood up.

"At ease, everybody, at ease. I just received a telegram from the headmaster, who is away, as you know. It says, 'DEAR STUDENTS, CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR VICTORY STOP SORRY TO TELL YOU THE MORTGAGE PAYMENTS ON THE SCHOOL HAVEN'T BEEN PAID IN TWO MONTHS AND THE SWISS BANK THAT HOLDS IT IS FORECLOSING STOP YOU'LL ALL HAVE TO PACK UP AND LEAVE STOP I'M TRYING TO BORROW IT BUT IT LOOKS BAD STOP YOU'RE A SWELL BUNCH OF KIDS AND I HOPE YOU FIND A PLACE TO LIVE. YOURS TRULY R. RODGERS BATES, HEADMASTER.'"

"HEY, what are we going to do?"

"This is awful."

"It can't be true. The state owns this place."

"AT EASE, AT EASE. The state does own the land, but apparently a Swiss bank owns the buildings."

"OooooohhhhhhhNnnnooooo, what are we going to do?"

"Maybe we can raise the money."

"How are we going to raise the money?"

A cadet at the far end of the mess hall started shouting and waving a newspaper and running up to the adjutant's table.

"LOOK HERE, LOOK HERE. There's an ad in the paper. It says, 'First prize, \$500, to the best marching school in the Thanksgiving Day parade will be paid by Conklin's department store.' We could win the money."

"Well, I'll put it to a vote. We have nothing to lose. What do you all say, everybody?"

"YES YES YES YES YES."

Osborn turned to Pennington and said, "On what we eat, we'll be lucky if we can make it to Thanksgiving."

Tim Collins sat watching from his window as the school prepared for the

parade. They practiced every day and even after the evening meal, such as it was for the senior class. Every once in a while Tim thought he heard something and excitedly would shout, "Mr. Pearly," but Mr. Pearly was never there. And Tim would return to his window. He watched Captain Osbourn make Jane restack all of the cannon balls one cold afternoon for repeatedly adjusting her seams after each "column left." He tried calling to her many times, but she would just yell up to him, "I'm not speaking to you, Tim Collins. Now or ever."

The students by this time had learned to conserve their energy. They would lie instead of sit, sit instead of stand, and lean instead of stand. They all moved very slowly.

The day of the parade finally came. Tim watched them all board the buses and wondered to himself if Mr. Pearly was ever coming back. He screamed "GOOD LUCK" to them, but they all ignored him.

Tim was asleep seated in his window when the bus's engine and the shouts from within woke him up.

"Did you win, DID YOU WIN?" Tim shouted down.

No one would answer him at first, but finally someone who couldn't keep in the excitement any longer shouted, "No, but some crazy guy in a limousine hit us and gave us a thousand in cash if we'd settle out of court. That's all I'm telling you."

The months came and went. Tim was still confined to his quarters. His only visitor was Jojo, who would occasionally bring him a roll. Jane was still being punished outlandishly by Captain Osbourn, who, she claimed, still wanted a date with her, though he never had asked her. The senior class was still on punishment rations, and the rest of the students were not on much better. But life went on. The headmaster returned briefly but soon left again. Professor Ableman periodically snuck in sweetbreads and assorted fruits from his home. And the senior class prepared for their final test in military training, Governor's Day Field Maneuvers. The boys vs. the girls. The most important day for both the seniors and the school. The school is rated, the seniors are graduated, and the whole student body goes to the June Ball that same evening.

Tim started shouting in desperation, "Mr. Pearly, please. I've been in my room for an entire year. Please, Mr. Pearly, where are you?" If Tim didn't participate in the maneuvers he would not be eligible for graduation. He watched from his window as the most important day arrived. The

headmaster had returned and stood anxiously waiting on the front steps with the rest of the faculty, who formed the reception committee. At 10:30 exactly the governor arrived with a police escort. After many handshakes and amenities all went inside. On the other side of the building the senior class waited at attention, growing weaker with the passing minutes. Tim knew he had to join them. He paced back and forth kneading his fist into his palm. Everything would be lost.

"Hello, Tim."

"Mr. Pearly. Oh, Mr. Pearly, thank goodness it's you. Now can we go tell the governor what's going on here?"

"Not yet, Tim. Listen, I can't stay with you today. I have another mission. You're going to have to do this one by yourself." And he vanished. Tim looked out his window and saw the governor and the dignitaries take the reviewing stand. This was his chance to get into Thatcher's office.

He ran downstairs but found both doors to the office locked. The only window was two stories high and could be seen clearly from the reviewing stand. Then Tim heard the boys' group leader and the girls' group leader give their respective commands to march the students to the woods behind buildings and commence maneuvers. Then he remembered what those thugs said about knocking out the kids. He'd get the evidence later. He had to go warn his classmates. He ran out the service door and down the side road and into the woods.

The headmaster chatted with the governor as the time passed. The students were still in the woods. The governor grew impatient. A half an hour, an hour passed and still no sign of them.

"See here, Bates, where are these cadets of yours? I haven't got all day."

"Please, Governor, give them a little more time."

Running through the woods, Tim shouted out the names of his classmates and then froze stock still. Before him were close to a hundred men looking frightened and confused.

"Who are you?" Tim asked.

"No hablo ingles, por favor."

"What? Say, do you have anything to do with Mr. Thatcher?"

"Señor Thatcher, Señor Thatcher, si, si."

"Oh, I get it. He plans to have you people dig the wells."

"No comprendo, señor . . ."

"Never mind. Look you have to help me. Ah . . . andale, andale."

The hundred or so workers followed Tim further into the woods, and then they started to come upon the unconscious bodies of the cadets. He tried to revive them, but it was no use. They'd

been knocked out cold.

"Look, you're going to have to change clothes with these people and march back out there so the school can pass the governor's inspection." With some difficulty, he made them understand. When they were ready he divided them into two companies. Meanwhile, Jojo climbed up the wall and into Thatcher's window and started yanking at the top drawer of his desk.

"Sorry, Bates, I can't wait any longer. 'Too bad."

Just then Collins turned the corner with the two companies briskly marching. So proud were they in their new uniforms that they began singing "La Cucaracha."

"Governor, look."

"Well, thank goodness."

Thatcher jumped to his feet. "Wait, they're not . . . ah . . ."

"What's that, Thatcher?"

"Ah . . . ah . . . look, Mr. Bates, that person leading them, it's Collins. He's supposed to be confined to his quarters. Definite violation of the rules."

"What do you have to say about this, Bates?"

"I don't know, sir. COLLINS, REPORT OVER HERE."

"Yes, sir."

"Is it true that you were ordered to quarters?"

Before he could answer, Jojo leaped into the governor's lap waving a paper. "ALL AW what's this? What's this paper? Why, it's a nutrition report. It's a falsified nutrition report. Thatcher, are you responsible for this?"

Some of the senior class began staggering into view in their underwear and rubbing their heads.

Thatcher looked around nervously, then pushed his way past the headmaster and the governor and ran toward the parking lot, but Jojo ran and jumped on his back, bringing him to the ground.

The governor turned to Collins and said, "Perhaps, young man, you'd care to tell me what's this all about."

"I'd be glad to, Governor."

Luck was with Oakdale that day. The Glen Dorsey band was passing through town, and their bus broke down. Since it would take a day to fix, they agreed to play at the dance that evening.

Tim was carried on his classmates' shoulders into the dance amid the cheers and congratulations of all the students. They placed him down in front of Joan.

"Can you find it in that big heart of yours to forgive a girl who has rocks in her head?"

"I think so. If you kiss me."

"Is that an order, Captain?" □

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS



FOR \$10,

TAKE YOUR LIFE IN YOUR HANDS.

What's ahead for you this year? Here's the horoscope that can tell you. A 50-page 10,000 word Astroprofile horoscope for you only...computer-analyzed and prepared under the supervision of world-famous astrologers from 25 million pieces of information. You'll get a good look at your character and personality, your romantic and social potentials and your career opportunities. You'll know almost *to the day* what major events are likely to be in store for you, and how to prepare for them.

Character analysis and 12 month projections are based on the exact day, month, year, time and place of your birth. They involve both your sun sign and rising sign. Astrologers could charge up to \$300 to cast a horoscope this personalized...the computer's efficiency enables us to offer it for *only* \$10! What's more, we'll *guarantee* your satisfaction with its accuracy during the coming 12 months. Don't delay though. Get this coupon to us now. Don't waste a day of your life. Or an opportunity.

Please prepare for me a confidential in depth personal Astroprofile which will include my character analysis and my projections for the next twelve months. I enclose \$10 plus 60¢ for shipping and handling (California residents add 50¢ sales tax) or charge my account.

Charge my (check one)

BankAmericard
Acct. No. _____

Master Charge
Acct. No. _____

(Please Print)

Mr., Mrs., Miss _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip Code _____

Date of Birth _____ Place of Birth _____

Month _____ City _____

Date _____ State _____

Year _____ Country _____

Time of Birth A.M. _____ P.M. _____

If exact time isn't known we'll use 12 noon.

The Hand of Fate, Ltd.

11941 Wilshire Blvd., Suite No. 1, Los Angeles, Calif. 90025

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 Dixee, 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, Rodrigues' 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 take, 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 Klink.

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 *! 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.

JANUARY, 1973/DEATH: with The Adventures of Deadman, Playdead magazine, Children's Suicide Letters to Santa, the Last-Aid Kit, plus Bobbie Fisher Shows You How to Beat Death.

FEBRUARY, 1973/SEXUAL FRUSTRATION: With Piddle, the Catholic Sex Manual, Porno for Women, the Palma Sutra, and Playmeat—Try a Little Tenderloin.

To order these back issues, just check off the ones you want in the coupon below. Return the coupon to us with \$1 in bill, check, or money order for each copy you'd like.

THE NATIONAL LAMPOON, Dept. NL373, 635 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. 10022

Send me the following:

No. of copies	Issue	No. of copies	Issue
_____	NOVEMBER, 1970	_____	FEBRUARY, 1972
_____	DECEMBER, 1970	_____	MARCH, 1972
_____	MARCH, 1971	_____	APRIL, 1972
_____	APRIL, 1971	_____	MAY, 1972
_____	MAY, 1971	_____	JUNE, 1972
_____	JUNE, 1971	_____	JULY, 1972
_____	JULY, 1971	_____	AUGUST, 1972
_____	AUGUST, 1971	_____	SEPTEMBER, 1972
_____	SEPTEMBER, 1971	_____	OCTOBER, 1972
_____	OCTOBER, 1971	_____	NOVEMBER, 1972
_____	NOVEMBER, 1971	_____	DECEMBER, 1972
_____	DECEMBER, 1971	_____	JANUARY, 1973
_____	JANUARY, 1972	_____	FEBRUARY, 1973

I enclose a total of \$_____ at \$1 for each copy requested. This amount covers purchase plus shipping and handling.

My name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Good News for Hemorrhoid Sufferers



The National Lampoon, Dept. NL373
635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

Yes, I want to subscribe to the National Lampoon.

I enclose my check money order (Please place in envelope)

Charge to My Master Charge # _____
BankAmericard # _____

Bill me; I'll send along my check upon receiving your invoice.

One-year subscription—\$6.95

Two-year subscription—\$11.95

Three-year subscription—\$15.95

Name _____ (please print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____
Please make sure to list your correct zip-code number.

For each year add \$1.00 for Canada and Mexico, \$2.00 for foreign.

Don't subscribe to the National Lampoon! Don't encourage this cheap, exploitative, vulgar, hackneyed type of advertising. And while you're at it, don't go to the dentist or doctor either. No. They charge too much and will, one day, go into the ground the same way you do—one leg at a time. Are you still reading this? Good. Did you like the clever reverse psychology telling you not to subscribe when the whole purpose of this production is to get you to send us money? And if you act today, maybe, just maybe, eternal life will be yours. Who knows? ...

BLOW YOURSELF UP TO POSTER SIZE

A great gift or gag idea. Ideal room decoration. Perfect for parties. Send any b&w or color photo, polaroid print, cartoon or magazine photo. For slides and negatives add \$1.00 per poster ordered. Better originals produce better posters. Giant b&w poster mailed in tube.

1 1/2 FT x 2 FT \$2.50
3 FT x 4 FT \$7.50
RUSH SERVICE. Posters only. Shipped 1st class in 1 day. Add \$2.00 per poster ordered. No slides.



2 x 3 FT.
\$3.50

PHOTO JIGSAW PUZZLE from any photo
 1 x 1 1/2 FT. —\$4.49, 8x10" —\$2.49, 11x14" —\$3.49
 Your original returned undamaged. Add 50c for postage and handling for EACH item ordered. N.Y. residents add sales tax. Send check, cash or M.O. (No C.O.D.) to:
PHOTO POSTER, INC.
 Dept. NL373 210 E. 23 St., New York, N.Y. 10010



GAGS FOR WAGS!

Be Funny For Less Money!

