

Prejudice

Ivory Magazine All in de Fambly

Our Greatest Jewish Presidents Tales of Uncle Ho  
Canadian Border Towns—the Shame of the North

# NATIONAL LAMP



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34490

APRIL 1973 THE HUMO

75 CENTS



All men are created equal



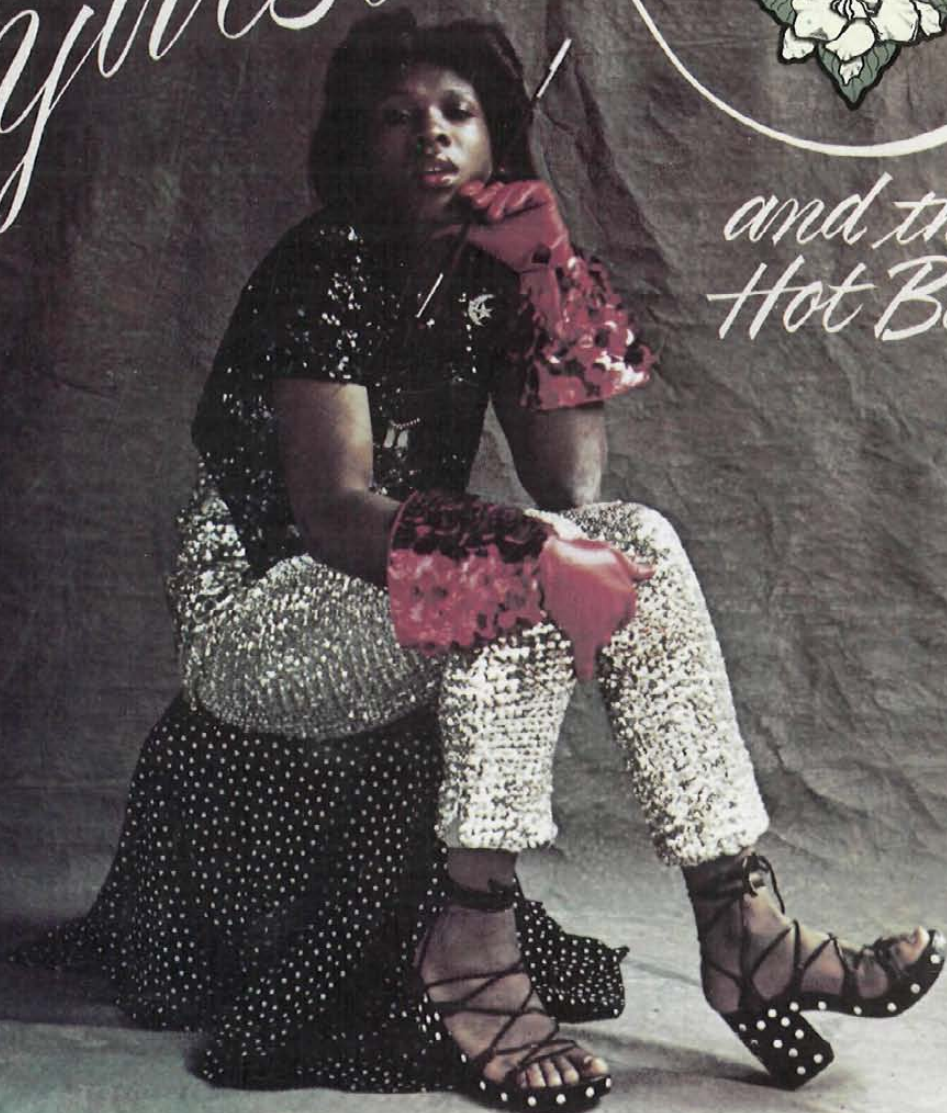
Blue Thumb Records

A Gulf+Western Company

*Sylvester*



*and the  
Hot Band*



# Cheap Jeans<sup>TM</sup> Vs. The Army.

Sergeant Crumb and I were very close, so close, in fact, that the long hairs sticking out of his nose almost put out my eye. Yet for some inexplicable reason, as close as we were, he was bellowing at me like I was a mile away.

"Wallpaper!!!"

"It's Walpiznisky, Sergeant," I corrected.

"Wallpaper," he insisted, "is you blind or what? Dooo you see all them pretty soldiers in formation there? All in pretty green uniforms? All identical the same?"

I admitted that I had noticed a similarity.

"Why then do I behold you on this fine Army morning in a pair of fruitcake dungarees?"

Biding for time, I answered: "They're not fruitcake dungarees, they're Cheap Jeans."

He didn't seem impressed.

"Wallpaper! You give me a thousand pushups. And while you're at it you tell me why you're out of uniform!"

Between asthma attacks, I explained that I found Cheap Jeans eminently more practical and comfortable and added that, from the tactical standpoint, burnt orange blended in with autumnal foliage much better than green.

And then I gave him the zinger: "Besides, my father, General Walpiznisky, gets them for nothing. Like everything else."

Crumb was visibly stunned. "You mean... you're *that* Wallpaper?" I simply nodded. From the prone position. But Crumb got the message.

"All you mens out of uniform over there," he ordered, "line up here behind Wallpaper!"

And as visions of maids and four-day passes danced in my head, Crumb asked me quietly: "Say ...uh...Lawrence...does your Daddy got anything in a 42 short?"

He knew who was wearing the pants.





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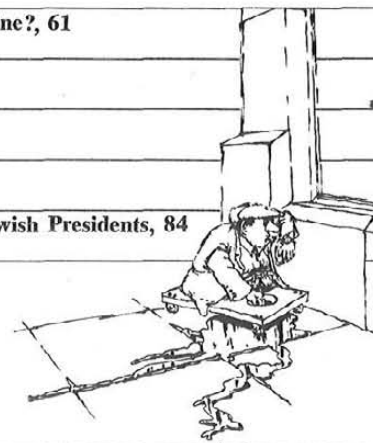
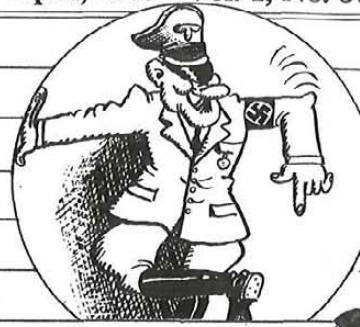
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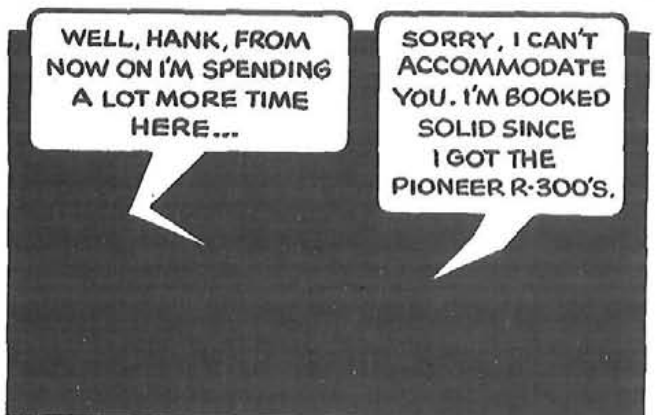


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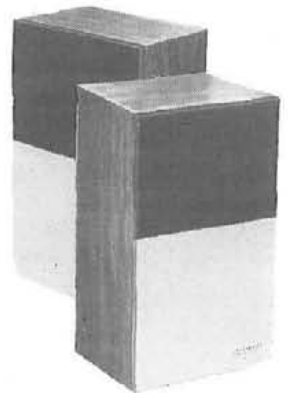
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# EDITORIAL PAGE

"You're not  
Puerto Ricans,  
are you?"



Man is the only animal who, in an upright position, is capable of placing his opposable thumbs in the eye sockets of another upright-positioned man on prejudicial cause—or needs to!

Ask yourself the reasons.

You have forefathers who go to the edge of their country and put up a stone billboard that says "Give me your tired, your poor . . . huddled masses . . . wretched refuse . . . tempest-tossed . . . homeless . . .", and you're not exactly going to wind up with the membership of the Piping Rock Country Club. Those were blatant insults, and upon seeing them anybody with an ounce of dignity would have palled, come about, flushed their holding tanks, and headed back to from whence they came. Most self-respecting people did. So what we wound up with were the very Huddled Masses, the most Wretched Refuse, the totally Tempest-tossed, and the homeless Homeless, all of whom were illiterate and did not understand one word of our snotty sign. For all they knew, it could have read, "If you are close enough to read this, your ship has run aground. Ha ha—the Founding Fathers." And probably should have. Oh, not just for our sake (i.e., restaurants, beaches, public transportation, etc.) but, more importantly, for their own. The handwriting was on the tenement walls. One thing Huddled Masses do not

need is living in the next apartment to a bunch of people who are Tempest-tossed. They just don't get along. And they never will get along. All of the laws, programs, and monies available will not reconcile the intrinsic differences between these two groups. Or these groups to the other groups. Too often we believe that time and proximity will cure these evils, and often we hear some misleading cliché like, "Oh, I saw a Homeless today standing with some Huddled Masses, and they were getting along just fine." But did they remain to notice that a Homeless totally lacks the herding instincts of the Huddled Masses, and that when the Huddled Masses move off in unison the Homeless will remain behind and, upon seeing this, the Huddled Masses will return and all kick the Homeless for secretly infiltrating their group? No. That part we don't hear. All that is heard are whines from unrealistic liberals who adhere to some egalitarian concept of unity, probably based on their one encounter with a Wretched Refuse, who they more likely than not mistook for a waste basket.

But these are the problems and not the solutions. Editorials should give solutions. And those are not easy. Aside from taking down the sign or

at least planting a lot of tall bushes in front of it, we can only be tolerant and soft-spoken. Even in times when those Huddled Masses happen to be huddling in front of that movie you can't get into.

Perhaps one day some other country will put up a bigger and more offensive sign.

Let's hope so.

**Plugola:** There are two new comedy albums out, both of them very funny: *First Rush* (Atlantic Records), featuring Chris Rush, author of several pieces in the *National Lampoon*, including "Day of the Horns," "The Myth of the Mafia," and "Sick Jokes of the Seventies"; and *Child of the 50s* (Brut Records), featuring Robert Klein. Unless Cheech and Chong get run over by a truck, the release of these albums is likely to be the two best pieces of news in the comedy field for awhile. Our thanks to Atlantic Records for the handsome sea-shells and the five hundred pounds of jumbo shrimp, and to Brut Records for the seven cases of Piltown Man inner-ear deodorant.

**Cover:** Yet another in the *National Lampoon's* distinguished Salute to Popular Magazine Cover-Styles series. This is number 6, "Psychology Today: the Stupid Surrealistic Switch Illustrating Some Pointless Aspect of Race Relations." Photographed by David Kaestle.

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## 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.

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Sirs:

I am here with my cousin Fletcher. Fletcher will read from a list he is holding in his hands. The list contains people's names, and it is entitled "Would you drink their bathwater, yes or no?" I will not include this list here as it is too long but simply indicate my preference with a simple yes or no answer. You, obviously, will not know the names he will be reading and will therefore miss out entirely on whatever significance or insight this might have. Are you ready, Fletcher? Good. Begin... no... no... no, well maybe, let me come back to that one... yes... yes... no... oh, yes... no... yes... yech, no... probably... no... yes... that one's tough, ah, oh what the hell, yes... no... yes... yes... yes... no... stop, Fletcher. Go back to the third name... oh, gee, I'm still not sure. Go on... yes... no... definitely YES. Two bathtubs... no... no... yes... no... ah, I don't know who that person is. I can't answer that one... yes... no... no... Stop again, Fletcher. Take your pencil and cross that person I didn't know off your list. I don't know who that person is. O.K., go on... no... yes... yes... no... That's all? O.K., go back to that third person again... I guess so, yes. Fletcher's list is finished. That's all for now.

Morton Luft  
Address withheld

Dear Hef:

Let's review the bidding so far. I opened with midget-amputee enema advice. You passed. Then I jump-switched to pubes-tops and angular. You saw my pubes and raised me frontal. I met your frontal with total and wandering fingers. You saw that, then I split a beaver. You matched my split beaver and peeked some pink. Now I'll shave all the beaver off, split it, put mirrors behind it, and fill three pages with it and probably lose the American Tobacco account if you do the same thing and lose the Ford account.

Let me know because I just got the Schick account.

All the best,

Bob Guiccone  
Lefrak City

continued





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*continued*

Sirs:

I have been familiar with your magazine for several years now and, as a literary agent, find myself in the fortunate position of being able to offer you some rich, new talent. Well, not exactly new, but new to you and your readers. I am referring to the great Afghanistan sage and wit, Mullah. Perhaps you have heard of him. He is known as the Asian Mark Twain. I have the good fortune of representing him for first North American rights.

Enclosed here for your purusal are two examples of his rich, earthy humor that could be a real bonus to your magazine:

Mullah was bragging to some villagers: "In the desert I caused the horrid Bedouins to run."

"How did you do that?"

"I called them filthy names and stole their camels, and their police force chased me."

And this:

Mullah's wife once pleaded to him, "Everything I do seems to annoy you. What can I ever do to please you?" To which Mullah replied, "Why don't you go murder yourself?"

I have chosen to expose this material to you first but suggest you act fast because Alan King, it's rumored, would love to get his hands on this spirited ethnic humor. I anxiously await your reply. But don't take too long.

Irving Lazar  
New York City

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# MRS. AGNEW'S DIARY



Dear Diary:

I'm about to tell you a thing or two that I couldn't before a bit because it was a State Secret and I guess maybe it still is but I'm really forklift mad (as Kim says) and I'm going to tell you anyway even if I'm guilty of High Reason!

Though to be perfectly bland I don't think I would have confined in even *you* about this, Diary, if it weren't for that Hank Kissinger taking all the credit the way he does. Boy, he's got some nerves. Especially since last year he went and risked our country's entire international trapeze by getting that Madeline Binh woman in a family way. And did they ever have to go through Helsinki and Hiawatha to hush that one up. You bet your best doll dishes they did! And after that he took Spiggy on some slack-finding

tour down at the Food and Dung Administration's Approved Additives Testing Complex behind the Shell station in Severna Park and while they were there Hank scooped some stuff in a paper bag and set the bag on fire and dropped it on the floor and yelled, "Spiggy! Spiggy! Fire!" and Spiggy went right over and stomped that fire out and got sodium benzoate, lecithin, carrageenan, potassium chloride, and polyglycerol esters of fatty acids all over his only pair of Thom McAnn Fastback Hushpuppies. Poor Spiggy. He wiped his feet in the grass for half an hour and still stunk up the whole house like spoiled headcheese and cat mistake when he got home and left big green tracks (Spiggy wears size 13D!) in the brand-new Sears Best wall-to-wall Gold Burst Mediterranean Colonial

Shag Rug with salmon trim so that I had to rent one of those rug shampoos and Randy thought it was a bubble machine and started to do his Lennon sisters imitation that he does so cute and slipped and fell and got Magic Fome (TM) stains on my only formal evening gown with the pretty felt poodles on it and spaghetti straps that I was going to wear to the In-naughyde Ball.

So just between you and I, Diary, Hank didn't have beans and franks to do with ending the war. Because, you see, last December I performed a very impotent secret misery for the actual President of the United States by myself.

I remember it clear as a bell when Dick called me up and I remember thinking it was probably just to offer to give me a ride down to the 7-11 again so he could try to get me to play pocket car-pool, which is when he hides one of Hank's bratwursts in a pocket while we're in the back seat and I have to find it, but last time all I could find was one of those cocktail sausages and that seemed to be stuck to the lining of his pants. (I must say, Dick *does* get silly sometimes, but I guess it must be the erasure of office and all that's on him all the time.) So I hardly thought that much of the call, especially since he out and said it was

*continued*

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"A standout album . . . impressive 3-record set . . . the real strength of the album lies in the impeccable virtuosity of the performers. Licks and solos are infallible, flawless and subtle." **GARY HOENIG**—*New York Times*

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"This is a cosmic album that belongs in any serious record collection." **RICHARD NUSSER**—*The Village Voice*

"'Will The Circle Be Unbroken' is an encyclopedia of traditional American music. What's more, it's a nexus of the old and the new that suffers neither from the 'threat of monotony in bluegrass nor the all-too-frequent deliriums of rock. The album sub-title sums it up and that is 'Music Forms A New Circle'." **TOM ZITO**  
*Washington DC, Evening Post and Daily News*

"'Will The Circle Be Unbroken' is not only a pure joy, but a milestone in the annals of, not only country music, but music, in general. It's very personal, very warm, very human. Something, to my way of thinking, that comes along only rarely." **JAY EHLER**—*Country Life*

"Occasionally a record comes along that is a landmark in its field. The Louis Armstrong hot five sessions in the early days of jazz were landmark recordings, and the Beatles' 'Sgt. Pepper' album is the landmark in the rock field. 'Will The Circle Be Unbroken' is that type of album. . . . the result of this mixture is, in a word, flawless." **BORIS WEINTRAUB**  
*Washington DC, Sunday Star and Daily News*

"Since the beginning of country music recording, there have been some records that can be called truly historical. For example: Jimmy Rodgers' 'Soldier's Sweetheart,' Bob Wills' 'San Antonio Rose,' Hank Williams' 'Your Cheatin' Heart,' Roy Acuff's 'Wabash Cannonball' and Johnny Cash's 'Johnny Cash At Folsom Prison.' Now, a new 3-record masterpiece, 'Will The Circle Be Unbroken' . . . the significance will be felt throughout the music business. This album is far ahead of its time." **RICHARD NOONAN**—*Country Music*

"The album the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band recorded with Roy Acuff, Jimmy Martin, Mother Maybelle Carter, Earl Scruggs, Merle Travis, and Doc Watson may well be one of the most important recordings done in the 45 years of the Nashville music business." **JACK HURST**—*The Nashville Tennessean*

"The surrealistic quality of this entire production becomes more and more overwhelming." **CHETT FLIPPO**—*Rolling Stone*



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continued

a fishy business and, believe me, it usually is. But I went anyway just to see if they got the stain out of the carpet where Pat had an accident after she kept saying, "Number one! Number one!" to the nice lady they have taking care of her at receptions and so on, and the poor woman thought Pat was just chanting the campaign slogan. (As she does do sometimes. For hours and hours.) I figured if they got it out maybe I'd use some of the same thing for those footprints of Spiggy's because they're sort of spreading and getting bigger and still smell.

Anyway, I get to Dick's office and there were a whole lot of what looked like hotel doormen in there who said they were the cheap stuff of that joint. (Though I thought they could talk with a little more respect about a National Monogamy like the White House even if they aren't paid very well.) And they seemed to be real worried about losing their jobs or something and were jumping up and down and yelling at Dick and one of them had hay fervor too, I think, because he kept shouting about the White House having "Seven Daisies in May." (I guess he'd actually bothered to count!) Well, you know how Dick is basely good-hearted so he was real upset and Hank was there too and his hand kept getting out of control the way it will sometimes. Jeepers, what a scene! It must have been hours before all the doormen left in a muff and I got to ask about the stain (which is still there and the size of a beach blanket). I just wanted to know if they were going to have it invisible reweave or what and boy was I flabby gassed when Dick said I had to go to Paris, France!

Why, the very next thing I knew I was flying in one of those new airplanes that's a jet on my way to Gay Puree, and me who's never been anywhere foreign except Bride-a-Wee Bunks across Niagra Falls—and you know when that was—so I hardly noticed that they spoke Canadian or anything, and here I was on a vitalis michlean of delegate necco citations bringing a woman's clutch to the Parapets Talks in the undress of a cheating adjust elastic peace.

On the way over I got right away briefed (that's when Hank talks to me in only his underwear) about how crucible this thing was and how the whole kitten boodle was stale malted, which I could see was the case as soon as I got introduced to Madeline and Mr. Duck Toes. The only thing they were talking about was going to those Mattresses, where Spiggy always wants to vacation, and making some awful weekend refuse (which people will do with beer cans and the like

when they're on a holiday). Diary, it was a simple case of disagreement and that's all it was. You see, the Northern Viennese and the people who play the congs in their marching band wanted our army to be provided with drawing troops (I suppose so that we'd have something to do with those modeling clay mines we keep finding more of) and then the northern Viennese would give a big mud bath for all the people down south (a local custom, they said, and it cleans out the poors) and, oh, let's see, there was lots of other things too like free Mass, burials, and confession for Catholics and a concentration on

camp for kids, and I guess they wanted to play jokes on all the newspaper reporters just they way Spiggy would like to with a lot of funny gags and they'd stock the new ponds that our bombers made with fish. At least they said, "There'll be a lot of perches." And they'd help the rural people too (a whole lot of them would "buy the farm," they said). But Hank said we just couldn't go along with that treaty for one minute because those Viennese wanted all our boys who are in De Ten Tion (which I think is outside Salzburg) to fly home youth fare and that would never do since almost all of them are over twenty-two and the air-

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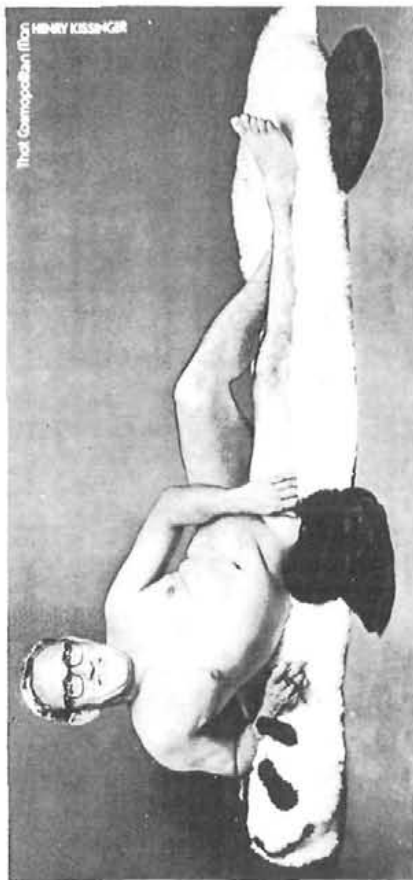


Photo: Cosmopolitan (left)

**"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 Lampon'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.

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Until the end of April, we will give you, absolutely free, one of Columbia's new **FAIL-SAFE** 40-minute blank cassettes when you buy two Columbia blank cassettes of any length.

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continued

lines would kick up a fit.

You know me, Diary, I've always been a practically woman so I just sat down and said "Look, Mr. Duck Toes, let's comprise a little bitty bit, you and me. Now why don't you just pay full fare like everybody else does and maybe we could work a little something out and get you another operation like that one you had on your infiltration system and this time maybe get your eyes fixed or maybe we could get a lot of vitamins for everybody in your country so they wouldn't be so dinky or, gee, there's any number of things you might like, for instance, maybe we could level out all the slopes and dikes that keep causing so much trouble and I hear all the time how you're a bunch of lousy cooks so maybe we could mail you some TV dinners (Veal Parmigiano is my own favorite), or—and I don't mean to be personal or anything—Madeline *could* get her private parts fixed so that they go from Washington to Baltimore like most people's do instead of from New York to Albany the way Hank says they do now, and well, Madeline, that must have been a do see of a problem for those doctors up in Sweden and all." And on and on, Diary, I've never been so artichoke ate in my life. I just talked a blue stripe to those little people and they were as surprised as I was, at least after Mr. Ling, our handyman, who as it turns out moonshines as an interpreter for Hank, transplanted it all into Chinky-Chinaman talk. They didn't say anything just then so I was a little worried and I had to get home before Spiggy got back from helping his campaign manager Mr. Gum Machine McGurn haul some ashes away up in Times Square. But it must have worked because the war got right over with only a little delay—probably the treaty got stuck in the holiday mail.

So I guess you can bet it boiled me up to see that Hank Kissinger getting the credit for there being a creased-friar and all, even though I can't say I did it all by myself since, after all, Dick helped out by sending North Vienna a big load of jellied gasoline, which they must find coming in pretty handy since they don't have service stations and have to carry everything in baskets, and also I understand he dropped a lot of hints pretty much the way I did. But even so Dick himself said we never would had pieces in southeastern Ashes if it weren't for me.

All for now,

Judy

# Would you be more impressed if we advertised this receiver on the Johnny Carson Show?

Selling a product involves a basic business decision: How much do you spend on the product and how much do you spend on promoting it?

With products like receivers that require a great deal of hand-crafting, whatever is spent on advertising must literally come out of the product itself.

It's obvious that Sherwood is not a household word. And it's equally obvious that our competitors have a whopping advertising budget. They are on the Johnny Carson Show, The Today Show, in Playboy, Penthouse, Time, etc.

Sherwood is not. And the results are evident.

For instance, one of the two top hi-fi component manufacturers in this field boasts that their \$200 receiver puts out 10 + 10 watts RMS power @ 8 ohms from 40-16,000 Hz. The walnut case is extra.

Our S7100A [same price] measures 18 + 18 watts from 40-20,000 Hz. The walnut case is included.

Another major manufacturer gives you 17 + 17 watts RMS [@ 1 KHz] for \$240. Our S7100A offers 22 + 22 watts for \$40 less.

In fact, these specs compare favorably with any \$200 receiver:

#### Amplifier Section:

Power Output—RMS, both channels driven.

27 watts X 2 @ 4 ohms, 1 KHz.

22 watts X 2 @ 8 ohms, 1 KHz.

14 watts X 2 @ 8 ohms,

20-20,000 Hz.

18 watts X 2 @ 8 ohms,

40-20,000 Hz.

Harmonic Distortion: 0.9% @ 8 ohms rated output, 0.20% @ 10 watts.

Power Bandwidth: 15-50 KHz—0.9% dist.

#### Tuner Section:

FM Sensitivity [IHF]: 1.9 uv [-30 dB noise & dist.].

Capture Ratio: 2.8 dB.

Distortion: 0.5% @ 100% mod.

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Goodnight, Johnny.

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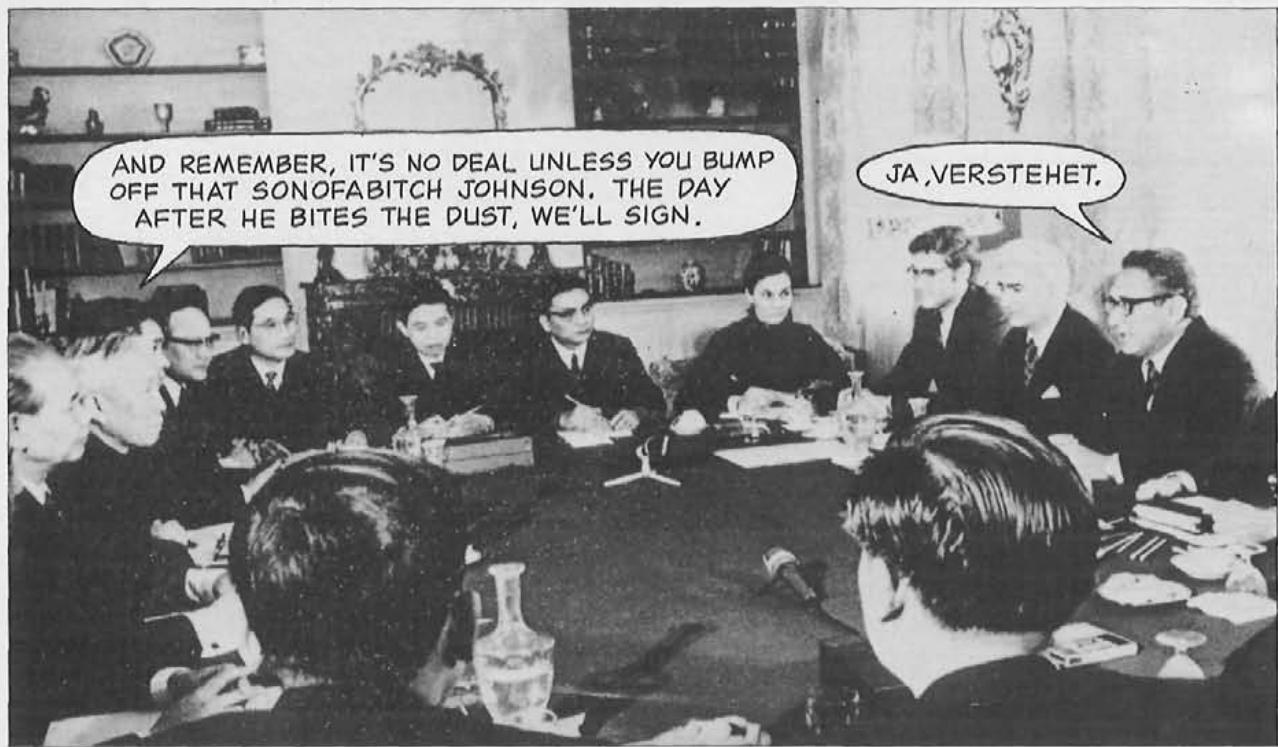
Offer expires May 31





## Peace with Honorable Mention!

# COMMUNISTS BOW TO TOUGH AMERICAN PEACE DEMANDS; REDS AGREE TO OCCUPY SOUTH AND OVERTHROW THIEU; HANOI FORCED TO ACCEPT BILLIONS IN REPARATIONS



With the terms of the peace settlement in Vietnam in mind, it is apparent now that Germany and Japan were not defeated in World War II but achieved "peace with honor."

"It is time to rewrite the history books," said General Klaus Von Kreutzer, a retired Bundeswehr staff officer who was a colonel in the Wehrmacht in Italy and on the western front. "After all, the Americans were forced to give back our POWs, and the arrangement under which we acceded to a quadripartite government and recognized the right of a limited number of Allied troops to stay in Germany after the end of hostilities could hardly be called surrender."

Koada Mushigo, a former admiral of the Japanese Self-Defense Forces and a captain in the Imperial Navy said recently, "There is no doubt that it was an honorable peace. Many times doubters and naysayers at home wished to give up the struggle, but we never lost sight of the lantern at the end of the temple. In point of fact, it was not the atomic bombing that made us agree, any more than the bombing forced Hanoi to agree. We felt we had gotten an agreement that satisfied our demands: our insistence that the Emperor remain in office, a properly supervised ceasefire, and return of our prisoners. In return we were, of course, willing to

complete the withdrawal of the remainder of our troops from Asia."

We have learned that the defendants in the Watergate incident originally planned a defense based on a somewhat clearer and more sophisticated elaboration of the concept of "duress" than the one they eventually decided upon, arguing that they had only acted in self-defense in staging a sort of domestic protective-reaction raid to discover whether the Democrats were planning any activities that might endanger the President. In a transcript of pretrial conversations with Justice Department officials, the defendants indicated that they had

*continued*

# SANDY

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**SANDY DENNY**

**...EVERY INCH A STAR**

**ROLLING  
STONE**

called Sandy's new album "a magnificently produced solo album from one of England's most popular singer/songwriters... every cut is graced with instrumental flash and musical taste that will bowl you over."

- ★ The English press has again picked Sandy as one of the top female vocalists!
- ★ She's also performed on the latest Led Zeppelin album!
- ★ She sings the role of The Nurse on the new "Tommy" album!
- ★ Her new album "Sandy" features the single "Listen, Listen" on A&M Records.



Produced by Trevor Lucas  
Licensed by Island Records, Ltd.



# SHOCKING!



This is the cover of a publication published in California. It was first printed in 1965, yet this issue still sells several thousand copies each year—without advertising until now! Until now because this magazine by its very nature offended all prudes and censorship groups. Even now with the present day intelligent attitude toward censorship it is impossible for this ad to have our name, or any of our naughty copy and illustrations, but it does have a message for you. There IS a magazine that you will treasure and save and reread and show to your friends. A magazine that will be mailed to you by first class mail in a plain sealed envelope. There are four issues of this magazine-book available, each issue the result of over a year's work by its two creators, one artist and one writer. This is not a slick, trite magazine full of ads and recipes, this is a gutslammer of a magazine that believes nothing is sacred and that mankind is in trouble. This is a satirical magazine, this is a sex magazine, this is an adult magazine for readers with adult minds. You don't save the 'slick' magazines you buy, now is the time to buy a magazine you will save. It never goes out of date. Its initials are HS. Send \$5 for two issues or save time (and get a free cartoon book) by ordering all four available issues for \$10. Mailed first class in plain sealed envelopes. This may well be the most important single purchase you make this year!

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**HERMOSA BEACH, CALIF.**      **90264**

continued

entered the Democratic headquarters, examined documents, and bugged the offices in an effort to find out whether anyone had entered the Democratic headquarters, examined documents, or bugged the offices.

"We figured that the Democrats just weren't security-conscious enough, and since their actions in an election year might have a big effect on national security, we couldn't take any chances," explained one of the defendants. "It's a good thing we did," he added, "because on the night in question a group of people entered the Democratic headquarters, examined documents, and bugged the offices."

