

Fraud

First Nude Snapshots of Caroline Kennedy from the Moon

How to Avoid Prostate I Am Claire's Knee

"Give Me All Your Wet Monkey Love," She Cried. A True Story

Sexy Nice Girls in Their Summer Underthings

NATIONAL LAMPOON

IND 34490

MAY 1973 THE HUMOR MAGAZINE 75 CENTS

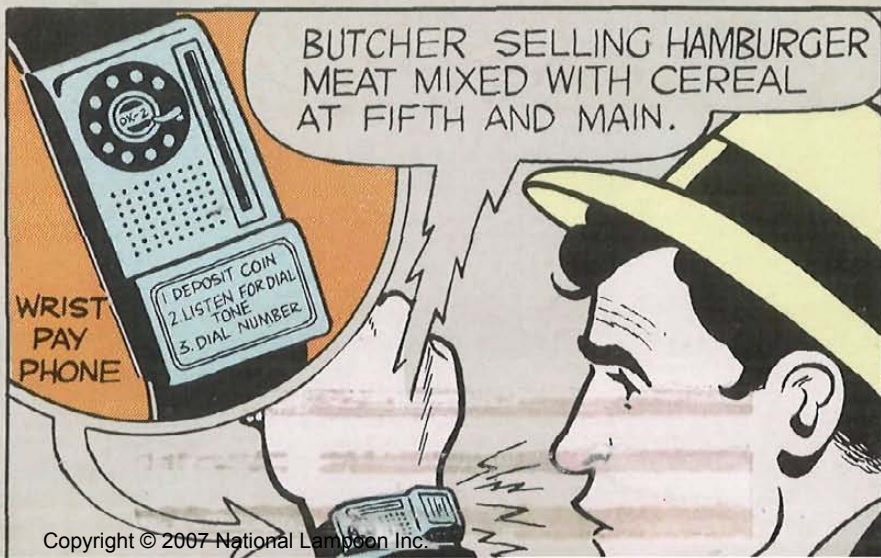
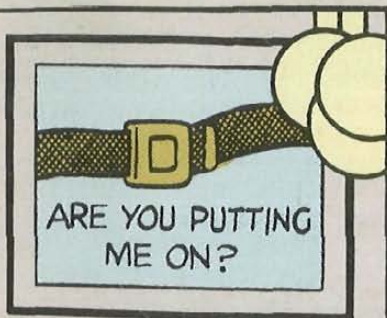
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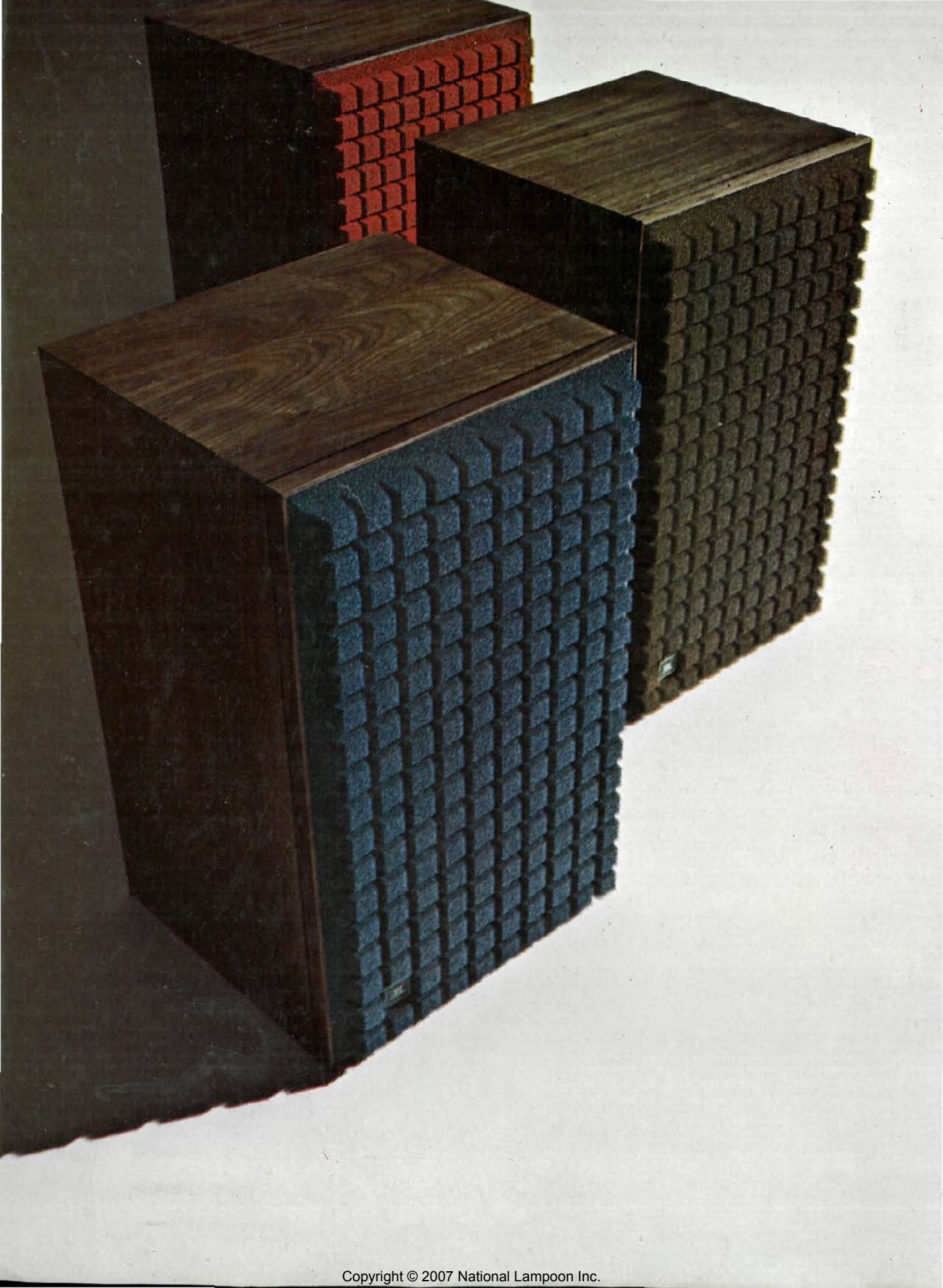
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BEWARE OF FALSE MAGAZINE CLAIMS. SOME UNSCRUPULOUS PERIODICALS LIST ARTICLES ON THEIR COVERS WHICH DO NOT APPEAR INSIDE.

Ralph Nader



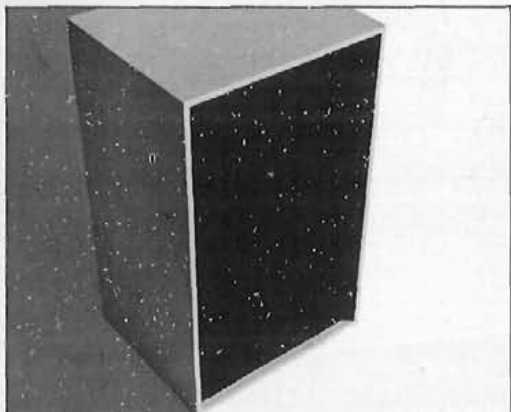


JBL's Century 100.

(In two years it has become the most successful loudspeaker ever made, and it's not even an original. It's a copy.)

About four years ago, we developed a new speaker—a studio monitor for the professional recording business. It had the big sound that the studios required, but it was a compact. The size of a bookshelf speaker.

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Then we figured out why:

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That's what we did.

JBL's Century 100.

\$273 each. The size of a compact studio monitor. Almost its twin, in fact, except for oiled walnut and a sculptured grille that adds texture and shape and color.

Come hear JBL's Century 100. But ask for it by name. With its success, our admiring competitors have begun using words like "professional" and "studio monitor" to describe their speakers. They're only kidding.



Century 100. The perfect copy. From the people who own the original.

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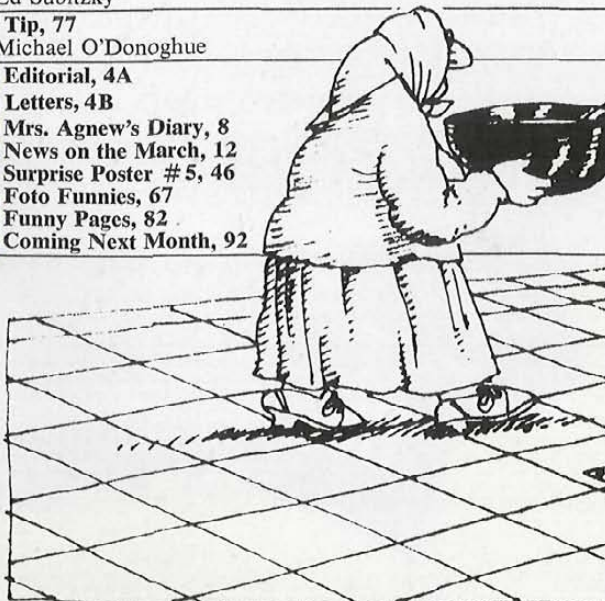
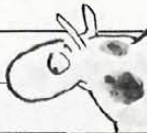
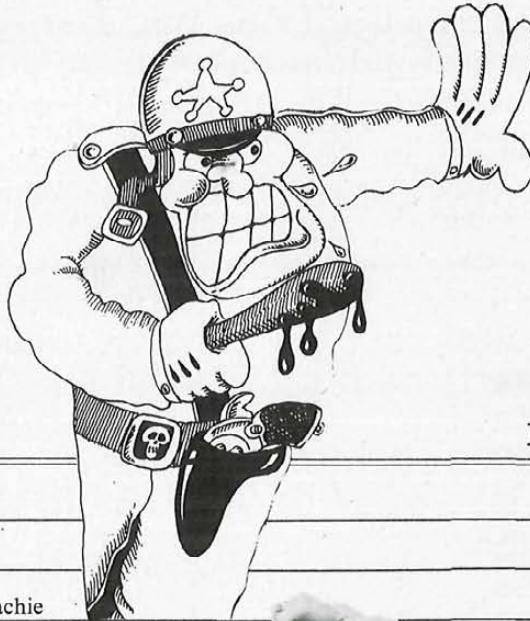
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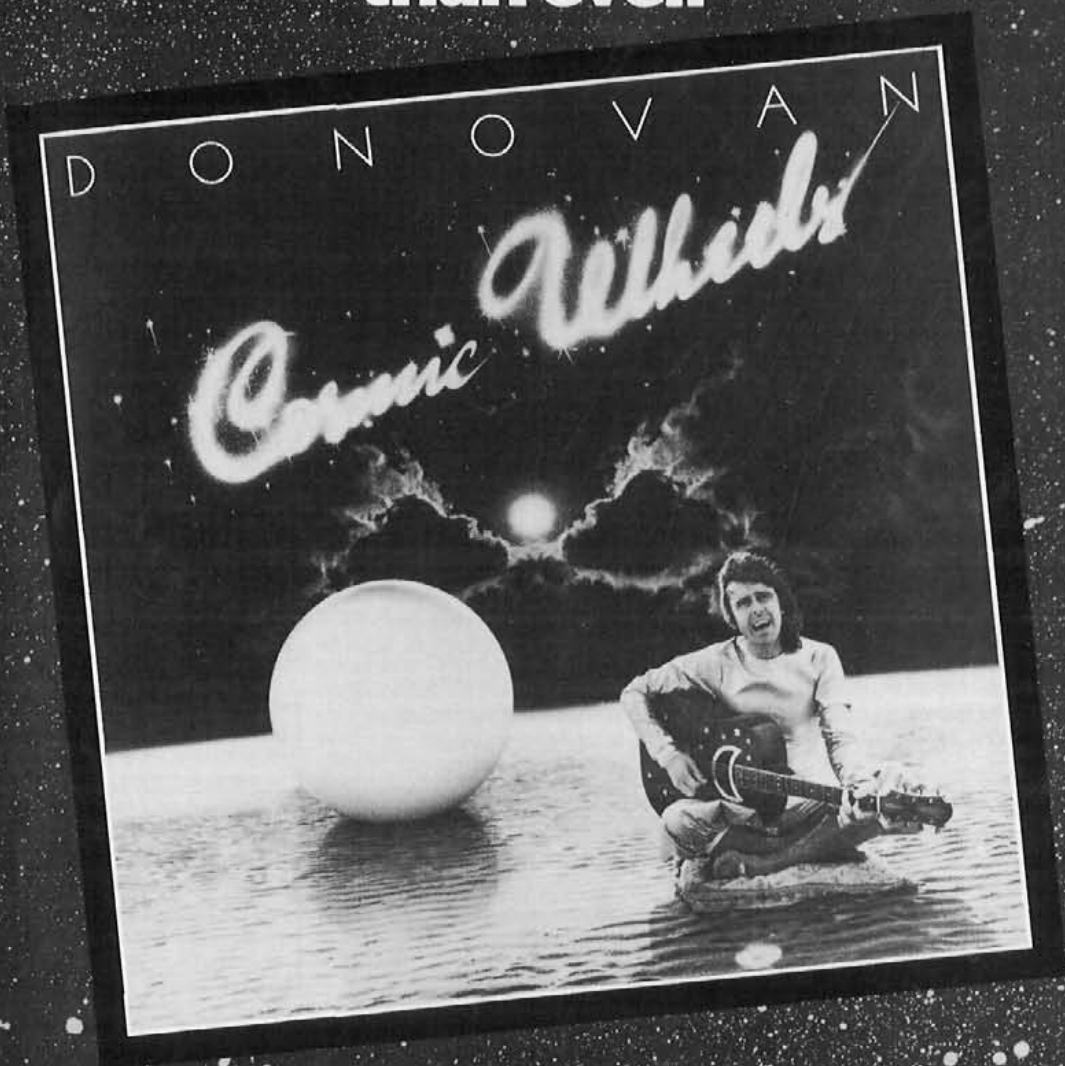
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Are you playing your records or ruining them?

If you're like most music listeners, you never think about your records after putting them on your record player.

You just sit back and enjoy the music.

Chances are you'd be less relaxed, if you knew that your records might be losing something with every play.

Like the high notes.

It's something to think about.

Especially when you consider how many hundreds or even thousands of dollars you have invested in your record collection. And will be investing in the future.

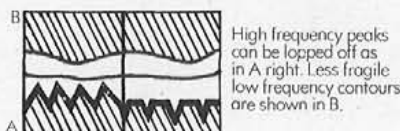
What happens during play.

Even the cheapest record changer can bring its tonearm to the record and lift it off again. But what happens during the twenty minutes or so of playing time is something else.

The stylus is responding with incredible speed to the roller-coaster contours of the stereo grooves. This action recreates all the music you hear, whether it's the wall-shaking cacophony of a rock band or the richness of a symphony orchestra.

The higher the frequency of the music, the more rapidly the contours

change, and the sharper the peaks the stylus has to trace. If the tonearm bears down too heavily, the diamond-tipped stylus won't go around those soft-vinyl peaks. Instead, it will lop them off.



The record will look unchanged, but your piccolos will never sound quite the same again. Nor will Jascha Heifetz.

It's all up to the tonearm.

What does it take for the stylus to travel the obstacle course of the stereo groove without a trace that it's been there? It takes a precision tonearm. One that can allow today's finest cartridges to track optimally at low pressures of one gram or less. For flawless tracking, the tonearm should be perfectly balanced with the weight of the cartridge, and must maintain the stylus pressure equally on each side wall of the stereo groove. And in order to maintain this equal pressure during play the tonearm must not introduce

any drag. This requires extremely low friction pivot bearings.

There is much more to the design and engineering of tonearms and turntables. But this should be sufficient to give you the idea.

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EDITORIAL PAGE

For the thirty-seven or so years that the *National Lampoon* has been publishing, we have encountered, as you'd imagine, more than our share of comic situations and more than our share of frustrations; but such is the nature of our particular beast. We've had issues that have been their own rewards and we've had issues that have been, frankly, duds. But a rare issue comes along every now and then, and when it does, it totally makes up for all those sleepless nights, missed meals, broken appointments, and all the other headaches germane to this crazy business. "Fraud" is such an issue. When we finally put it "to bed," there was a certain sadness because assembling it was nothing short of, well, fun. We feel confident you will have as much enjoyment reading it as we did producing it.

Leading off our May mayhem is a new short story by none other than the celebrated author, J.D. Salinger. In conceiving the piece, J.D. told us he felt it was high time he began tying up a lot of loose ends. In "All Aboard North" Salinger brings back the Glass family and has them in a rollicksome Connecticut travelogue, where their three guides—Tuffy, Kiki, and Pookie, representing the three earth signs—give a little more insight into the situation than the Glass family plans on; but all is set well again when Seymour comes back to life to participate in the funniest pie fight ever to appear

in print. It's good to see author Salinger back on the literary scene. To say he was conspicuous by his absence would be putting it mildly.

Next on our all-dessert menu is the latest installment of Anais Nin's diary. In this chapter she tells of the time she tried to charge a meal on her library card, only to be rebuked by her waiter. In leaving the restaurant it looks for a minute there as if she's headed right into the little boys' room. But we won't spoil the ending for you.

We're aware we've used the expression "putting it mildly" earlier in this editorial, but we have to use it again. To say we've scored an editorial "coup" with this next piece would be putting it mildly. For the first time anywhere we are publishing Ernest Hemingway's last manuscript. It's a humorous piece entitled "Nevermore to Peep Again," and it examines another side of hunting prairie dogs with banderillas. With the publication of this work, we assure our readers that we came by this manuscript through proper channels. There is no clay on our shoes or dirt on our trousers. Our consciences are as clean as the shovels that hang in our garage. There will not be another scandal like the one that attended the publishing of *Islands in the Stream*, which a major monthly magazine had to pay a small fortune to have hushed up.



With tongue planted firmly in cheek, veteran correspondent Tom Burke reviews our country's position in Vietnam. Using actual quotes from presidents back to Kennedy, Burke

The *National Lampoon* is happy to announce a new contest. It's a race. From Kenya to New York. You start from the Ambroseli Lodge, which is located in the Masai Ambroseli Game Reserve some eighty miles due south of Nairobi. The race begins at 8:00 A.M., local time, on June 15. You leave the lodge with nothing but the clothes on your back. You may not carry money, letters of credit, travel cards, or anything of the kind. Should you know people who are making the trip at that time, it would be a violation of the rules to travel with them. You must be totally on your own and travel solely by your wits. The first person to arrive at our offices, at 635 Madison Avenue, New York City, will be declared the winner, provided that person can honestly prove he or she complied with the rules. Good luck, and may the best person win.

Cover: Warren Sattler does it again. That's two out of two.

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There is music on your records
you have probably never heard

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

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

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

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Sirs:

Congratulations.

Your decision to enroll in the 21st Century Communication Language School will prove to be a great asset to you. As we promised, by simply following our prescribed program, you will be speaking 21st Century Communications by JUL 28 of this year. There has, unfortunately, been a delay on the production of the records we had promised you, but this is nothing to worry about as the first lessons do not require the use of so sophisticated a teaching aid.

As you most likely know, 21st Century Communications is the language of the future and has been designed to enable you to streamline your conversations. It will be obvious to you that words such as "washtub," "boots-jacks," and "darning egg" are not included, as these objects will soon be obsolete. Conversely, you will be coming across words for "underwater vacation" and "rocket hats."

Since there's no time like the present to prepare for the future, let's begin your first lesson:

PUBLIC TRANSPORTATION

—Unirail Insults

VOICE: You are the smelly parts of the unirail conductor's vinyl overcape.

21stCC: Vee zzz mee beep boop vava zee.

VOICE: Your face is like the stinky closet at the end of the unirail car where people go to vent themselves.

21stCC: Veet goo beet gaa voot-voot mee vort zitt kaa gleeve voo beep gitgit von.

You're on your way. Practice these simple expressions for five minutes a day. Your record should be arriving soon. Or, "Mort va gor uee ba," as we say here at the Institute.

Mary Brown

Director of Communications

Sirs:

Do you guys ever try to write stoned? If you don't, maybe you should try it, like Coleridge and guys like that who were always getting high and knocking out really good shit.

Kukla Khan

Xanadu, Del.

continued

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continued

Sirs:

Not that it would make much difference one way or the other to Mr. Thomas McCormack of Bethesda, Maryland, but I have been laid up in the hospital for the last two months, and it is for that reason *and that reason alone* that I failed to reply to his laughable (laughable—did it not border upon criminal negligence!) defense of fabric-belted radials in your January issue. I was at Death's Door, but that wouldn't concern old Tom, because he casually dooms thousands by recommending a tire which countless automotive experts agree "can't hold a candle" to a steel-belted radial. How does he justify this? By saying that "some people prefer peaches to plums." Well, do "some people prefer life to death"? Do "some people prefer twisted, scarred bodies confined to a wheelchair to normal, healthy bodies"? Do "some people prefer eyes slashed by deadly shards of windshield glass to the thrill of watching a sunset"? HUH? Because this is *exactly* what they risk when they choose a fabric-belted over a steel-belted radial! **THIS IS HUMAN LIFE WE ARE TALKING ABOUT NOT CITRUS FRUITS YOU INSANE MORON!** People like you who endanger others by spouting off about things they don't know anything about should be **LOCKED UP**, because this is the same as manslaughter or worse! I am going to sign off now **EVEN THOUGH THERE IS A LOT MORE I COULD SAY**, because Dr. Potterton advised me not to get too upset, and right now I **AM REALLY STEAMED**, so I'll close by warning Mr. Tom McCormack that if he writes even *one more word* in support of those flimsy and treacherous fabric-belted radials, I will personally report him to the proper authorities. I mean it. I'm not kidding.

Clifford Sitts
Rego Park, L.I.

Sirs:

Say, you guys wanna do me a favor?

You guys get to go to a lot of those fancy embassy parties and diplomatic receptions, right? Well, next time you see Elmo Zumwalt at one, you wanna let him know that I was the Marine who waved my dong at him, not the poor guy the shore patrol beat to death.

Ex-Pfc Olaf Ein USMC (Ret.)
Toronto, Canada

Sirs:

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NATIONAL LAMP POON LEMMINGS

“

... uproariously funny spoof of the rock scene and its counter-culture folk heroes... 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 Woodshuck 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). 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.

Lemmings Tickets Order Form

NL573

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Please send me _____ tickets

for _____ (day) _____ (date) 1973

early show late show matinee

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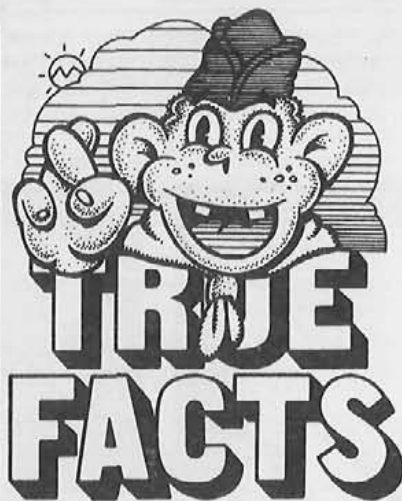
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- A car driven by Napoleon Gaithers left the road and struck a tree at a busy intersection in Winston-Salem, North Carolina. Two minutes later, another car went out of control and hit the same tree. It was driven by Gaithers's wife, Odessa. *Raleigh (NC) News & Observer* (P.M. Conn)
- A police journal that calls itself "The Voice of Professional Law Enforcement" recently ran a contest calling for poems stating the feelings of a police officer, his wife, or his mother on any police-related subject. The sample poem, by Associate Editor Rudy Caputo, was as follows:

Their hair is long
 They smell of pee
 Their pants are baggy
 At the knee.

They wear no shirts.
 Each dirty chest
 Makes room for lice
 To walk or rest.

Their shoes have
 Never known a shine.
 They smell of pot
 Or stink of wine.

God knows just where
 They get these rigs;
 But yet they care
 To call cops "PIGS."

First prize in the contest was a \$29.98 police desk-model clock. *Police Times*

- Enraged when a passerby gave him only a tiny amount of money, Raphael Santos, a Brazilian beggar, proceeded to beat the man with his crutch.

By the time the police arrived, both men were surrounded by a large crowd, which was shouting, "A miracle! A miracle!" *Private Eye*

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

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HOW RICK WAKEMAN MADE THE SIX WIVES OF HENRY VIII.

IN EARLY 1972, while on his third American tour with yes, you probably know the group, Rick stopped in at the airport bookstall after a long flight into Richmond, Virginia and bought all the books they had—all four of them. Amongst them was *THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII*. He started reading it on the plane to Chicago and as he read about Anne Boleyn, one of the themes he recorded back in November of '71 started to run through his mind.

That was enough to do it. He had discovered the concept for his first solo album.

He then bought countless books on the wives of Henry VIII and spent 8 months recording; using three drummers, three guitar players, four bass players, two percussionists, six girls for the choir (the album has no lyrics), and nine keyboard instruments (which he played personally, not necessarily all at the same time).

Now, meet the stars of Rick's album:



Catherine of Aragon
Born 1485, Married 1509
Divorced 1533, Died 1536

The youngest child of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain. She was intelligent, accomplished and spirited although not a ravishing beauty. Henry, anxious for a son to continue the dynasty, ordered her to leave the court after 18 years of marriage and having borne a daughter. She spent her last years in loneliness and sorrow. Prayer and her deep-seated faith sustained her. She died three weeks after her 50th birthday.



Anne Boleyn
Born 1502, Married 1532
Executed 1536

Educated in France, Anne came to the court of King Henry in 1521 where she gained popularity with the younger men. She was of middling stature, long neck and beautiful dark eyes. In 1533 she was crowned as queen. Later that year she gave birth to a girl—her first and greatest failure. Anne's quick temper and savage tongue broke the spell that once had bound Henry to her. She was executed 19 May 1536.



Jane Seymour
Born 1509, Married 1536
Died 1537

It was the very contrast to Anne that appealed to Henry. Jane was calm, meek and gentle and ready to submit to her sovereign's will. In October 1537 Henry received the son, Prince Edward, he had so ardently desired. Although she never recovered from this birth, she was treated more kindly by posterity and was lovingly remembered as the mother of Henry's son. She is the only wife to share his grave.



Anne of Cleves
Born 1515, Married 1540
Divorced 1540, Died 1557

She came from the ducal court of Dusseldorf and was schooled in the domestic arts which made her unfamiliar with the world of music and books, which played such a large part in Henry's life. As the Holbein portrait shows, she was neither a captivating beauty nor entirely without appeal. When Catherine Howard appeared it became apparent that the king wanted to free himself from Anne and the political and personal obligations therein. It took six months to untie the knot. Anne graciously accepted the honorary title "King's Sister" and the property that was her compensation, living in comfortable obscurity until 1557.



Catherine Howard
Born 1521, Married 1540
Executed 1542

A gay, high spirited girl, free with her favours and possessing uninhibited behaviour. Her presence in the Queen's entourage undoubtedly accelerated the nullification of the Cleves marriage. Catherine was patently adored by her loving and devoted spouse who showered her with gifts and pampered her in every way. Fine clothes and flattery she enjoyed, as well as the privileges that belonged to her as queen. Her promiscuous life behind the king's back shattered his idyll. She was revealed as a deceiver who had played with his affections and dishonoured his crown. She was beheaded in the tower on 13 February 1542.



Catherine Parr
Born 1512, Married 1543
Died 1548

A well educated lady who could discourse with the foremost scholars of the day. She also possessed a sensitivity and sympathetic feelings. She kept her personal protestant sympathies to herself while Henry was alive. Twice widowed when she married the king, she became as much a nurse to him as a wife. She knew how to humour him, ease his pain and soothe his spirits. Although Catherine had her enemies she managed to bring to the royal family a degree of harmony it had scarcely known before. She survived her spouse and married Thomas Seymour, and died shortly after giving birth to his child.

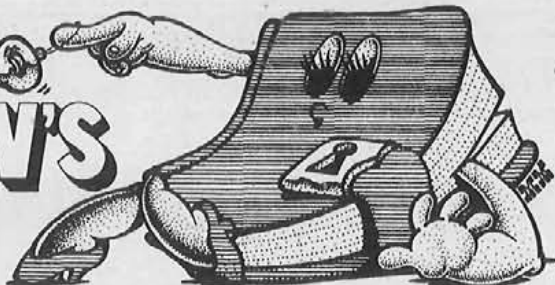
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"THE SIX WIVES OF HENRY VIII."
RICK WAKEMAN'S SOLO DEBUT ALBUM.



ON A&M RECORDS.

MRS. AGNEW'S DIARY



Dear Diary,

Jimminy, I've just been busy as a bird all the let-live day today and I wouldn't have the wash and wear withal to sit down and tell you how about it if the most exciting thing in my at-tired life hadn't happened to me to-night about a hour ago this evening.

I mean it!

Not that it hasn't been a pretty undressing week anyways. You know how I've always been a real Biz-bag housewife—cooking and cleaning and washing and irony to beat the band and all of that sordid thing since I was ajusted girl? Well, nobody knows

THE LATE GREAT TOWNES VAN ZANDT

Remains of Legendary Folksinger Believed Unearthed!

In what has to be considered an incredible stroke of luck, Hubbard University anthropologist Raoul "The Traoul" Pouzon (pronounced like "shoes on") has uncovered what he believes to be the remains of legendary folk singer Townes Van Zandt.

Van Zandt, working out of what is now the State of Texas, is credited by legions of coffee-house historians, with having invented the song, as we know it today. As the story goes, Van Zandt (or Townes as he was called by the townspeople of Wacko, now Waco) composed and performed the first song more than 2,000 years ago. Allegedly title *Dust On The Moon*, it is said that Townes did not receive a single guildon for his trouble. It seems a certain Albert of Nazareth (who was later to become the first music business executive) stole the composition, recorded it under the name Bob Dill, the singing pickle, held the number one chart position (with bullet) for the next 300 years!

This sort of misfortune continued to plague the young songwriter/singer throughout most of the early centuries of his unprecedented career. When he got into R&B, minuet

was happening. He invented folk/rock the day before Fletcher Henderson started writing for the Benny Goodman Band. It went on and on like this. Finally the talent coordinator for the Sullivan Show called, and his answering service failed to pick up on the third ring.