Speakers, Entertainers, Comedians, etc. Send \$1 for 500 Howls. Or send \$5 and get 10 great new original monologues, plus 10 dialogs plus 5 skits plus 10 parodies plus 5 complete gag files etc. **LAUGHS UNLIMITED**

106 W. 45th Street, New York, N.Y. 10036

PLAYBOY MAGAZINE For Sale

1972 to 1965.....ea. \$1.00 except Jan. & Dec. issues are \$2.00.
 1964-63-62 issues.....ea. \$2.00, except Dec. 1962 & Jan. 1963 are ea. \$4.00.
 1961-60 issues.....ea. \$2.50.
 1959-58 issues.....ea. \$3.00.
 1957 issues.....ea. \$3.50.
 1956 issues.....ea. \$5.00.

CHEROKEE BOOK SHOP
 BOX 3427, HOLLYWOOD, CALIF. 90028

Protect your loved ones (and you)...



Naturalamb
 POLLED LUBRICATED BARS

THREE PROPHYLACTICS
 SEALED IN FOIL

EXTRA SENSITIVE
GUARDIAN
 LUBRICATED

THREE LATEX PROPHYLACTICS



THREE
TROJANS
 LATEX PROPHYLACTICS

... from the surprise of unwanted conception and the scourge of V.D. with Trojans brand prophylactics. They're safe, sensitive and of course have no after effects. For a Special Trojans Product Sampler including 3 TROJANS, 3 GUARDIAN and 3 NATURALAMB, send coupon below with \$3.00 check or money order to Youngs Drug Products Corporation. Then buy your future Trojans needs from your local pharmacist.

NAME _____
 ADDRESS _____
 CITY _____
 STATE _____ ZIP _____

Youngs Drug Products Corporation
 865 Centennial Avenue,
 Piscataway, New Jersey 08854

continued from page 54

love organic mesc." He says, "You're headin' for a *biiiiig* bumper." I says, "Hey, c'mon, y'know? Gimme the fuckin' pills already." He says, "You're headin' for a *biiiiig* bumper." But he gives me the pills. And they were cut with strychnine. I had a *biiiiig* bumper. Took two Valiums.

Cut to beauty shot of two Valiums being poured from bottle into hand.
 ANNOUNCER: Valium—with power to mellow the worst bumper you'll ever have. Now available over the counter. NUDE: Don't have a big bumper. Take Valium.

—Television commercial, 1975

Spencer the Garbagehead had dropped some very powerful Owsley Purple an hour or so ago. It didn't matter exactly when. Time was illusory. Only vibrations mattered. He was at one with the All.

His gaily painted hearse was just chugging onto the Golden Gate Bridge. The sun was setting. All was red and gold, flashing, flashing. The sun was God. *He* was God. All the people in the shiny fruits and vegetables chugging next to him . . . *they* were God.

He heard a siren. A cop car pulled him over.

"Just how fast you think you were going?" the cop asked Spencer.

Spencer, peaking and flashing, attempted to gather his wits. He'd better play it on the conservative side. He couldn't have been going that fast.

"Uh, sixty-five?"

"You were going four miles an hour," said the cop. "Get out of the car."

—Dope tale, 1970

Willie doesn't take acid. Acid takes Willie.

BUSTED DEMONSTRATORS TRIP IN THE CLINK

LOS ANGELES—Beaver Logan's eyes still shine with the memory:

"There we were, five hundred freaks, tripping our brains out in the LA City Jail. You wouldn't believe the energy level we got to. One guy from Topanga was so high he could vibrate right through the bars of the cell. They had to keep putting him back."

The LSD swallowed by Ms. Logan—and the hundreds of other antiwar demonstrators busted during Spiro Agnew's Colosseum appearance earlier that day—was smuggled into jail in somebody's urine. It was immediately dubbed bladder acid.

—News item, *Rolling Stone*, June 10, 1971

Willie is Marching on Washington, crackling on speed. Rank upon rank

of scary-looking people, arms linked, jog with heavy boot thuds down Pennsylvania Avenue.

ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR.
 WE DON'T WANT YOUR
 FUCKING WAR!

STOMP, STOMP, STOMP!
 Willie's heart pumps and pounds. The perimeter of his vision is sparkling like broken mirror shards. He rolls his eyes to clear them and sees men with cameras stationed on the building tops. Press? No, FBI. Fuckers. Probably have guns, too.

STOMP, STOMP, STOMP!
 It's cold. Willie shivers. A voice like a harpie is shrilling into his ear. He turns to look. A girl with metal on her teeth, running at his left.

"What?"
 "How militant are you? We're gonna trash the Justice Building." Her eyes flash inside like an artillery duel at night. She is carrying a sign saying YOUTH AGAINST WAR AND FASCISM.

"You gotta down?" Willie asks her. His blood is pumping through his veins in clumps. He is going to coagulate to death.

STOMP, STOMP!
 "Drugs are counterrevolutionary," shouts the girl. She stabs him with a dirty look and runs elsewhere.

HO, HO, HO CHI MINH,
 THE NLF IS GONNA WIN.

"Fuck this shit," says Willie. He pulls from the march, returns to his car, and drops a Librium, his final political act.

SENATOR HORSESHIT: You actually expect the committee to believe that you thought the fifty kilos of refined heroin your spaghetti company imported from Turkey at a cost of \$225,000 was organic *tooth-powder*?

WITNESS ZUCCHINI: You wanna believe, believe. No believe, no believe.

—Excerpt, transcript of Congressional Rackets Committee hearings, 1974

Willie lies on a bed of pine needles back propped against a tree, gazing into the misty profundity of the Rocky Mountains. They are beautiful and alien, and he loves them the way you love someone who doesn't love you.

The woman sitting beside him, however, does love him, and he loves her. Marrin and Willie have spent three weeks living together in her Colorado cabin. Tomorrow he will be leaving to go on about his trip, so they both are feeling some pain, but it is a sweet pain.

A few hours ago Frank the Poet came by with a gunny sack of peyote and they each ate six buttons . . . al

seventeen separate poisonous alkaloids of them. Marrin throw up, and Willie had fierce cramps, but then they got very high and Frank showed them the face of the peyote god on the top of one of his remaining buttons before wandering off to commune with the One.

Marrin glances at Willie. She sees that he is brooding and starts to tickle him. Willie defends his ribs briefly, then starts tickling back. They get into one of those giggling things where every time you look at each other you start laughing all over again. Finally, the laughing gives way to fucking. A cool mountain wind, perfumed with pine, caresses their naked asses.

"Hello?"

"Peter? This is Tim."

"Timmie! Hey, man."

"Listen, I'm looking for some fiction editions, and I wondered if you had any in stock."

"Well, no . . . no fiction. But I have some very fine nonfiction."

"Um. Is it really *interesting* nonfiction?"

"Oh, yes. In fact, it reads like fiction. Haven't been able to put it down, y'know?"

"Well, how long are they?"

"For you, 250 pages. Get three or more, and I'll make it 235 each."

"Sounds good. Of course, I'll want to see the first few chapters."

"Of course."

"Now, what about obscure pieces? Say, eighth century?"

"Ah, yes, I have some superb obscure pieces. From Peru! The eighth-century ones are 175 pages."

"I can get behind that. See you later?"

"You bet."

"Ciao."

—Telephone transaction,
New York City, 1972

Dope Daniel, Willie's dealer, whisks the ten of diamonds into the glistening heap of cocaine, withdraws a small quantity, and spills it onto the mirror top. The card beats a tiny tattoo on the mirror as, French-chef-wise, he slices the rocks into powder. With the edge of the card, he drags the powder into four slim rails and hands the mirror to Willie.

Snurt. Snurt. Two of the rails disappear through a rolled-up fifty into Willie's nose, striking the roof of his nasal cavities like sweet ak-ak.

"Mmph!"

"Lotsa rocks," observes Dope Daniel.

"Yeah." Willie snorts the second two rails, leans back, and closes his eyes. "Yeah!" He sits back up. "I'll get it together for a half-ounce. Meet me at my apartment at midnight."

"Solid. But, listen, don't have anyone else there, okay? That's *really* important." At his feet, Evelyn, his Doberman pinscher, yawns toothily.

"Sure. See ya later."

Willie finds three friends who want eighths, gets \$150 from each, adds \$50 of his own, and goes home to wait. It is eleven o'clock.

At 11:10, his doorbell rings. Puzzled, he goes to the door and finds Frank the Finger and Bernie Room-Bloom from Brooklyn.

"My man!" says Frank. "Fantastic that you're home. Mr. Chiba has come to town!"

"Chiba?" This is good news indeed. Chiba, the Colombian grass, has been the number-one high-quality weed in the city for the last few years, and Willie has been wanting some. "Come on in, but you can only stay for a few minutes. I have a thing to do at midnight."

"Not to worry," says Bernie. They sit on Willie's sofa, and Frank withdraws a Baggie of chiba from an inner pocket of his embroidered blue-jeans jacket.

"All tops and buds," he points out, handing the bag over. The weed is brown and red and smells like a fresh country breeze. It seems to Willie to have its own inner glow.

"Here's a joint of it," says Bernie. He eases the tip into the flame of the candle on Willie's left speaker and hands it to him. Willie tokes.

The doorbell rings.

"Holy shit," says Willie. "I'm supposed to be alone."

"Come on," says Bernie, pulling Frank by the arm. "We'll hide in the bedroom."

Willie goes to the door and peers through the peephole. It is Hash Henry!

"Willie? I got ounces of Moroccan Red at European prices. Lemme in."

Willie had been about to ask Henry to come back later, but . . .

"Henry baby! Come in! But you can only stay a couple minutes. I got a . . . chick in the bedroom."

"Right on. Just taste this." He pulls a slim hash-pipe from his handwoven Greek dealer's bag.

Willie takes two tokes, and the doorbell rings again.

"Good Lord. Look, Henry, go into the bathroom for a few minutes, will ya? I'm sorry, but I have to be alone to do a short number here."

"Sure, man." Hash Henry sidles into the can. Willie goes to the door.

It is Carol McHasboil!

"Listen," says Willie, opening the door a crack, "I can't . . ."

"Willie," she stage-whispers, "I've got Afghan oil at thirty a gram."

" . . . say how pleased I am to see you! Come in!"

Carol hands him a cigarette with a thin line of green painted on it. Willie already had a chiba joint in his left hand and a hash pipe in his right. He transfers the pipe, takes the cigarette, and inhales.

Ring!

Stammering quick, meaningless noises, Willie hustles Carol into the kitchen, hurries back to the door, and opens it.

It is Molta Hector and his old lady, Miranda!

"Willie," cries Hector, embracing him Hispanically. "*Numero uno*, man. I jos get eef thees mornin'. An' deeg—only thirty dollar a gram, twenny-five eef joo take more dan whun!"

"Amigo!" Willy takes the proffered joint and tokes.

Ring!

Hector and Miranda help Willie stand up again. "Joo okay, man?"

"Please, don't ask me to explain, but get in the closet here for a few seconds, will ya?"

"Uh, chure."

Willie takes three deep breaths and goes to the peephole.

Dope Daniel.

Willie opens the door. Dope Daniel steps into Willie's apartment, carrying a motorcycle helmet, followed by Evelyn the Doberman and Mary the Old Lady, who likes dwarfs and hunchbacks. Willie glances at the clock. Midnight exactly.

"Hey, man," says Dope Daniel, giving Willie a hug. "Mary's gonna make us some C."

"I'll go in the kitchen," says Mary.

"No!" says Willie. "I mean, the kitchen is disgusting. Full of roaches. You'd hate it in there."

"I'm hip," says Mary. "We'll fix it in the living room. But you'll have to close your eyes."

This is a new one on Willie. "Why?"

"Mary wants to *present* it to you, man. Just close your eyes for a couple of seconds, okay?"

"Oh, okay." Feeling like he has totally lost control over his own life, Willie sits on his sofa and closes his eyes.

He hears coke being chopped and matches lit. Finally, Mary says, "Open!"

Willie opens. Dope Daniel and Mary are smiling at him. He looks down and finds on the table before him a cupcake tin, filled to the brim with sparkling white cocaine. There is a small, lit candle, in its center.

"Surprise!" cry Dope Daniel and Mary.

From every door of his apartment issue dealers waving gaily wrapped packages. "Happy birthday! Happy birthday!"

"WOOF!" says Evelyn. □

"We wrap ourselves in plastic bags every night so we can wake up in the morning fresh and unspoiled."



carves into his tiny "sculptures of smell." Tony accidentally eats five Luxembourgs with his martini and is out \$54,500.

Evening . . . cocktails with good friends Guy and Tandy Theramin, David Sensitive, and Donna Pastina Nicci. Alison wears Ramon Avillar's new coconut t-shirt. Tony wears three or four ties, casually knotted.

Tony finds a marvelous little place in Long Island City called Grogan's, a hangout for the workers from the nearby white-bread factory. "There's always a wonderful smell of flour and fresh chemicals in the air," says Alison.

Parties: At Walter and Maggie Bibbeling's . . . where a hole in the ceiling is providing great amusement.

At Leonard Flemminger's party for Noel and Anise Cornerstone, where

the new game is bobbing for people.

