

Animals

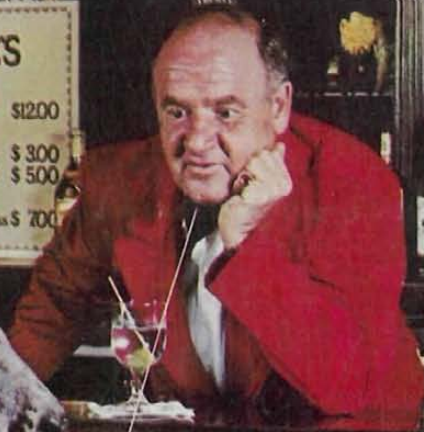
Attack of the Sizeable Beasts Pethouse The Law of the Jungle
Popular Evolution Magazine

NATIONAL LAMPPOON

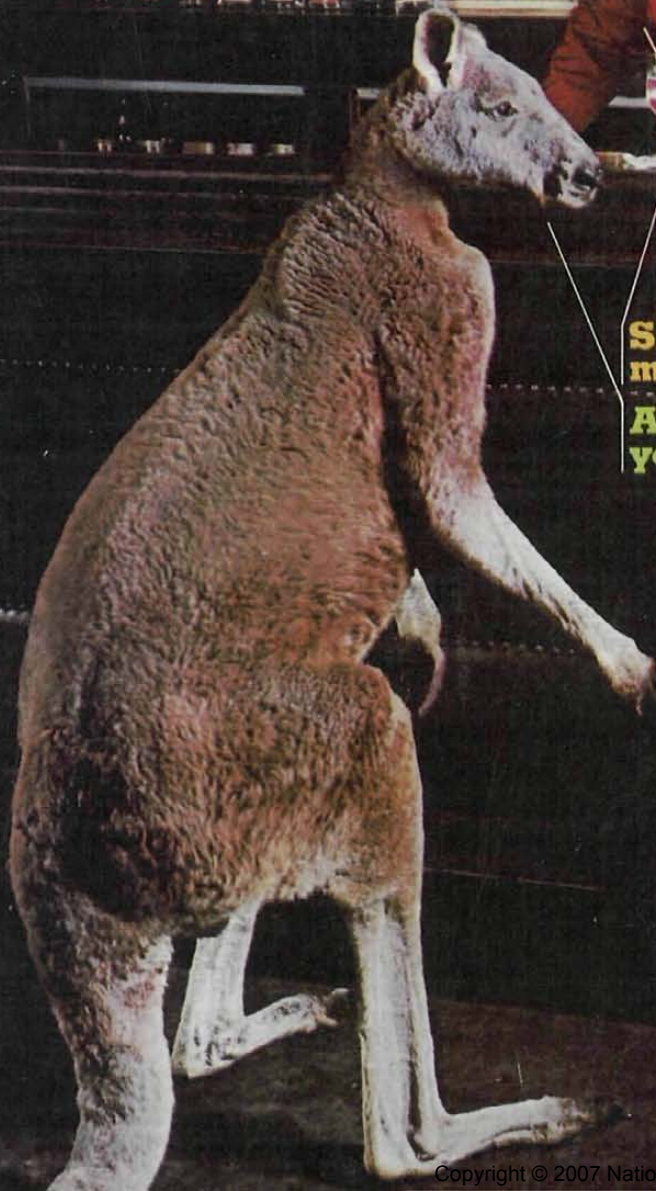
JAN. 1974 THE HUMOR MAGAZINE 75 CENTS

JOE'S

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imported	\$ 500
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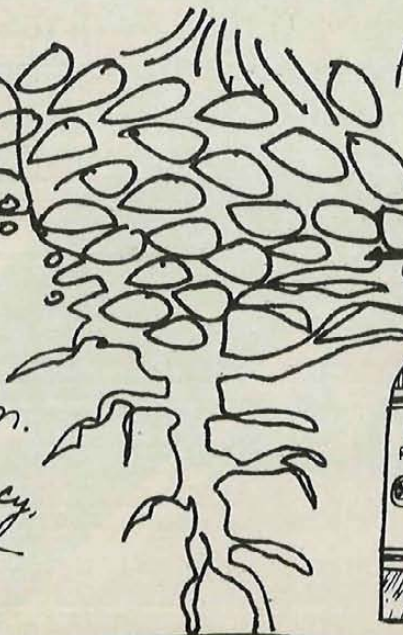
©TEAC 1973

How they make a drink called tequila from a natural, living cactus plant.

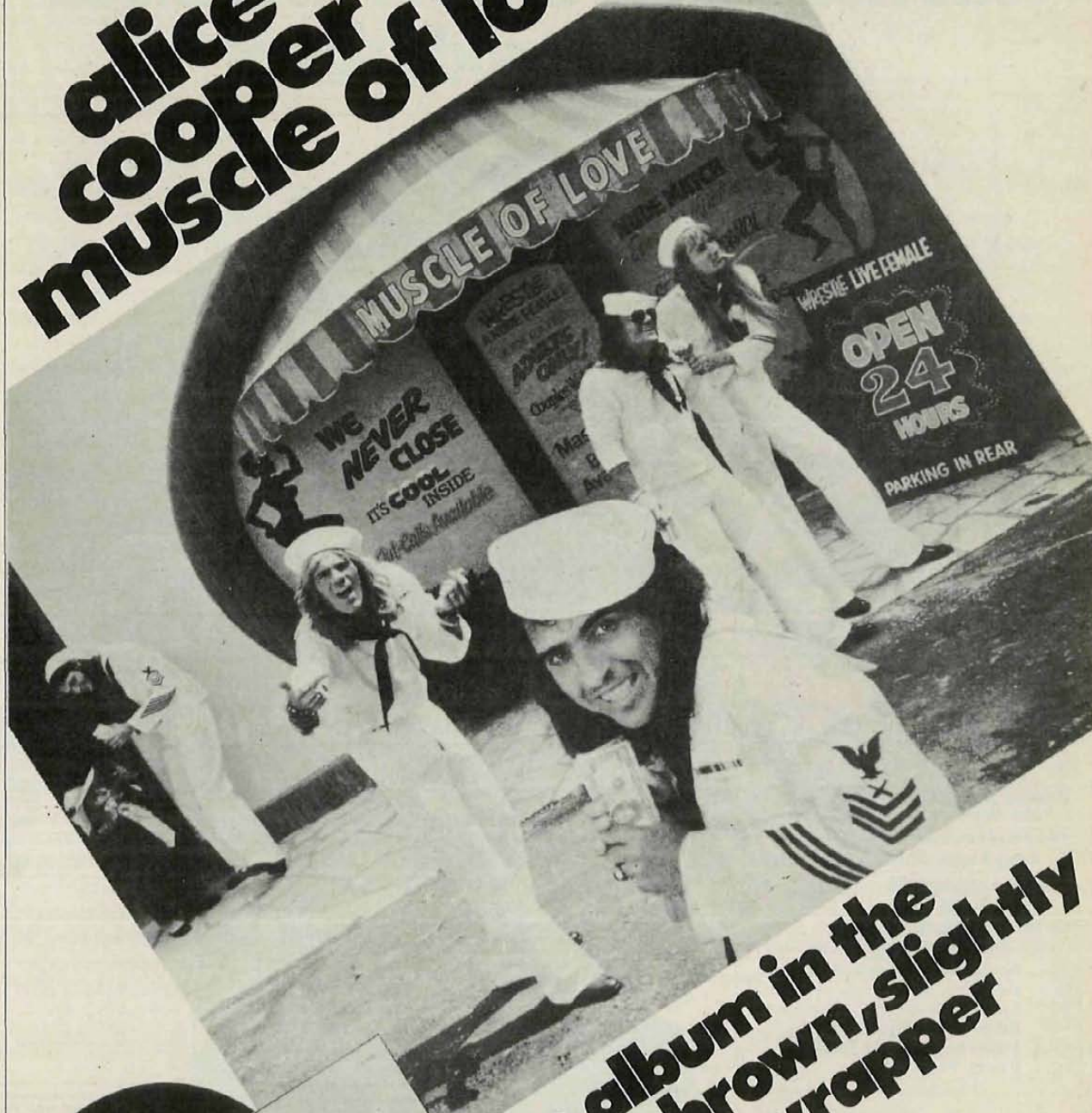
First it takes about 10 years to grow this cactus called the agave tequilana or blue mescal. Then they steam it to bring out the juice, then press it in giant rollers and squeeze the juice out which tastes kind of like a sweet potato with a funny smell. Then it's distilled and aged. Jose Cuervo first made it in 1795. And it's really the best there is.

Patti Patterson

This is the part they make it from. Even the extra fancy aged Gold Cuervo Especial.



alice cooper muscle of love



the album in the
plain brown, slightly
greasy wrapper

ATTENTION:
THIS CARTON CONTAINS ONE (1)
ALICE COOPER
MUSCLE OF LOVE

FRAGILE



CONTENTS

January, 1974, No. 46

Songs of the Humpback Whale, 31

By Sean Kelly and Brian McConnachie

The Attack of the Sizeable Beasts, 34

By Brian McConnachie, Illustrated by Francis Hollidge

The Schlocky Theory, 40

By P. J. O'Rourke

Law of the Jungle, 42

By Henry Beard and John Weidman

Pethouse, 51

By Tony Hendra and Henry Beard

Popular Evolution Magazine, 69

By Christopher Cerf and Henry Beard

The Nazi Doctor Doolittle, 84

By Anne Beatts, Illustrated by Doug Taylor

Species Argument, 86

By Chris Miller

Ill, but Still Smart, 93

By Ed Bluestone, Illustrated by Shary Flenniken

RD OFS News on the March, 7

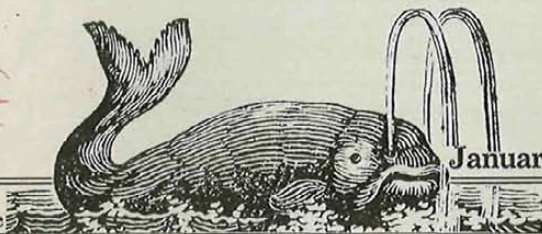
Editorial, 16

Letters, 18

Baba Rum Raisin, 26

Underwear for the Deaf, 67

Funny Pages, 95



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People who are really serious about their records are the best ones to ask about turntables.

Most people who decide they want components turn to a friend who knows something about high fidelity equipment. If the friend is a reader of this magazine, that's good. And if the friend happens to be someone who reviews recordings, that's even better.

Record reviewers must select their equipment with great care, since they must listen with great care. To such things as the interpretation of the artist. To the recording and microphone techniques. And to the quality of the record surface itself.

All this is why the professional listeners select their turntables so carefully.

What most serious listeners know.

Professional listeners know that what they hear (or don't hear) often depends on the turntable.

After all, the turntable is the one component that actually handles records, spinning them on a platter and tracking their impressionable grooves with the unyielding hardness of a diamond. And the professional realizes that much depends on how well all this is done.

Which is why so many record reviewers listen to their records on a Dual. And why the readers of the leading music magazines buy more Duals than any other quality turntable.

They know that a record on a Dual will

rotate at precisely the right speed, to give precisely the right pitch. (If a record happens to be off pitch a Dual can compensate for it.)

They know that a Dual tonearm will let the most sensitive stylus track the wildest curves ever impressed on a

record groove, and not leave a trace of its passage.

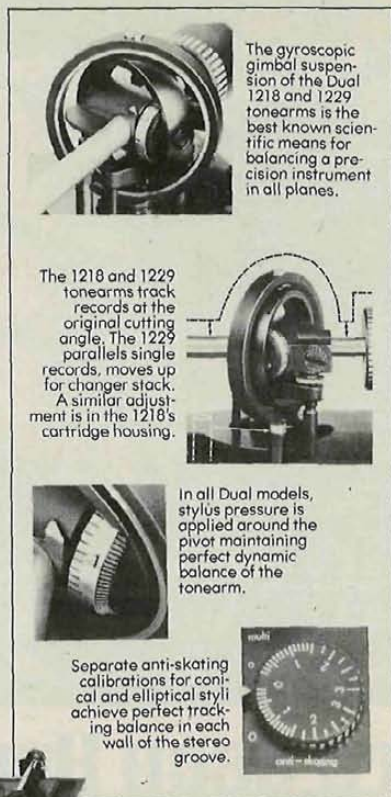
And they know that a Dual will perform smoothly, quietly, and reliably year after year after year. Despite all the precision built into a Dual, they know it's one turntable that doesn't have to be handled with undue concern. (Even if the tonearm is locked when play is started, or if the tonearm is restrained in mid-air while cycling no damage will result.)

If you'd like to know more.

A few examples of Dual precision engineering are shown in the illustration. But if you would like to know what several independent test labs say about Dual we'll send you complete reprints of their reports. Plus a reprint of an article from a leading music magazine that tells you what to look for in record playing equipment.

Better yet, just visit your franchised United Audio dealer and ask for a demonstration.

Dual turntables may seem expensive at first, but not when you consider your present and future investment in records. And now that you know what the professional listeners know, doesn't it make sense to own what they own?



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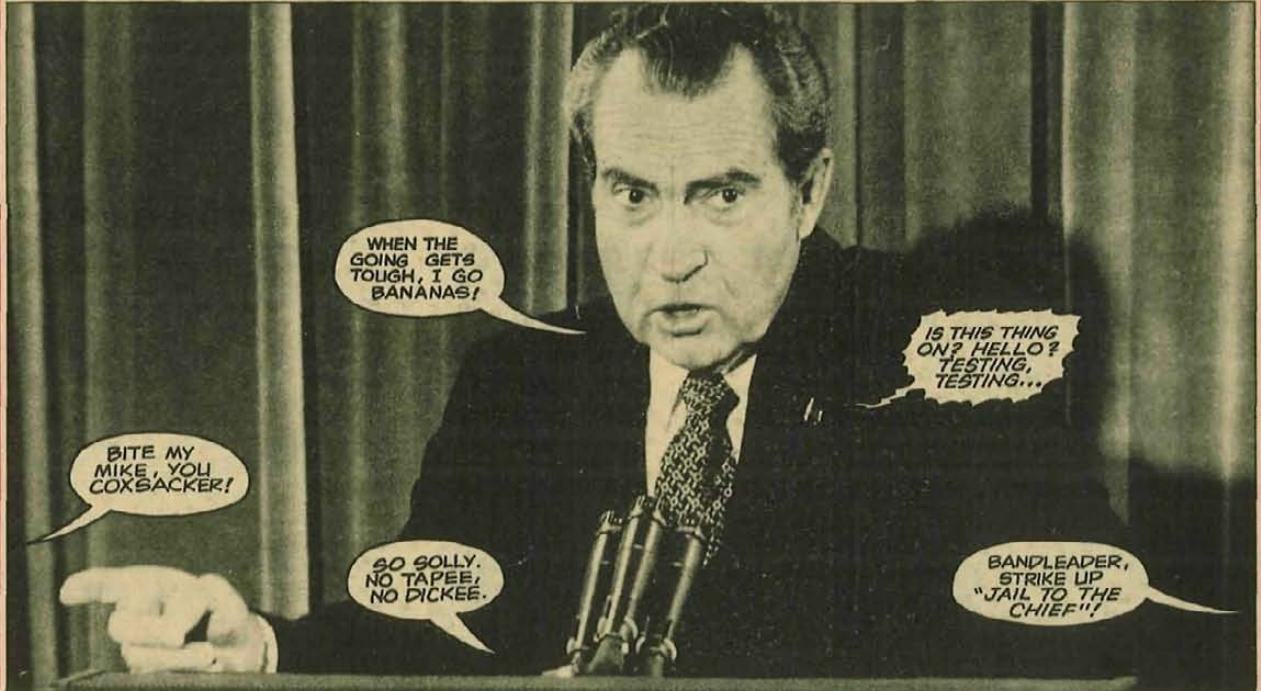


NEWS ON THE MARCH

JANUARY, 1974

VOLUME 1, NO. XLVI

**The Spirit of '84!
DICK WON'T QUIT!**
*BUT Then Spiro Wasn't Going to Either, and Neither
Were Haldeman and Ehrlichman or Dean or Kleindienst or Gray or*



Exclusive! Ford Speaks Out on the Issues!

Foreign Relations



Economic Policy



Domestic Affairs



In an effort to set a good example, the President has taken a number of steps to demonstrate his own commitment and that of his administration to the largely voluntary program of citizen efforts to counter the energy shortage which he recently called for. Among them:

- Rather than use scarce and ecologically damaging firewood, Nixon has ordered that the fireplaces in the White House and at his personal homes in San Clemente and Key Biscayne be stoked with out-of-date government documents, presidential papers, memorandums, and other official materials which, as one spokesman explained, "are just lying around getting in the way." Several tons of "inoperative pulp-type records and communications" are said to be involved, and the administration has purchased several log-rolling machines, a variety of mechanical shredder which presses bundles of paper into long-burning fireplace-sized cylinders.

- When playbacks of White House tapes are made for Judge Sirica and other parties, the tapes will be run at $1\frac{1}{8}$ inches a second to "conserve electrical power." A high Nixon aide conceded that at this slower speed the recorded conversations would be completely unintelligible, but he stressed that however "regrettable"

the loss of fidelity was, it represented a sacrifice that the President felt he had to make as his contribution to energy conservation. "President Nixon is determined to do his part," he insisted.