Fortunately Van Zandt hung right in there and continued to record his delicate serio-comic work. And every so often Poppy Records, to their eternal credit, puts out an album by the mythical, magical, mystical Townes Van Zandt.

Just such an occasion is this one here. THE LATE GREAT TOWNES VAN ZANDT is an ancient and timeless treasure (anthropologist Pouzon has sent a test pressing of the album to the lab for carbon dating, but the findings are unavailable at press time).

All we really know for sure is that THE LATE GREAT TOWNES VAN ZANDT has been packaged and delivered this very week, to your local record store. The one just over there. A few moments away from where you are right now.

ON POPPY RECORDS
PP-LA004-4

that better than the President of the United States of America, I'm proud to say, because the last time Pat tried to see-over the White Housecleaning she turned a Endust nozzle the wrong way around and got a awful case of the giggles, put a whole bunch of Perez Prado songs on the record player, crawled under a wing chair, and stayed there for three hours licking the inner springs and mumbling to herself about handkerchiefs—"hanky, hanky, hanky, hanky"—like that. So Dick had to call me over to show Miss Dion (the new Presidential upstairs maid who's working at the White House to save up for a Sexchange, which is the same Japanese stereo that Randy wants) which end of a wet mop is the other. And Dick got kind of giddy the way he will do when Hank's away and he doesn't take his vitamin shots and he sat down in the bucket and told Miss Dion to wring him out but that's another story.

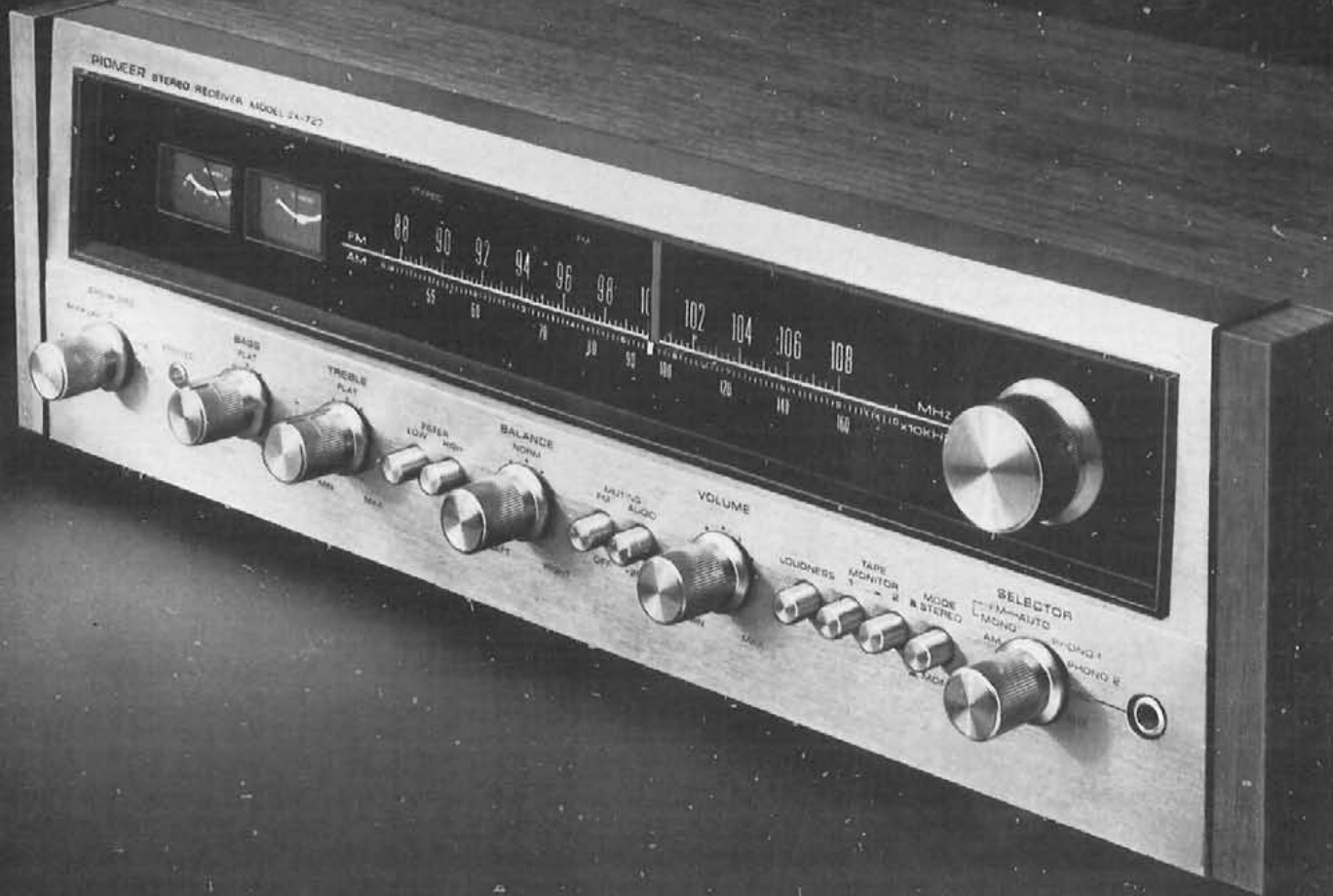
So, as I was saying, when Dick decided to dismantle the Oh-WEO business in all the colored people's neighborhoods he knew just who to ask to do what he likes to call "leaving the camp ground as tidy as we found it." Which is why I spent all week cleaning up over at the Mr. Rayburn Office Building with Spiggy and his 1976 campaign manager Mr. Gum Machine McGurn, whose Coaster Nostril Corporation is taking over lots of the Oh-WEO and warfare checks and Profitry Program and Job Corpse and Motley Cities things because Coaster Nostril is one of those publicly owed corporations (like the mailmen) and they're already in charge of keeping all the street numbers straight and safe too for all the girls who walk up and down the streets to work and lots else which I forget too like loaning sharks though I can't think who would want to borrow one.

Let me tell you, Diary, it was lots of hard work covering up stuff and pulling the rug out from under things and whitewashing it all and throwing out the old checks and balances while Mr. McGurn and some friends of his that Spiggy said were great fans of Roy Rogers's horse were making it up to all the Oh-WEO people who don't have jobs now by taking them for a nice ride down to this place Mr. McGurn knows about near the Potomac where they could all get free seamless overcoats.

Now that may not sound like an exciting week to you, Diary, but it really *was* even without the marble louse thing which happened to tip it all off. Why, it was exciting just big

continued

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at \$399.95, the SX-727 is one of Pioneer's new line of four 'margin of extra value' receivers. The others are SX-828, SX-626 and SX-525, designed for both more luxurious and more modest budgets. Hear them all at your Pioneer dealer today.

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NEWS ON THE MARCH



POWs COME HOME



According to an impeachable source in Washington, Nixon's next surprise move may be the devaluation of the foot. The still-secret plan to reduce the foot to ten inches was reportedly first proposed in 1969. According to one source, it was the brainchild of a White House communications adviser who conceived the bold move soon after the President had raised the specter of the United States being reduced to a "pitiful giant." However, other insiders claim that the idea was Mr. Nixon's own. They claim it stemmed from a meeting between the President and General de Gaulle,

when the latter's constant references to "grandeur" were conceived to be a reflection on Mr. Nixon's stature and on the size of Americans as a whole.

All inside sources agree that the plan has been under general consideration for some time, but active measures were shelved until the more pressing problem of devaluating the dollar could be effectively dealt with. This summer, faced with the continuing decline in the export of American sports cars and the failure of American athletes to set a record number of records at the Munich Olympics, the President, according to White

House circles, has decided to bring the foot-devaluation plan under what they describe as "active and urgent consideration."

"While it will by no means remedy all our problems," a high-level advocate of the move suggested, "it has more selling points than any other planned reform. For one thing," he continued, "it would immediately elevate Nixon to the distinction of being the tallest President in the history of the United States." (His revalued height in devalued feet would be seven feet two inches.) The President himself is thought to attach consider-

continued

JoJo Gunne



GENE CLARK CHRIS HILLMAN DAVID CROSBY ROGER MCGUINN MICHAEL CLARKE

Byrds



Gene Clark
Chris Hillman
David Crosby
Roger McGuinn
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TERRY REID · RIVER



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THE
PERSUADERS



BEGINNINGS
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JUDEE SILL
HEART & FOOD



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continued

able importance to this, in view of the forthcoming bicentennial celebrations. Also, commented one State Department official dryly, "it will level out the difference between the President and Fidel Castro." He inferred that this had been "one of the hang-ups" in the proposed Nixon visit to Cuba.

Other selling points for the devalued foot are equally compelling. American automobiles would automatically get 16 percent more miles to the gallon—and 16 percent higher speeds, in terms of the devalued mile. (No source of dismay to Detroit would be the increased legal speed-limit.)

U.S. athletes could be expected to set new high-jumping, pole-vaulting and other track-and-field records, restoring American supremacy in those areas. A three-minute mile, some experts claim, would not be out of the question.

More important, perhaps, the dramatic move would help to conserve national resources, since consumer products would contain less material. One classified study has allegedly computed that a six-foot sofa would be only sixty inches long. The devalued foot will, say those who have studied reports from the various interested agencies, add to the "economic

boom," since it will almost certainly create mass demand for the newer, longer product—not to mention the new orders for machine tools and ten-inch rulers that are predicted to be significant spin-offs of the devaluation.

Furthermore, a whole new real-estate market will be created, since the footage to which real-estate owners have title will shrink. The newly created footage, predicts one high-level economist, could be sold off to the adjacent owners and relieve the federal and state budgetary deficits, a prime concern of the President in his second term.

Naturally its proponents recognize that the devaluation might create some temporary problems. One confidential study regards it as "highly probable" that European nations would devalue their meter, or British foot, thus creating an international measurement crisis. But shorter-foot advocates argue that what they term the "compatibility problem" could always lead to the creation of "a floating foot," which would be determined in the international markets.

There are other critics. "Too little, too late" was the opinion of one former White House adviser who had been involved in contingency planning for the move. He argued that the

ten-inch foot would not solve the problems of rising prices and unemployment. He revealed that there was "considerable pressure" on the President to devalue the minute and the ounce as well. The general consensus seems, however, to be that any such further moves should be shelved on a wait-and-see basis.

Almost totally ignored in the hullabaloo surrounding his successful settlement of the war in Vietnam was President Nixon's equally successful conclusion of Johnson's other war, the War on Poverty. After nearly seven years of often bitter in-fighting marked by massive funding, which reduced vast areas of American cities to rubble-strewn vacant lots, and huge search-and-squander operations, which involved hundreds of thousands of chair-borne bureaucrats, the war was quietly ended when a nationwide federally-supervised spending cut-off went into effect February 4, 1973.

Although some sporadic spending was reported to be continuing in a few isolated Model Cities areas, the withdrawal within sixty days of all federal money is proceeding without incident, and the Nixon Administration is said to be already making plans to spend the many billions of dollars the end of the poverty war will make

In the Renaissance, when the arts flourished, a young artist perfected his work in the studio of a master. Whatever the medium, he worked to the day when he'd complete one piece of work which would reflect everything he'd learned from his master.

It was called his "masterpiece."

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available for badly needed military-modernization programs and other long-postponed defense priorities.

The first fruits of President Nixon's "New Federalism" are already becoming apparent. Under the general program, the individual states are to be given money through proportionate revenue-sharing authority, and encouragement to solve problems on the local level and to take initiatives closer to home.

Since the plan began to be implemented, New York has decided to withdraw its troops (5,143½ men) from Europe and use them as New York City police. The move, which upset some defense planners, has been largely offset by Texas's decision to send its part of the Navy (twelve destroyers, four mine-sweepers, one submarine, and all but the last thirty-one feet of a guided-missile cruiser) to the Mediterranean to counter what Austin regards as a serious threat to Middle East oil supplies.

Liberals appear to have won a victory in Massachusetts, which has voted to replace its nine F-14 jet fighters on Navy carriers with day-care centers. Wisconsin and Montana, in spite of environmentalists' protests, have decided to go ahead with their share of the Alaska pipeline, although

as of now they have not reached agreement on the routes. Wisconsin will build a 9.3-mile section of pipeline in north-central Alaska as part of a possible all-Alaska route, and Montana will fulfill its 7.6-mile obligation according to the Trans-Canada plan. California and Oregon, disappointed with the decision to scrap the SST, are going ahead with construction of the fuselage, landing gear, and tail of the plane.

On the diplomatic front, Arizona and Colorado have temporarily withdrawn from the United Nations to protest the expulsion of Taiwan, and arrangements are being made to accredit the American ambassador there as the Representative of Many (or Most) of the United States. Similarly, Utah has decided to withdraw its portion of the American Embassy in the Soviet Union (a stenographer) as a belated gesture of disapproval over Russia's invasion of Czechoslovakia.

With the certainty of serious (and possibly insurmountable) congressional opposition to his plan to provide North Vietnam with postwar aid, President Nixon is said to be considering a face-saving out through the use of impounded funds already in the "pipeline." Many observers feel the

aid money will be rejected by Hanoi anyway, since it would be limited by law to "presently mandated local-assistance monies under existing federal programs and structures," and could only be used for what one official jocularly described as "pork-fried rice-barrel" projects.

An early breakdown of the several billion dollars involved calls for the construction in the North of 145 post offices, 86 National Guard armories, and 4,500 miles of interprovince highways; the channelization of 678 miles of rivers by the Army Corps of Engineers; the removal of anti-U.S. billboards and the planting of shrubs in bomb craters, building ruins, and other eyesores; and an outright grant of \$50 million to peasants not to grow rice in their paddies.

Simultaneous with news of its decision to adhere to the International Copyright Convention and pay royalties to foreign authors, comes word that the Soviet Union has decided to regularize the situation for its own dissident authors who publish manuscripts in the West. From now on, they will all be guaranteed a minimum of ten years' imprisonment for the first 100,000 copies sold, fifteen for the next 100,000, and twenty for everything above 200,000. □

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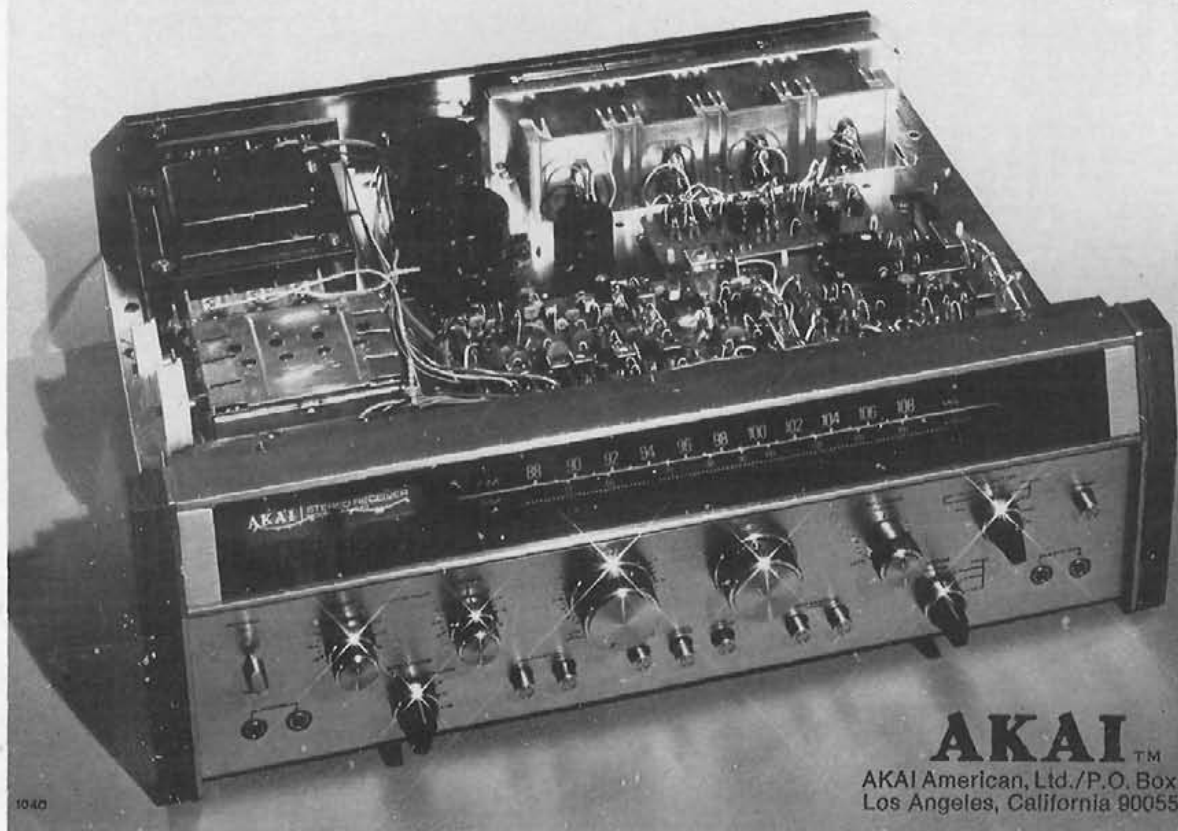
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"The police spoke of a possible domino effect," Rufus Clambert answered, "whereby the shock of one brother's death may have contributed to the next one, the theory being that at any time the present eldest is most frail and therefore least able to survive a shock."

"Then tell me," Scopian said. "How did the police explain the fact that all four brothers died in so short a period of time, and in precise order of decreasing age?"

"I saw the bodies myself," Rufus Clambert said. "All were as natural looking as could be."

"Not even the slightest trace?"

"Still, I must admit," Rufus Clambert said, "the police couldn't even find a trace of foul play in any of the deaths. No sign of a struggle, no wound."

The way Scopian shook his head was a pointed—and sardonic—commentary on what he evidently regarded as the less-than-sophisticated attitude of most medical examiners.

"The medical examiner told me I must simply face the fact that my brothers and I are getting along in years and that old men die of natural causes."

"And did the medical examiner have anything to say to you?"

"Natural causes," Rufus Clambert replied.

"Tell me," Scopian said. "What were the deaths officially listed as?"

"Still, Scopian, I'm worried. Especially about this business of my brothers dying in order of decreasing age. If foul play is involved, I'm afraid Vance will be the next. And then me."

"Well, that could explain why they all died in the study," Scopian said.

"Yes," Rufus Clambert answered. "Did your brothers spend a lot of time in the study?"

"A second thing," Rufus Clambert said, "is the fact that all were found dead in the exact same room—the upstairs study."

"Is that all?" Scopian asked.

"For one thing," Rufus Clambert said, "my four brothers dying in three weeks is quite a coincidence in itself."

"Tell me why," Scopian said.

"I do," Rufus Clambert said.

"And you suspect foul play?"

"All four died within the past three weeks, with the deaths occurring in order of decreasing age, my eldest brother the first."

"What kinds of happenstances?"

"But," Rufus Clambert continued, "I neglected to tell you about what I regard as suspicious happenstances concerning their deaths."

"Yes, you mentioned that fact outside when I was admiring the estate," Scopian said.

"Scopian," Rufus Clambert said, "I believe I mentioned previously that four of my brothers are dead."

Scopian could feel the deep softness of the couch easing away the stiffness of the cab ride.

"For years," Rufus Clambert explained, "I had shared this estate with my five brothers: Allen, the eldest; Eric, next eldest; Potter, third eldest; then Charles; and finally Vance, whom you just met. Vance is next youngest, and I myself am the youngest of the family—although at sixty-four one could hardly call me a sprinter."

Scopian sat down on a plush maroon couch.

"In that case," Rufus Clambert smiled, "have a seat."

"To tell you the truth," Scopian confessed, "I have always regarded my retirement as rather a bit of a bore."

"Would you consider abandoning your retirement, at least temporarily?"

"Please do."

"Then I shall get right to the point."

Scopian grinned. "I do seem to have been blessed with a knack for sensing the logic behind the crime," he said. "Each crime is like a jigsaw puzzle, you know. The trick is to search for the pattern, not the criminal. For the former inevitably leads to the latter."

Rufus Clambert poured two glasses of vodka and brought them over. "Scopian," he said, "during your career as a private investigator, you enjoyed a most enviable reputation. A reputation that extended even here."

"Vodka will do nicely," Scopian said.

"Vodka?" Rufus Clambert asked.

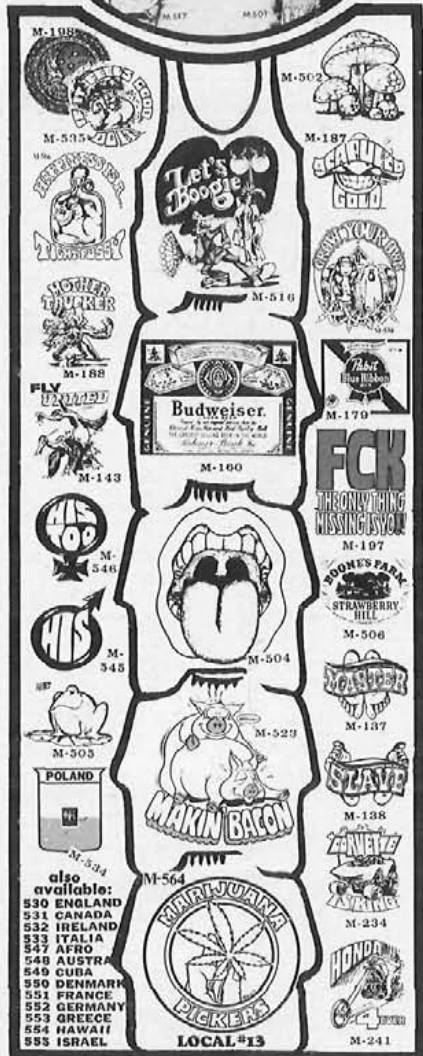
After Vance Clambert was gone, Scopian said, "Rufus, you didn't call me halfway across the continent just to engage in small talk or reminiscences."

With a slow and evidently painful walk, Vance Clambert left the room.

"You must excuse me, gentlemen," Vance Clambert said, addressing both his brother and Scopian in a voice that, like the previous handshake, hinted of uncommon grace and warmth. "Age has its obligations, and I fear it is time for my nap."

Scopian shook the outstretched hand of Vance Clambert. As he did so, he seemed to sense an indefinable something about the man's manner, something that suggested a genuine and lifelong commitment to kindness and humanity.

"Vance," Rufus Clambert said, "I should like you to meet an old friend of mine. Scopian, may I present Vance Clambert, my one remaining



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continued on page 10

said, shaking the maid's soft hand.

The maid, Annette, was a cheerful-looking girl with bright red hair and large eyes.

"Reston was involved in a most unfortunate accident," Rufus Clambert explained. "A fall that took two of his fingers. Happened right here on the estate, too, while he was visiting." He added, "His mind seemed to get a little funny after that."

"How's that?"

"It wasn't by choice," Rufus Clambert answered.

"Why then did he choose to give up such a promising career?" Scopian asked.

"At one time," Rufus Clambert explained, "Reston was going to be a surgeon, not a mere butler. They say he had a brilliant career ahead of him, too."

"Do you know the reason for such bitterness?" Scopian asked.

"Quite bitter," Rufus Clambert admitted.

"Bitter fellow, isn't he?" Scopian asked when they were out of the butler's earshot.

Rufus Clambert ushered Scopian away from the butler and toward the pantry.

"Next stop, the pantry," Rufus Clambert told Scopian, "where you

can meet Annette, our maid and cook."

Before Scopian could talk further to the butler, Rufus Clambert returned.

"Never mind," the butler snapped angrily.

"You'll what?" Scopian demanded.

"If he ever makes me do it again, I'll . . ."

"No," Scopian admitted. "I've never had to slick anyone else's coat."

"Can you imagine what it's like, having to slick someone else's coat?"

"I see," Scopian said.

"Why, just minutes ago that old man made me slick his coat!"

Taken back by the butler's unexpected display of venom, Scopian let the man talk on.

"Pleasant, is he?" Reston the butler said. "Let me tell you something. He's an old slave-driver, that's what he is, just like the rest of his miserable brothers. And I don't care who knows it!"

"Your master seems most pleasant," Scopian said.

Scopian found himself alone with the butler.

"I'll be right back," Rufus Clambert said, walking away.

The butler, a dignified-looking gentleman, shook Scopian's hand. Scopian felt a disturbing incompleteness in the handshake and at once observed the reason: the two middle fingers of the butler's right hand were missing.

"Reston," Rufus Clambert addressed the butler, "I'd like you to say hello to Scopian, an old friend of mine and one of the guests at dinner tonight."

After they left the anteroom, Rufus Clambert led Scopian over to a large coat closet of the walk-in variety, from which the butler had just emerged.

"We'll start with Reston the butler," Rufus Clambert told Scopian.

This time, Rufus Clambert motioned Scopian to follow him out of the anteroom.

"Then meet them you shall," Rufus Clambert said.

"I'd like to meet them anyway," Scopian said.

"I'm afraid," Rufus Clambert said, "only a skeleton crew of servants still remain. Without the womenfolk, and their constant need to be pampered, there seemed little reason to retain a large staff."

"Now tell me," Scopian said, "are all the servants on the premises?"

"We're in luck, Scopian," Rufus Clambert announced. "I was able to contact them all, and, as you predicted, all gladly accepted my dinner invitation for tonight."

Rufus Clambert returned to the anteroom a few minutes later, a satisfied



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smile on his face.

Rufus Clambert left the anteroom. "Very well, Scopian. I shall try my best."

"Make some kind of excuse," Scopian said. "Few would be reticent to enjoy a fine dinner at an estate such as this, even on short notice."

"Won't it seem like terribly short notice?" Rufus Clambert asked.

"You shall ask them to dinner tonight," Scopian said. "A dinner at which I shall also be present."

"And what do I say when I call them?" Rufus Clambert inquired.

"I want you to call everyone you know who might have any reason for wanting to wipe out the remaining vestiges of your family," Scopian said, "either because of personal bitterness or because they stand to gain financially. In other words, because of the two standard motives for murder: hate and greed."

"But who shall I call?"

"Then I want you to make some calls for me."

"As far as I know, it is," Rufus Clambert replied, grinning.

"I trust your phone is still working," Scopian said.

"Just tell me what you want," Rufus Clambert said, "and it shall be done."

"Therefore, I must ask a favor of you," Scopian continued, "to spare me the time-consuming effort of parading across the countryside interviewing suspects."

"True," Rufus Clambert agreed. "The killer may decide to strike again at any moment."

"But I fear time is of the essence, with five killings in just the past three weeks!" Scopian said, counting off on his fingers.

"Thank you, Scopian," Rufus Clambert said. "I want you to know I appreciate this."

"I shall."

"Then you'll take the case?"

"In this case," Scopian answered, "I think the term 'foul play' would be an understatement."

Seeming not to hear Scopian's further inquiry about Harrison Tollby, Rufus Clambert got up and refreshed his and Scopian's vodkas. "So you agree with me there may have been foul play?"

"Harrison who?" Scopian asked, thinking that the name sounded vaguely familiar.

"Harrison Tollby, perhaps," Rufus Clambert answered, somewhat casually.

"Tell me," Scopian said, "do you have any enemies with high connections—political connections, for example—who may have influenced the police to make short shr"

"They said something about it be-

lying the pattern," Rufus Clambert explained. "Of course," he added thoughtfully, "that may be the very reason the killer chose to take the life of the chamber girl in the first place."

"Evidence against a plot!" Now Scopian whistled incredulously. "And what reason did the police give for saying that?"

"In fact," Rufus Clambert said, "the police almost seemed to regard the chamber girl's death as evidence against a plot to wipe out my family."

"Young, healthy girls seldom die of 'natural causes,'" Scopian pointed out.

"Again, natural causes," Rufus

Clambert replied.

"And how did they list the cause of this chamber girl's death?" Scopian asked.

"I was the one who hired the chamber girl," Rufus Clambert explained. "A cousin of our maid and cook, Annette, whom you shall meet later. She was a nice young girl and only in her twenties. She had been working here barely two weeks when Reston—that's our butler—found her dead in the study, just like my four brothers."

"Chamber girl?" Scopian asked.

"But there was also the matter of the death of the chamber girl."

"A domino effect indeed!" Scopian

continued from page 17

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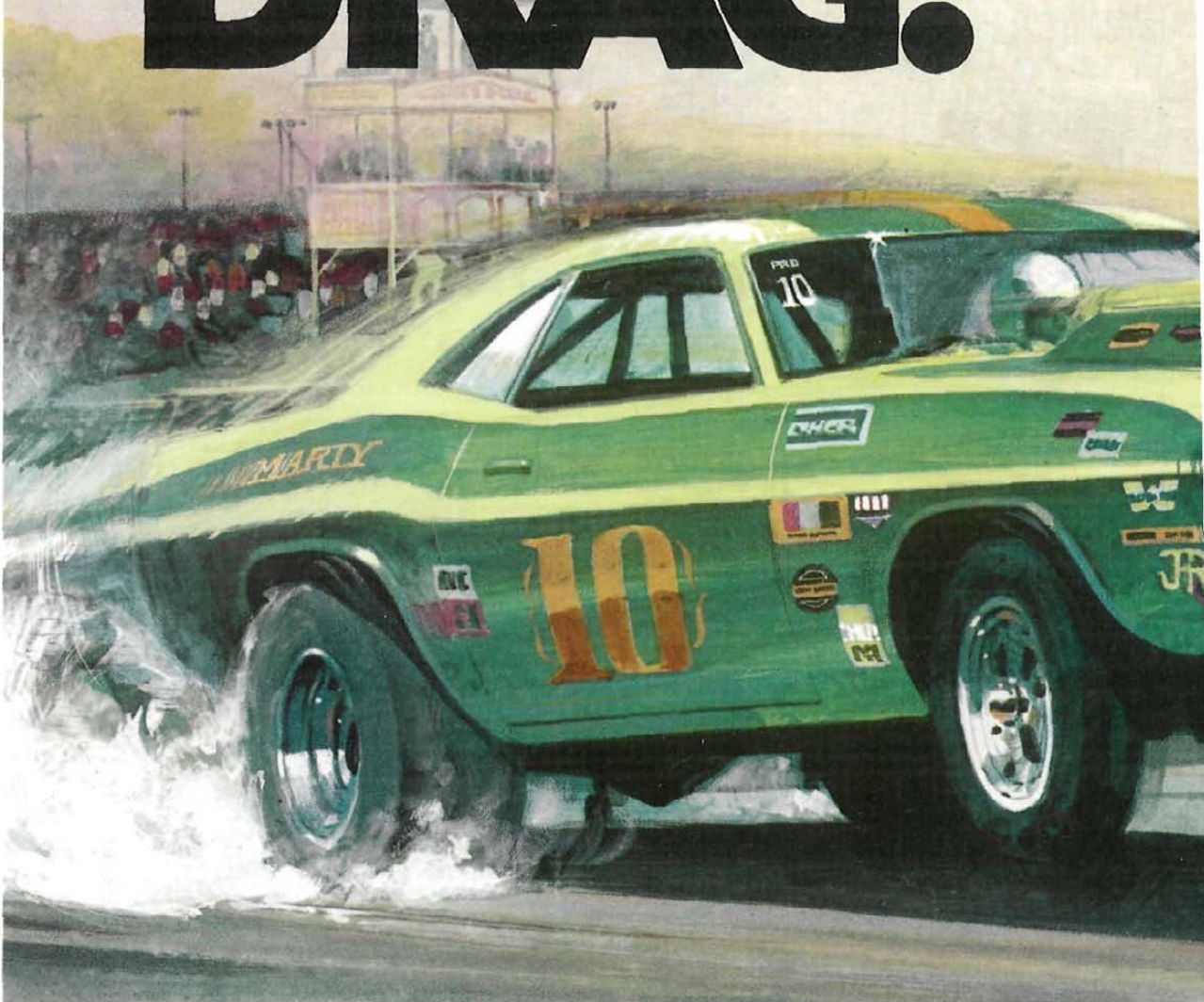
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bert said.