More film festivals. This time . . . a revival of Underground Movies, the ones made by former members of the Norwegian Underground . . . low-budget, noncommercial, and of course anti-Nazi. The feature is called *A Man Is a Woman* . . . described in the program notes as "a modern retelling of the Oreo Myth."

Back to Rex Tugboat's triplex . . . Peter Gabardine arrives with an X-ray machine, and everyone takes pictures and diagnoses bone structures with mock seriousness. Timmy Spokane starts to bite his nails, and everyone joins, biting their nails to the cuticle in a mad race.

In between parties: watching haircuts.

From watching haircuts to Europe . . . and suddenly the Adorables

and their friends find themselves at the villa of old friend Henry Kleefelder in St. Tropez. Alison describes what happened:

"Henry was having a porgy: a cross between a party and an orgy. We arrived just in time for the inevitable dish-throwing part.

"Suddenly Tony realized something was missing. Something the old porgies had. He couldn't remember what we did that was so much fun, but he thought it had something to do with swimming pools. He found a little whistle and ordered everyone into the pool, blowing the whistle like a lifeguard. Then he sprinkled us with soap flakes, and we lathered each other. After a good wash we ran to the big terry-cloth carpet and rolled in it to dry. As we dried, our bodies seemed to mingle. There was something so right about the way the different parts fitted together. Later, smoking, we fell asleep on the carpet with the starry sky as our blanket. Tony had rediscovered whatever it was that made our porgies so marvelous."

The Adorables are deeply in love with Africa.

"Africa renews us spiritually and physically," said Alison.

"But it's mostly the animals," said Tony. "We love them and hunt them because they are our sisters."

From Africa to the Isle of Skewe and hunting the half man-half tweed.

The legend of the Isle of Skewe . . . About 200 years ago a group of itinerant weavers left Skewe for the more lucrative call of the Shetland and Harris. Only a hardy few remained. The descendants of those few still live somewhere on the island and are now half man-half tweed.

The Adorables' older servants claim to have seen these creatures, described as "a hairy Norfolk jacket walking on all fours." There are still incidents of pigs or chickens stolen, with a small swatch left in the vicinity of the crime.

Alison is mad about the swatches and must capture the beasts to get more of the material. She wants John Worm to design an entire Skewe collection for her. Tony envisions a tweed ranch. The problem: the creatures never seem to come around to the shooting boxes or show their faces anywhere. Sparn Cragh, the Adorables' gamekeeper, claims to have heard them.

"They speak Herringbone, an old Skewe dialect," he says. The half man-half tweed also possesses a reversible water-repellent cotton poplin lining.

When he is in danger, he turns himself into a raincoat, blending easily with the terrain."

Tony feels he can bring them out of hiding by opening a chain of dry-cleaning stores on the island. "One of these days they have to get themselves dry cleaned and get their linings waterproofed. They can't live like that forever. We'll lure them out with a special two-for-one offer."

*The Adorables' charity ball...
A masquerade party for the
Monongahela School for
Criminally Gifted Children.*

Syndicated columnist Lascivia Bunting seemed to have the most direct pipeline to Alison Adorable, via Alison's secretary, Angela Verdure. Progress reports and news flashes about the ball were relayed to her readers instantly. From the columns of Lascivia Bunting:

September 27—Alison Adorable deep in plans for her masquerade ball, consulting with wizard party-planner James Bogus. Theme of the ball? We heard tell it's "Africa, Sleeping Giant."

September 30—It looks like the theme of the Adorables' ball will be "TV Stars of the 40s."

November 15—Lunch at Le Rata-touille with Suzi Twope, assistant to James Bogus. Said Suzi: "We submitted three different themes to Mrs. Adorable, "Winter Sports," "Under the Big Top," and "The French Revolution." She will make her decision very soon."

November 22—It's official. The theme of you-know-who's ball will be "Pearl Buck's China." A dandy idea. For a delightful change of pace the costumes will be simple little things made of old clothes and rags.

November 25—It's tizzy time again, folks. Alison Adorable decided to change the theme of the ball just two days before the zero hour. It's all beginning to look like a Broadway musical with problems in Philadelphia.

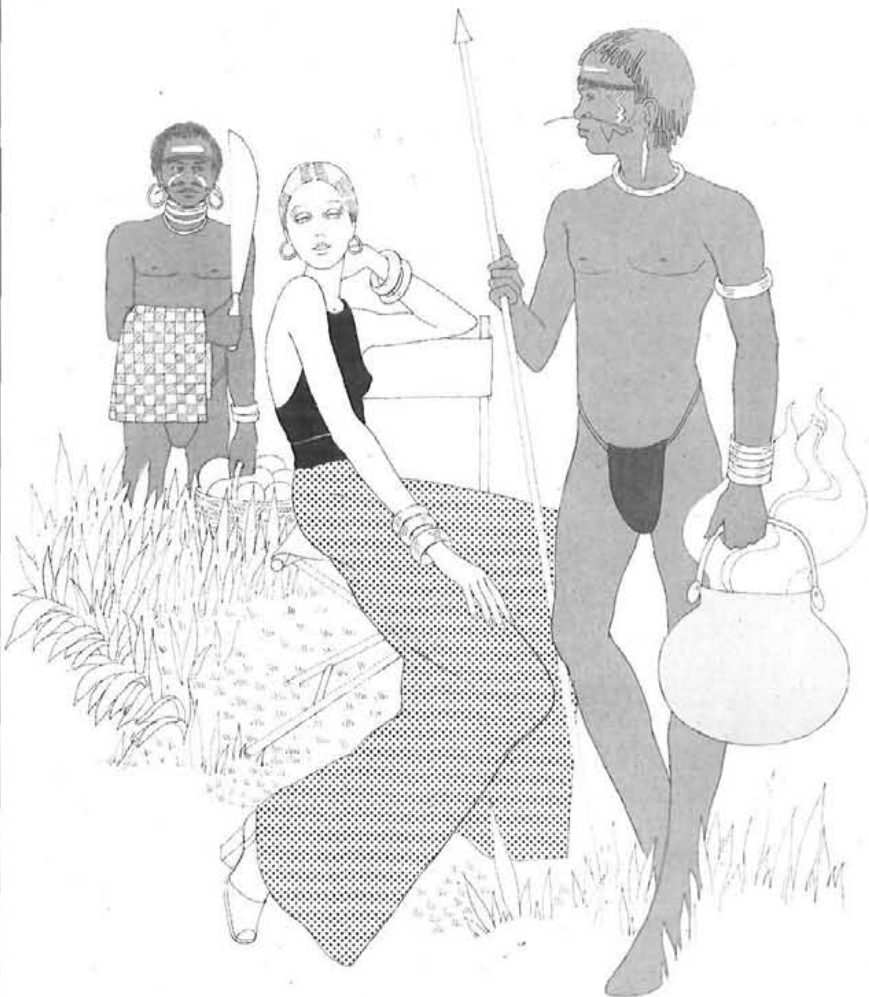
November 26—Alison Adorable has called in her decorator, Wally Whimsey, as a "ball doctor," although James Bogus is still in charge. No clash of egos, however. "We only have one day to go," said Wally Whimsey. "That's not enough time for a clash of egos, much less planning a gigantic masquerade ball. We just have to get cracking and rise to the challenge."

November 29—The theme of The Ball, as you all know by now, was "A Salute to the Spanish Navy." It couldn't have been more appropriate, because the ball was given on the final day of the historic battle of the Spanish Armada with Sir Francis Drake.

The ball was held aboard the visit-

*From the
safari journal of Alison Adorable:*

"The natives are wonderful. They cook the meals, carry all the baggage, do the laundry, and knit me little things. They laugh and chatter all the time. In the evening they do their marvelous songs and dances. It is all somehow very African and exciting."



ing Spanish aircraft carrier, *La Carancha*. Guests wore Spanish naval outfits of the past or related costumes of the era.

As an extra added attraction, Mr. Patrick Cormorant auctioned off all the eighteenth-century paintings and furniture of Mrs. Earl C. Engelheisen, without her permission.

This was followed by a spirited Spanish sailor's brawl, with scads of betting on both sides... all winnings going to the Monongehela School. The climax: ten of the prettiest deb in New York came as dry-cleaning deliverers and had a wild race across the deck of the carrier with Volkswagen buses.

A summer cruise on the yacht

Copyright © 2007 National Lampoon Inc.

*of Nixos Naxos, sailing the
Mediterranean. Highlights
from the journal of Tony Adorable:*

July 15—We start from the Italian port of Scussi. Four weeks of sun, sea, rest (and adventure). Sail ho.

July 16—Our party consists of Alison and me: Perlman Butz, the Wizard of Wall Street, and his wife, Trampoline; an old Boston friend, Peter Gabardine; the Duke of Lefcourt and his wife, the Duchess of Lefcourt; the Italian home-appliance dealer, Bruno Bumbarti, his lovely wife, Madge, and his lovely daughter, Boa; and our host, the Turkish pacifist Kamil Gibrar, and his traveling companion, a Syrian mountain boy named Ibid. Nixos Naxos, the Greek

continued

shipping magnate, detests sailing. He bought the yacht for his friends.

July 17—The sea is a calm pink. We are sailing the same route the mythical Antagonistes took when he escaped from Pycidides after stealing the Golden Tunic. In the background Mount Edna looks like a cheeseburger as it gradually recedes from view.

July 18—Alison is not feeling well. She just lies in her bunk and stares at the ceiling. She hasn't eaten in a day and a half. We stop at Mygrene, an island where Antagonistes was supposed to have bought some olives for his relish tray. Mygrene has changed little since ancient times. The old wrinkled women tend the olive trees while the men drink and smoke in the *kouzi*, the outdoor cafés in the public square. We buy olives and drink the native wine, *stika*, made from corduroy.

In the evening, the Duke of Lefcourt opens his portable Game-O-Rama, a very nice Leatherette case holding 101 different games. We can play chess, checkers, Parcheesi, Acey-Deucey, Chuck-a-Luck, Put and Take, Chinese checkers, etc. The Duke plays Parcheesi with Boa Bumbarti, the daughter of Bruno Bumbarti, the Italian home-appliance dealer. Perlman Butz, the Wizard of Wall Street, plays checkers with Bruno's wife, Madge. My old Boston friend, Peter Gabardine, plays a few rounds of Chuck-a-Luck with Trampoline Butz. The Turkish pacifist, Kamil Gibrar, plays Acey-Deucey with his traveling companion, the Syrian boy Ibid. I am inclined toward Put and Take and play a game with the Duchess of Lefcourt. Bruno Bumbarti watches. Someone in the crew has a portable radio, and we hear strains of a Lithuanian rock-and-roll group. It sounds wonderful. The sea is a burnt orange.

July 19—We make a stopover at the island of Chaos for supplies. Chaos is a large island with a hotel, shops, and other amusements for the tourists. Some of us stop at the hotel bar for a drink of cold *bezi*, the Greek beer brewed from rope-soled sandals. The Duchess of Lefcourt walks through a beaded curtain at the end of the bar and does not come back. We can't tarry any longer because the shops close at five and we have to buy supplies. Alison is still under the weather. She's back on her back again. I buy her a little transistor radio from one of the quaint little shops for 2,000 philanders (about \$130) to keep her amused.

After dinner we open the Game-O-Rama. Bruno Bumbarti plays checkers with the Duke of Lefcourt. Madge Bumbarti and her daughter Boa play Acey-Deucey with Peter Gabardine;

Perlman Butz, the Wizard of Wall Street, plays Parcheesi with me; and the Turk, Kamil Gibrar, plays Put and Take with his companion, the Syrian boy. Trampoline Butz watches good-naturedly. After a while, one of the crew, a surly Yugoslav, accidentally jostles Gabardine as he makes a crucial roll of the dice. Gabardine is visibly annoyed and makes a remark to the Yugoslav, which he misinterprets, and suddenly a fight ensues. Gabardine fights well, but the Yugoslav's highly unorthodox style (he uses a knife and a whip at the same time) puzzles him.

July 20—A picture-postcard day. The sea is a cornsilk yellow, with gently rolling wavelets. Bruno Bumbarti, the appliance man, his wife Madge, and daughter Boa decide to swim off the boat. They are superb distance swimmers. The rest of us sunbathe on the deck. Alison is still not feeling well and has not yet left her room. It's a lazy, insolent day, with a marvelous cold lunch and plenty of *mouzaba*, the blue beer of the Adriatic. Our Game-O-Rama is much shorter tonight as everyone is sleepy from the sun and food and drink. The Butzes play some Parcheesi; I play a round of Acey-Deucey with the Duke of Lefcourt; and the Turkish pacifist, Kamil Gibrar, plays checkers with his traveling companion, the Syrian boy, Ibid. Someone remembers that the Bumbartis have not swum back to the boat.