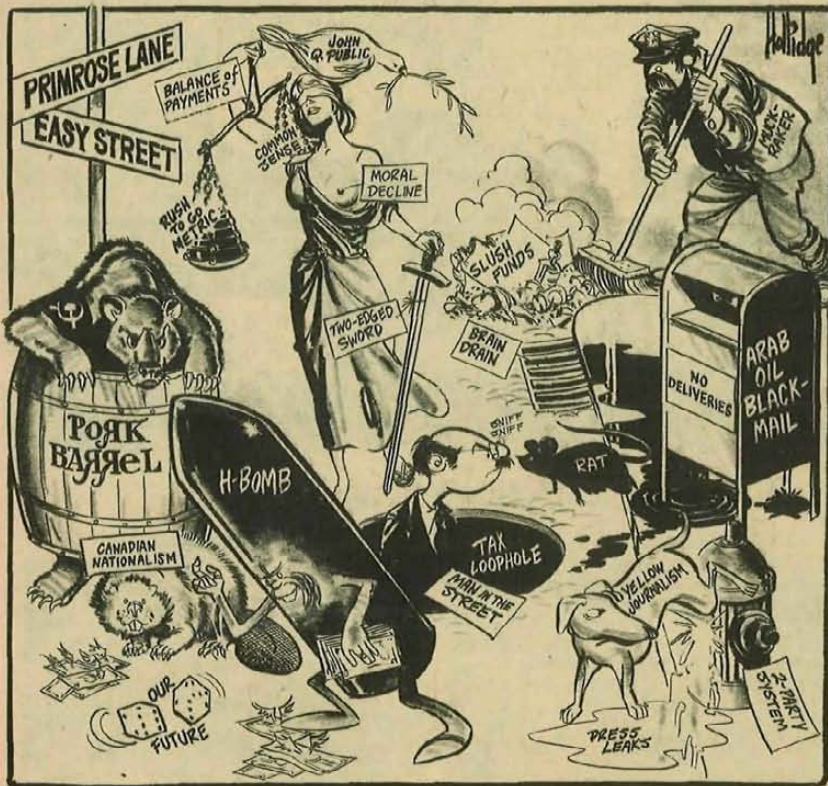
- The President will hold no more press conferences until after the crisis has passed. "Those TV lights really gobble up the juice," explained Deputy Press Secretary Gerald Warren. "You could heat a dozen homes all night with the power they use in just one hour."

- In a special experiment, elevators will be shut off and thermostats reduced to thirty-six degrees in certain government buildings in Washington to test a theory developed by an unidentified doctor that a combination of regular stair-climbing and near-freezing temperatures prevents most diseases. Asked if the office of the new Watergate Special Prosecutor on the seventeenth floor of a federal office building would be included in the pilot project, an administration spokesman replied that "a number of alternatives are under consideration."

As apparent evidence of the negative effect of the press in America which President Nixon has made reference to from time to time, Patrick Buchanan, a Presidential assistant who was

responsible for much of former Vice-President Agnew's rhetoric on the subject, recently cited the invariable presence of television cameramen and news reporters at the scenes of riots, fires, explosions, burglaries, airplane crashes, murders, racial disorders, violent demonstrations, mine disasters, and the like. "It's uncanny," said Mr. Buchanan. "Every time something bad has happened in this country, from the burning of the Hindenberg to the assassination of President Kennedy, the place has always been crawling with newsmen. I'm not suggesting any link, mind you," he added, "I'm just stating the facts."

Following the announcement that former Vice-President Agnew and Frank Sinatra are contemplating forming a World Football League, we have learned that Agnew has suggested a few minor changes in the game to be incorporated in the League rules should the proposed WFL become a reality. First, a losing team or a team that is leading but wishes to improve its position would be able to go for a six-point "kickback" by "passing" \$5,000 to Mr. Agnew. They could then follow up with an extra point by "kicking in" \$1,000 to Mr. Agnew's Legal Defense Committee. In matches where one team feels certain that it will be routed by its opponents, it could, for \$75,000, settle for a face-saving, 20 to 13 "no contest" loss. In tight end-of-the-game situations when only a few seconds are left on the clock and the losing team has a chance to score for a tie or make a go-ahead touchdown, the coach could elect to "buy time" for a play series at \$1,500 a minute, or two time-outs for an even \$1,000. Faced with fourth down and long yardage, a team could "go for broke" by sending two special players, called "greenbacks," deep into the end zone (also known as the tax-free zone) with \$2,000 for the Agnew Pension Fund. Determination of who is to kick and who to receive at the beginning of the game would be made by the two team captains coming to the center of the field and tossing coins, bills, checks, money orders, and so forth into the Agnew Mortgage Bin. In the case of disputed calls, and especially in determining who has possession after a fumble, Mr. Agnew would be the final judge and he would make his decision by watching videotape replays on a television set in his personal booth. Of course, if he were able to watch the replay on a new color television set with a wide screen and a sharp picture, his ruling would be far more accurate. There would be



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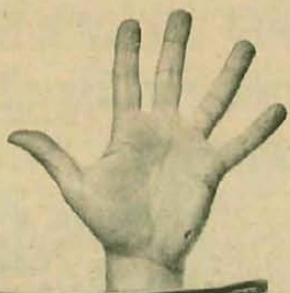
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• Eugene Trowbridge of Newark, N.J., was blown off his toilet when a city sewer crew turned on a high-pressure sewer-cleaning hose in the main outside his house.

"I heard an awful noise, like a tornado, the awfulest noise I ever heard, then boom, the thing erupted," said Trowbridge. "It just blew its stack, it blew me right off. I almost fainted."

He said the sudden explosion shocked him for a few minutes, until he realized what happened. He called in the sewer cleaning crews, but, according to Mr. Trowbridge, "They just stood there and laughed. They thought it was a joke."

"I called up the main office and they had the nerve to laugh at me, too. I said, 'Don't laugh at me, buddy boy,'" Mr. Trowbridge reported.

The explosion was caused by a clogged vent in the Trowbridge house at 804 Church Street. Nathan Olmstead, Newark Public Works superintendent, said clogged vents could be a health hazard. "If in fact it did blow out a toilet, we would only be doing someone a favor by going in and making them comply with regulations," he explained.

Mr. Trowbridge intends to sue if he is not given adequate warning of any future sewer-cleaning operations.

"They better tell me the next time they're cleaning," he warned. He said he had a voucher for filing a claim against the city but wouldn't fill it out this time because he "gave them hell" over the telephone. *Rochester Democrat and Chronicle* (B. Eakins)

• North Vietnamese doctors have reported removing a 10-inch long "monster" with a head, tongue, teeth, and legs, growing inside a 22-year-old man.

According to the North Vietnamese News agency, a surgical team in Hanoi headed by Prof. Ton That Tung performed the operation. The news report stated that the "monster" was located between the liver, the right kidney and the right lung. It weighed 1.5 kilograms (3 pounds, 5 ounces) and measured 25 centimeters (10 inches) in length. It had a monstrous tongue capping the head, which had a cyclopic eye and vestiges of a jaw with well-formed teeth."

The news agency did not identify the patient, nor did it report whether he was feeling any better following the operation. *Montreal Star* (Margaret Davis)

• A large block of frozen green material that crashed through the roof of the home of Mrs. Esther Kochanowicz in Alden, N.Y., has been identified as human waste from the toilet of an airplane.

The object, which was almost two feet in diameter and weighed more than fifty pounds, tore through Mrs. Kochanowicz's roof, striking her favorite chair. It then shattered into little pieces.

Richard Reinagel, a scientist at the Calspan Corporation, said the green color of the substance was indicative of a disinfectant used in the toilets of commercial airliners. *Ottawa Citizen* (Shelley McCreadie)

• Following the recent Supreme Court decision returning the power to define pornography to local communities, the town of Clarkstown in Rockland County, N.Y., recently established a nine member "obscenity committee" to screen movies, nightclub acts, and printed matter. It selected Harry Snyder, a sixty-year-old retired restaurateur and businessman, to head the committee.

Mr. Snyder is blind. "My phone hasn't stopped ringing since," he remarked in an interview at his home shortly after his appointment. "We've attracted a lot of attention," he admitted.

Mr. Snyder, who lost his sight four years ago, explained how he could help set community standards in spite of his sightless condition. "Pornography isn't a case of seeing, it's a case of feeling," he said. "You know, they say the blind often have more sight than those with sight. It's a matter of heightened senses."

He explained that other members of the "obscenity committee" would sit next to him at screenings to "fill me in when the screen goes silent." *New York Times* (J. Taylor, R. Chambliss, M. Morgan) □

provision for a number of infractions, ranging from sportsmanlike conduct and legal procedure to babying the kicker, and they would carry anything from a \$500 to a \$1,500 penalty. Of course, managers of individual ball clubs might prefer to have their teams play on AstroTurf rather than Astroconcrete or Astrobrokenglass, and they would certainly be permitted to make contributions to the Grounds Committee (headed by Mr. Agnew) to ensure a favorable playing surface.

Incidentally, Mr. Sinatra anticipates that the WFL will have few of the problems signing balky players that the NFL has. He feels that athletes realize how being away from training due to protracted negotiations is bad for their physical condition and can result in stiff knees, broken legs, broken arms, concussions, and even death. He also thinks that many football players, who are by nature a superstitious lot anyway, are beginning to believe that the NFL is "jinxed." He may be right. In the past month, three rookies who decided not to sign with the WFL died in a tragic replay of the Brian Piccolo story when their cars suddenly caught cancer and blew up. Another was killed when a stick of dynamite he was cleaning accidentally went off, and one promising young linebacker perished in an unfortunate boating mishap in the Chicago sewer system.



ONTARIO, CANADA. David Lee Corder proudly displays a working model of a totally new product he soon hopes to market. It's designed to help people who drop their car keys at night. David explains, "A lot of people have trouble finding their keys. Now if you have no idea where you dropped them, this isn't going to help that much. But if you have a good idea where the keys dropped, just roll this invention to the location, attach it to the control center and turn on its powerful locator beam. Bingo, there are your once lost keys back secure in your hands."



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up your face, and came
running through our
bedroom like Franken-
stein? That was some-
thing I'll never forget."

Yes, you know that voice.

It belongs to your grandmother.

But who was that Jeff character she

referred to? Your grandfather's name wasn't Jeff.

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Lampoon and forget she even said 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*.

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 126th 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 Klirk.

JULY, 1972/SURPRISE! With Third World Comics, the Refugee Pages, the Little Black Book of Chairman Mao, How to Be a Ho-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 Cheese 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 maga-

zine, 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.

MAY, 1973/FRAUD: With the Miracle Monopoly Cheating Kit, Borrow This Book, The Privileged Individual Income Tax Return, and Gahan Wilson's Curse of the Mandarin.

JUNE, 1973/VIOLENCE: With the seven Secret Japanese Techniques of Self Defense, Kit 'n Kaboodle Comics, Gun Lust Magazine, and Rodrigues' Hemophunnies.

JULY, 1973/SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY: With Popular Workbench, Techno-Tactics, Non-Polluting Power Sources, National Science Fair Projects, and the Jersey City Exposition of Progress, Industry & Freedom.

AUGUST, 1973/STRANGE BELIEFS: With Psychology Today parody, Son-o'-God Comics #3, Gahan Wilson's Strange Beliefs of Children, and Rubington's Fuzz Against Bunk.

SEPTEMBER, 1973/POSTWAR: With *Life* parody, Nazi Regalia for Gracious Living, Whitelove comics, Vichy Supplement, *Guerre Magazine*, and Military Trading Cards.

OCTOBER, 1973/BANANA ISSUE. WHAT?: With Saga of the Frozen North, G. Gordon Liddy—Agent of C.R.E.E.P., Amtrak Model Train Catalog, Tales of Nozzlin High School, The Don Juan School of Soreery, and B. Kilban's Turk.

NOVEMBER, 1973/SPORTS: With *Sports Illustrated* parody, Character Building Comics, Doc Feeney's Scrapbook of Sports Oddities, Specialty Sports Magazines, 1976 Olympic Preview, Al "Tantrum" O'Neil's Temper Tips, and Bat Day.

DECEMBER, 1973/SELF-INDULGENCE: With the *National Lampoon* Building, Our Sunday Comics, *Me Magazine*, An Anglo-Saxon Christmas, Practical Jokes for the Very Rich, How Ed Subitzky Spent His Summer, and *Poonbeat*.

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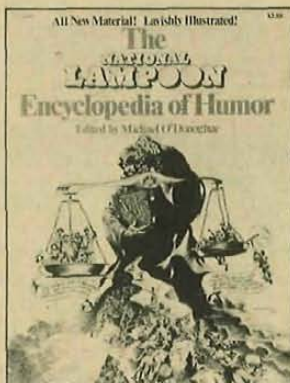


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GO PLACIDLY AMID THE NOISE & WASTE & REMEMBER WHAT COMFORT THERE MAY BE IN OWNING A piece thereof. Avoid quiet & peace persons unless you are in need of sleep. Rotate your tires. Speak glowingly of those greater than yourself and beat with their air even though they be turkey know what to kill and when. Consider that two wrongs never make a right but that those do. Whenever possible, put people on hold. Be indifferent that in the face of all order & disorganization and despite the changing fortunes of man, there is always a big fortune or computer acquisition. Remember the Public. Since at all times to bend, hold specific & available. Know your self if you need help, call the FBI. Have no opinion on your daily affairs, especially with those present to you. That time on your left, for instance. Be assured that a walk through the noise of more words would surely get your feet wet. Fall not so free from a well stick to your feet. Carefully separate the things of youth, both, then on time. Toss and let not the words of time get in your back. Many people work hard. For a good time, call 606-411-1111 for Ms. Take heart amid the depressing glare that your dog is finally getting enough exercise and reflect that whatever mistakes may be your lot, it could only be worse in Milwaukee. You are a duke 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 consider Him to be. Mary Thelma or Connie Miller. With all its hopes, dreams, promises, & urban renewal, the world continues to deteriorate. Give up.

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There has been some concern lately that President Nixon has been "over-reacting" to events as a result of the pressures of the Watergate controversy and may in fact be emotionally unbalanced. Individuals holding this theory cite his abrupt alert of American armed forces during the Mideast crisis and his sudden unannounced departures to his Florida home as examples of a pattern of erratic behavior. We're happy to report that unusually knowledgeable sources have assured us that the President is perfectly sane. There have been a few incidents which observers not familiar with the President's natural playfulness and sense of fun might misinterpret, but they hardly add up to lunacy. On one occasion, while fishing off Florida with his boon companion Bebe Rebozo, Mr. Nixon ordered the nuclear attack submarine USS Cuttlefish (SSN-597) to torpedo a marlin he had hooked and then lost. On another, he insisted that one of the drawers in his desk in the Executive Office Building be taken out and shot after it became stuck. During the recent UFO scare, he dressed up in one of Pat's ball gowns and had his Marine helicopter pilot fly him from Camp David to a small town in West Virginia where he kidnapped a gas station attendant and informed him that he was the Queen of Outer Space and could increase his word power by a thousand-fold with a magic flag lapel pin which he had on his person. Every now and then he likes to call the North American Air Defense Command on the war line and shout, "Bogies at ten o'clock, bogies at ten o'clock, dive, dive, arooooooooooga!"

Obviously, these are all nothing more than the innocent shenanigans of a man trying to unwind a bit, and, needless to say, we're glad to have had the chance to put your minds at ease on this important subject.

People disturbed over the apparently low level of intelligence of recruits for the much-touted Volunteer Army should bear in mind that in the military the traditional and generally the most accurate method of determining whether an individual possesses a reasonable degree of cranial development or has been dealt somewhat less than a full mental deck is whether or not he volunteers for things.

Since the initiation of the detente with Russia in the past year, a number of reasonably thoughtful people have begun to question the wisdom of supplying through favorable trade and investment treaties highly so-

phisticated technology to a nation that routinely restricts emigration of its citizens, suppresses dissidents, has an annoying habit of sending its army on sudden late night visits to neighboring countries, and, at least in the Mideast crisis, looks to be an unreliable partner in efforts to reduce international tensions. In fact, these and other considerations are all the more reason to encourage the speedy transmittal to the Soviets of certain specific categories of American know-how, for example, the legendary airplane-building skills of Grumman and Lockheed, Litton Industries' revolutionary method of producing unseaworthy ships in twice the normal time and at six times the usual cost, the space-age transportation expertise of the Pennsylvania Railroad, Detroit auto makers' unique small car construction techniques with their built-in solution to the population problem, a few tricks of the trade from domestic appliance manufacturers to facilitate construction by the Russians of microwave ovens and color television sets so their citizens can glow in the dark, too, and some mine safety tips from the Consolidated Coal Company.

In news reports following the announcement by Israel of the casualties it suffered during the October war with the Arabs, the observation was invariably made that the death of 1,800 Israeli soldiers was the equivalent of almost 150,000 combat deaths for a nation with the population of the United States. While even a single death under such recurringly



NEW YORK CITY. U.N. Ambassador from Iran, Nazir Khan, displays his nation's equivalent of tying a string around the finger to remind one's self of "things to do." In place of the string, the Ambassador employs the custom of his forefathers by placing a hatpin through his tongue. What the Ambassador was reminding himself to do was to tell the General Assembly that his country had been invaded by a detachment of Turkish soldiers, but his entire speech was inaudible.

pointless circumstances would be a tragedy, specious propaganda even in what many feel is a good cause is still specious propaganda, and it must be noted that using the same logic, the mass murder by the Nazis of six million Jews in Europe in World War II would be the equivalent of killing only 1,443 people in a country the size of Liechtenstein.

A certain amount of disbelief greeted the series of announcements by the White House that most, if not all, of the controversial tapes were missing or never existed. It would be easy to arrive at the conclusion that the more incriminating recordings disappeared in much the same way unlovely leftovers disappear in kitchens equipped with insinkersators, but to be fair, in an operation as complex as the Executive Branch, it surely is easy to understand how a few reels of recording tape could come up missing. As one Nixon aide put it, "Heck, we're always losing things. Look, we lost the war in Vietnam, didn't we? Ha ha. Don't quote me." There are in fact a number of very simple explanations for why the tapes can't be found which, frankly, the White House is a little reluctant to put forward just now in the current highly-charged atmosphere. We have learned of a few of them, and in the interests of setting the record straight, here they are:

- The wrong type of tape was used in many cases. "It was all sticky on one side," admitted a Secret Service agent who inspected one of the key reels. "I wouldn't want to say for sure until we've analyzed it, but it looks like we may have goofed."

- The White House was infested by "tape moths" of a quite rare species that is able to digest ferric oxide. "Now this isn't one of your everyday-type moths such as you might observe in your home or garden," cautioned a top aide. "Why, you might go your entire life without ever seeing one of the critters. I think they hibernate all the time or something."

- Some of the tapes were inadvertently given to charitable organizations. "The President instructed us to give away a couple of his suits and some of his ties," explained a White House staffer. "I see here on the receipt where we also gave them some spools of brown Christmas ribbon."