Rufus Clambert ushered Scopian farther down the table for the final introduction.

Sidney Touchstone grimaced visibly.

"If you weren't such a loafer and a cad, I might have considered it," Rufus Clambert said.

"The least you could have done was allowed me a stipend over the years," Sidney Touchstone said. "Thanks to your miserliness, my wife and I live like paupers."

Rufus Clambert explained his peculiar question with a chuckle. "By a rather complicated quirk of legality," he said, "Sidney stands to acquire this entire estate—provided all the Clambert brothers pass away by his thirty-seventh birthday."

"In a month, that's when," Sidney Touchstone practically spit out the answer. He was a thin man with bloodshot eyes. His wife Elsa, who sat beside him, was wearing what seemed to be an inordinate amount of makeup.

Scopian wondered why Rufus Clambert would bother to ask Sidney Touchstone such a seemingly irrelevant question.

"Sidney," Rufus Clambert suddenly asked his nephew, "when is it you'll be turning thirty-seven?"

Scopian shook Sidney Touchstone's hand. He could feel Touchstone's pulse pounding nervously.

"And this," Rufus Clambert went on, "is my second nephew, Sidney Touchstone, and his wife Elsa."

From outside came the crackling sound of thunder in the distance. Now the sky was clouding up rapidly.

As Rufus Clambert ushered Scopian to his next introduction, it seemed to Scopian that Rufus had taken a quick, longing glance back in the direction of Amy Gadpole. Indeed, even Scopian had noticed her rather striking face and figure. She was considerably younger than her husband, and time was yet to rob her of a most distinct feminine appeal.

"Hush, dear," Amy Gadpole told her husband.

"What's the meaning of all this, anyway?" Lucifer Gadpole asked. "Why would you choose to invite people you so obviously dislike to dinner?"

As Lucifer Gadpole glared, Rufus Clambert continued: "I'm afraid my brothers and I once cost Lucifer his brokerage firm. Of course, that was after he talked us into buying some stock whose qualities were, shall we say, exaggerated."

Scopian shook the hand of a heavy, middle-aged man with a distinctly bitter look in his eye.

"This is Lucifer Gadpole and his

wife Amy," Rufus Clambert said.

Rufus Clambert took Scopian around and introduced him to each in turn.

Besides Vance Clambert, there were five other people at the table.

Vance Clambert, who was sitting at one end of the long table, nodded a friendly hello to Scopian.

Scopian was ushered into the large Clambert dining room, where each gleaming and perfectly positioned item hinted of a truly sumptuous feast to come.

"The other guests are seated, and dinner is ready to be served," Rufus Clambert said, winking slyly at Scopian.

At seven o'clock sharp, Rufus Clambert returned to the anteroom where he had left Scopian.

"Then I shall let you relax until seven," Rufus Clambert said, closing the door of the anteroom behind him rather abruptly.

"Er . . . nothing," Scopian said, handing the folders back to Rufus Clambert.

"What did you say?" Rufus Clambert asked.

Suddenly Scopian muttered, "Perfumed!"

Scopian took the folders from Rufus Clambert and leafed through them rather quickly, nodding here and there.

"The medical examiner's reports. Of course." Rufus Clambert left and came back with five separate folders, one for each of the victims.

"You might let me look over the medical examiner's reports."

Rufus Clambert looked at his watch. "Dinner isn't until seven," he said. "Is there any particular way you would like to spend the time?"

"Thank you," Scopian replied.

Rufus Clambert's countenance softened. "All is forgiven," he said.

Scopian put an almost fatherly arm around his old friend's shoulder. "Forgive me," he said. "I was only exercising a mind which I fear has been made overly suspicious by too many years of investigative work."

"I hadn't thought of it that way before," Rufus Clambert admitted sourly. "But I suppose I would stand to gain a certain amount of leverage over people."

"Because," Scopian explained, "as the one remaining Clambert, you would have total say over who eventually inherits the estate. You alone could will it to anyone for any reason—a fact which would give you an enormous amount of leverage over people."

"And just why is it true?"

"It may not be funny," Scopian answered, "but it's true."

Rufus Clambert's face reddened. "I

don't think that's very funny, Scopian," he said.

"Why, even you yourself," Scopian said, "would stand to gain by your brothers' deaths."

When they got back to the anteroom, Rufus Clambert said, "I guess a good detective must consider everyone a possible suspect."

"Well, good to meet you," Scopian said as he and Rufus Clambert left the greenhouse.

"No trouble at all," the gardener said. "The apiasticity in this region is very good."

"Do you have much trouble pollinating these daffodils?" Scopian asked.

"Billings, here, has been with our family for as long as I can remember," Rufus Clambert said.

"Most beautiful," Scopian told the gardener.

"Beautiful, aren't they?" Billings the gardener said as Rufus Clambert and Scopian approached.

They found the gardener finishing up his watering chores by carefully spraying a fine mist on the Clamberts' prize-winning daffodils.

"Well, come on then. He's probably in the greenhouse."

"Only Billings the gardener. But he's a kindly old man who's been with the family for years. He tends our prize-winning daffodils and wouldn't hurt a fly."

"But there is someone else?"

"Everyone you might be interested in talking to," Rufus Clambert said. "And that's everyone?" Scopian asked.

Rufus Clambert put a comforting arm around the maid's shoulder. Satisfied that she was regaining her composure, Rufus led Scopian out of the pantry.

"Not only me," the maid said. "He even gave a job to my poor cousin, the girl who . . . who . . . who was . . . I mean, who died last week!" Her words drifted off into tears.

"It was indeed kind of Mr. Clambert to hire you," Scopian said.

"Mr. Clambert here," the maid said, "he's been like a father to me. Both my parents are in a mental institution, you know. Psychopathic maniacs with homicidal tendencies, both of them. Just like my poor grandparents. The authorities told me if I couldn't find a job, I would have to stay in that awful orphanage. Mr. Clambert was the only one willing to take a chance on me."

"Annette here," Rufus Clambert said, "is not only an excellent maid, but also a first-rate cook—as you'll find out later."

"Pleased to meet you likewise," the maid said.

"Pleased to meet you," Scopian

continued on page 18

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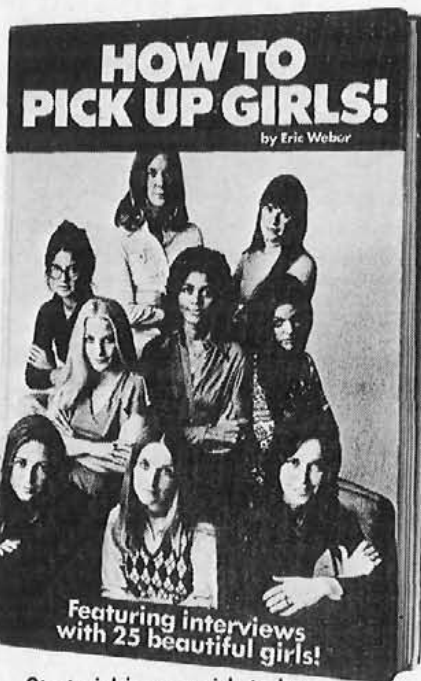
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DON'T REVEAL...
continued from page 26
terrupted the predictable small-talk (much of which centered on the storm) by turning to Vance Clambert with a question.

However, the storm was now difficult to ignore. As the evening wore on, the thunder grew continually louder and more menacing; lightning was flashing brightly overhead and hail was thrashing wildly against the window.

Gradually, as the guests came to feel more relaxed in each other's presence, the dinner took on a greater tone of cordiality. The food was excellent, and Reston and Annette were appropriately professional servers.

"Very well," Elsa Touchstone said, "the subject is closed."

"Elsa!" Sidney Touchstone threw an angry glance at his wife, who was looking rather intently in the direction of Harrison Tollby. "Haven't I made it clear I wish you to change the subject?"

"My husband's attitude," Elsa Touchstone continued, "has always been one of waiting—as if wealth will just find its way to us one day, through some kind of magic."

"Elsa, please!" Sidney Touchstone said.

"I've often told Sidney to try his hand at politics," Elsa Touchstone said. "But my husband doesn't seem interested in trying much of anything."

"Why, yes," Harrison Tollby answered. "I suppose, in a sense, a politician's life is not without its glamorous side."

Elsa Touchstone began the dinner conversation by telling Harrison Tollby that as a one-time politician he must have led a most glamorous life.

Reston and Annette brought out several trays of *hors d'oeuvres*, and, like everything else about the Clambert estate, they were almost too picture-perfect.

The introductions finished, Scopian at last sat down at the table.

"Hard feelings? Of course not!" Harrison Tollby answered. "In matters of politics, it's always, 'May the best man win'—or lose. As far as I'm concerned, the hatchet is buried between the Clamberts and myself."

"No hard feelings?" Rufus Clambert asked.

Harrison Tollby chuckled. "If you remember," he said, "your Clambert family was instrumental in deposing me."

"Mr. Tollby," Rufus Clambert added, "formerly governed our county."

Scopian shook the hand of a dignified-looking man who had come alone. The man had an unusually firm handshake, and Scopian was certain he remembered the face from somewhere.

"Harrison Tollby," Rufus Clam-

continued on page 22

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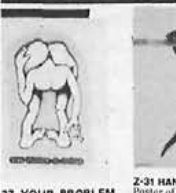
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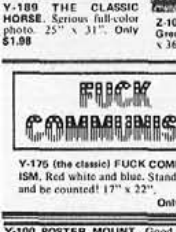


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Clambert, "why is that wall safe open?"

Rufus Clambert reluctantly stepped back and stood silently above the body, staring down into the unseeing gray eyes of his brother. There was no sign of a struggle of any kind, nor did any wound or bloodstain mar the grim perfection of death. It was as if Vance Clambert had simply fallen peacefully asleep.

"Stop!" Scopian said gently. "You mustn't touch it."

Rufus went over to the body and was about to bring it up into his arms in a final gesture of filial affection.

There, slumped on the ancient mahogany desk of the study, was the silent and forever still body of his brother, Vance Clambert.

Just a few feet into the study, Rufus Clambert stopped, frozen in his tracks.

Almost pushing Scopian aside, Rufus Clambert rushed headlong into the study.

Scopian took the boot and battered it firmly against the right edge of the old wooden study door. The wood began to give, and in little time Scopian had smashed a hole clear through. Next, he reached through the newly made orifice and undid the bolt from the other side. He then swung the door wide open.

In a move that somewhat shocked the ladies, Scopian removed one of his iron-tipped boots.

"I hope we're not too late!" Scopian said, reaching downward.

The remainder of the guests had followed Scopian upstairs, keeping a somewhat timid distance behind. Now they, too, stood in the dim hallway outside the study.

"It's my brother!" Rufus Clambert exclaimed. "He won't answer. And the door is bolted from the inside!"

"What on earth is going on up here?" Scopian demanded.

He found Rufus Clambert pounding his aged fists in black-and-blue desperation on the door of the study.

Immediately Scopian leaped to his feet and dashed upstairs.

"Help me!" Rufus Clambert shouted. "Someone come upstairs and help me!"

Suddenly the pleasant interlude was broken by a loud scream from upstairs.

"Thank you."

"You are really quite charming, Mr. Gadpole."

"Oh, you mean the blackout!" Lucifer Gadpole smiled. "A person like me learns not to be frightened of anything."

"I mean when all the lights went off," Elsa Touchstone explained.

"Frightened? What do you mean?" Lucifer Gadpole asked.

As Lucifer Gadpole sat back down, Elsa Touchstone said to him, "You must have been frightened upstairs."

Lucifer Gadpole returned as Rufus Clambert left the room.

Rufus Clambert made his apologies and briskly strode away from the table.

"You may be right," Rufus Clambert said. "I'd best go upstairs and check."

"Still, ten minutes does seem inordinately long," Scopian pointed out.

"Those estate papers can take ages to go through," Rufus Clambert said.

"Your brother," Scopian said. "He still hasn't come back down from the study."

"Something bothering you, Scopian?" Rufus Clambert asked.

Suddenly Scopian sat bolt upright in his chair.

"Well," Rufus Clambert said, "That certainly was brief enough for a power failure."

Then, as unexpectedly as they had gone off, the lights came back on.

"You should know by now, my dear, that you married a hopeless romantic," Sidney Touchstone said with obvious sarcasm.

"Maybe we should have had dinner by candlelight all along," Elsa Touchstone said.

It seemed to take ages for Sidney Touchstone to return with the candles. Once they were set upon the table, however, a more relaxed and congenial air returned.

Tollby's jest, in the darkness, was decidedly unappreciated.

"Does anyone know any good ghost stories?" Harrison Tollby asked, snickering nervously.

In the brief flashes of lightning, Sidney Touchstone's form could be seen in a series of frozen images, like the kind taken with a strobe light, ever nearer the door that led to the pantry and, indirectly, to the rest of the Clambert mansion.

"Please. I insist on getting them," Sidney Touchstone said.

"That's not necessary," Reston the butler said, "I'll get the candles."

A voice said, "I'll go for candles." It was that of Sidney Touchstone.

"I'm sure the lightning simply brought down a pole somewhere," Scopian continued. "No doubt the electric company will have our lights back on with customary efficiency."

The guests quieted down.

"Stay calm!" Scopian shouted above the chatter.

An agitated hubbub arose around the table.

Suddenly the silence was interrupted by an enormous thunderclap, far louder than any of the previous ones. At once, the entire house was plunged into darkness, the only illu-

mination being provided by the lightning strokes that sizzled through the windows.

After Lucifer Gadpole left, the conversation fell into an uncomfortable silence.

Lucifer Gadpole left the table.

"That's all right," Lucifer interrupted, "I remember where it is."

"It's upstairs," Rufus Clambert began to say. "Right across from my..."

"You must excuse me," Lucifer Gadpole addressed the group, his face a bit flushed. "But I must go to the 'necessary room.'"

Now Lucifer Gadpole rose. Everyone looked in his direction.

There was a loud thunderclap and a quick torrent of hail against the window. The storm was worsening.

After Vance Clambert had gone, Harrison Tollby's tone became somewhat apologetic. "Being that this is the largest estate in the county," he explained, sensing the anger in Rufus Clambert's eyes, "I've always had a particular curiosity about it. After all," he added, "I did govern this county once."

Vance Clambert left the dining room.

"I'll see if I can look it up," Vance Clambert said. His aged bones rose with difficulty, and he told the guests, "Excuse me. This should only take a moment."

"My curiosity is killing me," Harrison Tollby replied. "If I don't have the answer now, I fear this delicious dinner will be ruined for me!"

"You mean you want my brother to go upstairs in the middle of dinner?" Rufus Clambert interjected, pique evident in his voice.

"Right now, if you wouldn't mind," Harrison Tollby answered.

"You mean now?" Vance Clambert asked.

"Do you think you might do me a favor, then, and go look it up?" Harrison Tollby asked.

Vance Clambert thought for a moment. "Why, yes," he said. "I believe we do have that information recorded—in the official estate records, upstairs in the study."

"Might you then have access to the information?" Harrison Tollby asked.

"I can't say I do remember that particular name," Vance Clambert replied. "I'm sorry, but my memory isn't what it used to be." These were practically the first words the timid, mild-mannered Clambert brother had uttered all evening.

"Let me ask you something, Vance," Harrison Tollby said. "Being the lawyer in the family, do you happen to recall the surname of the chief benefactor of the estate during the 1930s?"

At one point, Harrison Tollby in-

continued on page 24

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you were the last one to see him alive?"

"Listen," Gadpole said, nearly shouting. "I couldn't have been the killer. Why, I saw Vance Clambert alive just before the lights went out."

"Coincidences can and do happen," Scopian said, "but we seem to be getting more than one evening's share of them tonight."

Lucifer Gadpole's face drew into a tight, angry mask. "By just that," he said, "a coincidence."

Scopian turned now to Lucifer Gadpole. "Tell me, Mr. Gadpole, by what coincidence did you happen to go upstairs to the bathroom within seconds after Vance Clambert was sent upstairs?"

Sidney Touchstone stormed angrily over to the battered door, agape with the hole Scopian's boot had made only moments before. Then, as if reconsidering a hasty decision to walk out, he stopped.

"Nobody said you did," Scopian reminded him.

"I don't care what you think," Sidney Touchstone said, "I didn't murder anybody!"

"A strong man like you, afraid of the dark?" Scopian asked.

"I . . . I'm afraid of the dark, that's why," Sidney Touchstone said. "It's been a fear of mine since early childhood. I've always tried to keep it a secret." He looked at the other guests anxiously. "But I guess everyone knows now."

"You, Mr. Touchstone," Scopian said. "You have little reputation for being the Good Samaritan. Why were you the one who volunteered to go bumping around in the dark for candles?"

Looking away from Harrison Tollby, Scopian next turned his attention to Sidney Touchstone.

"Your language, sir!" Scopian admonished. "Need I remind you that ladies are present?"

"It's damned hot in here, that's why!" Harrison Tollby said.

"Why are you sweating, then?" Scopian's remark drew everyone's attention to the glistening droplets on Harrison Tollby's brow.

"I was merely curious," Tollby said, "knowing what I do about the estate's history and the politics surrounding it."

"Tell me something, Mr. Tollby," Scopian said. "Why did you insist Vance Clambert go upstairs to the study at that particular moment—for the answer to what was at most a trivial question about the estate?"

Scopian began the questioning with Harrison Tollby.

"I shall announce the identity of the fiend forthwith," Scopian said. "But first I wish to ask a few of you

some questions."

The guests obeyed, and an icy hush settled over the room.

"Quiet, if you please!" Scopian demanded.

Immediately following Scopian's words, a wild babble ensued across the room.

"In fact," Scopian said, "the killer is in this very study with us right now!"

"You have?" Rufus Clambert asked, his face softening into a pose of relieved satisfaction.

"I have deduced the identity of the murderer," Scopian announced.

"Announcement?" Rufus Clambert asked hopefully. "What kind of announcement?"

"In that case," Scopian said, "I have an announcement that should please you."

"The important thing," Rufus Clambert said, "is that we find out who the killer is."

"I appreciate your kindness," Scopian told his old friend.

"You mustn't blame yourself for Vance's death," Rufus Clambert told Scopian. "No one can anticipate everything."

Scopian went over to Rufus Clambert. "I'm sorry I acted too late to save your last remaining brother," he said, glancing painfully in the direction of Vance Clambert's body.

Rufus Clambert nodded at Reston the butler, who left the study. In a few minutes, Reston returned with Billings the gardener.

"Nevertheless, I'm afraid I must insist he be sent for," Scopian said.

"Really, Scopian," Rufus Clambert said. "It's a long walk to the greenhouse, and I can't see what that kindly old man has to do with any of this."

"Have him brought here."
"He must be over at the greenhouse."

"Where is he?"

"The gardener isn't here," Rufus Clambert answered.

"This isn't everyone," Scopian said. "Someone's missing!"

In moments, all of the guests were huddled together in the room along with Reston the butler and Annette the maid.

"Even the help!" Scopian repeated.

"Even the help?" Rufus Clambert asked.

"Bring everyone into this study," Scopian suddenly commanded, rising from Vance Clambert's silent body.

Outside, the once fierce thunderstorm had dwindled to a mere drizzle.

"Er . . . I was just muttering to myself," Scopian said. Now he peered closely at the neck of the body, and the twinkle in his eyes turned to fire.

"Did you say 'perfumed'?" Rufus Clambert asked.

Scopian stopped pacing and, for the first time, went over and examined the body of Vance Clambert closely. A twinkle of light came into his eyes. "Perfumed!" he whispered.

Scopian began to pace. "There has to be an answer," he said. "Nothing exists without an answer. That is axiomatic, axiomatic."

"No hiding places whatsoever," Rufus Clambert assured him. "And I should know. I'm the architect who designed this house. Why, I even supervised the construction crews."

Scopian turned to Rufus Clambert. "Are there any trap doors or false walls in this study? Any place a man or woman could still be hiding?"

Rufus Clambert breathed a deep sigh of hopelessness, as if he were already resigned to being the next, and final, victim.

"It doesn't make sense," Scopian said. "Your brother killed a few minutes ago in this room—with both door and windows bolted from the inside. There's no way the killer could possibly have gotten out of here. And another thing: the storm had knocked out the lights just about the time Vance Clambert came in here. Vance Clambert was killed—and his killer escaped from an inescapable room—in a total blackout the killer couldn't have predicted or been prepared for!"

Scopian got back to his feet.

But the closet was empty, except for an old smoking jacket and, on the floor, a vacuum cleaner.

In a single reflex action, Scopian dove at the closet, flinging the door open wide and falling to his knees as if expecting to be attacked from within.

At once, Scopian's whole body tensed. Elsa Touchstone was right: there was one closet in the study.

"What about the closet?" Elsa Touchstone asked from the hallway.

"Both door and window bolted from the inside," Scopian said. "No fireplace or other openings. There's no way the killer could have gotten out of here!"

Scopian walked over to the single large window in the study. It, too, was bolted from the inside.

"A precaution," Rufus Clambert explained. "The door is always kept bolted when the safe is being opened."

"Why did your brother bolt the door behind him?" Scopian demanded.

"It would take me hours to tell."

"Is anything missing?"

Rufus Clambert regained some of his composure. "Because the safe is where the pertinent estate paper was kept," he said.

"Pull yourself together, man!"

"I . . . I . . ."

Scopian looked up at the wall. "Quickly," he said, addressing Rufus

continued on page 26

1972 Explanation of Form 1040P and its accompanying tax tables

A Special Message From The Executive Editor

Dear Reader:

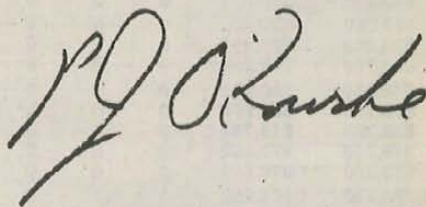
While the withholding tax on your \$2.35-an-hour-plus-time-and-a-half-for-Sundays is enough to finance nuclear capability for six emerging African nations, there are lots of people with incomes bigger than the gross national product of Belgium whose tax bill wouldn't pay for George Wallace's shoe repairs. That's because they qualify for IRS Form 1040P and don't have to sit around for hours on folding camp-stools at H&R Block — waiting to hear how their refund is worth one Fiesta Mexican Vegetables frozen dinner and two rides on the Catholic Charity carnival's Bob-O-Whirl.

Of course, you don't pick up a Form 1040P at the money-order window of your local savings-and-loan association. It's delivered to you by hand in fancy French restaurants or flown to your winter home in the Azores. Most people never see a 1040P and aren't allowed to use it if they do.

But Form 1040P isn't long or complicated. In fact, if by some stretch of the imagination a 1040P were to fall into your hands, there'd be no reason (at least in theory) why you couldn't tell a few fibs, fill it out, and receive all the advantages of being rich and important without ever getting caught. That's how simple and straightforward Form 1040P is.

A lot of people don't understand how simple and straightforward Form 1040P is. Just to illustrate a point, we've printed up a copy of Form 1040P and the tax-rate tables that go with it so you can see for yourself how easy it would be to get special tax exemptions and enormous refunds if you were to use Form 1040P for your tax return, which would be illegal—so you wouldn't carefully remove this exact copy from the magazine with a single-edged razor blade or a No. 11 Exacto knife and fill it in with your real address and some probable-looking facts and figures despite the fact that it happens to be printed on the same stock as the original and is virtually self-explanatory. Besides, you need the signature of your local congressman on Form 1040P, and you wouldn't be able to get that even though most congressmen are so old and infirm that to forge their signatures all you'd have to do would be: clutch a felt-tip pen in your left fist, close your eyes, and cough.

But if you *could* use Form 1040P, it would be simple and straightforward to complete.



Executive Editor, National Lampoon

Department
of
Reader Services



The
National
Lampoon



For the year January 1-December 31, 1972, or other taxable year beginning....., 1972, ending....., 19.....

First name and initial, Last name, Your Swiss bank account number, Address of tax haven, Your voter registration number, Subpoena address, Special interest

Filing Status—check only one: 1 Major defense contractor, 2 Oil and/or natural gas lease holder, 3 Automotive industrialist or heavy builder, 4 Stockholder, American or international, in telephone and telegraph utility, 5 Other major campaign contributor, Teamster or construction-trade-union leader, or substantial investor in a foreign country designated (or about to be designated) "Bulwark of Democracy" (see form 6871). Specify
Exploitations White / Anglo-Saxon / Protestant Enter number of boxes checked
6 Yourself, 7 Your banker, 8 Privately-owned business enterprises with which you were involved as management or investor in 1972, 9 Number of exploited dependents (from line 32), 10 Total exploitations claimed

Table with columns: Taxable Income, Line Number, Description, Amount. Rows 11-17: Total income not eligible for avoidance of reporting, Gross receipts on sales or services, Stock dividends, Interest income, Total, Deductible adjustments to income, Subtract line 16 from line 15.

Caution: If you have income from extra-legal sources, be sure to process these funds through a registered corporate shell or retail operation (see Small Business Administration pamphlet 2841, "Legitimate Fronts"). If your gross personal income was less than \$100,000 in 1972, you qualify for special recession exemption from federal taxation. If your gross personal income was in excess of \$100,000 in 1972, you qualify for special incentive exemption from federal taxation.

Table with columns: Taxes, Line Number, Description, Amount. Rows 18-22: Contributions to incumbent party, Offs receivable, Extortionary payment, Inadvertently paid taxes, Total.

Table with columns: Refunds, Line Number, Description, Amount. Rows 23-27: Total federal income tax owed, Total state income tax owed, Total municipal income tax owed, Total capital gains, inheritance, property and corporate income tax owed, Total.

Table with columns: Bal. Due or Refund, Line Number, Description, Amount. Rows 28-31: If line 18 is less than \$10,000 or after May 1, 1972, enter balance due Confidential Fund, Subtract line 27 from line 22, enter amount OVERPAID, Line 29 to be REFUNDED TO YOU, Line 29 to be credited to your Swiss bank account.

Foreign Accounts: Did you, at any time during the taxable year, have any interest in or signature or other authority over a bank, securities, or other financial account in a foreign country (except in a U.S. military banking facility operated by a U.S. financial institution)?

Note: Be sure to complete Revenue Sharing (lines 33 and 34) on next page.

Type here: Under the provisions of the 5th Amendment to the United States Constitution, though many of the pertinent documents have been regrettably mislaid, while to the best of my recollection I was not in a position, during this time, to obtain accurate information, and so certain areas of record may be less clearly explicit. Signature of influence peddler, Name and address of lobbying organization.