July 21—We're about to land on the island of Epicene when a civil war breaks out. We just manage to get out of the port unharmed, except for the Duke of Lefcourt, who catches a stray machine-gun bullet in the heart and is killed instantly, feeling no pain. Not a very good way to start the day. When Alison hears about it she gets very upset, just when she's beginning to feel a little better. We open the Game-O-Rama earlier today, burying ourselves in amusements to relieve the tension of our narrow escape. Perlman Butz, the Wizard of Wall Street, his wife Trampoline, and I play a round robin of checkers, while the Turkish pacifist, Kamil Gibrar, and his companion, the Syrian boy, concentrate on Parcheesi. At about 11 p.m. we all wake up and discover we have been asleep for hours. There is no food available at this hour, and we all have to go to bed hungry and irritable.

July 22—How we got to Switzerland I don't know, but here we are in Switzerland. Alison feels better and gets off the bed, only to sprain her ankle. No sign of Perlman Butz and his wife Trampoline. What went on here last night? Kamil Gibrar, the Turkish pacifist, and his companion, the Syrian mountain boy, Ibid, are

playing Acey-Deucey on the deck. I ask to join in a round robin and they refuse.

Somehow we detoured from the mythical route taken by Antagonistes when he stole the Golden Tunic from Pycidides. But it was an experience I wouldn't have missed for the world. I had a very enjoyable time, and so did Alison. It was fun to make friends and play with our guests, and I heartily recommend a yachting trip on the Mediterranean as a wonderful way to spend a summer vacation.

The Adorables have a baby.

Alison wanted to have the baby herself, but Tony insisted she should not go through the hardship and inconvenience. "I wanted Alison to give our child the pure love that comes from being free of the burdens involved," said Tony.

With the help of friends a search was made for a suitable person to conceive and nurse the child. Count Nicola Bommagione found her in Rome. "She had just finished a small part in one of those Westerns," said the Count. "She was tired of working in the cinema. . . . There was the inevitable competition . . . the frustrations, the compromises a woman had to make. And how many become a Sophia Loren? She had decided, like many before her, that she was too sensitive, too weary to fight in the jungle of the entertainment business. She talked to me of how the business had given her a sense of incompleteness, of unfulfillment as a woman. It was an incredible stroke of luck to find someone so ripe for Tony's proposal. As I discussed the idea with her, it was as if I had come to free her from bondage, to give her a beautiful new life. In short, she was overjoyed to do it. There was the matter of money, of course. But the mention of Tony's name assured her of more than adequate compensation. I called Tony immediately, and he flew over the same day to consummate the agreement."

One month and four days later Signora Machinetta Pompatini was off to America to live with the Adorables as Alison's companion. She was the perfect choice . . . a woman of strong peasant stock with a voluptuous figure—a pretty woman in the ripe southern Italian manner.

As Machinetta became bigger with child, Alison's feeling of rosy contentment deepened, and her beauty took on a new womanly glow.

In what was the most eagerly awaited birth of the year, Machinetta bore the Adorables a beautiful set of twins, a girl, Bonnie Prince, and a boy, Charlie. It was a time of great happiness for all. □



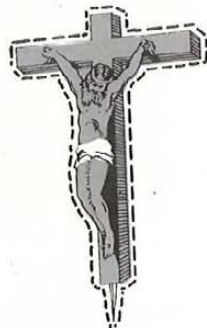
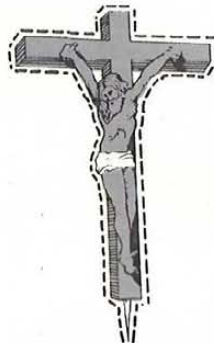
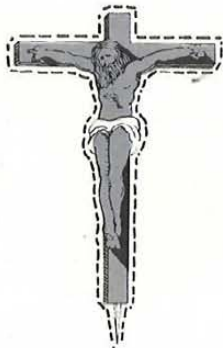
Stuff To Make Playing With Your Food Even More Fun Than It Already Is

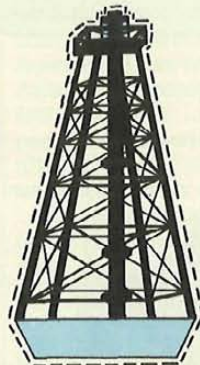
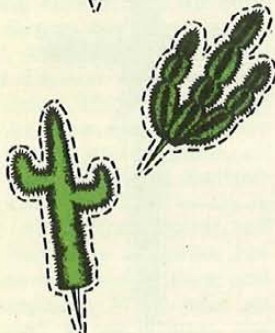
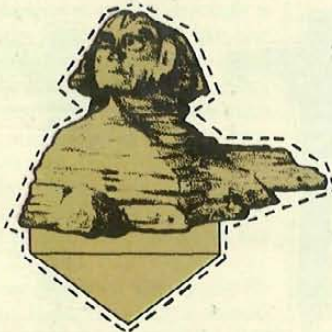
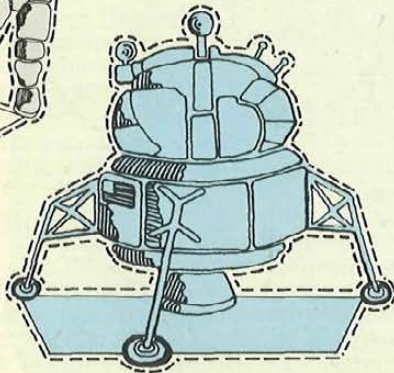
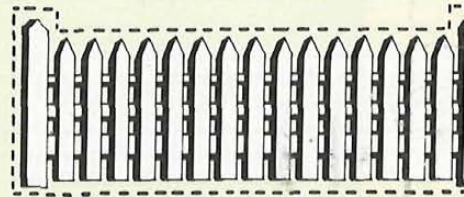
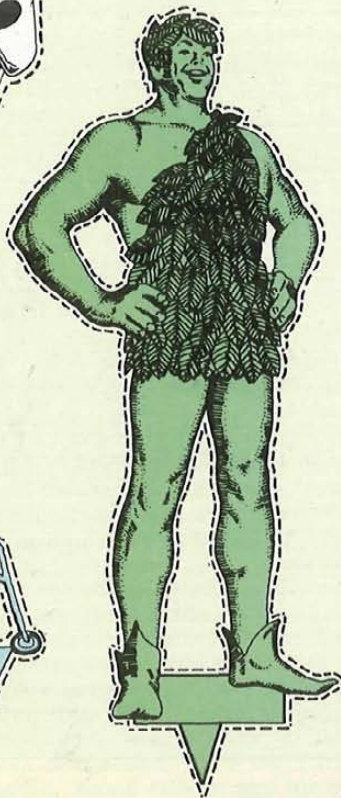
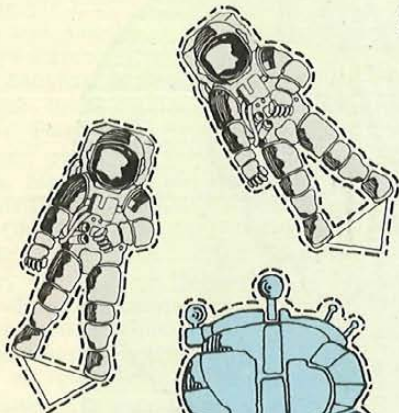
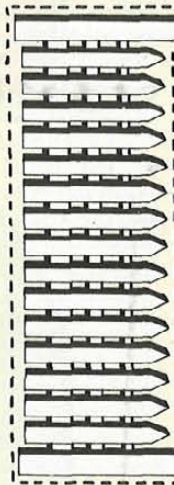
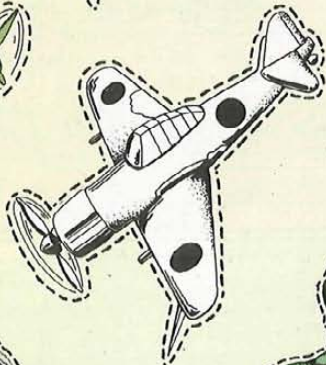
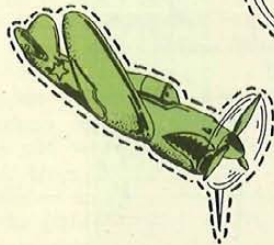
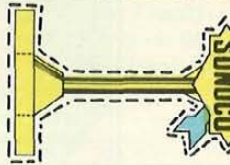
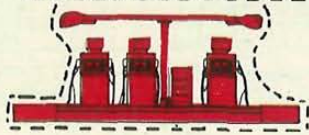
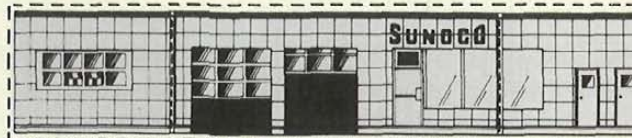
by Michael O'Donoghue

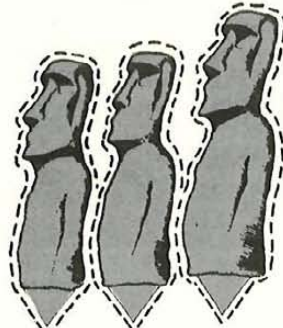
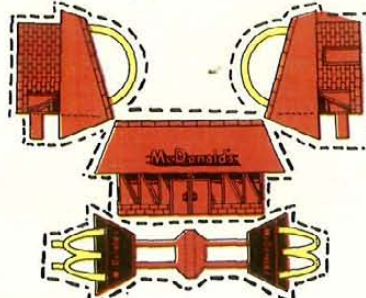
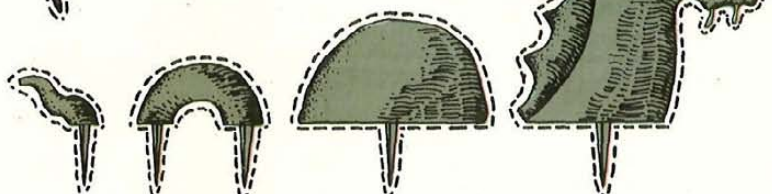
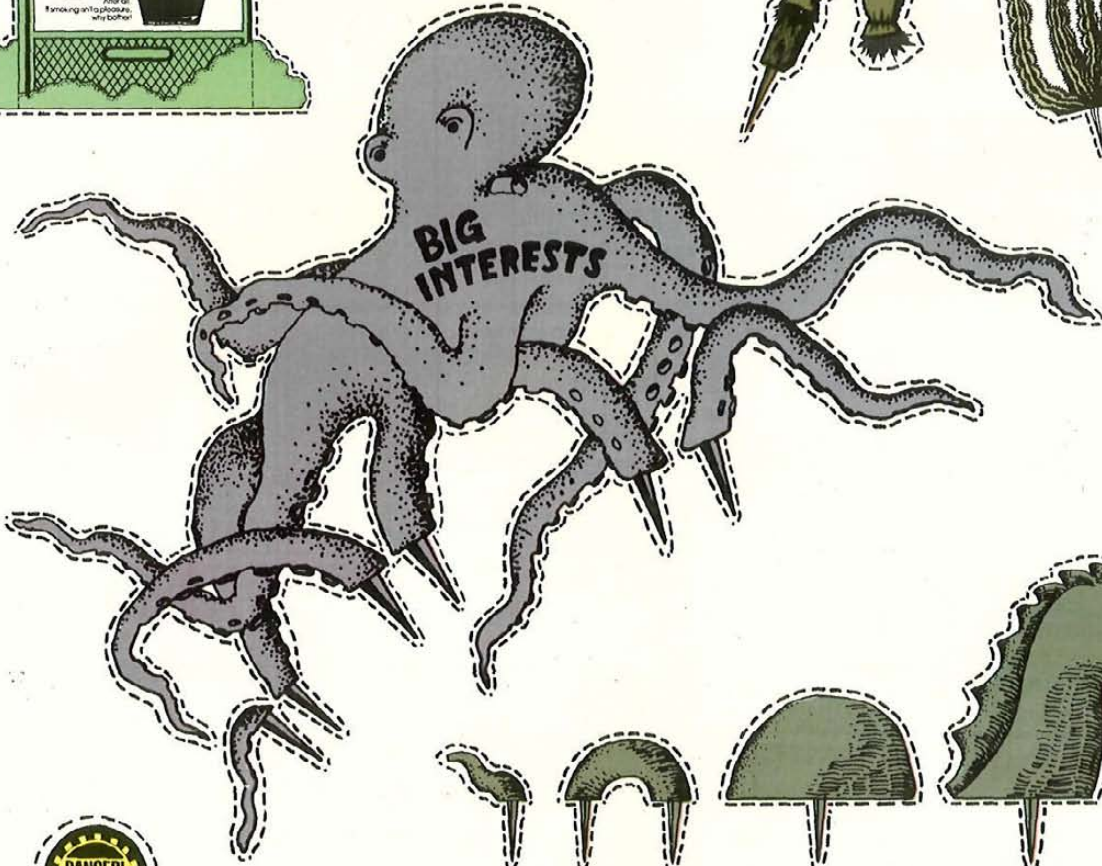
Sound familiar? Of course, now that you're an adult, you stay up all hours galavanting around, ruin your eyes, cross in between—not at the green, eat entire boxes of Mallomars, and do all the things you're not supposed to *except play with your food*. Why? Because you've forgotten how much fun it is, that's why! To encourage this forbidden pleasure and recapture lost youth, we are printing four full-color pages of stuff to help you play with your food. Just cut them out, back with cardboard, spray with Scotch-Guard, and stick them in your lunch. Such fun!