Another of the defendants said, "There's no doubt about it: we caught ourselves red-handed. Still, we felt that because of our previous records and the fact that we were cooperative the best thing to do would be to give ourselves a good talking-to and let it go at that." According to the transcript, the defendants claimed they were lecturing each other on the seriousness of their act and the possible impact it could have on America's image around the world when the District of Columbia police arrived and arrested them.

In light of the recent growing con-

cern, chiefly in police circles, about the existence of a Black Liberation Army dedicated to killing policemen, it is interesting to recall that during the sixties, many leaders in black communities — particularly in Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles, and Newark, as well as in some smaller cities in the South — were equally concerned about what they claimed was an "army" of whites that went into ghettos during riots and times of unrest and indiscriminately shot at black people with automatic weapons. According to the possibly hysterical claims of some blacks at the time, this army was completely outfitted in fatigues and helmets, had armored personnel-carriers and .50-caliber machine guns, and operated under the name "National Guard." There were numerous reports of calculated ambushes of black people, and, in an odd parallel to the Howard Johnson's motel incident in New Orleans, there was evidence of a massacre of black citizens at the Algiers Motel in Detroit. Of course, by comparison with the very real worries of many urban police-chiefs, this sort of predictable ghetto paranoia hardly rates mention except as a fascinating historical footnote.

In an atmosphere of mingled frustra-

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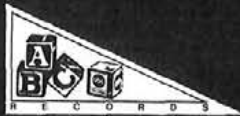
# JIM CROCE LIFE AND TIMES

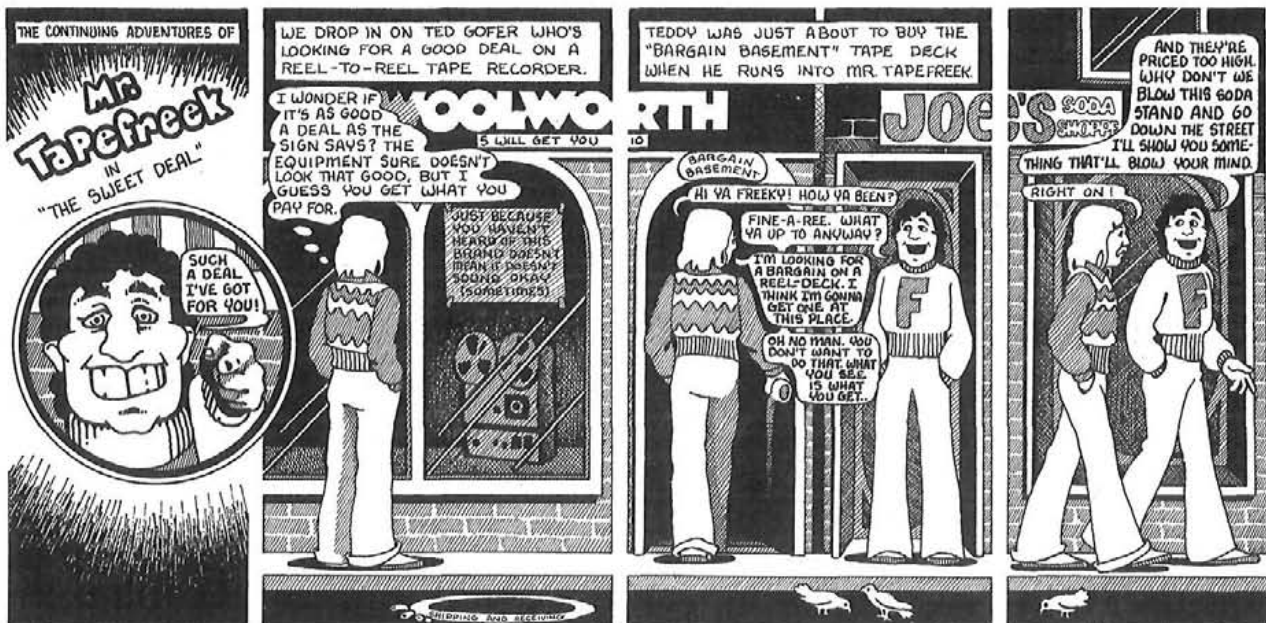


On December 23, 1972, Jim Croce received a standing ovation at Madison Square Garden as he walked on to the stage. Two days later, in Philadelphia where Jim lives, a construction worker stopped him on the street to rap and tell him how much he enjoyed his songs.

On September 17, 1972, Rolling Stone Magazine said, "(Jim)...Can write sensitively of experiences and images." About the same time the Philadelphia Chapter Of The Sons Of Italy Newsletter said that Jim Croce was a strong and authentic talent who was going places.

Jim Croce's talent is in communicating with other human beings, regardless of their place in the scheme of things. His music strikes a solid common ground that links people together and helps them see their similarities, which exist apart from their conflicts. Some performers become superstars because they are bigger than life, others because they are true to life. Jim Croce belongs to the latter group. His new album is called "Life And Times" Jim writes about what he sees and experiences. He's seen a lot of songs since his first album. Hear for yourself.





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# IKE & TINA

"LET ME  
TOUCH YOUR  
MIND"

Their new album, **LET ME TOUCH YOUR MIND**, finds Ike & Tina again doing standard songs, after a long period in which they recorded only originals. Hank Ballard's "Annie Had A Baby" meets Carole King's "Up On The Roof," and even "Born Free" fits in when the Turners' exciting treatment is applied.

Nobody else in the world knows how to make music like Ike & Tina. As unique as this cover design, it combines both the roughest and the smoothest qualities of rhythm & blues at its best to produce the unforgettable sound that made classics of songs like "Proud Mary" and "Honky Tonk Women" after nobody thought the original versions could be taken any farther. But then it never pays to underestimate Ike & Tina Turner. They'll get you every time.

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It doesn't make any difference how it's belted, geared or pulleyed. One motor in a tape deck means performance compromises. Slower rewind, for one thing. Slower tape advance, for another. And less reliability when recording or playing.

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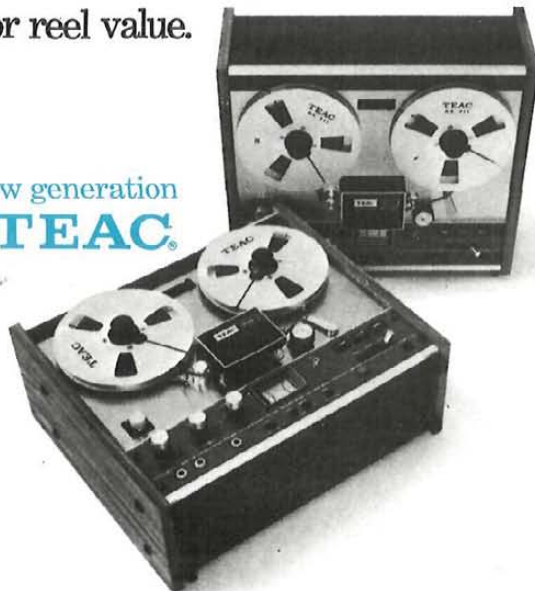
Get the kind of craftsmanship and performance you deserve for your tape recording investment. It's all there in the TEAC 1230 for only \$359.50.

A fair price for reel value.



The sound of a new generation

**TEAC**



Also available with automatic reverse play in TEAC Model 1250 for \$459.50. All prices subject to change without notice.

\*TEAC or one of its authorized service stations will make all necessary repairs to any TEAC TAPE DECK resulting from defects in workmanship or material for two full years from the date of purchase free of charge to the original purchaser. This warranty applies only to TEAC products sold in the United States.

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# NATIONAL LAMPOON'S LEMMINGS

“

... uproariously funny spoof of the rock scene and its counter-culture folk heros... topical skits done in the style of old vaudeville, neoburlesque, superior college humor, and the antic, abrasive tradition of Lenny Bruce... a brilliantly sustained rock parody... *Lemmings* will slay... with its high-voltage humor.”  
**—Time.** “... Alice Playten... an unquestionable delight. [John] Belushi is an experience no matter what he’s doing... not only a good show but a surprisingly tight performing band.”—**Stuart Werbin, Rolling Stone.**  
 “... if you see one show this lifetime, it should be this one... This is no mere revue sponsored by the nation’s most consistent humor magazine. *Lemmings* is the theatrical triumph of the season. Long may it run—and we don’t mean into the ocean!”—**Cash Box.** “... very, very good and very, very funny—parody so acute and audacious that it edges into satire... Lyrics... are first-rate—far better than just clever.”—**Edith Oliver, New Yorker.**  
 “A wicked parody of the world of rock, spoofing the talented along with the pretenders, their absurdities, conceits, and affectations... Should keep the Village Gate busy for months to come.”—**Mel Gussow, New York Times.** “It goes straight for the satirical jugular on many fronts, much in the reckless manner of the late Lenny Bruce. My brother critics were falling out of their seats. I was too. The cast is remarkable, all of them able to act, spoof, sing and play numerous musical instruments.”—**Jerry Tallmer, New York Post.** “It makes me laugh just to think about *Lemmings*! Transferred to the stage, it (the *National Lampoon*) is an entertaining series of counter-culture blows brilliantly done. It has absolutely no respect, and its advice for all of us is to ‘give up’...”  
**—Leonard Probst, NBC.** “The first half is funny enough, gathering momentum all the way. But from the moment the stocky, bearded John Belushi comes on after intermission to serve as the announcer for the Woodstock festival we are truly among the crazies, and happy to be there.”—**Douglas Watt, New York Daily News.** “This is first-rate stuff. Funny, self-aware, unsparing. Particularly the second act, which is an extended take-off on Woodstock, complete with technical difficulties, spaced-out announcements, a visit from the local farmer, and the key rock groups...”  
**—Leonard Harris, WCBS-TV**”

”



At the **Village Gate** in New York City; corner of Bleecker and Thompson Streets in the heart of Greenwich Village. **Performances:** Tues. thru Fri. at 7:30 P.M.; late show Fri. at 10:45 P.M.; two shows Sat. evening at 7:00 and 10:30 P.M.; matinee only on Sun. at 3:00 P.M. **Ticket Prices:** Regular tickets \$5.95 Sundays thru Thursdays, \$6.95 on Fridays and Saturdays. Student tickets, limited time only (Tues.-Thurs.), \$4.00 (two tickets only per student). Tickets are available through May 13. Order immediately by sending the attached order form, your check or money order, and a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Lemmings Tickets, The Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St., N.Y., N.Y. 10014

**Coming soon:** *National Lampoon's Lemmings* starts its college concert tour of the United States and Canada. For more information write or call: William Morris Agency, Concert Division, 1350 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y., 10019, (212) 586-5100  
**Coming even sooner:** The *National Lampoon's Lemmings* album recorded live at the Village Gate—via Blue Thumb Records.

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

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

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

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

#### Symptoms of Groupthink

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

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

#### Successful Planning Also Studied

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

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

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

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

#### What Is Psychology Today?

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

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

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

Criminals Can Be Brainwashed—Now  
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The Masks We Wear—Hypocritical or Healthy?

Teaching Chimpanzees to Read and Write

The Screaming Cure—Does It Really Work?

Why Fat People Eat Even When They're Not Hungry

How Accurate Are Trial Witnesses?

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

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## psychology today

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

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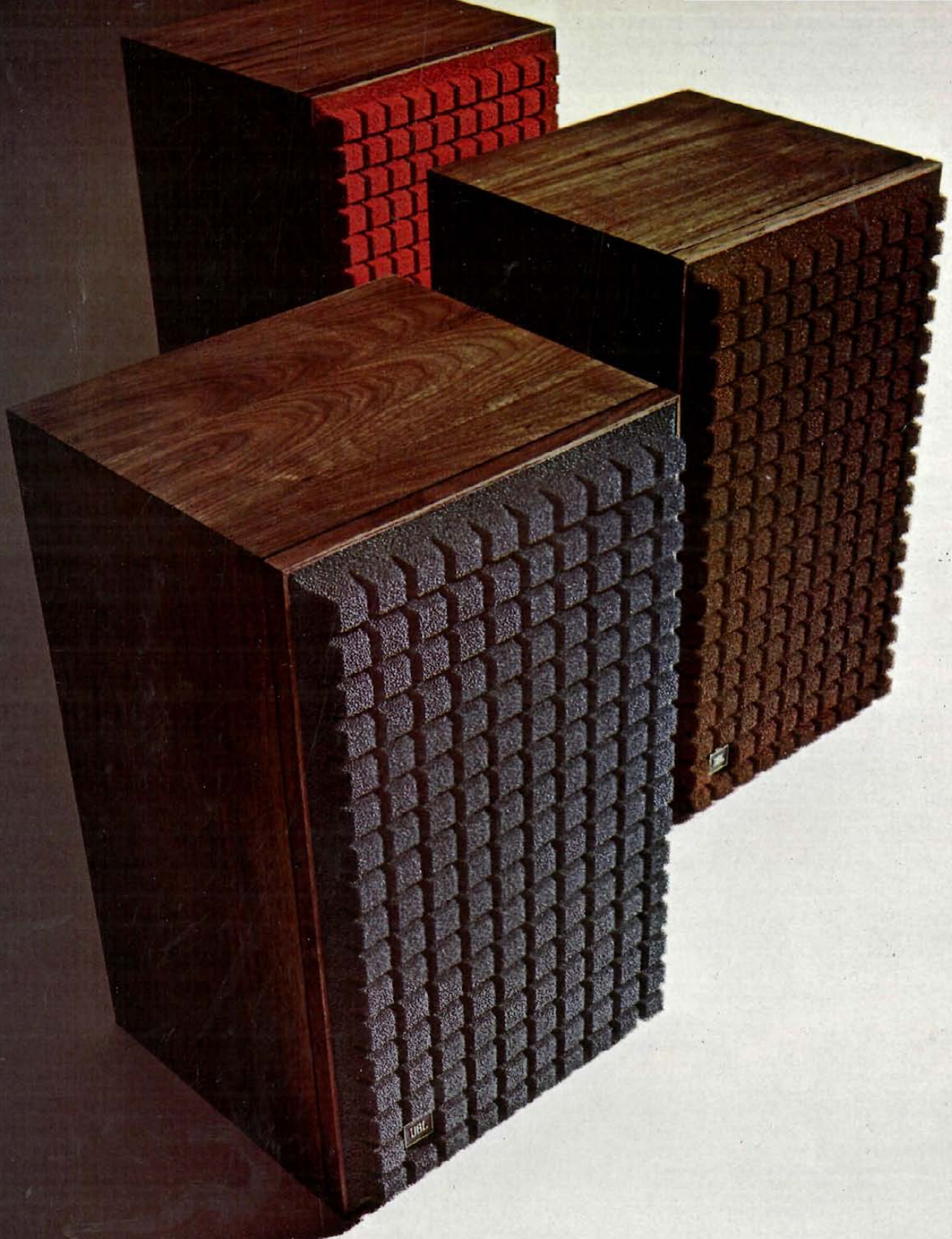
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# Could Psychology Today have prevented the Vietnam War?

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







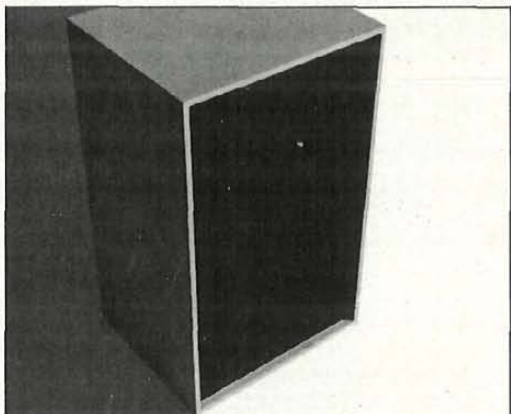


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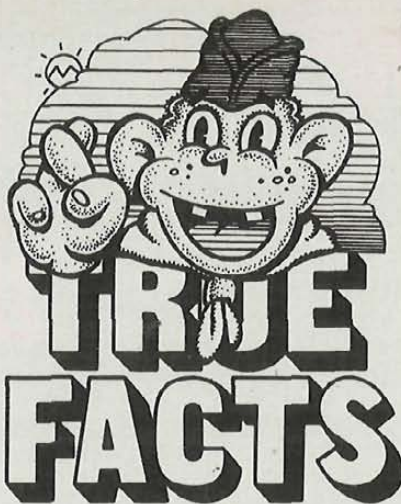
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• The August 28 issue of *Epilog*, the official publication of the Environmental Protection Agency, reported a recent study showing that "ten cows burp enough gas in a year to provide for all the space heating, water heating, and cooking requirements for a small house."

"Burping cows must rank as the number-one source of air pollution in the U.S.," the article concluded, adding that American cows burp approximately fifty million tons of hydrocarbons into the atmosphere annually.

According to the article, "There presently exists no available technology for controlling these hydrocarbon emissions." *The Tennessean* (G. Stewart)

• The socialist government of Chile has moved to eliminate a growing black market in toilet paper.

A decree issued recently said that the government of President Salvador Allende regards toilet paper as "an article of first necessity" and prohibited toilet-paper manufacturers from selling it to anyone but licensed wholesale purchasers, such as grocery distributors.

"It has been proven that a large percentage of the toilet paper sold in small lots at factories is destined for the black market, where it is sold at speculative prices," the decree said. *Detroit News* (J. Farion)

• According to Billy Graham, there is no sex in heaven. Replying, during an interview, to a question about the heavy emphasis on the male role in Christian history, Graham said, "I don't think there is any sex in heaven. If people only want to go to heaven for sex, they'd better have their heaven on earth." *Chicago Daily News* (H. Meyers)

• Dr. Nils-Olof Jacobson, a Swedish doctor and author of *Life After Death*, has determined that a human soul weighs twenty-one grams, or about 3/4 of an ounce.

Dr. Jacobson said he placed the deathbeds of terminal patients on extremely sensitive scales. As the patients died and their souls left their bodies, the needle dropped twenty-one grams. *New York Post* (M. Hernandez)

• The U.S. Agency for International Development is sending millions of multicolored condoms to Asia and Africa. Dr. R. T. Ravenholt, AID's director of the Office of Population, says the new prophylactics, which are available in white, blue, black, green, and pink, are part of a serious attempt to promote birth control in the high-population areas of the world.

The multicolored devices are the result of a test program the agency ran. In comparison to the lackluster reception given the traditional gray condom, the brightly hued model, which comes in a package bearing a legend inviting the user to "embark on a new adventure," has brought an enthusiastic response.

Dr. Ravenholt reported that on a recent trip he made to the Orient to promote the new model, foreign officials were "much more interested in the colored condoms than the gray ones. You could see the interest in their faces when they saw the many colors. The displays brought smiles and requests for some samples." *San Francisco Chronicle* (M. Zepezauer)

• Based on a 1970 census report showing the black population of North Dakota as 2,500, the federal government ordered the North Dakota National Guard to recruit 20 blacks.

A study of the recruiting possibilities by the state adjutant general, LeClair A. Melhouse, has revealed, however, that of the 2,500 blacks in the state, all but 150 are airmen or their dependents stationed at an Air Force base near Bismarck.

Of that 150, more than 60 are women; of the remaining 90, only 50 are between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, the statutory limits of military service. Of the 50, 30 are college students, who, in the absence of a draft, are thought to be unlikely to want to interrupt their academic careers to serve in the Guard.

That leaves twenty potential black recruits. Melhouse has accordingly submitted a mandatory black-recruitment plan, which states in its entirety, "If we can find a black, we'll attempt to recruit him." *Washington Post* (C. Oberlin)

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**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 NAGA 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 I Think, 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/DECADECE:** With Sgt. Shriver's Bleeding Hearts Club Band, Defeat Day, the Meat Choss Set, the Fetish Supplement, and Adlai Stevenson in Remnants-of-Dignity Comics.

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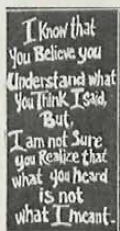
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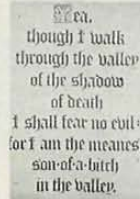
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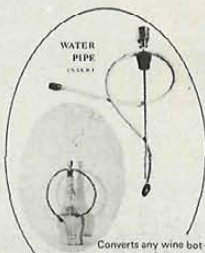
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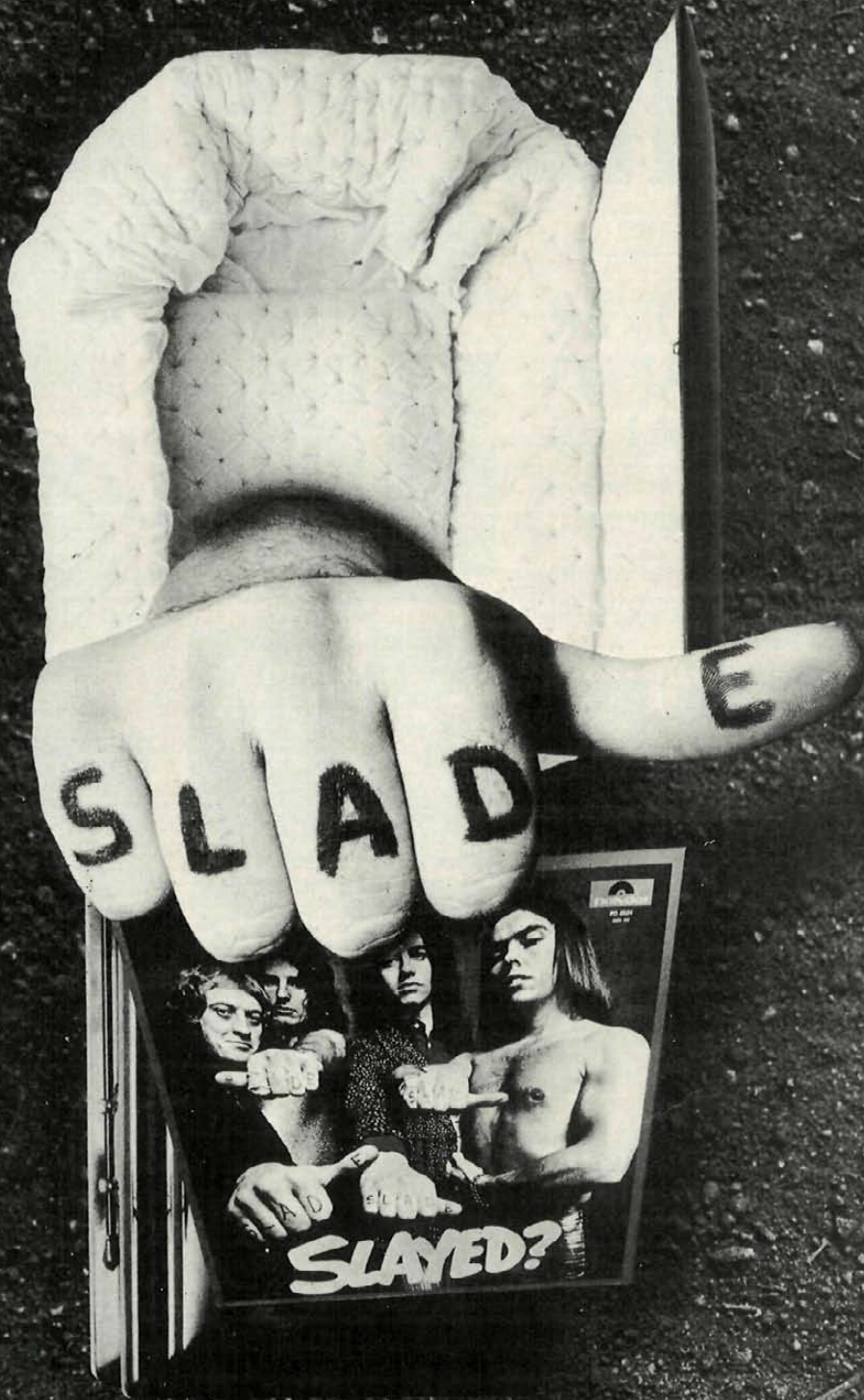
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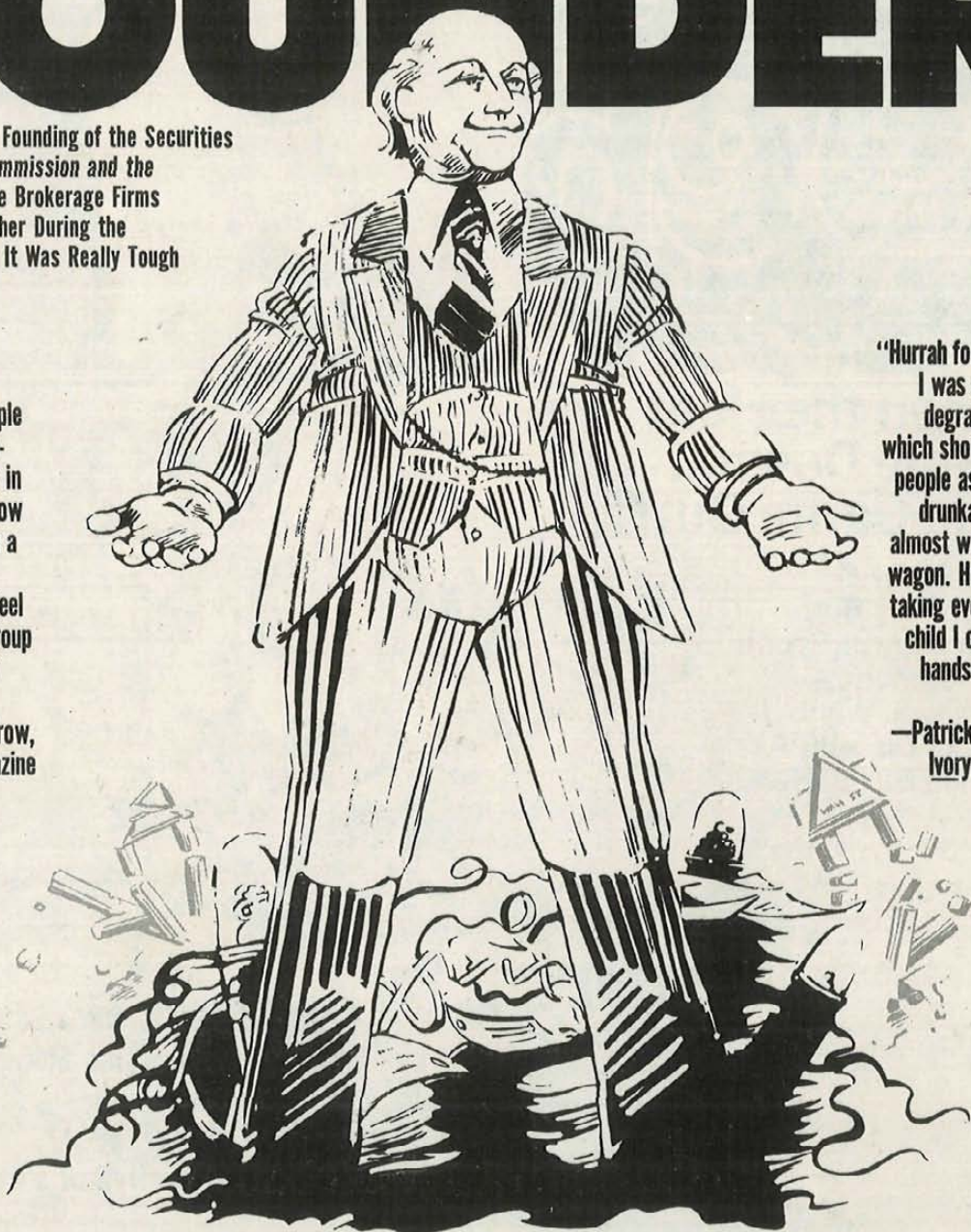
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**—Patrick O'Rourke Ivory Magazine**

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**—Sean Kelly, Canadian Heritage Today**



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IT'S TIME PEOPLE OF ALL RACES LEARNED TO LIVE TOGETHER IN HARMONY.







### Those Meticulous Arabs

No one who has flown over the majestic Arabian sand-capped Alps can reconcile this awe-inspiring sight with the bland nature of its inhabitants. Industrious, hard-working, and blessed with a colorless personality, Arabians are indeed a nation of Clark Kents, most of whom wear glasses and ill-fitting attaché cases. Nevertheless, they are incredibly clean and give their little country a bath twice each week. Arabs are also excellent craftsmen, and their finely tooled precision tents are in great demand. Their country itself is cleverly divided into cantons, one of which is currently on loan to nearby Israel. Arab national pastimes are yodeling, eating chocolate, and disappearing into the background.



### Those Warlike Poles

The old saying goes, "It takes one Pole to be your friend, two to be your enemy, and three to start a war." Poles make excellent soldiers. They take and follow orders superbly, even when none have been given. Their love of regimentation and discipline has earned them the sobriquet "Benz Dupliski," or "the Xeroxed Ones." Polish military might first emerged during their conflict with the Balkan states in the then strife-torn Europe when her armies single-handedly attacked and conquered the enemy of a totally different war. Years later they decided to attack a neighbor, Indonesia, in one of their army's patented blitzkriegs, which lasted only two years and three months.

Poles are fanatics about the purity of their race, a hybrid combination of three medieval blood-lines and a tribe of championship bowlers.

### Those Friendly French

Their hospitality is unbounded, their courtesy a legend. Any world traveler will readily admit that a Frenchman will give you the shirt off his back and the sneer off his face, not to mention the slur from his lips. Their only aim in life seems to be to welcome tourists, especially Americans, to their shores. It is not unusual to see them awaiting new arrivals at train stations and airports in that well-known, peculiarly French, open-handed way—palms up.







**Those Menacing Jews**

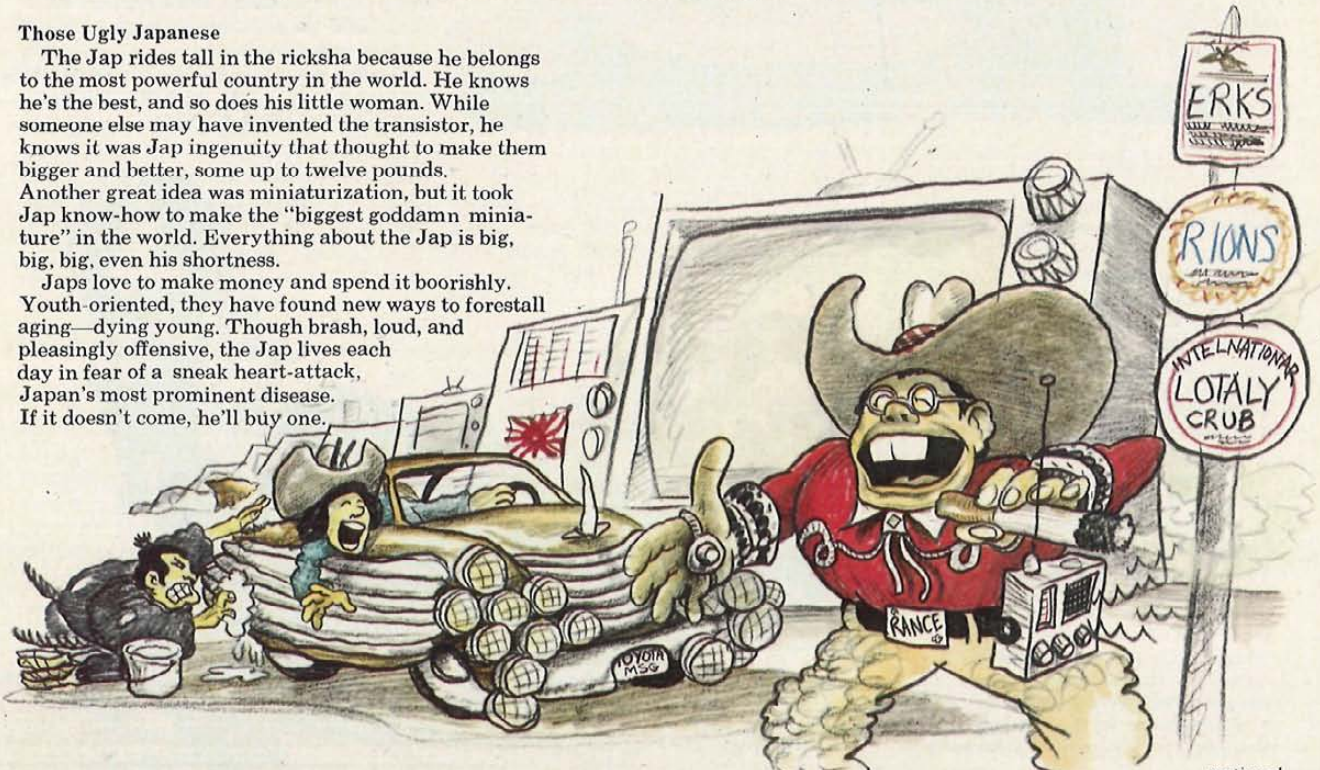
Jews are the hated bullyboys of the Western world. Belligerent, surly, and prone to violence, they are also naturally aggressive and possessed of awesome physical magnetism. It is said that when a Jew merely looks up at a victim over his spectacles, no amount of chicken soup can save him. Dressed in strange costumes, bands of Jews roam

the streets and subways of New York terrorizing terrified blacks, placid Puerto Ricans, and liberal whites. One recently ate a 1973 Buick just for a nosh. Jews are somewhat religious, however, and will not beat up anyone on the Sabbath, The Day of Arming, nor will they use nonkosher weapons on an enemy.