Please do not make or keep any copies of form 1040P

Unmarked denominations no larger than 20. Attach here

| | | | | | | |
|-----------------------------|----------|-------------------------------------|--|--|-----------------------------|---|
| Exploited Dependents | (a) NAME | (b) Racial minority or ethnic group | (c) Specify exploitation (wage slave, migrant worker, woman, etc.) | (d) Value of goods or services produced by dependent | (e) Pittance paid dependent | (f) Total capitalist exploitation (subtract e. from d.) |
| | | | | | \$ _____ | \$ _____ |

32 Total number of exploited dependents listed in column (a). Enter here and on line 9

| | | | | |
|------------------------|--|--|---|---|
| Revenue Sharing | 33 Print or type specifics of your principal or most profitable area of Special Interest | | | |
| | (a) Name of firm | (b) Nature of federal spending from which you profit | (c) If your Special Interest cannot receive direct federal subsidy (if Special Interest is extra-legal, etc.), attach suggestion for legal reform or subterfuge that would allow you to receive funds, grants, interest-free loans or contracts. <input type="checkbox"/> | (d) Amount you intend to raise prices above Phase III guidelines in 1973 (in percent) |

34 Enter the amount, in millions, of business you would like to do with the Federal Government in 1973 or the amount of funds, grants or price support you would like to receive

Approved and audited by: *George P. Schultz*
For IRS use only

PART I.—Undisclosed Nontaxable Income

| | | |
|---|----|--|
| 35 Union pension-fund management | 35 | |
| 36 Extraordinary accounting procedures | 36 | |
| 37 International traffic (specify, such as, "art simulation industry," "Asian pharmaceuticals," etc.) | 37 | |
| 38 OEO, HUD or Highway Trust Fund dividends | 38 | |
| 39 Election to or tenure of state or municipal office (attach applicable forms for your state except New Jersey, Ill. and Mass., which do not require itemization) | 39 | |
| 40 Nonprofit incorporation | 40 | |
| 41 Sales of shares in other-than-existent securities | 41 | |
| 42 Uniformed Employee Equal Opportunity Acts (state nature and source, such as, "N.Y.C. police officer / contraband guard duty," "U.S. Army / tour of duty assigned to PX," etc.) | 42 | |
| 43 Personal friendship with Bebe Rebozo | 43 | |
| 44 Other (specify) | 44 | |
| 45 Total (add lines 35 through 44). Enter here and nowhere else | 45 | |

PART II.—Deductible Adjustments to Income

| | | |
|--|----|--|
| 46 Automobiles and taxis used or driven during 1972 (enter total odometer mileage) | 46 | |
| 47 Tariffs and taxes on all foreign goods purchased or considered | 47 | |
| 48 Inflation (2/3 of your total income since 1931) | 48 | |
| 49 Purchase of state or federal judgeship | 49 | |
| 50 Money depletion allowance (enter total expenditures in 1972) | 50 | |
| 51 Depreciation of life span (multiply income by age) | 51 | |
| 52 Time spent (multiply hourly consultant fee by hours in a day by days in a year) | 52 | |
| 53 Amount of taxes paid during years of nonincumbent Presidential tenure (1960-68) | 53 | |
| 54 Amount of taxes you would be willing to pay in event of congressional investigation | 54 | |
| 55 Total (Add lines 46 through 55. Enter total here. Enter amount equal to line 11 on line 16 and conceal remainder in line 19.) | 55 | |

PART III.—Offs Receivable, Rake-, Write- and Pay-

| | | |
|---|----|--|
| 56 Cotton not grown (enter retail value) | 56 | |
| 57 Railroad not operated (enter freight cost per ton not shipped) | 57 | |
| 58 Aircraft not built (include projected cost overrun) | 58 | |
| 59 Oil not pumped (at current barrelhead price) | 59 | |
| 60 Japanese textiles not imported (F.O.B. New York) | 60 | |
| 61 Total (add rake-offs to write-offs and pay-offs) | 61 | |

PART IV.—Extortory Payments

| | | |
|--|----|--|
| 62 Friend or confidant of Dita Beard (do not exceed triple highest Jack Anderson bid) | 62 | |
| 63 Intimacy of Randy or Kim Agnew (\$10,000 per intimacy) | 63 | |
| 64 Ex-CIA agent (multiply Random House contract by 4 and add movie rights to "The Watergate Affair") | 64 | |
| 65 Kennedy-assassination buff (enter names of children and where they go to school) | 65 | |
| 66 Other (see form 6621, "Your Future in Brazil") | 66 | |
| 67 Total extortion demanded. Enter here and on line 21. (attach all copies of damning evidence) | 67 | |

PART V.—Inadvertently Paid Refundable Taxes

| | | |
|--|----|--|
| 68 Total amount of taxes inadvertently paid in 1972 | 68 | |
| 69 Concentrate on sum shown in line 68 | 69 | |
| 70 Repeat it slowly to yourself several times | 70 | |
| 71 The IRS will now estimate your 1972 taxes by mental telepathy | 71 | |
| 72 The IRS sees a 2, yes, and a 6, no a 7, yes, and 5 and . . . Got it! . . . Your 1972 taxes equaled exactly \$2751.56. | 72 | |
| 73 <input type="checkbox"/> Correct <input type="checkbox"/> Incorrect (if "Incorrect," you receive a lifetime supply of exemptions from federal taxation) | 73 | |
| 74 Total refunded taxes (enter line 68 here and give yourself a little bonus on line 19) | 74 | |

**A SPECTRE IS HAUNTING AMERICA...
"THE BLUE ÖYSTER CULT
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The new Blue Öyster Cult album,
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The Blue Öyster Cult's nightmarish
first album hit 1972's Top-10
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Rufus Clambert, who accepted them with grace, the police led the unhappy gardener away.

The police arrived with dispatch.

As Scopian dialed the police, he could hear Rufus Clambert mutter, "So! It was Billings the gardener all along! Why, he's the last person I would ever have suspected!"

"I'm calling the police," Scopian said matter-of-factly. "I certainly have no further interest in you."

"Why are you going over to that phone?" Billings asked, the panic rising in his voice.

Scopian walked over to the phone.

"Every crime is the perfect crime," Scopian replied sarcastically, "until it is solved."

"It would have been the perfect crime," Billings said, glaring at Scopian, "but for you."

"Hate and greed," Scopian said, nodding his head knowingly. "Once again do the two standard motives rear their ugly heads."

"There was another reason," the gardener admitted. "I thought, with the Clamberts out of the way, the entire greenhouse might go to me."

"This hate that was festering in you," Scopian said, "was that the only reason you killed them?"

"I hated them because I couldn't stand the way they kept winning the prizes, they kept taking credit for the daffodils. I was the one who grew them, who nurtured them. The fame and the prize money should have been mine!"

"But why did you hate them?"

"Because I hated them!"

"One last thing," Scopian said. "Why did you want all the Clambert brothers dead?"

The gardener grinned. In a way, he almost seemed happy to have been caught—so he could reveal to everyone the diabolical cleverness of his scheme.

"Ingenious!" Scopian admitted despite himself.

"After one bee had done its job—and died due to the loss of its stinger—I simply replaced it with another bee in the dead of night."

"Go on," Scopian said.

"In the perfect spot—the crevices between the books."

"But where in the study did you hide the bees?"

"I knew, sooner or later, each was bound to go into the study after just having smelled the daffodils."

"And the Clamberts, as you were well aware, went into the study regularly."

"I chose the study to keep suspicion from myself," the gardener said. "Everyone knows we common folks don't go near no books!"

"But tell me," Scopian said. "Why

did you choose the study as the room in which your deadly bees would wait?"

The gardener grinned viciously. "Why, what greater irony could there be than to have the Clamberts killed through their own prize-winning daffodils!"

"Irony? How's that?"

"And anyway," the gardener continued, "it was the final irony."

"A pity," Scopian commented, "to use such gentle flowers as part of a murder scheme."

"I chose the daffodils because I knew how the Clamberts loved those flowers! They smelled them regularly. Even kept vases of them on the windowsills in their rooms."

"But why the daffodils?" Scopian asked.

"That's right," the gardener admitted.

"And, for that scent, you chose the Clamberts' prize-winning daffodils!" Scopian said.

"It was a long and difficult process," Billings said. "But I proved that bees, just like dogs, can be trained to attack the bearer of a certain scent and no other."

"And you also trained the satanic bees yourself," Scopian suggested.

The gardener glared at Scopian. "I extracted it myself," he said, "from special poisonous plants I grew secretly in the Clamberts' own greenhouse."

"But how did you obtain such a rare poison?"

"Not the kind of poison I used—a rare, fast-acting poison that leaves no trace."

"But wouldn't the effects of the poison have been obvious to the medical examiner?"

"Their stingers were dipped in poison!" the gardener said proudly.

"But surely a simple bee sting isn't ordinarily fatal," Scopian prompted.

"Why, I was stung by one myself a week ago."

"And I almost got away with it, too."

"It was a clever scheme," Scopian said. "Using tiny, unnoticeable bees to commit a heinous crime!"

The gardener bowed his head.

"Then I guess there's no use in pretending any further," he said. "It was me. I killed them. I was going to kill them all! And I'm proud of it, too!"

"About the bees?" Scopian said. "Yes."

The gardener's eyes suddenly widened with fear. "You do know, then, don't you?" he asked.

"Suppose I have the study searched," Scopian said, "for a tiny . . ."

"I'll never confess! After all, you can't prove anything!"

"Why don't you make it easy on

yourself," Scopian said, "and confess?"

"I . . . I . . ."

"And just why are you so anxious to leave right now?" Scopian asked.

Sidney Touchstone, who still remained closest to the study door, blocked the exit with his arm. The old gardener offered little resistance.

"Stop him!" Scopian commanded.

"Still, I have other work to do," the gardener said. He began to push his way through the crowd, moving faster as he neared the door.

"Eh?" Rufus Clambert remarked with some surprise. "Scopian and I saw you watering the greenhouse just this afternoon."

At this point, Billings the gardener interjected. "Excuse me, sir," he said, addressing his master. "But you won't be needing me anymore, and I must give the greenhouse its diurnal watering."

"Daffodils, were they!" Scopian said.

"Daffodils, I think they were," Lucifer Gadpole answered.

"What kinds of flowers?"

"He went over to smell some flowers on the windowsill," Lucifer Gadpole said.

"Let me be the judge of what's important," Scopian's voice had become impatient, something rare for a man of his temperament. "Tell me what he did!"

"Well," Lucifer Gadpole paused reflectively. "As a matter of fact, he did . . . but that certainly couldn't be important."

"Are you positive?"

"I didn't see him do anything else."

"I see," Scopian said, turning again to Lucifer Gadpole. "This is extremely important, Mr. Gadpole. Did you notice the deceased doing anything else? Anything else at all?"

"That makes sense," Rufus Clambert interjected. "My brother's memory had been failing. Most likely he stopped in his room for the combination before going into the study."

"He seemed to be looking in a drawer."

"Did you see what he was doing?" Scopian asked.

"Well, his door was open, and I couldn't help noticing he was in there," Lucifer Gadpole continued.

"Go on," Scopian said.

"The bathroom is across from his room," Lucifer Gadpole explained.

"What were you doing near his room?"

"In his room."

"Where upstairs?"

"Upstairs."

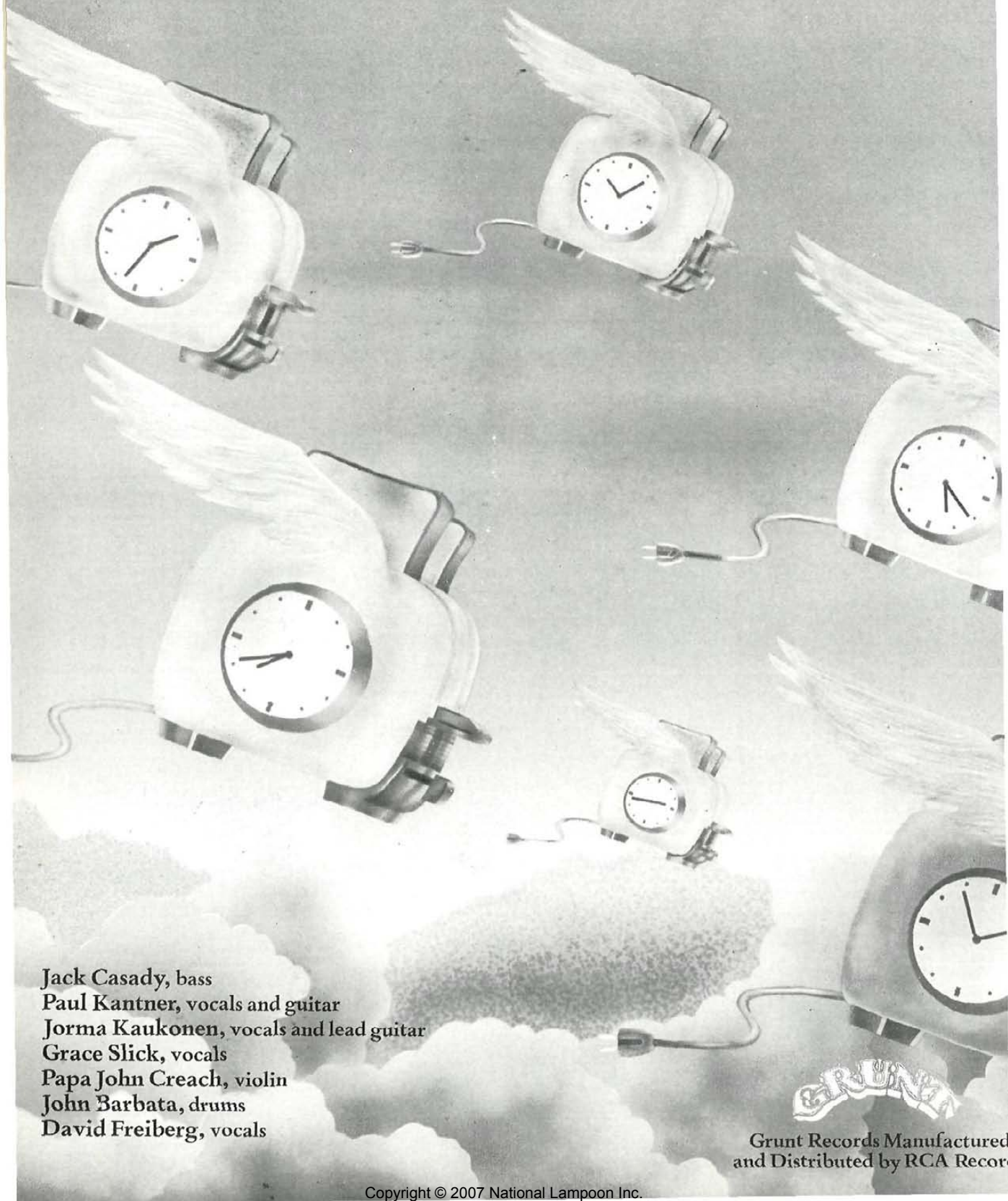
"Where?"

"I hadn't thought of it that way, but I guess I was."

Scopian's eyes widened. "You mean

JEFFERSON AIRPLANE THIRTY SECONDS OVER WINTERLAND


Recorded at Winterland, San Francisco, and Auditorium Theatre, Chicago



Jack Casady, bass
Paul Kantner, vocals and guitar
Jorma Kaukonen, vocals and lead guitar
Grace Slick, vocals
Papa John Creach, violin
John Barbata, drums
David Freiberg, vocals

GRUNT

Grunt Records Manufactured
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Eric Hoffer

borrow this book

by the author of *Feel the System, Evolution for the Halibut, and Woodstock, Non-Sovereign Inhabited Territory*

FREE-TOES

If food be the absence of stomach pains, **RIGHT ON!** You don't have to be a too-early brother bird or sister bird to cash in on all the liberated eats. But 7:30 mass is an outasite start. But be sure it's a solemn high mass with a small congregation because they usually give out wine with the communion. (If the crowd's too large, they skip the wine.) Since it's not a whole lot, you might want to hype the experience by scarfing the Host while you're in the state of grace. It's a rush! (Conversion's a hassle, but it's worth it for the high.) After mass, you'll only have to wait about an hour for the rip-off supermarkets to open. Before you go in, though, check the ads on the front window. They usually list that week's sale items. It's stuff they've overstocked the past week, but don't ignore it. The best times to cash in on these are the weeks after Thanksgiving and Christmas. Turkeys go for 8 to 12 cents off per pound, which can be a dynamite savings on a twenty-pound bird. Another way to beat the system is to check the newspapers or a cool mail-box for price-off coupons. Clip them and bring them to the store with you. You may not dig the garbage you have to buy, but it sure as hell beats brown rice. Always shop at stores that carry trading stamps. (Don't believe that shit about how you pay for it with higher food prices. You don't.) You can get a free catalogue for your stamps that has all sorts of crap in it. Most of the stuff you can get is bullshit, but they do have baseball

3

FREE YEARS BEFORE THE MAST

In the main post office of most cities there are places where you can get free clothing, food, lodging, and almost everything else (including some dynamite weapons) from several different U.S. Government organizations.

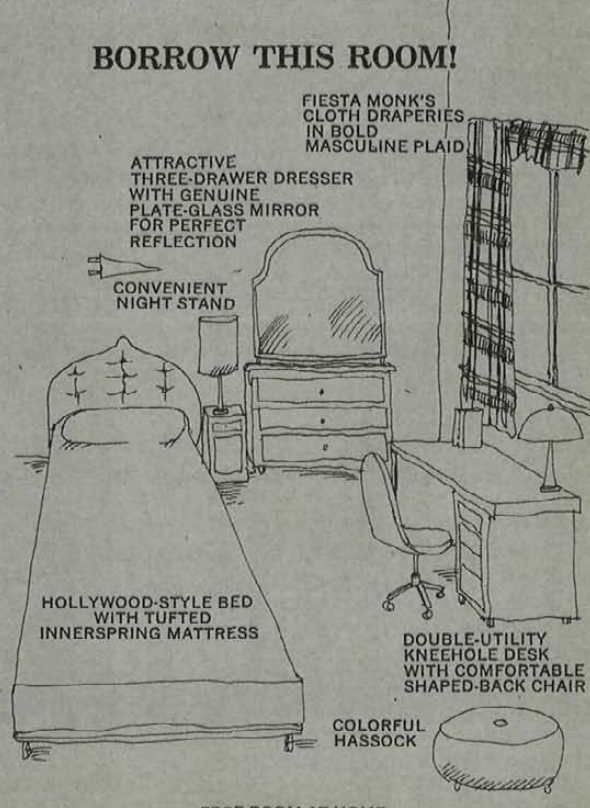
These people are on their own weird trip, but if you can deal with their jive you can really make a killing. The clothes you get this way are especially together—sturdy and far-out looking and outasite-functional for those heavy vamp scenes.

And if you're really into living for free, almost all cities have their own local riff, too—places with good security where you can hold your cell meetings and crash as long as a year for only a minor charge. You'll get down on it with a lot of really heavy brothers this way, too. Particularly if you're little and good-looking.

But the best way to groove for free in amerikkka is still for the brothers and sisters to live collectively in families that form a together unit in one house or pad. There's lots of ways to organize your family and every group has to work out its own internal political structure, but usually dad holds down a steady job while mom does the cooking and housework. Then the brothers will take out the garbage and mow the lawn while the sisters help out with the sewing and cleaning, etc. Lots of times these collectives don't work out, but if you can communicate with your family there's likely to be a lot of togetherness. It's hard to beat this

64

BORROW THIS ROOM!



FIESTA MONK'S CLOTH DRAPERIES IN BOLD MASCULINE PLAID

ATTRACTIVE THREE-DRAWER DRESSER WITH GENUINE PLATE-GLASS MIRROR FOR PERFECT REFLECTION

CONVENIENT NIGHT STAND

HOLLYWOOD-STYLE BED WITH TUFTED INNERSPRING MATTRESS

DOUBLE-UTILITY KNEEHOLE DESK WITH COMFORTABLE SHAPED-BACK CHAIR

COLORFUL HASSOCK

FREE ROOM AT HOME

89

FREE COINS IN A FOUNTAIN

They weren't kidding in that movie, man. It's heavy and it's true. Lot of straight people, even, are so disgusted by the imperialist oppression and capitalist exploitation represented by every piece of neocolonialist amerikkan money that they're performing the revolutionary act of throwing it in fountains and dropping it down sewer gratings.

Fountains are best, and you can rip them off in broad daylight if you're together. And if anybody says anything, just tell them that you won the Congressional Medal of Honor for being a POW and it dropped off and fell in the water and you have to take all these coins home to look through them and see if any of them might be your medal and, gosh, but standing around in this fountain reminds you of the rice paddies back in Nam in fact it was in a rice paddy just like this that Charley cut you and your buddy Ed off from the platoon and your buddy's iron jammed in the fire fight when he caught it in the side of the head from a mortar shell so your best buddy's blood splatters all over your jungle fatigues right when you run out of ammo with dinks closing in carrying punji sticks smeared with pig shit while you're calling napalm down on your own position and Ed's lying in the water going "Mother, I didn't mean it" with what's left of his mouth, and start to cry.

Sewer gratings are tougher, but try this scheme used by the Weather People during the Chicago Days

112

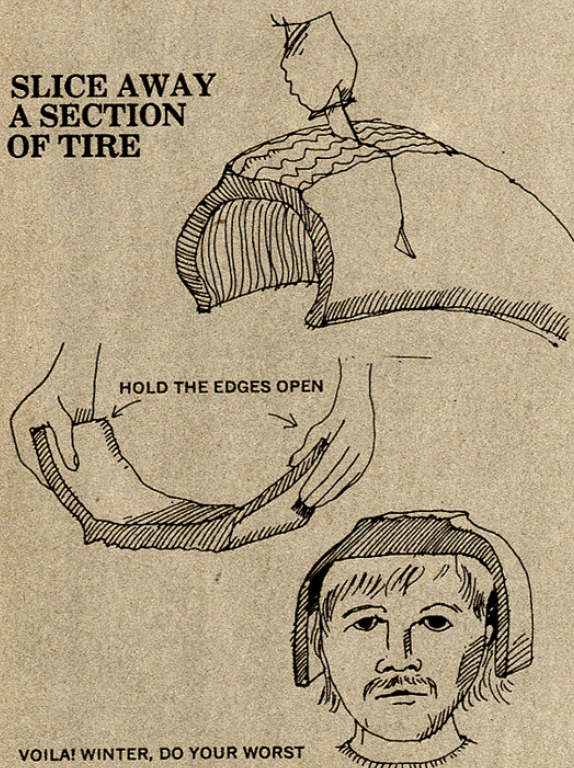
of Rage. Steal a piece of string. Chew up some bubble gum, put it right on the end of the string, and drop it between the grating bars. The gum will act as an adhesive and coins will stick tight with just a little bit of practice. Be sure and use the buddy system to keep a cool lookout.

A lot of the big grocery chains pay return deposits on the empty bottles of their fat-cat customers. You can usually find lots of bottles in empty lots or garbage cans, and if you wash them off carefully, the pig check-out clerks will never know you didn't buy them in their store. This works really well if you're kind of straight-looking.

Another good way to get cash is to play off all the fucked-up things that the system has done to straight people's heads (especially middle-aged amerikkan pig businessmen's) about sex in amerikka. You and the woman you're having a liberated interpersonal relationship with can work this riff together. She should go out and walk up and down a street in the business section at night. Weekends are the best. She should be sure to wear some really sexist threads that she can easily rip off in one of those boutiques or so-called head shops that suck the blood of our Woodstock Nation culture. It won't be long before some sexist pig businessman will start viewing her as a sex object. When he does, she should smile a smile of joyful unity with all the oppressed workers, women, and people of color and say, "How about it, capitalist jackal, want to get your ashes hauled?" This will really blow his mind.

113

SLICE AWAY A SECTION OF TIRE



124

FREE SHEETS TO THE WIND

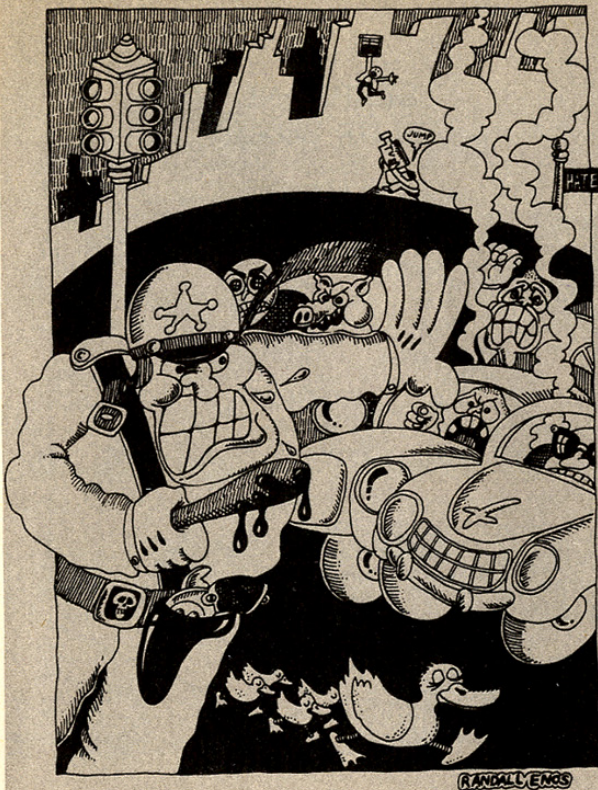
This land may be my land and this land may be your land, but if you want to go visit our south forty, you better know what the hell you're doing. The rip-off pig transportation industries make it as difficult as possible, but there are ways around it. For instance, more and more airlines are using what they call "Triangle Flights." It means you buy a round-trip ticket from New York to Los Angeles. On the way back, they'll fly you to Miami for only \$10 extra. Or you can do New York to San Francisco and they'll give you a week in Los Angeles for the \$10 charge. We know a brother who's done both these "Triangle Flights" fifteen times, and it's only cost him \$150. And it doesn't cost him anything to live in each place, because he stays with relatives or in veterans' hospitals.

If you don't want to pay at all, you can try what another brother did and hide in the landing-gear carriage. But be careful, because you might freeze to death if the plane goes over 14,000 feet.

For short-distance runs, trains are the best. Most stations now offer ten-, fifteen-, and twenty-ride commuter tickets. The more rides you buy, the bigger the discount. And usually they never ask if you're holding a job. If you buy the top twenty-trip ticket, you can save as much as 12 percent. And, depending on the distance, it could be a lot—and that's money you could be spending on dope, paper, and pipes.

Don't be put off by the oh-bus-stations-smell-like-

135



FREE MUSKETEERS

When it comes to self-defense, it's our brains against the pig's brawn.

Here's one trick our black brothers and sisters have been using for years when they get vamped on: if a pig or a red-neck catches you, particularly by any part of the foot, just holler real loud. He'll let you go every time. Nobody seems to know exactly why this works, but it really does.

Lots of bust scenes call for heavier shit, though. Especially if they've got ahold of you by more than just your foot. Try buddying up to the pigs. They'll never believe you can actually outsmart them. Challenge their machismo. Tell one that you bet you can hit him softer than he can hit you. Let him go first. Then smash him one on the jaw, yell, "You win!" and run like hell. Or ask the pig this riddle: "Adam and Eve and Pinch-me went down to the river to bathe. Adam and Eve were drowned. Who was saved?" When he says, "Pinch-me," do it where it hurts.

When you're fighting hand-to-hand, try grabbing the pig's head with your left arm and rubbing your knuckles back and forth across his hair really fast. Or grip his wrist with both hands and twist one hand one way and one the other to give him an incapacitating Indian rope burn.

If you get a chance for a sneak attack, you can stick a pack of matches under his shoe and light it when he isn't looking. But it's always easier to deal with The

149

FREE BLIND MICE

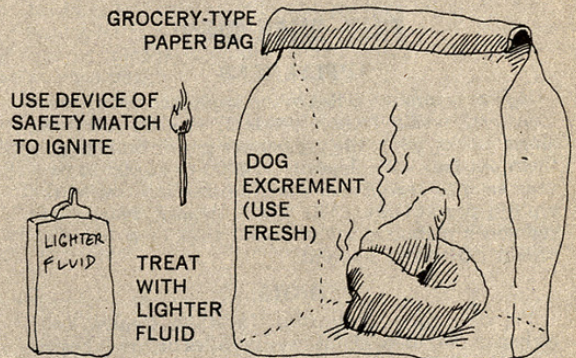
Trashing is when we destroy the bullshit materialism of the straight world. It's our way of expressing rage against poverty.

Our determination to crush amerikkkan imperialism really shows when trashing is combined with street theatre to educate the People. Putting a cow up in the top of a steeple can make it clear to workers and students how the masses have been misled by fascist religious leaders. And tipping over outhouses is a far-out way of saying "we're not taking any more shit."

For raising consciousness on a one-to-one level, try calling people up at random and say that you're taking a survey. Ask them if one of their capitalist kitchen appliances, built by exploiting the labor of the working class and people of color with natural resources ripped-off from our third-world brothers and sisters by the forces of neocolonialism, is running. When they say yes, yell, "Then you'd better go catch it!" and hang up.

Ordinary soap can be used to print revolutionary messages on windows, and you can make a powerful Bronx cheer by cupping your hand over your mouth, placing your tongue into the empty palm, and blowing hard.

Teach imperialist warmongers the bitterness and frustration of life in puppet fascist dictatorship South Vietnam by putting salt in the sugar bowl and short-sheeting the bed; and bring the reality of suffering in



devastated Haiphong home to them by tying tin cans to their dogs' tails.

Fight sexism by rubbing indelible ink onto the eye-piece of a miniature "French postcard" viewer and instruct your brothers and sisters in the Movement to express their solidarity with the power-to-the-people handshake by wearing a small electric hand-buzzer.

Fascists who want nothing more than to stamp out the world revolution can be vamped on by filling a paper bag with dog excrement and squirting lighter fluid on it. Set the bag on a fascist's front porch and light it, then ring the doorbell and run away. When he comes outside, all he'll see is a flaming paper bag, so he'll stomp on it much the way that he would like to

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FREE'S A CROWD

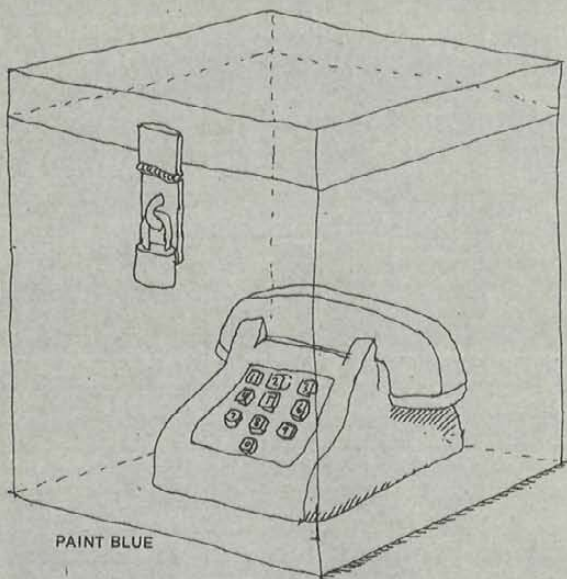
The revolution is our ability to organize the New Nation without structure, and communication is the only real organization among free individuals working the collective will.

Posters are right-on when you involve the people in the revolutionary act of pasting them up.

Go out and start pasting up posters. Lots of freeks will be trying to dig on why you're working. Just look really into it, and every time they want to rap, say, "It's too heavy, man," and they'll keep asking questions, but you just keep pasting until they're about to freak out, then sort of let it slip how the Weather People drew all these posters by hand but couldn't put them up because they're all wanted by the pigs, so Bernadine Dohrn cast the I Ching, which told her to have you do it, and you shouldn't even be really talking about it because you're about the only person that they'd trust with this important action. All the freeks'll try to tell you is how heavy and revolutionary they are and how you should let them get into pasting up posters too but you say they're just on ego trips and might get busted or something and they'll insist that they're really right-on and cool and not narcs and just to show you how cool they are and everything they'll lay a nickel of Michoacan or a couple of tabs of sunshine on you so you'll know they're together and you'll let them in on the heavy action with the Weather People and you say you don't know for sure

264

TELEPHONE BLUE BOX



277

FREE WISE MEN

APPLIANCES

If your commune is flat in the appliance department (toasters, waffle irons, blenders, electric blankets, alarm clocks, etc.), the pig banker-power brokers give them out free with deposits of \$500 to \$5,000 in two-year savings certificates which accrue interest at the top 6¼-percent rate. The \$5,000 deposit usually can get you a complete set of radial tires or a quadraphonic car-stereo. Far-out.