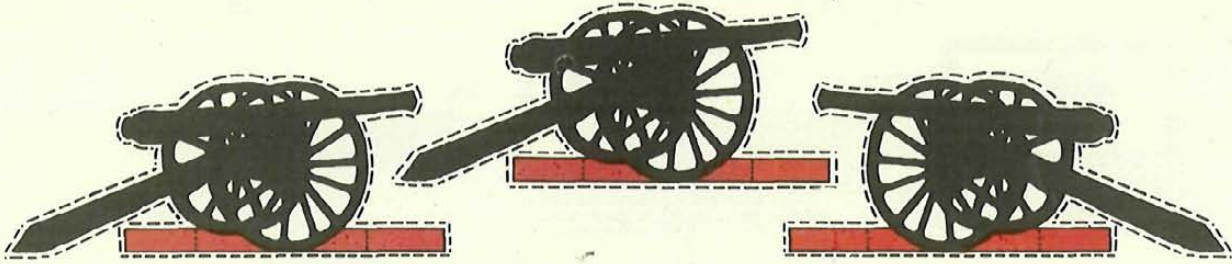


Toppings!

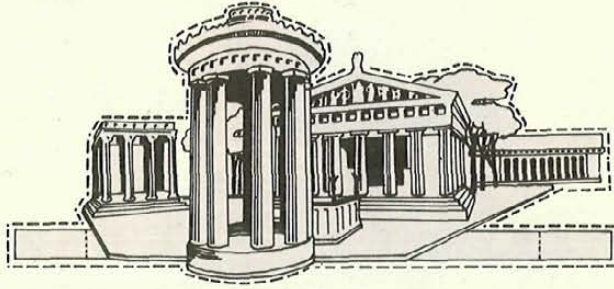






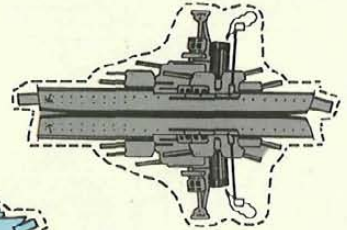
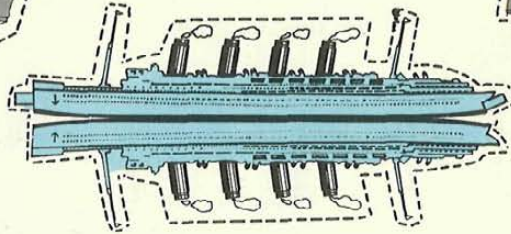
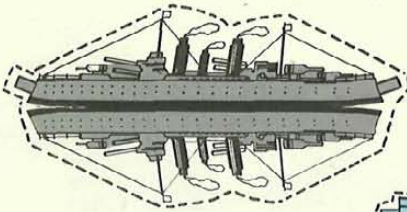


Turn peas into smallish, green cannon balls by merely adding these scaled-down Civil War cannons. Stack peas in pyramids to enhance effect.



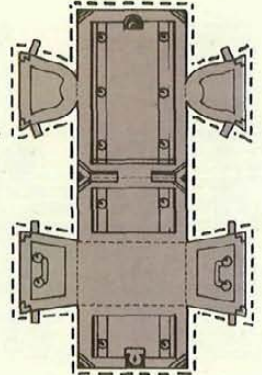
Suddenly the mountain of mashed potatoes splits asunder sending streams of steaming gravy rushing down to where, nestled peacefully among the vegetables, lies the doomed city of Pompeii. And you are there!

Victory at soup!



Meal not to your liking? Let these tiny headstones say it for you!

Fill with treasure and bury in a friend's food. Leave only veiled instructions scrawled on a napkin such as "Mark well where the shadow of the veal scallop falls upon the creamed corn, and from that spot draw a line to the base of the old, crooked parsley sprig, ..." et cetera.

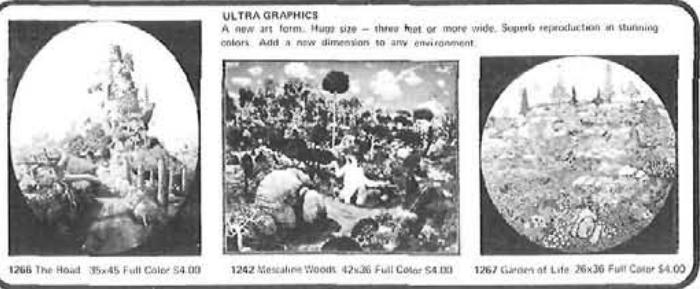




1222 Fuck Housework
17x22 Postcard \$2.00

**T
OO
MUC
HSEX
MAKES
OUREYE**

1161 Eye Chart
11x33 Black-Lite \$2.00



1266 The Road 35x45 Full Color \$4.00

1242 Mesalene Woods 42x36 Full Color \$4.00

1267 Garden of Life 26x36 Full Color \$4.00



1209 Eve
22x33 Full Color \$2.00



1191 Thunderpussy
22x28 Black-Lite \$2.00



1230 Freddy Frog
34x24 Full Color \$2.00



1271 This One
12x23 Two Color \$1.00



1265 Comm' Out Party
20x22 1/2 Full Color



1102 Denare Marquana
22x17 9&W \$1.00



1220 Hang in There
24x36 8&W \$2.00



1250 Let's Boogie
26x34 Black-Lite \$2.00

LITERATE LITTER

in POSTER form, from



THE CONTINUING VOYAGE

...carrying on as best as possible. I mean under the circumstances, and, at the time at least, we certainly were... under them, that is. I sometimes sit very still, at some of the higher speeds, and wonder what this face would look like if it were free of the psychic pressures of this weird dimension. At times I can feel release in part, within one muscle or another. In part is fine, don't misunderstand me, I'm not in the market for *Total Instant Release*... oh no, I might fall out! But anyway...



1262 Danielle
32x40 Full Color \$3.00



1133 Beep Beep!
21x28 Black-Lite \$2.00



1169 Problems Is Obvious
15x23 8&W \$1.00



1208 Sandy
22x34 Full Color \$2.00



1216 Skull Vanity
17x22 8&W \$1.00



1247 Daydream
25x37 Full Color \$2.00



1213 Seal of Solomon
22x34 Black-Lite \$2.00



1167 Different Strokes
22x28 Black-Lite \$2.00



1135 Power Ship
21x33 Black-Lite \$2.00



1181 Six Positions
23x35 Black-Lite \$2.00



1258 Ride On
23x35 Full Color \$2.00



1110 Makin' Bacon
22x28 8&W \$1.00



1257 Flat Track Triumph
33x21 Full Color \$2.00



1228 Vain's Choice
25x37 Color \$2.00



1266 Ancient Manner
23x35 Black-Lite \$2.00



1227 Lady Barbara
26x37 Full Color \$2.00

ASTROGRAPHICS

Observatory-quality reproductions, printed in a special deep blue-black process on heavy paper. 20x29 inches.



2767 Crab Nebula
20x29 Duo tone \$2.00



2765 Orion Nebula
20x29 Duo tone \$2.00



2268 Andromeda Nebula
20x29 Duo tone \$2.00



2765 Triad Nebula
20x29 Duo tone \$2.00

NOTICE

INTERPOLAR IN PAYING BY POSTAGE OR MAIL OR TELEPHONE ORDER OFFICE

PLEASE USE POSTAGE:

1. STAY CLEAR OF ALL WOMEN
2. KEEP HANDS OFF OF NECKS, NECKLINES, SHOULDERS, ETC.
3. STAY AWAY FROM SIG, TIGERS, INCUBATORS, REFRIGERATORS AND FRIGIDITY.
4. LOWER HEADS, WHISTLE BUST AND ANY OTHER OBSTRUCTIVE EQUIPMENT.
5. REMOVE HEADS, EMPTY POCKETS OF ALL BUCKS, POUCHES, SIGNS OR SIGNS, POUCHES, ETC.
6. IMMEDIATELY STOP OTHER THE DISTURBANCE PLEASE BY HOLDING SIGNATURE. SIGN YOUR OWN PLACE YOUR HEAD TIGHTLY BETWEEN YOUR LEGS.
7. THANK YOU FOR YOUR ORDER.

1107 Notice
22x28 8&W \$1.00



1121 Movin' Out
26x21 Black-Lite \$2.00

WORK WITH INTERPLANETARY

1270 Just Reward
16x23 Two Color \$1

I know that you believe you understand what I said. But I am not sure you realize that what you heard is not what I meant.

1219 Not What I Meant
15x33 Black-Lite \$2.00

...though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I shall fear no evil: for I am the meaneast son-of-a-bitch in the valley.

1173 Meaneast S.O.B.
20x30 8&W \$1.00

Advertising makes it happen.

1100 Advertising Makes It
24x20 8&W \$1.00

INTERPLANETARY

Dist. L5
P.O. BOX 1338
SAUSALITO, CALIF. 94965

The minimum order for postage and handling is \$1.00 for postage handling.

Send items listed, totaling \$ _____

ORDER: VISA _____ Postage/handling \$ 1.00

Total enclosed \$ _____

Berry! For CDD's: CDD's in order; US funds only; California residents please add 9% sales tax.

PLEASE PRINT

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

APPROXIMATELY INFINITE UNIVERSE YOKO ONO

New Musical Express
January 13, 1973

"...Yoko has a sense of humor which seems to keep her going. She is the real thing..."

Yoko is an artist in the throes of creativity, forced to cope with the axe-grinding politics of reality. She won't quit. She'll work it all out and she'll tell the world "I have a woman inside my soul" and she does."

Melody Maker
January 6, 1973

"The album, in fact, weeps sensitively and tenderness. There's a true poetic consciousness at work here... a lyricist who can express her pain with as much cogency as Lennon..."

...she can create a unique ambience with her voice... like that of a child on the edge of tears. And wistful."

New York Times
January 12, 1973

"Approximately Infinite Universe is very much Yoko. One at many levels."



APPLE



WUTS

REMEMBER HOW THE FIRST FUNERAL YOU HAD TO GO TO WENT ON AND ON, AND THE LONGER IT WENT ON, THE LESS IT SEEMED TO HAVE TO DO WITH ANYTHING?

HOW COME THEY DID THAT TO UNCLE JACK - PUT LIPSTICK ON HIM, AND THAT STUFF ON HIS EYEBROWS? AND HE NEVER COMBED HIS HAIR SLICK LIKE THAT!

SNIF

Graham Wilson

AND NOW, FRIENDS, GATHERED HERE IN THE MEMORY OF JACK (ER) WALKER, BELOVED HUSBAND OF (UHM) MARY WALKER AND FATHER OF (EH) SUSAN AND (AH) PHILLIP AND (PAUSE) AND GOOD NEIGHBOR TO THE MANY WHO WILL FIND IT DIFFICULT TO FORGET HIM. BUT WHILE THIS OCCASION WE MUST REJOICE, FOR WE MUST REJOICE, FOR LIFE, AND IS EVEN NO HEAVEN. IT IS A GREAT TO REALIZE THAT, EVEN WHO WILL NOT BE ALONE, BUT WHO CAME FROM (AH) HINSDALE, ILLINOIS, AND NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE, THERE TO AWAIT C...

...AND THIS STUFF THE MINISTER'S SAYING IS JUST A LOT OF BULLSHIT, THAT'S ALL - JUST A LOT OF BULLSHIT!

SAD AND TRYING TO REWARD OF A WE WITH HIS CREATOR CONCERNATION!

OH HO HO

VERY START

...AND THAT KIND OF MUSIC THEY'RE PLAYING ON THE ORGAN - HE HATED THAT KIND OF MUSIC. IF HE HEARD THAT KIND OF MUSIC HE'D TURN IT RIGHT OFF AND GO TO ANOTHER STATION!

LOW MOON

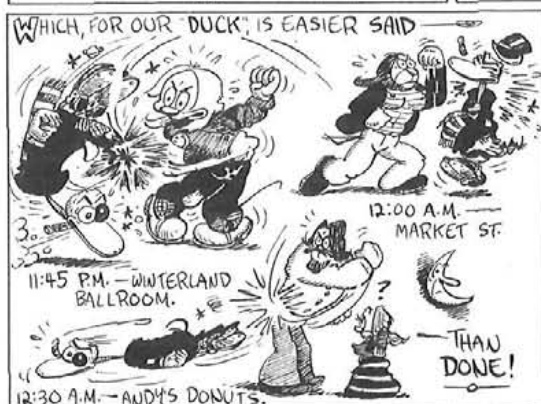
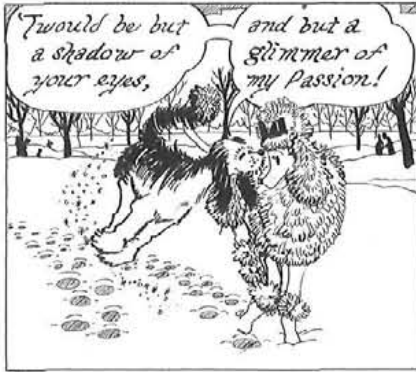
THIS VERY MOMENT, TELLING US NOT TO MOURN HIM. HE REMEMBER HIM!