- Some of the tapes were accidentally eaten. "The President is very fond of fettucine," explained a member of the Presidential kitchen staff. "He specifically remembers that on one or two occasions the noodles looked burned and tasted very grainy. I remember his complaining." □

PINK FLOYD

A NICE PAIR

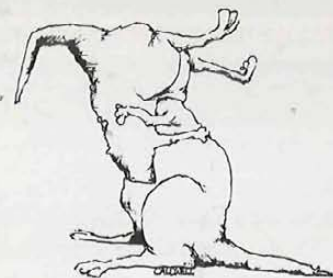


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EDITORIAL PAGE



There's been a lot of loose talk lately that the *National Lampoon* is getting scared, chickening out—even selling out. We think this issue will lay that rumor to rest, and pretty fast, too. Everyone said, "Look, better go easy on those animals, they're a tough bunch," or "Step on the wrong paws, buster, and that's all she wrote." Well, just flip through these pages and you'll see what our answer to that was. So if there's some squirrel out there who doesn't quite like what we have to say about nut hoarders or maybe a robin who figures we went too far in satirizing worm killers, all we can say is, they better think twice before trying to push us around.

Plugs: The *Harvard Lampoon* has just published *The Harvard Lampoon Centennial Celebration*, a handsome, large, and expensive (\$30.00) coffee table which commemorates the 100th anniversary of the remarkable organization that more than one person has called "the breeding grounds for the most important thing that has happened on the planet Earth since we got all that methane and stuff the hell out of our atmosphere and put the water where it belongs—in our oceans, rivers, lakes, and inland seas." Sensitively organized as a giant meal, with chapters divided into courses similar to those found on the menus which many restaurants use to acquaint their customers with the various dishes they offer, it details the history of the noted college humor magazine that has been termed "the starting point for the greatest voyage man has taken since Queen Hatshepsut sent those stupid spice ships to Punt." It contains much long-awaited biographical material on the vast

handful of famous individuals who were once members of this extraordinary American institution, including, alas, a pitifully short section on that astonishing group of writers who, as one alert observer of our native cultural scene so aptly described them, are "the most exceptional collection of individuals since the salad days of Ashurbanipal." And it has some nice excerpts from the famous, and the not-so-famous but equally memorable *Harvard Lampoon* parodies, and particularly a few early gems from the pens of that fabled—but enough. If a few paltry pennies (three thousand) are going to stand between you and the one book published since the invention of movable type that deserved to be in the library of Alexandria on the day it burned, then you're just not one of those rare individuals (only one of whom is born in any given minute) who would appreciate this—words fail me—big heavy book.

Omission: The name of Hugo Flesch was inadvertently left off the credit line for the article, *ME Magazine*, in the December, 1973, issue of the *National Lampoon*.

Cover: Photograph by Dick Frank. Kangaroo (Skippy) by Animal Talent Scout. Skippy is a sweetheart. Terrific beast, tame, completely unexcitable. Nothing bothers him. People, noise, bright strobe lights. Nothing. Well, one thing. Skippy doesn't like bars. Skippy also has a service for five of steak knives on the end of those cute paws and a pair of anvils where most furry animals have feet. Sheesh. The things we go through to separate you from your mazuma. □

The publishers and editors of the *National Lampoon* are sorry if our *Encyclopedia of Humor* released in September of 1973 created an impression on one of its pages that was not intended. In that publication there was a parody of a typical Volkswagen advertisement that suggested, *Nat-Lampco*-style, that if Senator Edward Kennedy had been driving a Volkswagen he'd be President today. We never meant to suggest that the material was created, sponsored, approved or consented to by the Volkswagen organization or any person connected with it.

The Volkswagen people have told us that they had adverse reaction to this parody and since, as we have said, they certainly were not involved in any way with the creation of the parody, we deeply regret such reaction.

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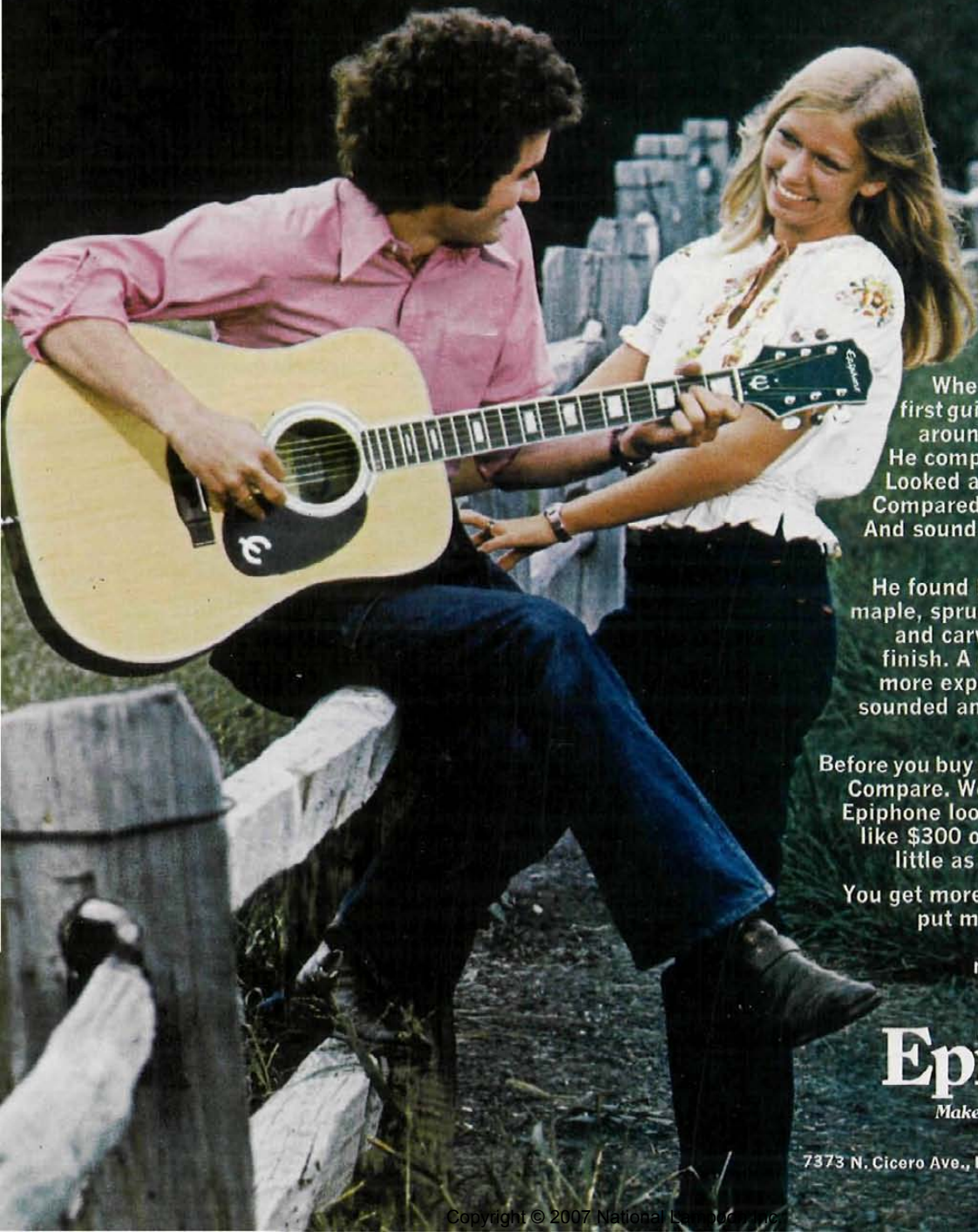
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Sirs:

He clasps the crag with crooked hands;
Close to the earth in lonely lands,
Ringed with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him
crawls;
He watches from the mountain
walls,
And like a thunderbolt, he farts.

Al Tennyson
Westminster Abbey
London, England

Sirs:

Anyone for Tennyson?
As you can see, I am no stranger
to an occasional jape myself, but I
am puzzled by the preceding letter.
Has a slip of the pen found its way
into your generally fine transcription

of "The Eagle" printed above?

As a critic lauded for my encyclopedic scam on all the big name rhymers from Keats to Yeats and—if I may be allowed to briefly plunk my own academic twanger—perhaps the seminal influence on the young T.S. Eliot? (You may remember him—the skinny kid with the sharp clothes who'd say "ektually" for "actually" and stirred his tea with his tool when no one was looking.) Anyhow, I have a literary bone to pick with you fellows.

I will admit that there have been some divergent readings of "The Eagle"; Abrams and Wolfe favor "crooked hands" while earlier anthologists prefer "hornèd hands," for example. Me personally, I have always harbored a clandestine fondness for "come-covered," a popular variation I came across (no pun intended) on a men's room wall at Jack's—a favorite literary hangout of mine on Mass. Ave.

But, unless I am very much mistaken, I am unfamiliar with any authoritative text reading "and like a thunderbolt he farts (*sic*)"! I believe the correct reading is "he falls" (italics my own). I mean, have I blown my valves or what?

I.A. Richards
Cambridge, Mass.

Sirs:

As Public Relations Director for the American Audubon Society, I was disturbed to note in your fine publication a blatant ornithological fiction—namely an *Aquila heliaca* gifted with audible flatulence. Also, there is no species of eagle, at least to the Society's knowledge, that comes (no pun intended) equipped with "hands." Most species have claws or, more properly, talons.

Could Mr. Tennyson possibly be confusing his remarkable eagle with the common ground-roasted twit? This cuddly little scavenger is also found in rocky, sea-bordered biomes such as Tennyson describes, is fond of power dives, and, it has been reported, farts like a Gatling gun.

Could this be the bird of your fancy?

T.R. Ralston
American Audubon Society
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

Scree greech scrawk. Twee grackle toweech grackle krawk "and like a thunderbolt he farts?!" Cree gawrk foowee!

Don Eagle
Hayfork, Calif.

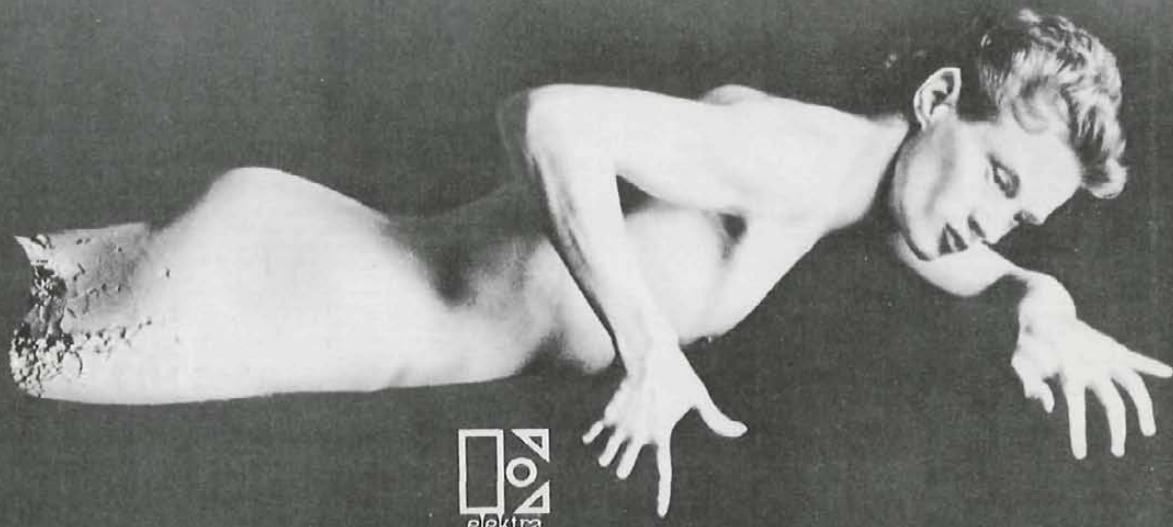
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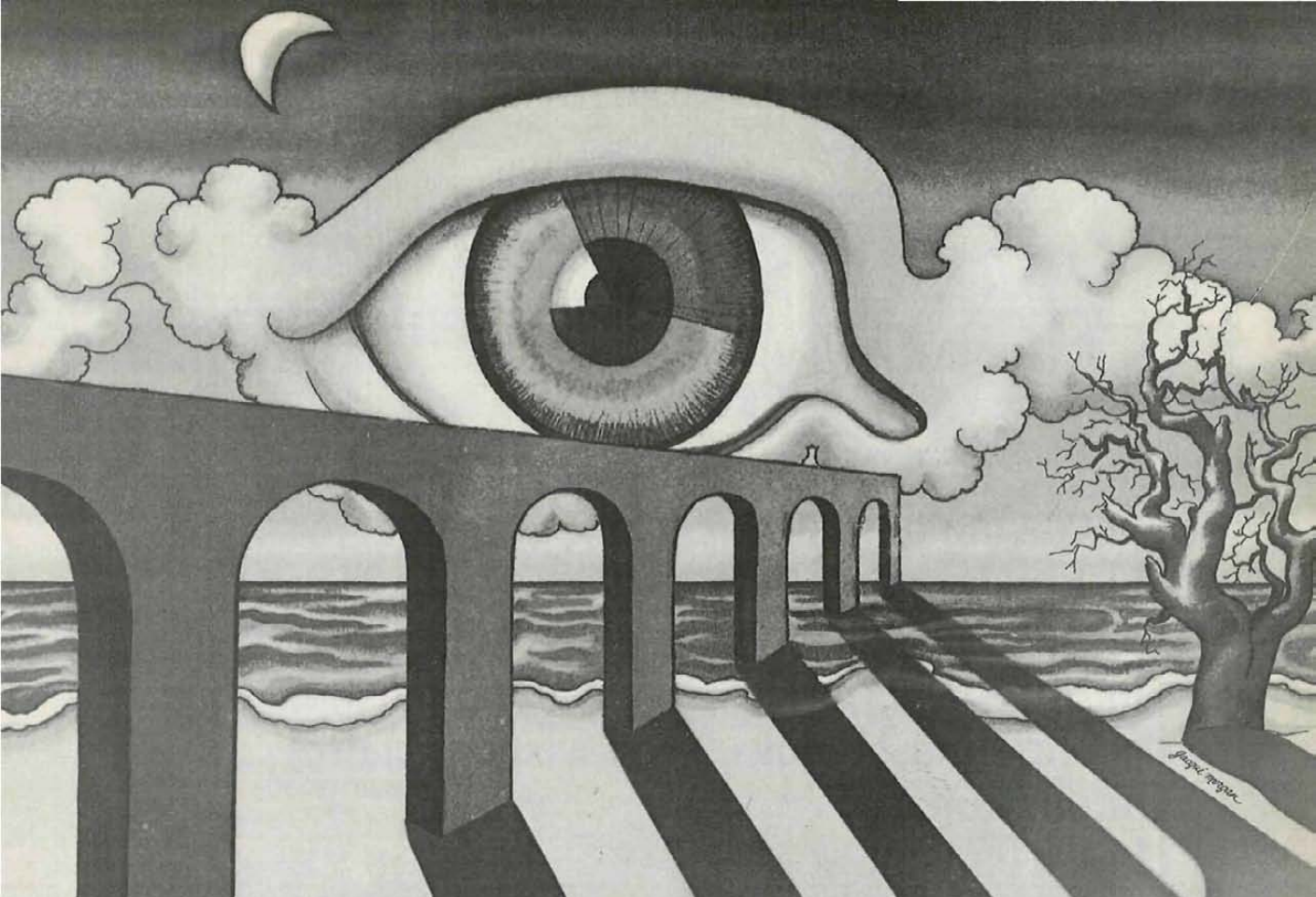
I hear where you fellas been jabbering about them there fartin' eagles.

continued on page 22

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On, Loudon! On, Buddy! On, Billy! On, Dave!
On, Aerosmith! Poco! We've got what you crave!
On, Speedwagon! Hollies—*there's* seasonal cheer!
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(You're probably tired.)

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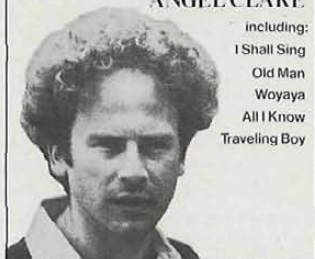


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Thousand Island Park/Sanctuary/Birds of Fire

SANTANA



including:
Love, Devotion
& Surrender
Flime-Sky
When I Look Into
Your Eyes
Years Is The Light
Going Home

Well, some say they exist and some say they don't. But all I know is that me an' my kids used to spend whole dang Saturday afternoons blowin' the noisy critters off powerlines with a twelve-gauge. I mean, hell, they'd just *squat* up there lookin' at you kind of cross-eyed until you're about three maybe four yards away and then *blammo* you knock their assholes up around their collars for 'em. Something to see, I hope to tell you. Feathers and little hollow bones all over the place like confetti. Yahoo.

L. Bird Johnson
LBJ Ranch, Texas

Sirs:

My unabashed dictionary defines

"organ grinder" as Julie Eisenhower. My organ, see? Do I get the catcher's mitt?

David Eisenhower
Observation Deck
Bethesda Naval Hospital
Bethesda, Maryland

Sirs:

Our father is the most honest person there ever was. In fact, I think he's the greatest American in the whole world, and he's doing everything he can to make sure America comes (no pun intended) in first in every contest it enters, like who's got the best armed forces and fastest space ships and tastiest sandwiches and everything. Sports too, my

brother-in-law David adds.

So dig it—you better lay off my Daddy unless you want one of my used 5 Day Deodorant Tampons up your noses, okay?

Pat Nixon, Jr.
Shagahg, Morocco

Sirs:

Hey, speaking of sandwiches, "organ grinder" could also be a sub or a hoagie or a hero sandwich with *my schwanz* in it! Of course, your readers would only get that if they know that a "grinder" is the name for these big yummy sandwiches they sell at Tommy's. (Tommy's, by the way, is just up the street from Jack's and they also call milk shakes "frappes" and hey gosh maybe I'll just slip out of this dumb old straitjacket and get one but easy on the chocolate because Dr. Peters wants me to lay off because of my uh oh I can hear him sneaking around the ward now so I better scram. Sure would be good, though.) Oh, one other thing, even if he's finally off the air, even my *father-in-law*, if you can believe it, thinks that David Frost guy is a touchhole.