HIGHS

Try running in the Boston Marathon. Really. Your body can only take about twenty miles before it begins vamping its own liver. And when that starts, you have a full six miles of otherworldliness ahead of you. How fast you run the last six miles will determine the length of the rush, but you can be sure of a dynamite two or three hours. Quite heavy.

RIDES

Elevators and escalators never charge anything.

RESTAURANTS

Most restaurants have two prices on their menus. One is dinner and one is a la carte. Don't be put off by the higher dinner price. You get more with it. Usually potatoes, vegetables, salad, coffee, and dessert. With a la carte, you don't get shit.

284

FUCK ROMANIA

More and more, very together tour operators are including Romania in their packages. It's about the size of Britain, with a varied landscape of impressive grandeur. Its horizons, from the majestic Black Sea to the snow-crowned Alpine peaks, seem boundless. But that's a hype; they're not. There's Hungary, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, and Russia all around it. Romania's elegantly modern cities are richly colored by the many treasures of medieval and formal Roman architecture. This artistic blending of today with yesterday makes unique the charm of this "country within a country." Long a favorite vacation spot for Europeans and others alike, Romania offers pastoral bliss combined with accessible facilities for all who would venture her way.

Romanian food is usually served in the mornings, at midday, and then again in the evenings. Inbetween-meal snacks are not uncommon and often serve as a quick pick-up for the energy-burning revolutionary on the go. Breakfast usually consists of tea, milk, coffee, cocoa, soda, fruit juice, butter, jam, marmalade, jelly, and a large piece of boiled beef wrapped in cabbage leaves. A simple lunch of *mamaligutza* (corn mush) has become a traditional favorite among tourists and natives alike. Dinners are usually lavish and often begin with Turkish cakes soaked in egg syrup, and then the individual has the choice of having the dessert *with* the salad or *in* the salad. It is considered very

309



Photo of actual land taken on genuine film with real camera.

Room to Live, Room to Laugh—at Wise Acres

Wise Acres. Midway between Bauxite City and Trichinosa, deep in the heart of the spectacular Arizona mud country. Just a hop, skip, and a plane ride from bustling Phoenix. Conveniently located halfway between New York City and Jakarta. To the south, the colorful Mexican border. To the north, the fabled North Pole.

Yes, this is Wise Acres. Big country. Wide open spaces. Huge vistas. Dramatic views. Big spaces. Wide open vistas. Dramatic country. Big views. Huge open vistas.

Perched high atop the earth's rich, varied crust, where rocks, dirt, sand, and other fascinating geological materials run riot, vying with *brillo* bushes, lung weeds, and the famous millenium cactuses (be here when they bloom next in A.D. 2043!). Where friendly pythons twine their colorful forms (great for handbags, ladies!) around the gnarled trunks (great for driftwood lamps, men!) of the noted petrified shrubs. Where the plaintive cry of wild coyotes mingles with the plaintive cry of wild coyotes.

All around, majestic hummocks towering over breathtaking, rubble-filled depressions. Here and there, trilobite fossils frolicking in lazy, sleepy, dry stream-beds. In the distance, the unforgettable distance.

An enchanted place the Spanish called "cañon dos muertos" and the Havatampa Indians "Aaaaaaaaagh-a-aaagh"—their meanings lost in antiquity, but the lyrical cadence of the old names suggesting the profound magic of the land.

And, except when the playful desert wind sends tumbleweeds whirling across the sand at several times the speed of sound, air= all the air you can breathe. All the air you can drink. All the air you can eat.

You can own land at Wise Acres. You see, some time ago, National Lampoon, Inc., publishers of *National Lampoon* magazine, acquired the gigantic Chancre de Diablo Ranch. This immense landholding, once a Spanish Land Grant, included as a key part of the important Gadsden Purchase, and later used by the U.S. Army as a vital bombing range, is now available to our readers for the purchase of homesites.

Since plots at Wise Acres were first offered for sale, hundreds of square miles of land much like this have been bought and thousands of people have moved to the western states, one of which is Arizona. And it's no wonder, with so many of the good

things in life within easy mailing distance!

And you're completely protected by impressive guarantees backed by the distinguished reputation the *National Lampoon* has won in its long months of existence. Every investor is sent samples of dirt from his homesite. If he changes his mind within sixty days of making his first payment, his money is cheerfully retained. And if he is not completely satisfied at any time, he keeps the land and we keep his money.

You can own part of this breathtaking land for just pennies a second. Good, stick-to-the-shoes land. Land to stand on. Land to lie on. Land to bury things in. Land to leave to your children, or just plain leave.

For complete details on how you can acquire the Wise Acres ranchola, ranchetto, ranchista, or rancharama of your choice, simply fill in and mail the coupon below, so that our pushy, rude, and sometimes violent salesmen may visit you at your home.

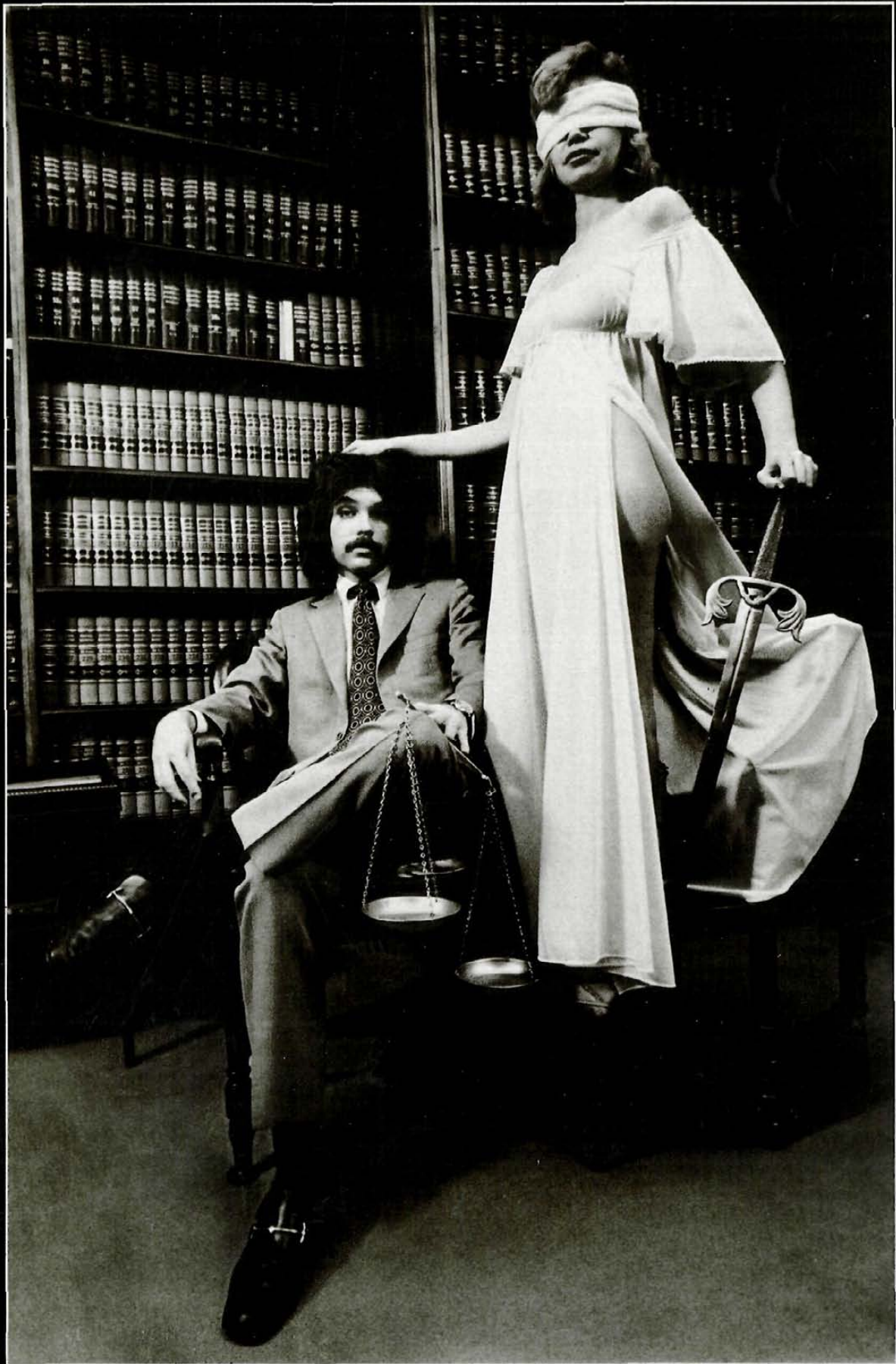
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Folklaw

An Article

by John Weidman

which explains, expounds, and makes clear the means by which citizens with no prior knowledge or cognizance of legal matters may bend, adapt, modulate, or otherwise metamorphose the law to their purposes and benefit by acquainting themselves with favorable statutes, rules, decisions, and rubrics.

How often have you found yourself in a situation where some loudmouth starts pushing you around, giving you a hard time? You know it isn't fair, but there's nothing you can do about it. There oughta be a law, right? Well, believe it or not, *there is*. Or rather there are. Hundreds of laws, *thousands* of laws, from the hallowed provisions of the U.S. Constitution right down to Municipal Ordinance 16-03 telling you when and where you can let your dog Fido take a leak in Florence, Ohio. This country is lousy with laws. And with a little research, and a ready wit, you can use those laws to do *whatever* you want, to *whomever* you please, secure in the knowledge that *the law of the land will back you up 100 percent!* Skeptical? Then consider the following field-tested examples:

1 The Facts: April 15 is rolling around again and you're starting to get steamed up about all the dough you're going to have to fork over to that prick Uncle Sam. Relax. There are hundreds of perfectly legal, though little-known, ways in which you can reduce the size of the annual federal tax-bite. For example, you can depreciate and take an annual depletion allowance on your garbage.

The Law: Sections 611(a) and 613(a and b) of the Internal Revenue Code of 1954.

The Argument: The above-cited sections are too lengthy to quote here in full, but basically they permit the taxpayer to deduct from gross income "a reasonable allowance for depletion and depreciation" of natural-resource holdings "according to the peculiar conditions in each case." Now it's true that these sections were designed

to give a tax break to a small group of trillionaires who happen to own gold mines, diamond mines, and oil wells. And the Tax Commissioner, who spends most of his time being taken out to lunch at the Watergate by that small group of trillionaires, may think it's "peculiar" of you to try to depreciate your garbage. Tough shit for him. To begin with, the statutory language refers specifically to the "peculiar conditions of each case," so right away you've got the law on your side. In the second place, Section 613(b) includes the following items among those for which a specific percentage-depletion is allowed: "oil, tin, salt, mollusk shells (including clam shells and oyster shells), and rubble." If the commissioner gives you a hard time, just read him that list, then tell him to go home and take a good long look in his garbage can. (And remember, with the Law to back you up, there's no need to be polite.)

2 The Facts: You and your girl friend are fed up with New York and decide to split to the Coast by car. Only one problem: no car, and no bread to buy or rent one. Solution: steal one. In a recent decision, the Supreme Court established beyond question your right to do so.

The Law: *Shapiro v. Thompson*, 394 U.S. 618, 89 S.Ct. 1322 (1969), in which the Court held unconstitutional Connecticut's one-year residency requirement for welfare assistance.

The Argument: At first glance, it may be hard to see the connection between the above holding and your right to hot-wire a car and drive it to Los Angeles. But consider the following language from the Court's opinion: "This Court long ago recognized

that the nature of our Federal Union and our constitutional concepts of personal liberty unite to require that all citizens be free to travel throughout the length and breadth of our land uninhibited by statutes, rules, or regulations which unreasonably burden or restrict this movement." Get it? "Free to travel uninhibited by statutes and rules." If Connecticut can't discourage you from moving from New York City to New Haven because you're afraid you won't be able to start cashing welfare checks for a year, they certainly can't discourage you from motoring to California because you're afraid you'll get busted for stealing the governor's limousine. So drive safely, and if you think of it, drop Mom a postcard from the Grand Canyon. She'll appreciate it.

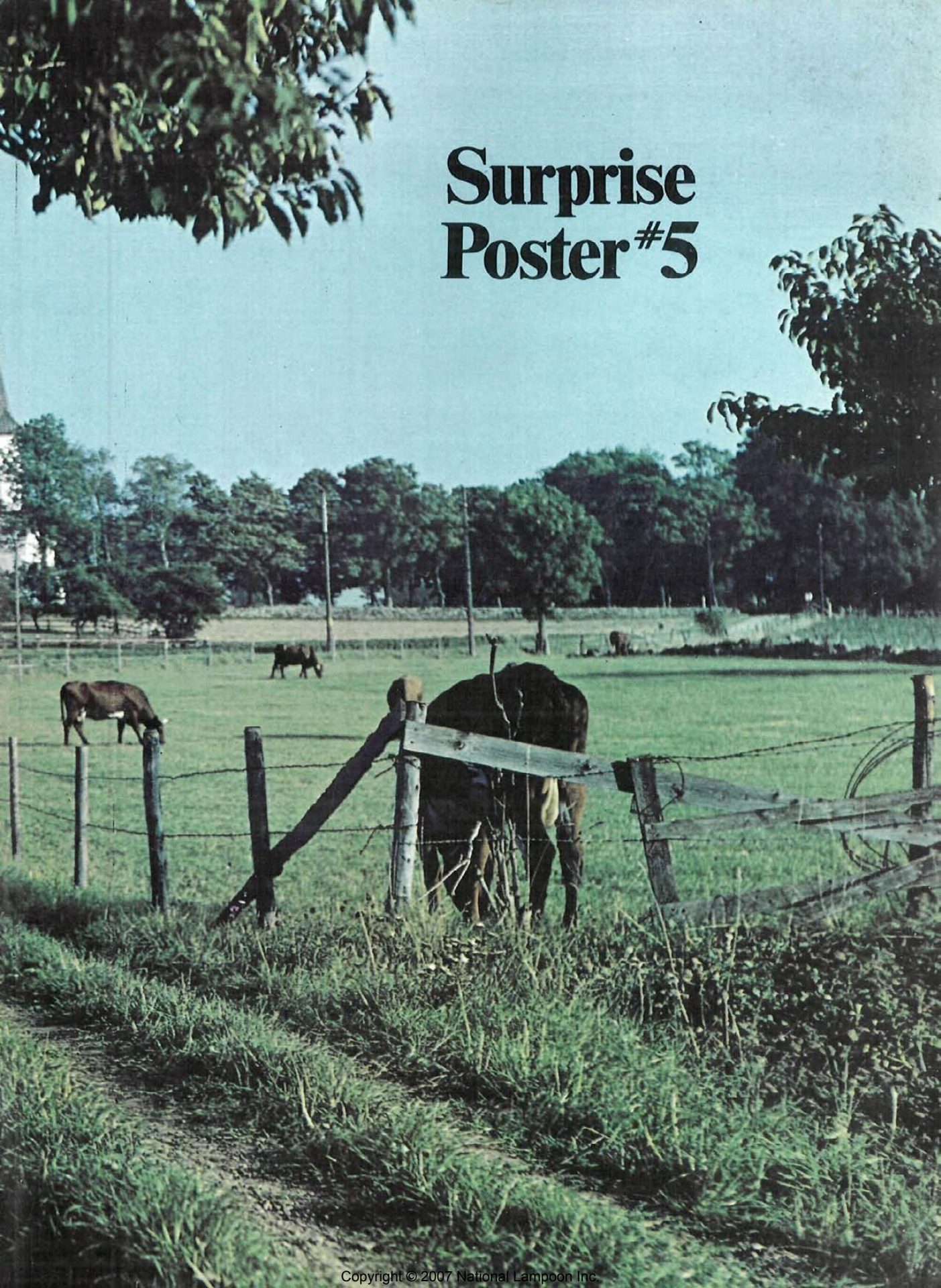
3 The Facts: You just blew your salary for the next ten months on a brand-new Datsun 240Z and you're all gassed up and heading for the Tri-State Tollway to see what she can do. Unfortunately, as you pull up to the first tollbooth, you realize that you left every cent you had in your other pair of jeans. Do you have to turn around and slink home, embarrassed and unsatisfied? Not on your life. In fact, you don't even have to slow down. Drive straight on through, and if the tolltaker tries to give you any shit, simply refer him to the middle finger of your right hand and the following case law.

The Law: "Double taxation, prohibited by the Constitution, consists of two or more taxes, imposed on the same property by the same government during the same taxing period." (*Fox v. Board for Louisville and Jefferson County Children's Home*, 50 S.W.2d 67, 72, 244 Ky. 1) The lan-

continued on page 49



Surprise Poster #5



Arôme de Revue

by Michael O'Donoghue

*A man. A woman.
A wisecrack better left unsaid.*

*"How come you never tell me
anything romantic?"*

"Your tits hang like Spanish moss!"

A spat. The end of the affair.

*If you enjoy smart clothes,
smart perfumes, and, yes, smart
remarks, now there is a magazine
just for you... the National
Lampoon. Even after you've
finished reading it, a wisp of
Arôme de Revue lingers on every
page.*

*Available at better newsstands
everywhere.*

SCRATCH AND SNIFF

guage is typical of that in many similar cases.

The Argument: Now nobody would ask you for a quarter if you *walked* through the tollbooth, right? So the "property" the state is trying to tax here must be your new baby-blue Datsun. But hold on a minute. The Fox case says two or more taxes on the same property are impermissible, and the state has already had two shots at that little blue beauty: a whopping sales-tax when you bought her and an outrageous gasoline tax when you filled up her tank. Common sense says *enough is enough*, and the Law agrees. Drive on.

4 The Facts: It's the same simple situation as in the first example. It's income-tax time again, the Government wants your money, and you *don't want to give it to them*. You don't have to. In fact, you can turn the tables and wring a little of the long green out of them for a change.

The Law: Title 7, United States Code, Section 1821, "Compensation for Reducing Acreage."

The Argument: If you're a farmer, you know all about this statute; it's been sending you and your wife to Europe every summer for the last twenty years. If you're not a farmer, it's time to look into the statute books and start laddling your way onto the gray train. In essence, Section 1821 authorizes the Secretary of Agriculture to compensate agricultural producers for reducing the acreage they devote to the production of certain specified commodities, including wheat, cotton, and Virginia sun-cured tobacco. Secretary Butz, in other words, is legally obligated to pay big bucks to any citizen of this country who is able to control the almost irresistible impulse to fill his bathtub with topsoil and start growing peanuts. How about you? Did you raise any rice or corn during the last fiscal year? Is the skylight of your fifth-floor walk-up crowded with window boxes full of Ohio cigar-filler tobacco types 42, 43, or 44? If the answer to these questions is no, then there's a check waiting for you at the Department of Agriculture. You earned the money fair and square, and the Law says you have a right to collect it.

5 The Facts: You and a few of your friends have decided to visit our nation's capital, and you've just wound up a long day of sightseeing. Now you're hot and tired, and you're ready to check into an air-conditioned hotel, have a drink, maybe take a swim. But you haven't got a whole lot of money. What to do? Check into the

White House. The Law says you're entitled.

The Law: Amendment I, the U.S. Constitution says, "Congress shall make no law . . . abridging . . . the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances."

The Argument: As the above-quoted amendment should make abundantly clear, getting inside the White House is no problem. Anybody who's spent more than forty-five minutes in this country has got a list of "grievances" as long as the Statue of Liberty's left arm. And anybody who's tried to get those grievances "redressed" by—I laugh even to think about it—writing his congressman knows that the only way to get any kind of results is by going straight to the man at the top, who is the President, and who lives in the White House. So, there you are inside. And you can stay as long as you like, provided that you remain "peaceably" assembled. No shouting, hooting, or horsing around. And don't play the radio too loud after 9:30, when Pat goes to bed. Just choose one of your group to go "petition" the President, and the Law says that the rest of you are entitled to the run of the executive mansion.

6 The Facts: Once again you're short of bread, and once again uncle owes you a bundle but isn't letting on. It's all a matter of knowing how to collect.

The Law: Title 10, United States Code, Section 311, "Militia: Composition and Classes," and Title 10, United States Code, Section 312, "Militia Duty: Exemptions."

The Argument: You may find this difficult to believe, but since the age of seventeen, you and every other able-bodied male citizen under forty-five years of age have been enlisted in a military unit known as the Unorganized Militia of the United States of America. Surprised? If you're not convinced, check out Title 10, U.S. Code, Section 311, cited above. It establishes the militia and makes you a member of it, unless you're the Vice-President, a tugboat captain, a mailman, the chief executive of the Canal Zone—or fit into one of the other statutorily exempt categories outlined in Title 10, U.S. Code, Section 312. What are your duties as a U.S. Militiaman in good standing? Are you supposed to sit out on your roof on alternate Tuesday nights scanning the skies through binoculars for invading Chilean bombers? Or maybe you're just supposed to put your hand over your heart and stand at attention with your thumb up your ass every time you're offered

a wedge of Mom's Apple Pie? Who knows? And who cares? The question you *should* be asking is where all the back pay is the Joint Chiefs of Staff owe you for courageously and valiantly serving your country ever since your junior year in high school. This nation's defense budget was over \$80 billion last year, and the Law says a nice piece of that change should be jingling in *your* pocket. All you have to do is ask for it.

7 The Facts: It's your tenth anniversary and you decide to blow the wife to dinner at Maxim's to celebrate. Unfortunately, when Gaston arrives with the check, you and your wallet discover that you have underestimated the price of dinner by some \$125. You don't want to spend the rest of your life washing soufflé dishes; and the Law says that you don't have to. Pay what you can, don't let Gaston use a shake of the hand cordiale comme pourboire, and you're

continued on page 56

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Name.....
Address.....
City..... State..... Zip.....

YOU CAN'T BELIEVE YOUR EYES!

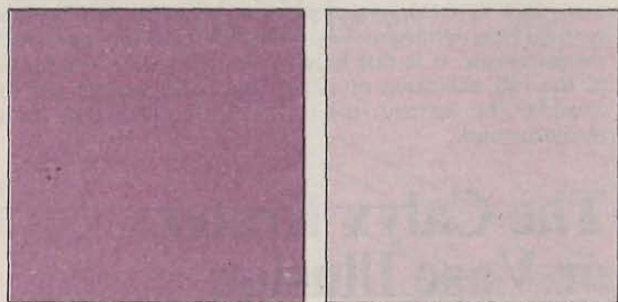
by Bill Effros

Seeing is deceiving!

Or so the well known epigram might read. For as we shall find, there is more here than meets the eye.

Most of us have seen these illusions hundreds of times without ever really understanding how or why they work. Now let's take a closer look at some of these eye foolers.

Persistence of Vision— Afterimages



X

Both patches will seem green!

Put your nose on the x (be sure to put your nose exactly on the x for best effect) and stare at the purple square with your left eye, and the lavender square with your right eye, for twenty-five seconds. Then shut your eyes tightly for five seconds. When you reopen your eyes, both squares will appear green!

Afterimages are created by a blanching of the photo pigments of the retina of the eye. These photo pigments are so numerous that if all of the photo pigments in a single eye were placed end to end, they would stretch to the moon and back seven times! When a region of the photo pigment is blanching, this region is less sensitive than the surrounding regions and thus gives rise to afterimages, as demonstrated in the example above.

Binocular Integration with Complete Image Fusion— the Copulating Couple



The couple unites in conjugal bliss.

Touch the thumb and forefinger of your left hand to make a circle. Raise your left hand so that your thumb rests on the tip of your nose while your forefinger rests on your eyebrows. Stare at the couple through the circle while jiggling the illustration with your right hand.

This erotic illusion, which was long one of the mainstays of the back alleys of Paris, has been embraced by serious scientists as perhaps the most effective illustration of binocular integration ever developed. The mechanism by which it operates are still not understood.

continued

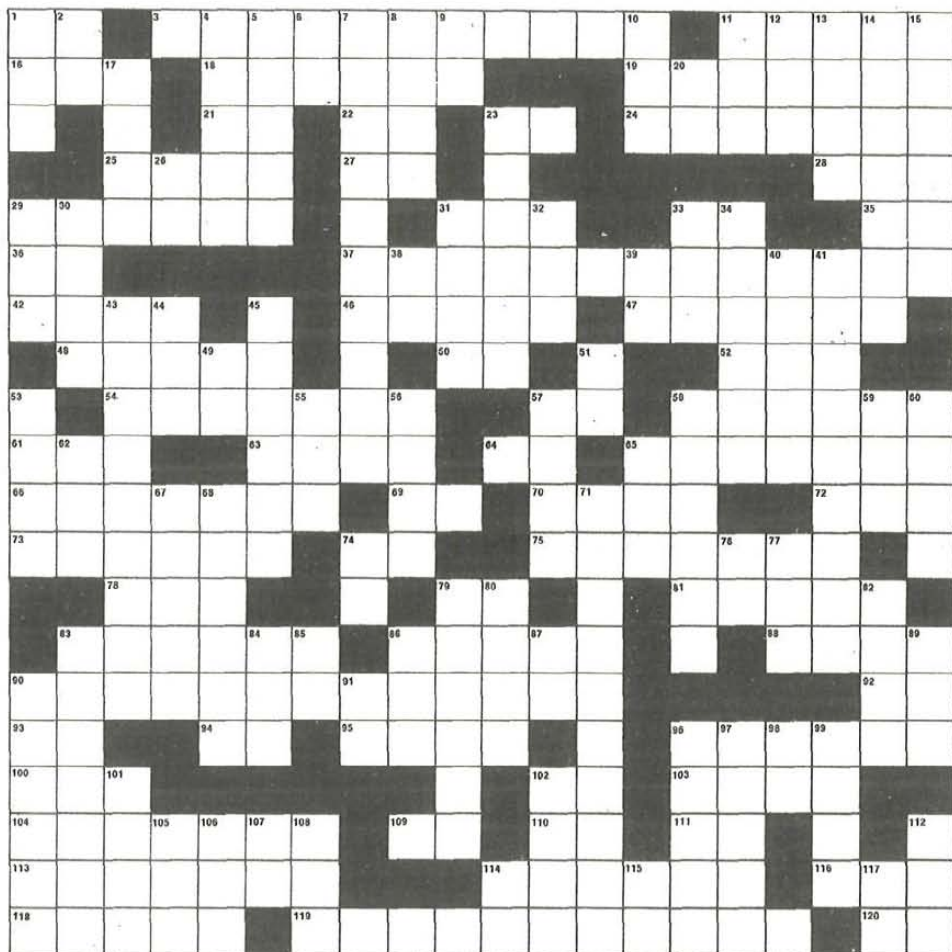
Johnston's Indian Lacrosstics

This month: "The Nose on Your Face"

by J. Jeremy Johnston

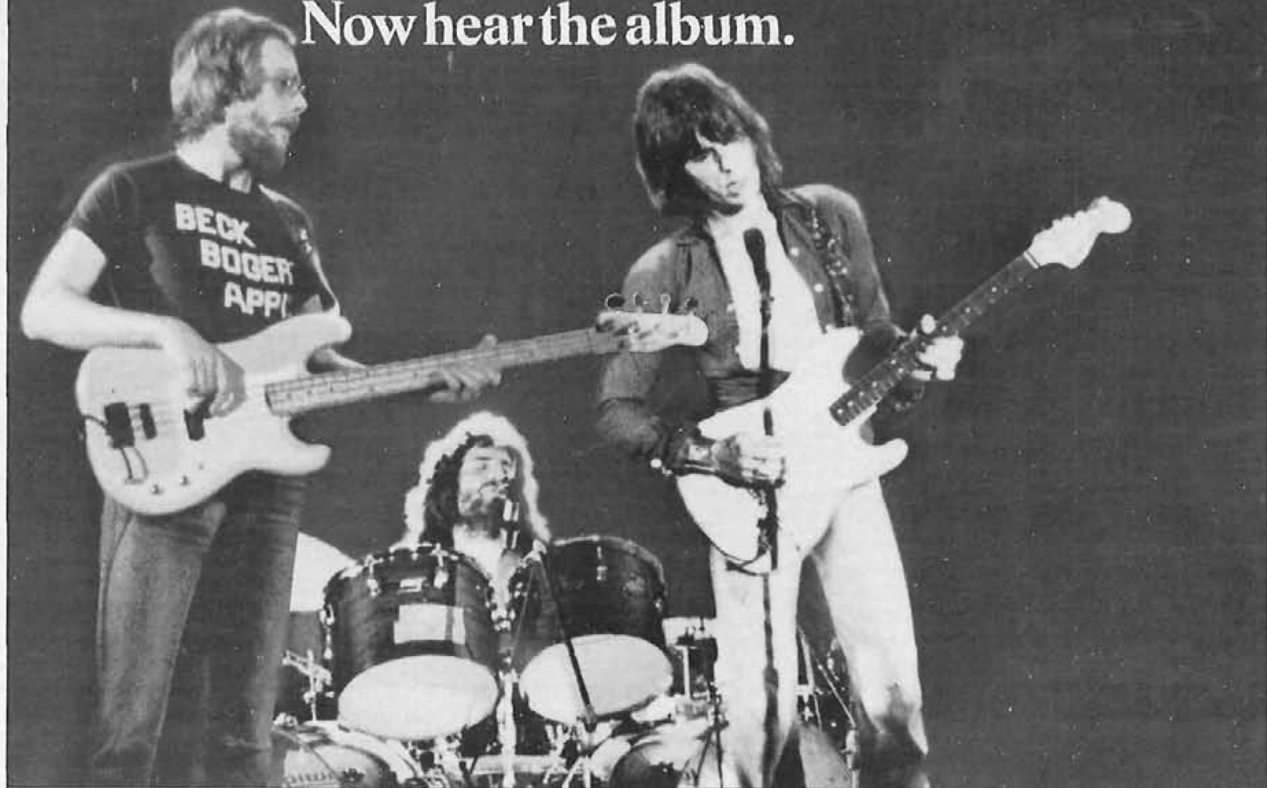
Across

1. Ah!
 3. Mechanicals
 11. Nyssa
 16. Rex
 18. Whines
 19. Insulae
 21. Ei?
 22. Tu
 23. In
 24. Toupees
 25. Norm.
 27. I'm ...
 28. D. L. O.
 29. S. Morse
 31. I.S.S.
 33. 'Be'
 35. AP
 36. Po
 37. Ralph's Remains
 42. Ali's
 46. "Every ..."
 47. E. E. C. Fog
 48. Llama
 50. Sy.
 52. Era
 54. "I'm dizzy ..."
 57. Ce
 58. Bei Hut
 61. Pak
 63. Toes
 64. Ha!
 65. Piscine
 66. Crete (e.g.)
 69. O.P.
 70. Mail
 72. "Oon"
 73. ATTEND!
 74. Up
 75. S. Bellow
 78. Has
 79. N/A
 81. Miaow
 83. Vacuum
 86. Model
 88. Seat
 90. "..... gathers
no moss"
 92. i.e.
 93. Ur
 94. D.P.
 95. Bays
 96. Ratify
 100. Imp
 102. "er"
 103. Emit
 104. Diorama
 109. "Ah,"
 110. U.E.
 111. Ca
 113. Enlarge
 114. 'Pram it'
 116. Mss.
 118. Steep
 119. Charismatic
 120. Oh!
- ### Down
1. Arf!
 2. He
 4. Ewers



5. Chime
6. Hi!
7. Antifreeze
8. neum
9. 'Is'
10. Sit ...
11. N.S.U.
12. 'Yup'
13. Sled
14. Saelang
15. Aesop's
20. No
23. "I'm spry ..."
26. Or
29. Spa
30. Moll
31. Iles
32. Shy
33. Bee
34. Emcees
38. A.V.
39. re:
40. "..... Afric"
41. "Io! Ah, Io! Woe!"
43. 'I Like That!'
44. Sam
45. 'Baited'
49. M.D.
51. We
53. SPCA
55. zog.
56. Ysop
57. Cams
58. bill me
59. UNQ
60. Tent
62. Art.
65. Pie
67. Teach
68. Ensued
71. Abel's dream
74. UN
76. Li
77. O.A.S.
79. "..... no myth!"
80. Ado's
82. Waif
83. Varmint
84. Urp!
85. Ms.
86. Moa
87. E. S.
89. Tey
90. Guides
91. N. B.
96. Recit
97. Amat (I)
98. Ti
99. Item
101. pole
102. Eur.'s
105. Rae
106. Arp!
107. M.G.
108. A.E.C.
112. Ash
114. Pi
115. M.A.
117. So

Beck, Bogert & Appice.
You've heard all the talk.
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Very few albums in recent memory have been so eagerly awaited as this one. Jeff Beck, Tim Bogert and Carmine Appice.