IT'S SAD.

BAW



Trots and Bonnie



The Authentic TAROT CARDS

Complete 78-card deck sent to you

FREE

with trial membership in
The Mystic Arts Book Society

**THE TAROT CARDS in Divination, Character Analysis,
Fortune Telling, Personal and Financial Guidance**

Exactly how do Tarot cards foretell the future? What can they reveal to you about your own personality? Or about possible hidden "talents" you might not even know you possess? How may they lead you to people who will like and admire you, and caution you against those who will not?

Science insists Tarot cards *cannot* work—but is at a loss to explain why they do. Perhaps, as some psychologists suspect, these ancient symbols serve to visually trigger something akin to Jung's "racial unconscious," enabling the user to draw upon incredible reservoirs of latent power in the *human mind itself*—powers the human mind may have "forgotten" in this too-rational age of technology.

Here—in the first offering of this nature to the general public—is the famous Tarot deck designed by renowned clairvoyant Pamela Colman Smith, under the direction of Arthur Edward Waite (Votary of the Order of the Golden Dawn). The deck reflects Waite's profound researches into magic, theosophy, occult lore, alchemy, the Kabbalah, cosmic consciousness, astral projection, astrology, life-after-death, mediumship, yoga, reincarnation and all forms of E.S.P. and parapsychological phenomena.

Many have employed these remarkable cards in pursuit of their most cherished goals in life, love, friendship, self-fulfillment and financial security. Conceded to be the most authoritative Tarot in existence, this 78-card deck (handsomely boxed) is at once a superb and breathtaking work of art in glowing full color—and an inspiring Gateway to Truth via the ancient mysteries, which even skeptical 20th century Science (much as it would like to) cannot easily explain away.

TAROT CARDS FREE

Mail the coupon to claim your handsomely boxed gift deck of the famous Waite TAROT CARDS. They are yours to keep free with membership in the Mystic Arts Book Society. Membership also entitles you to receive a **FREE SUBSCRIPTION** to the Mystic Arts News, the Society's lavishly illustrated monthly magazine which reports on provocative new books and discoveries in the field of ESP, occultism, parapsychology, psychiatry and related areas. As a member, your sole obligation is to accept as few as three selections (at Member Discounts up to 81%) from the many offered during the next 12 months. You may resign without obligation any time thereafter. Should you be dissatisfied with the Society, simply return your TAROT CARDS within 10 days and your membership will be cancelled without obligation. Mail coupon to: **MYSTIC ARTS BOOK SOCIETY, 1615 Hillside Ave., New Hyde Park, N. Y. 11040.**

Some recent Society selections



08. **The Holy Kabbalah**, Occult tradition in Judaism from ancient times to present, with shock Jews, anger Gentiles. But every incredible word authentic. 672 pages. Retail \$10.00. Member Price \$5.95

04. **History of Atlantis**, Comprehensive and controversial! Most complete and authoritative work in field. Unearthed new evidence that shakes some complacency of Establishment scientists. Penetrating, provocative survey. Retail \$7.50. Member Price \$5.95

03. **Picture Museum of Sorcery, Magic & Alchemy**, 276 plates, paintings, sketches, charts, charms, oracles, Black Masses, satanic views, secret societies, etc. Truly rare—some items banned 300 years! Retail \$17.50. Member Price \$8.95

05. **The Book of the Dead**, Long banned system of spells, charms, hymns to control life, death, love, success. To be read with awe, practiced with caution! 435 vignettes and plates, 735 pages. Retail \$12.50. Member Price \$7.95

09. **Amulets and Talismans**, Christian, Jewish, Muslim, etc. Ancient and modern. Evil Eye, Pentagrams, Swastika, Cross (pagan and Christian) rings, divining, astrology, etc. 322 illus., 602 pages. Retail \$10.00. Member Price \$5.95



07. **Reincarnation in World Thought**, Can this age-old philosophy help you conquer death? Now for the first time in one huge volume—how, where, and why reincarnation is practised in all lands, religions, faiths and cults by over one billion people. Retail \$8.50. Member Price \$6.95

02. **I Ching: Book of Changes**, Science says it shouldn't work—but can't explain why it does! Eastern classic now used by millions of Westerners to control their destiny and find lasting success and happiness in friendship, love and business. Retail \$10.00. Member Price \$5.95

10. **Zen Macrobiotic Cooking**, Why do Zen Buddhists look so young and live so long? Ancient rejuvenation recipes explained step by step for today's kitchens—and today's palates. Vitalizing dishes that are good for you, and taste good too! Retail \$5.95. Member Price \$4.95



06. **The Geography of Witchcraft**, Infamous origins from stone age to 20th century. Hideous vengeance of society on witches, warlocks, wizards, etc., in Greece, Rome, England, France—even Modern New York. Retail \$12.50. Member Price \$6.95



01. **Encyclopaedia of Psychic Science**, Acknowledged authority on ESP, astrology, reincarnation, mediumism, dreams, testing one's own psychic powers, etc. Huge volume, half-a-million words. Unabridged. Retail \$17.50. Member Price \$8.95



11. **Pot: A Handbook of Marijuana**, Fact, not fiction. Where and how it's grown, its effect on IQ, creativity, sexual desire and performance, truth about how politicians keep it illegal (though harmless) so Mafia can make millions. Retail \$4.95. Member Price \$4.25



12. **The Cult of Desire**, Uncensored photographic report (150 full-page plates) of Indian sect which sought higher spiritual powers through what U.S. Govt. stigmatized as illegal aberrant sexual positions. Retail \$10.00. Member Price \$7.95



13. **Introduction to Yoga**, Majumdar, The Yoga of youth and rejuvenation—without tedious exercises or "fad-diet" diets. For those who wish maximum benefits, in shortest time, with a minimum of effort. Illus. with photographs. Retail \$7.50. Member Price \$5.95

Mystic Arts Book Society
Dept. 3
1615 Hillside Avenue
New Hyde Park, N.Y. 11040

Please enroll me as a member of the Mystic Arts Book Society and send me the 78-card Waite TAROT DECK in full color as a free gift. As a Society member I will also receive a free subscription to THE MYSTIC ARTS NEWS, lavishly illustrated and published monthly. I am NOT obligated to buy books I do not want; as a member I need only accept as few as three Society selections (at Member Discounts up to 81%) in the next 12 months. I am free to resign without obligation any time thereafter. If not fully satisfied, I may return my TAROT CARDS within 10 days and my membership will be cancelled without obligation. **LAM 3**

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Credit reference _____

(Your phone number, or bank, or department store where you have charge privileges is sufficient.)

BODE'S CARTOON CONCERT

GEEKY WIZARD

AN THE PSYCHOLOGY OF RELATIVITY



by VAUGHN BODE ©

TODAY, **TURD**, I GOING TO DEMONSTRATE THE RELATIVITY OF TIME.. WE WILL ENDEAVOR TO AWAKE YOUR DIM, MILK-LIKE PERCEPTION OF TIME. AN ENVIRONMENT.

OWP!



MY BALLS.

OF COURSE, AN NOTICE HOW DA PAIN IS CHANGING YOUR PERSPECTIVE ON LIFE... AN PAYIN YOU BACK FOR BALLIN' DA ORPHAN GIRL.

OBSERVE, YOU RUNTY BACK-STABBER, HOW TIME HAS CHANGED. HOW EACH MOMENT SEEM LIKE HOURS. HOW DISTORTED YER REALITY HAS BECOME... WHAT A **FLOOD** OF SENSATIONS YOU IS HAVING.

IMAGINE DAT LITTLE CREEP BEATIN' MY TIME WITH THE ORPHAN CHICK. I'LL COME BACK IN A HOUR OR SO AN KICK EM IN THA BALLS AGAIN. JUST TO REINFORCE HIS LEARNING EXPERIENCE..



The new album.



If "American Pie" is all you know about Don McLean, we suggest you get the new album. Then, perhaps you'll realize there's much more to the man.

The second album.



The first album.



RESEARCH RECORDS INC.

On United Artists Records & Tapes.

UA
UNITED ARTISTS RECORDS

FAMOUS COMIC ARTISTS SCHOOL

BY BRUCE COCHRAN

LESSON # 6

THE PEACE SIGN

IF THE COMIC ARTIST IS TO KEEP HIS WORK RELEVANT HE MUST LEARN TO DRAW THE PEACE SIGN OR BE LABELED A RIGHT WING RACIST WAR MONGER HONKY PIG.

RIGHT



WRONG



MULE'S DINER

stan mack

<p>SO, WHAT'RE WE GOING TO DO?</p> <p>HMFF.</p>	<p>IS THAT A GIANT TURTLE?</p> <p>I CAN'T BELIEVE IT.</p>	<p>WHERE D'YA THINK THE STUPID THING'S GOING?</p> <p>SEEMS PRETTY SURE ABOUT ITS DIRECTION.</p>	<p>LET'S GET ON - MAYBE IT KNOWS SOMETHING.</p> <p>YEA!</p>
<p>HI HO TURTLE.</p> <p>DOESN'T GO TOO FAST.</p>	<p>KICK HIM.</p> <p>CAN'T EVEN TURN HIS HEAD.</p>	<p>HI, BABE.</p> <p>HEY MAN, LOOK AT ME.</p>	<p>NOBODY'S PAYING ANY ATTENTION.</p> <p>THIS IS GETTING TO BE A DRAG. LET'S GET OFF.</p>
<p>HEY, I'M STUCK!</p> <p>ME TOO. WHAT KIND OF A TURTLE IS THIS?</p>	<p>OHIIIH</p> <p>LET GO, YOU STUPID TURTLE!</p>	<p>I'M SCARED.</p> <p>LOOK, THERE'S GLOM AT THAT PHONE BOOTH.</p>	<p>HEY GLOM, CALL DR. OATS. TELL HIM WE'RE STUCK ON THIS FUCKIN' TURTLE.</p>
<p>AS SOON AS WE CAN GET THIS THING TURNED AROUND WE CAN BE AT HIS OFFICE.</p> <p>DR. OATS' OFFICE. THE DOCTOR IS BOOKED TILL THE 28 OF NEXT MONTH.</p> <p>WE DON'T TAKE WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION CASES.</p>	<p>WHO REFERRED YOU TO US?</p> <p>THE DOCTOR IS ONLY IN THE OFFICE BETWEEN 1:00 AND 2:30 ON THURSDAY. I'M SORRY, PERHAPS DR. BLUE NEXT DOOR. HE'S NOT BUSY.</p>	<p>HEY, YOU GUYS. SHE SAID TWO WEEKS FROM THURSDAY AT 2:30.</p>	<p>WHERE'S DUFFY AND PIGGY?</p> <p>I DUNNO... WENT FOR A RIDE.</p>

A High Performance Music System for a super low Price...



A solid \$309 off the list price of \$734

YOU WON'T FIND A VALUE LIKE THIS ANYWHERE . . .

The reasons are simple. A retail store has high overhead. Worse, a retail store must support a sales staff. On the other hand, MIDWEST HI-FI is a low overhead, high volume mail order outlet. Better for you, we've got a solid reputation for offering the best prices in hi-fi. Buying a music system or components from us is for those who don't want to pay the high prices of local hi-fi stores or rip-off mail order houses. Best of all, MIDWEST stocks over 100 name brands. Here's the kind of high performance stereo systems we offer . . .

The components in this music system have received rave reviews in leading independent consumer magazines plus trade magazines like *Stereo Review* and *High Fidelity*. The heart of this system is the HARMAN-KARDON 630 Twin Powered AM/FM stereo receiver. Starting with Citation technology, Harman-Kardon designed the 630 as a true state of the art receiver. Its separate power supplies permit each channel to respond to the full RMS power output (45 watts RMS per channel) without being affected by the other channel. With unprecedented sensitivity and selectivity, the tuner section is on par with this super-fine instrument.

The AUDIO DYNAMICS CORP. (ADC) 303AX speaker systems have been chosen to compliment the H-K 630. Although they list for only \$100 each, they won out in A/B listening tests over some very famous \$250 speakers. The 303AX's have a unique two way design which allows full reproduction of deep bass, while still preserving clarity and definition in the mid-range frequencies. They're large enough to use on the floor, but light enough to be shelf mounted.

For your records, we've picked the DUAL 1218 automatic turntable and the SHURE M91ED hi-track elliptical cartridge. Dual is famous for their automatics and the 1218 is now their best buy. It can be used as either a changer or a manual turntable. The Shure M91ED is appropriate for the 1218 because it's the best of the Shure hi-track series. A handsome walnut base and a convenient hinged dust cover are included with the Dual.