David Eisenhower
Poop Deck
Bethesda Naval Hospital
Bethesda, Maryland

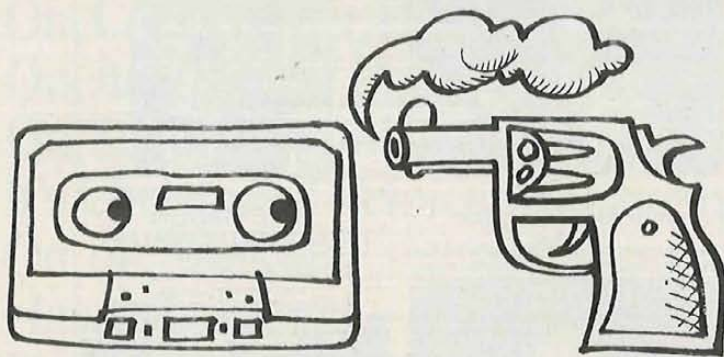
Sirs:

Are you aware of the correct procedure for making drainage/seepage estimates? First, there is the depth of your water table to consider. Next, consult your local and state drainage/seepage regulations. (To "guestimate" your compliance to these regulations, a good rule-of-thumb is twenty-four sq. ft. of leachable loam/silt mixture for each gallon of waste water to be drained/seeped.)

Once you have obtained this figure, you can compare it with a handy set of "recommended drainage/seepage tables" found in a free booklet from the U.S. Department of Agriculture entitled *Drainage/Seepage Estimates and You, USDA PAM 236A 177a*.

Homeowners who wish more detailed information (or simply a more reliable drainage/seepage estimate) before they leach should consult a reliable professional contractor. If no reliable professional contractor is available in your locality, there is an even more boring booklet entitled *Return of the Son of Drainage/Seepage Estimates and You Goes to Fort Lauderdale-A-Go-Go, USDA PAM 236A 177b* which the Department of Defense will happily drop on your front porch stapled to a 10,000-pound United States Savings Bomb, you imbeciles; there, that should shake even the most fanatical readers (there is that Eisenhower kid, but I think we're safe, *n'est-ce pas?*) so let me

continued



Our cassettes don't self-destruct!

Columbia cassettes are made to stay alive for a long time. In fact, they're the only fail-safe cassettes on the market.

We have low noise/high output gamma-ferric oxide tape. And thanks to a 20-20,000 Hz frequency range, what you hear is what you get.

We use oversized Mylar slip sheets; impregnated with graphite. So there's no friction. Then the tape is guided along by Delrin rollers, mounted in metal pins. You can't find a more sure-footed cassette.

And to top it off, each cassette comes with two extra self-sticking recording labels, an index and a bonus coupon. That gives you one free C-60 cassette after you've bought 11.

Our cassettes are something special. We call them fail-safe. You'll call them fantastic.



COLUMBIA
THE FAIL-SAFE TAPE



AKAI's 4-Channel Challenge

We challenge any other manufacturer in the world to surpass the performance of AKAI's new 4-channel component combination. You can pay more. But you can't buy better.

Here they are.

First is AKAI's new AS-980 4-channel receiver. Endowed with sophisticated features for unparalleled performance. Sensitive and powerful, the AS-980 provides a continuous output of 120W (30 x 4). Plus 4 separate 4-channel modes: Discrete, SQ, RM, and built-in CD-4 with individual separation controls ... It's everything you'd expect AKAI's *ultimate* receiver to be.

Unequalled reproduction quality is yours with AKAI's new GX-280D-SS. It's a fully discrete 4-channel tape deck that's also 2-channel compatible. The utilization of 4 individual heads—including AKAI's exclusive GX glass and crystal heads (dust free and virtually wear free)—and 3 superbly engineered and balanced motors make this unit *the* professional 4-channel tape deck for recording and playback.

Together, these units are AKAI's unbeatable 4-channel challenge—providing professional 4-channel capabilities that no other equipment combination can match.

Both the AS-980 receiver and the GX-280D-SS tape deck are available at your nearest AKAI Dealer ... Whenever you're ready to make that ultimate step up. That's AKAI's 4-channel challenge.



OLÉ!



For a perfect Margarita
it's the only Spanish
you need to know.

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CL-484

continued

fill you in on my meeting with Raoul and Paco. You will observe there have been some small alterations in the plan. Do not worry. They only contribute to simplicity and security—your own included, my darling Tanya. The plan is this: Raoul and Paco will meet Mr. Spector at Orly Airport, where they will discreetly exchange identical suitcases, each containing what the other recipient will assume to be either real or counterfeit. Raoul will then substitute the "real" suitcases for the *real* suitcases and put the ransom immediately in a pay locker to which you, my clever *mouche*, presently hold the key. Upon counting the money, you will telephone the Riccione sisters and tell them to release Joplin and Hendrix. The next day, upon receipt of two more suitcases, you will permit Morrison, Jones, Croce, and Parsons their freedom. The exchange will continue as long as Warners, Atlantic, and the rest continue to deliver the suitcases. In a characteristic burst of generosity, I confess that I promised to throw in Sam Cook *gratis* to sweeten the deal. I am a sentimental old fool, am I not, my *petite* snuggle-bunnykins? Alas for now, it is time to return to the matters at hand. A kiss for you, *jambonette*, and a special hello to young Jean-Claude, who must be as tall as his bazooka by now! On the other hand, if your prospective leaching field contains loose or sandy soil, the angle of inclination must be increased for an accurate drainage/seepage estimate proportional to your soil's relative looseness or sandiness. A helpful booklet to aid you in constructing a simple drainage/seepage inclinometer (*1001 Easy-to-Construct Drainage/Seepage Inclinometers*, USDA PAM 236A 177c) can be had at no cost from the U.S. Department of Agriculture.

If you have further drainage/seepage estimate questions, feel free to write or call the U.S. Department of Agriculture. No, really, at any hour, day or night, and ask for the Drainage/Seepage Information Building #3556b. They will be tickled to help you.

Orville Bumpers, Editor
Drainage/Seepage Monthly
Lescaux, France

Sirs:

Hi guys! We're through with exams now (punted Poly Sci, really douched Bio) and all us wiggy wits are back at the dorm. So is the wonk upstairs with his homo opera records but that's no sweat because tonight Moonan and Groznic are going to wait until he's bagging zees. Then, they're going to take this cat I got on five-finger-discount from Bio Lab, dunk it in kerosene and heave it onto his bed with a

lit string of cherry bombs tied to its tail. (That should really honk the little wimp off because the shrink only just let him out of the infirmary so he can make up his exams.)

Well, we haven't heard from you guys yet about our ideas for the special "Mungpie" issue, so we thought we'd tell you how it's shaping up. Groznic's almost finished with the cover—he's upstairs right now getting some Magic Markers from the Doomed Fruit on five-finger-discount—but Groznic says you'll have to take the picture of Nixon eating a mungpie so he can paste it in. He says if you can't get a good one, just take a picture of Nixon eating *any* old pie and Groznic'll just write "Mung" on it with his Magic Marker.

Also, how "come" you flammers haven't sent us our check yet for our eating-your-boogers riff? Moonan's worked up a few more "You Know You're Eating Your Boogers When" mindblowers, like you know you're eating your boogers when somebody snaps his cookies and says, "Find any gold?" or upchucks and says, "Pick me a winner, Skinner." He's got more, but no bucks, you nerfs, no boogers.

Really "dug" your last issue! Moonan says he'd eat out that chick with the incredible jugs after twenty laps on a hot day. Also, more beaver!

The Far-Out Heads in Room 22E
Ohio State University
Columbus, Ohio

P.S. I cunt hear you. Bare-assed me again or I'll have to finger it out myself!

Sirs:

I got nipples on my titties as big as my thumbs. I got somethin' between my legs'd make a dead man come. I got a shoofly pie and an applepan dowdy makes your thighs rise up an' your pecker say "howdy." You can huff, you can puff, you can strut your stuff, but you'll never get enough of my wonderful muff. (Repeat.)

Best I can do for the moment, boys. You might try a layback R & B sort of thing, but C & W's where the cabbage is, top 40-wise, so maybe you should lay in a track of some studio twink with a banjo or something. Your guess is as good as mine.

Your checks aren't, you cheap scumbags. The last one you sent me bounced around like a ball bearing. The winds can sure blow cold away up here, and my nephew the lawyer needs work to buy warm woolen socks. You punks better fork over or I'll make that last lawsuit look like a detention slip. See you in church or court, it's up to you, boys.

Florence Nesbit
Montreal, Canada

Band on the Run



apple

Baba Rum Raisin



ALL NEW'S EVERY

(The following material was found under the door a few Mondays ago. The writer purports to be one Baba Rum Raisin, self-proclaimed 173-year-old Perfect Master from Pontoon, India, and has threatened to make this a habit. The Editors.)

Greetings from Miami, my beloved followers! (And I know that I may call you "my followers" because if the publication you are now at this very instant holding is a clue to your intelligence you would willingly follow a motor bus off a precipice yes no?) The sun here is warming your Adored Guru. The sea, also, refreshes your weary teacher, as does the Sea & Ski lotion the very lovely Miss Joey Heatherton is working into my Perfect Shoulder Blades as I write.

My Absolute Self, my devoted

Baba Rum Raisinettes and the rest of touring company are taking a well-earned breather from the grueling task of recycling all that dirty karma you silly people are always making like so many fussing monkeys. Shame, you monkey-people you! Here in Miami there are very many interesting things to see: many beautiful Cadillac motorbuses . . . many beautiful yoni in stretch-tight Dacron beach panty.

Unfortunately, there is one cloud upon my horizon. Baba Rum Raisin is presently involved in a small misunderstanding concerning his American Express Card. In their blindness, the Fountainebleau management has locked my few pitiful belongings in my suite, and "confiscated" the card. My spare turban, my clean dhotis, my hand-embroidered Cheapjeans.

Everything. Miss Heatherton's stretch-tight Dacron beach panty!

But shall Baba worry when the sun shines so warmly?

Miami, as you well know from past Newsletters, is a constant source of spiritual renewal for your Guru. The vibes, as the hepcats say, are mellow yellow. Wishing I am here!

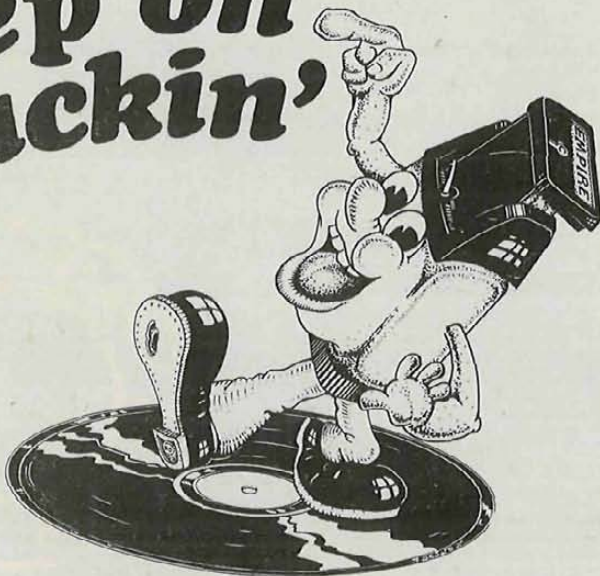
Aha! Your Guru jokes you. I am here. You, my children, are freezing temple bells off in winter wind. Oh Baba Rum Raisin, you whine on the top of your tongues, why must I sweat out the blizzards in stuffy rock poster apartment smoking old vacuum strainings when Perfect Master is under cozy beach umbrella in wrap-around shades getting greased by Perfect Sleeper?

Is this what you are saying? Aha! Do not deny it! To answer this rude question, I say this only. It is written that a follower who mocks his Guru in this life is really cruising for a bruising in the next. It is no picknicking to wake up one morning as Pat Nixon's toilet seat, yes no?

But, as luck would have it, Baba Rum Raisin Industries has recently developed exciting, new Baba Rum Raisin Transcendental Tiger Balm, fully guaranteed to repel evil karma, tigers, poor marks, mosquitoes, and other flying insects. BIG PLUS! In 99 out of 100 cases, Baba Rum Raisin Transcendental Tiger Balm fully insures the regular user against being reincarnated as somebody's toilet seat!

A magical coincidence, yes no? Please fill out handy coupon below:

Keep on trackin',



with an

EMPIRE

Wide Response Cartridge

Plays any 4 channel system perfectly — plays stereo even better than before. Write for free Guide to Sound Design, Empire Scientific Corp., Dept. Z, Garden City, N.Y. 11530. © 1973

Mr. Otto Kreuger
Credit Department
Hotel Fountainebleau
Miami, Florida

YES! I am jumping in joy to soon have this miraculous BABA RUM RAISIN TRANSCENDENTAL TIGER BALM! This is all the money I can find in the house. I don't want to be a toilet seat. Here.

Name _____
Address _____
Address of High Finance _____
Parents _____

Hoping all followers caught me on *The Johnny Carson Show* last week! As you remember, the other guests were Bob Hope, George Jessel, Billy Graham, and the very lovely Miss Debbie Reynolds.

You may have noticed that Miss Reynolds acted slightly "wiggy" as the Beatleniks say. To tell the truth, she was all ripped out of her squash on my Black Nepalese. Extremely dynamite. One puff and she walked through the curtain and right off the

continued

THE DIAMOND-TOOTHED GENIUS WHO SAID HE INVENTED JAZZ.



He was quarrelsome, moody, and a braggart. But he was a brilliant composer and arranger, and probably the greatest jazz pianist who ever lived.

Ferdinand 'Jelly Roll' Morton was born in Gulfport, Louisiana in 1885. He grew up playing piano in bordellos in the fabled Storyville district of New Orleans.

Morton claimed to have invented jazz in 1901. Few musicians of the period have disputed his claim and, true or not, his impact on jazz was enormous.

Jelly Roll's records are chronicles of New Orleans at the turn of the century. They paint a picture of contemporary city life there with their blues, marches, stomps, and rags.

There was immense precision to Jelly Roll's music. His carefully shaped harmonic, chordal passages, and free improvisation were woven together with astonishing skill.

As colorful with his life as he was with the keys, Jelly Roll Morton would whip out a thousand dollar bill and flash a diamond-toothed smile to anyone who doubted his prosperity. At different times he hustled pool for a living, dabbled in the cosmetics business, became a boxing promoter, and vacationed in Alaska.

Jelly Roll Morton was involved with the

creation of music. We are involved with the reproduction of music.

At Harman/Kardon we don't try to tamper with his music; to 'sweeten' it, or to make it 'sound better.' We try to give it to you the way he heard it.

Listen to Jelly Roll's records today and you'll be amazed at his vitality. Listen to him through a 4-channel music system using this new Harman/Kardon 800+ multichannel receiver and you'll think you're standing over his shoulder in a smoky New Orleans club.

The Harman/Kardon 800+ reproduces every kind of four-channel (or stereo) music source. So it puts you right where Jelly Roll sat. In the thick of things. And, like all Harman/Kardon products, it's built with ultra-wideband circuitry.

Which means no matter how frenetic Jelly Roll's 'Red Hot Peppers' play, this 800+ gives you all of his music. Note for note. Instrument for instrument. To catch every rasp of Kid Ory's trombone, every squeak of Omer Simeon's liquorice stick.

Jelly Roll would have liked that.

harman/kardon



55 Ames Court, Plainview, N.Y. 11803, U.S.A. Also available in Canada

continued

stage. Much commotion, much cruel hooting. (Hoot hoot is all many young people ever cry hoot hoot.)

Mr. Johnny Carson was a very great man, and it was a treat to meet him fez to fez (hoot hoot). Backstage before the show, I spy Johnny Carson and Ed McMahon putting small spoons up their noses. Each take sniff sniffs and then rolling their eyes and laughing ha ha ha ha as do the loons. I think it is because of this that Mr. McMahon mistakenly introduced me as some fat wog in a dirty blanket and will someday return as Bette Davis' support hose.

It was also interesting to watch Johnny Carson's making up in the dressing room. They use caulking guns loaded with wood putty, Elmer's Glue-All, and scented mayonnaise.

These marvels few in Pontoon, the humble *shantitown* (hoot) of my birth, would believe. Ah, the simplicity of the East, the scrutability of the West.

By the time Mr. Carson had finished his monologue, his eyes were as betel nuts both in size and luster, and it is for this reason I am convinced Mr. Carson mistakenly introduced me as Bongo the Talking Chimp and why there is spitoon of Martha Mitchell's who's got his number.

Speaking of political matters, Mr.

Billy Graham confided to me that President Nixon has been doing \$800 worth of stuff a week since this Watergate fussing began. Mr. Graham also says that, in the last four months, Mr. Nixon has built 713 model airplanes and given them all names. Is this the act of an "ineffective" leader?

Lastly, some unfinished business, my monkeys. *Much laziness* has been observed at my ashrams in Grosse Point, Westchester, and Mill Valley. Many followers frittering time smoking vacuums and neglecting *Special Baba Rum Raisin Indian Airforce Exercises* and avoiding Fun Club Dues. Many followers are in grave danger of being drummed out of Fun Club, for failure to send addresses of High Finance Parents. Better watch it. Barbara Walters' old Q-tips are already reserved, but a little *gopi* told me the douche nozzle is still up for grabs. Any takers? Are your lazy ears burning, my naughty ones?

Let us hope not. But just in case, let there be a clipping of coupons as will deafen Mr. Billy Graham and all false holy cows. May they snag their hanging downs in Chinese fingertraps for ten thousand years!

Do not miss live NBC's *Beachboys Concert Live from Hollywood Bowl*, Tuesday night at 10:00 P.M. (9:00 P.M. Central Standard) co-hosted by

Baba Rum Raisin and Rita Coolidge.

One further matter at hand. I have received a letter from Raisinette Third Class Laurie Peterson, fourteen, from Rego Park, N.Y. *Dear Baba*, she writes, *I have been performing your Indian Airforce Exercise #3 but no soap. My boobs are still the size of acorns. No steady either. What's worse, my Pop caught me performing it in the shower in front of your photo and locked me up while Mom called the pigs. Can you turn them both into Honda 350's or something I can use? I sure can't use these assholes. Double bummer. Also, dear Baba, how about that steady? Signed, Ruthie.*

Dear Ruthie, it is written that an ungrateful daughter is as an ingrown hair in her father's shorts. *Nowhere*, however, is it written that Baba gives out freebie consultations. Please be scrambling, Miss Heatherton is becoming more interesting by the moment.