**Those Ugly Japanese**

The Jap rides tall in the ricksha because he belongs to the most powerful country in the world. He knows he's the best, and so does his little woman. While someone else may have invented the transistor, he knows it was Jap ingenuity that thought to make them bigger and better, some up to twelve pounds. Another great idea was miniaturization, but it took Jap know-how to make the "biggest goddamn miniature" in the world. Everything about the Jap is big, big, big, even his shortness.

Japs love to make money and spend it boorishly. Youth-oriented, they have found new ways to forestall aging—dying young. Though brash, loud, and pleasingly offensive, the Jap lives each day in fear of a sneak heart-attack, Japan's most prominent disease. If it doesn't come, he'll buy one.





continued

### Those Phlegmatic Italians

The renowned Italian stiff upper-lip is a hallmark of their character and a bizarre deformity on their faces. Do not be deceived, however, for beneath this calm reserve lurk extraordinary currents of surging tap-water.

Italians are quite dignified, with a long and proud tradition of homosexuality. Their favorite pastime is tolerating other nations, which they do while consuming endless sips of sherry. A measure of their civilized character is the fact that their policemen do not carry guns and are beloved by all. They are also murdered at the rate of ten per day, not yet a level to arouse the very cool Italian to action. They like their ale hot and their women cold.



### Those Greasy Swedes

The passionate but sloppy Swedes spend their days drinking wine, growing fat, and shaving their mustaches. Swedish men, however, usually loll about in sub-zero weather and pinch girls. They are notoriously inept and cowardly soldiers. In the last war their entire army suffered a defeat at the hands of a well-trained enemy platoon armed with loudspeakers. Most Swedes were caught off guard with their hands high in the air, part of a prolonged stretching exercise in their calisthenic program.

Swedes make excellent films, and this scene from the classic, *Wild Pepperonies*, shows Olaf the peasant challenging Death to a pizza-eating contest.

When not singing, having fun, or wringing the oil from their hair, Swedes indulge in their national sport, suicide.



### Those Suave Russians

With his distinctive fur cap set at a jaunty angle over his ears, no one epitomizes the continental life-style better than the Russian. Dashing, romantic, and wired for sound, he prides himself on his worldliness and savoir faire. His delightful cynicism, a precious national resource, only adds to his considerable charm. All Russians are wise in the ways of love, and some actually indulge in sexual activity. They were, after all, the first to mate the tractor and the tank. Fashion leaders ever since they invented the two-pants suit, only their droll, whimsical minds could have designed the triple-breasted sleeve, the gas-operated evening dress, the self-winding shoe, and the lint jacket that picks up pieces of blue serge. □





# Tales of Uncle Ho

translated from the Vietnamese  
by Henry Beard



"Uncle Ho, tell us about how Comrade Rat fooled the imperialist aggressor Pig," begged one of the little boys at the weekly indoctrination session of his youth cadre.

"Yes, yes, tell us, oh, please do," came the chorus from the mass of well-scrubbed children seated at the old man's feet.

"Well, nhow," began that venerable gentleman, lighting one of the endless cigarettes that always seemed a hair's breadth away from igniting his thin, scraggly beard. "Well, nhow, dhere manih timhs dhat Comrer Rat, hih dhon dhat. Buht dhe wonh dhat comhs to dhe mindh dhe mohst quikhlih, dhat's dhe timh dhat Comrer Rat hih makh dhe Tar Gook.

"Nhow Comrer Rat, hih dhon ghot verih much sikh of dhe way Comrer Pig, hih all dhe timh goh longh dhe rohd anh makh dhe bangh-bangh at evridhing anh burnh evridhing, anh Comrer Rat, hih fix to lernh dhat dhere Pig dhing or two.

"Soh wonh day, Comrer Rat, hih goh anh get somh of dhe sap fromh dhe rubber trih, anh hih get kiloh of gasolin, anh hih get bigh lump of tar fromh dhe rohd, anh hih mix dhem all up, anh hih takh dhat dhere gloop, anh hih makh dhis doll dhat look likh babih. Dhen hih takh dhe dhing, dhat what hih call dhe Tar Gook, anh hih put himh bhy dhe sidh of dhe rohd, anh hih put hat onh dhe hehd, and dhen Comrer Rat, hih goh hidh inh dhe elephanh grass, anh hih wait to sih what happen.

"Hih dhon't havh to wait longh, 'dhoh, bihcoks as soonh dhat hih goh hidh, dhere comhs Comrer Pig downh dhe rohd, banghidhi-banghidhiboomh, anh hih blastinh dhe trihs, and hih blastinh dhe rokhs, anh hih blastinh dhe buffaloh, anh when hih kill dhe buffaloh, hih say to himhself, 'Dhat's leventih-sevenh of dhe foh what bhith dhe dust.'

"Dhen suddenh hih sih dhe Tar Gook inh dhe rohd, anh Comrer Pig, hih hayh dhe attack of dhe frihts, anh hih goh jumh inh dhe dhitch onh dhe oddher sidh, anh dhen hih aimh his gunh at dhe Tar Gook likh hih

gohinh to bloh himh to bhits, buht dhe Tar Gook, hih dhon't makh noh movh.

"Dhen Comrer Pig, hih sih dhat dhe Tar Gook havh noh gunh anh hih havh noh nhif, anh soh Comrer Pig, hih look morh bravh, 'dhoh maybhi his pants, dhey need washinh, anh hih say to dhe Tar Gook, hih say, 'I frienh. I cohm to savh yhu fromh dhe clutch of Comrer Rat. Havh yhu seenh dhis hihr Rat inh dhe hihr-abouhts?'

"Dhe Tar Gook, hih noh talkh, anh Comrer Rat, hih stay loh inh dhe grass.

"Dhen Comrer Pig, hih say, 'Dhis Comrer Rat, hih noh goodh; if hih lay handh onh yhu, hih surh to slavify yhu. Nhow, where dhis Rat?'

"Buht dhe Tar Gook, hih noh say nothing anh Comrer Rat, hih noh makh noh sounh.

"Dhen Comrer Pig, hih talkh loudh, anh hih say, 'Maybhi yohr hearinh binh ruinhd bhy dhe bombhs wih drop onh yhu to hep yhu inh yohr jus fih fohr self-determination,' say hih.

"Dhe Tar Gook, hih noh talkh, anh Comrer Rat, he takh dhe sandal off his fooht, anh hih stuff iht inh his mouht to kihp fromh laughinh.

"Dhen Comrer Pig, hih say, 'Wih is fihthinh fohr yohr hearts anh mindhs, anh damn mih if I dhon't cut a hohl inh yhu jus to makh surh yhu ghot dhem dhings.' Anh widh dhat, hih stab dhe 'Tar Gook widh his bayonet.

"Buht dhe Tar Gook, hih dhon't openh his mouht, anh Comrer Rat, hih lay loh.

"Dhen Comrer Pig, hih try to pull



ouht dhe bayonet, buht iht stukh tiht, soh hih put his fooht inh dhe Tar Gook's stomach, anh hih pull. Dhen hih put his odher fooht in dhe Tar Gook's groin, anh hih pull, buht dhe bayonet, iht stay stukh, anh his foohts, dhey nhow stuck too.

"Dhen Comrer Pig, hih say, say hih, 'If yhu dhon't leht goh of mhy bayonet, damn mih if I dhon't strangle yhu,' anh widh dhat, hih grab dhe Tar Gook bhy dhe nekh anh hih bhiginh to chokh himh, buht when hih try to takh his handhs out of dhe Tar Gook's dhroht, dhey is stukh fas.

"Longh 'bout dhat timh, Comrer Rat, hih comh ouht dhe elephanh grass, and hih goh up to Comrer Pig, anh hih say, 'Howdhi, Comrer Pig. I hihr tell yhu binh goh lookh fohr mih. Well, hihr I bhi, buht I havh to tend to somh bhisness at dhis hihr mohmenh. Onh dhe odher handh, if yhu is gohinh to stikh rounh hihr fohr somh timh, I bhi bakh soonh, anh maybhi inh dhe meanhtimh, yhu'd bhi soh kinh as to hold dhis hihr handh grenadh fohr mih till I comh bakh. Iht bhi myty ponderous to carrih rounh.'

"Anh widh dhat, hih givh Comrer Pig dhe handh bombh, anh hih runh off likh dhe whindh. Longh 'bout tenh seconhds later, hih hihr dhis bigh bangh, anh dhen Comrer Rat, hih lookh inh his handh, anh dhen hih rap himhself onh dhe headh, bihcoks inh his hurrih, hih dhon gonh anh takh dhe pinh widh himh."

"Was that the end of the Pig?" asked one of the little boys.

"Well, dhat was dhe endh of dhat wonh pig, buht dhere was loht mohr pigs rounh dhere in dhose days, anh soonh as wonh was gonh, dhere was nhu pig dhat comh longh. Now dhat's all, yhu runh longh," said Uncle Ho. "Iht verih layt, anh yohr eyelids look set to shuht tihter dhen dhe lids onh dhe street bombh-shelters inh Hanoi inh dhe bahd oldh days."

"Did the Pig ever catch Comrade Rat?" inquired one of the little boys at the next indoctrination session.

*continued*



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Whichever Club I've joined, all selections will be described in advance in the Club magazine, sent every four weeks. If I do not wish any selection, I'll mail the card provided by the date specified, or use the card to order any selection I do want. If I want only the regular selection for my musical interest, I need do nothing — it will be shipped automatically. Occasionally, I'll be offered special selections which I may accept or reject by using the dated form provided.

Mr.     Mrs.     Miss

(Please Print)    First Name    Initial    Last Name

Address: .....

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

Do You Have A Telephone? (check one)  YES     NO

APO, FPO addressees: write for special offer



Mail this application together with your check or money order



"Well, nhow," replied Uncle Ho, taking out his battered cigarette-lighter made from the metal of a shot-down Phantom. "Dhat dhid happen wonh timh. I dhon't rihcall dhe ex-akh medhod dhe Pig use, buht yhu canh bh surh dhat iht innvolvh somh dirtih bhisness, anh somh monih dhid somh travellinh rounh anh endh up inh dhe handhs of Comrer Dog anh Comrer Snake, buht dhat neidher hihr norh dhere.

"Dhe Rat, hih cauht goodh dhis wonh timh, anh Comrer Pig, hih say, say hih, 'Dhis timh yhu dhed, anh dhat's dhat.' Anh hih call dhe Rat lot of namhs, anh hih kikh himh, anh hih hit himh, anh dhen hih say, 'I dhink I shooh't yhu inh dhe nihcaps 'bout leventih timhs, dhen I hangh yhu.'

"Dhen Comrer Rat, hih prihtendh to beg, hih say, 'I dhon't carh what yhu dho to mih, jus dhon't dthrow mih in dhe tiger cage,' say hih.



"'Dhere noh roph nihrby,' say Comrer Pigh, 'anh I dhon't likh dhe idih of wastinh bullets. I expek I cuht off yohr dthing-mah-jhings, dhen I stabh yoh leventih timhs.'

"'Dhat's finh by mih,' say Comrer Rat. 'Buht dhon't put mih downh inh dhat tiger cage. I canh't stand dhe darkh.'

"'Dhis stabbinh bhisness too mesih,' say Comrer Pig. 'I dhink I put lekhtrodhs onh yohr bodih, anh dhen I burnh yhu widh cigarettes.'

"'Dhat sounh prettish goodh,' say Comrer Rat. 'Longh as you dhon't put mih inh dhat tiger cage. I ghot dhe claustrophobes.'

"'Dhere noh lekhticitih rounh hihr, anh I loh onh smokhs,' say Comrer Pig. 'Maybhi I takh ouht yohr eyeballs anh tromph onh dhem.'

"'Burnh mih alivh, whip mih widh barb h wirh, anh breakh all my bonhs, buht plihs dhon't dthrow mih inh dhere.'

"'Bihcoks Comrer Rat want to dho dhe worst hih canh to Comrer Rat, hih pikh himh up anh hih drop himh inh dhe tiger cage. Dhere was commotionh when Comrer Rat hiht dhe bottomh, and dhen dhere's nodhinh buht dhis kindh of scrapingh sounh, anh Comrer Pig, hih bhiginh to wonh-

der if maybhi dhe Rat, hih dy of dhe heart attackh bangh-off, anh dhat's dhe dhedh rattlih.'

"'Dhen bhy anh bhy, hih hihr somhwonh callinh his namh anh hih lookh rounh, anh dhere way off, hih sih Comrer Rat climbingh ouht of dhe hohl hih dhon dug anh brushingh dhe diht off his furh, anh dhen hih hihr, 'Bornh anh bredh inh dhe undergroundh, Comrer Pig! Bornh anh bredh inh dhe undergroundh!' Anh widh dhat Comrer Rat, hih takh off likh dhe rocket.'

"'Dhat Pig, hih dhon't neveh learnh his lessonh,' said Uncle Ho, blowing a perfect smoke ring. 'Hih neveh wouldh leht dhe Rat lohn. Comrer Rat, hih sikh of all dhis, soh wonh day hih wait bhy dhe rodh, anh when hih sih dhe Pig comh way downh dhe bendh, hih jumpr up anh hih yell, 'Hihr I bhi, hihr I bhi, comh anh get mih!' Anh hih runh off towardh dhe hills.

"Comrer Pigh, hih sih Comrer Rat, and hih goh afteh himh. Well, bhy anh bhy, Comrer Rat, hih dhon lehd dhe pig to dhe mouht of dhis hihr cavh hih knoh bouht up inh dhe hills, anh hih set dhere anh wait fohr dhe Pig to sih himh, dhen hih yell, 'Hihr I bhi, hihr I bhi,' anh hih runh into dhe cavh.

"Comrer Pig, hih runh inh afteh Comrer Rat, buht hih dhon't goh noh mohr dhan twentih foohts when iht all goh darkh, anh soh hih takh ouht dhe flashliht hih ghot widh himh, anh hih shin hih iht all rounh, anh dhen hih sih himh inh dhis longh, longh tunnel.

"Comrer Rat, hih xspek dhis divelopmenh, anh hih ghot dhis mirrorh widh himh, anh when Comrer Pig shin hih dhe liht at himh, hih shin hih iht bakh dhe mirrorh, anh hih yell, 'Hihr I bhi, hihr I bhi,' anh hih runh downh dhe tunnel.

"Dhen Comrade Pig, hih sih dhat liht, anh hih yell, 'Nhow I ghot yhu inh dhe trap, Comrer Rat, anh hih takh off afteh himh.

"Dhe nex timh Comrer Pig sih dhe liht, iht seemh to bhi closeh, anh hih say to himself, hih say, 'Littlh furdher anh I ghot dhat Rat,' anh dhen Comrer Rat yell, 'Hihr I bhi, hihr I bhi,' anh Comrer Pig, hih yell, 'Yhu inh dhe cornerh dhis timh fohr surh, Comrer Rat,' anh hih takh off afteh himh.

"Dhen Comrer Pig, hih sih dhe liht againh, anh dhis timh iht seemh verih evenh closeh, anh hih say to himself, hih say, 'I comh dhis far, I goh jus littlh furdher, and I ghot dhat Rat,' anh dhen Comrer Rat yell, 'Hihr I bhi, hihr I bhi,' anh Comrer Pig, hih yell, 'Yhu as goodh as dhed dhis timh,

Comrer Rat,' anh hih takh off afteh himh.

"Well, dhis hihr gamh goh onh likh dhat fohr longh timh, anh all dhe timh Comrer Pig, hih dhink hih get closeh, anh all dhe timh hih say to himself, 'I comh dhis far, I goh jus littlh furdher.'

"Dhen suddenh Comrer Rat, hih hidh dhe mirrorh, anh hih crawlh bihindh dhe rokh longh dhe wall of dhe tunnel, anh Comrer Pigh, hih goh runh riht bhy dhe Rat, anh dhen hih stop maybhi tinh foohts away, anh hih stop anh hih listenh.

"Dhere noh sounh, soh hih yell, 'Where yhu bhi, where yhu bhi?' Anh dhe echo comh bakh, kindh of fuzzih, anh Comrer Pig, hih dhink iht dhe Rat yellinh, 'Hihr I bhi, hihr I bhi.'

"Dhen Comrer Pig, hih shin hih dhe liht downh dhe tunnel, and iht rih-fikh off dhis or dhat pihs of rokh or maybhi somhdhing wet, anh Comrer Pigh, hih say to himself, 'I comh dhis far, I goh jus littlh furdher, anh dhen I ghot dhat Rat,' anh dhen hih yell, 'Yhu betteh say yohr prayehs, bhicoks I ghot yhu surh dhis timh,' say hih, and hih takh off downh dhe tunnel.

"Dhen Comrer Rat, hih wait till dhe Pig is gonh, dhen hih up anh runh bakh outsideh, 'dhoh iht takh himh somh timh, cohs hih laughinh soh hard, hih canh hardlih walkh.'

"Did the Pig ever find his way out?" asked one of the little boys sitting spellbound at the patriarch's feet.

"Well, nhow, dhat dihpndh onh who tellinh dhe storih. Sohm say hih comh crawlinh ouht 'bout weekh lateh, lookinh myty glumh, anh sohm say hih cohm marchinh ouht, tellinh evriwonn what wouldh listenh 'bout how hih dhon what hih gonh inh dhere to dho, 'dhoh hih nhot too yakht onh dhe subjekh of jus what iht was hih gonh inh dhere fohr or what iht was hih dhon when hih was dhere. Buht evrihwonn agrih dhat hih stop chasinh dhe Rat, anh hih neveh gonh bakh inh dhat tunnel againh.

"Nhow dhat's all fohr toniht, chil-lunhs. Yhu needhs yohr sleep soh yhu canh fiht rehsolutelih fohr dhe triumph of dhe sohcialis way inh dhe morninh." □

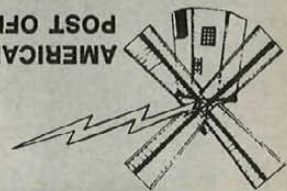




# LET'S GET AMERICA OUT OF DUTCH

Occupant  
635 Madison Ave.  
New York, N.Y. 10022

AMERICANS UNITED TO BEAT THE DUTCH  
POST OFFICE BOX 6041, WASHINGTON, D.C. 20109



## KNOW THE ENEMY!

FLORID FACE  
WEAK CHIN  
SHIFTY EYES  
BEER AND/OR  
CHEESE BREATH

CHOCOLATE UNDER  
FINGERNAILS



**D**ike-building schemes  
**U**nrest everywhere  
**T**ulip scourge  
**C**heese-mongering  
**H**ex signs



# ACTION!

We're happy to welcome all you new tile-smashers to the fight against Dutch subterfuge. Our movement is growing by leaps and bounds every day, and although we cannot disclose the exact number of our members to prevent infiltration from certain persons who feel more at home in footwear made out of trees, we can say that it is very large indeed and getting larger! Politicians be warned!

You will ignore this aroused brotherhood of true Americans at your peril! And if you don't believe us, take a wishy-washy position on Government-supported elm-seeding programs and stiff tariffs to protect our razor-makers, breweries, dairies, diamond mines, and chocolate manufacturers next Election Day and SEE WHAT HAPPENS!

\*\*\*\*\*

## AN ANGRY AMERICAN FIGHTS BACK! ★



### THE DUTCH HAVE PLANS FOR YOU!

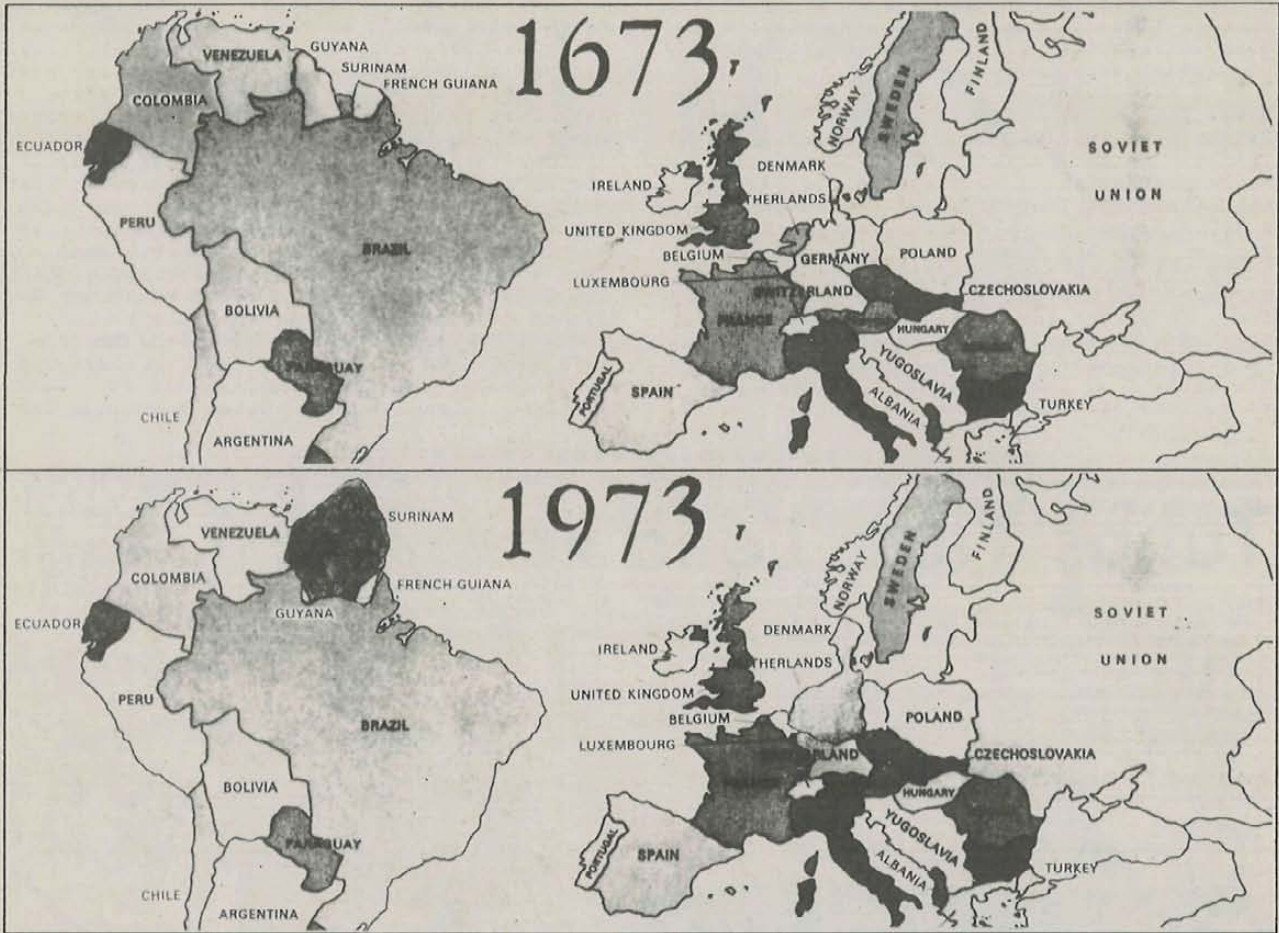
THEY WANT TO MAKE YOU FAT ON GOUDA CHEESE AND HEINEKENS, DIZZY FROM LOOKING AT THEIR WINDMILLS, EFFEMINATE FROM SNIFFING THEIR TULIPS, THEN THEY'LL COME IN AND BLOCK UP THE GREAT LAKES, AND YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO STOP THEM!











Fellow travelers in the U.S. government are trying to keep you from seeing these maps, but reliable State Department sources released them to us. The Dutch imperialists plan to conquer the world by expanding Surinam and the Netherlands with their insidious system

of dikes. Eventually the two areas will join up, cutting off all shipping between the Old World and the New, and the Soestdijk murderers will control the high seas. As you can see, they've already made remarkable progress. They must be stopped! Now! BOMB THE DIKES!

XX

VITAL BOOKS

THE PROTOCOLS OF THE LEARNED ELDERS OF THE HAGUE. These are the minutes of a secret meeting of Dutch leaders to plot control of the Benelux countries.....\$6.00

ROTTERDAM: HOTBED OF PORNOGRAPHY. Over 100 magnificently reproduced photographs proving that Rotterdam is indeed a hotbed of pornography. (What less would you expect from the people who gave American towns names like Climax, Intercourse, and Blueball?) This is the best book on our list for converting new people.....\$15.00

BETWEEN SACRILEGE AND BLASPHEMY; THE STRANGE STORY OF THE DUTCH REFORMED CHURCH. What, if anything, was so awful about the church that the Dutch should feel called upon to reform it? This horrifying book asks that question and, as you might suspect, fails to come up with the answer.....\$5.00

NONE DARE CALL IT GOUDA...and neither will

you, once you've read the shocking facts about what really lies beneath that innocent-looking outer layer of red wax.....\$4.00

OLD MASTERS OF DECEIT. The astonishing facts about how the so-called Dutch Masters--Rembrandt van Rijn and Jan Vermeer--cheated unsuspecting art dealers of their own and later times out of hundreds of thousands of dollars --by dashing off cunning forgeries of their own work.....\$4.00

THE DIKES OF HOLLAND. It's a little-known fact that female homosexuality was invented in the Netherlands, but it's true, as this book proves through a breathtaking series of photographs.....\$20.00

THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK: PREPOSTEROUS FORGERY OR OBVIOUS LIE?.....\$4.00

MIJNHEER MIES VAN DER ROHE: DESIGNER OF DEATH TRAPS OR ARCHITECT OF DOOM?.....\$3.00



# Dutch Gets Boost

While we're at it, it's high time to blow the whistle on the whole sly scheme of the gnomes of Zeeland for world economic domination. With the help of the Stuyvesants, the VanDerBilts, the Roojkfellers, and other double-dealing Dutch cousins who are big cheeses in Nieuw York banking circles, these guildler-grubbers use promises of diamonds--and shares in the vast profits from their perfidious trade in narcotics made from Flanders poppies and opium tulips--to woo greedy Wall Street tycoons into backing their plan to put the financial world onto the discredited cheese standard. At the same time, they labor long and hard to ruin confidence in gold by flooding the Free World with gold coins that on close inspection turn out to contain nothing but chocolate. And every time some money-hungry fat cat, his brain fuddled by their flourine-laced liqueurs, falls for one of their dirty Dutch deals, millions more pour into the coffers of the Bandit Prince and his robber-burghers. And where does it go from there? It goes to finance Royal Dutch Shell, which at this very minute, under the ridiculous pretense of drilling for oil in the North Sea, is actually pumping dry this vital ocean highway, sending billions of gallons of water into the already dangerously swollen English Channel.

The Dutch timetable for conquest is clear. It's the eleventh hour on the flower clocks of the Hague. Yet while good Americans loll in their bone-crushing van der Rohe chairs, unknowingly allowing their bodies to be poisoned by radioactive Dutch Boy paints and foolishly subjecting their delicate facial follicles to the same deadly Phillips razors used by Mijnheer van Gogh to cut off his ear when he flew into a fury after learning that his plan to foist off forgeries of his work as his own had been discovered, our politicians are being seduced by buxom milkmaids at wild cheese-tasting parties at the Dutch embassy and bought off by promises of huge estates in the New Holland they'll build once the Great Lakes are drained!

\*

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XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX
X      KEEP OUT OF THE REACH      X
X      OF CHILDREN                  X
X      AVOID CONTACT WITH EYES     X
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

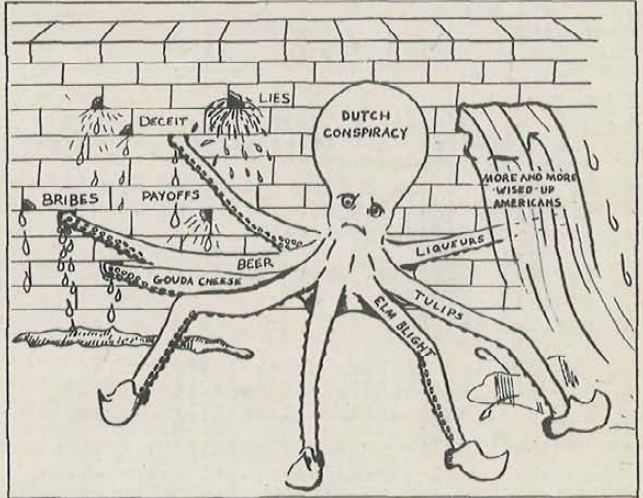
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This label was reproduced from the side of a can of Old Dutch Cleanser. The Surgeon General obviously considers this product too hazardous to be used by America's youngsters, and, apparently, the things it can do to your eyes are just too horrible to describe! And yet in the name of "good sportsmanship" our snivelling, vote-seeking politicians make no move to take Old Dutch Cleanser off the market. We say, "To hell with Old Dutch Cleanser! To hell with Juliana and Bernhard and their treacherous American puppets! The spirit of Leopold I of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha will prevail!"

UNITED NATIONS, N.Y., Feb. 12 (AP)—A report issued by the U.N. Information Office shows that Dutch has moved from 14th to 13th on the list of the world's most commonly spoken languages. The shift puts it just ahead of Malay and behind Tamil, a Hindu dialect. U.N. officials attributed the change to a previous error rather than to any significant growth in the number of people speaking the oddly litting European tongue.

The only "error" is on the part of our leaders, who are so blinded by promises of chocolate-covered diamonds and other Hollander gewgaws that they can't--or won't--see the handwriting on the dike!

\*\*\*\*\*



"A touch. A smile. A shared memory of a special time. That look that says more than a volume of poetry. The kiss that says you are a dream come true.

Diamonds are more than a promise. Diamonds are forever."

--De Beers Consolidated Mines ad

Just another of the many open invitations to adultery and lustful behavior planted in our popular publications by the Bandit Prince and his greedy gem-lords to weaken our will, so that when we hear the sound of a chain saw cutting our doors in half in the middle of the night, we'll be too sated with sickening pleasures to resist!

Here's a poem from a little girl in Buffalo, New York, which should give us all a lot of hope for the future!

Roses are red,  
Tulips are bad,  
I hope Prince Bernhard  
Chokes on a shad.

(Shad are a kind of fish they have in Holland which I read about in geography class and we couldn't find the Frisian Islands on the map, either.)









Some of the vile Gouda cheesecake with which the Dutch daily sap our moral vibrancy to make us pushovers.

\*

Question: Should we continue to allow dishonest, vote-seeking bureaucrats TO TAKE JOBS IN THE TULIP-GROWING, WINDMILL-TECHNOLOGY, DIKE-BUILDING, WOODEN-SHOE-CARVING, AND ZEE-DRAINING INDUSTRIES AND GIVE THESE DESPERATELY NEEDED SOURCES OF NON-HOLLANDER LIVELIHOOD TO A GANG OF CHEESE-CRAZED DUTCHMEN?

Answer: Not if we can help it!

\*

A BUM DEAL?

In the infamous Treaty of Breda, signed in 1667, England and the Netherlands swapped Surinam and New York even-up. Thus, the English acquired a filthy harbor city where waters were badly situated for drainage and in which the scoundrel Hollanders had already built the steaming ghettos of Harlem and Bedford-Stuyvesant.

In return for this, the Soestdijk tyrants received 63,037 square miles of territory full of mixed-blood Creoles (39 percent), East Indians (30 percent), Indonesians (16 percent), indigenous Indians (10 percent), and Chinese (2 percent) just waiting to be mercilessly enslaved and abused.

We say it was a bum deal, and we say to hell with it!

# Elm Periled

WASHINGTON, D.C., Sept. 12 (AP)—The Department of Agriculture has announced a \$15,000,000 program of research, removal of infected trees, and spraying in an effort to halt the spread of Dutch elm disease.

Assistant Secretary of Agriculture Reuben Toms warned that unless measures are taken immediately to control the blight, the common American elm will be "effectively extinct" by 1980. Over 2,000,000 of the stately shade trees have been killed by the mysterious fungus since it first appeared in 1958.

THE HAGUE, NETH., Jan. 4 (Reuters)—Prince Bernhard and Queen Juliana celebrated their 15th wedding anniversary here today. They were married in 1958.

NEED WE SAY MORE!!!!

CORNWALL, ILL., May 4 (AP)—A huge dead elm tree fell on a house trailer during a thunderstorm here. A family of four sleeping in the trailer escaped injuries.