For four years these three musicians have longed to put this group together. Now they are together.

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Beck, Bogert and Appice. Together at last, as a group and on an incredible new album.



On Epic Records  and Tapes

out the door safely with the Law as your escort.

The Law: The Equal Protection Clause of the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution, as construed in such cases as *Harper v. Virginia Board of Elections*, 383 U.S. 663, 86 S.Ct. 1079 (1966).

The Argument: The constitutional issues involved in this situation are actually quite complex, and a thorough analysis would probably have to rely additionally on the Commerce Clause (Article I, Section 8, Clause 3) and cases like *Katzenbach v. McClung*, 379 U.S. 294 (1964). However, in order to explain the law to a Parisian headwaiter who probably thinks la Supreme Court is some kind of instant sauce you put on broccoli, the above-cited amendment should more than suffice. In *Harper v. Virginia Board of Elections*, the Court held a state poll-tax unconstitutional on the grounds that the right to vote is a "fundamental matter" in our society, and that the Equal Protection Clause prohibited the exercise of that right from being conditioned on the amount of money a man has in his pocket. Well, if voting is a "fundamental matter" in our society, how much more so is eating? Or, alternatively, people who don't eat starve to death, and people who are dead can't exercise their right to vote. Either way you argue it, *Harper v. Virginia Board of Elections* a fortiori establishes a constitutionally protected right to eat. And, in addition, it prohibits the state from making laws that would permit wealthy people to exercise their right to eat more fully and effectively than poor people. All of which means that you can pay Gaston 5 cents on the dollar and, if you feel like it, ask for change.

8 The Facts: Everyone admits that you do the best buck-and-wing in the Woonsocket Lodge of the BPO Elks. And you know how your special

Answer to Crossword Puzzle

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A | H | M | E | C | H | A | N | I | C | A | L | S | N | Y | S | S | A | |
| R | E | X | W | H | I | N | E | S | I | N | S | U | L | A | E | | | |
| F | E | E | I | T | I | N | T | O | U | P | E | E | S | | | | | |
| N | O | R | M | I | M | | | | | | | | D | L | O | | | |
| S | M | O | R | S | E | F | I | S | S | B | E | | | | | A | P | |
| P | O | | | | | R | A | L | P | H | S | R | E | M | A | I | N | S |
| A | L | I | S | B | E | V | E | R | Y | E | E | C | F | O | G | | | |
| L | L | A | M | A | E | S | Y | W | E | R | A | | | | | | | |
| S | I | M | D | I | Z | Z | C | E | B | E | I | H | U | T | | | | |
| P | A | K | T | O | E | S | H | A | P | I | S | C | I | N | E | | | |
| C | R | E | T | E | E | G | O | P | M | A | I | L | O | O | N | | | |
| A | T | T | E | N | D | U | P | S | B | E | L | L | O | W | T | | | |
| H | A | S | N | N | A | E | M | I | A | O | W | T | | | | | | |
| V | A | C | U | U | M | M | O | D | E | L | E | S | E | A | T | | | |
| G | A | T | H | E | R | S | N | O | M | O | S | S | I | E | | | | |
| U | R | D | P | B | A | Y | S | D | R | A | T | I | F | Y | | | | |
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reprinted from the Harvard Lampoon

rendition of "Mr. Bojangles" knocked them all out at your nephew Alex's bar mitzvah last March. So how come that schmuck Ted Mack keeps turning you down when you show up at his annual auditions? Fuck him. If you really want to see yourself on television, the Supreme Court has recently declared your absolute right to do so. And you don't have to settle for some half-assed amateur hour either. Pick a program that appeals to you—anything from "Hee Haw" to Alistair Cooke's "America"—refer the producer to the following case law, and you're on the air.

The Law: *Red Lion Broadcasting Co. v. FCC*, 395 U.S. 367, 89 S.Ct. 1794 (1968).

The Argument: The Red Lion case dealt with the "fairness doctrine," one particular aspect of the FCC's equal-time requirement for the airing of differing political viewpoints. In his majority opinion, Mr. Justice White declared that a licensed broadcaster "must offer to make available a reasonable amount of broadcast time to those who have a view different from that which has already been expressed on his station," and that the Court would not permit "unlimited private censorship to operate in a medium not open to all." So much for your right of access to the airwaves for political purposes. But suppose you don't want five minutes on "The Flip Wilson Show" to deliver a speech on the disadvantages of the President's proposal for revenue sharing. Suppose what you want to do is spin pie plates on the end of your nose and sing "Fly Me to the Moon" on "Masterpiece Theatre." Go to it. As Mr. Justice White put it, the crucial issue in the Red Lion case was "the right of the public to receive suitable access," not just to differing political opinions, but also to differing "social, esthetic, moral, and other ideas and experiences." And if the producer of "Half the George Kirby Comedy Hour" doesn't think that your rendition of "Seventy-six Trombones" is an "esthetic experience," tell him to sit on a pickle and take you to court. With the Law to back you up, you're a guaranteed winner.

9 The Facts: It's October 15, a typical Monday morning. Your alarm clock explodes at 6:45, blasting you into a suicidal state of whimpering depression at the prospect of staggering into an ice-cold shower and dragging your ass off to work. Don't do it. Today is the first day of National School Lunch Week, and the Law says that you're entitled to celebrate by spending the rest of the day in bed.

The Law: Title 36, U.S. Code, Sec-

tions 142-169e and 185.

The Argument: In the above-cited statutes, Congress has instructed the President to set aside a series of days, weeks, and months as periods of "national observance" and commemoration. Such designated periods range all the way from White Cane Safety Day (36 U.S.C.A. 169d) to National Forest Products Week, (36 U.S.C.A. 163) to National Poison Prevention Month (36 U.S.C.A. 165). And all told, they cover somewhere in the vicinity of 125 of the year's 260 working days. What does all this have to do with your right to stay in bed until the bars open? Not a whole lot, until you consider the following case law: "The term 'holiday' refers to a day set apart for worship or reverence to the memory of a great leader and benefactor, rejoicing over some great national or historical event, or rekindling the flame of an ideal. It means a day on which the ordinary occupations are suspended, a day of exemption—that is, cessation from work." (*Vidal v. Backs*, 21 P.2d 952, 218 Cal. 99)

Now there is not a single statutorily designated period of national observance that does not fit into the above legal definition of holiday: "Reverence to the memory of a great leader or benefactor"? Leif Ericson Day. "Rejoicing over some great historical event"? Wright Brothers Flight Day. "Rekindling the flame of a neglected ideal"? National Safe Boating Week. And if all of these 125 designated days are legal holidays, then the Vidal case says that they must be attended by an "exemption [and] cessation from work." In short, you and every other working man in this country are being denied the enjoyment of at least twenty-five weeks of paid vacation per year, which Congress and the courts have clearly and unequivocally awarded you. Now is the time to demand your rights, if necessary by suing out a writ of mandamus against the President himself!

So there you are, with just a suggestion of some of the thousands of ways in which you can put the Law to work for you. Had space permitted, we could have included any number of unanswerable legal arguments indisputably establishing your right, among other things, to compel your local National Guard unit to mow your lawn and clean out your garage once a month, to divorce your parents and force them to pay you alimony, to adopt your girl friend, to deduct from your income tax the fair market-value of the Carlsbad Caverns, and many, many more. Remember: the laws are all on the books right now, just waiting to be used. Ignorance of the Law is no excuse. □

The Curse of the Mandarin

by Gahan Wilson

Lord Kerry Kiviat pulled on his enormous, graying mustache and peered down gloomily at the rapidly rising water.

"Och, mon, if tha' dinna slow, we're fair gang agley!" he observed.

"God's sake, man," I snapped, "can't you speak proper English?" Then: "Sorry, Kiviat, I guess the strain of being in this devil's clutches is beginning to tell on me."

The doughty inspector's eyes widened, and he pointed at the small door by the end of the catwalk. It was opening slowly, though I could not tell by what agency.

"Some new variation on our torture, I've no doubt," I muttered.

"Buck up, lads!" came a hearty voice from behind the door, and Sir Fenton Purlieu-Smyth sprang into view to give each of us a clap on the back and a firm handshake! "That yellow hellhound hasn't put paid to us yet—nor is he likely to!"

"Good heavens, Purlieu-Smyth," I cried, "we thought that toadstool spore had done you in!"

"It'll take a good deal more than fungi dust to do me in, Phest, my son," chuckled Sir Fenton. Then his lean, tanned face grew stern. "Are you ready for a real test, men?" he asked.

Kiviat and I exchanged glances and then nodded a firm affirmative at our remarkable friend.

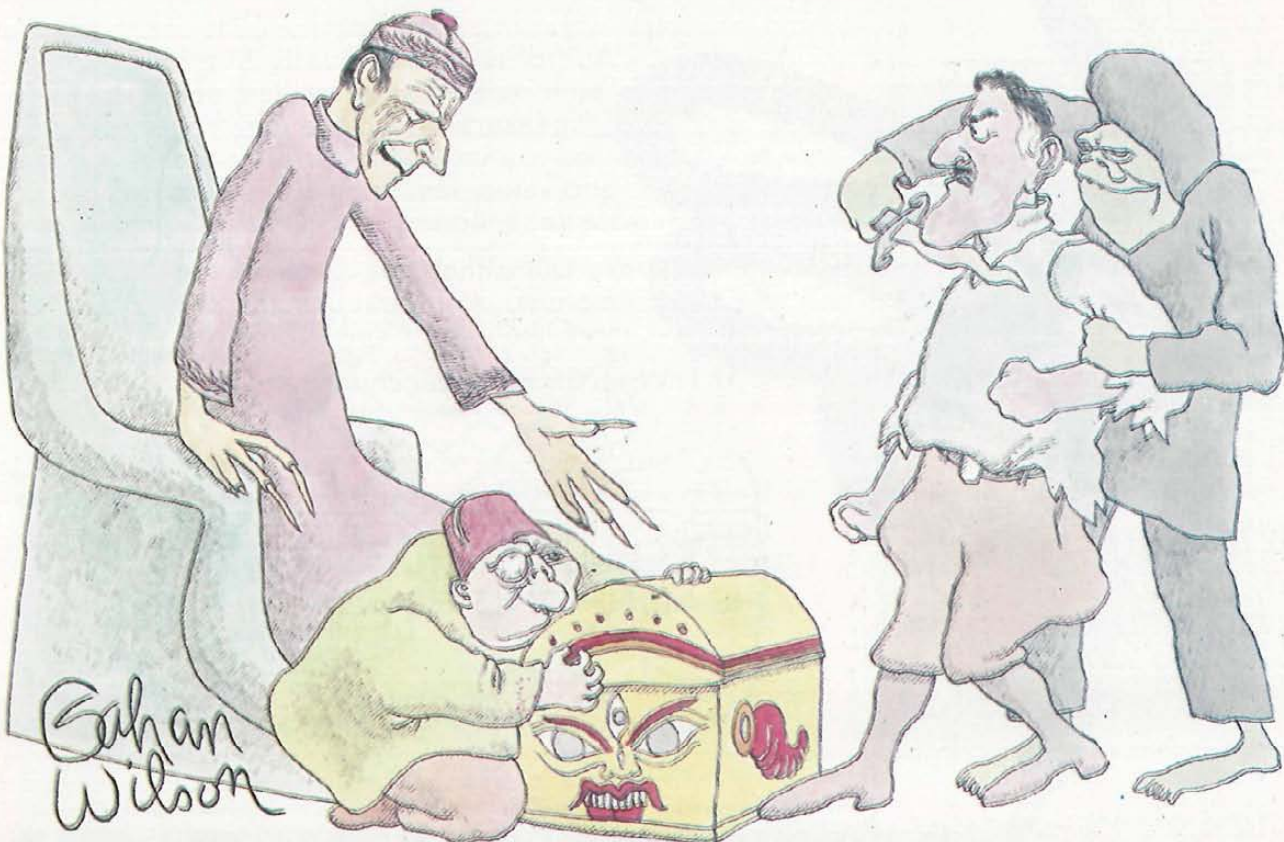
"With you beside me, Sir Fenton," I said, "I'd brave the devils of hell themselves!"

"Och, nay brach mir baffey gockle," said Kiviat.

"Right! Here's what we must do," began Purlieu-Smyth, and then launched into his plan.

I am not soon likely to forget the debacle that followed, and I certainly shall never erase the recollection of the evil Mandarin Ch'ing smiling at me whilst his nubian slaves strapped me in to what he described, with excessively lengthy poetic irony, as The Jeweled Mouth of the Egg-Foo-Yung-Devouring Golden Dragon. Gaudy

continued on page 80



"And now we shall see what is in the box," he hissed.

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Miracle Monopoly Cheating Kit

by Christopher Cerf

Congratulations!

Your new MIRACLE MONOPOLY CHEATING KIT represents a *quantum leap forward* in your power to deceive and defraud your opponents while playing "America's most popular board game."

Everything you need to break new and exciting ground in Monopoly treachery is here in these pages... Everything, that is, except a few minutes of practice, a pair of scissors, a little courage, a Parker Brothers'

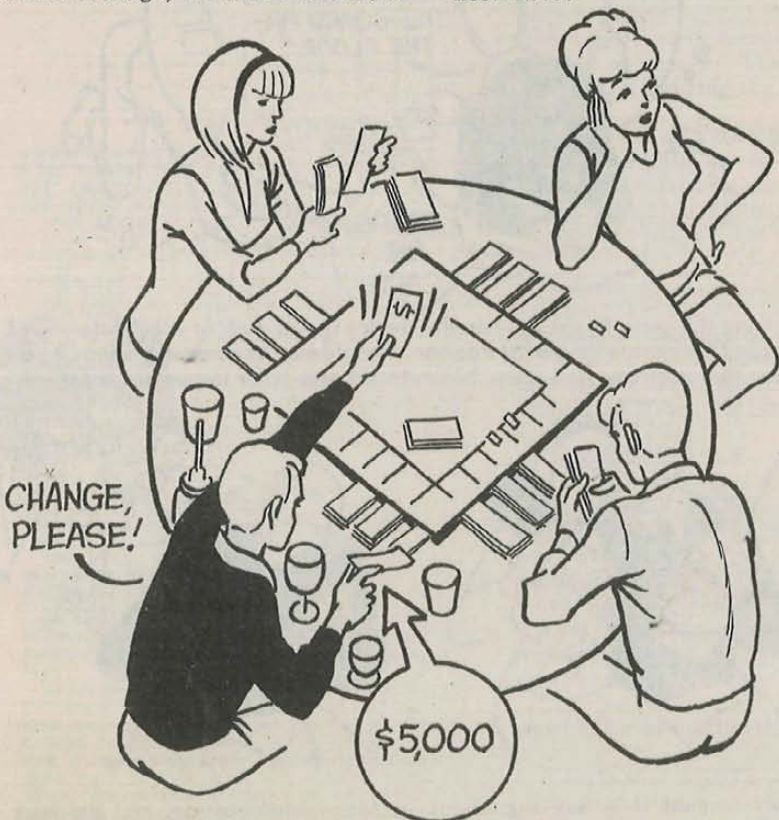
Monopoly set, and a large jar of rubber cement.

Good luck*!

Distractor Techniques

Use of the MIRACLE MONOPOLY CHEATING KIT is not difficult, but to achieve maximum effectiveness you should master the simple "distractor techniques" illustrated below.

*although, God knows, you won't need it!...



Throughout the game, keep asking the bank—or better still, your opponents—for change. At the critical moment, say, "Pardon me for bothering you again, but would any of you possibly be able to give me a \$20 bill, a \$10 bill, two \$5 bills, and five \$1 bills in exchange for this \$50?"

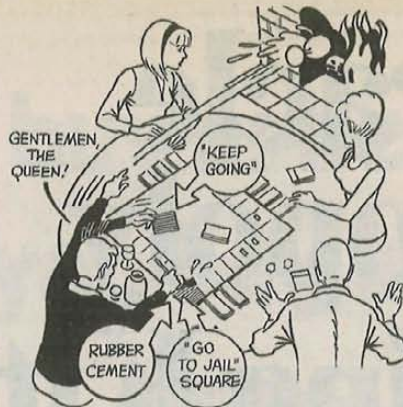
\$1000 AND \$5000 BILLS



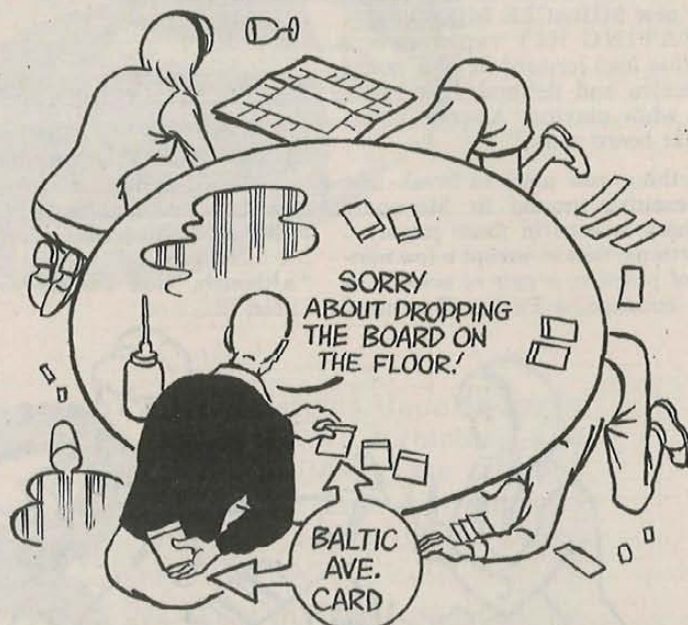
have lost track of how much money you've accumulated.
Note: If one of your adversaries has fallen badly behind, maximum demoralization can be achieved by offering him a \$5000 bill and asking for change.



Use of these bills, of higher denomination than any actually provided by Parker Brothers, should prove highly demoralizing to your opponents. Slip them right into your hand while the money's being dealt out. Or, if you prefer, introduce them later when you think people



Drinks can be extremely useful to you, and it's advisable to have several on hand whenever you play Monopoly. You'll be amazed how easy it is to slip one of your bogus cards on top of the Chance deck if you simultaneously spill a Bloody Mary over your nearest opponent. And pasting down an extra Go square is a veritable snap—if you've just proposed a toast while tossing a half-full brandy snifter into the fire!



Upsetting the game board is a surefire device if you wish to substitute one of our Title Deed cards for a bona fide one. People may become suspicious if you employ this maneuver too often, however. So save it for important occasions!



Rubber cement is a key ingredient in Monopoly cheating, and the best way to keep that telltale bottle from giving you away is to *make it a familiar part of your person!* Try to carry some rubber cement with you at all times, especially when you're going to see the people you play Monopoly with. And, remember... make it as conspicuous as possible!



Remarks calculated to make your adversaries rush from the table can be an excellent prelude to pasting one of our labels onto the board. Two lines that always work for us are "Does anyone here happen to know what the capital of Delaware is?" and "Goodness! Wasn't that a jet fighter that just crashed into the house across the street?"

Chances are, with a little thought you'll come up with many others just as effective.



RULE SHEET

Cut out this 4½- by-10¾-inch sheet and insert it in the rules pamphlet you received in your Parker Brothers Monopoly set. Make sure this side faces front.

Do you know what you've done? You've amended the rules of the game so that virtually all the fraudulent cards and labels you put into play will be covered, in black and white, in the instructions! Now, if anyone accuses you of tampering with the game, you'll be able to say with complete confidence, "Are you crazy? Just look it up in the rules!" (Warning: No normal rule book could possibly cover the methods—palming cards, pasting things to the board, etc.—by which you introduce materials from the MIRACLE MONOPOLY CHEATING KIT into the game. If you get caught there, sorry, we can't help you. So please be careful!)

continued on next page

(Title Deed Cards, that is, representing the **properties sold to the Players**—not salaries, bonuses, or the Players themselves!); and makes change in whatsoever amount any individual player may at any time request.

The Bank serves several other functions, but, to prevent confusion, we will postpone explaining them until certain other essential aspects of the game have been discussed.

DESTRUCTION AND SALVAGE OF BUILDINGS—A player who receives notice that his Houses or Hotels have been destroyed (for example: they are eaten by termites) must return those buildings immediately to the Bank, which will pay him, in return, a salvage fee equal to one-tenth the original purchase price of the buildings.

THE CLAYTON ANTITRUST ACT OF 1914—If a Player who draws this card owns more than one monopoly (for example: Connecticut, Vermont, and Oriental Avenues—and all four railroads), he must immediately **DIVEST HIMSELF** of all but one of those monopolies. He may do this (1) By selling lots, railroads, and utilities (but not buildings) at auction to the highest bidder. (See rules for Selling Property.) (2) By selling properties, including buildings, back to the Bank for half the price paid for them.

NOTE: A Player must divest himself of each monopoly as a unit. He may not auction off **individual** lots, railroads, or utilities.

LAWSUITS—Should a Player be so fortunate as to draw the "YOU BREAK LEG ON OPPONENT'S PROPERTY!" card, he retains it for use at his discretion anytime he lands on another Player's lot, railroad, or utility. Upon presenting it, he collects from the Owner \$5000 in damages—minus, of course, any rent that might be due.

Once the card has been used, it is returned to the bottom of the **Chance** pack.

SHOOT THE MOON—This space, which owes its name to the game of Hearts, represents the capriciousness of Blind Fate. Should any player chance to land on it, the **Object** of the game **FOR ALL PLAYERS** immediately becomes to go bankrupt and retire from play as quickly as possible. The first player who succeeds in doing so while otherwise following the standard rules of Monopoly is the winner.

LANDING on THE DEAD END SPACE—When a Player winds up on a Dead End Street (that is, when he lands on the Dead End space), he must immediately **GO BACK** to the nearest house or hotel to **ask directions**. If that House or Hotel stands on a property owned by another player, the Owner collects rent in accordance with the list printed on the Title Deed Card applying to it.

If there are no Houses or Hotels on the board, the player landing on Dead End remains there until the next turn, when he may roll the dice and proceed in a normal fashion.

NOTE: A Player is sent back for directions **ONLY** when he lands directly on Dead End. If the roll of his dice carries him past the Dead End space, his forward motion is not affected.

THE STOP SPACE—"Stop" is the only space on the board which can interrupt the forward motion of a token before it has been moved the total number of spaces specified by the Dice.

Whenever a Player reaches the "Stop" space—even if he has not yet advanced the full number of spaces showing on the dice—he immediately stops dead in his tracks, throws the dice again, and moves his token forward from the "Stop" space the number of spaces indicated by his **second** roll.

NOTE: Even if a Player lands directly on "Stop"—that is, he uses up the entire sum of the two dice in arriving at the "Stop" space, he is nonetheless entitled to roll again and proceed forward without waiting for his next turn.

RAILROAD STRIKE—If a Player has the misfortune to draw the "Railroad Strike" card from the **Chance** deck, any and all railroads he owns become **immediately**, and **permanently**, worthless and must be retired from the game. No Player may, for the duration of play, collect Rent when someone lands on these railroads, nor can they be bought or sold, traded or mortgaged.

Any railroads not yet purchased from the Bank, or owned by Players other than the one who draws the card, remain unaffected by the strike, and retain their full value.

LIBRARY FINE—If you land on the space marked "Library Fine," you must pay the bank .005% of your **total worth**. (Total worth is figured as indicated in the section describing Income Tax.)

A Player may estimate his library fine at \$4 and pay the Bank at once. If he prefers, however, to pay the fine based on his **actual** worth, he may do so, but he must make his decision before he adds up his **total worth**.

"CAVEAT EMPTOR"—"Let the buyer beware" was an old Latin expression and its rule dictates transactions made in the game of Monopoly.

Should you purchase the Title Deed card for a railroad from another Player, for example, and then find there is no space anywhere on the board corresponding to that railroad, **you have no legal remedy for your plight**. Similarly, if you land on a lot and decide to purchase it, pay the Bank the price indicated on the board, and then find there is no Title Deed card available for that property, **you do not become the owner, nor are you entitled to a refund from the Bank**.

RENT—As described above in the paragraph "Landing on Owned Property," when a Player lands on property belonging to an opponent, the Owner collects rent from the Player in accordance with the list printed on the Title Deed card applying to it.

Before such rent is paid, however, the Player who owes the **rental fee** has the right to **examine** the Title Deed card corresponding to the property in question. If he can determine that the Title Deed card does not **precisely** correspond to the property upon which he has landed, he need pay **NO RENT WHATSOEVER**.

In other words, in collecting rent, **the burden of proof is on the Owner**.

HOTEL TRAYMORE—It is an advantage to own the Hotel Traymore, as it is a deluxe hotel commanding **Double Rent** from those who land on any lot upon which it stands. The hotel can be differentiated from all others by the sign reading "Hotel Traymore," which graces its front awning.

ALBANY AVENUE BRIDGE—The Albany Avenue Bridge counts as one space on the board. Players who land on it or who pass over it do not receive any money, property, or reward of any kind; nor need they pay any rent—even if lots **under** the Bridge belong to one or more of their opponents.

UTILITIES—The properties known as "Water Works" and "Electric Company" are referred to as "Utilities." If a player owns **one** utility, he may charge any opponent landing there four times the amount shown on the dice. If a Player owns **both** utilities, the rent is ten times the amount shown on the dice.

The following multiplication table should be useful in calculating the Rents chargeable for Utilities:

| | | | | | | | | | |
|---|-------|---|--------|----|----|-------|---|--------|----|
| 4 | times | 1 | equals | 4 | 10 | times | 1 | equals | 10 |
| 4 | " | 2 | " | 8 | 10 | " | 2 | " | 20 |
| 4 | " | 3 | " | 11 | 10 | " | 3 | " | 29 |
| 4 | " | 4 | " | 14 | 10 | " | 4 | " | 38 |
| 4 | " | 5 | " | 18 | 10 | " | 5 | " | 47 |
| 4 | " | 6 | " | 21 | 10 | " | 6 | " | 57 |
| 4 | " | 7 | " | 25 | 10 | " | 7 | " | 65 |
| 4 | " | 8 | " | 28 | 10 | " | 8 | " | 72 |

THE BANK PART II—Now that we have learned, over the past two pages of "Rules," about those elements of Monopoly, knowledge of which is **essential** if we are to understand clearly the role of the Bank, we may return to our discussion of Bank Functions.

The Bank, in addition to those services previously described, pays fees to obtain the salvage rights to damaged Houses and Hotels; acts as a bidder in divestment auctions under the Clayton Antitrust Act;

CHANCE AND COMMUNITY CHEST CARDS

1

If each trip around the board is costing you more than you can afford, a short rest in the pen should do you good. Now, thanks to the **MIRACLE MONOPOLY CHEATING KIT**, you can go to jail whenever you land on Community Chest. **AND**, with our card, you'll pass Go and collect \$200 on the way!

2

This is the Swing Card, a 1½-by-3 inch bit of orange cardboard that can turn humiliating defeat into glorious triumph! Palm it, "draw" it when you land on Chance, keep it with your holdings, and when you land on Boardwalk with four houses, hand the card to the owner. We think you'll be pleased with the results.

3

You say your opponent has built more houses than you? We say, "All the more houses for our termites to eat!"