Harman-Kardon 630 AM/FM Stereo Receiver	\$300
Audio Dynamics Corp. 303AX's (pair)	200
Dual 1218 Automatic Turntable	155
Walnut Base WB-12	11
Hinged Dust Cover DC-4	13
Shure M91ED Deluxe Cartridge	55
Regular List Price	\$734
MIDWEST HI-FI'S PRICE, COMPLETE	\$425
Optional Walnut Case for H-K 630	\$ 16

Our price of \$425 for this complete system is a sound value you won't find anywhere else. For immediate shipment simply send us a cashier's check, certified check, money order, or your Master Charge or BankAmericard number (all the raised numbers on the card). Personal or company checks are ok, but we must wait until they clear before releasing your order. Shipment will be made freight collect and will be about 4% of the total. All units are shipped factory sealed and are covered under full manufacturers' warranties.

• Would you prefer different speakers in this system? How about a pair of highly rated DYNACO A-25's instead? Same low system price, just tell us which pair of speakers you'd like.

Remember, our prices put retail hi-fi stores and other mail order operations to shame. Substitutions are possible. Write us for our price list and catalog or your specific hi-fi needs . . . You'll be glad you did!



MIDWEST HI-FI

Box 567, Ellsworth Industrial Park
Downers Grove, IL 60515 (312) 852-5885

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Check or money order enclosed

Master Charge

BankAmericard # _____

WHOLE MIRTH

DETERIORATA

GLOPACIDY AMID THE NOISE & WASTE & REMEMBER WHAT COME FORT THERE MAY BE IN OWNING A piece thereof. Avoid quiet & passive persons unless you are in need of sleep. Rotate your tires. ¹² Speak glowingly of those greater than yourself and heed well their advice even though they be turkeys; know what to kiss and when. ¹³ Consider that two wrongs never make a right but that three do. Wherever possible, put people on hold. Be comforted that in the face of all arduous & disillusionment and despite the changing fortunes of time, there is always a big fortune in computer maintenance. ¹⁴ Remember the Perils. Strive at all times to bend, fold, spindle, & mutilate. Know yourself; if you need help, call the FBI. Exercise caution in your daily affairs, especially with those persons closest to you. That lemon on your left, for instance. Be assured that a walk through the ocean of soft souls would scarcely get your feet wet. Fall not in love therefore it will stick to your face. ¹⁵ Carefully surrender the things of youth, such as clean air, love, & Taiwan; and let not the sands of time get in your lunch. ¹⁶ Hate people with hooks. ¹⁷ For a good time, call 606-4311; ask for Ken. Take heart amid the depressing gloom that your dog is finally getting enough exercise and reflect that whatever misfortune may be your lot, it would only be worse in Milwaukee. ¹⁸ You are a flake of the universe; you have no right to be here and whether you can hear or not, the universe is laughing behind your back. ¹⁹ Therefore make peace with your God whether you conceive Him to be: Hazy Theodorus or Cosmic Muffin. ²⁰ Walk all its hopes, dreams, promises, & urban sprawl the world (continues) to deteriorate. ²¹ Give up. ²²

FOUNDED BY AN OLD NATIONAL LAMPOON BY TONY HERMAN, BIRDIE FIVE

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)



National Lampoon T-shirt

This is the well-known Yehmta-gvagli, 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.

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.

Letters from the Editors of National Lampoon

Here's a little book to put in your knapsack along with a hunk of goat bread, a nose harp, a couple of jugs of mouse wine, and a Pez gun. It contains just about every letter from the *National Lampoon*, the sacred magazine of the West. Living without it would be like trying to put the Holy Grommet on the Blessed Lug Nut without first applying a good dab of wren grease.

[Suggested by Jane Kronick.
Reviewed by Dave Kaestle]

Letters from the Editors of National Lampoon (LF1001) 1973; 208 pp. \$95

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. 3

The *National Lampoon* has come up with a good way to recycle their articles. Instead of just leaving them around everywhere, they collect them altogether, pay the authors 2¢ a pound, then bind them into anthologies which they send to special recycling centers all around the country. This particular one, *The Best of, No. 3*, costs \$2.50, but that's not too high a price to pay so that the next time you're in some nice unspoiled area, you won't find old jokes all over the place and the streams all clogged with puns.

[Suggested by Dave Kaestle.
Reviewed by Jane Kronick]

The Best of National Lampoon, No. 3
(BO1001) 1973; 192 pp. \$2.50

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

This simple, utilitarian tool is based on the Chaballa, or "thing," the Havatampa Indians used to keep Bachallas, or "things," in. Originally made from the bowels of an elk, this authentic modern reproduction of the traditional Indian artifact—it clearly predates our glove compartment—preserves all the beauty of the original, a product of a purer culture when people wouldn't think twice about playing a hand or two of spit-in-the-ocean with a raccoon or doing the lindy with a sycamore. Getting the knack of taking out the little metal rods and slipping in your magazines is easy. You can also get the binders already filled with all 12 issues of the *National Lampoon* from or 1972, which is a good idea, because I think it is important to support a magazine that only uses paper made from trees that willed their trunks to pulp mills and inks that do not contain ground-up seal molars or leopard-spot dye.

[Suggested by Louise Gikow.
Reviewed by Judy Gould]

National Lampoon Binder (B1014)
\$3.85 each, \$7.10 for two,
\$9.90 for three.

National Lampoon Binder with all
12 issues from 1972 (B1012)
\$10.95 each.

Use this coupon for your order

Indicate the **Whole Mirth** products you would like, enclose check or money order, place in envelope, and send to:

National Lampoon Dept. NI.373
635 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022

(BR1020) \$2 each (BO1001) \$2.50 each (MP1009)
(A1015) \$2 each (LF1001) \$.95 each (MP1008)
(B1014) \$3.85 each, \$7.10 for two, \$9.90 for three
(B1012) \$10.95 each
(TS1019) \$3.95 each Circle: small, medium, large
(P1006) (P1001) (P1004) (P1002) (P1003) \$1.50 each, \$3.50 for three,
\$4.50 for four, \$5.25 for all five.
(P1005) (MP1012) (MP1010) (MP1011) (MP1013) \$1 each

(Please enclose 50¢ for postage and handling.)

I have enclosed total of \$.....
(New York City and New York State residents, please add applicable sales taxes)

Name.....
(please print)

Address.....

City..... State..... Zip.....
(please be sure that your zip code is correct)



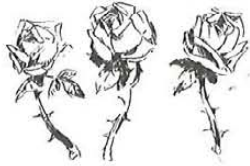
IDYL



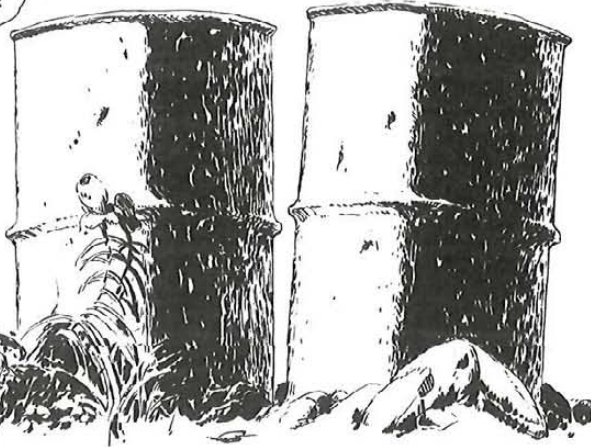
© J. JONES 1973

ARISTOTLE

© 1973 JEFF JONES



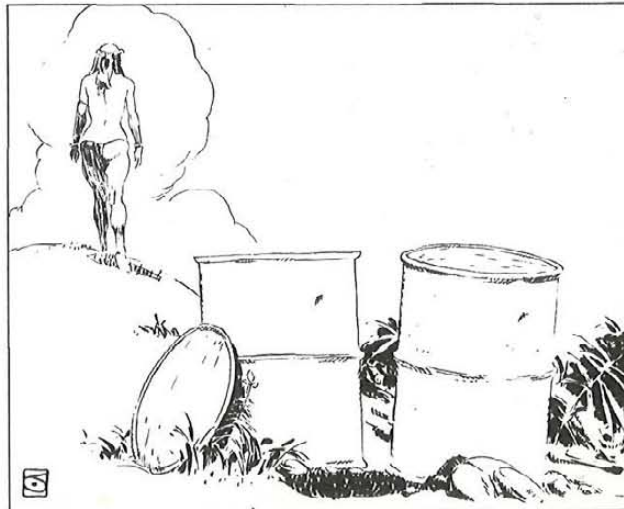
BARRELS!



I WONDER IF THERE'S ANYTHING IN THEM.



NOTHING IN THIS ONE.



SPECIAL BOOK AND RECORD BARGAINS

Order Now! Save up to 400% over original published price!

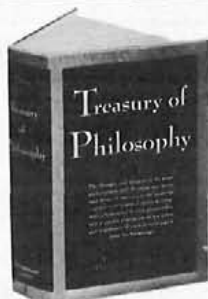
028794. PICTORIAL GUIDE TO SEXUAL INTERCOURSE in Full Color. Europe's most beautiful, best-selling sex manual now available with over 100 Full Color Full Page Photos of a man and woman engaged in a variety of sexual intercourse positions, each shown in an individual photo accompanied by sophisticated informative text translated into English. For sale to adults over 21 only. Softbound. Pub. at \$12.98 **Only \$4.88**



P-100. OH HENRY! Full color poster with Kissinger in the buff! 18" x 48". **Only \$2.00**

N09288 VITAMIN E: Key to Sexual Satisfaction. By G. Brandner. Vitamin E's amazing effect on sexual relations—how it helps your heart, strength and endurance—revealed by a prominent nutritionist. **Only \$1.49**

024632. CYCLOPEDIA LEXICON OF SEX. By J. E. Schmidt, M.D. A Rabelaisian dictionary that gives the plain and simple meanings of words we all know. Useful to physician, psychologist and laymen alike. Almost 400 pages of definitions. Pub. at \$10.00 **Only \$1.98**



017725. TREASURY OF PHILOSOPHY. Ed. by D. Runes. The thought and wisdom of 381 great philosophers the world over, from ancients to moderns. 1300 pgs. of choice writing, with biography of each philosopher and evaluation of his importance in man's quest for knowledge. Pub. at \$12.50 **Only \$4.95**

01341X. AMOROUS ILLUSTRATIONS OF THOMAS ROWLANDSON in Full Color. Unretouched. Unexpurgated — the 50 uninhibited erotic watercolors of Rowlandson painstakingly reproduced from the limited edition portfolio which, when available, fetched thousands of dollars! 9 x 12. For Sale to Adults Over 21 Only. **Only \$9.88**

105500. ENCYCLOPEDIA OF LOVE AND SEX. With 265 vivid illus., 173 in Full Color. Incredibly comprehensive, pictorial guide to every aspect of lovemaking: 66 explicit chapters on positions for loving, oral sex in love play, group sex, fetishes, male and female orgasm, masturbation and fantasy, genital size, homosexuality, etc. 8 1/2" x 11 1/4". **Extra Value Import. Only \$10.95**



060884. SWAP CLUBS: A Study in Contemporary Sexual Moras. By W. & L. Breedlove. Authoritative account including detailed case histories of married and single swap club members — initiation rites, perversions, etc. Plus glossary of sexual terms. Pub. at \$5.95 **Only \$1.00**

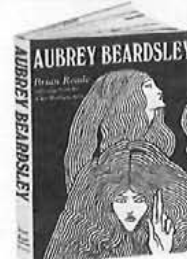


released in different format at \$40.00. Now only 1/4 of the original price! **Stereo Only \$9.95**

S47593. PABLO CASALS IN CONCERT. The greatest cellist of all time in splendid, definitive performances of Beethoven's *Archduke Trio No. 6 in B-flat Maj., Op. 97* and *Sonata for Piano & Cello in F Maj., Op. 17*; and Schubert's *String Quintet in C Maj., Op. 163*. \$15.00 Value **3 Record Set Complete. Only \$5.95**

501481. THE JOY OF SEX: A Cordon Bleu Guide to Lovemaking. Ed. by Alex Comfort. Over 120 illus., 33 in Full Color. *This is not a book for beginners!* A fantastic collection of recipes for completely fulfilling sexual love: every technique, game and fact, orgasm, clothing and nudity, sexual stimuli, impotence, etc., revealed for mature lovers in delightfully personal, lighthearted text and unique illustrations. For sale to adults over 21 only. **Deluxe illus. ed. Only \$12.95**

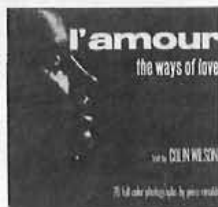
N01767. NUDIST SOCIETY: An Authoritative, Complete Study of Nudism in America. By W. E. Hartman, M. Fithian & D. Johnson. With 55 photos. Definitive study explores the personality of the nudist, the relationship between nudism and sexual behavior, nudism and the family, etc. **Only \$2.98**



00528X. SEXUAL SYMBOLISM: A History of Phallic Worship. Includes 2 complete volumes with original illustrations. By R. P. Knight & T. Wright. The practice of sexual superstition in ancient times and during the middle ages. **Only \$2.98**