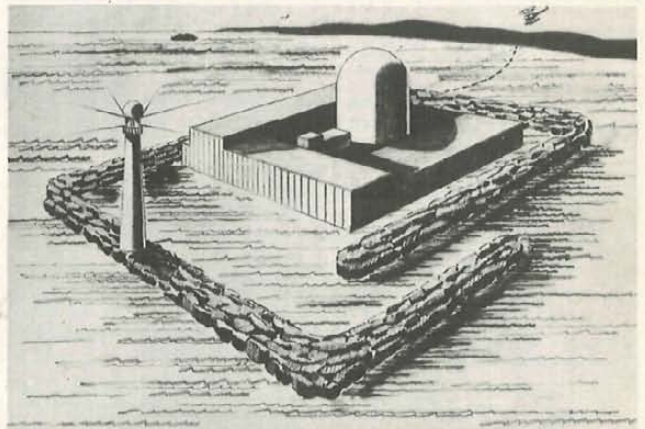
This time!

\*

Yet another example of the sickening perfidy of the Dutch interloper has been sent to us by Mrs. Edith Flemson, a faithful tulip-stomper in Flagstaff, Arizona:

"I've seen these here mijnheers traipsing down Main Street pumping the Indians full of Bols liqueurs and egging them on to acts of barbarity and worse, and I'm not fooled one bit by their hoity-toity linen caps and cute baggy trousers. They may dress up like our beloved circus clowns to deceive us, but all decent, wide-awake folks who take pride in our country's many lakes and other bodies of water and don't cotton to weirdo drainage schemes fresh off the drawing board of Bernhard and his dike-happy crew can see right through their fake Vandyke beards to the Face of the Enemy that lurks beneath. But we'd better act fast, because in this state alone there are seven dams, or Van Dams, as I call them, because if you ask me, they're just dikes in disguise, and one day we're going to wake up looking down the business end of a blunderbuss and our precious American waterways will be just so much grist for the Dutchman's evil mills!"

\*\*\*\*\*



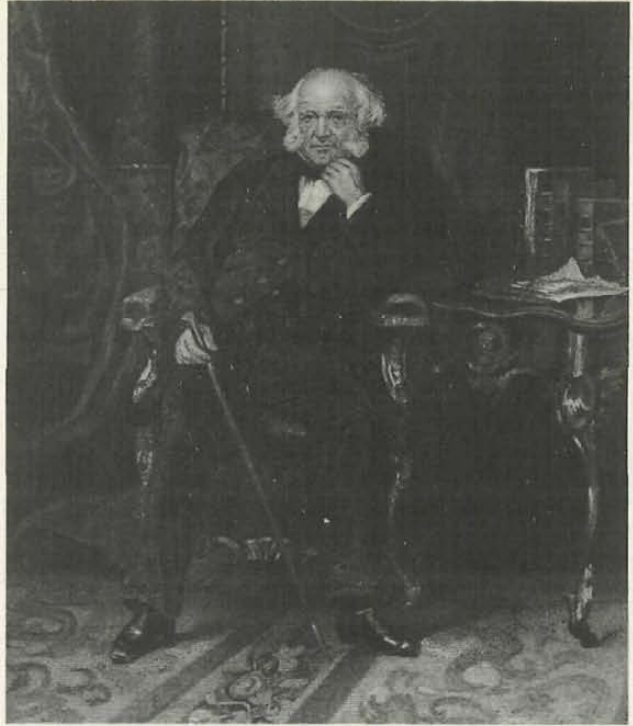
The first step in the nefarious Nederlander scheme to turn our precious continental shelf into prime tulip-land--huge landfill islands with nuclear windmills disguised as reactor coolers. We're supposed to benefit by getting "electricity." Tell that to the Frisians!



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**DUTCH PERFDY THROUGHOUT HISTORY #15**  
Mijnheer Martin Van Buren  
Why did Mijneer Martin Van Buren, propelled into the White House by Dutch interests, oppose the annexation of Texas? Because its oily soil was unsuitable for tulips and it was situated too close to Surinam for comfort! The Dutch don't like anyone peering over their shoulders when they do their dirty work! Mijneer Van Buren, dubbed "The Red Fox of Kinderhook" by vigilant Americans, was chucked out of office and sent packing by alert voters, who saw through his insidious scheme!

\*\*\*\*\*

# Wetlands Shrink

BOSTON, Jan. 20 (AP)—A survey by the Audubon Society reveals that 12,978 square miles of wetlands, marshes, swamps, and other bird-nesting grounds, an area equal in size to Holland, have been covered by land-fill since 1950.

**AMERICA, WAKE UP!**

\*\*\*\*\*

We've just heard from Corpus Christi dike-buster Ron Clafey. Ron is working on a courageous book that he says will rip away the pat delft glaze from the report prepared by World Court puppet Earl Warren on the Kennedy assassination. He's come up with a lot of unanswered questions that should disturb a lot of people, like: Why was Mijneer Van Der Zapruder doing along the motorcade route? What was the source of the pungent odor of rotting Edam in the Texas School Book Depository? Was Oswald's first name Lee or Leeuwenhoek? Who was the lady in the traditional Dutch polka-dot dress? And why was the Bandit Prince Bernhard covering in Goestdijk Palace when EVERY OTHER MAJOR HEAD OF STATE was attending the Kennedy funeral?

Keep up the good work, Ron. A grateful nation will one day go down on its knees to thank you for sparing it from the pitiless scourge of cheese-maddened Nederlanders.

Dear Fellow Patriot:

Many citizens are not aware of how their leaders have taken positions on national security which weaken America's defense against the twin scourges of Dutch Imperialism and its bandit prince, Bernhard of Lippe-Biesterfeld.

We need you to participate in our National Security Issues poll. We want to release the results of our poll to President Nixon, the Congress, and the national press in a few weeks, so mail us your filled-in questionnaire as soon as possible.

Thanking you in advance for helping preserve our great nation, I am,

Raymond Petri

P.S. We believe that most Americans support a strong national defense against the Koninkrijk der Nederlanden, but we can't prove it without your cooperation in this poll.

NATIONAL SECURITY ISSUES POLL	
Please check the one box which most nearly represents your position on each of the following issues:	
1. Do you believe the United States should have a policy of military superiority over the Netherlands?	
<input type="checkbox"/> A. YES	<input type="checkbox"/> B. NO
2. Do you feel strongly or not very strongly about that?	
<input type="checkbox"/> A. STRONGLY	<input type="checkbox"/> B. NOT VERY STRONGLY
3. Have you ever known anyone who went to the Hague and came back?	
<input type="checkbox"/> A. NO	<input type="checkbox"/> B. YES
<input type="checkbox"/> C. NOT SURE	



**The joys and the justice,  
the wit and the wisdom, the pomp and  
the paradox, the humor and the heartbreak,  
the suffering and the satisfactions,  
the ire and the irony, the warmth and the wonder,  
the mockery and the mischief,  
the sentiment and the sarcasm, the smiles and the  
sorrows, the heartache and the humility,  
the shmaltz and the shrewdness,  
the zest and the zaniness, the ribaldry and the  
resilience, the love and the laughter, the  
dignity and the drama, the pride and the pathos,  
the pain and the passion, the modesty  
and the madness, the bravura  
and the bathos, the faith and the fickleness, the  
morality and the meanness, the  
B'nai and the B'rith of  
Yiddish**

by Gerald Sussman

The important thing to remember in learning Yiddish is that many of the words have a "ch" or "cheh" in them. It is similar to the Scottish and German "ch," only thicker, heavier, and juicier.

If you are having trouble pronouncing the "ch," simply put your index and middle fingers as far down in your throat as you can, as if you were inducing a vomit. Bring up a little sound. You are now doing the Yiddish "ch."

Also practice hand gestures, shrugs, and shaking your body up and down. Do a lot of moaning, whining, and sighing.

Here are some hip Yiddish words for you to practice. Master these words. Use them in your regular line of conversation and you will elevate your ordinary talk into poetry and theatre. No other language sounds so rich and resourceful, so full of nuance and shades of meaning. No other language can give you so much warmth, humanity, and style.

*continued*



## chalopshlikel

Pronounced CHALOP-SHLUH-KUL, to rhyme with “pop-suh-cull.” From German: *klopstocke*: “meatball on a stick.”

1. A man who looks into restaurant windows and watches people eat.
2. A wine taster.
3. A bauble; a piece of cheap jewelry.
4. A little meatball on a stick.

To simply define a *chalopshlikel* as a man who looks into restaurant windows and watches people eat is to miss the many nuances of this wonderful word.

For instance, a *chaluptzekeh* is a man who is so low he will steal the tip from a waiter's table. A *chalumptzekeh* will catch the *chaluptzekeh* in the act and demand half the tip or he will tell the waiter. A *chalopshlikel* will be watching the whole thing from the window, and in his attempt to rob the *chalumptzekeh* and the *chaluptzekeh*, he will be soundly beaten and will have to go to the hospital for X-rays and treatment, for which he is not covered by Blue Cross, and he will be thrown out in mid-enema.

## chechutz

Pronounced CHEH-CHOOTs, to rhyme with “heh-boots.”

A ringworm, a fungus or a high skin-rash (sometimes confused with *charchess*, giant hives).

The word *chechutz* has been adapted from its medical meaning and is used as a special curse—a heavy, juicy curse you save for someone who has little or no redeeming qualities. “May a *chechutz* grow out of his ears and make sideburns!”

In the give and take of the Yiddish language *chechutz* has recently been modified and now means “sagging underpants.”

For some reason it is a sin in the Jewish religion to throw away undershorts. Many Jews have worn the same undershorts for twenty to forty years. They are always freshly laundered, but the snap of the elastic is long gone, and they are usually held up with pins.

Old Talmudic saying: Who is the Orthodox Jew? It is the one who is always pulling at his undershorts.

Used as a term of derision, *chechutz* is a loose, sagging state of mind; a person lacking in discipline and initiative. “He’ll never amount to anything. He’s a *chechutz* from the word stop.”

## chmach a chlogge

Pronounced CHEH-MACH A CHEH-LAGGA, to rhyme with “suh-rach a duh-ragga.” From Low German: *chmacher*: “plumber, a man who clears up clogged drainpipes.”

In Yiddish, *chmach a chlogge* means to flush out your frustrations, to give full vent to your annoyances or anger.

When a real *chmacher* is angry, he blows his empty nose into his hand, throws away the imaginary mucus, and accompanies himself with a high-pitched hum or “mmm” sound.

You are definitely annoyed about something when you *chmach a chlogge*. Usually it is a small thing that means a lot to you because it is a matter of principle. *Chmach*ing two or more times means you are irritated beyond belief and are ready to commit murder.

A good example is when you are waiting on line at a crowded Jewish bakery or at a supermarket check-out counter. There will always be someone trying to sneak ahead of you. You may allow one little old lady with just a package of cream cheese to worm ahead of you, but

when another lady tries the same trick, you begin *chmach*ing a *chlogge* and giving her a what-for. Everyone in the store looks at you as if you were Hitler incarnate, and that makes you *chmach* even more, taking it out on anyone within earshot. By now you are ready for a *chleitz* (a full scream). The best way to calm down is to continue *chmach*ing until you actually blow your nose.

Warning: Too much *chmach*ing a *chlogge* can lead to dizziness, headaches, excessive dryness of the mouth, blurred vision, and drowsiness. People with high blood pressure, heart disease, diabetes, thyroid disease, or glaucoma should not *chmach a chlogge* unless recommended by their physician.

## chassik

Pronounced CHAH-ZICK, to rhyme with “ma-pick.”

A ladies man; a regular Casanova or Don Juan. In slang terms: a sharpie; a swordsman.

Historians tell us that there was very little opportunity for courtship or “fooling around” between the young men and women in the Jewish settlements of Europe. Marriages were almost always arranged by the parents or by a professional matchmaker. Hence there were few real *chassiks*.

That's what the books tell us. But what do the historians know about fancy footwork? The fact was, most of the information about fixed marriages and such was picked up from a press release prepared by Rabbi Mendel of Lehb. Actually, there were plenty of *chassiks* around. It was said that a real *chassik* could take one look at a pretty girl from across a crowded chicken-market, and not only would she pant with desire but the chicken would lay a dozen eggs!

The *chassik* was regarded with scorn, fear, and not a little envy by most Jews.

In the town of Strelsk there lived a well-to-do merchant named Teitelbaum who had an eminently marriageable daughter. This girl was a fine cook, an expert seamstress, a hard-working housekeeper, and was pleasing to look at in the bargain.

After many months of negotiations, Teitelbaum made the match of his dreams. His daughter would be married to Zvi, the son of the rich banker, Kornblum.

But Teitelbaum's happiness was short-lived. He discovered that his daughter was secretly consorting with Pincus, a notorious *chassik* who made a meager living selling advertising space on pushcarts. Mortified, he dragged his daughter to the renowned Rabbi Pinchel of Zwirz. He poured out his heart to the great rabbi, speaking of the brilliant match he made, the ungratefulness of his daughter, her disgraceful conduct with the *chassik*. He begged for advice.

“You've got a good-looking daughter there, Teitelbaum,” said the rabbi. “Maybe she'd like to get acquainted with an older, more experienced gentleman—like yours truly, for instance.”

“But, Rabbi, you're a holy man!” cried a shocked Teitelbaum. “You're married and you have nine children. You're acting like a *chassik*!”

The great rabbi snapped his cane in half and cried, “I'm tired of giving everybody wise advice. Can't I have some fun in life, too?”

## pechuches

Pronounced PEH-CHUH-CHISS, to rhyme with “heh-soo-miss.”

1. An unmitigated disaster; a misfortune that could only be topped by, say, a garment manufacturer



- having a heart attack in the middle of a busy season.
2. A person who carries all sorts of pens, pencils, rulers, pocket flashlights, penknives, etc., none of which work.
  3. A clever, creative fellow who is too lazy to put his ideas into action and ends up working for his brother and fooling around with his sister-in-law, who makes out the payroll and handles the books. (Also known as a *pechuchnik*.)
  4. A large credenza or sideboard used exclusively for buffet-style *seders* (the combination banquet and religious service performed on the holiday of Passover).
  5. A manila envelope.

When you are being attacked by a band of prehistoric-looking animals with long, pointy noses and big teeth but you can't run fast because your ankle is swelling from a snakebite—brother, you've got a *pechuches*!

## chucheleh

Pronounced CHUH-CHUH-LEH, or CHOO-CHUH-LEH, to rhyme with "duh-duh-la."

Literal meaning: "little motorcycle." *Chuchel* is Yiddish for motorcycle or motorbike or some kind of gas-propelled bicycle. The *eh* is the diminutive suffix denoting affection. *Chucheleh* is a term of endearment, acknowledging someone to be extra-precious, extra-wonderful, and just plain terrific.

To the Jews, the *chuchel* (the motorcycle) was the most precious thing a family could own, next to the holy Torah and a brand-new car. Every Jewish boy dreamed of joining a *chuchel* club, zooming in and out of the fish markets, scaring old ladies and trying to impress the young ones. The *chuchel* was flashy transportation, a status symbol, a friend, a companion. It stood for masculinity, power, freedom. When a Jew called a person a *chucheleh*, it was not just a lightweight word. It was almost a pledge of love.

Today, however, it has been watered down to one of those Jewish show-business words, adopted by every race, color, and creed. It is used equally with *chuchee*, a variation. The Jewish motorcycle clubs of California still use the original pronunciation.

## chlechman

Pronounced CHLEHCH-MAN, to rhyme with "dech-van."

An evil, demonic spirit that enters your food, making almost everything taste like Canadian bacon.

When someone was eating ordinary food, such as boiled celery, and suddenly started salivating and going crazy, wanting more and more (especially with fried eggs or with tomato and mayonnaise on toast), Jews would cry, "A *chlechman* has entered his celery!"

Many rabbis thought that God sent the *chlechman* to the Jews to test their piety and love of Him. For as soon as anyone tasted food that a *chlechman* inhabited, they knew it must be Canadian bacon. It always tasted too good to be kosher.

A *chlechman* could be exorcised from the food. It was usually marinated to death. Every rabbi had his own marinade recipe handed down to him by his teacher. The marinades always included coarse salt and a cup and a half of a Gentile baby's blood.

If, for some reason, the marinade did not work, the rabbi had to eat the *chlechman*-invaded food himself but could not move his bowels for the next nine days and nine nights. This would make even the most humble rabbi mean and tough, equipping him to "do battle" with the

*chlechman*. At the end of the nine days and nine nights, the rabbi would recite a chapter from the mystic book of Karash, sound a sharp note on the ocarina, and tell the *chlechman* that he is exorcised whether he likes it or not.

## cheh! cheh! cheh! cheh! cheh! cheh!

Pronounced with the regular Scottish-Jewish "cheh" sound (see introduction).

*Cheh* is the most expressive word in the Yiddish language. It can be shouted, sighed, whispered, laughed, cried. It conveys every emotion, every nuance. *Chehs* can roll off the tongue in profusion or in simple one-word bursts. It is the indispensable word that seems to accompany every other sentence in Yiddish.

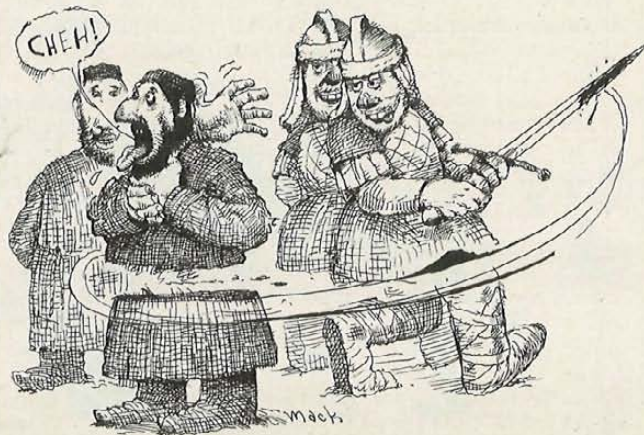
Ernest Cockburn, in his *Dictionary of Medieval Yiddish Slang*, traces the *cheh* to the French *chou*, meaning "cabbage," "kale," "puff paste," "darling," "bow," "rosette." Professor Jesse Korman's *Origins of Yiddish* claims it comes from the Italian *chiara* (the white of an uncooked egg).

I'm sure that there is excellent scholarship to back up the findings of these eminent authorities, but I maintain that *cheh* just happened one day—out of the blue, as it were.

It probably occurred when a Jew was clearing his throat and receiving a friendly slap on the back simultaneously, while at the same time he was a victim of a surprise attack by drunken Crusaders.

Here are just a few examples of the hundreds of ways you can use *cheh*:

1. "Cheh! Why is my umbrella in the sitting room?"
2. "My grandmother's bananas will be ready by four o'clock. Cheh!"
3. "Cheh! Cheh! We have received a dinner invitation from your cousin, the chiroprapist."
4. "I have saved enough money to buy my mother the silk scarf she likes. Cheh!"
5. "Cheh! Working in the garden on a hot summer day makes me warm and sleepy."
6. "Cheh! Cheh! Cheh! We have reservations at the restaurant next Friday." □

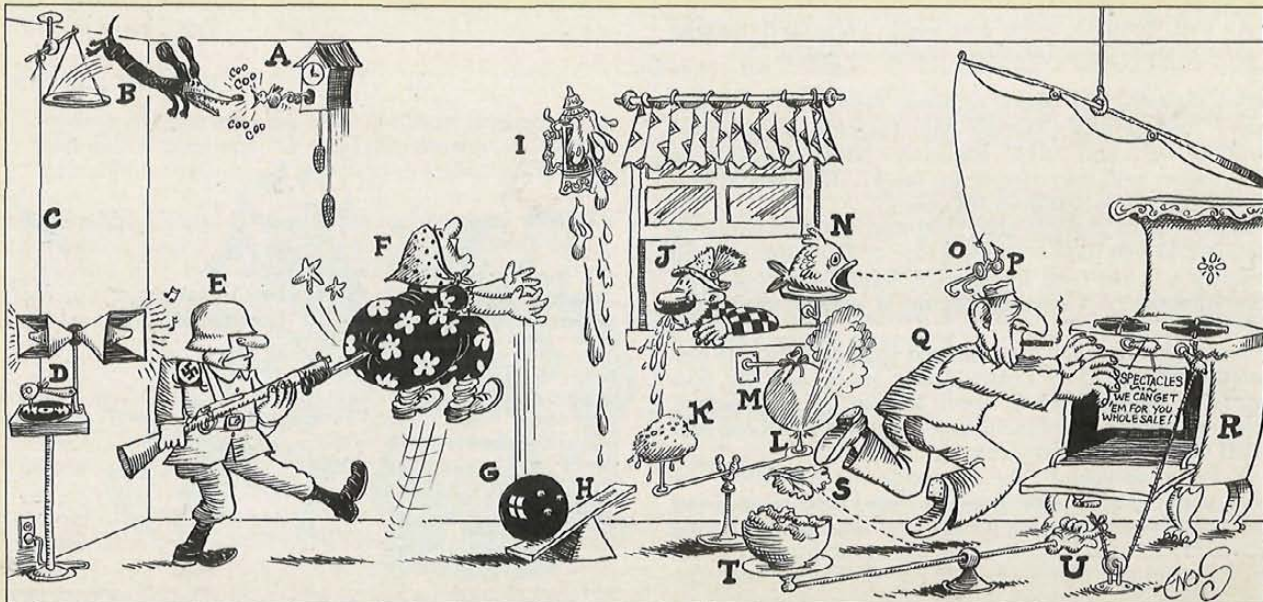






# Michael O'Donoghue & Randall Enos Present Adolph Hitler's Device for Gassing Rube Goldberg

HIERR HITLER DECIDES THAT "NO JEWS IS GOOD JEWS" AND INVENTS A SIMPLE JEWISH-CARTOONIST ERASER. AT THE APPOINTED HOUR, COO-COO BIRD (A) POPS OUT OF CLOCK. DACHSHUND (B), BELIEVING HE HAS BEEN INSULTED, LUNGES AT BIRD, THEREBY CAUSING STRING (C) TO LOWER PHONOGRAPH NEEDLE (D) ONTO RECORD OF GERMAN BAND MUSIC. STORM TROOPER (E), HEARING MUSIC, GOOSE-STEPS FORWARD, GOOSING POLISH LADY (F), WHO DROPS HER BOWLING BALL (G). BALL HITS BOARD (H), CATAPULTING BEER STEIN (I) INTO AIR NEXT TO WINDOW WHERE PASSERBY (J) NOTICES AND DROOLS INTO SPONGE (K). AS SPONGE GATHERS DROOL AND GETS HEAVIER, IT CAUSES TACK (L) TO PUNCTURE BALLOON (M), SCARING FISH (N), WHO RELEASES HOOK (O), WHICH SNAGS RUBE GOLDBERG'S SPECTACLES (P), CAUSING HIM TO STUMBLE TOWARD TEMPTING SIGN AND FALL HEADFIRST INTO OVEN (R) AFTER SLIPPING ON LEAF OF SPITZKRAUT (S), WHICH ADDS JUST ENOUGH WEIGHT TO SAUERKRAUT BOWL (T) TO CAUSE HAND (U) TO PULL STRING, WHICH TURNS ON GAS IN OVEN, THEREBY GASSING GOLDBERG.





# All in de Fambly

by Chris Miller and Marc Rubin

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

WASHY BOOKER, a typical middle-aged nigger  
URETHRA, Washy's great, fat wife; an archetypal colored cleaning lady  
GLOREAH, Washy's daughter; a woman of the night  
MIGUEL, Washy's son-in-law; a shiftless, young Puerto Rican drug addict  
MR. SUBVERSKI, a Civil Liberties attorney  
MR. ROSENGUILT, of the Welfare Department; a liberal

*Open on WASHY and URETHRA, seated behind piano. URETHRA plays and both sing:*

Shootin' crap on Saturdays  
Wif de checks dat Welfare pays.  
Lord, Lord, in so many ways  
Dese are de days.

*Cut to moving footage of Harlem slums, sullen men on stoops, dice games, scurrying rats, etc. Song continues:*

People call us jungle bunny,  
We jus' smile an' take dey money.  
Every year's a Cadillac,  
Now that we Negroes is Blacks.

(URETHRA: Hab mercy!)

*Cut back to Washy and Urethra.*

*Song concludes:*

You can't see us in de dark,  
We run de alley an' de park.  
When we want something we jus' march.

Dese are de days.

WASHY and URETHRA slap palms and grin at each other. Fade out.

*Fade up Booker living room. The walls are cracked and peeling. Plaster falls occasionally from the ceiling, and garbage is strewn about the floor, partially obscuring a large zebra-skin rug. Against one wall are three color TVs, and facing them is Washy's chair, a leather massage-a-pedic special. There is also a sofa with gold lamé slipcovers and a large pillow showing scenes of the 1937 World's Fair. It is early evening.*

*Enter WASHY in tattered overcoat and raggedy shoes. With exaggerated exhaustion, he removes overcoat and hangs it in closet, revealing his leopard-skin shirt and crushed-velvet trousers.*

*He removes a gold brocade smoking jacket from the closet and puts it on. Wrapping an ascot around his neck, he walks to his chair, turns it on, and slumps into it. With a remote-control unit, he activates two of the TVs.*

WASHY: Urethra! Bring me mah J&B!

*With great sighs of relief, WASHY removes shoes, slips on a pair of green and purple patent-leather Hushpuppies.*

URETHRA (entering with bottle of J&B): Lord hab mercy, Washy, Ah sho' didn' hear you come froo de do'. You muss been sneakin' in. Uh hee hee hee hee hee hee. . .

WASHY: Ya ignorant chimpanzee, how many time Ah gotta tell ya? De only way Ah drink J&B is from a brown paper bag!

URETHRA: Mah hebbin, Ah done fo'got again. Ah'll go get it, Washy.

WASHY (picking up *The Amsterdam News*): Hmmm . . . What?! Urethra, lissen to dis! Dey some black folk dat been refusin' to stan' up fo' de playin' of de national anthem! Sheeit, ever' time Ah see de flag, chills run up an' down mah wallet.

URETHRA (from kitchen): Thass right, Washy: America—live off it or leave it.

*Front door bursts open admitting MIGUEL, obviously stoned, dancing the Flamenco.*

MIGUEL: Jey, Washee, wha' you doin'?

WASHY (putting down newspaper): What Ah doin' is waitin' fo' dat baboon ya calls a mother-in-law ta bring me mah J&B, an' den Ah gonna unlash cause Ah done had a long, hard day.  
URETHRA (entering with bottle in bag): Here you is, Washy. (Exits.)  
MIGUEL: How joo can dreunk tha' sheet, Washee? Don' joo know eet rot your brain? Why don' joo try some of thees? (Offers WASHY some cocaine.)

WASHY: Get dat stuff away from me, ya garbagehead tamale-twister.

GLOREAH and URETHRA enter from kitchen carrying hubcaps full of food on their heads.

GLOREAH (to the men): Jiveassin' over. De chitlins is hot.

*The Bookers seat themselves about*

*the table. There are no plates, silverware, or napkins—just the hubcaps of steaming chitterlings, fatback, collard greens, etc. WASHY sets his J&B before him and reaches for a ham hock.*

GLOREAH: Daddy! Momma ain' thank de Lawd yet.

WASHY: Can' de Lawd wait til after we eat?

URETHRA: De Lawd as hungry fo' our thanks as you is fo' de ham hock, Washy.

WASHY: All right, all right, le's get it over wif.

URETHRA (standing and casting eyes heavenward): Gawd almighty, Ah calls to ya, Lawd, fo' ya ta sanctifiah dis food wif yo' hebbin' power. Ah said, Ah talkin' to ya, Lawd! Ah callin' ya in de mawnnin', Ah callin' ya in de eebnin', Ah callin' ya in de midnight hour fo' yo' hebbin' dah-gestive power.

GLOREAH and MIGUEL: Thass right!

URETHRA (starting to bang a tambourine): Do ya hear us, Lawd? We thanks ya fo' de ham hocks an' de greens an' fo' all dis greasy Negro food we about to eat.

GLOREAH and MIGUEL: Right on, right on!

URETHRA (climbs on top of chair, still shaking tambourine.): Can ya dig it, Lawd? Yo' chilluns is thankin' ya fo' de chittlins, an we thankin' ya fo' de black-eyed peas, an' we thankin' ya fo' de fatback . . .

WASHY: While ya at it, say thanks fo' de J&B.

URETHRA: . . . 'cause we gonna be full, Lawd. . . .

GLOREAH and MIGUEL: Hallelujah! Work out, Momma!

URETHRA: . . . Ah say we gonna be full, 'cause you is de power an' de gravy, de glory of de ham hock, de protein and de majesty an' de cholesterol, fo' evah an' evah. . . .

WASHY: Can' we get to de amen part?

URETHRA: Yeah, we gonna be full. FULL AT LAS', FULL AT LAS', GOOD GOD AWMIGHTY, FULL AT LAS'!!!

URETHRA throws wide her arms, sending the tambourine flying across the room, and topples backward from

*continued*



continued

the chair to land on the floor with a mighty thud. WASHY ignores her, immediately grabs a double handful of refried chicken spleens, and begins to eat. GLOREAH and MIGUEL help URETHRA to regain her seat. Everyone eats, jamming food in their mouths with their hands, making loud slurping and grunting sounds.

WASHY: Now don' nobody start askin' me no questions about what kin' of day Ah had, 'cause Ah don' feel like talkin' 'bout it.

URETHRA: Oh, did you hab a hard day at de welfare office, Washy?

WASHY: Well, now dat ya mention it, listen to dis: Ah go down to Line "C" like Ah always does, an' afta waitin' twenty minute dey tell me Ah got to go over to Line "A." So Ah goes over ta Line "A," an' afta waitin' anotha twenty minute dey tell me Ah was s'pose ta fill out a 91W form 'cause we's already collectin' three welfare checks a week, an' ya gotta prove hardship befo' ya can start collectin' a forf. So Ah fill out de form, an' afta waitin' anotha twenty minute, dey got de nerve ta tell me dat needin' ermine mud-flaps fo' de Cadillac don't qualify as no hardship. So Ah call up de lawyer from de Cibil Liverties, an' he say dat we gwine sue dey ass 'cause we can prove dat ermine mud-flaps on a Cadillac is bare necessity fo' a nigger.

URETHRA (mouth full of food): Hallamooofla!

WASHY: Dat's de good part. De bad part is Ah had to give 'em a list o' mah job qualifications.

GLOREAH and MIGUEL (horri-fied): Work? (URETHRA faints.)

WASHY (throwing some J&B in URETHRA's face): Easy dere. Ah got nothin' to worry 'bout till dey's a pressin' need for whiskey tasters, monorail motormen, or U-nited States Senators.

GLOREAH: You ain' de only one who had a hard day, Daddy. Mayor Linseed done crack down on de Times Square agin. Dey raided de Hotel Baltic-Mediterranean, an' Ah had to take on half de thirty-seventh precinct ta keep mahseff out o' de Women's House o' De-tention . . .

MIGUEL (dismayed): For freee?

GLOREAH: . . . an' Ah swear dere ain' no worse fuck in de worl' dan a honkey po-liceman. (to MIGUEL) How was yo' day, baby?

MIGUEL: Oh, eet haff eets uppers an' eets downers, but mos'ly downers 'cause I snort all my uppers thees morning. So I been noddin' out all afternoon.