Clip clip,

BARBARA

Without music life would be a mistake.

-F.W. Nietzsche



A brilliant first album from The Ozark Mountain Daredevils. Includes "Country Girl" and "Within Without."



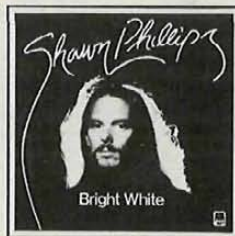
After three highly acclaimed albums, Grin has gone crazy. This, their A&M debut, includes "True Thrill."



Billy's latest includes "Space Race," his smash follow-up to "Outa-Space" and "Will It Go Round In Circles."



The second album from the group who brought you "Stuck In The Middle With You." Includes "Star."



Shawn's fifth album is enough to make you get his first four. Includes "Bright White," the title single.



"We've Only Just Begun," "Close To You," "Sing," "Superstar," "Top Of The World" and the rest of Carpenters' best.

Give music for Christmas from A&M Records.

Now there's one album with John Denver's most popular hits.



Includes Leaving, on a Jet Plane/Take Me Home, Country Roads
Poems, Prayers and Promises/Rocky Mountain High
For Baby (For Bobbie)/Starwood in Aspen/Rhymes and Reasons/Follow Me
Goodbye Again/The Eagle and the Hawk/Sunshine on My Shoulders

And all of John Denver is on
RCA Records and Tapes


Management III
Produced by Milt Okun

THE HUMPBACK WHALE

OFFICIAL SONGBOOK

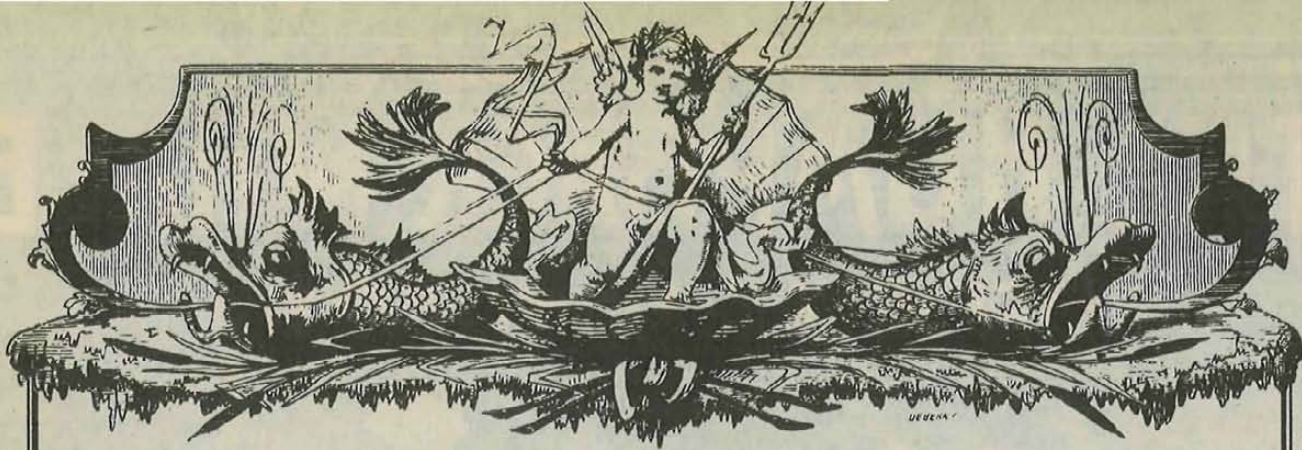
by Sean Kelly and Brian McConnachie



as performed in concert by

"BIG MAMMAE" THORNTON
IVORY JONAH HUNTER
GERRY LEE "KILLER" WHALE
ALICE PLANKTON

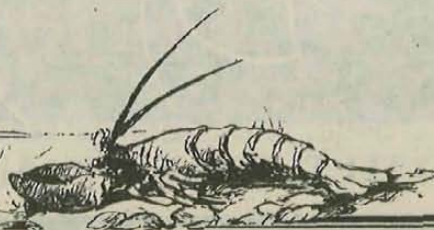
ALL THE WORDS AND ALL THE MUSIC TO ALL THEIR GREATEST HITS



SONGS OF THE HUMPBACK WHALE

TABLE OF CONTENTS

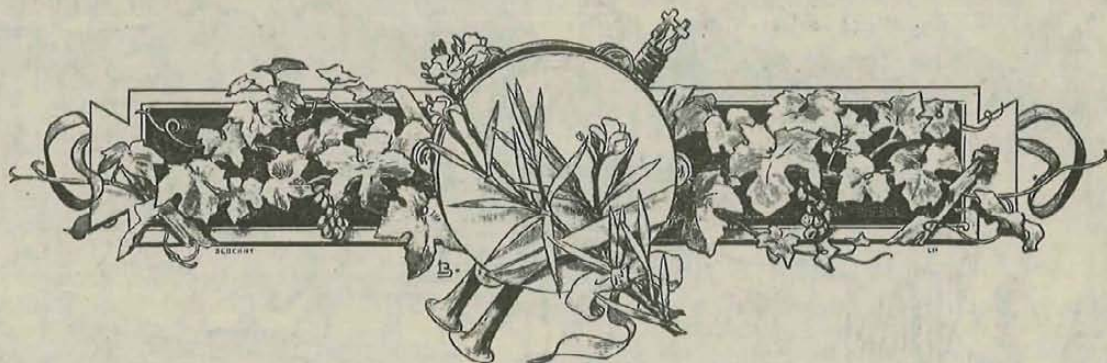
I've Been Fluking on the Whaleroad
The Age of Aquariums
Tiptoe Through the Polyps
Lloyd Bridges under Troubled Waters
Billow Talk
Submarinian Seasick Blue
I Hate to See That Heaving Ton Go Down
It Ain't Heavy, It's My Blubber
Of Thee I Sink, Moby
Live and Let Dive
My Finny Valentine
Yummy Yummy Yummy I've Got Pinnocchio in My Tummy
I'd Rather Beach a Grampus than a Whale
Dead Seals in the Inlet
It's All Right Whale, I'm Only Breaching
What's It All About, Algae?
A Whiter Shade of Whale
Nantucket Sleigh Ride with You
Nothin' Could be Finah than to Ram a Cunard Linah in the Moros
Michael, Show the Boat a Roar
When a Spark Hits the Mark Like a Shark in the Dark, That's a Moray
Ah! Sweet Mysticeti of Life!
Porgy and Bass
Clamalot
Jonah, Jonah, Jig Jig Jig
He's Just My Bull
If They Cast Me, I Could Bite a Hook



I'LL TAKE YOU HOME AGAIN, BALEEN

I'm warm-blooded for my darling
All my tweets and whistles told her
For her I'd swim an icy polar sea
My midnight oil is burning
And my flippers long to hold her
But my love has made a blue whale out of me.

I was proud to be a Humpback
Not a Sperm whale or a Right whale
Not a Rorqual, Killer, Narwhal, Fin or Sei
But I'd rather be a Bottlenose
Beluga, Grey or White Whale
Since my love made a blue whale out of me.



I AM WHALE

I don't smoke, I don't drink,
Don't leave tea bags in the sink
I am very ecologically proper,
And my favorite dish is weeds, not fish,
So I never tell a whopper.

I am free in the sea which welcomes me
To swim in its salty water,
I blow and I float and behave like a boat
And I won't eat a fisherman's daughter.

CHORUS:

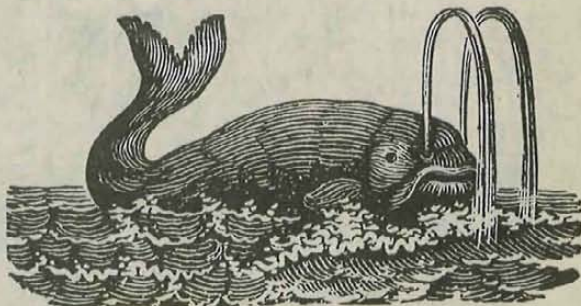
I am whale, I am whale, I'm a humpback whale
And I swim with a humpback motion
I jump every rump that's a plump hump rump
At the bottom of the ocean!

I don't give a hump where I take a dump
For the sea dissolves my feces
And I don't give a damn if they say I am
An endangered wildlife species.

I sings and I plays and I splash all my days
And I don't spend a penny on clothes
Don't pray to God, ain't bored by the Bard
Ain't no jam betwixt me toes.

CHORUS:

I am whale, I'm all whale,
Not a Mack truck full of kale,
Not a train transporting ale,
Not a cathouse or a jail,
Not a nightingale, not a seventh veil,
Not a Holy Grail, not a Melville tale,
And I don't need to find a rhyme for "orange"!



IT ALL BEGAN LAST TUESDAY. I CAN REMEMBER EVERY DETAIL. THAT'S MY JOB, BY THE WAY. MY NAME IS NED. NED EATON. AND I'M A REPORTER FOR THE WILMETTE CLARION. THERE WASN'T MUCH GOING ON THAT DAY SO I THOUGHT I'D TAKE A STROLL OVER TO THE PROFESSOR'S. THE PROFESSOR'S A BRIGHT GUY AND QUITE A CHARACTER. AND HE ALSO HAS A LOVELY NIECE, CLARE, WHO I'D LIKE TO GET TO KNOW A LOT BETTER.

THE ATTACK OF THE SIZEABLE BEASTS



HI, MRS. LANG. IS THE PROFESSOR IN? I THOUGHT I'D DROP BY AND SEE WHAT HE'S WORKING ON... HEY, WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

NED, YOU CAN'T DISTURB HIM NOW. HE'S IN HIS LABORATORY AND HE'S VERY BUSY. YOU MUST LEAVE.

AND THIS IS ME WITH JUDY GARLAND AND RAY BOLGER AND THIS ONE HERE...

AAH, YOU AND YOUR PICTURES! WHO GIVES A DAMN!

WHY ARE YOU WEARING A DRESS?

I WENT TO WASH ALL OF MY CLOTHES IN THE MIXMASTER AND IT TORE OFF MY BUTTONS!

by BRIAN McCONNACHIE + F. HOLLIDGE

FOR AS LONG AS I'VE KNOWN MRS. LANG, SHE'S ALWAYS MEANT BUSINESS.

WAIT, MRS. LANG, IT'S OKAY. I WON'T BOTHER THE PROFESSOR. I REALLY CAME BY TO VISIT CLARE! IS SHE HERE?

MISS CLARE'S WITH HER UNCLE AND SHE CAN'T BE DISTURBED EITHER. NOW JUST GO AWAY, YOUNG MAN.

I KNEW THE PROFESSOR WAS UP TO SOMETHING, PROBABLY SOMETHING BIG. AND I WAS DETERMINED TO BREAK THE STORY.



... I'M GOING TO WAIT HERE 'TILL I FIND OUT WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT...

I NEEDED TO FIGURE OUT A WAY TO GET INSIDE.

THE MIDGETS ARE GETTING VERY ANGRY AND IMPATIENT. THEY'RE THREATENING TO BREAK IN HERE.

THE EXPERIMENTS AREN'T COMPLETED YET. NOT ENOUGH INFORMATION. NEED MORE TIME. THEY MUST WAIT.

AND THEN IT HIT ME LIKE A BOLT FROM THE SKY. I'D SNEAK AROUND TO THE BACK AND LOOK THROUGH THE WINDOW.

AAHHHHH! HELP! HELP!

STOP IT. STOP IT!

WHERE'S THE GROWTH SECRET?



IF YOU GO OUT IN THE WOODS TODAY YOU BETTER NOT GO ALONE...



WHERE'S THE MAGIC FORMULA?

I RAN AROUND TO THE BACK OF THE HOUSE AND TRIED TO LOOK INTO THE LAB WINDOW BUT IT WAS TOO HIGH OFF THE GROUND.

CATCH THEM! DON'T LET THEM LOOSE! THEY'RE ESCAPING! DON'T LET THEM GET AWAY!



HELP, HELP SOMEBODY!

I FRANTICALLY LOOKED AROUND FOR SOMETHING TO STAND ON. SPOTTING A GARBAGE CAN, I DRAGGED IT UNDER THE WINDOW AND CLIMBED UP--ONLY TO GAZE INTO AN EMPTY ROOM!

STOP THEM! HELP!!

...RACCOON TRIED TO KILL ME... I'LL CALL THE POLICE...

YOU THINK YOU'RE ABOVE THE LAW... YOU'RE NOT!



I CLIMBED DOWN FROM THE GARBAGE CAN AND ROLLED IT BACK WHERE I FOUND IT. THEN I WALKED AROUND TO THE FRONT OF THE HOUSE.

HI, PROFESSOR. HI, CLARE. HEY, THOSE ARE VERY LARGE ANIMALS, PROFESSOR. IS THERE A STORY BEHIND THEIR SIZE? CLARE, HOW HAVE YOU BEEN? YOU LOOK WONDERFUL!



HI, NED! NICE TO SEE YOU AGAIN!

CLARE WAS AS BEAUTIFUL AS I HAD REMEMBERED HER...

NED. LISTEN, NED, THIS CAN'T GET OUT. I MUST GET THOSE ANIMALS BACK. THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT THEY'LL DO. I WAS EXPERIMENTING WITH THEIR PITUITARY GLANDS. I WAS ON TO SOMETHING THAT COULD BENEFIT ALL MANKIND...

...PITUITARY GLAND... YES, THEY WERE QUITE LARGE. CLARE, DID YOU CHANGE YOUR HAIRSTYLE?

YES, I DID. DO YOU LIKE IT?



I KEPT MY PROMISE TO THE PROFESSOR AND DIDN'T REPORT THE LARGE ANIMALS TO MY PAPER. BUT I DID SNEAK CLARE'S LAST VACATION INTO THE SOCIETY NEWS. I WAS ON MY WAY OVER TO VISIT HER THE NEXT DAY WHEN I NOTICED A COMMOTION.

WHAT HAPPENED?

THERE'S AN ENORMOUS SQUIRREL THAT'S BEEN BURYING APPLES ALL OVER MY PROPERTY. I TRIED CHASING IT OFF WITH A ROLLED UP NEWSPAPER BUT IT DIDN'T EVEN BOTHER HIM. I FINALLY HAD TO HIT IT WITH A SHOVEL!

DON'T WORRY, AL!

I'LL LEND YOU MY SPREADER.



I TOLD THE PROFESSOR WHAT I HAD WITNESSED. HE SAID HE DIDN'T CARE ABOUT THE LOST ANIMALS ANYMORE BECAUSE HE WAS ON THE BRINK OF A DISCOVERY THAT COULD ELIMINATE PAIN AND SUFFERING FOR AS LONG AS MAN LIVES. HE DID MENTION, THOUGH, THAT THE ANIMALS' NEW SIZE MADE THEM UNCOORDINATED AND INCAPABLE OF CAUSING ANY TROUBLE. I SOON LEARNED DIFFERENTLY.

OH, MY BRAND NEW DRESS!

OH, YOUR NEW DRESS. AW, THAT'S AWFUL! SCAT, YOU. GET OUT OF HERE!



I WANTED TO PAY FOR CLARE'S CLEANING BILL, BUT SHE WOULDN'T HEAR OF IT. SINCE OUR PICNIC ENDED EARLIER THAN WE HAD EXPECTED, I SPENT SOME MORE TIME TALKING WITH THE PROFESSOR.



I TOLD THE PROFESSOR THAT I DOUBTED IF CLARE'S DRESS AND AL'S LAWN WERE THE ONLY CASUALTIES OF HIS "SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENTS."

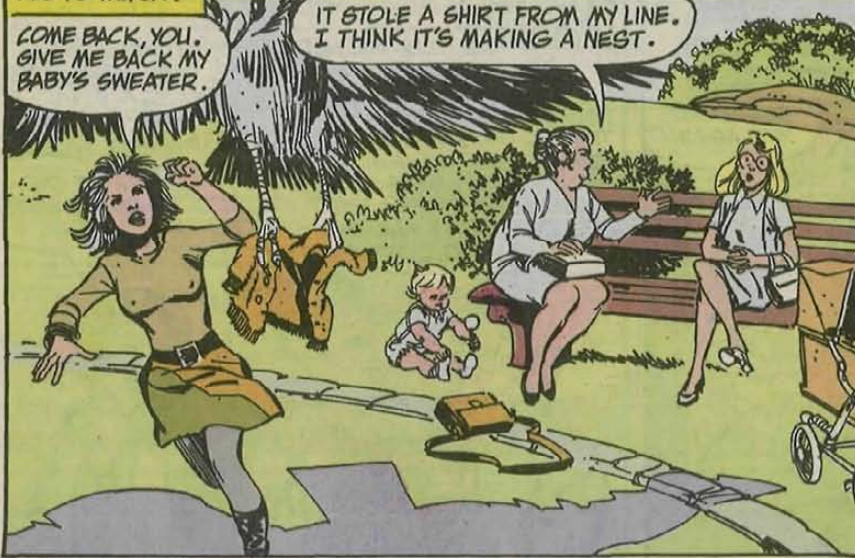


JUST AS I WAS ABOUT TO WARN THE PROFESSOR THAT THE PEOPLE OF WILMETTE WOULDN'T STAND FOR THIS MUCH LONGER, CLARE CAME INTO THE ROOM. SHE LOOKED LIKE A DREAM. SHE HAD ON A SLEEVELESS, APPLE GREEN, PIQUE-WEAVE DOUBLEKNIT THAT WAS SASHED AND FELL JUST BELOW THE KNEE, WHATEVER I WAS SAYING TO THE PROFESSOR, IT WENT ALL TO MUSH.

THE NEXT DAY, HOWEVER, BROUGHT ME BACK TO REALITY. I WAS NO LONGER ABLE TO KEEP THE DESTRUCTIVE RAMPAGE OF THESE ANIMALS OUT OF THE CLARION.