4

Is one of your adversaries building up an insurmountable lead? This card should cut him down to size. (If he protests, refer him to the rules—*after you've cemented on our thoughtfully provided supplement.*)

5

This card is the key to sudden riches! If anyone questions its veracity, simply point out that finishing *first* in a beauty contest is worth five hundred times more than finishing second.

6

This card was designed to work in tandem with the **STEEL-PIER-STICK-ON-AND-TITLE-DEED-CARD SET**. Use it to purchase our Bogus Blue Chip at bargain-basement price, then employ it again to collect quadruple the rightful rent.

7

If those pesky railroads keep stripping you of \$200 at a throw, a little labor unrest may be just what the doctor ordered. . . .

8

Here it is . . . your ace in the hole . . . the card that guarantees certain victory! As long as you have a rent-collecting property somewhere on the board, all you need do is draw this card and retire permanently to the jailhouse. Your opponents, of course, will continue to circle the board, and at least once in a while they'll land on your lot. With income coming in and none going out, you're **SURE TO WIN IN THE LONG RUN!**

9

This card will put the fear of God in any opponent who has built a few houses or a hotel on St. Charles Place. Just slip it on top of the deck when he lands on a Chance square.

10

It's truly remarkable how an untimely hotel fire can change the fortunes of a hitherto successful mogul. . . .

*Unless you're certain to lose otherwise, you should refrain from playing this card without at least a few strong holdings. Winning the game by collecting occasional \$2 rents from Mediterranean Avenue requires quite a bit of patience on the part of both you and your opponents. (It can be done, however!)

RULE SHEET

continued from previous page

If you look under the "Utilities" section of our Amended Rules, you'll find a special bonus: a multiplication table designed to save you money when you land on another player's utilities!

Make sure you use this table **only** when you owe rent to an opponent; **never** consult it when your adversary must pay you!

Community Chest

GO TO JAIL

PASS GO
COLLECT \$200



1973 MIRACLE MONOPOLY CHEATING KIT

Chance YOU BREAK LEG

on Opponent's
Property! You SUE
HIM for \$5000 and WIN!

THIS CARD MAY BE USED ANYTIME YOU LAND
ON AN OPPONENT'S PROPERTY
IT MAY BE KEPT UNTIL NEEDED OR SOLD



1973 MIRACLE MONOPOLY CHEATING KIT

Chance

TERMITES EAT AWAY ALL YOUR HOUSES

RETURN THEM
to the Bank and
collect salvage fee of one-tenth the price paid

1973 MIRACLE MONOPOLY CHEATING KIT

Community Chest

CLAYTON ANTITRUST ACT OF 1914 INVOKED

DIVEST SELF
OF ALL BUT ONE
MONOPOLY

1973 MIRACLE MONOPOLY CHEATING KIT



Chance

FIRE Destroys Your Most Valuable Hotel

RETURN IT to the
Bank and collect salvage fee of
one-tenth the price paid

1973 MIRACLE MONOPOLY CHEATING KIT

Community Chest

YOU HAVE WON FIRST PRIZE IN A BEAUTY CONTEST COLLECT \$5000



1973 MIRACLE MONOPOLY CHEATING KIT

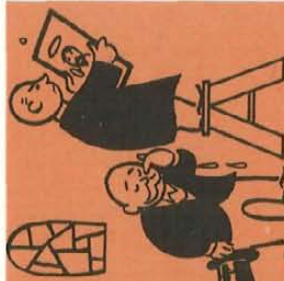
Chance



Take a stroll on the
Steel Pier. Advance
token to Steel Pier and
pay owner four times
Rental to which he is
otherwise entitled.

If Steel Pier is un-
owned, you may buy it
from the Bank for \$10.

1973 MIRACLE MONOPOLY CHEATING KIT



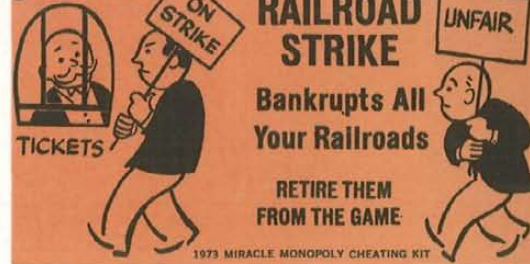
Chance

ST. CHARLES DECANONIZED

SUBTRACT 50% FROM
ALL FUTURE RENT CHARGES
ON ST. CHARLES PLACE

1973 MIRACLE MONOPOLY CHEATING KIT

Chance



RAILROAD STRIKE

Bankrupts All
Your Railroads

RETIRE THEM
FROM THE GAME

1973 MIRACLE MONOPOLY CHEATING KIT

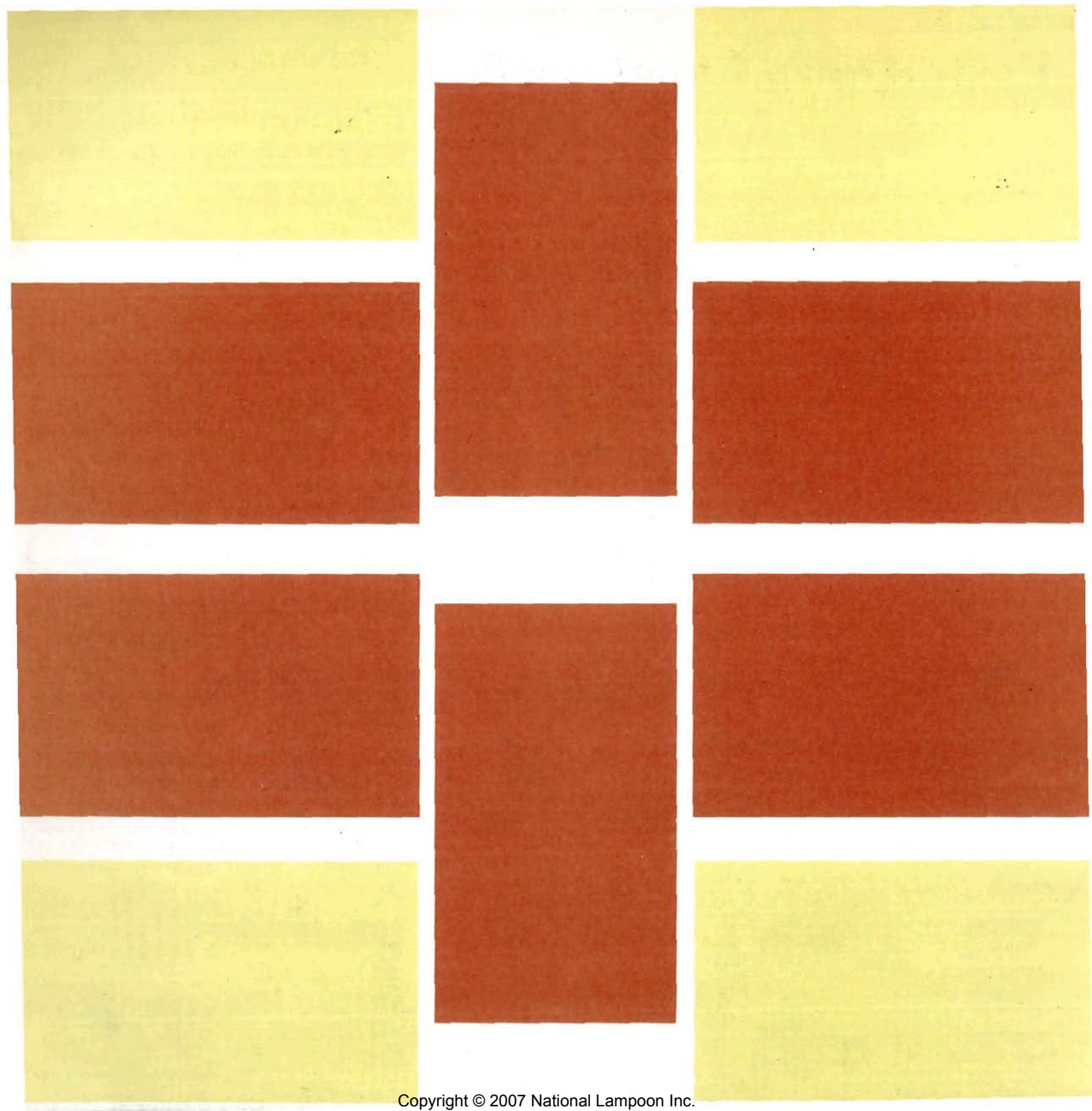
Community Chest

LIFE SENTENCE

GO TO JAIL AND
STAY THERE FOR
REMAINDER
OF GAME



1973 MIRACLE MONOPOLY CHEATING KIT



Paste-Down Label Section

The paste-down labels on the next two pages will enable you, in many subtle and ingenious ways, to alter the basic Parker Brothers Monopoly board to your own advantage. A word of caution, however: using these labels can be a bit more difficult than employing the fraudulent money, Chance cards, Community Chest cards, and Title Deed cards provided in the **MIRACLE MONOPOLY CHEATING**

KIT. The reason: in order to be effective, most of these labels require quick, accurate, and unobtrusive pasting and repasting (especially those that are printed back-to-back).

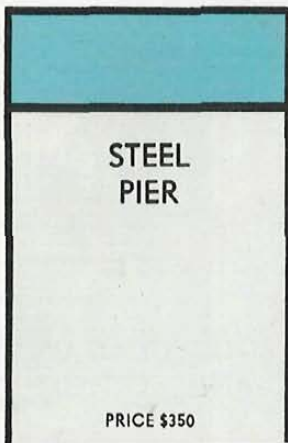
Obviously, properly thinned rubber cement can be a huge help, as can the Distractor Techniques described earlier. But remember, as Diogenes Laertius wrote back in the third century A.D., "Practice is everything!"

FOLLOW INSTRUCTIONS ON BOTTOM CARD

If you want your opponent to draw the same nasty card twice in a row, if you accidentally fall into a trap you set for someone else, or if you simply don't want to accept the card you've just drawn off the top of the Community Chest pile, quickly cement this label over the bottom portion of the Community Chest space.



How would you like to collect \$400 "salary" instead of \$200 every time you circle the board? Whenever you approach the Go to Jail square, paste this label over it, and the extra money is yours!



This paste-down label, representing a fraudulent third member of the famous Boardwalk-Park Place color group, is one of the most versatile pieces of equipment offered in the **MIRACLE MONOPOLY CHEATING KIT**. Here are a few of its many uses:

1. **LUXURY TAX EVASION.** Paste it down over Luxury Tax to avoid having to pay \$75 when you land there.
2. **ELIMINATING THE THREAT OF A HOSTILE GREEN MONOPOLY.** If an opponent has already managed to acquire Pacific and North Carolina Avenues, you can prevent him from ever completing

his green color-group by cementing the blue Steel Pier label on top of Pennsylvania Avenue. As the saying goes, "If you can't land on it, you can't buy it!"

3. **ELIMINATING THE THREAT OF A HOSTILE BLUE MONOPOLY.** If Boardwalk and Park Place are both owned by another player, you should waste no time in pasting the Steel Pier label over the Luxury Tax space. Then, on the first possible occasion, acquire the Bogus Blue Chip with the aid of the **STEEL-PIER-CHANCE-AND-TITLE-DEED-CARD SET**. The result: no blue-chip monopoly for your opponent!

4. **EXPANDING YOUR OWN BLUE MONOPOLY.** Let's suppose you already control Park Place and Boardwalk. You're in a good cash position and you'd like to expand vastly the sphere and influence of your dreaded blue monopoly.

Well, it's easy, thanks to good old Steel Pier! Paste the label over Luxury Tax and purchase the title deed at the usual bargain rate (see item #3, above). Then, as your cementing skill improves, you'll be able to paste and repaste Steel Pier over first one lot, then another, literally *catching your opponents all over the board!*



If, despite all the equipment and advice we've given you, you still manage to find yourself on the verge of losing the game, you'll find the Shoot the Moon paste-down label most useful. When the next player rolls the dice, quickly calculate where he will land and paste the label there *before the player's token arrives*. (You'll have to work fast!) A move or two later, declare yourself bankrupt and... **YOU'VE WON!**

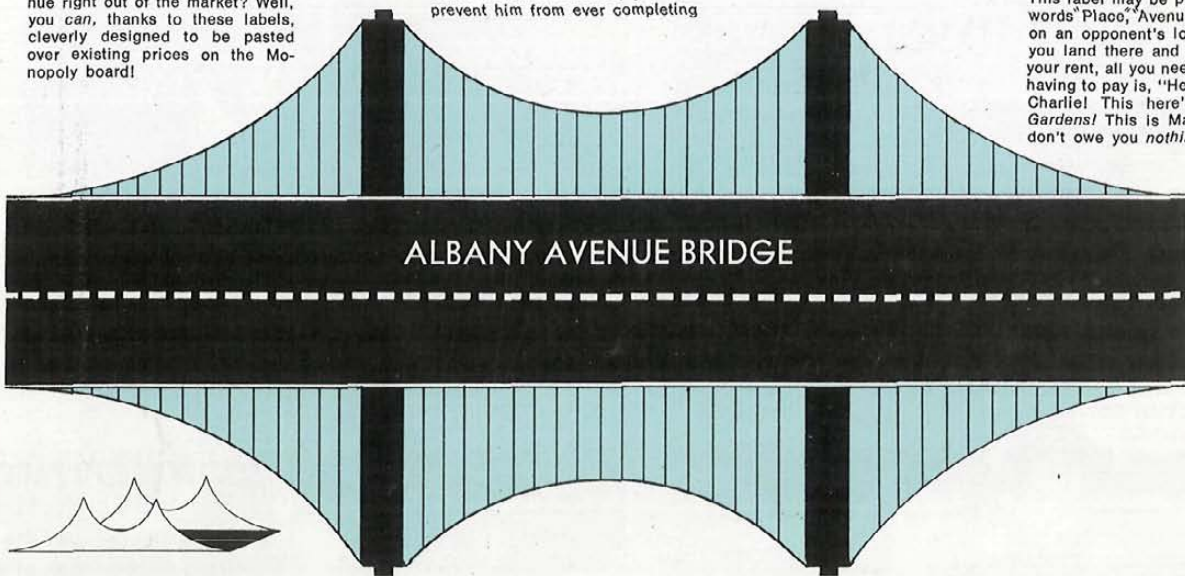
PRICE \$5

PRICE \$5000

Do you want to pick up Park Place for a song? Or price Oriental Avenue right out of the market? Well, you *can*, thanks to these labels, cleverly designed to be pasted over existing prices on the Monopoly board!

STREET

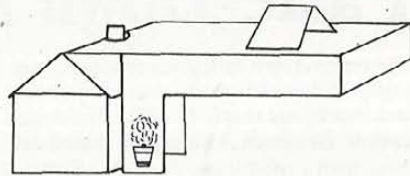
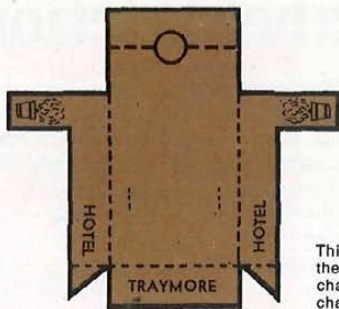
This label may be pasted over the words "Placo," "Avenue," or "Gardens" on an opponent's lot. Then, when you land there and are asked for your rent, all you need say to avoid having to pay is, "Hey! Not so fast, Charlie! This here's not Marvin Gardens! This is Marvin Street! I don't owe you nothing!"



This bridge, as you will come to appreciate, is just long enough to allow you to pass safely over *any* monopoly on the board. You don't even need rubber cement—just drop it over your opponent's monopoly and glide safely by...



Have you ever landed on, say, Ventnor Avenue, and said to yourself, "You know, if Ventnor weren't the same color as Atlantic Avenue and Marvin Gardens, my opponent couldn't be socking me for all this rent!" Well, that whispered dream can now be a reality, thanks to this versatile brown color-bar, which will fit any lot on the board!



This attractive awning gives you the power to turn any hotel in your chain into a superdeluxe one charging twice the normal rent!



**LIBRARY
FINE**

PAY .005%
OR
\$4

This label, designed to be cemented over the Income Tax space on the board, was created for Monopoly cheaters who despise making \$200 payments but feel they'll arouse undue suspicion if they get off completely scot-free.

Here's a paste-on label that'll enable you to beat Lady Luck! (At least it'll give you one extra shot per turn at beating her!) If you don't like the roll of your dice, simply paste the Stop label a space or two ahead of the lot where you're slated to land. When your token reaches the newly-created Stop space, you just stop dead in your tracks, roll again, and proceed past danger!

STOP

ROLL DICE AGAIN
AND PROCEED

DEAD END

GO BACK TO NEAREST
HOUSE OR HOTEL
TO ASK
DIRECTIONS

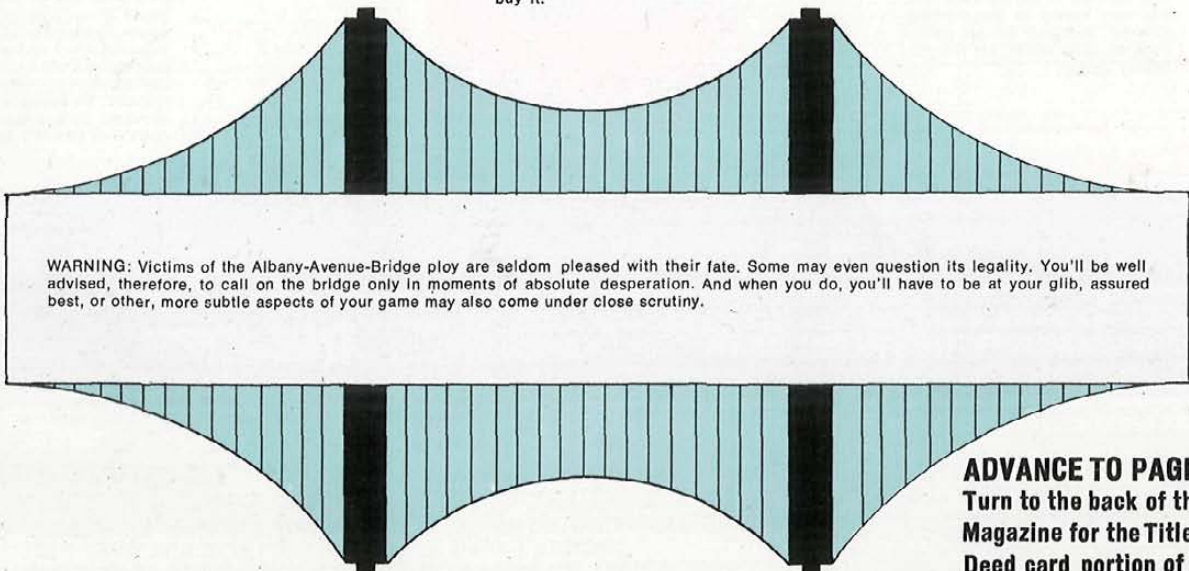
If you've built houses or hotels on Connecticut Avenue, New York Avenue, Marvin Gardens, or Boardwalk, the Dead End is the square you've been waiting for. Simply paste it on top of In Jail, Free Parking, Go to Jail, or G and everyone who passes will be directed right to your rent-bearing doorstep.

A Word to the Wise: Don't paste Dead End down too firmly, as you may need the Keep Going square print on the back.

**ST. MARK'S
PLACE**

If a player has already bought two lots of a single color-group, you'll naturally want to keep him from latching onto the third. This St. Mark's Place name label should do the trick. Simply cement it over the name of the space you wish to protect.

Then, when your opponent tries to purchase it, look compassionate and say, "Tough break! There doesn't seem to be a Title Deed card for St. Mark's Place. . . I'm afraid you just won't be able to buy it."



WARNING: Victims of the Albany-Avenue-Bridge play are seldom pleased with their fate. Some may even question its legality. You'll be well advised, therefore, to call on the bridge only in moments of absolute desperation. And when you do, you'll have to be at your glib, assured best, or other, more subtle aspects of your game may also come under close scrutiny.

ADVANCE TO PAGE 71
Turn to the back of the Magazine for the Title Deed card portion of your Miracle Monopoly Cheating Kit.



FOTO FUNNIES



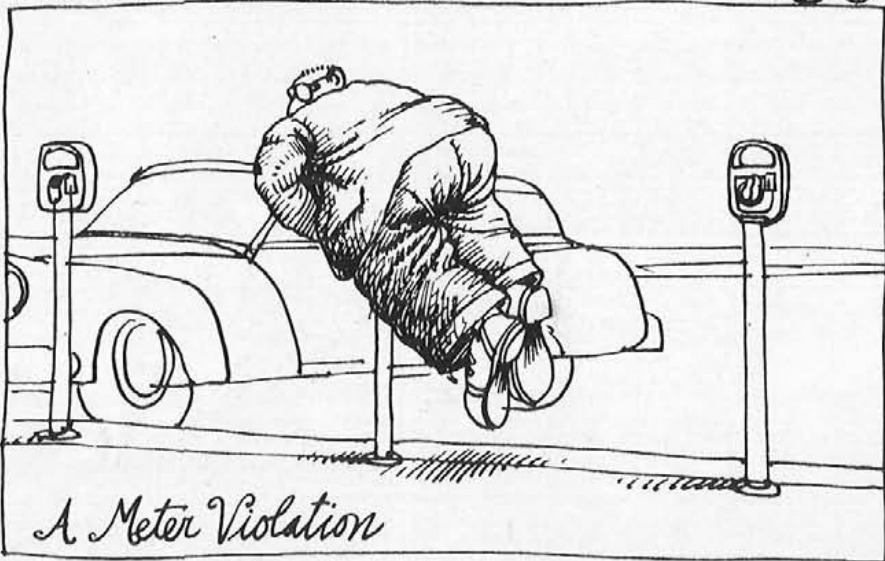


A Legal Way to Buy into the Booming Gold Market

by B. Kliban

BIZARRE PRACTICES

#83



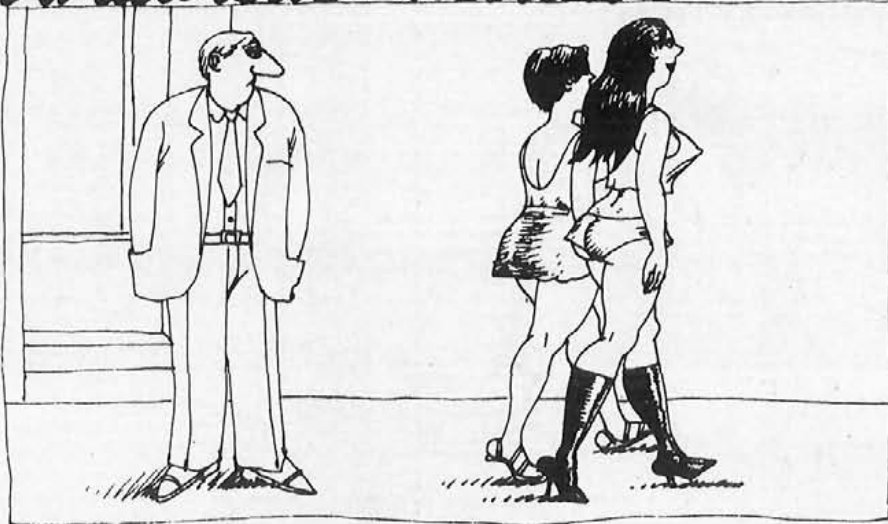
A Meter Violation



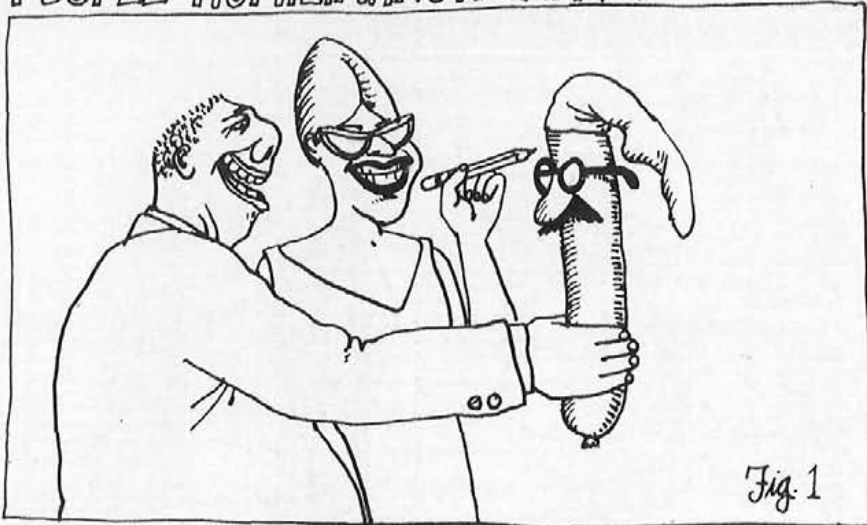
ScuptoNuts



A Man's Bone is his Hoarde



PEOPLE HUMILIATING A SALAMI



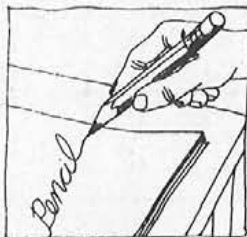
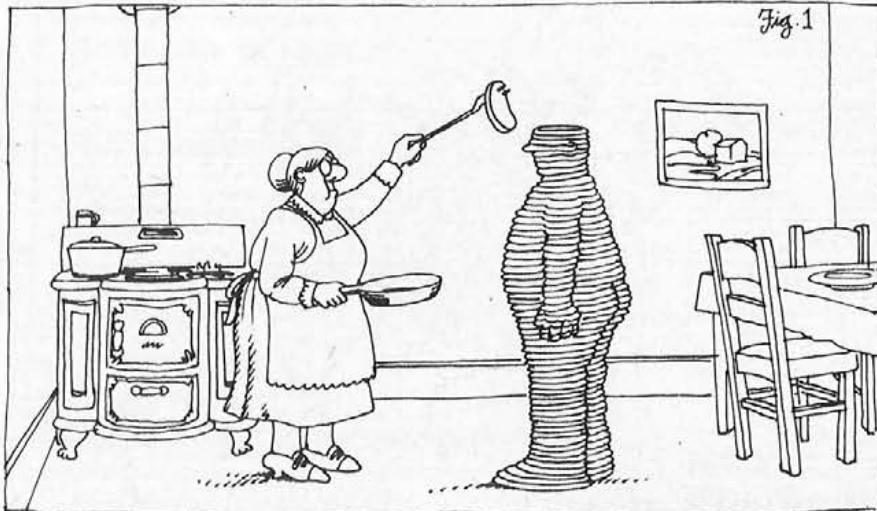
Agile Baby



Health Hints • NEVER EAT ANYTHING BIGGER THAN YOUR HEAD



MAKING A FLAPJACK PERSON



STENCIL.



**TITLE DEED
BAL TIC AVENUE**

RENT \$1000
 With 1 House \$ 4000.
 With 2 Houses 12,000.
 With 3 Houses 28,000.
 With 4 Houses 34,000.
 With HOTEL \$40,000.

Mortgage Value \$300.
 Houses cost \$50. each
 Hotels, \$50. plus 4 houses

If a player owns ALL the Lots of any Color-Group, the rent is Doubled on Unimproved Lots in that group.

BAL TIC AVENUE

**MORTGAGED
for \$300**

Card must be turned this side up if property is mortgaged

You can turn Baltic Avenue from the second-worst slum on the board to the riziest street in town, simply by exchanging the Parker Brothers' Baltic Avenue deed card for our Baltic Avenue deed card. Just imagine the look on your opponent's face when he passes Boardwalk safely, lands on Baltic, and you say, "That'll be \$40,000 please!"

TITLE DEED CARDS

To make three extraordinarily useful Title Deed Cards, apply these labels to the front and back of a thin piece of cardboard. (Shirt cardboard is perfect, if you can find a laundry that uses it.)

**TITLE DEED
STEEL PIER**

RENT \$35.
 With 1 House \$ 175.
 With 2 Houses 500.
 With 3 Houses 1100.
 With 4 Houses 1300.
 With HOTEL \$1500.

Mortgage Value \$175.
 Houses cost \$200. each

Hotels, \$200. plus 4 houses
 If a player owns ALL the Lots of any Color-Group, the rent is Doubled on Unimproved Lots in that group.

STEEL PIER

**MORTGAGED
for \$175**

Card must be turned this side up if property is mortgaged

This very important Title Deed card works hand-in-hand with the Steel Pier, Paste-Down and the Go-To-Steel-Pier Chance card to produce an irresistible offensive-defensive combination.



**DENVER &
RIO GRANDE R.R.**

Rent \$ 25.
 If 2 R.R.'s are owned 50.
 If 3 " " " 100.
 If 4 " " " 200.
 Mortgage Value \$100.

**DENVER &
RIO GRANDE
RAILROAD**

**MORTGAGED
for \$100**

Card must be turned this side up if property is mortgaged

This placebo railroad is just great for use in a trade, since there is no corresponding Denver & Rio Grande space on the board for you to land on. Should anyone question you when you offer it up, look offended and say, "Not only is it a real railroad, but I'll have you know it boasts the world's eleventh longest railway tunnel—the Moffat Tunnel, six miles and 373 yards in length!"

Note: An occasional bad sport may try to include the Denver & Rio Grande when totaling up the number of railroads he owns. At such times, you must insist that since there is no corresponding railroad on the board, he may not do so. If he's stubborn, deal him the Railroad Strike card the next time he lands on Chance.



naughty but knife

**HORACE CHOLMONDELEY ESQ.
PRIVATE INVESTIGATION CO.**

**13 Barrington Gardens, London N.W. 10
WANDsworth 9928**

May 1973

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Don't Reveal the Trick Beginning

by Ed Subitzky

And with that, they all went back to the dining room and enjoyed an excellent dinner.

"Now that this ghastly matter is finished," Rufus Clambert said, "what say we all go inside and finish dinner?"

"Perhaps not," Scopian said. "But that, my dear, is the difference between a trained detective and a lovely lady."

"'Apiasticity!'" Elsa Touchstone repeated. "I certainly would never have caught that."

"This afternoon," Scopian explained, "when I first spoke to Billings, he used the word 'apiasticity,' a technical term that only a bee expert would be likely to know."

"But what word?" Elsa Touchstone asked.

"A word," Scopian said, "that the gardener inadvertently used."