WASHY: Miguel, it make mah blood boil to think of all dose good white folks' taxes goin' to a buncha grease-heads like yo'seff when we black folks been workin' a hunnerd year ta get de

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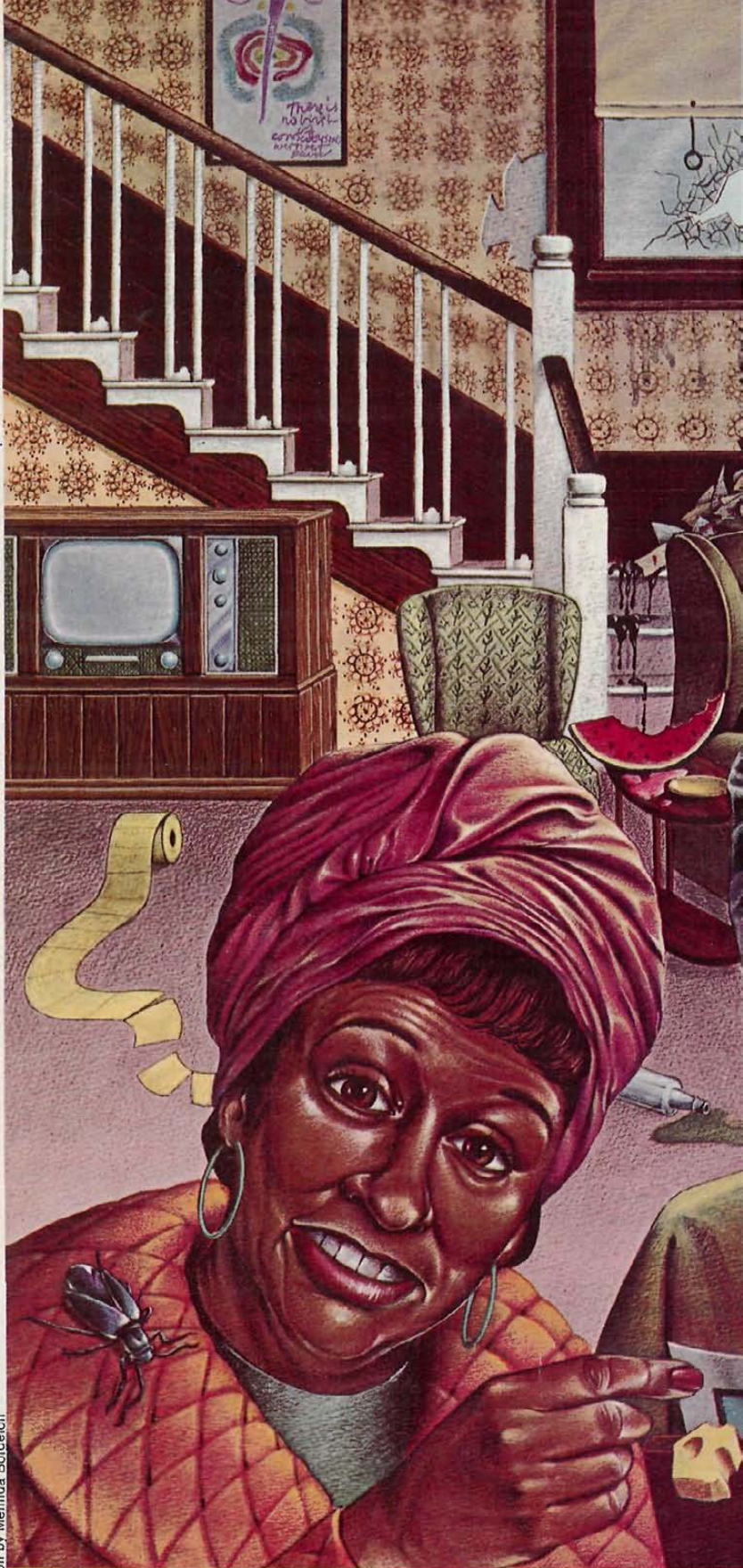


illustration by Melinda Bordeleau







handouts we deserve.

GLOREAH: Miguel jus' a victim of a backroun' of deprivation, Daddy.

WASHY: Well, den why don' he spread some deprivation aroun' an de-prive some of de folks downtown of dere TV sets an stereos an' start payin' his way 'roun' here?

MIGUEL: I tried, Washee.

WASHY: Sure. Ya done stole two aquariums fulla fish!

MIGUEL: I t'ought they was color teevees.

URETHRA: Mabdagladdblooglb ...

GLOREAH: Momma, ya got ta take de food out yo' mouff first.

URETHRA (*spits out mouthful of food on table and smiles gratefully to GLOREAH.*): Ah said, don' nobuddy wan' hear 'bout mah hard day?

WASHY: Whut happen? You get a cramp in yo' wriss playin' de tambourine?

GLOREAH: You go 'haid, Momma. Jus' igno' him.

URETHRA: Well, Ah been dirtyin' up de house since de sun come up. Firs' Ah spread fresh garbage all roun' de libbin' room. Den Ah fed de rats an' de cockroaches. Den Ah piss all roun' de toilet bowl an' had Miguel he'p me leave a fresh grease ring in de baftub. Den Ah put sebbal new crack in de plaster in de bedroom an' muss up de bedsheets real good wif some blood from mah period. Den Ah wash out yesterday's toilet paper an' hunged it out de window to drah, an' den Ah ...

URETHRA *is cut off as the telephone rings. She bends down and picks up the receiver of the phone that lies at her feet.*

URETHRA: Hello? (*Pause.*) Yeah, he here. (*to WASHY*) It fo' you.

WASHY: Well, ask who it is, ya orangutang.

URETHRA (*into phone*): Who dis speakin'? (*to WASHY*) It de lawya from de Cibil Liverties Union. (*Offers receiver to WASHY.*)

WASHY: Ah'll git it on de ex-tension. (*Bends over and picks up the receiver of the phone lying at his feet.*) Uh, hello dere, Mr. Subverski. What can Ah do fo' ya?

*Cut to Civil Liberties office. SUBVERSKI is on the phone. On his desk is an open bottle of vodka, along with other bottles labeled "flouride." In the background, a giant panda is putting pins in a map marked "Forced Busing Routes."*

SUBVERSKI: Goot eefnink, Comrade Booker. And how are the oppressed pawns of the capitalist mad-dog slavemasters this eefnink, hmmm? (*Pauski.*) Goot! Then you vill be very interested in vhat I haff to tell you. It seems as if there might be an easier way to qualify for the payments you so

richly deserve. Have you ever considered becoming addicted to heroin? (*He removes a glassine packet of heroin from his pocket and begins toying with it.*) Because, Comrade Booker, if you vere addicted, you would merely haff to register with the state to qualify for additional benefits, to the tune of \$120 a week.

*Cut back to WASHY on telephone.*

WASHY: A hunnerd an' twenny dollah a week? Missuh Subverski, lemme get back to ya. (*Hangs up phone and casts a sidelong glance at MIGUEL.*) Hmhmhmhmhm dere ...

URETHRA (*concerned*): Whut de lawya wan', Washy?

WASHY: He wan' me ta sign a cou't order commitin' you to a zoo! (*Turns to face his son-in-law.*) Say, uh, Miguel dere, lemme speak wif ya fo' a minute, willya?

MIGUEL: Chure, Washee. Wha' ees eet?

*The women go to the kitchen to dirty the dishes. WASHY and MIGUEL walk to the living room.*

WASHY: Whah don' ya have a seat in mah chair, Miguel?

MIGUEL: Een ... een your chair?

WASHY: Sho'. Live it up, amigo. Ya can even turn on de vibratin' mechanism if ya wants.

MIGUEL: Oh, Washee! (*Reaches down and flips switch. Begins to jiggle visibly.*)

WASHY: Now, Miguel, ya really like dat cocaine stuff, don' ya?

MIGUEL: S-s-si, Washee.

WASHY: An' reefer an' speed an' reds an' all dat other stuff?

MIGUEL: Oh, s-s-s-si, Washee.

WASHY: Y'know, Ah jus' can' unnerstan' how an intelligent Hispiano-American like yo'seff can put all dat shee-it in yo' body.

MIGUEL: I s-s-suppose your J&B ees b-b-better?

WASHEE: Nooooo ... but Ah knows somethin' dat is.

MIGUEL (*suddenly interested*): Y-y-yeah, Washee?

WASHY: Yeah ... but Ah ain' sho' Ah oughta unvulge it to ya ...

MIGUEL: Come on, Washee, y-y-you can t-t-tell me.

WASHY: Well, de name of dis stuff is ...

MIGUEL: Y-y-yes, Wash?

WASHY: ... smack.

MIGUEL *slaps off the vibrator switch, launches himself from the chair, and heads for the kitchen.*

WASHY: Hey, wait a minute dere. Hol' it! Whut de matter wif ya?

MIGUEL (*turning around*): Are joo crazee? Joo know I use' to be junkie!

WASHY: Aw, one li'l shot wouldn' hurt ya.

MIGUEL: Washee, one leetle sneef an' I am hook again. I can't even look at smack. Oh, Washee, when Gloreah

fin' out joo bin askin' me to take smack, she be muy angry.

WASHY (*abrupt change in manner*): Well, Miguel, ya done real good.

MIGUEL: Wha' joo mean?

WASHY (*confidentially*): Ya see, Gloreah ask me ta check up on ya, but Ah can see dat you clean as a whistle. Congratulations!

MIGUEL: Ohhh, muchas gracias, Washee.

WASHY: Well, Ah goin' out fo' awhile. If Ah pass de garbage dump, Ah'll bring ya back a snack. (*Exits.*)

*Fade out.*

*Fade up on the Booker living room, early the following afternoon. MIGUEL is sprawled out on the sofa, half passed-out on drugs. He is lying on his stomach, across a pillow, so that his buttocks are lifted comically. Enter URETHRA, busily messing up the house, humming spirituals to herself. She lifts one of MIGUEL's legs and scatters some dirt under it. She exits into bedroom. Enter WASHY through front door. He spies MIGUEL and, with exaggerated caution, tiptoes to his side, pulls a hypodermic syringe from his coat pocket, and jabs it into MIGUEL's rump.*

MIGUEL: jiiiiiiiiiii! (*Rolls off sofa, clutching rump, staring about wildly.*)

WASHY (*rapidly replacing needle in pocket and running about the room, stamping his foot loudly*): Mah God, ya shudda seen de size of dat cockroach dat was bitin' ya. (*Stamp, stamp.*) C'mere, you. Aw, shoot, he done runned into de woodwork.

URETHRA (*bursting into room*): In de name of all God's li'l chilluns, whut goin' on out here?

WASHY: Uh, Miguel dere jus' got bit by a cockroach.

URETHRA: A cockroach? Is you O.K., Miguel?

MIGUEL: O.K.? Chure. In fac', I feel gooooooood. Caramba, I no feel thees good since I stop chootin' sma—

WASHY: Uh, Ah think ya better lay down, Miguel. Ya can' be too careful wif dese cockroach bites, ya know. It mighta had rabies.

MIGUEL: Oh, si, Washee. I jus' lie down right heeeeeere. (*Drops back against sofa, smiling and hugging himself. He begins to nod.*)

WASHY (*turning to URETHRA*): Now listen, ya primate, we gotta eat early dis evenin' 'cause dere a man comin' from de welfare office ta talk some business wif me an' Miguel, an' we don' wanna be disturbed.

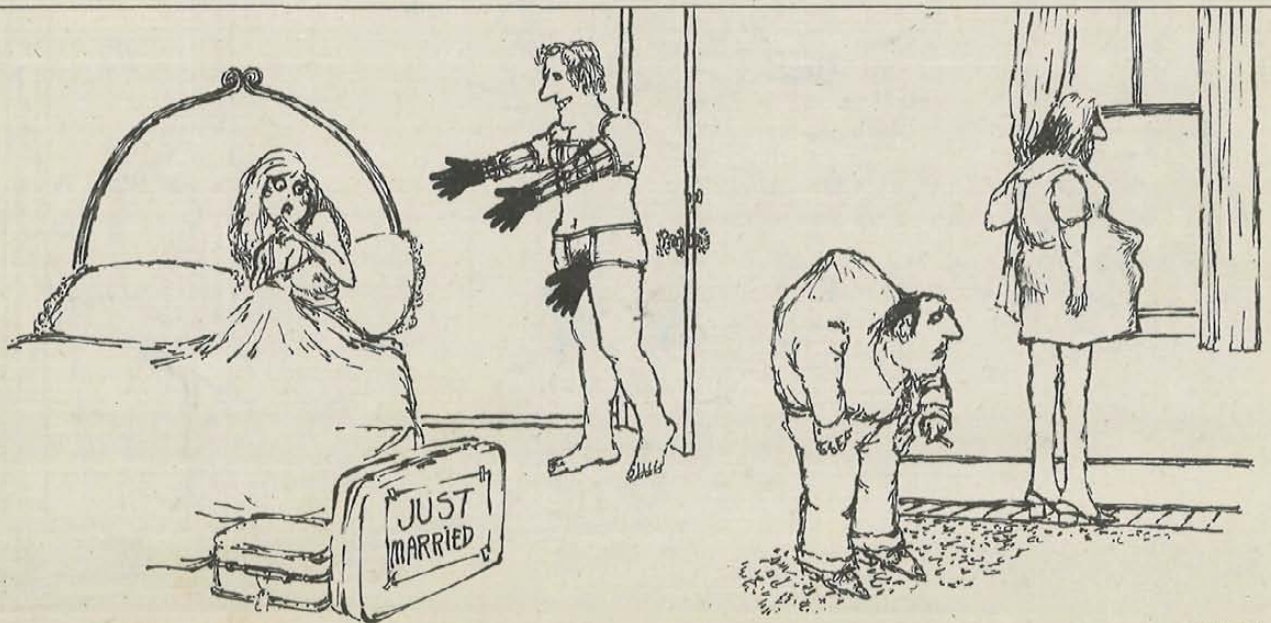
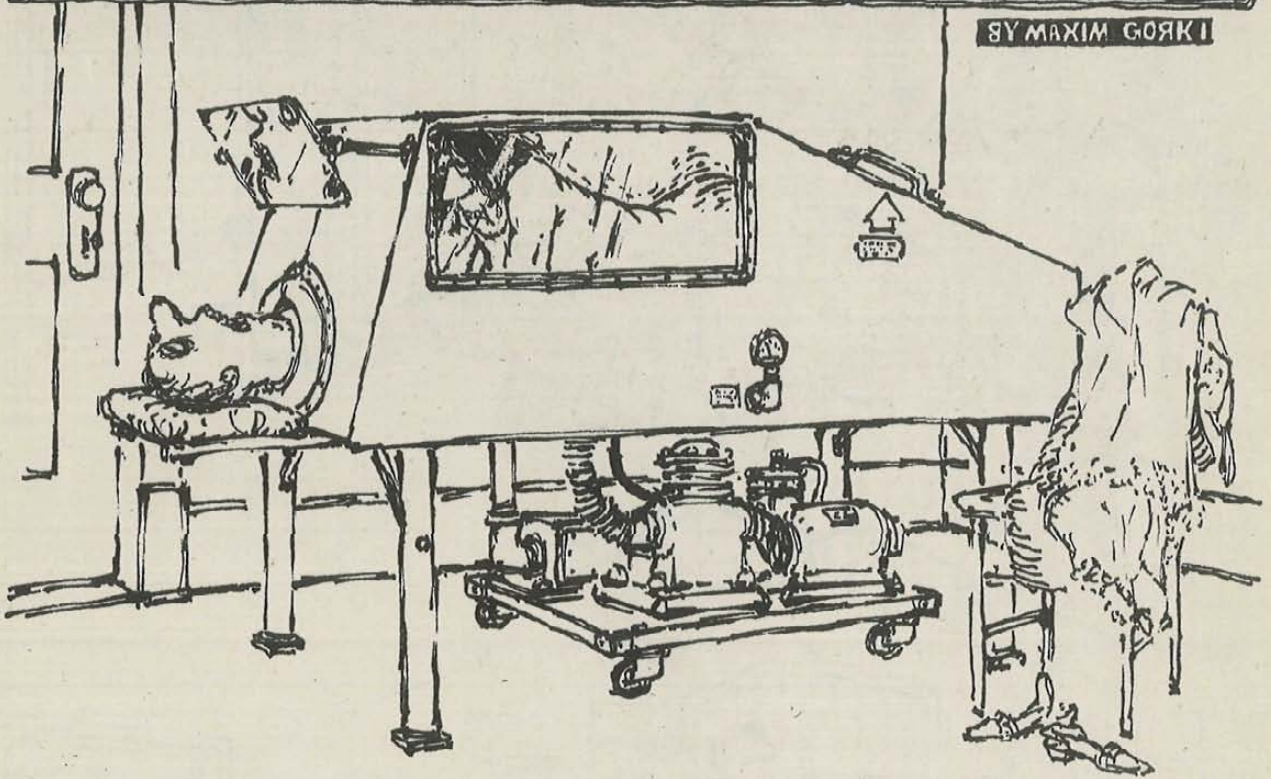
URETHRA: Miguel?

WASHY: Thass right. It high time Miguel start learnin' de welfare business. He gonna have a fambly of his own to suppo't some day, ya know. An' in de meantime, Ah gonna take a nap. (*Heads for his chair.*)

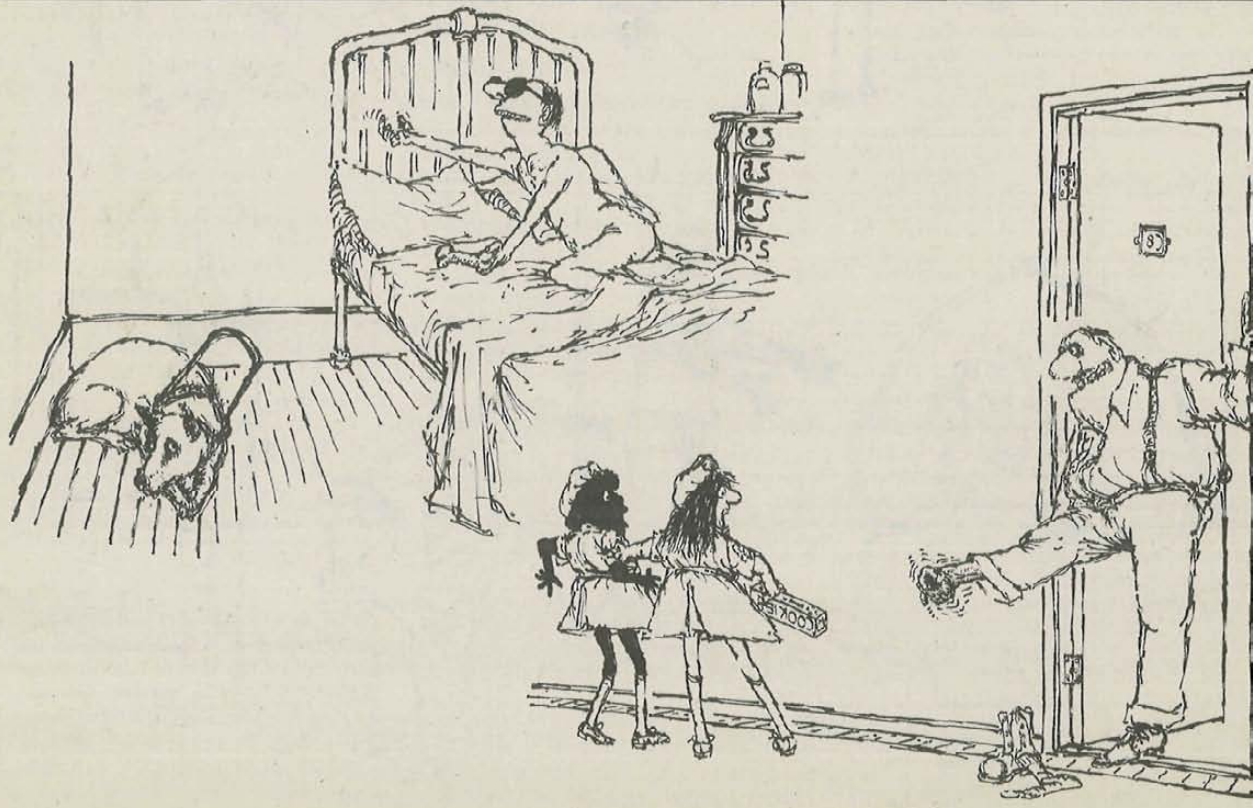
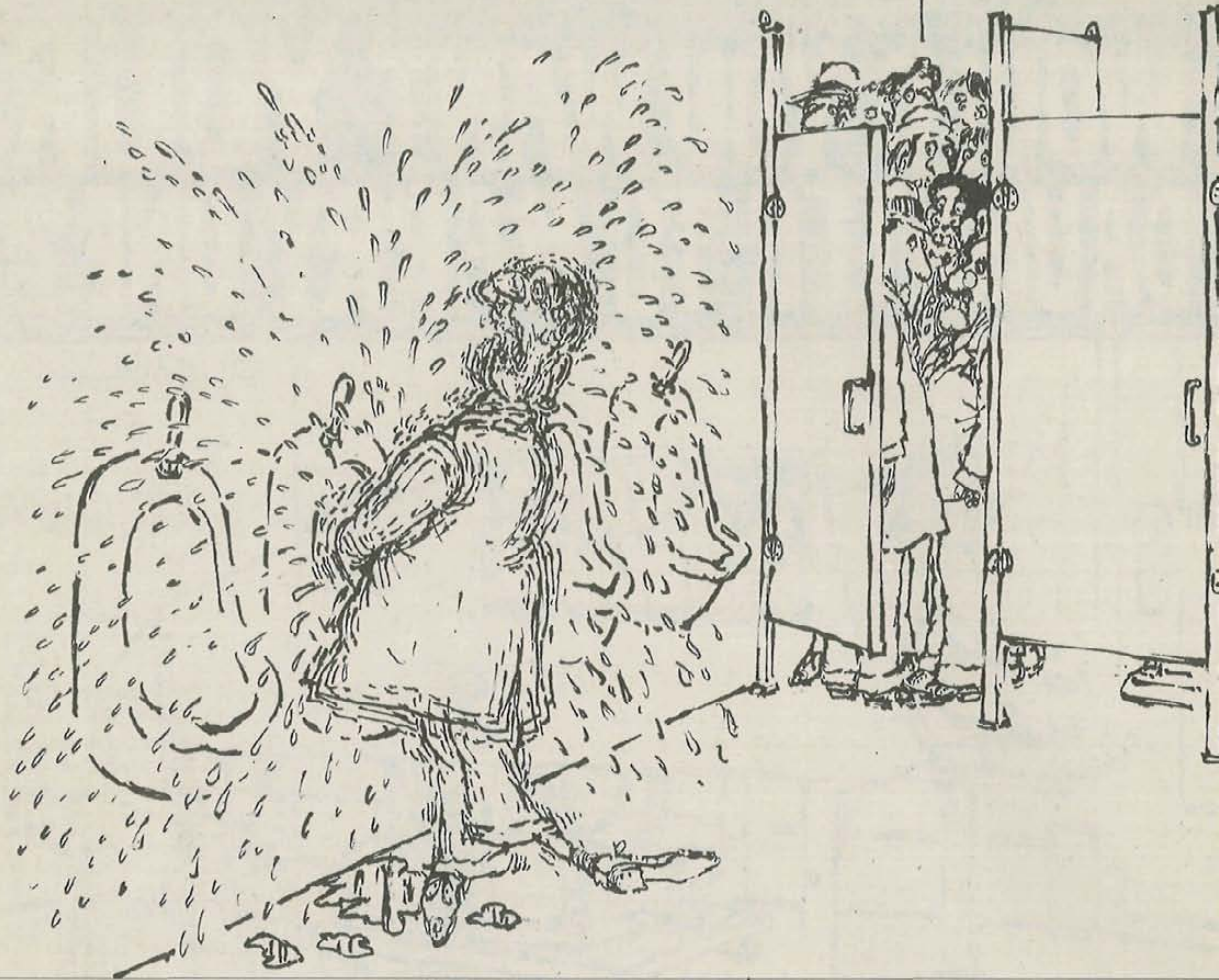


# WOULD YOU WANT YOUR DAUGHTER TO MARRY ONE?

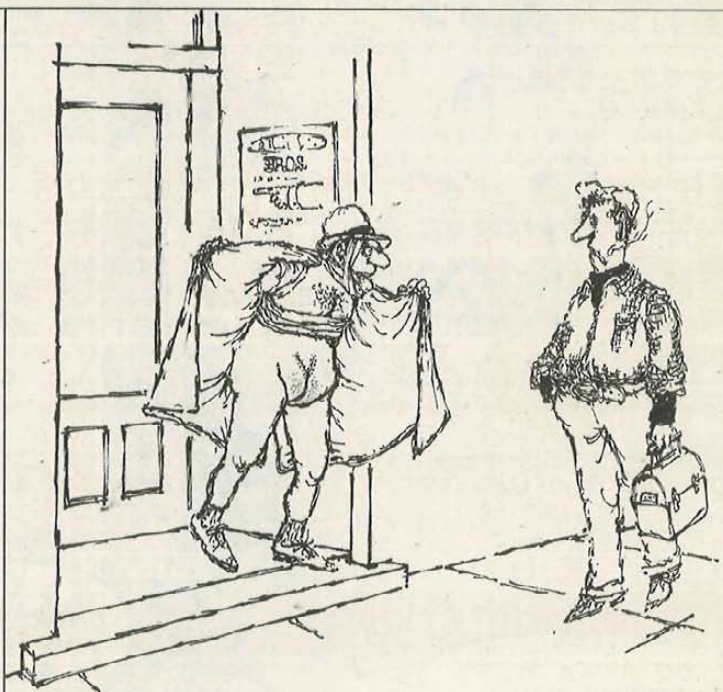
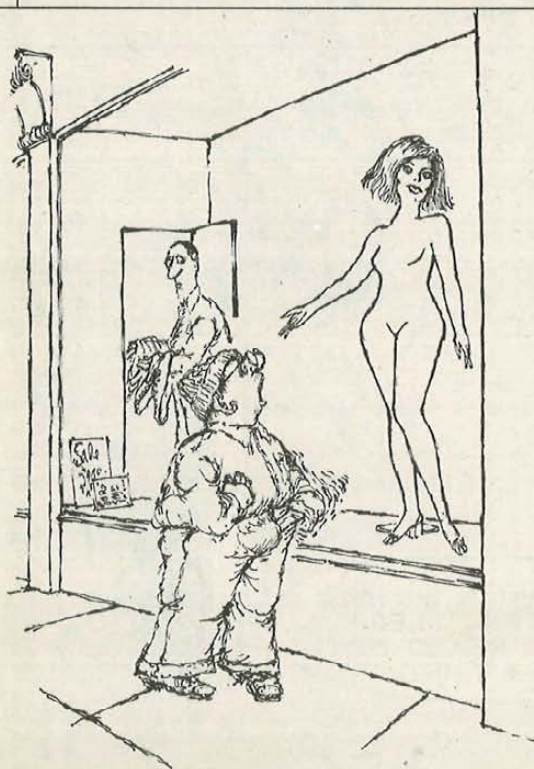
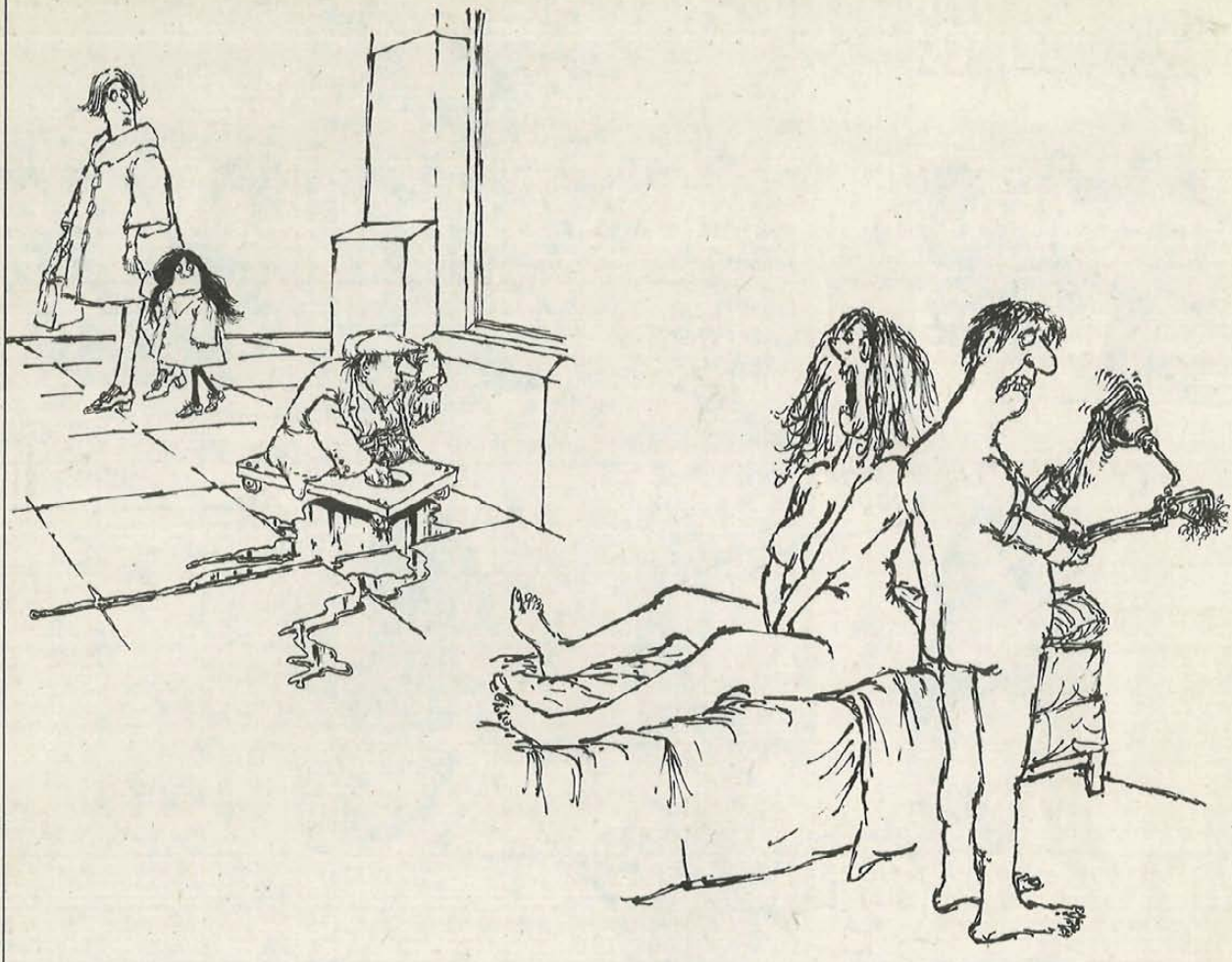
BY MAXIM GORKI













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SYNECDOCHE	YES	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO
APOLOGUE	YES	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO
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METAPHOR	YES	NO	NO	YES	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO
ALLEGORY	YES	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO
HYPERBOLE	YES	NO	NO	NO	YES	NO	NO	NO	NO
LITOTES	YES	NO	NO	YES	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO
PROSOPOPOEIA	YES	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO
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continued from page 60

URETHRA: Ya wan' me ta call ya when we ready to eat, Washy?

WASHY: No, ya missin' link, call me when we's through.

WASHY settles into his chair and picks up a copy of *Wheels & Dude* magazine opened to an ad for ermine mud-flaps, which he inspects smilingly. Fade out.

Fade up on Booker dinner table, later that evening. WASHY takes a last bite of watermelon and throws the rind on the floor.

WASHY (addressing the family): Now Ah want ya all ta put on yo' bes' rags fo' dis social worker dat comin'. Urethra, you done seen mah bottle of toilet water?

URETHRA: It empty, Washy. You'll have to get some mo' out de toilet.

WASHY exits, grumbling. MIGUEL is not looking so good, his eyes are sunken, and he is holding himself with both arms.

GLOREAH: You sho' been actin' jiveass tonight, Miguel.

MIGUEL: I can' unnerstan' eet, Glo-reah. Earlier I feel so goood, an' now I start havin' the cheels.

GLOREAH: You wan' a blanket, baby?

MIGUEL: No, but could joo please to open the window? Eet's so hot in here. (Begins to sweat.)

GLOREAH: You sho' is actin' strange.

URETHRA: Maybe thass 'cause he got bit by a cockroach dis afternoon.

GLOREAH: A cockroach?

URETHRA: Thass right. One of God's li'l cockroaches done took a bite out yo' husbin. Hope you wasn't too spicy for his li'l stomach, Miguel.

There is a loud buzz.

GLOREAH (talking into the intercom): Who de jiveass ringin' our bell down dere?

VOICE FROM INTERCOM: It's Mr. Rosenguilt from the welfare office.

URETHRA: Oh, mah! You better get yo' poppa from de crapper, honey.

GLOREAH buzzes the downstairs buzzer, then walks out of the Booker apartment and down the hall to the elevator.

GLOREAH (banging on the elevator door): Daddy, de welfare jiveass is here.

WASHY (from behind the door): Ah comin', Ah comin'.

The elevator door slides open and WASHY walks out, buckling his pants and carrying a newspaper under his arm. There is a fresh pile of turds steaming on the elevator floor. Cut to Booker apartment as WASHY and GLOREAH re-enter.

WASHY: Now remember, me an' Miguel don' wanna be interrupted. (Glances at MIGUEL, who is still

seated at the table, hugging his waist and gagging.) Uh, how ya doin', Miguel?

MIGUEL: N-n-not so good, Wash. I feel kin' of seek.

WASHY: Well, dis'll only take a few minutes. Jus' sit dere an' nod.

URETHRA: Ya wan' me an' Glo-reah to nod too, Washy?

WASHY: No, ya Cro-Magnon, jus' stay out de way.

WASHY shooes GLOREAH and URETHRA into the bedroom just as there is a knock at the door. He goes to the door and opens it, revealing MR. ROSENGUILT, who is wearing a clothespin on his nose and trying to scrape something from the sole of one shoe.

WASHY: Well, hello dere. You mus' be de white man from de Welfare Department.

ROSENGUILT (blinking at WASHY through thick glasses): Mr. Washington T. Booker?

WASHY: Dat's me, dat's me. Come on in, Mr., ah . . .