COME BACK, YOU. GIVE ME BACK MY BABY'S SWEATER.

IT STOLE A SHIRT FROM MY LINE. I THINK IT'S MAKING A NEST.



WHERE IS IT? I CAN'T FIND IT.

ON THE BOTTOM OF THE SECOND PAGE, THERE. "LARGER THAN AVERAGE BEAVER BELIEVED RESPONSIBLE FOR CHEWING THROUGH McDONALD ARCH."



FEAR OF THE PREDICTABLE DANGERS THAT THESE ANIMALS COULD CAUSE BEGAN TO TAKE ROOT IN THE PROFESSOR...

WELL, BEFORE I KNEW IT, I WAS AT THE U.N. IN NEW YORK WITH THE PROFESSOR, OTTO AND BEAUTIFUL, WONDERFUL CLARE. IT WAS SATURDAY AND FEW GUIDES WERE ON DUTY TO GIVE DIRECTIONS. I LEFT THE GROUP TO FIND THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

I KNOW WHAT I MUST DO. I MUST TELL EVERYTHING I KNOW. AND TELL IT TO THE WORLD... I WILL GO TO THE U.N.!

...I REALLY DON'T THINK THAT'S NECESSARY...

I'M THE ONE RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS, NED. NOBODY ELSE. I'LL NEED YOUR HELP. WE'LL HAVE TO FIND THAT MIDGET WHO WAS INJURED... LET'S SEE, WHAT ELSE...?



EXCUSE ME. COULD YOU TELL US WHERE WE COULD FIND... EXCUSE ME...

GIMME A BREAK, WILL YA?

HEY, WE'RE HERE ON IMPORTANT BUSINESS!



I WASN'T HAVING ANY LUCK FINDING IT SO I DECIDED TO GO BACK OUTSIDE AND START OVER.

OTTO, UNCLE MAT, COME HERE. I FOUND IT. THEY'RE ALL IN HERE.

GOOD GIRL.



INSTEAD OF GOING BACK IN THE DOOR I CAME OUT OF, I LOOKED AROUND UNTIL I FOUND ONE THAT WAS BIGGER. IT LOOKED LIKE IT SHOULD BE THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

WELL, HERE GOES. WISH ME LUCK.



I WAS RIGHT. IT WAS THE ENTRANCE TO THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY. AS SOON AS I GOT INSIDE I SAW THE SIGNS. BUT THE ANGLE OF THE LAST ONE PLIZZLED ME. IT POINTED NOT TO THE OBVIOUS GIANT DOORS IN FRONT OF ME, BUT INSTEAD TO A STAIRWAY. I TOOK THE STAIRWAY.

GOOD DAY, GENTLEMEN. I COME TO YOU TO SPEAK OF A MATTER OF... OF... CONCERN ...

WHOSE EARPHONES DO I HAVE? THESE AREN'T MY EARPHONES. WHAT LANGUAGE IS THIS?

NLIGARAH HOV TEG "EARFUN, EARFUN" BOK!

YESAN FIJO JARMOK DANNY KAY-SON. NO!

PLEASE TO STANDING BEHIND TALKING BOX, YANKEE DOODLE!



THE HIGHER I CLIMBED, THE MORE NARROW THE STAIRS BECAME. I WAS BEGINNING TO BELIEVE I HAD TAKEN THE WRONG TURN, BUT DECIDED TO GO ON ANYWAY.

I FINALLY CAME TO A STEEL DOOR. I TRIED THE KNOB AND IT WAS OPEN. I PRESSED MY BODY AGAINST ITS MASSIVE WEIGHT. AND FOUND MYSELF ON THE ROOF!

GENTLEMEN, I STAND BEFORE YOU A GUILTY MAN. GUILTY OF RELEASING UNPERFECTED SCIENTIFIC THEORIES. I HAVE WITH ME HERE A VICTIM OF MY CARELESSNESS. TELL THEM WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU, OTTO.

A RACCOON TRIED TO KILL ME. AN ENORMOUS RACCOON, BIGGER THAN NORMAL!

WHO IS THAT? WHO SAID THAT?



...THEIR VERY SIZE MAKES THEM A CONSIDERABLE MENACE TO HOMEOWNERS. HERE'S A SQUIRREL THAT TRIED TO MAKE A NEST IN SOMEONE'S EAVES.



BEFORE I REALIZED WHAT I HAD DONE, THE HEAVY DOOR GLAMMED SHUT. THERE WAS NO KNOB ON THE OUTSIDE. I WAS TRAPPED.

BEEBES HAVE LITTLE OR NO EFFECT ON THEM. HOWEVER, BULLETS STOP THEM COLD.



I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT. I WAS TRAPPED ON THE U.N. ROOF. IT CROSSED MY MIND THAT IF I WAS SEEN, THEY MIGHT THINK I WAS A HIRED ASSASSIN WAITING FOR MY PREY. I DROPPED TO THE GROUND AND CRAWLED ALONG ON MY STOMACH. FORTUNATELY, I SOON FOUND A DOOR THAT I COULD OPEN. I QUICKLY MADE MY WAY DOWN.

WELL, NOW YOU KNOW THE STORY. I'VE DONE ALL I CAN HERE. NOW I MUST GO HOME AND DO WHAT I CAN THERE. GOOD-BYE. GOOD-BYE.

REESIOT JAVS BLOATOVO.

DANNY KAY-SON, DANNY KAY-SON.

HELLO. HELLO. GET OFF THIS HEAD-SET.



WE WERE ALL ANXIOUS TO GET HOME. WE HADN'T HEARD ANY NEWS.

YOU LOOK AS RADIANT AS EVER, CLARE. I BET YOU WERE GREAT AT THE U.N. TODAY.

UNCLE MAT DID ALL OF THE WORK. YOU ALWAYS SAY THE NICEST THINGS TO ME.

MY HEAD STILL HURTS.



WE STOPPED AS SOON AS WE COULD TO FIND OUT THE LATEST DEVELOPMENTS.

OH, THEM. SOME CIRCUS CAME BY AND GRABBED THEM ALL UP. WHERE YOU FOLKS COMING FROM?



WITH ALL THAT BEHIND US, I HAD MORE TIME TO SEE CLARE. AND TALK ABOUT THE FUTURE.

DO YOU THINK THEY'LL EVER COME BACK?

WHO WILL EVER COME BACK?

THOSE BIG ANIMALS, THE SQUIRRELS AND RACCOONS AND THE REST.

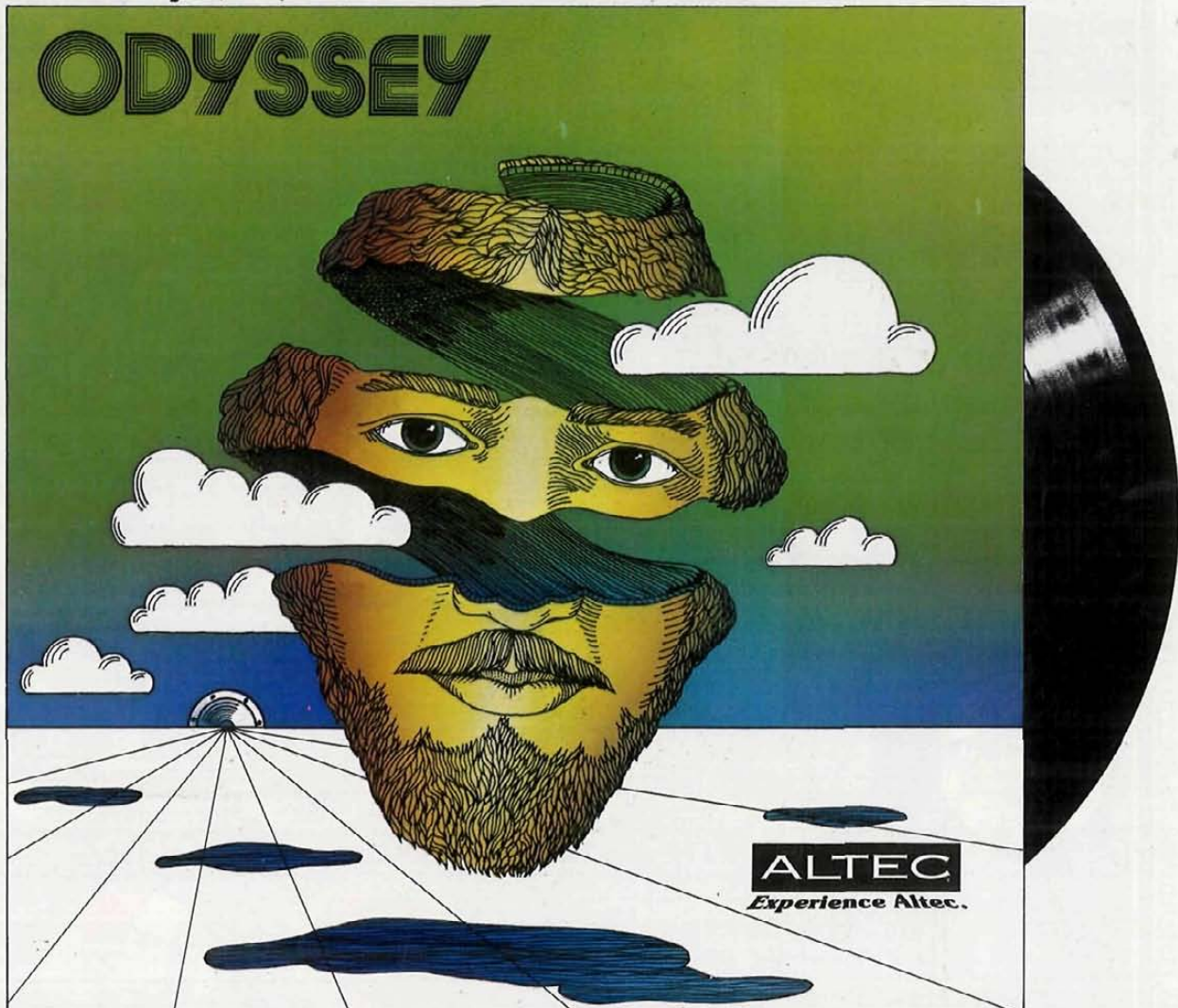
I DON'T KNOW...

I DON'T KNOW EITHER, BUT I DO KNOW THIS, YOU LOOK MORE LOVELY THAN I HAVE EVER SEEN YOU LOOK...



THE END

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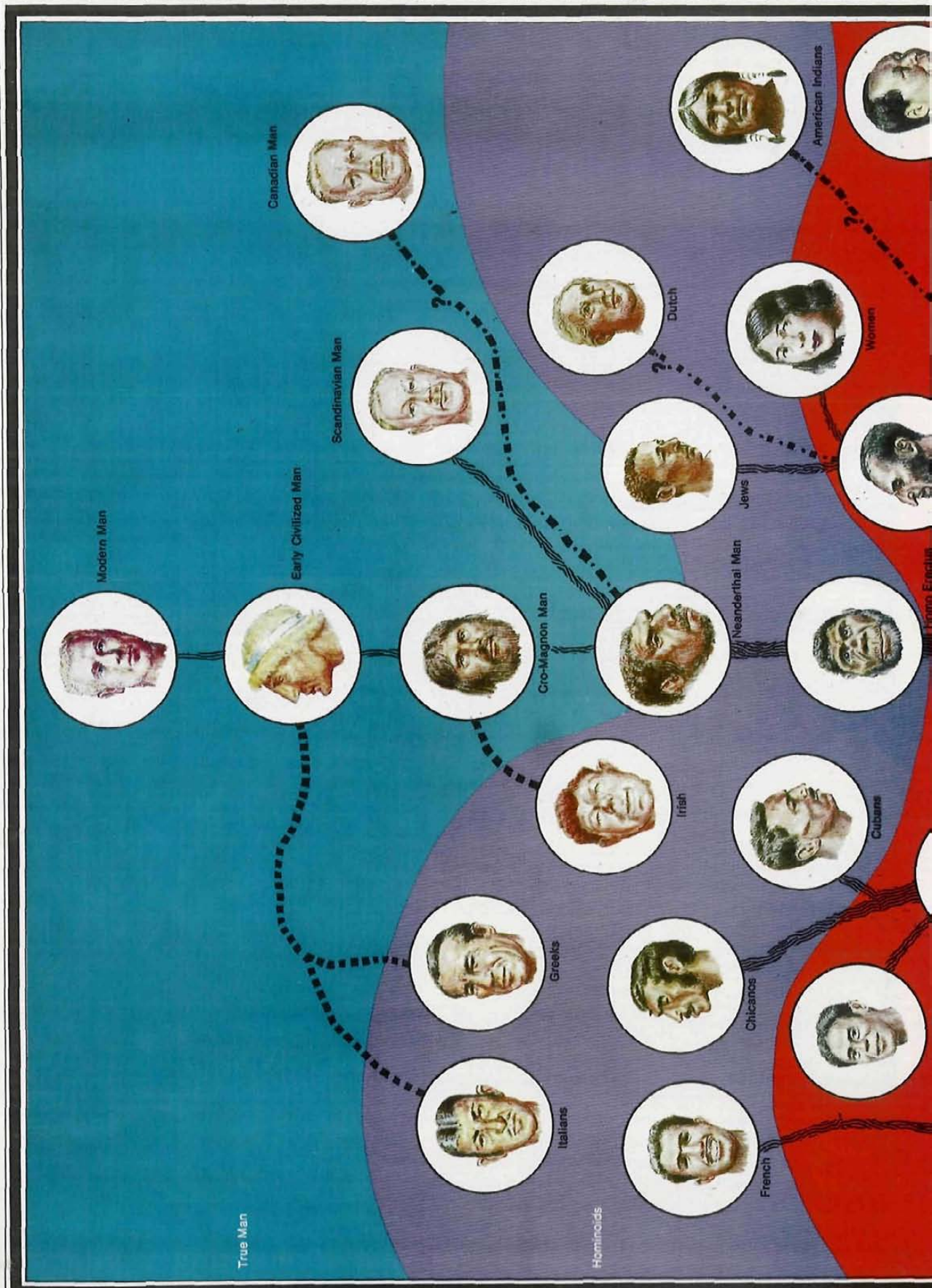
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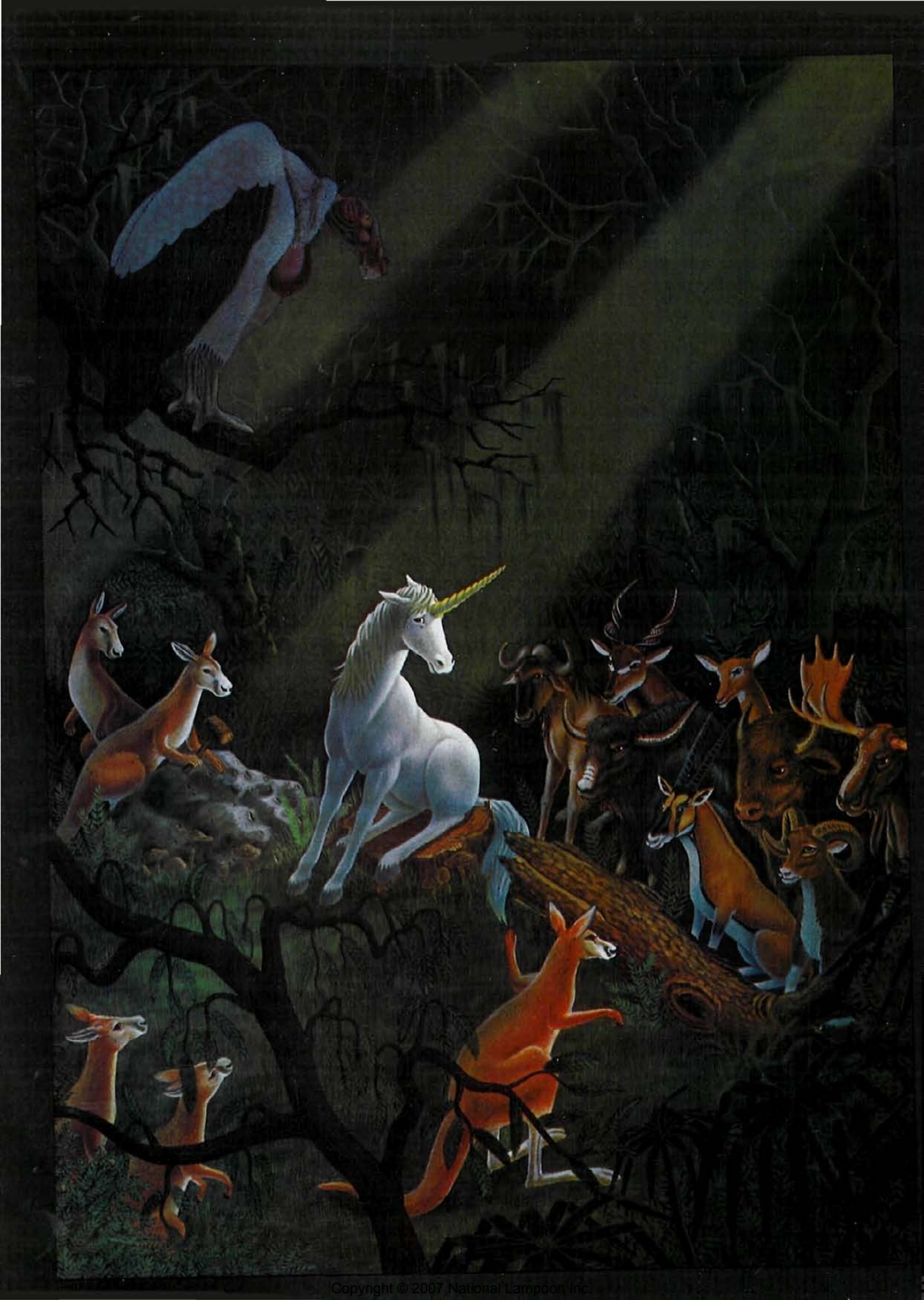
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Schlockly Theory: Evolutionary Development in the Primate Order

Prepared For the Paleontology Department of the University of California at Berkeley, California,
by Professor William Schlockly