"Tell me," Elsa Touchstone asked, "what first tipped you off that the gardener might be the murderer?"

"A bit unprofessional of me," Scopian apologized, letting a large, lazy smoke-ring rise into the air, "to have let a client catch me muttering under my breath!"

"So that's why you twice muttered something about 'perfumed!'" Rufus Clambert exclaimed. "First, when you read the medical examiner's reports and then when you bent over my brother's body."

"There were also the medical examiner's reports on the previous deaths," Scopian explained. "In each case, I noticed that mention was made of a 'perfumed' smell emanating from the nasal area of the body."

"What else was there?"

"Not quite enough," Scopian replied, puffing deeply on his pipe.

"And that was enough?" Harrison Tollby asked.

"When I examined Vance Clambert's body," Scopian explained, "besides the bee sting, I observed a distinct scent emanating from the nasal area, a scent I recognized as being that of the Clamberts' prize-winning daffodils."

"But how did you link in the Clamberts' prize-winning daffodils?" Harrison Tollby asked.

"Precisely," Scopian said.

"And so, when you bent over the body of Vance Clambert in the study, you were able to recognize the similar mark of a bee sting on his neck," Harrison Tollby offered.

"Naturally," Scopian said, "at the time, I didn't regard being stung by a bee as anything close to good fortune. But it did provide me with the knowledge of what a fresh bee sting looks like."

"Good fortune? I don't understand," Rufus Clambert said.

"As I mentioned before," Scopian said, "it was my good fortune to have been stung by a bee precisely one week ago."

"Tell me," Rufus Clambert said, "what finally convinced you that my five brothers had been murdered by deadly bees—bees whose stingers had been dipped in poison as part of the gardener's devilish scheme?"

"My poor cousin," the maid sobbed, "dying simply because of the perfume she had on!"

"It seems," Scopian told the maid, "your cousin was an unintended victim who, quite by accident, happened to be wearing the proper scent to attract the deadly bee."

A sudden dawn of recognition appeared on the maid's face. "Why, that new daffodil perfume!" she exclaimed. "The one that's all the rage among the young folks these days."

Scopian thought a moment. "And what kind of perfume was she wearing?"

"Why, after cleaning up in the study, she was supposed to go out larkin' with her beau," the maid answered.

"Tell me," Scopian asked, "what were your cousin's plans for the evening she was killed?"

The maid nodded. "She'd only been working on the estate for a week when they found her dead in the study. Surely that fiend Billings could have had nothing against her."

"Go on," Scopian said.

"Yes," the maid answered. "The chamber girl."

"Your cousin?" Scopian asked. "You mean the chamber girl?"

"You still haven't explained why he found it necessary to kill my cousin," the maid said.

"What haven't I explained?" Scopian asked, a bit impatiently.

"Not every loose end," the maid interjected.

"I guess that ties up all the loose ends," Scopian said.

Rufus Clambert snapped his fingers. "Most brilliant reasoning!" he said.

"And the more learned the brother," Scopian continued, "the greater the probability that he would go into the study after smelling some daffodils."

"In my family," Rufus Clambert nodded, "we do indeed grow more learned with age."

"The older the brother, the more learned—or at least so I would assume," Scopian said.

"What do the laws of probability have to do with it?"

"Yes, mathematics," Scopian continued. "Or more precisely, the laws of probability."

"Mathematics?" Rufus Clambert asked.

"I suspect the explanation is simple mathematics."

"Then what is the explanation?"

"Irony?" Scopian repeated. "I think not. Even his twisted mind wouldn't take things that far."

"Tell me one thing," Rufus Clambert asked. "Why were my brothers killed in order of decreasing age? Was that another devilish irony on the part of Billings?"

After all had settled comfortably in the anteroom, the first question was asked by Rufus Clambert himself.

Scopian next ushered both guests and help downstairs into the anteroom, knowing from past experience that they would wish to question him further about the case.

After expressing their apologies to

continued on page 36



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a play by Michael O'Donoghue

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BELLBOY: Thank you.

(Bellboy realizes that what he thought to be a one-dollar bill is actually a ten-dollar bill.)

BELLBOY: THANK YOU!

(Bellboy realizes that he has again been in error and that what he thought was a ten-dollar bill is, in reality, a million-dollar bill.)

BELLBOY:

THA

NKY

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continued from page 57

name and trappings, which were rather elaborate, aside, it was merely a kind of gigantic hydraulic press—and extremely uncomfortable. I pulled at my bindings, but to no avail.

"Praise do struggle, Mr. Phest," hissed the Mandarin. "By the way, are you aware that you have a remarkably ugly name?"

"Yes," I admitted, gritting my teeth.

He snickered, then strode over to a nearby platform where Sir Fenton and Kiviat were chained into something called The Scintillation of the Charismatic Lychee. It looked very much like a pram (or baby carriage, as they are sometimes called), and I puzzled over what diabolic games the Mandarin was planning to play with it. He leaned over Sir Fenton and grinned.

"This time I shall have my way, Purlieu-Smyth," he grated. "This time you will do as I ask!"

"Never, you monster!"

The Chinaman snarled and drew his taloned fingers slowly across Sir Fenton's neck. Then he stood back, and, at a signal from him, an object was brought in by a dark Sufi porter.

"My God!" gasped Sir Fenton, and the Mandarin cackled.

"You did not expect this, did you, Engrishman? Come—admit it!"

"Never," he replied.

Ch'ing took the object from the Sufi and gazed at it fondly. He looked round at Kiviat and myself.

"I have one of these for each of you gentlemen," he said. "This thing must be done properly, or not at all."

Two more Sufis entered, each bearing a duplicate of that thing the Mandarin held in his ochre claw. One stationed himself by Kiviat, the other stood by me. Each held the object in a manner permitting careful scrutiny on our parts.

The objects were three slips of paper. It does not sound like much, but remember that the Magna Carta and the Declaration of Independence may also be described as slips of paper, as may be the bit of scrap whereon Einstein wrote " $E = Mc^2$," or the map Columbus consulted to guide him on his way—if indeed there ever was such a map, which I am inclined to doubt.

"Read these carefully, gentlemen," hissed the Mandarin. "The future course of your rives depends on your thorough comprehension of what is printed on these tiny—three-and-a-half inches by two-and-a-half inches, actually—objects."

The borders of the things had a running design of dotted lines. Apparently they had been cut, quite neatly, from some larger sheet.

"I don't understand," said Sir Fen-

ton in a choked voice. "Is this all you want of us?"

"Your name (please print), your address (city, state, and zip code), and please to check the appropriate boxes, chop chop."

"But then there's been some dreadful sort of misunderstanding!" gasped Purlieu-Smyth.

"Me jussy poor Chinee fellah, try wurkee way troo college!" commented Ch'ing, giving a series of little bows.

The paper seemed to swim before my eyes, but I could make it out, thank heavens, and the relief that flooded through me as those blessed words made their way to my brain is impossible to describe!

"By God, Ch'ing," cried Sir Fenton generously, "let me be the first to admit I had you wrong!"

"Me velly solly you no rikee me," said the little yellow chap. "Now mebbe you not so mad on poor Ch'ing!"

He bobbed and nodded comically, causing his cap to dislodge and his pigtail to unroll.

Meanwhile, I worked my way through the small document, savoring each syllable of it as I would a fine wine.

"Cut out and mail to," it went, "the *National Lampoon*—"

But why go on? Here is a reproduction of the thing itself!

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Cut it out and use it, just as Sir Fenton Purlieu-Smyth and Kiviat and myself and, yes, even good old Ch'ing did! Obey the simple, easy-to-follow instructions and you, like ourselves, will be set for as much as three years—and remember that with three years you save \$11.05 over the newsstand price! Thank you, ladies and gentlemen, for inviting me into your living rooms.

THE END

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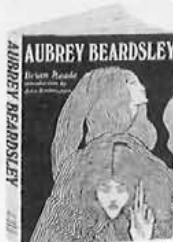


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GEE, IT SEEMS A LOT LITTLER THAN I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE...

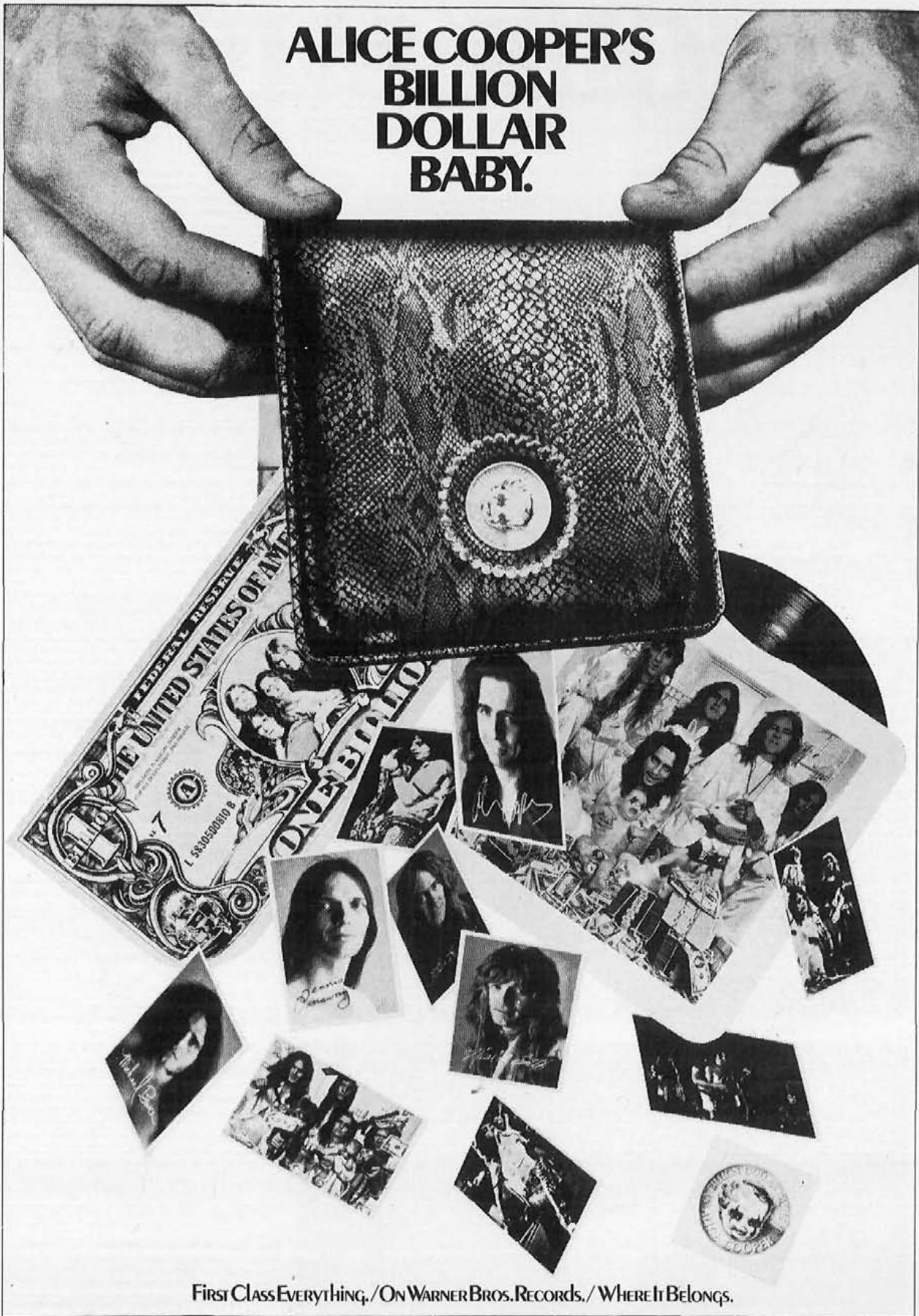
YOU'D THINK THEY'D MAKE THESE THINGS SO THEY FIT TOGETHER BETTER! YOU'D THINK THAT THEY COULD AT LEAST DO THAT!

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Gahan Wilson

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WHOLE MIRTH

DETERIORATA

GO PLACIDLY AMID THE NOISE & WASTE, & REMEMBER WHAT COMFORT 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're turkeys; know what to kiss and when. * Consider that two wrongs never make a right but that three do. Wherever possible, put people on hold. Be comforted that in the face of all ardor & disillusionment and despite the changing fortunes of time, there is always a big fortune in computer maintenance. * Remember the Puerbs. 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. * Graciously surrender the things of youth, birds, clean air, tuna, Taiwan and let not the sands of time get in your lunch. * Hire people with books. * For a good time, call 000-431; 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: Hairy Thunderer or Cosmic Muffin. * With all its hopes, dreams, promises, & urban renewal, the world continues to deteriorate. Give up. * * *
BY TONY HERRERA

FOUND IN AN OLD NATIONAL LAMPOON (EST. 1971)

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

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(black and white)

English Literature, a Course to Remember (MP1009)

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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 Tenzig 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 Kaestle
Reviewed by Jane Kronick]

The Best of National Lampoon, No. 3

(BO1001) 1973; 192 pp. \$2.50

The Best of National Lampoon, No. 1

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

[Suggested by Brian McConnachie
Reviewed by Henry Beard]

The Best of National Lampoon, No. 1

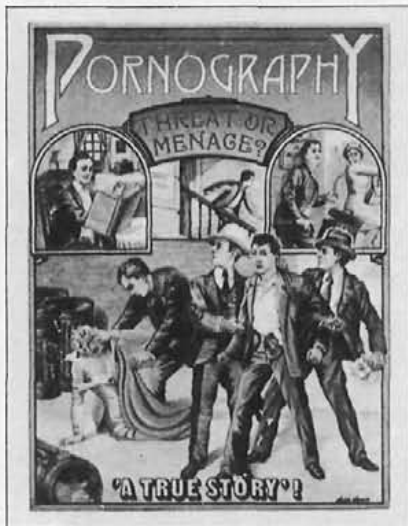
(A1015) 1972; 160 pp. \$2.

The Breast of National Lampoon

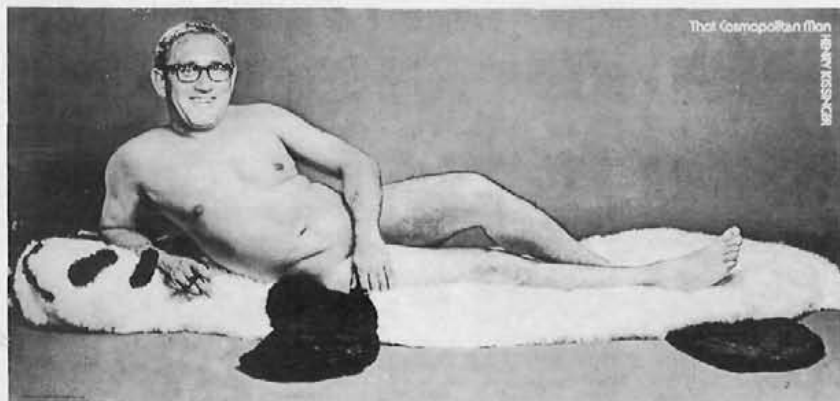
One look at this book and I knew it had to go right into my library next to *Building With Broccoli*, *Tibetan Cheese Worship*, and *Vegetonics: Ten Simple Exercises You Can Teach Your Produce*. I haven't had my mind blown so completely since I was turned on to Belgian bread-kissing and found



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

[Suggested by Judy Gould.
Reviewed by Louise Gikow]

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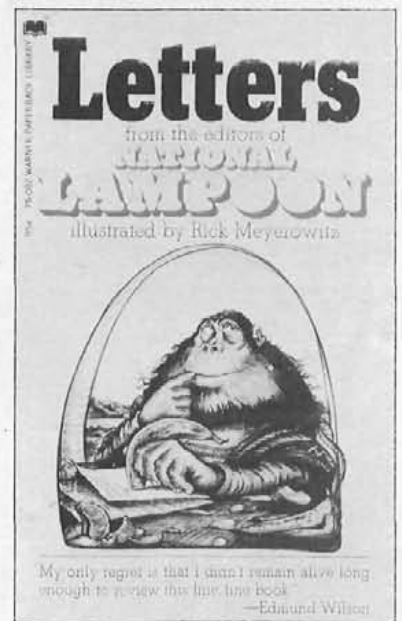
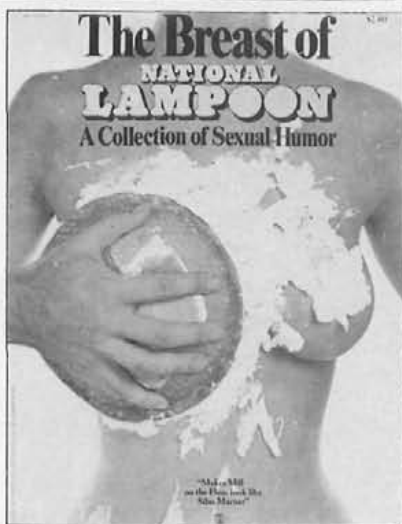
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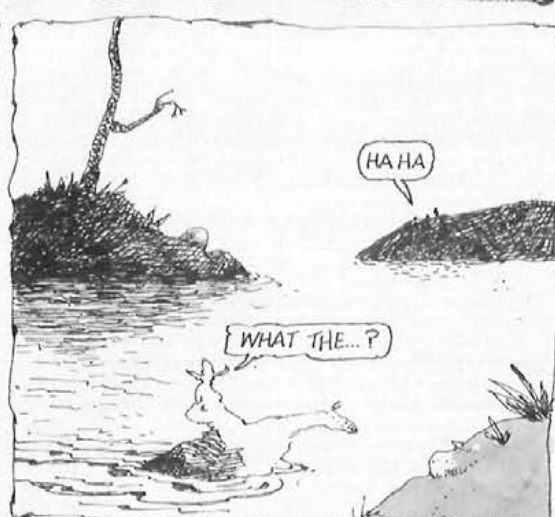
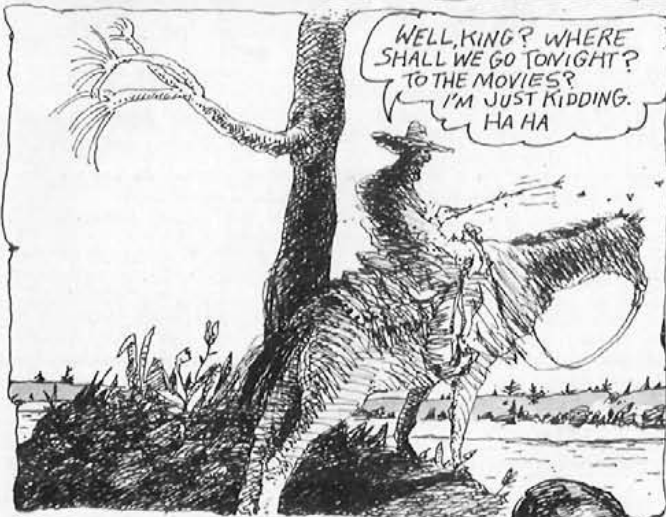
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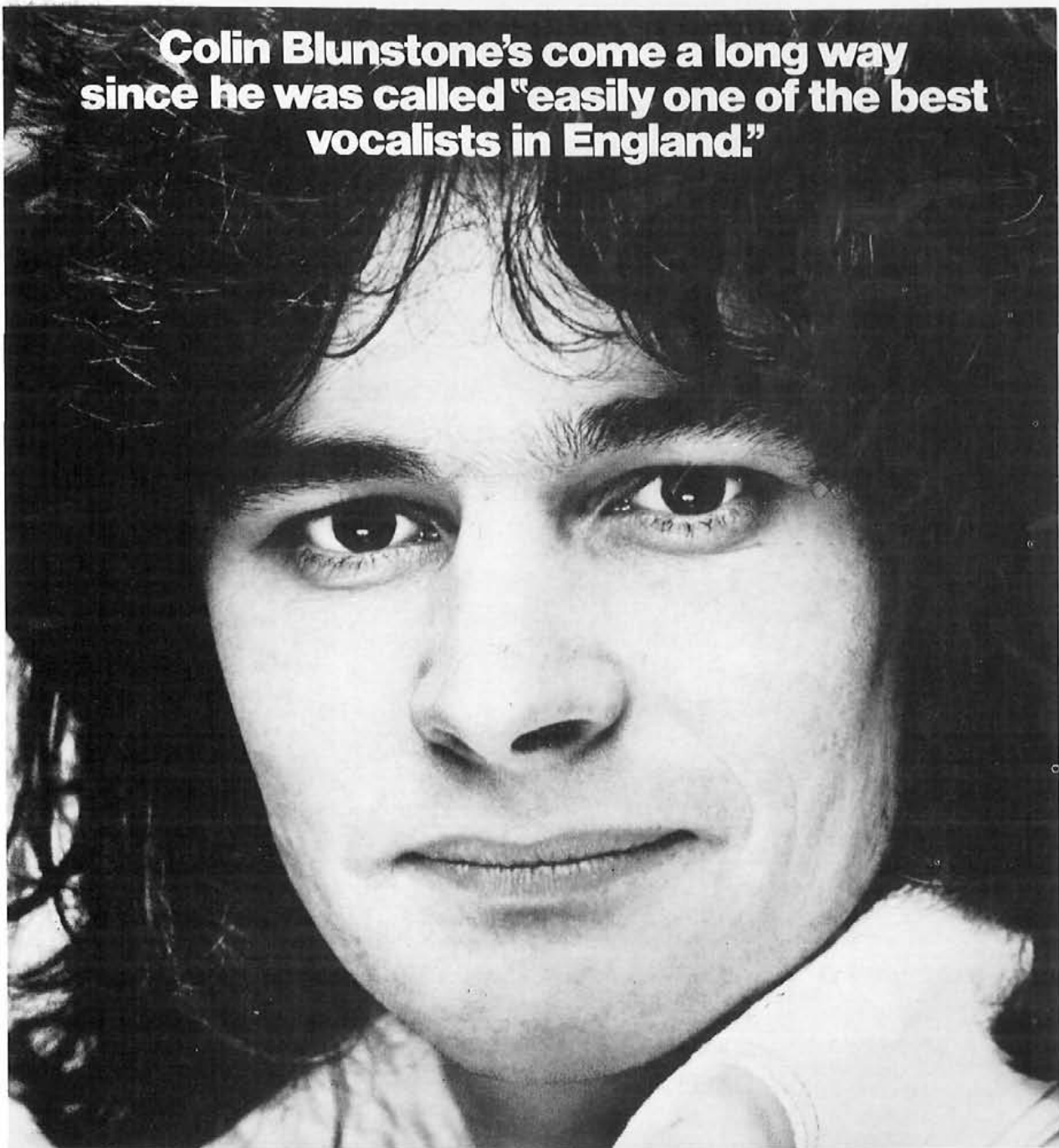
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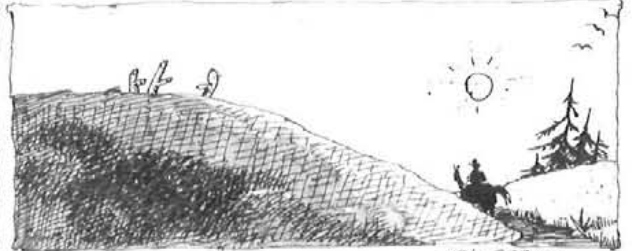
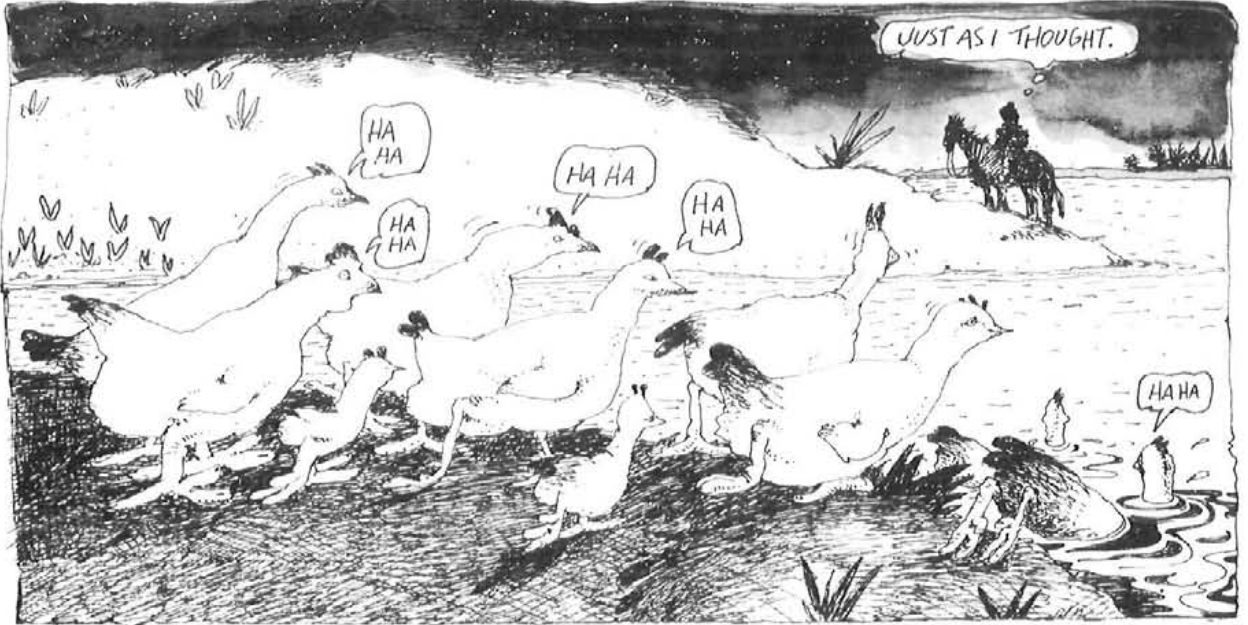
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CHEECH WIZARD



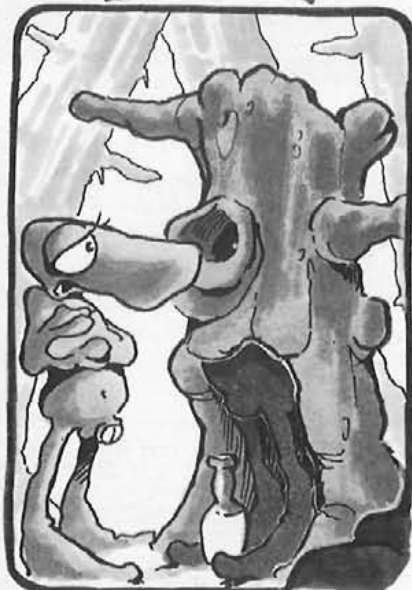
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WOW, CHEECH, HOW COME YOU STANDIN' INSIDE DAT TREE TRUNK?

I DON'T GOT NO HAT ON YOU SIMPLE TURD! I WOULDN'T BE IN HERE IF I HAD A GOD DAMN HAT ON WOULD I?!

GOSH, WHAT YOU GOING TO DO, CHEECH?

I NOT GOING TO DO ANYTHING. YOU GOIN' TO DRAG YER SLOPPY MIND UP DA HILL AN BRING ME MY HAT OR I'LL KICK YER BALLS.



IT WAS EASY ENOUGH TO FIND DA SEMEN STAINED REMAINS OF DAT PERVERT'S FULL MOON ORGY... I'LL JUS' TAKE A LEAK ON HIS HAT.

I NOT GONNA STAY ASLEEP FOREVER, FUKER!

GOLLY, CHEECH, IT LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY BEAT THE SHIT OUT A YER HAT AN PISSED ON IT.



COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

JANUARY, 1973/DEATH: with The Adventures of Deadman, Playdead magazine, Children's Suicide Letters to Santa, the Last-Aid Kit, plus Bobbie Fisher Shows You How to Beat Death.

FEBRUARY, 1973/SEXUAL FRUSTRATION: With Piddle, the Catholic Sex Manual, Porno for Women, the Palma Sutra, and Playmeat—Try a Little Tenderloin.

MARCH, 1973/SWEETNESS AND LIGHT: With the National Inspirer, the Young Adorables, My Own Stamp Album, Pharmacopoeia, and Nice Things About Nixon.

APRIL, 1973/PREJUDICE: With Anti-Dutch Hate Literature, All in de Famby, The Shame of the North, Profiles in Chopped Liver, Surprise Poster #4, and Ivory magazine.

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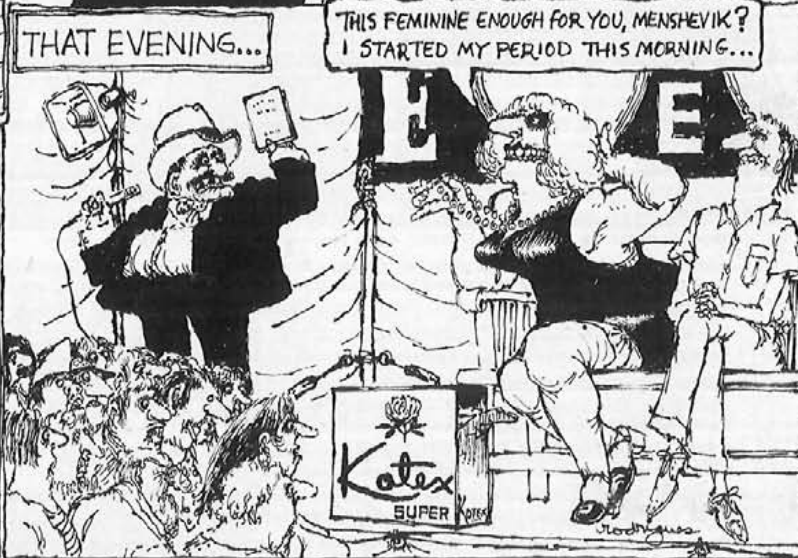
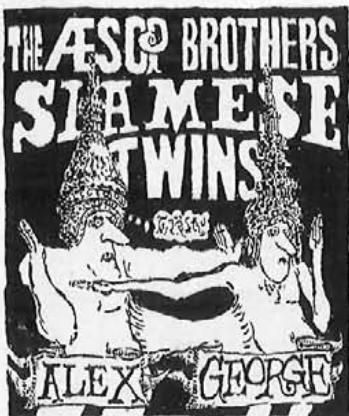
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