ROSENGUILT: Rosenguilt. Saul Rosenguilt, Mr. Booker. And where is the . . . (Breaks off as he beholds Booker living room) Oh, my God! Oh, you poor, poor people! Look at the filth! Look at the garbage, the squalor!

WASHY: Yeah, we sho' get lots of squalors roun' here, all right.

ROSENGUILT: And all because you were born with a different color skin! A biological accident! Why, Mr. Booker, do you know that Jewish scientists have studied you people and found that other than your color, kinky hair, thick lips, splayed nostrils, and almost incomprehensible speech, you're exactly like us?

WASHY: Well, Ah wouldn't wanna go dat far. . . .

ROSENGUILT: But it's true, Mr. Booker. Oh, you poor people! President Lincoln may have freed you as slaves, but how could he free you from the economic exploitation and cultural deprivation? And the lynchings! And the castrations!! Oh, Mr. Booker, how can I ever make it up to you?

WASHY: Well, Ah guess Ah could overlook a few of dem crustaceans if you was ta get me anotha welfare check each week. Y'now, so we can e-scape de ghetto an' mah daughter can improve her economic position in de night-care field an' mah good wife can grow her own garbage in her own garden an' Ah can have de correck surroundin's fo' mah study of de effects of sleep on de human brainpan.

ROSENGUILT: Oh, certainly, Mr. Booker, anything you want . . . (Beholds the Booker dining table.) Vay iz mir! The dining table, you said, and look at all the vile, smelly garbage you're forced to keep on top of it!

continued on page 74



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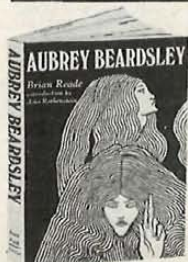
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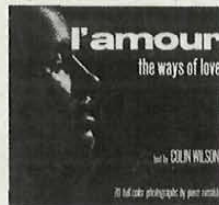
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# WHOLE MIRTH

## DETERIORATA

**G**O PLACIDLY AMID THE NOISE & WASTE, & REMEMBER WHAT COM FORT THERE MAY BE IN OWNING A piece thereof. Avoid quiet & passive persons unless you are in need of sleep. Rotate your tires. \* Speak glowingly of those greater than yourself and heed well their advice even though they be turkeys; know what to kiss and when. \* Consider that two wrongs never make a right but that three do. Whenever possible, put people on hold. Be comforted that in the face of all aridity & disillusionment and despite the changing fortunes of time, there is always a big fortune in computer maintenance. \* Remember the Pueblo. 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 most souls would scarcely get your feet wet. Fall not in love therefore; it will stick to your face. \* Gracefully surrender the things of youth, birds, clean air, tuna, Taiwan; and let not the sands of time get in your lunch. \* Hire people with hooks. \* For a good time, call 606-1311; ask for Ken. Take heart amid the deepening gloom that your dog is finally getting enough cheese; and reflect that whatever misfortune may be your lot, it could only be worse in Milwaukee. \* You are a fluke of the universe; you have no right to be here, and whether you can hear it or not, the universe is laughing behind your back. \* Therefore make peace with your God whatever you conceive Him to be: Harry Thunderser or Cosmic Mullin. \* With all its hopes, dreams, promises, & urban renewal, the world continues to deteriorate. Give up. \*  
BY TOMY HENDRA

FOUND IN AN OLD NATIONAL LAMPOON; DATED 1972

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 out-moded 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 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.

## Harvard Lampoon's Cosmopolitan Parody

### Centerfold Poster of Henry Kissinger

This wonderful wall-hanging was lovingly created by a group of followers of the True Path, or Road to Riches, as the capitalist sect calls it. Living in a simple mansion which they inherited themselves, where they dress only in simple tuxedos or business suits and eat nothing but a few ounces of filet mignon, washed down with clear, pure champagne, they have dedicated themselves, in the best Zen fashion, to making just one thing better than anyone else: money.

Harvard Lampoon's Cosmopolitan Parody Centerfold Poster of Henry Kissinger (P2001)

\$2 (color 18" x 38")

[Suggested by Tonzig Norway, Reviewed by Olof Palme]

## 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 Kaestlo, Reviewed by Jane Kronick]

*The Best of National Lampoon, No. 3*

(B01001) 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*

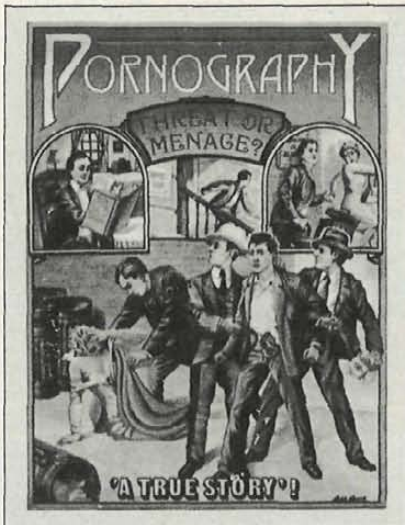
(A1015) 1972; 160 pp. \$2.

## 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



Mona Gorilla



Pornography Poster





# CATALOGUE access to yocks

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.

### 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. \$9.95

### National Lampoon T-shirt

This is the well-known Yehmta-gvaghi, the Batuchistani 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.

### 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 1972, which is a good idea, because I think it is important to support a magazine that only uses paper made from trees that will 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.

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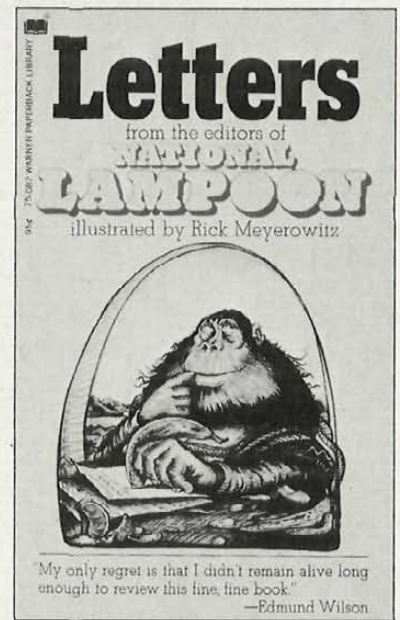
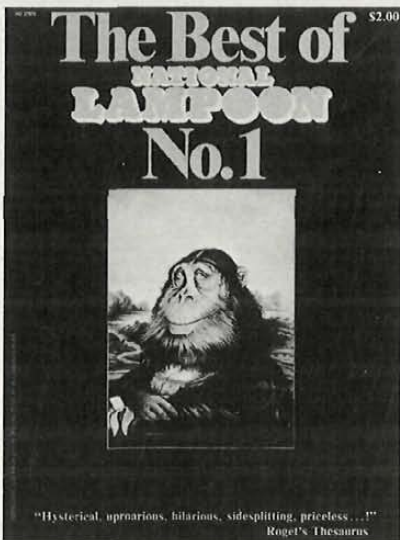
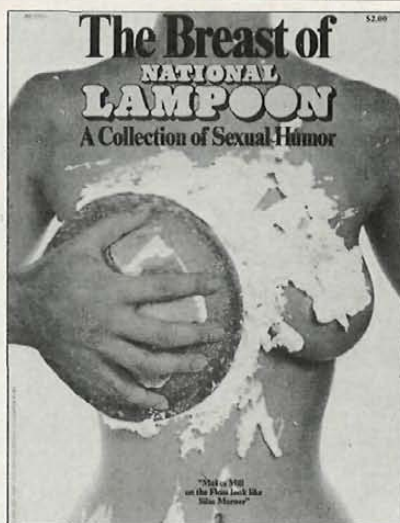
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Every wild vice the Canuck mind can imagine! Every weird kick Canadian can conceive! Canada's wide-open, way-out border towns, sin spots of the Dominion, and . . .

# THE

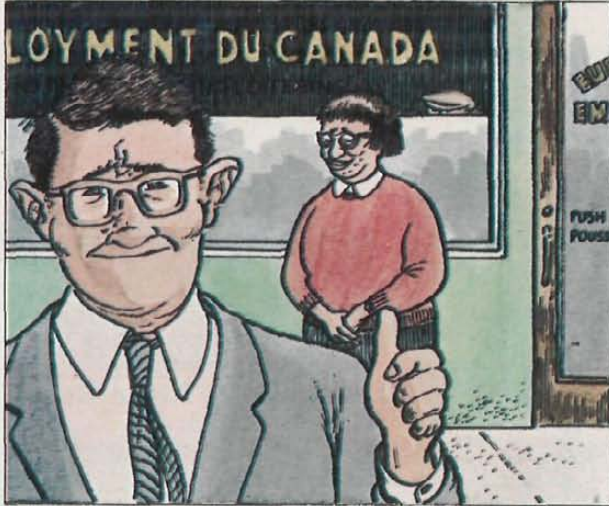
# GAME











*"Hey meester, want my seester? She do it French!" Quebec gals drift to border towns, eke livings taking English-French dictation, squander earnings on families back home.*

This is no time to play it loose. You stop the car twice—once for the stop sign, again for the arrêt sign.

The Canadian Customs officer moves toward you with a sinister waddle. Sure, you've nerved your way through borders before, from Tijuana to Checkpoint Charlie. But this is different. This is Canada, a Canadian border town. And you've heard all the stories.

You've heard how the vicious trained beavers they keep in those hidden pens can sniff out a smuggled pack of Luckies faster than you can say "How ya doin', eh?"

You've heard how two hours of waiting to have his passport stamped can crack a man, sitting in that fetid little office with the portrait of Queen Elizabeth glaring down at him from one wall and last year's Stanley Cup champions leering from the calendar on another.

And you know about Canadian Customs goons ripping tomatoes out of the hands of old ladies, snarling their familiar line about forbidden agricultural produce and hoof-and-mouth disease, and hinting darkly of back rooms and chemical sprays. You know there's a warehouse somewhere in every Canadian border town, choked with confiscated sausage and ferns.

But you fight down your outrage because the Customs officer is leaning in your window—reeking of rum toffee. "How long you intend stayin' in Canada there, ch, sir?"

"Few hours," you reply, with just a touch too much cool. You feel yourself being X-rayed by those tiny, watery eyes as you stare straight ahead at the "Welcome to Canada—Bienvenue au Canada" sign and wonder what it means.

The seconds drag. Then an explosion of words in the harsh dialect of the northern frontier: "Fine and dandy there, eh? Enjoy your visit, eh?"

Whew. That was close. Any more smart questions and no telling how long you could have kept it up. No wonder grizzled "border rats" call these guys "Gestapo in Galoshes."

But now you're through, across the border. And you're ready for action, Canadian style. Like a million other spree-minded thrill-seekers out for a twenty-four-hour visa in vice on a passport stamped "Pleasure—Plaisir," you make a beeline for Main Street—pulsing epicenter of this festering cesspool of forbidden lust. Where they tell of spin-the-bottle games that never stop. Where the wine flows like maple syrup because it *is* maple syrup. Where a lucky hand of NHL hockey-star trading cards can gain a man a new mackinaw in a single night—and a bad hand can lose a man the McGregor Happy Foot



*Not even naked beaver stirs jaded Canuck cosmopolites in swank border fun-spot, where marimba-playing cuties often appear in dresses open to the neck and matinees can run past suppertime.*

Health Socks off his feet.

You brush off the urchin peddling Macintosh apples and pretend not to notice the lurid posters advertising ping-pong night at the YMCA. Keep moving is the rule. You pass right by the Tourist Information Center with those sepia pamphlets suckering innocents into visiting Upper Canada Village to see the 100-year-old butter churn, or sampling nature in the raw in Algonquin Park. Not this trip, thanks. A man has only so much capacity for adventure.

You keep walking straight and tall, past the hardware store and the Nu-Mode Millinery Shoppe with its tempting array of felt. On past the real-estate office, the grocereria, the neon sign wanly flashing in the daylight, "Watch Repair, Watch Repair, Watch Repair." Not even pausing at the Bell Telephone Company display of old phone books.

"Grain Conference Slated!" screams the tabloid on the corner newsstand. But you don't want vicarious sensations; you're after the real thing. So the dime stays in your pocket, and not even "Habs Rip Leafs 3-2" can dislodge it.

You saunter nonchalantly over and pretend to ogle the disassembled spin-dryer in the Acme Appliance Repair Store window—while out of the corner of your eye you spot what you've been secretly looking for: a clock. Time for your first belt of the day. You could use something just to build up your courage.

But there's a hitch, Canadian fashion. The government-run liquor store is closed during business hours and is sixteen miles out of town. The beverage parlor, where a man can grab a beer, won't let you in without a necktie, a hat, a lady to escort, and proof you're not a full-blooded Cree Indian.

But there's still the hotel dining room—till you find the law says you have to buy two meals for each five ounces of liquor and the cap has to be on the bottle while the food's on the table and the bottle has to be off the table ten minutes before the last drink, unless it's Saturday . . . when the waiter can't bring liquor to the table unless you're not there.

You're halfway to exhaustion already; no time to grapple with clever legal ruses. You shrug, and keep using shoe leather until you find Fran's Kozy Korner Luch-eonette.

You belly up to the counter where somebody just made a mess of a tomato-and-cheese sandwich, and the telltale aroma of a vanilla milkshake lingers in the air, a miasma.





A huddled motley of victims of Canada's worst social disease. Squabbles over Kleenex can cause brutal coughing fits; brazen derelicts sometimes cadge Dristan from unwary tourists.

"How ya doin' today there, eh?" The counterman's a toothless geek straight off the 9th Concession. Probably knocked his brains out years ago playing lacrosse. But you're no patsy for this transparent come-on. Next thing you know he'll want to show you those color snaps of Banff in his wallet . . . then the invite to the curling match over in the next township . . . and later — who knows? A game of Monopoly in somebody's kitchen, the air rancid with the stench of cocoa. Or goosefights, with moderate wagers, in somebody else's barn, the crowd clearing its collective throat like a gargle from Hades itself.

You order a double Freshie. Then another one. Then another one. Because the geek behind the counter is too busy listening to "Gordie Tapp's Hoedown Jubilee" on the CBC and he hasn't brought you the first one yet.

An hour later you're stuffed with Shredded Wheat and you slump back out onto Main Street.

It looks like the action's already begun. What's that crowd, milling around just yards away? Maybe this is where you connect. Maybe here's where you can buy yourself a bus ride to the outlaw plowing-match or that banned book on the life of Laura Secord. Or maybe — just maybe — this is one of those impromptu street-debates you've heard about, where they can stand there for hours arguing over the Prime Minister's name.

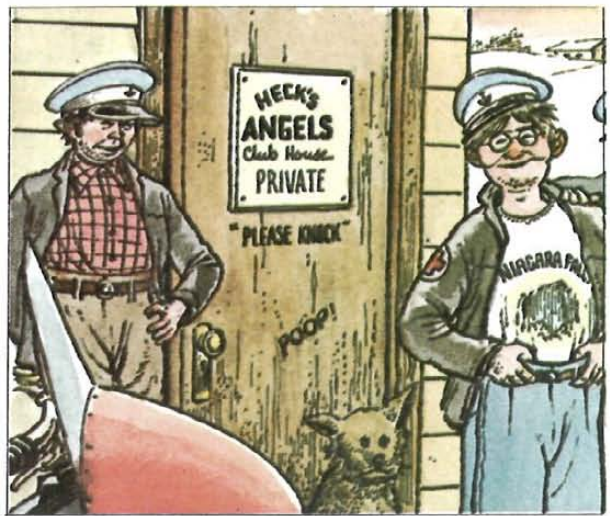
And then you see it — the TV set in the store window and its angry, flickering test pattern. The crowd doesn't even notice as you slip away.

Now you're ankling into the seamy side of town on your nonstop quest for kicks. You ignore the blandishments of Stile-Rite Gents' Haberdashery, rakish as those knitted toques might look back home. You're numb to the gleaming model of an oil furnace and the "Miracle of Tire Vulcanizing" exhibit in their side-by-side show windows.

The bus station looms up. You quell the urge to slip inside and watch the big brutes lumbering in from Penetanguishene and Pettawawa, lumbering out to Timmins and Tillsonburg.

You're wondering whether to splurge on a block of Macintosh's butterscotch or check out the turbot in the window of Murtland's Meat Market. Or read the inscription on the cast-iron statue of *Winged Politeness* across the way. Or should you kill an hour or two until the library opens by flipping through samples in the wallpaper store?

Your quandary is solved for you, sudden as a thaw in Moose Factory.



Mischievous scallywags of "Heck's Angels" snowmobile gang. Angels' clubhouse is barred to public, often resounds to noise of pillow fights way past bedtime. Note naughty "poop" slogan.

"Ahem, excuse me, sir, I'm sorry to bother you, but like you wouldn't happen to have a dime for the parking meter by any chance, would you there, eh? She don't take your nickels there, eh, know what I mean, eh?"

You've heard come-ons, but you got to admit, this one's smooth. You look her up and down. It doesn't take long because she's four feet if she's an inch.

But she isn't your style, and wouldn't be even if her nose wasn't running.

A knowing half-smile plays on your features as you hand over the dime.

"Oh, thanks so very much there, eh?"

You make a mental note to check later for a certain gray '49 Studebaker Champion cruising the streets. But for now, you better find a hotel; border madness has brought on the first ominous pangs of exhaustion.

"Sorry, sir, but the hotel's full there, eh? Plumbing jobbers' convention in town, you know, eh?"

That explains a lot. Those high-rolling plumbers have grabbed all the rooms — probably bought up all the Mountie and bull-moose postcards, and cleaned the rubber boots clear off the shoe-store shelves. No wonder a guy can't find himself a stool in a bingo parlor. No wonder it's "standing room only" in the fish-n'-chips store.

Sure, there's still the literature on the tables in the Bank of Nova Scotia to read. A guy could spend an afternoon watching the automatic doors in the supermarket. Or seeing how many Canadian flags he could count. You could sneak into an alley and light up a Winchester or a Craven-A or a Sweet Caporal cigarette and get high enough to go and really groove on the muzak in the hotel lobby.

But you know your limits. And by now your lust is spent. You've steeped yourself in the brawling, bawdy bull-pit of a Canadian border town, scoured the dregs from the bottom of the barrel labeled "Canuck Kicks." You climb back in your car, ready to once more run the gauntlet that is Canadian Customs.

A lot of burned-out human hulks have gone this way before, dragging themselves more dead than alive back across the border — back to where nickels are round and beer is flat. You're no different. Your Canadian caper took its toll; you feel moderately tired, with a slight headache. And you're mildly hungry.

Your buddies back home won't believe it. But you'll know. You'll know what happens to a man who comes to grips with life in a Canadian border town — with the Shame of the North. □



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continued from page 66

**WASHY:** Oh, no, no, no, dat particular smelly garbage is our dinner, Mistuh Rosenguilt. Would ya care fo' a slice of watermelon rind?

**ROSENGUILT:** Your dinner? Well, gosh, it does look wonderful, but I'm afraid my ulcer just doesn't allow me to eat, ah, soul food.

**WASHY:** Think nothin' of it. (*Sweeps the contents of the tabletop to the floor with his arm.*) Jus' set yo' briefcase right down dere an' meet de heroin addict in-question, mah son-in-law Miguel.

**ROSENGUILT** (*extending hand politely*): How do you do, Miguel?

**MIGUEL:** Yurrrrrggg! (*Throws up into ROSENGUILT's hand.*)

**WASHY:** Holy smack! Uh, jus' go wipe off yo' hand on de sofa cushions, Mistuh Rosenguilt. We too poor to afford paper towels.

*Holding hand out before him, ROSENGUILT runs to sofa and wipes it repeatedly.*

**WASHY** (*stage whisper to MIGUEL*): Ya crazy spic, what de hell ya' doin'? Whut de matter wif you?

**MIGUEL:** I'm seek, Washee, soooooo seeeeeeeek . . .

**WASHY:** Sick?

**MIGUEL:** I feel like I dyin', Wash. I ain' feel this bad seence I wass weethdrawin' fro' heroeen.

**WASHY:** Wifdrawin'? What ya talkin' about? What dat mean?

**MIGUEL:** When you stop chootin' the smack, you got to weethdraw from eet, an' eet make you seek jus' like thees . . . YURRRRRRCH! (*Throws up again, falls on floor, and begins rolling around, almost tripping the returning MR. ROSENGUILT.*)

**ROSENGUILT:** Is something wrong with your son-in-law, Mr. Booker?

**WASHY:** Oh, it nothin'. Jus' a touch of de Puroto Rican flu. Don' worry, he do dis all de time.

**ROSENGUILT:** The Puerto Rican flu? I don't believe I've . . .

*The telephone rings, cutting ROSENGUILT off.*

**WASHY:** Excuse me dere, Mr. Rosenguilt, Ah be right back. (*As ROSENGUILT stares in stupefaction at the writhing MIGUEL, WASHY steps to the phone.*) Hello, Booker residence. Washy speakin'. Oh, Leroy, how ya doin'? Lissen, Ah really can' stay on de phone 'cause . . . (*Pause.*) What? Of course Ah know tonight Thursday . . . Thursday?? Oh mah God, Leroy, Ah done totally fo'got! But lissen, Ah gotta get off de phone anyway, Ah right in de middle of . . .

(*Pause.*) Ah know we go snipin' every Thursday night, man, but Ah jus' can' . . . (*Pause.*) Twenny-five firemen an' seventeen cop, eh? Hm m m m m m m m . . .

**MIGUEL** (*from across room*): ¡Ai ai ai ai ai ai ai ai!

**GLOREAH and URETHRA** (*bursting into room*): Whut de matter? Whut goin' on??

**WASHY:** Lissen, Leroy, Ah gotta go. Wing one fo' me. (*Hangs up, rushes back to table where ROSENGUILT, URETHRA, and GLOREAH are staring at the rolling, retching MIGUEL.*)

**URETHRA:** Merciple hebbins, Washy, whut de matter wif Miguel?

**WASHY:** Nothin', nothin'. Miguel jus' got a touch of de pickle-cell sanemia. Now you womens get back in de . . .

**ROSENGUILT:** Mr. Booker, you're wrong. I have wonderful news for you. This young man isn't sick. He's merely going through withdrawal from heroin!

**GLOREAH:** Wifdrawl from heroin?!? Miguel, you jiveass, is you wifdrawin' from heroin?

**MIGUEL:** ¡Yaaaaarrrrghh!

**GLOREAH:** You is wifdrawin' from heroin!

**WASHY:** Oh me!

**GLOREAH:** Daddy, whut goin' on here?

**URETHRA:** Yes, Washy, whut goin' on here?

**MIGUEL:** (*from floor, through clenched teeth*): Yes, Washee, wha' ees goin' on here?

**WASHY:** Oooga booga ooga booga ooga booga . . .

**ROSENGUILT:** Well, I guess this means you don't qualify for another welfare payment after all, Mr. Booker, but I'm sure the example you see being set by this brave youth of Spanish origin will be an inspiration to you all during your continuing repression in the future (*bending to make himself heard by MIGUEL, who is still prone, dry-heaving weakly*). Muy bien, amigo, muy bien!

**MIGUEL** *throws up on ROSENGUILT's feet.*

**ROSENGUILT** (*hurriedly*): Well, I guess my work here is through. Good night, Mr. Booker, ladies. (*Exits.*)

*There is an ominous silence, broken only by MIGUEL's ragged breathing. WASHY looks from left to right, at URETHRA and GLOREAH regarding him stonily, arms akimbo. Abruptly, he pulls the syringe from his pocket and jabs it into his arm.*

**WASHY** (*running through front door*): Hey, Mistuh Rosenguilt dere, wait fo' me. Dey's another drug addict here too. Wait up, Mistuh Rosenguilt . . .

*The door slams, cutting off WASHY's voice.*

**URETHRA:** (*looking with good-natured exasperation from GLOREAH to the prone MIGUEL*): Oh, dat husbin of mine!

*They all laugh together. Fade out. □*



# IVORY

**"LADY SINGS  
THE SCALES":  
HOLLYWOOD CASHES  
IN ON KATE SMITH**

**WHITE TIE:**

THE NEW "BOSS" LOOK  
THAT'S SWEEPING THE SUBURBS

**BACKGAMMON:**

IS IT STILL A WHITE MAN'S GAME?

**YUGOSLAVIA:**

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FACES THE FUTURE



APRIL 1973 75¢



# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

I want to congratulate you on your excellent article, "Brain Food: Cooking with Pride." Our family always eats food that reflects our rich European heritage, and your many recipes for chicken à la king, creamed corn, mashed potatoes, and tapioca pudding will certainly come in handy! I might add that we also put a big emphasis on dressing in traditional white garb, and your fine fashion articles, especially the recent one which gave the patterns for pinafores and showed the wide variety of Ban-Lon shirts available, have helped us "do it white."

MRS. PARKER WORTHINGTON, III  
Wilmington, Del.

The whole white community owes you a vote of thanks for your excellent handling of that unfortunate incident in New York. I think it is important for people to realize that just because one deranged individual goes to the top of a building and hurls epithets, slurs, and biting language at the crowds on the street below, it doesn't mean that all white people are impolite, and it doesn't prove the existence of a so-called White Insult Corps dedicated to acts of meaningless rudeness.

MR. VINCENT LURIA  
Southampton, N.Y.

Thank you for your fine article on investing. My husband and I both "play the market" regularly, and I don't think it's a bad thing so long as the profits find their way back to the white community.

MRS. CURTIS BENSON  
Williamstown, Mass.

It took guts to print that exposé of the scandalous housing situation. Good work! The pictures of those families crammed into four-room garden apartments and Korean War-vintage ranch houses that should have been remodeled years ago were shockers. I hope they wake some people up.

MR. PAUL JOHANSEN  
Tempe, Ariz.

I enjoyed reading very much your story on Verna McAdoo, the talented lead gospel singer of the Mormon Tabernacle Choir. Her moving renditions of "Nobody Knows the Truffles I've Seen," "Those Bonds, Those Bonds, Those Highway Bonds," "Oh, Jesus, Redeem Me at Par," and "Unprecedented Grace" and her warm interpretation of all those wonderful songs from *Percival and Beth* make me proud of my Euro-American ancestry.

MRS. MARY CONSTANCE  
Winetka, Ill.

I was very interested to read about the remarkable careers of our white leaders, especially Mrs. Worthington Wingate of the Junior League, Thomas Standish of the Brotherhood of Aerospace Workers, Rev. Jeremy Jameson of Operation Deposit Box, and Franz Wurz of the Congress of Vienna. It was very informative. I was surprised, for instance, to learn that Mrs. Wingate had worked her way up through the jungle of Main Line society,

once spending two months in the grueling job of Chairman of the Annual First City Troop Cotillion. I'd also like to add that I think the Reverend Mr. Jameson is our greatest leader. Every time he leads people in that chant "I have—some money" something special happens.

DR. CHARLES P. LOWELL  
Chestnut Hill, Mass.

## Editorial: "I Have a Scheme"



It is now almost a decade since semimartyred white leader Senator John Stennis turned to his wife during half time at the 1964 Army-Navy game and said, "I Have a Scheme." On that day thousands from all over the country traveled by plane, train, bus, and private conveyance to attend the Army-Navy game, and hundreds of thousands—even millions—made sacrifices during subsequent years to attend similar events. For them, Senator Stennis's words came to symbolize the fight for white rights.

Yet how much do Senator Stennis's words mean today? Old-line leaders, many of them followers of Senator Stennis, continue to believe in the Scheme and continue to employ old-line tactics. They are justifiably proud of the gains they have made for the white community, not only through scheming, but by plotting, conniving, conspiring, intriguing, and manipulating. No one can deny that the achievements of the past are largely the results of the subterfuges, tricks, ploys, ruses, hoaxes, shams, chicanery, hoodwinking, horns-woggling, and bullying initiated by these men. And there is no denying that through bamboozling, cheating, defrauding, finagling, and gouging, old-line white leaders have indeed secured control of four-fifths of the world's resources. Yet today's more militant white youth is impatient. Scheming and hypocrisy take time, and today's white youth says, "Why bother?" The young White American, proud of his power to inflict pain immediately and get away with it, derides the old-line "Uncle Stroms" who use legislation to push people around.

And then there are signs that the effectiveness of the old-line white leaders is breaking down. Some Schemes, most notably court-packing and press-bullying, have been unqualified successes and have earned the respect of the entire white community. But many other crucial White Schemes remain stalled. The Drink Stamp Program, by which the federal government was to relieve chronic thirst in our executive ghettos, has been implemented only at a token level, and Project Unleash, designed to free white self-help programs like the automobile industry from annoying supervision, has not yet gotten off the ground. The Invitations Pool Program, hailed at the time of its inception as a proud feather in the white chapeau, is also at a standstill. The program, by which underinvited members of the white community would be allowed to benefit from the invitation surplus in certain districts of our large northeastern cities, has been delayed on a technicality: whether or not the underinvited recipients would receive their surplus invitations before or after the event involved. This procedural quarrel does not endear established white leaders to the uninvited masses, many thousands of whom in the rural South have never seen an engraved invitation.

Most serious of all, of course, is the plight of the Permanent Pal Program. The Permanent Pal Program was hailed at the time of its proposal as the Ultimate Scheme and was favored by Senator Stennis himself. Under the Scheme, as originally written, members of nonwhite racial groups were to be assigned to members of the white community



on a permanent basis. These "permanent pals," their children, their children's children, and so on were to benefit from long-term exposure to the privileged white community, gaining immeasurable benefits, useful skills, and precious credit for the afterlife. The sad fact is that because of excessive regard for certain formalities, not one permanent pal has been assigned to one white family. Because of its failure, Government credibility has been severely undermined in the white community.

It is a shaming decade since Senator Stennis had his Scheme. We have all learned from his words and been inspired by his deeds. Yet in the face of the impatience of the militant young and in the face of recent failures, it is impossible to say for certain whether his Scheme will survive. Only time will tell — George W. S. Trow

# Spotlight on White

## EPISCOPAL FEUD WORRIES WHITE LEADERS

The deep rift between the high- and low-church sects of the Episcopal church that has divided segments of the white community has become an object of concern to many white persons in the wake of a growing number of unpleasant incidents.

In the past months, an increase in hostility between the two wings of the Anglican communion has led to snubs, scuffles in rummage sales, the exchange of poison-pen notes, and huge headaches for hostesses. There have been dozens of reported scenes at church suppers, and hundreds of people have dropped each other.

Basically, both sects agree on the Nicene Creed, the key role of the Book of Common Prayer, Confirmation, Offices, and Responsive Reading, but disagreements on Vestments



Episcopal Cathedral Number 1, headquarters of the high-church sect run by Her Excellency Elizabeth Regina.

—particularly chausubles—and Decorations have split the movement.

Bishop Clark Day Richard of the Church of the Tactful Trinity in Philadelphia, recognized as one of the leaders of the high-church sect, accuses the low-church sect of "Presbyterian domination and Baptist sympathies." The high-church sect claims Taliaferro Corliss VI, formerly Tony Curtis, and poet Vincent Pierpont Aldritch, once known as Lawrence Ferlinghetti, among its recent members. Converts to both sects traditionally change their "impossible names" and adopt new names from the revered "Four Hundred" of church tradition when they become Episcopalians.

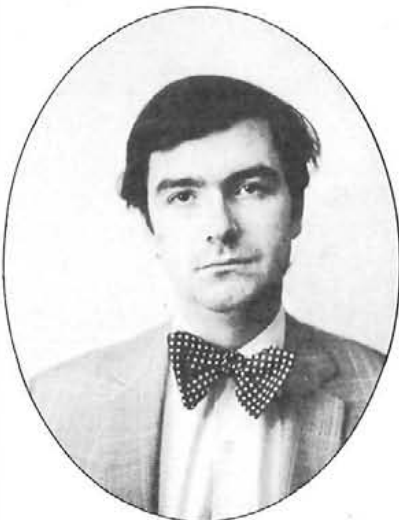
The low-church sect has been gaining ground fast, and it claims to be the largest

*Continued on Page 146*



High-church Episcopalian Mrs. Terence Cantwell being comforted by passerby after a member of the rival low-church sect cut her dead on New York's Fifth Avenue.

### ADVERTISEMENT



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muss and fuss of combing and grooming. All you have to do is put it on! So don't go around with close-cropped hair looking like a Simon Legree. "Assemble it all in one place" with a Euro wig, and when other white misters and misses see you on the street or in a better restaurant, they'll murmur, "Right you are!"