Law of the Jungle

by Henry Beard and John Weidman

(*Opposite: A somewhat romanticized portrayal of the landmark restraint of evolution case, Unicorns v. Animal Kingdom (26 Mamm. 244). In the celebrated legal action, seven unicorns, the entire number still in existence at the time, brought a Doe suit against all animals, claiming unfair competition and conspiracy to render extinct, and asked that a writ of vivo vivantur, literally, "live and let live," be issued, permanently enjoining all living creatures from encroaching upon the habitats and domains of the unicorn. Although the principle of the right of an animal to the perpetuation of its species was well established, the action was an unusually sweeping one, and by ill chance, the jury, which was composed, according to the custom in extinction cases, by members of the plaintiff, rather than the defendant animal's order (in this case the horned mammals), was distinctly unfriendly. In any case, the ruling went against the unicorn, and although an appeal was brought charging that fabulous and mythical beasts, particularly basilisks, cockatrices, and phoenixes, had been systematically excluded from the jury, to the prejudice of the unicorn's interests, the case became moot when the last unicorn died during the taking of depositions in a related lawsuit.)*

I

INTRODUCTION

It is generally thought that the law of the jungle, or *lex biologica*, as it is properly known, can be reduced to a pair of simple catch phrases: "kill or be killed" and "survival of the fittest." This is, of course, no more true than the proposition that all human law can be expressed in the single solomonic principle of "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," but a number of commentators, Charles Darwin, the Huxleys, Robert Ardrey, Konrad Lorenz, and Rudyard Kipling, to name a few, have been responsible for spreading within the last century a considerable amount of misinformation about animal law which has significantly contributed to the erroneous idea already well rooted in popular belief, that animal jurisprudence consists primarily of the simple feudal concept of trial by combat. A flood of "nature films" depicting animals tearing each other to pieces which are regularly shown to children as education as well as entertainment have tended to reinforce at a very early age an image of animals behaving in a wild and lawless manner. Needless to say, films which show the aftermath of the bombings of Dresden or Hiroshima, or the liberation of Buchenwald, or even daily life on one of the poorer streets of our great cities, should logically be equally damaging evidence of the absence of a body of law among men, but the very fact that the word "animal" has come to be accepted as synonymous with uncivilized behavior is sufficient proof of the deep prejudice which exists.¹

¹ Another example of this attitude is the oft-quoted line from Dickens, "The law is an ass." To set the record straight, it should be noted that a number of asses have been very distinguished jurists. For example, an ass, sitting as judge in the famous migration case, *Vertebratae Americanae v. Alaska Land Bridge*, established the principle of the right of unlimited evolutionary spread. In another instance, an ass wrote the celebrated dissent in *Goldfinch*

In fact, so inaccurate a notion represents a serious oversimplification of a highly complex and sophisticated legal code, one which compares very favorably with the great Western legal traditions—Roman law, English common law, and the French Napoleonic Code.²

Like human law, the *lex biologica* evolved over a long period of time, and it isn't difficult to find periods in animal history when the sum of legal niceties was "bite makes right," but countless examples of human legal concepts at an immature stage of development can be cited to show that animals have no monopoly as far as having a background of legal crudity goes. Less than a thousand years ago, trial by fire and water, the Inquisition, the common infliction of the death penalty for petty theft, and the regular use of torture to obtain confessions, were common practice throughout Europe. By comparison, even in Jurassic times,³ animals had the rudiments of a legal structure. One of the first recorded cases, *Brontosaurus v. Tyrannosaurus Rex* (7 Fossils 3446), a fairly routine waterhole case in which a dispute arose following the closing of a traditional easement by a volcanic eruption, indicated that the beginnings of an awareness among animals of a need for an orderly means of settling disagreements without bloodshed existed long before parallel developments in human law.⁴

Unfortunately, the larger reptiles, particularly the dinosaurs, behaved like Norman knights, refusing in many cases to accept unfavorable verdicts, and almost invariably resorting to the ancient custom of trial by eating. Needless to say, this was a far more critical factor in their catastrophic decline than the Ice Age.⁵

Nevertheless, the development of legal institutions in the animal kingdom has for the most part been a steady and inevitable one, sometimes making huge jumps forward (for example, the adoption of the Universal Genetic Code), sometimes suffering setbacks, yet always moving towards greater detail, more precision, and, on the whole, an ever-widening recognition of animal rights. The remarkably exact and voluminous body of law which began to be introduced with the advent of warm-blooded animals and their eventual domination of the animal kingdom is a far cry (literally) from the stay-out-of-my-territory-or-I'll-bite-off-your-proboscis mentality that spawned it, but the process by which animal law grew,

continued

v. Bluejay (12 Ornith. 148), holding that a search of a bluejay's nest for evidence of its having eaten the eggs of the plaintiff goldfinch, a search which, as it developed, did yield incriminating evidence of the accusation and of several other similar crimes, violated the defendant bluejay's rights since it was based not on specific probable cause but on the general knowledge that bluejays traditionally raid other birds' nests. The principle was later accepted.

² In terms of complexity and overall fairness, most observers put the *lex biologica* on an equal plane with German law, with which it shares surprising similarities.

³ The word Jurassic, incidentally, comes from the Latin root *juris*, or "having to do with law," and refers to the period in which animals first developed legal institutions. Sadly, many people do not know this.

⁴ For a fascinating glimpse of this birth period of animal law, see *Equus on Reptiles*. Interestingly, all three major branches of the *lex fauna*, land law, aquatic law, and aerial law, developed from the codex reptilia, since this extraordinarily numerous and varied class counted swimming, walking, and flying specimens among its members.

⁵ See *Tyrannosaurus Rex v. Canadian Ice Sheet*, and other similar cases.

and still grows, is direct, logical, and quite methodical. Alas, there simply isn't space here to describe it,⁶ nor is there room to give any but the most sweeping introduction to basic animal law. As an example of the task involved in gaining a working knowledge of the *lex fauna* alone, it usually requires anywhere from seven to ten years for an animal to be admitted to the stump and allowed to practice law, a fact which, unfortunately, permanently prohibits a large number of short-lived species from pursuing legal careers.

Basically, the so-called "law of the jungle" (or more accurately, the *lex biologica*, or "law of living things"), falls into two categories, plant law (*lex flora*) and animal law (*lex fauna*). We won't concern ourselves except in passing with plant law. Actually, it is quite simple, and apart from a rather large and tedious body of case material on root rights of way, leaf easements, water rights, and the inevitable entanglement suits brought by trees against various species of ivy—a caseload which always threatens to strangle the courts—plant law is very sedate and straightforward.⁷ There are, of course, numerous areas of overlap between plant law and animal law, for example, pollination cases, in which various flowering plants bring suit for breach of contract against bees, and property law, an instance of which is the implied lease which a bird enters into when it places its nest in a tree.⁸

Animal law, as has been suggested, is usually divided into the law of the sea or aquatic law (*corpus juris maris*); the law of the air or aerial law (*ius aeris*), which is really just a subdivision of the law of the land rather than a separate division, like aquatic law, since birds and insects actually

spend a majority of their time on the ground; and the law of the land (*ius terrestris*) itself. (Unfortunately, since the *lex fauna* developed in much the same way as English common law, that is, by fits and starts, according to no specific plan, and incorporating every oddity and phase of evolution along the way, it is mind-bendingly complex, with intertwining jurisdictions and separate codes, a fact which is probably becoming clear just about now, and which explains why this discourse can only serve as an introduction.) Within land animal law as a whole, and occasionally overlapping aquatic law, are herbivore and carnivore law, each with its own separate courts. Generally speaking, carnivore courts end up handling criminal cases and herbivore courts civil cases, not because of any sensible legal reason, but simply because, traditionally, a carnivore convicted in a herbivore court got off lightly or ate the court. However, because of the confusion, an animal, let us say a mountain lion involved in a territoriality dispute with another mountain lion in which he accidentally killed the other mountain lion during a fight over a cave, and was hence charged with animalslaughter, and tried for that crime in carnivore court, might also be charged with a civil breach arising out of the same act, such as simple trespass, and tried in a herbivore court, without protection from double jeopardy. Admittedly, it happens rarely, and most of the civil penalties, at least, are fairly minor by comparison with the criminal ones, but it is arguably a flaw in animal law.

Within both the *lex flora* and the *lex fauna*, there is microbe law, including the codex bacteria, the *lex protozoa*, virus law, and a few others,

and together they represent the most stupefyingly difficult imaginable legal structure. Fortunately, the obvious problem of size difference renders it, of necessity, beyond our concern, but out of sight is not quite entirely out of mind. First of all, as elsewhere in the overall *lex biologica*, many cases occur between jurisdictions. For example, in the junction between microbe law and plant law, there are an incalculably large number of nitrogen-fixing cases, a criminal matter taken very seriously by most vegetation. But the largest impact of microbe law by far is in its relation to animal law, for the very good reason that, as is well known, viruses and bacteria particularly play an immensely large role in animal life, and although an obscure trial of an influenza virus on a criminal trespass charge may seem the height of triviality, it takes on considerable importance if the jurisdiction turns out to be the Superior Court for the Lower Intestine in your own body. Similarly, a summary judgment granted in favor of a *streptococcus* bacteria seeking under the provisions of the Genetic Code to alter its cell wall to render it immune to the effects of penicillin mold on the grounds of tortious conduct on the part of the penicillin mold, to wit, reckless interference with reproduction, may be the beginning of a major epidemic. Along the same lines, in plant law, a judgment ruling in favor of a contention on the part of a tobacco mosaic virus that the xylem of a tobacco plant represents a legal right of way could result in the bankruptcy of a farmer.⁹

Of course, within animal law, there are a vast number of jurisdictions, generally, but not always, corresponding to the major natural divisions of living things. A few of the most common are the Vertebrate Courts, the Reptilian Courts, the Invertebrate Courts, the Rodent Courts (administering the special codex rodenta), and, in a quirk produced by the early separation of the Australian land mass from the rest of the continental agglomeration, the Marsupial Courts. Marsupial cases, incidentally, are unique to the extent that, in criminal prosecutions, evidence by the young, if they are in the pouch at the time of the commission of the alleged

⁶ The best source still is the classic *Cherystone's Commentaries*.

⁷ There are a few more colorful cases in plant law, as for example, *Bluebottle v. Venus Fly Trap* (49 Botan. 236), a complex entrapment case, in which the principle of the right of an animal to sue in a botanical court was upheld. It is something of a curiosity, because most actions brought to protest ingestions go the other way—plant to animal, as would be the case, say, if a genus of plains grass sued a buffalo herd for overgrazing. In practice, of course, there are practically no interjurisdictional suits, because very few animals have the patience to sit through interminable botanical proceedings. Most evidence is taken by osmosis, the courts adjourn in the fall and don't reconvene again until spring, and a careless footstep of a large animal not even involved in the case can completely wipe out several months of hearings.

⁸ *Hazelnut v. Gypsy Moth* (2 Arb. 361), is an intriguing instance of overlap, with a wild card thrown in. The case, which is still in adjudication and is likely to be so almost indefinitely, revolves around a very tricky legal point, itself unresolved. The gypsy moth begins its life as a worm, at which point it erects huge tentlike structures in the branches of trees and proceeds to eat them bare. This suit was brought by the tree in question under the principle of trop mange,

literally, "you're eating too much," a long-established concept in both plant and animal law, which holds that if there is a reasonable alternative source of essentially the same foodstuff in another neighboring locality, it is the obligation of the predator animal not to completely eliminate any given subject species, an act which would of course infringe on its right not to be rendered extinct. In animal law, a lion is thus prohibited from eating all the members of an antelope herd, or even confining its diet merely to antelopes, when gazelles or impalas are equally available. In plant law, the principle is generally taken, in the case of large vegetable growth, like trees, to refer to single specimens—that is, a giraffe would, under plant law, be enjoined from completely stripping one tree, thus dooming it, and leaving another nearby untouched. *Hazelnut v. Gypsy Moth* would thus be a *prima proboscis*, or open-jaw-and-shut case of trop mange, except for one thing. Once the tent caterpillar has finished its life as a worm, it changes into a moth and flies away. This, of course, is exactly what the defendants in *Hazelnut* and all similar suits have done. One would think that the case could be resolved by bringing an action against the creature in its moth phase, but even presuming that the time problem could be overcome (the moths generally live no longer than a day or two), there is no legal basis

for a suit, since the moth has no chewing apparatus, does not in any way damage the tree, and immediately leaves the tree once it can fly. It is cases like this that make the law of the jungle so fascinating.

⁹ Microbe law is so impossibly convoluted, and, for obvious reasons, so difficult to get any hard information on, it is really worth forgetting about, if only for your own peace of mind. No one likes the idea that some inept coliform bacteria, sitting as judge in his gall bladder, is going to let off a cancer virus on a technicality. We apologize for bringing this up in the first place.

crime, is not admissible, and cannot be compelled.

In aerial law, there are the Courts of Ovipary and Vivipary, and the Nest Assizes, and in insect law, itself an unimaginably large jurisdiction, the Court of Common Stings and the Ant Military Courts. These, and those courts mentioned above, are all in addition to the more or less standard interspecies courts, and there are endless jurisdictional disputes.¹⁰ Incidentally, while we're on the subject of insects, it's worth mentioning that when you hear the characteristic high-pitched noise which cicadas make on a summer day, the odds are you are hearing a Court of Small Crawls being called to order.

The minutiae of all this is admittedly bewildering. Of course, nothing mentioned thus far begins to compare in complexity and sheer orneriness with aquatic law. Virtually every species from mammals, birds, and reptiles, down through saltwater fish¹¹ to more or less fixed creatures, some of which, like the hydra, spend half their lives subject to the *lex fauna* and half subject to the *lex flora*, are represented. In addition, any breach, civil or criminal, committed in the sea or above it by an animal normally subject to the *jus terrestris* falls automatically under the jurisdiction of the *corpus juris maris*. This can have problematical implications. In a famous case, *Seagull v. Mollusk* (187 Atlan. 30), a gull which had taken a clam from among some rocks near the seashore normally covered by high tide and had dropped it from a considerable height to break its shell, found itself charged with unlawful breaking and entering under the *corpus juris maris* for an act which under the *jus terrestris* and the *jus aeris* is not a crime if committed in the course of a lawful search for food. The critical point was that the clam had been seized in an aquatic jurisdiction, and when it fell, it fell into an aquatic jurisdiction, namely, on a rock covered at high tide. Thanks to a very smart lawyer indeed (a cormorant, not surprisingly), the seagull was eventually acquitted on a technicality. (The cormorant argued successfully that the case fell properly into the jurisdiction of the *jus aeris* and the *jus terrestris*, jointly, because at

the instant of the commission of the act held to be a crime under the *corpus juris maris*, namely, the moment the seagull released the mollusk from its beak with the intent that it should fall on a rock, thus breaking its shell, the seagull was in the air over dry land, a contention he was able to produce witnesses, in the form of an albatross and a pelican, to support.)

Another famous case in aquatic law, one which is still continuing, and at 17,567 years, is surely the longest litigation in any jurisdiction, is *Great Barrier Reef v. Starfish* (2 Pacif. 412). First entered in the Court of the Lower Depths, and after 3,416 years, transferred to the Marine Court for the Western District of the Lower Pacific when through statute that court gained jurisdiction, the case has been carried on by successive individual polyps against all members of the species *Asterias vulgaris* engaged in feeding off said plaintiff polyps along the eastern coast of Australia. On the face of it, it was a very ordinary case, a malicious predation suit, charging the starfish with deliberately limiting their diet to the easy-to-locate polyps, and thus endangering the predated species and its habitat. It was a little unusual, because by eating the polyps, the starfish were inhibiting the growth of coral—actually, the skeletons of dead polyps of previous generations—and in some cases destroying it, thus, in one act, violating two very basic rights: the right of perpetuation of a species, and the right of preservation of its habitat. A key decision, which the court probably came quickly to regret, was to allow new members of the coral polyp species to take up the suit when previous plaintiffs died. The resulting suit has forced several other species, involved by an accident of jury selection at the beginning of the suit, to move their habitats to the coral reefs and adapt themselves to life there so as to be able to continue hearing the suit. Several original participant species have since become extinct, and as an odd side effect, the reefs have grown immensely, partially because it is in the reefs that the inconceivably voluminous transcripts are stored.

Of course, the overwhelming majority of aquatic cases are a good deal less exotic, and in its fundamentals, the *corpus juris maris* does not differ greatly from the *jus terrestris*. Most of aquatic plant law is covered by the codex algae, and as with land animal law, the distinction between carnivore and herbivore courts, that is, their division of responsibilities into criminal and civil cases, is followed. The few mammals, like the whale and the dolphin, which returned to the sea, are entirely within the jurisdic-

tion of the *corpus juris maris*, and on the whole, relations between the aquatic and land courts have been surprisingly free of acrimony.

There are still more divisions and subdivisions, including the process of appeals up through various levels of jurisdiction, and their complexity is numbing. Basically, under the *lex flora* and the *lex fauna*, appeals are permitted to the Supreme Court in each of the geographical areas in the plant and animal kingdoms, but appeals from aquatic cases end with the Marine Supreme Court, and appeals in aerial cases can only be heard by the appropriate land Supreme Court if there is a significant question under the *jus terrestris*. Decisions and precedents differ enormously from place to place. For example, the African courts, particularly the Supreme Court of the Serengeti Plain, have tended to favor carnivores. By comparison, the laws regarding predation in North American districts are exceptionally strict. Jurisdictional disputes between geographical areas are many and vituperative.¹²

This brief description, which has probably confused and enlightened in equal measure, was intended to give some notion of the complexity of the law of the jungle, and it is really only prefatory to an enumeration of the basic legal principles which govern the conduct of affairs in the animal kingdom (some of them also apply in the plant kingdom, but obviously, plants, with their lack of mobility, are usually involved in far fewer litigations, civil or criminal). Again, since the *lex fauna* evolved piecemeal, it simply isn't possible to organize these principles in any truly logical fashion, and the presentation here, which is only one of a number of satisfactory possibilities, is somewhat arbitrary.