S41945. Segovia, Montoya, John Williams: MASTERS OF THE GUITAR. Classical, Flamenco, folk guitar treasury featuring Segovia, Montoya, Williams, Manitas De Plata, Alirio Diaz, Laurindo Almeida, other great performers. 75 compositions in all. \$35.00 Value **7 Record Set, Only \$9.95**

108666. EROTIC ART. By Drs. Phyllis & Eberhard Kronhausen. 486 illus., 40 in stunning Full Color. Extraordinary collection of the world's erotic art from Japan, China, India and such great artists as Rembrandt, Picasso, Dali and Chagall, full of explicit illus. and analyses by the world-famous sexologists. For sale to adults over 21 only. New, complete edition. **Only \$5.95**



K01215. The French Picture Book of Sexual Love: L'AMOUR. France's magnificent pictorial portrayal of the varied positions of sexual love with 70 Full Page, Full Color graceful action photos of an extraordinarily handsome couple specially posed in the nude by one of France's most imaginative photographers, Piero Rinaldi, with poetic text by Colin Wilson. For sale to adults over 21 only. **Pub. at \$9.95 Only \$5.88**

N02984. THE HUMOR AND TECHNOLOGY OF SEX. By Paul Tabori. Fully illus. with 55 plates. Hilarious, thorough book that examines erotic literature, mechanical sex aids that increase pleasure and the "dirty joke" incl. over 100 outstanding examples, some never before printed. **Only \$5.95**

083205. SEXERCISES: Isometric and Isotonic. By E. O'Reilly, M.A., M.S.P.E. 300 Photos. Approved exercises to develop those muscles directly concerned with sexual activities of both men and women to produce maximum pleasure in the sexual fulfillment of marriage. **Only \$2.98**



S23538. Tchaikovsky: SEVEN SYMPHONIES. Outstanding recordings of all six delightful melodic Tchaikovsky symphonies, plus the *Manfred*. Conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent, Sir Eugene Goossens, Dean Dixon, etc. \$35.00 Value **7 record set complete. Only \$9.95**

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!!

21ST CENTURY BOOKS, Dept. NL373
635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

Please send me the book bargains circled below.
MINIMUM ORDER \$3.

On orders totaling \$3 to \$10, add 60¢ per title for shipping charges.

On orders over \$10, no charge for shipping. Add 60¢ per title for deliveries outside continental U.S.

Enclosed find \$_____ Send check or money order only. Payable to 21st Century Books.

Sales Tax: For delivery in N.Y.C. add 7%. For delivery elsewhere in New York State, add 6%.

00528X 01341X 017725 024632 028794

060884 083205 10427X 105500 108666

501481 K01215 N01767 N02984 N09288

P-100 S23538 S26944 S41945 S47593

NAME _____
(please print)

_____ (address)

_____ (city) _____ (state) _____ (zip)

the AESOP BROTHERS SIAMESE TWINS



THE PILOT SO FAR,
GEORGE AND ALEX VISIT SIAMESE TWIN GIRLS AT A CARNIVAL. CAPT. MENSHEVIK, THE OWNER, COMES UP WITH AN EXCITING IDEA...
THE BOYS WILL JOIN THE CARNIVAL AND BE BILLED AS HUSBANDS OF THE GIRLS HOPING TO MAKE OUT IN BED. THEY AGREE, ONLY TO FIND OUT THAT THE GIRLS ARE MARRIED.
THEY MULL OVER THEIR DEJECTION IN THE GIRLS' TRAILER.

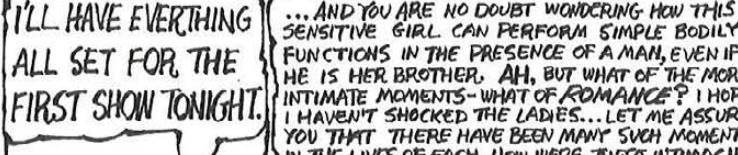
GEORGE, LET'S COOL IT. WE'LL STICK IT OUT FOR A WHILE, WHADDYA SAY?

MIGHT AS WELL. WE GAVE UP OUR APARTMENT AT MRS. ROMAN'S... OKAY, WE'LL SEE.

MORNING

...WAKE UP, GEORGE, THE TRAILER'S STOPPED. LET'S GO GET SOME COFFEE...
YEAH, YEAH, OKAY.....

HEY, I BEEN LOOKIN' FOR YOU GUYS - WE GOT PROBLEMS! THE GIRLS HAVE BACKED OUT ON THE DEAL!



LOOK, THE PHONEY MARRIAGE WITH THE GIRLS IS OUT, SO I GOT ANOTHER ANGLE...

I'LL HAVE EVERYTHING ALL SET FOR THE FIRST SHOW TONIGHT.

... AND YOU ARE NO DOUBT WONDERING HOW THIS SENSITIVE GIRL CAN PERFORM SIMPLE BODILY FUNCTIONS IN THE PRESENCE OF A MAN, EVEN IF HE IS HER BROTHER. AH, BUT WHAT OF THE MORE INTIMATE MOMENTS - WHAT OF ROMANCE? I HOPE I HAVEN'T SHOCKED THE LADIES... LET ME ASSURE YOU THAT THERE HAVE BEEN MANY SUCH MOMENTS IN THE LIVES OF EACH. HOW WERE THESE INTIMACIES PERFORMED? IS IT POSSIBLE FOR BOTH TO PERFORM SIMULTANEOUSLY? IF SO, DID THEY? THE ANSWERS TO THESE AND MANY OTHER QUESTIONS, LADIES AND GENTS, ARE HERE IN PLAIN WORDS WITH REVEALING DIAGRAMS IN THIS BOOK I HOLD IN MY HAND, AND IT'S YOURS FOR ONLY TWO DOLLARS...

... AND, MAY I ADD, LADIES AND GENTS, I RECEIVE NOT ONE PENNY FROM THE SALE OF THIS BOOK. EVERY RED CENT GOES INTO THE SPECIAL 'SURGICAL FUND' SO THAT SOMEDAY LEO AND LANA CAN BE FREED FROM THIS ACCURSED BOND OF FLESH...

BROTHER & SISTER
SIAMESE TWINS

ALIVE

WELL, READERS, YOU MUST ADMIT THAT CAPTAIN MENSHEVIK IS A SLICK BUGGER NEXT MONTH THE CARNIVAL GEEK (ECNHHH!) ATTEMPTS TO RAPE LANA! (ALEX) DON'T MISS IT!

COMING NEXT MONTH

PREJUDICE

- With
THE JOYS OF POPISH/Or, How to Be a Catholic Mother
- Plus
THE PROTOCOLS OF THE ELDERS OF THE HAGUE/Exposing those filthy tulip-sniffers
- Plus
SPECIAL PRO-SEMITISM SUPPLEMENT/Featuring Our Greatest Jewish Presidents
- Plus
WHITE-EXPLOITATION MOVIES/Super Deb—When the heat came down, she came out

Many pages of tasteful, informative advertisements for products that can enrich your life by making your work easier, enlivening your play, or just plain helping you grab all the gusto you can.



if you are
serious about
music
use the tape
of the pro.
TDK

When it comes to tape, do like the pros do — use TDK.

TDK, renowned among artists and producers the world over for unmatched purity and fidelity, gives you greater dynamic range and maximum output levels for "real life" sound.

TDK offers the widest choice of formulations and lengths in cassettes, 8-track cartridges and open-reel tape.

If you're into music, use the tape that's in with the pros — TDK.



Purity in Sound

Take recordings like a pro. Get TDK's Better Recording Kit FREE when you buy any 5 TDK assets:

Free "Guide to Better Recordings"
Free TDK C-60SD Super Dynamic cassette
See your TDK dealer for details.



TDK

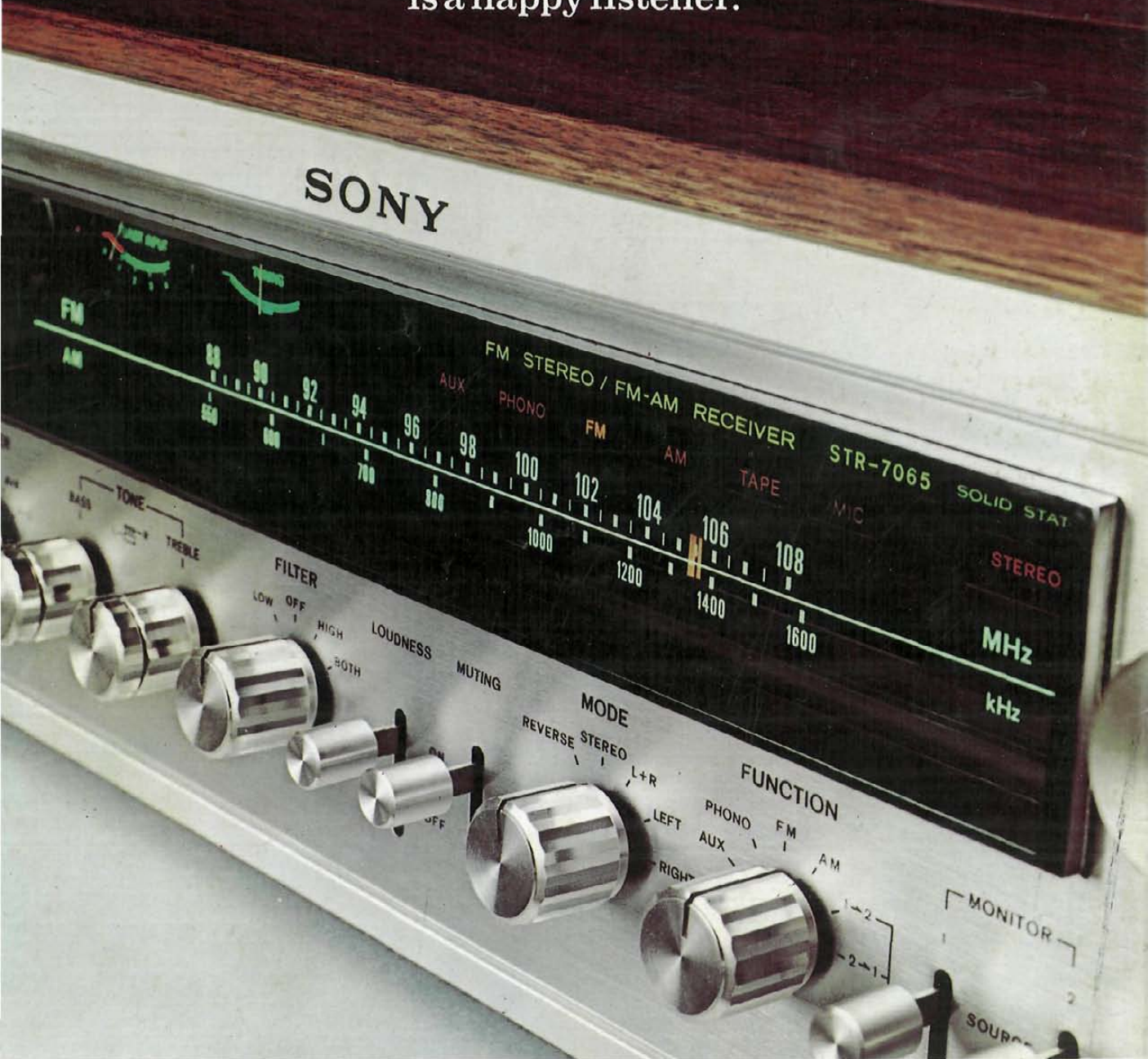
TDK ELECTRONICS CORP

23-73 48TH STREET, LONG ISLAND CITY, N.Y. 11103 • 212-721-6881
In Canada, contact: SUPERIOR ELECTRONICS INC Montreal



SONY 7065:

Dedicated to the proposition that an enlightened listener is a happy listener.



You've got a really great receiver. With an air of confidence, you switch it on, prepared to demonstrate the soul-stirring quality of the FM Stereo. And get, instead, an embarrassing silence. Because the source switch is on phono.

It won't happen with the new Sony 7065, because it keeps you informed. Enlightened. With easy-reading function lights on the dial. AM, FM, Phono, Aux, Tape, Mic. You always know where you are, at a glance. Without squinting or stooping.

But that's just the beginning. The 7065 delivers its full rated power at each and every frequency across the entire audio spectrum (60+60W RMS into 8 ohms, from 20 Hz to 20kHz). You don't lose the power you

paid for when you need it, particularly for those gut-stirring lows.

You can pluck FM stations from even the most crowded dials, or from fringe locations. And AM is quiet and sensitive.

The controls make that superb performance easy to enjoy. You can click in your choice of 3 speaker pairs, monitor two tape recorders, dub directly. You're ready to add SQ or any other matrix system at any time.

The price? An enlightened \$459.50 (suggested retail) including a handsome walnut finish cabinet at your Sony dealer. Sony Corporation of America, 47-47 Van Dam St., Long Island City, N.Y. 11101.

Buy a Sony and see the light.