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# Lady Sings the Scales

by George W. S. Trow

They're cashing in on Kate. On her suffering. There's a movie now, *Lady Sings the Scales*, and it's supposed to be about Kate. Mama Cass plays Kate in that movie, and Mama Cass is fat, just like Kate was fat; and she gets fatter, just like Kate got fatter, but Christ, she's not playing the lady I knew. Kate Smith wasn't just a fatty stashing pecan pies in her dressing room—she was an authentic white voice sending out a screech of protest against three centuries of involuntary pulchritude. Kate Smith is the woman who sang "God Bless America" and made us proud to be white, but the exploiters pass over that so they can sensationalize Kate's addiction to food. Scene after scene. Kate hiding Mallomars in her garter belt. Kate gobbling the leavings off her neighbor's plate. Kate throwing away her fork and shoveling in the mashed potatoes with her pudgy fingers. It's true. Kate ate more than was good for her. Like many White Americans, she was oppressed by abundance and took it out at the dinner table. But that's not what Kate was really about, and it's time to set the story straight.

Kate, like most girls in the white community, learned about dessert early. The legend has grown up that her own mother introduced her to cookies and milk, but Kate's cousin Lois (who, incredibly enough, was never consulted by the producers of *Lady Sings the Scales*) denies the story. "Kate's mama, my Aunt Charlotte, was very opposed to sweets, and I remember once when Uncle Willie bought lollipops for all us kids she threw him out of the house. Aunt Charlotte wore false choppers and was a real bug on tooth decay. Anyone who knew Aunt Charlotte at all would know that she would never have initiated Kate into dessert." The fact is, of course, that dessert was rampant within the white community and that Kate could have picked some up in any number of places. Indeed, the standards of the society Kate grew up in were such that it would have been very unusual for Kate *not* to have experienced "sweets" by a very early age. The point is that, unlike the other white kids who popped a candy bar now and then, Kate couldn't handle her food. By the time her singing career was underway, worldly musicians had introduced her to cream



**First Lady of Song:** When Kate sang, she touched something special in white people everywhere, making even the humblest branch manager and the lowliest shareholder proud of their Euro-American ancestry.



**More Than a Foolish Fatty:** The producers of *Lady Sings the Scales* go out of their way to depict Kate as a hopeless eater. Relentlessly, they show the things Kate shoved down her throat, but they seem to forget the beautiful things that came out.



**God Bless America:** Kate hits a high note in the hearts of her countrymen.



tarts, cheesecake, cherry cobbler, and double cream. Soon she was wearing tentlike dresses to hide her weight. At first she was thin enough to get into billowing chiffon outfits, but later it is true she wrapped herself in army-surplus parachutes. There *were* snickers, and Kate had to give up singing food-reference songs like “You’re the Cream in My Coffee” for fear of mirthful audience reactions. But again, those who were closest to Kate maintain that her food addiction was peripheral to her life and that she has been done a grave injustice by her film biographers.

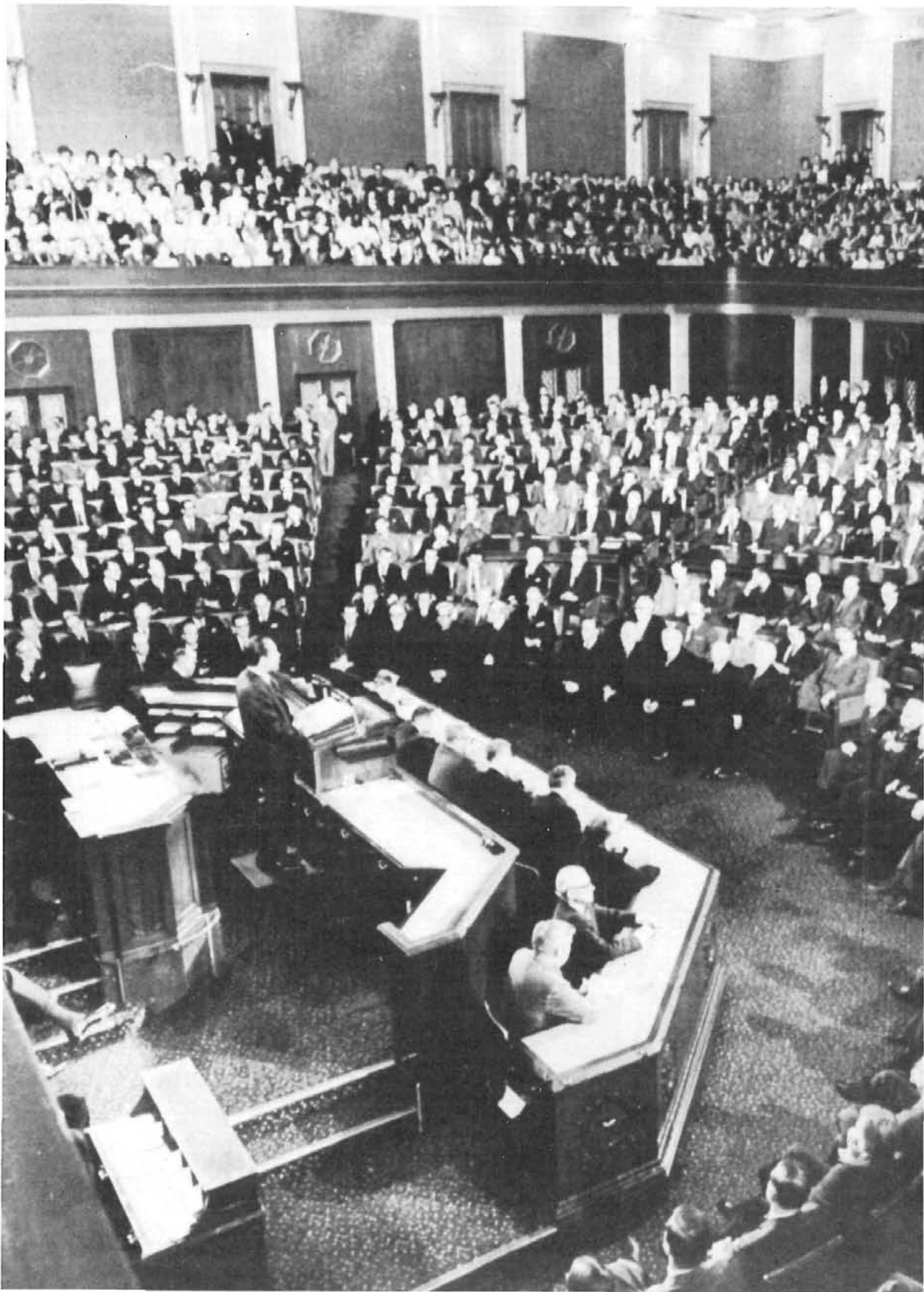
“Actually, what her trouble was,” says Kate’s cousin Lois, “was painful corns and calluses. That’s what did *her* in. Sometimes her dogs hurt so much she couldn’t get a note out. Nobody knows but me how she suffered from corns and calluses. That food stuff they always play up wasn’t nothing in comparison to what she suffered from her feet.”

Let me tell you what it was like growing up in Grosse Point, Detroit’s white ghetto, during the forties and fifties. And what Kate meant to us white kids then. The heat of summer would drive us out of the house (it was before the days of air conditioning), and we’d hang around together on the bridle paths and fairways. We were a pretty rough bunch, I guess, and at least some of the guys ended up fencing golf balls, but I can remember that when we listened to Kate, when we heard her unexampled throaty whine, the voice that clung to the upper register like chewing gum to a drugstore counter, something in our whiteness was touched. That was the forties, and we hadn’t learned to articulate our whiteness. No one shouted “I’m blanc and I’m proud.” But when we heard Kate screech ‘God Bless America,’ we were, somewhere deep in our epidermis, complete. And we began to know who we were. Thanks a lot, Kate.



**The Long Way Down:** Eager for publicity, forced to exploit her own misery, Kate, in later days, sometimes posed with food.









# THE WHITE CAUCUS

## Your Voice in Congress . . .

These are the men and women who represent the white community in the House and the Senate. When they speak out on the many important issues that concern white people, the President—another valuable spokesman for the white viewpoint—listens.

In the two centuries since the first white man was elected to Congress, the number of white congressmen on Capitol Hill has grown from little over 100 to a powerful block of 520 lawmakers who meet regularly on the Senate and House floors to plan strategy and to work for the passage of bills designed to benefit white Americans.

This year, the white caucus plans to concentrate on the enactment of a series of vital measures high on the list of white priorities, including a record defense-spending bill, restoration of the death penalty, a sharp cutback in welfare funding, more tax loopholes, continued aid to troubled corporations, the repeal of degrading Jim Swan bussing laws, and a restoration of last year's slash in appropriations for the critical space program.

According to Representatives Carl Albert and Thomas O'Neill, and Senator Mike Mansfield, the top leaders of the white caucus, the outlook for getting key pieces of white legislation onto the statute books in the coming year looks very bright, thanks to the presence of white legislators in key positions on powerful committees and the wave of support building around the country for legislative action *now* on white needs.

The caucus also looks forward to strong backing from the Supreme Court where whites hold a narrow but crucial eight-vote edge. The court will shortly be hearing *White v. The Board of Education of Pontiac, Michigan*, a landmark bussing case, and hopes are high throughout the white community for a favorable decision.

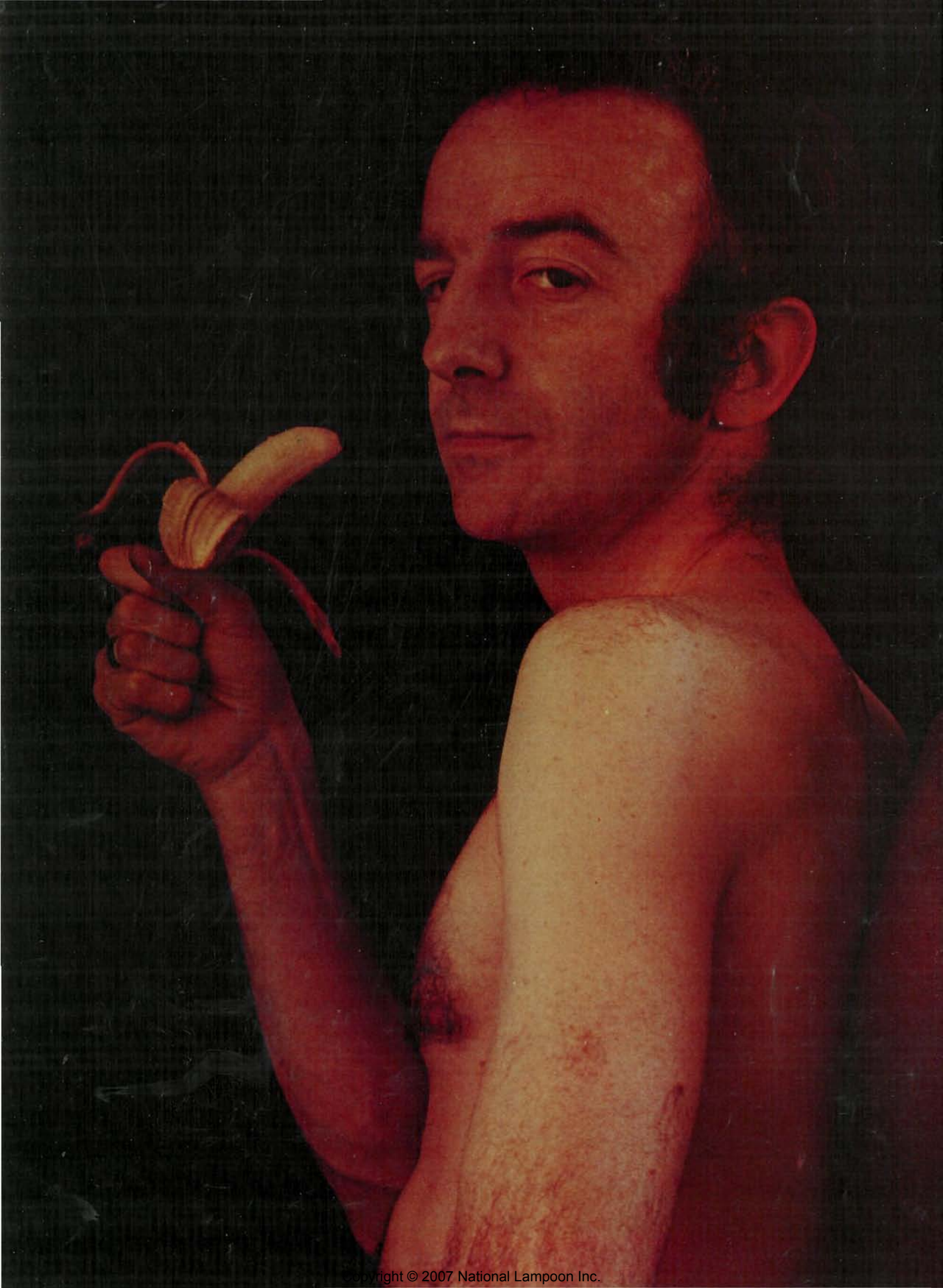
Much of the credit for the effectiveness of the white caucus goes to its quiet, colorless leaders, whose persistence and patience has paid off in an impressive list of accomplishments. Last year, in an important show of strength, they demanded—and got—350 hours of meetings with the President to discuss white programs, and many caucus members regularly sit down with top cabinet members to press for fast action in specific areas of white concern, such as the sluggish pace of inner-city freeway construction, the loss of badly needed soil-bank grant money, and the dangerously silted state of the intracoastal waterway system.

In its contacts with the white community, the white caucus is constantly seeking new ways to serve white America better and to find new ways of making white power felt on Capitol

*Continued on Page 133*

**Members of the White Caucus**, pictured during a recent meeting in their spacious headquarters in the Capitol Building.

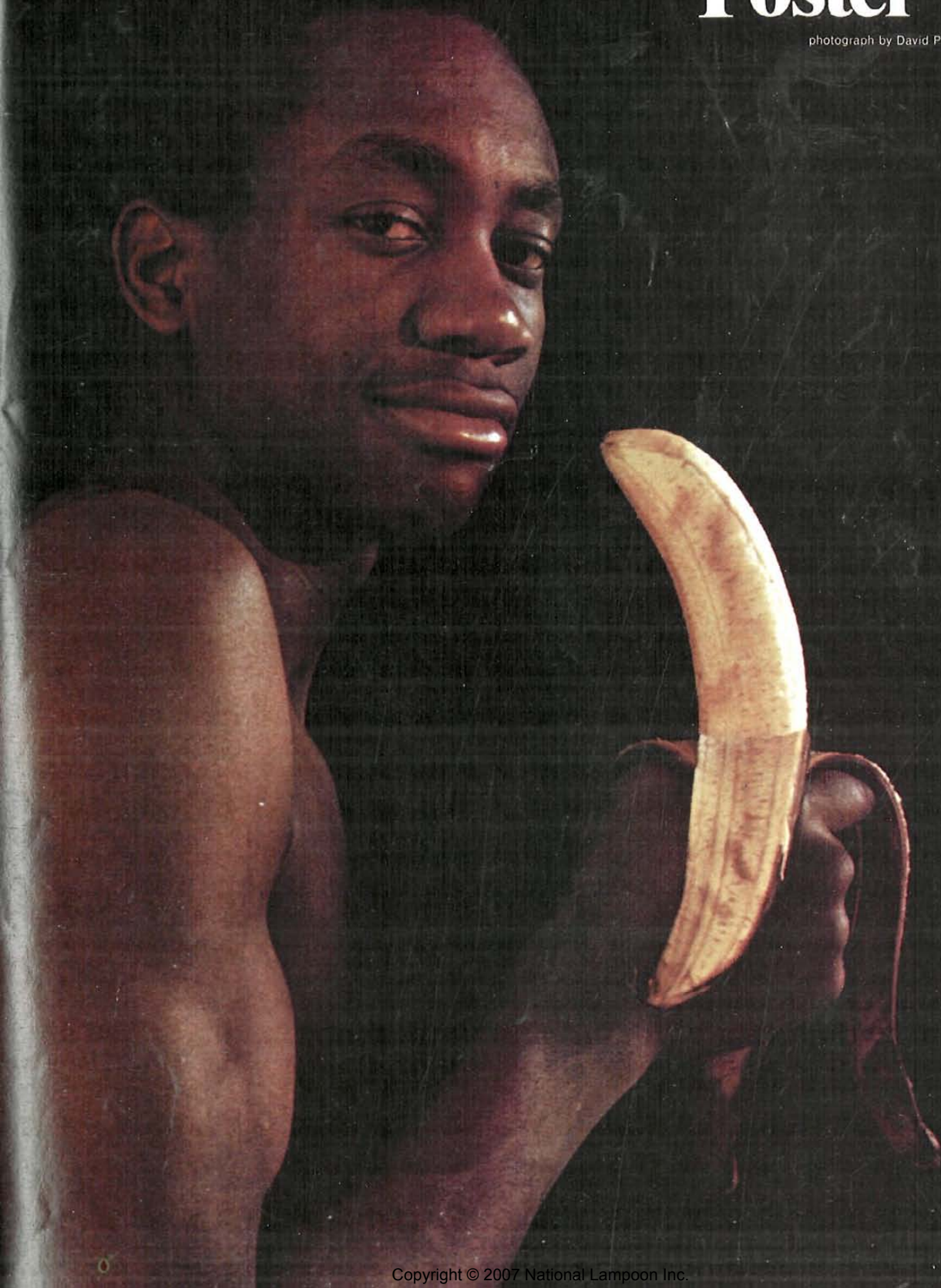




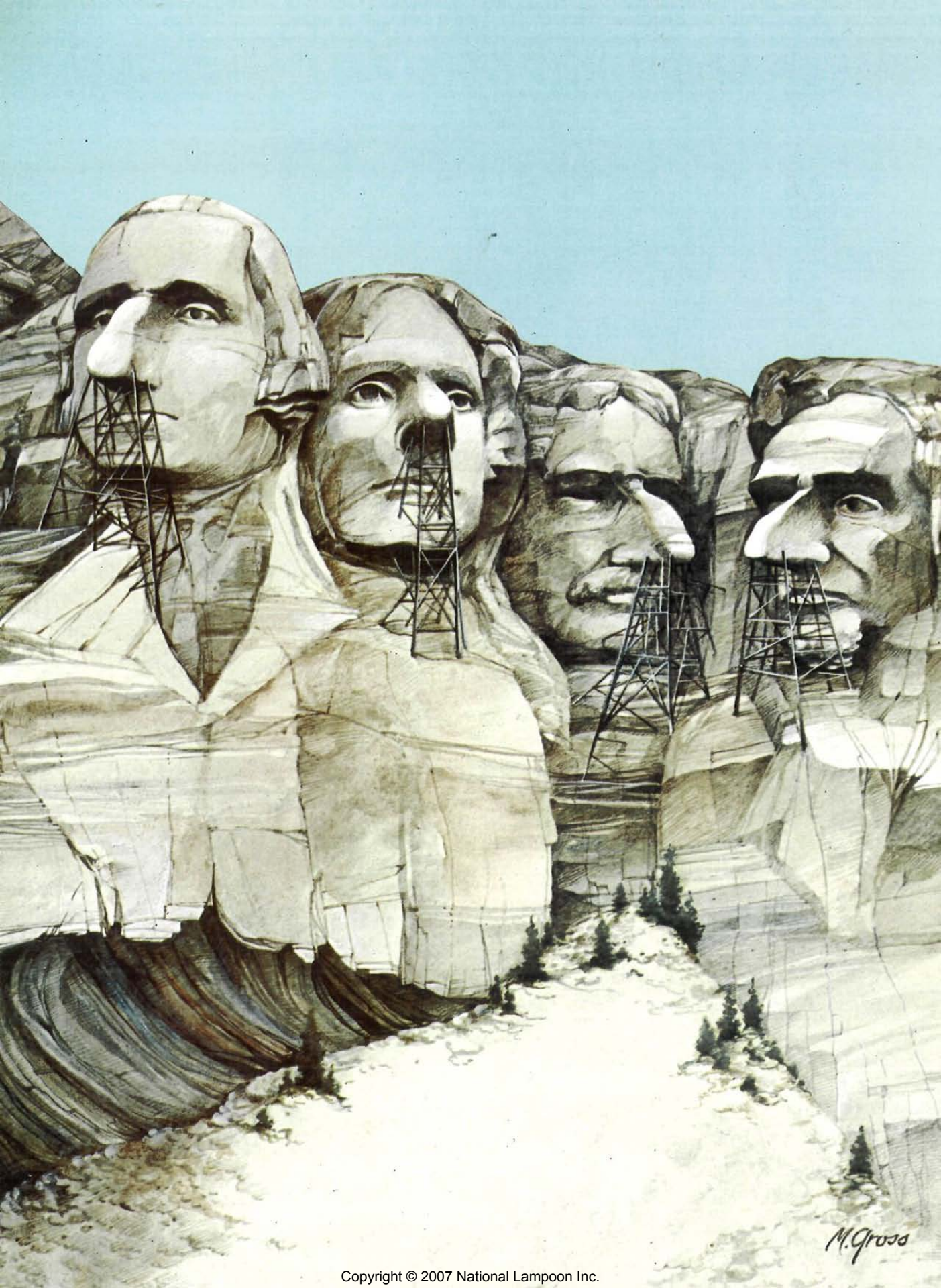


# Surprise Poster #4

photograph by David Parkinson









# Profiles in Chopped Liver: Our Greatest Jewish Presidents

by Gerald Sussman

It is no coincidence that in times of crisis America has always elected a Jewish President. It's also happened often in relatively normal times. Why have we chosen so many Jews? Are Jews superior to non-Jews? If we list the greatest men in history and consider how many of them are Jewish, we are forced to answer *yes*.

From Genghis Khan to Napoleon, from da Vinci to Churchill—in all of man's most noble (and sometimes ignoble) endeavors, Jews have dominated far out of proportion to their actual numbers.

We will attempt to explain how the qualities of these gifted people, as represented in our Presidents, have contributed so much to the growth of our country. Since space does not permit us to discuss every Jewish President, someone's personal favorite will surely be omitted. No one can doubt the importance of Adams, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Polk, Cleveland, Wilson, and Harry Truman, among many others. But we have picked nine Presidents we think are most symbolic of the Jewish Mystique.

## George Washington, Soldier-Statesman-Clown

The son of Jacob and Rebecca Washington, a traveling song-and-dance team who called themselves "The Virginia Hams," George Washington was forced to spend most of his boyhood with his aunt Leila, who encouraged him to try a military career. Not wishing to offend her, he became active in the French and Indian War. But Washington was born in a trunk. His heart was in vaudeville. He always wanted to be a stand-up comic.

On July 4, 1776, his conflict had to be resolved. Would he accept the job of commander-in-chief of the American revolutionary army? Or would he take the job of entertainment director

at the Concord, a resort hotel in Massachusetts, near Lexington?

Washington agonized over the decision and wrote in his diary:

Maybe I'm *meshuga*,<sup>1</sup> but how the hell are we going to beat the most powerful country in the world? Why is everybody so worked up over a few lousy taxes? They tax us, we raise our prices on exports. But that's not good enough for Patrick Henry, that *goyisheh kop*.<sup>2</sup>

When we all get killed he'll be satisfied.

God meant us to suffer and live through this. But Franklin says no. Franklin says we can win, and if we win I'll be elected President and become the Father of Our Country. Franklin likes to jerk off on his lightning rod. What does he care? He's 4-F, that fat *lokshen head*.<sup>3</sup>

If I don't play the Concord, I'll probably throw away my big chance. Just so I can get my head blown off by a Limey cannonball.

Against his better judgment, Washington took the commander-in-chief job. But his heart was not in it, and he suffered his shares of ups and downs. Then came Valley Forge. Washington writes in his diary:

I don't know what the story is, but we have to stay here for a while. I got Morgan-David, the best caterers in Philadelphia, to supply us with food. I told them, "Nothing fancy, no 'Buckingham Breakfasts' or 'Devonshire Dinners.' Just simple Jewish fare."

I'm not sure those guys know what they're doing. It turns out we may be here for the winter, and all they sent us was 100 assorted sandwiches (corned beef, pastrami,

<sup>1</sup>*Meshuga*: crazy, cuckoo, off your rocker, etc.

<sup>2</sup>*Goyisheh kop*: literally, a gentile head. A childish, immature type.

<sup>3</sup>*Lokshen head*: noodle head. A nickname Washington had for Franklin's long, stringy hair, which he never covered with a wig.

tongue), a platter of cocktail knishes and pigs in blankets, a pound of chopped liver, a roast turkey (carved and put back on the frame), a potato pudding, a noodle pudding, a bucket of pickles, assorted Danish pastries, and a case of cherry soda. . . .

. . . I can't believe it. The stagecoach drivers are on strike. We can't get any deliveries from the caterers, who were way off on their estimate. If I ever get to the White House, those cockers are not going to do any of my weddings and bar mitzvahs, that's for sure. Also, I forgot to order winter pajamas and underwear for the men. They're going to starve and freeze to death.

At this point Washington knew what he had to do. He had to make his men laugh instead of cry, so they could live through the winter. With near-frostbitten hands he wrote pages of new material. He entertained the soldiers' every night, including Sunday, with matinees on Wednesday and Saturday. He was a smash.

Out of the Valley Forge engagement Washington regained his confidence. He soon left the details of the war to his other generals, and he toured the camps around the country, polishing his act.

The war went well, and Washington was the hottest name in the country. As Benjamin Franklin predicted, he was elected President and became Father of Our Country.

But even though he was first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen, Washington never forgot the bitter lessons of Valley Forge. He always felt that there was never enough food in the house. He used to drive Martha crazy on Saturday mornings, bringing back bags and cartons of stuff she knew no one could finish: expensive things like smoked sturgeon and Scottish salmon that

*continued*



continued

would spoil, bagels that would get hard as rocks, half-sour pickles that didn't agree with her. But Washington had to have an abundance of food around him or he would cry uncontrollably and start doing his old comedy routines, forgetting punch lines. Even when they visited friends, he would bring a huge basket of gourmet delicacies, and for the kids ski pajamas, stout mittens, and woolen caps.

### Thomas Jefferson, Jewish Renaissance Man

Thomas Jefferson was a doctor and a lawyer, the dream of every Jewish mother. He was also a talented butcher, baker, and candlestick maker. He invented the toothpick, the soap dish, crunchy Granola, steel wool (he made coats and vests out of it), an automatic boot lacer, and self-rising flour.

He designed his wife's wedding gown, grew the first successful tangerine, built snow tires for his carriage wheels, and discovered beige (people were aware of beige but didn't know what it was or what to name it).

He found a way of preventing mayonnaise from separating, designed the first zipper-fly for men's trousers, perfected a whale-oil-powered lawn mower, and invented the gherkin. With good friend Aaron ("Itz") Burr, Jefferson invented the accordion, the stretch sock, and the shopping center.

These are just a few of Jefferson's

accomplishments. He was interested in virtually everything, except Turkish baths and macrame.

Jefferson's entire life was an elaborate escape from what he *thought* was typical Jewishness and Jewish pursuits. Yet the more he explored and read and invented, the more Jewish he became. Ironically, he was the personification of the most important Jewish quality: creativity.

Jefferson was born into an upper-middle-class suburban family with unusually liberal, permissive leanings. His family regarded themselves as completely assimilated Colonists rather than Jews. When young Thomas was inventing the felt-tip pen or designing a codpiece, his parents were not concerned. They encouraged him to do as he wished, rather than forcing him to study for the rabbinate or sell infants' and children's wear. His mother knew he was an exceptional boy. "He's not stupid," she said. "When he meets the right girl and starts to raise a family, he'll settle down and get a good job."

### Abraham Lincoln, Self-made Sufferer

Abraham Lincoln was born in a log cabin in Kentucky, a very poor Jew. As a boy he walked miles to the tiny one-room yeshiva and studied the Talmud by candlelight. He had one burning ambition: to become President of

the United States. He knew he had all the right qualities, including a log-cabin birthplace and a sensational name.

But as he reached physical maturity he sensed that something was wrong. He was only five-four and weighed 227 pounds. Somehow he knew that a short, chubby fellow named Abraham Lincoln would never become President, no matter how hard he tried. He needed a new image.

At Tracy's general store in Hodgenville, Kentucky, Lincoln bought a metal and whalebone corset, a pair of stilts, a stovepipe hat, a false beard, and various jars of actor's makeup and face putty. He cut the stilts to a manageable size, wrapped newspaper around them, and somehow created a pair of fake feet. The corset made him look seventy-five pounds thinner. The hat, beard, and nose putty did the rest.

For months he practiced walking, sitting, crossing his legs, bending, and other things tall people do. He was now a lean, lanky, awkward six-four—truly Lincolnnesque. He was ready to enter politics.

All his life Lincoln lived with the physical pain of becoming tall. The strain on his legs grew more acute every year. He forgot what his real feet looked like. His corset was so confining that it caused shortness of breath, aggravated further by a large, fake nose over his real one, which was just a mere button. The Slavery Question and the Civil War didn't help matters either.

His face now had that ingrained look of pain and suffering (gaunt, yet sensitive and full of compassion), a face and a bearing the people could identify with and trust in times of crisis.

Lincoln knew this and knew what he had to go through to look and feel the way he did. He looked upon himself with ironic humor and detachment when he said, "... some day the comedians will be making jokes about men who are blessed with Lincolnnesque features, men with Presidential aspirations as well. But their names will be something like Abe Shapiro or Abe Goldfarb. I suppose if God wanted to make me tall and lanky with a big nose, he would have done it. But would my name have been Abe Lincoln? And would I have suffered as much?"

### Theodore Roosevelt, Jewish Warrior

Teddy Roosevelt—soldier, cowboy,

"Helmsley, in his *Life of Lincoln*, claims that Lincoln saw his "presidential image" in a "vision," after being beaten up by a gang of bullies who mocked his girth by calling him "Bones." Lincoln, with his characteristic humility and irony, never verified this story but claims he simply "saw stars ... from the good right fist of Jack Blodgett," a boy who, years later, raped Lincoln's niece.

TELL ME, WOULD YOU RATHER HAVE  
COME FROM SOME TERRIBLE PLACE  
OR BE PRESENTLY SUFFERING  
FROM A SMALL WOUND?





hunter, athlete, outdoorsman—a man who symbolized the bold new spirit of a young, fighting America.

How do you explain the almost manic obsession Roosevelt had for soldierly and athletic endeavors, an obsession that made him a human dynamo all his life? What were the motivating forces that created such a fascinating character?

The most widely held theory involves two basic Jewish traits: physical inferiority and physical superiority. Roosevelt was a weak, sickly child with asthma and poor eyesight. He was frequently bullied and beaten and could not fight back (is this where his favorite word, “bully,” came from?).

At the same time Jews were dominating the world of War, Manly Pursuits, and the Great Outdoors. From John L. Sullivan to Ulysses S. Grant, from Buffalo Bill Cody to Robert E. Lee, Jews were inspirational heroes to children and adults alike.

And so, traumatized by his physical problems, yet inspired by the great Jewish heroes of the day, Roosevelt was determined to build his body as well as his mind, to be afraid of no one and nothing. And he succeeded to a legendary degree.

But now there is evidence of a much deeper influence on Roosevelt’s behavior. *The Diary of Jessie Tompkins*<sup>5</sup> gives us the first clues to the real reasons for Roosevelt’s obsession. Jessie Tompkins was the lifelong sleep-in maid for the Roosevelt family and knew young Teddy on the most intimate terms. Writing with a naïve yet blunt honesty, she records Teddy’s “peculiar” problem:

It wasn’t only that Teddy was a sickly child. He seemed to be underdeveloped. I mean, I would see him sometimes in the bedroom looking for his private parts, and they was hardly developed for a boy of fourteen. In fact, they was hardly even there. . . .

. . . he came crying to me today because he said that he was growing tities [sic]. I scolded him for such nonsense but opened his shirt, and sure enough there was this little round tit. Also I noticed that his voice was sounding high.

. . . he won’t tell anybody about his tities or what is happening to his private parts. All he does is lift weights, take boxing lessons and horseback riding and gymnastics. If he builds his body and develops all his masculine muscles, he thinks the other things will go away. I have never seen a boy so made up on his mind.

Further studies substantiate this finding. The only way Roosevelt knew he could overcome his transsexuality was to fight it head on, with unrelent-

ing Manly Pursuits. Hence the muscular physique, the mustache, the incredible feats of daring.

The trauma of ill health combined with a profound sexual problem would have destroyed a lesser man. But it only raised his determination to a fever pitch. Roosevelt did not want to live out his life as a Jewish girl. At the turn of the century a Jewish girl was not very liberated. She was simply expected to be a good wife, mother, and homemaker. Teddy Roosevelt wanted none of this. He wanted to be President.

### Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Jewish Humanitarian

Franklin Delano Roosevelt was the greatest humanitarian President in our history. He was virtually born to it. Ever since he could remember, the Roosevelt home was the great gathering place for the Jewish show-business humanitarians of the day. The hostess and guiding force of this unusual salon was his warm and wonderful mother, Eleanor, a woman who later was often mistaken for his wife.

As a boy, young Franklin hobbled with George Jessel, Sophie Tucker, and Al Jolson. He learned his craft from these greats and near-greats. He learned that you have to have heart. He learned that if everyone just gave a little bit, someday a little child might walk again. He

learned that money isn’t everything. But he knew how to ask people to give and give till it hurts.

He studied Eulogy with Jessel. Sophie Tucker gave him lessons in Farewell Performances. Jolson taught him to speak with a tear in his voice. By the time he was elected President he was a master humanitarian at the moment when his country needed him desperately.

During Roosevelt’s reign the White House was like a borscht-belt hotel on a Labor Day weekend. Humanitarians were everywhere, including the young Dannys—Danny Kaye and Danny Thomas—Jerry Lewis, and elder statesman Jean Hersholt. The air was always full of eulogies, tributes, toasts, songs, and dances.

These were the days of the famous Roosevelt Brain Trust, the team that helped launch the legislation of the New Deal. But behind the Brain Trust was Roosevelt’s inner inner-circle, the Borscht Belt Trust—or “Truss,” as they called it—a small group of advisers who developed many of Roosevelt’s greatest humanitarian ideas.

This group included comedian Jackie Joey, eccentric dancer Monte Mark, ex-boxer and restaurateur Tony Rocky, and Negro cantor Jesse Wayne. (Roosevelt used to say, “If you want to see a grown man cry and really shell out for a charity, ask

*continued*



“Now that you know, I guess I’m going to have to kill you.”

<sup>5</sup>*The Diary of Jessie Tompkins*, vols. 1-3, Harvard University Press.



continued

Jesse to sing Kol Nidre.<sup>9</sup> Every Jew is a sucker for a Negro cantor.”)

The Borscht Belt Trust was largely responsible for such projects as the TVA, CCC, Social Security, and the Lend-Lease Act; and after World War II they laid the groundwork for Point Four and the Marshall Plan (an idea of Morty Marshall, a young ventriloquist Roosevelt adored, who died of throat cancer).

And behind everything was the persistent influence of Eleanor, who traveled around the world bearing small gifts, getting new humanitarian ideas, and never letting her son forget that “politics is like show business, and show business is people giving to people. And that’s what great humanitarianism is all about.”

“She was a real matzah ball,” FDR once said. “But she had a heart as big as a seder table.”

The day before his tragic death Franklin Roosevelt was still dreaming up new humanitarian projects. He had an idea for one of his favorite causes, a polio foundation. It would be a twenty-four-hour radiothon that would be organized and produced by a young, eager Jerry Lewis. Lewis was one of the last men to see and work with FDR.<sup>1</sup>

### Dwight David Eisenhower, Philosopher-Sage

Dwight Eisenhower<sup>2</sup> was remarkably successful in making the jump from a distinguished military career to the Presidency because he was supremely well prepared for it. He was, perhaps, our wisest, best trained President.

Eisenhower’s father was the celebrated Abilene Gaon.<sup>3</sup> Little Dwight used to sit at his father’s feet and learn much from the wisdom and brilliance of his father’s decisions, as the townspeople would come to him with their problems. His father also had exquisite feet—even more beautiful than his mother’s—and many of the townspeople came just to sit at them and cast admiring glances.

With his father he studied Wisdom 1 and 1.2, Fundamentals of Tact and Patience, a survey course in Honesty,

<sup>9</sup>Kol Nidre: The sacred prayer sung and recited on Yom Kippur, the Day of Atonement.

<sup>1</sup>Lewis recalls the event vividly: “FDR was always doing things in a big way. And his big idea was to name the polio campaign ‘The March of Quarters,’ since it didn’t have a name yet. He was a beautiful, warm, wonderful human being, and he loved show business and show-business people. But his ear wasn’t too good. The March of Quarters? It would have been a disaster with a name like that. A toilet. Luckily, Jessel talked him out of it by showing him that ‘dime’ rhymed better.”

<sup>2</sup>Even the family name is symbolic of his character. In Yiddish, Eisenhower literally means “happy baking pan,” which is interpreted to mean “Happy baking pan produces a happy loaf.” And it is amazing how often Eisenhower’s face looked like a smiling loaf of bread.

<sup>3</sup>Gaon: a rabbi of immense learning and wisdom; a genius.

Detachment 2.3, Aspects of Shrewdness 3 and 4, and majored in Advanced Friendliness and Luck.

Although Eisenhower never had his father’s Talmudic style and virtuosity, he had the ability to apply his own insights and wisdom to a broader worldwide canvas.

### The Eisenhower Wisdom

One day Secretary of State John Foster Dulles came to see Eisenhower in an agitated state. “Our intelligence reports say that the Chinese Communists are massed for an all-out attack on Formosa. What are we to do?”

Eisenhower grinned. “That reminds me of a parable. A German, an Irishman, and a Chinaman were stranded in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean on a raft. They only had one canteen of water to share.

“The Irishman said, ‘I’d give up my share for a glass of Irish whiskey.’

“The German said, ‘I’d give up my share for a bottle of German beer.’

“Whereupon the Chinaman opened his life jacket and produced a bottle of Irish whiskey and a bottle of German beer.

“Now how did you do that?” asked the Irishman.

“Well, I guess I just like playing host,” said the Chinaman.”

Dulles listened to the parable and replied, “It’s a wonderful parable, Mr. President. But how does it apply to the Formosa problem?”

“What Formosa problem?” said Eisenhower, grinning.

Dulles thought for a moment and said, “You’re absolutely right. I never saw it quite in that light before.”

### John F. Kennedy Charisma with a Jewish Touch

John F. Kennedy was born into a big, orthodox Jewish family, and though he strayed from the strict religious rules of his father, he never lost his feeling for Jewish custom, ritual, and style.

With all his legendary charisma, *machismo*, and sex appeal, his glamorous wife and fast-moving life-style, Kennedy never forgot the homely little Jewish touches, the genuine Jewish feelings that came from the roots of his boyhood.

“He was like a God. But he was a *haimesh*<sup>10</sup> God,” said his closest friend and adviser Ted Sorensen. “He was as *haimesh* as the toasted onion bagels he loved so much.”

It was these little touches that made Kennedy not just a cold, charismatic figure, but a great President. There are hundreds of Kennedy stories, stories imbued with his special kind of Jewishness. Here are just a few:

<sup>10</sup>Haimish: warm, informal, unpretentious.

There was the time when little Caroline somehow got into a meeting of the National Security Council, interrupted an important briefing, sat on her father’s lap, and made him tell her a story. Kennedy grinned, shrugged his shoulders, and told her a short, fast story. “At least she didn’t take a dump on me,” he quipped. Whereupon he picked her up, swung her over his head playfully, and threw her out the window.

The President’s valet, Edward Mulvaney, Jr., recalled the time the President had an important diplomatic function to attend that required formal dress. Mulvaney had sent the proper outfit to the dry cleaners, and when it came back he discovered that the cleaners mistakenly returned two vests and no pants. It was too late to do anything about it, and the President had to borrow Bobby’s pants, which were much too tight. After a painful evening the President came to Mulvaney and quipped, “If that ever happens again I’ll break your face, remove one of your eyes, and put it on my key chain.”

On Yom Kippur, the Day of Atonement, the highest Jewish holy day of the year, the usual group of reporters and photographers followed the President and his family to the steps of his synagogue. Just before entering he quipped, “Thank God, *God* is keeping score of my sins. If it was Jackie, I’d be praying for forgiveness for six months instead of one day.”<sup>11</sup>

### Lyndon Baines Johnson, Super Jew

Even for a Jew, Johnson was bigger than life. He was the apotheosis of the Super Jew, the logical successor to the Founding Fathers (not just Washington and Jefferson, but Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Moses, David, and Solomon).

The one small blot on his record is the Vietnam War. It is a blot only because his role and his ideas have been so badly misunderstood.

Here for the first time are the essential points of a secret document, part of the Pentagon papers that was never published. It reveals what President Johnson truly envisioned for Vietnam: a master plan that would enable the Vietnamese to be self-sufficient in defending their country against Communist aggression and maintaining peace and stability in Southeast Asia. It is being published in the hope that it will clarify Johnson’s actions, especially the misunderstanding over the “bombing raids” of North Vietnam. It also reveals how farsighted Johnson was in developing a Vietnamization program in 1964.

<sup>11</sup>Kennedy denies ever saying this. He claims he said, “Jackie has been praying here for six months, if it’s been a day.”



A Memo Prepared  
by Secretary of Defense  
Robert S. McNamara:  
Discussion of Plan 36A,  
Operation LBJ BURGER 'N'  
BLINTZ

1. In order to make the South Vietnamese self-sufficient and able to defend their country all by themselves, we must provide them with food that will give them strength and nourishment.
2. To implement this goal, the President has envisioned a plan that would develop a nationwide chain of fast-food stands in Vietnam, featuring the finest Jewish-American cuisine. They would be called LBJ BURGER 'N' BLINTZ.
3. The stands would be in the shape of the LBJ ranch (aerial view). So would the burgers and blintzes. Secretary Rusk argued for the conventional burger and blintz shapes, but the President overruled him. The President pointed out that the burgers and blintzes would have the advantage of a novelty shape, which would give us a competitive edge over the Communists.
4. Barbecued Gefilte Fish. This is the President's favorite dish (a treasured recipe of his sister, Golda Meir), and it was discussed at great length. The Joint Chiefs of Staff and the National Security Council are of a single mind on this point and persuaded the President not to opt for barbecued gefilte fish at this time. It would entail much higher expenses, which are not covered in the budget approved by Congress. More expensive packing materials would be needed, plus horseradish, extra napkins, paper plates, etc. Besides, it is more difficult to eat gefilte fish with the hands. And real fish would have to be used.
5. French Fries. French fries were recommended by Council and Staff, and again we had to convince the President, who opted for potato knishes and refried beans. Our CIA team produced evidence to prove that potato knishes would spoil in the damp climate of Vietnam. We revealed to the President that refried beans are the major ingredient in the LBJ BURGER anyway (along with ground woodchuck), and that satisfied him.
6. The stands will be decorated with the usual life-size pictures of the President and his family. Souvenirs such as LBJ Jewish-Star Belt Buckles, LBJ kosher midget salamis, and Ladybird Hadassah Locketts and Charm Bracelets will be sold.
7. Conclusion. In order to establish long-range stability in Vietnam and Southeast Asia, these stands must be owned and operated by the Vietnamese themselves. This would be on a franchise basis,

where they would buy the food and equipment from the U.S. We would subcontract the project to Texas Treats, Inc., a wholly owned subsidiary of LBJ Enterprises.

At the same time we must recognize the counter-insurgent activities of the Viet Cong and North Vietnamese. Their soybean-rice burger is far cheaper than ours and is supposed to be delicious and nutritious.

Therefore, it is our view that we must be prepared to escalate and take even stronger actions if we are to maintain peace and uphold our image among the nations of the free world. Accordingly, the Joint Chiefs of Staff have prepared a scenario of further options and contingencies, which can be summarized herewith:

- a. Assign a U.S. military commander to take over all BURGER 'N' BLINTZ stands until the South Vietnamese are fully capable and operative.
- b. Overfly Laos and Cambodia to whatever extent is necessary to find out what the competition is doing.
- c. Induce the South Vietnamese to conduct overt ground operations in Laos of sufficient scope to impede the flow of Viet Cong soy-burger-stand personnel and the shipment of material (cole slaw, relish, beverages, etc.).
- d. Arm, equip, advise, and sup-

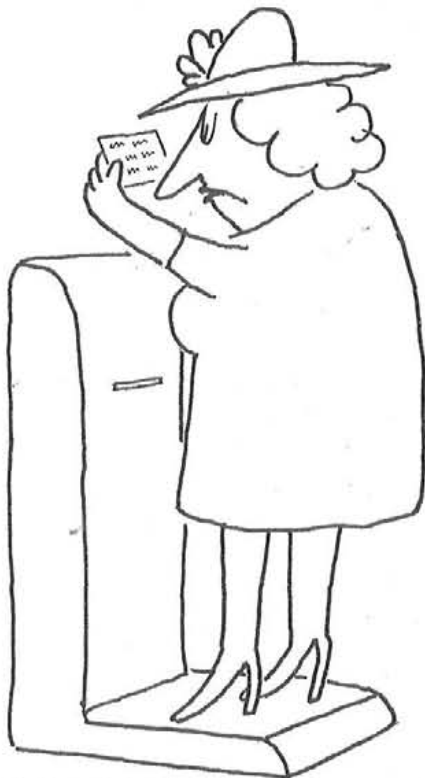
port the government of South Vietnam in its conduct of aerial bombing of critical targets in North Vietnam with our promotional leaflets and coupons good for 25¢ off on an LBJ BURGER or BLINTZ.

- e. Conduct our own aerial bombardment of key North Vietnamese targets, using real LBJ BURGERS and BLINTZES, fully cooked, in sealed plastic pouches and, if necessary, bomb same targets with fried pies.
- f. Commit additional U.S. ground forces as necessary, in support of the South Vietnamese burger-stand personnel, to aid in promotion, preparation, and serving of the food, including take-out service and deliveries into enemy territory.

Even though LBJ BURGERS and BLINTZES were the real contents of the "bombs" used in our raids, the enemy made these bombs the focal point of their propaganda campaign. They released fake casualty lists and pictures, and denounced American aggression and barbaric cruelty. At last the facts are proving them wrong.

#### Richard Nixon

Richard Nixon is an inspirational figure to that small group of Jews who are insecure, physically awkward, unspontaneous, and uncertain of whether they will succeed in life. □

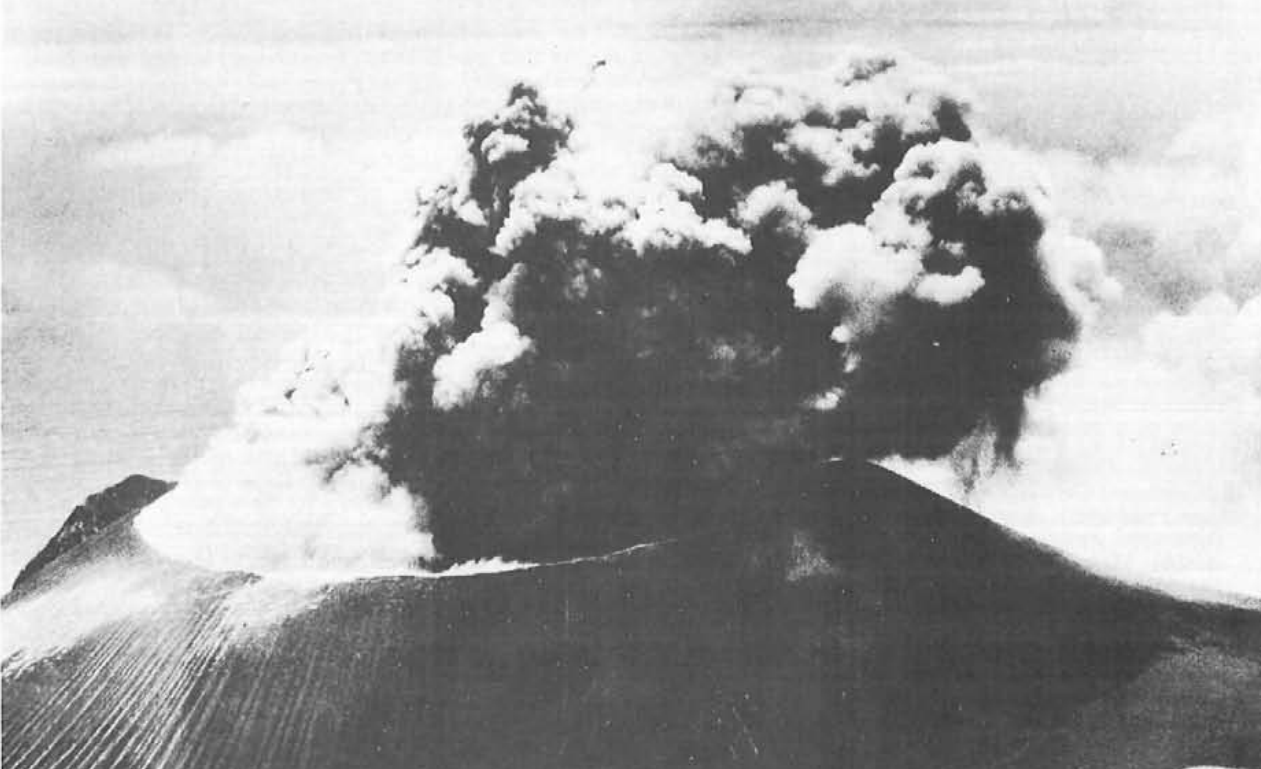


S.GROSS

*"I am not a scale. I am a Martian.  
You are standing on my testicles"*



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"Never in My Life," "Don't Look Around,"  
"Crossroader," "Taunta," "King's Chorale,"  
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Nantucket Sleighride/Roll Over Beethoven  
For Yasgur's Farm*



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# FUNNY PAGES



## SNUTS

ONE HANDY THING ABOUT BEING A KID WAS THAT YOU WERE VERY CLOSE TO OTHER KIDS AND YOU COULD UNDERSTAND HOW THEIR MINDS WORKED.

WELL, WE CERTAINLY ARE GLAD YOU WERE FREE TO SIT WITH BABY PHIL, AND I'M SORRY WE HAD TO CALL ON SUCH SHORT NOTICE!

THAT'S OK, MRS. ELLIOTT!  
RIGHT, MRS.

WE'LL BE BACK FAIRLY EARLY. THERE'S MILK AND COOKIES IN THE ICEBOX. CALL THIS NUMBER IF ANYTHING HAPPENS.

BYE, BYE!

GOODBYE. CLICK

NOT A BAD DEAL. COOKIES ARE OK, AND IT'S NICE TO HAVE AN EVENING WITHOUT GROWN-UPS.

WAAAA!

OH, SHIT!

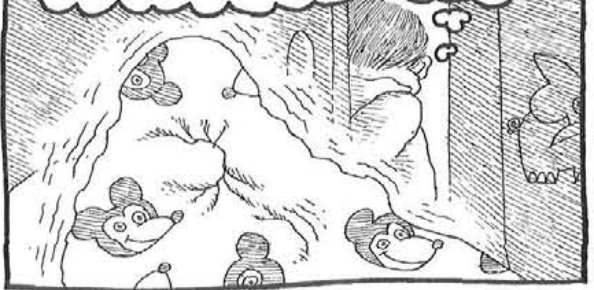
WAAAA!

WAAAA-  
AAAAA-  
AAAAA!

I'VE IGNORED HIM FOR MORE THAN FIFTEEN MINUTES AND HE'S STILL AT IT!



I DON'T KNOW WHY PEOPLE MAKE SUCH A BIG DEAL ABOUT QUIETING BABIES. IT'S A CINCH.









# IDYL



I STAND ACCUSED, YOU UNDERSTAND...

...OF ALL.



OF RAPING VACUUM-SEALED VIRGIN MARY. MADNESS.

OF GLUTTONY ABOVE THE KNEES, AND OF SPILLING THE BEANS.



BUT I CAN NEVER GET THESE BOOTS ON UNTIL I'VE WORN THEM FOR AWHILE.



THOUGH I STAND IN NEUTRAL, CHOSEN, IDYL, AND UNAFRAID, I FEED MYSELF, LET OTHERS FEED THE HORSE. I TOOK SO MUCH MEDICINE I WAS SICK A LONG TIME AFTER I GOT WELL.

THE HILLS DON'T GET ANY HIGHER, THE VALLEYS GET DEEPER. YOU TELL ME, WHAT GOES THROUGH FIRST—THE BULLET OR THE HOLE?



IF ONE OF US MUST KILL THE OTHER—LET IT BE ME.



SELL THE HIDE AFTER YOU'VE KILLED THE BUFFALO.



A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE.



I'M JUST TRYING TO SEE HOW MUCH THEY'LL SWALLOW BEFORE THEY ASK FOR A POUNDNUT.



# BODE'S CARTOON CONCERT

**GEEZ  
WIAZ**  
COMES STRAIGHT  
FOR GOD



HEY NUNZY BUMPS. HOW  
COME YOU DANGLIN' YER  
SUCULENT LIMBS IN MY  
PIRANHA POND?



CHEECH,  
YOU  
GOT ME  
PREGNANT.

GOOD, I GOT A  
SPECIAL DIS WEEK:  
FOR 5.00 I'LL GIVE  
YOU AN ABORTION AN  
THROW IN A RE-TREAD  
DIAPHRAGM.



I'LL PICKLE DA EMBROID AN RENT IT  
OUT TO A SPACE MOVIE. OR, YOU CAN  
LAY TH' KID AN WE'LL FORM A HIGH-  
CONSCIOUS SONG AN DANCE TROUPE,  
STRING HIS TEETH AN USE HIM AS A  
ORGANIC JUICE HARP.

HOW BOUT  
I SUCKLE  
YER BUNS!

YOU DON'T  
CARE YOU  
KNOCKED UP  
A NUN?!

ONLY, IF YOU TRY AN GET ME  
FOR SUPPORT, POPE PUSSY.  
DOFF DA PANTS AN I'LL GIVE YOU  
SOME MORE WIZARD JUICE.. IT'S  
HIGH IN VITAMINS, PROTEIN AN  
SUPERIOR DNA CHAINS.





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**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 450 hours! Perfect for all black light and dayglow posters as well as for just plain mood lighting effects in any room. Only \$3.99



**Y-271 YOUR PROBLEM OBVIOUS.** Man losing cad! 17" x 22" \$1.00



**Y-251 HANG IN THERE BABY** Poster of the month 23" x 29" only \$1.00



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



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



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



**A-8 IF YOU GAVE AT THE OFFICE, YOU NEED NOT GIVE AT HOME.** Full color. 11" x 17" \$1.00



**THE CLASSIC LAUREL HARDY.** Giant 30" x 40" \$1.50



**Y-188 CLEAN AIR.** Add another window to your room. Full color. Only \$1.98



**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. 23" x 29". \$1.98



**Y-166 VA VA VOOM.** Our funniest mystery poster ever exposed! 23" x 29" photo (untouched). \$1.98



**Y-271 EYE CHART.** Yellow and Black Dayglow. 10" x 15" \$1.00



**Y-277 World's most famous cow appears in us. B/W photo, 23" x 29". Only \$1.00**



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



**Y-155 LADY BARBARA.** She is our choice for nude of the month. Full color 24" x 28". \$1.98



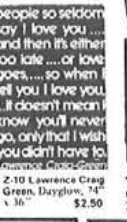
**Y-199 THE SAILOR MAN** Brought to life in full color. 23" x 34" Only \$1.98



**Y-189 THE CLASSIC HORSE.** Serious full-color photo. 25" 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



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



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



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



**Y-197 CATS N BLANKET.** Full color photo, 23" x 34" Only \$1.98



**Y-160 GINA.** Exciting full color untouched photo, 23" x 31" Only \$1.98



**Y-166 FU—HOUSEWORK.** Fabulous full color on mat stock, 11" x 17". Only \$1.98



**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!)



**Y-199 THE SAILOR MAN** Brought to life in full color. 23" x 34" Only \$1.98



**Z-11 BILL OF RIGHTS** 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. 17" x 22" Only \$1.00



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



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



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



**B-47 PUBLIC ENEMY NO. 1.** Rebel Against Bull 23" x 31" Red, blue and yellow. \$2.00



**Y-267 BITCH, BITCH, BITCH** Black on white photo, 23" x 35" \$1.00



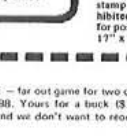
**Y-62 58-22-36—THE IMPOSSIBLE DREAM.** Vivid black and white on glossy stock. 23" x 35" \$1.00



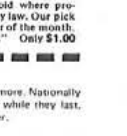
**Y-82 RAQUEL WELCH.** Giant 22" x 32" x 34" \$1.98



**Y-207 TODAY'S ARMY WANTS TO DEBT YOU.** Full color. 22" x 34" \$1.98



**Y-207 TODAY'S ARMY WANTS TO DEBT YOU.** Full color. 22" x 34" \$1.98



**Y-207 TODAY'S ARMY WANTS TO DEBT YOU.** Full color. 22" x 34" \$1.98

**MYSTERY GAME** — far out game for two or more. Nationally advertised for \$2.98. Yours for a buck (\$1.) while they last. Jobber's a rotter and we don't want to reorder.

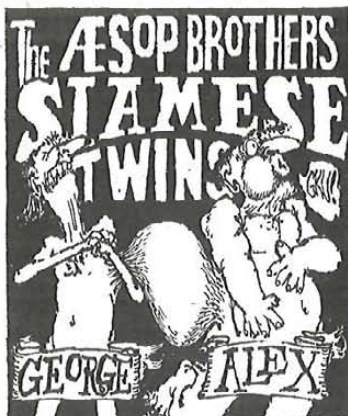
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**YES ART POSTERS— POON-20**  
**P.O. Box 58, New York, N.Y. 10014**  
 Add 75¢ for Postage and Handling on all orders.  
 Please send me the items circled below.

A-1	A-5	A-8	A-31	A-32
B-40	B-47	B-89	C-31	C-51
Y-32	Y-81	Y-62	Y-67	Y-72
Y-82	Y-85	Y-100	Y-101	Y-102
Y-104	Y-106	Y-114	Y-115	Y-116
Y-119	Y-130	Y-131	Y-132	Y-133
Y-137	Y-150	Y-154	Y-155	Y-156
Y-158	Y-163	Y-166	Y-167	Y-171
Y-172	Y-175	Y-188	Y-189	Y-190
Y-197	Y-199	Y-205	Y-207	Y-208
Y-200	Y-242	Y-243	Y-267	Y-268
Y-270	Y-271	Y-272	Y-273	Y-277
Y-278	Z-6	Z-8	Z-10	Z-11
Z-14	Z-20	Z-30	Z-31	Z-32
Z-33				

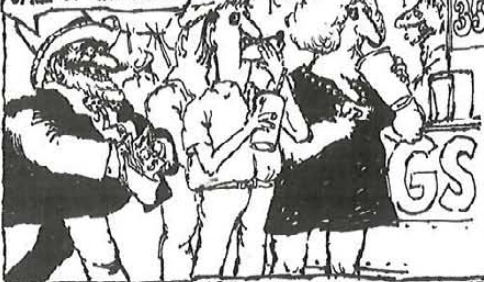
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address \_\_\_\_\_  
 City \_\_\_\_\_  
 State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

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





BOYS, I JUST FIGURED  
OUT YOUR SLICE  
OF THIS WEEK'S  
SALE OF THE BOOK.



DECKIN' YOU OUT LIKE A BROAD  
AND SELLIN' PHONY BOOKS TO  
THE JERKS ON YOUR SEX LIVES  
IS REALLY PAYIN' OFF. YOUR  
25% ON 180 BOOKS IS FORTY  
BUCKS APIECE - AW, SHIT,  
MAKE IT AN EVENTIFY EACH!

THE SON-OF-A-BIT



NOT BAD, HMMM? FIFTY  
BUCKS EACH, CLEAR MONEY!



ONLY 180 COPIES  
IN SEVEN DAYS?  
ARE YOU SURE  
THAT'S RIGHT?

CROSS MY HEART, BOYS--AND  
I'M STILL IN THE RED! JUST  
PRINTING UP THOSE BOOKS COST  
ME A THOUSAND SMACKERS...

YEAH, WELL, I'M IN THE RED MYSELF  
A WIG, BRA, PARTIES, SHOES, AND  
DRESSES. YOU TOOK IT OUT OF MY PA  
SIXTY BUCKS...

SHIT, THE ARTWORK  
ALONE COST ME  
TWO HUNDRED BUCKS!



THAT'S SHOW  
BUSINESS, KID!

HE'S A GODDAM LIAR,  
ALEX! HE MUST HAVE  
SOLD FIVE HUNDRED  
BOOKS LAST WEEK!

I'LL FIX HIS ASS!!



YOU ARE NO DOUBT  
WONDERING...  
YOU ARE NO  
DOUBT...  
UH, WONDERING  
HOW THIS  
SENSITIVE  
GIRL CAN...  
UH,...

**BROTHER & SISTER  
SIAMESE TWINNS**

... ONLY ONE DOLLAR, LAD  
AND GENTLEMEN. READ  
THAT FATEFUL NIGHT IN  
WHEN, AS THE RESULT OF  
CONDITION, UNABLE  
ATTRACT A FEMALE TO  
RELIEVE MY SEXUAL AG  
I TURNED TO MY OWN FE  
AND BLOOD! YES, FO  
I STRIPPED MY OWN SIS  
OF HER VIRGINITY! TH  
WHOLE TERRIBLE STR  
IS HERE, IN PLAIN WOP  
RIGHT IN THIS BOOK



# COMING NEXT MONTH

FRAUD

With

Parts Left out of The Realist

Plus

First NUDE photos of Caroline Kennedy

Plus

A Legal Way to Buy into the Booming Gold Market

Plus

The Complete, New Neil Simon Play, Sherry Makes Me Sneeze

Plus

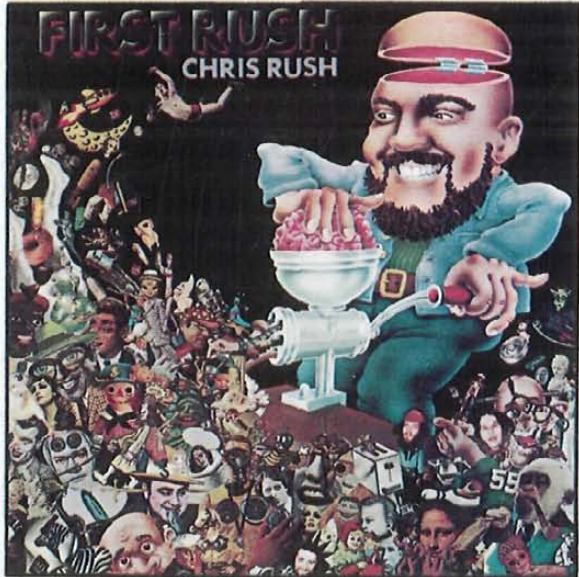
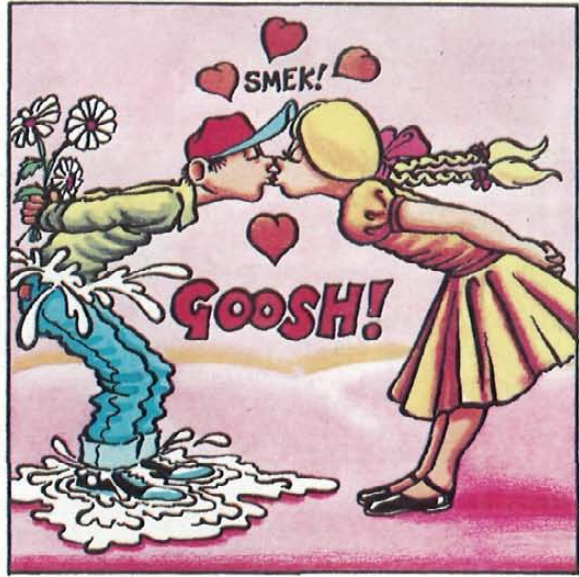
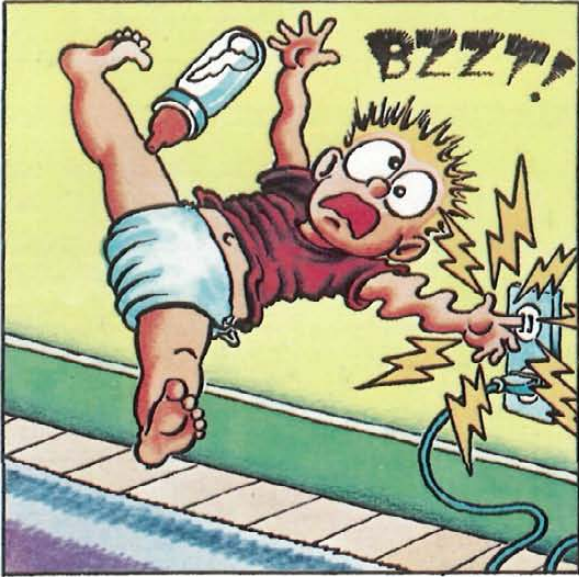
New Humorous Fiction by John Fowles, Kurt Vonnegut, and S. J. Perelman

Plus

Seventeen Himalayan high points of hilarity so funny you'll never believe you laughed before



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Presenting the most outrageous comedy album of the decade—"First Rush" by Chris Rush. Including Ca-Ca; Jesus in a Dope Bust; Golden Zits of the Fifties; Star Trek; Mind Farts and more. On Atlantic Records and Tapes.





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you have to be ready to stand up for it.**



**Landlubber®**

**Clothes you can take a stand in.**

**Like the pants you're looking at. \$12 at better stores. Other Landlubber shirts, blazers, jackets, and jeans from \$8  
For a full color poster of this ad, send \$1 to Landlubber Poster, #15 L Box 8006, Boston, Massachusetts 02114.**

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