II

"UNWRITTEN" RIGHTS

As is the case in the British legal system, the key individual rights enjoyed and claimed by animals are "unwritten"—that is, they are not specifically enumerated in some document or legal instrument like the Bill

continued on page 48

¹² A good example is *Old World Monkey v. New World Monkey* (220 Amaz. 45), a relatively routine unfair competition case which exploded into a nasty slanging match between the Supreme Court of Serengeti and the Superior Court of the Lower Amazon Basin. Considering that the courts involved coerced two species of birds who normally migrate between South America and Africa into carrying insults back and forth, and that in so doing the birds may have violated portions of the *jus aeris* by being party to the communication of a libel, the whole matter was disgraceful. Not surprisingly, at the root of it was man, who brought the Old World monkey to South America in the first place.

¹⁰ These jurisdictional disputes often lead to flagrant miscarriages of justice. See *Porpoise v. Porpoise* (505 Aqua. 44), a felonious assault case. The defendant porpoise, quite clearly guilty, evaded punishment on a technicality, because the prosecutor made the fatal jurisdictional mistake of bringing the case on the Fish and Crustacean, rather than the Sea Mammal, side of the Magistrate's Court for the Bermuda Triangle.

¹¹ Fresh water fish in streams and lakes are subject to the codex flumen and the *corpus lacus*, or to pond law, depending on their habitat. All of these jurisdictions fall within the *jus terrestris*.

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continued from page 45

of Rights of the United States Constitution, but are instead expressed in a number of roundabout fashions, sometimes hidden in convoluted language in a relatively minor statute, sometimes implied by precedent and tradition, sometimes accepted by long practice, and so forth. This relative imprecision of statement should by no means be read as an indication that these rights are taken lightly by animals or are likely to be easily dismissed by them.

In this regard, there are a number of important rights and freedoms which together form the underlying basis of all of the laws of the animal and plant kingdoms, including the lex fauna, the lex flora, and all subsidiary codes. It should be noted that these rights apply equally to all creatures, regardless of jurisdiction, and except to the extent that they are specifically limited or qualified by statute, these rights are absolute.

A. The Right to Eat

Also known as freedom of predation, the right to eat guarantees to every living creature the right to sustenance, without criminal penalty, regardless of whether ingestion consistent with this right leads directly or indirectly to the death of another animal or plant, provided that the predator, if challenged, can demonstrate beyond a reasonable doubt that its consumption of said animal or plant was purely and solely for the purposes of survival and continued existence and not for any lesser purpose. This fundamental right has been discussed and restated on a number of occasions and in a variety of forums, but it is certainly best expressed in Title 76 of the Carnivore Code of the lex fauna: "Any creature bearing fur or fin or feather who shall, in the pursuit of its rightful desire to prosper within the confines of its habitat and according to the manner of its species, devour, feed upon, or otherwise ingest another living thing, have it blood or sap, provided that said living thing shall not be of the same species, shall not be held culpable of a felony, nor of eating nor of animalslaughter, and any action for retrieval of damages, and any charge under the criminal code shall fail, nor shall any injunction issue, save that it be demonstrated that said devourment, feeding, or ingestion was willful or malicious, lacking of necessity for survival, or not arising out of hunger, and the burden of the proof of improper predation shall rest with the plant or animal fed upon, for otherwise than that it be proven that the intent of the predator was in the first instance to kill, and not to feed, this right, as enumerated, shall be absolute."

Needless to say, the distinction between killing to kill and killing to obtain food is paramount throughout animal law. One of the most famous and important statements of the right to eat resulted from the case of *Gazelle v. Lion* (245 Mamm. 198), in the Court of Carnivore Appeals for the Northern Veldt. The plaintiff gazelle prayed for the issuance of a writ of habeas carcasse, the so-called "Great Writ" which, when issued, demands the return of the remains of a preyed-upon animal and its release ex mandibilia, literally, "from the jaws," pending determination of the legality of the predator's actions. (It was the plaintiff gazelle's temporary good fortune that an officer of the court happened to be in the neighborhood during the disputed attack—normally, writs of habeas carcasse are issued post mortem.)

Following the issuance of the writ, the gazelle presented evidence that the defendant lion had within twenty minutes of the attack upon itself, killed and left uneaten an antelope, and that therefore any further attacks which the lion made prior to the ingestion of the prey it had already killed could not be rationalized as motivated by legitimate hunger, since if hunger were the prime motivation, as required by the statute, the lion would eat what it killed before it killed again, and if it killed again, before it ate what it killed, then, it must follow, the lion's prime motivation, regardless of its nature, could not be hunger. In a judgment nullifying the writ of habeas carcasse, the court, presided over by a notorious "feeding judge," it must be noted, answered this somewhat sophist argument with one of its own, finding that the lion's legitimate and protected right to eat remained intact, for at the time it killed the antelope, it could not be argued that it was not hungry, since it had not eaten the antelope it had previously killed, and, having not eaten the antelope, it could hardly be argued that at the time of its attack on the gazelle its hunger was any the less.

This case is far from being the most shining example of animal jurisprudence, but it serves to underscore the reluctance which all of the animal courts have displayed in reducing or limiting the right to eat, recognizing as they have its integral and essential relationship to the right of survival. In practice, the only animalslaughter or felony eating (Eating One, Eating Two, etc.) cases which are ever adjudicated are those in which killings within species are involved or in a few extraordinary cases where killings which cannot be rationalized as consistent with hunger, because of the

impossibility of the predator devouring its prey, occur.¹³

B. The Right to Breed

The statement of this freedom often seems redundant to observers of animal law, probably because in fairly recent human experience, direct interference with human reproductive processes has rarely if ever characterized the actions of even the worst tyrant, and the most passing familiarity with police records indicates that it is rape, and not the prevention of intercourse, which is the leading sex crime. All of this, of course, is to miss the point. It is very rare in the animal kingdom (somewhat less rare in the plant kingdom)¹⁴ that mating processes of one species are interfered with by another, but the statement of the right to breed is nevertheless important because of the critical protections which emanate from it.

The first of these key protections is the "not guilty by reason of instinct" defense.¹⁵ Since there is no explicit right to individual survival—this is often puzzling to persons whose notion of animal life is limited to a high school level introduction to Darwin's unbelievably myopic observations¹⁶—the "instinct" defense, a very useful and common one, can be legally based only on an animal's natural desire to perpetuate the species.

¹³ This principle has become known as the Boa Test, the name having come from a freakish negligent animalslaughter case which resulted from the accidental killing of an elephant by a boa constrictor. The large snake—made logy by the heat—had entwined itself around the leg of a grazing elephant, thinking it was a tree trunk. The elephant failed to notice the snake and eventually it moved on, with the snake still around its leg. As luck would have it, the boa awoke with a start just as the elephant was negotiating a tricky path along a rocky escarpment; the elephant was startled, tripped over the boa, and fell to its death. The charge of negligent animalslaughter was a little extreme, but the boa managed to achieve acquittal by actually eating the remains of the elephant during the seven month period of the trial, thus both disposing of the evidence, and, more importantly, moving the killing of the elephant into the area of legitimate predation.

¹⁴ The complexity of some botanical reproductive processes, and the implied involvement of third parties, such as bees, complicates matters in the plant kingdom. In addition, direct collisions between the right of birds to eat seeds and the right of the plants which produce the seeds to breed new plants are very common. If you have noticed that birds rarely if ever establish nests in fruit trees, it is for the very good reason that fruit trees simply won't grant leases, even on a season-by-season basis, to the creatures with whom they are perpetually involved in unpleasant litigation.

¹⁵ There is also a "not guilty by reason of rabies" defense, which is self-explanatory.

¹⁶ Darwin based his concept of the law of the jungle on the Galapagos Islands, a very odd and unrepresentative jurisdiction. (It would be analogous, and equally unconstructive, to base a sweeping study of human law on the legal processes of the Scilly Isles, where feudal law remains in effect.) Because it was settled almost entirely by birds, it obtained unusually sweeping evolutionary charters in the absence of competing claims, the *ius aeris* obtains through-

Species have an implied right of survival; individuals within a species, because of the limitations which result from the need to permit the free exercise of the right to eat on the part of other animals, do not have an implied right of survival.

For example, the female of a species may not be charged with any criminal act while guarding its young.¹⁷ Similarly, a male of a species who kills another male of the same species in a fight over a female of the same species cannot be charged with animalslaughter. Generally speaking, the fact that a crime of violence occurred during mating season is usually a sufficient defense. (An almost identical principle exists in human law. Crimes committed while the mistral is blowing in southern France traditionally are treated with less severity because of the long-noted effect this hot, dry wind appears to have on people's tempers.)

Incidentally, there is a rather large body of mating law, and the Mating Courts tend to be quite busy, particularly in the spring, settling cases ranging from abandonment of the nest to eating one's own young (an ugly occurrence, but it does happen).¹⁸ As is the case with Family Courts in human law, the Mating Courts are dreary places, and it must be wearing indeed to have to listen to the endless cases of brutal peckings and stampings, to trumpeting matches between a pair of estranged elks, or to an accusation by a sturgeon that its mate fertilized someone else's roe. Alas, animals often turn out to be very human.

C. Freedom to Cry, Howl, Bay, and Hoot

This is a straightforward, well-established freedom, and except for a few very specific limitations, it grants to all living creatures the right to any form of expression they may choose.

The most notable limitation is contained in the hoary phrase, "The free-

dom to cry is not so unlimited as to permit an animal to bellow 'Fire!' in a crowded herd." Some jurisdictions also have enacted statutes prohibiting "breach of the peaceable kingdom" and have attempted to establish curfew during various hours of the night, but such laws are rarely left undisturbed by higher courts on appeals, because they challenge not only the freedom to cry, but also the right to eat, since many animals seek food at night, and of these, a large percentage—most notably, bats—depend on various sorts of noises to assist them in their search for food.

D. The Right to Bare Claws

This right, which is quite special and which rarely is cited in contemporary cases, arose out of an extremely long controversy over the wide disparity in the distribution of antlers, horns, fangs, poison sacs, and the like among species in the animal kingdom. A number of species charged unfair competition in a series of cases, but not surprisingly, the plaintiff species often became extinct before a final determination was made in their cases, and the question was rendered moot. The net result was the establishment, by default, of the right of species to develop any offensive appendages they might wish, consistent with the Genetic Code.

E. The Right to Assemble in Herds, Migrate, and Stampede

This is a case of another right which became part of the package of unwritten freedoms in the *lex fauna* through a process of evolution. The first animals which organized themselves into large herds gained an instant and quite terrifying advantage over other species, and a number of unfair competition and restraint of evolution suits were brought. It was most commonly charged that herds tended to monopolize huge habitats, making continued survival for other species virtually impossible. Attempts at regulation were made from time to time¹⁹ but the courts ultimately found themselves powerless to enforce the break-up of even moderately sized herds, flocks, or schools.

In any case, the herd concept led to the recognition of the absolute

continued

¹⁹ *Coyotes v. Buffalo Herd* (2 *Quadrupeds* 66), brought in the Court of Appeals for the Northern Great Plains, was a landmark case. The coyotes argued, unsuccessfully, that the domination of the plains by the buffalos, some of whose herds numbered in the millions, rendered an immense area uninhabitable, and asked that the buffalo species be broken up into several subspecies. However, even though the coyotes lost the case, an important principle was established: the right of individual members of one species to sue an entire herd as a whole, rather than attempting the impossible task of suing its individual members one by one.

continued

right of animals to free movement, an essential development. Actually, herd activity is not entirely unregulated. There are a number of migratory courts which are responsible for the management of flyways, heavily used passes, key ocean currents, and so forth, and the growth and increasing sophistication of herd law has removed most of the worst abuses.²⁰

F. The Right to a Speedy Trial by Jury

The jury concept is very deeply rooted in animal law. Invariably, animals are given the opportunity to be tried by a jury composed of animals in their class, order, phylum, or other appropriate division—for example, a flat worm's jury would be limited to the *Platyhelminthes*—and, for obvious reasons, members of its own individual species would not be included in its jury because of their easily demonstrable prejudice.

The concept of "speedy" varies greatly. Under the *jus aeris*, for example, a moth charged with a capital or infamous crime must be brought to trial within twenty minutes. Under the *codex botanica*, a plant charged, say, with choking off the sunlight of a neighboring plant, must be brought to trial within five years.²¹

G. The Right of All Animals to Be Secure in Their Nests

This is an ancient right, neatly summed up in the phrase "an animal's dwelling is its nest." Interestingly, this right is so deeply ingrained in the *lex fauna* that it even supercedes the right to eat, at least in theory. An animal which invades another animal's nest and eats it cannot be convicted of a felony eating charge presuming it is able to demonstrate that it acted out of hunger, but it can be charged with criminal trespass and breaking and entering. In practice,

²⁰ Some still remain. The locusts, who rather shrewdly registered as a swarm under the notoriously weak herd laws of the Arabian Peninsula, have managed thus far to evade prosecution for their indisputably illegal activities. And two species of army ants have refused to answer subpoenas issued by several of the African courts, claiming that they are subject only to their own Courts Martial. In one case, a War Crimes Tribunal was actually convened following a particularly catastrophic ant rampage, and found 750,000 ants guilty of crimes against animality. In spite of their insistence that they were only following their instincts, they were executed. The gesture was somewhat pointless. An average ant horde numbers in the billions; eradicating what amounted to a single platoon achieved nothing.

²¹ Once again, the Galapagos provides a curious legal example, in this case the problem of definition involved in the word "speedy." Because the *jus aeris* is the only code in use, turtles are subject to the requirement that defendants be brought to trial within five days of the commission of an alleged crime. The usual practice is to hold the proceedings on the back of the turtle as it makes its way to the court. When it arrives, it is either sentenced or acquitted, depending upon the outcome.

this fact does little to deter the constant habit of many species of preying on other species' nests, but it at least indicates a revulsion on the part of a great many animals for the unlimited savagery which all animals are widely supposed to engage in.

As weak a bulwark as it has proved to attacks by other animals, this right does provide protection against searches of an animal's nest for the gathering of evidence in criminal cases, an area of the *lex fauna* which is better covered as a part of procedure.

III

STATUTES, CASE LAW, AND PROCEDURE

Once again, the complex structure and accidental nature of the *lex fauna* and the *lex flora* make it impossible to proceed through a description of the workings of the law of the jungle in everyday practice in any logical fashion. But it is possible to give some feeling of the way the law operates, as it permits, prohibits, and regulates all conduct within the animal and plant kingdoms. Our concern here will be only with the most important and common areas of the law, and for the most part we will pretend that legal practice is more or less the same throughout geographical jurisdictions and among the various codes, an assumption which, unfortunately, is far from true.

A. Contracts

Contracts play as large and essential a role in serving to regulate and formalize relationships and obligations within the plant and animal kingdoms as they do in human affairs. There are myriad examples of contractual arrangements which animals and plants enter into on a regular basis and to a considerable degree, contracts form the absolute foundation for much of what is thought of as "life in a natural state." In point of fact, much of what is generally taken for granted as occurring "naturally" is the result of a complex, interconnected web of promissory covenants and explicit commitments between and among vast numbers of living creatures and things whom one would not at first glance think of as being even aware of, let alone vaguely concerned with, one another's existence. Conservationists who speak of the delicate ecological balance and the interrelationship of living things are, whether they know it or not, describing a legal, as much as a biological, structure.

One or two of these legal relationships have been described in preceding sections, but in our earlier discus-

sion, we made no attempt to convey the sheer magnitude of this area of non-human law. To illustrate the situation which prevails in the animal kingdom today, it is only necessary to examine a very small, representative slice of the biosphere and point out only a few of the more obvious legal agreements which provide the essential stability which, paradoxically, is so crucial to life in "the wild."

Apart from pollination and seed transportation covenants with a variety of insects and animals, most plants, from ferns to trees, are linked by contract to any of a thousand or so genera of fungi for long-term processing of decaying vegetable matter into usable phosphates, nitrates, and other nutrients. In return, the standard fungus contracts call for the provision of a certain stated weight of dead leaves, sloughed-off bark, acorn husks, or whatever, in a given season, and in the case of most of the mosses, a certain square footage of trunk space with a northern exposure.

In addition, most plants have root-service contracts with worms, calling for a specified number of linear feet of soil aeration annually, and where applicable, grub-control contracts with woodpeckers. Most of the grazing animals, particularly horses, cows, sheep, and deer, have specific short-term arrangements with any number of common field grasses for the supply of agreed upon amounts of soil-enriching dung (whether in cake or pellet form) in return for forage rights.

The success of the contract as a regulatory device is evidenced by the rather remarkable "balance" which exists in nature, and the impressive extent to which properly executed legal instruments are honored throughout the various plant and animal jurisdictions is a testament to the respect which the law enjoys. This wasn't always the case, and the gradual development of the concept of the sanctity of contracts is one of the most significant events in the history of the *lex biologica*.

The first really important case involving contracts, *Root v. Frond* (14 Fossils 56), concerned a suit brought by the root structure of a Jurassic giant fern against its fronds, charging a breach of contract to supply vitally needed dextrose to the lower portion of the plant, thus threatening to "willfully stunt, inhibit, and otherwise cause to be halted, proper root growth as would reasonably be expected and anticipated were such sugars, as specified in a valid agreement, supplied and made available." The root structure further pointed out that it had honored its part of the covenant and supplied nutrients to

continued on page 60

PETHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MALES

JANUARY 1974 ONE DOLLAR

THE NAKED NAKED APE
VIVISECTION
TWO LEGS ARE
BETTER THAN NONE
SPAYED CATS
SADOMASCOTISM
THE LAST TABOO



PUCCIONE



BOSS BOB



CAPO NOSTRO



POOCH



PAISANO PRIMO

HOUSEBREAK

Once again this month's seamy steamy issue of *Pethouse* goes the whole hog with a raunch-house roustabout of heavy pets and peg leg sex. Editor-in-Chief Puccione gets into one rut after another with his piping-hot prepubescent-pussy-pussy spread, *The Funky Furrries of Finland* (page 27; photography), on how those arctic kitties keep their toms and tummies warm. Believe us, the cat's whiskers it ain't. In a more serious vein Puccione unleashes some daring licks on sordid sizzling sexlife of amputee poodles, *Bowser! Wowser! Yowser!* (page 45; psychology) and in passing gets downwind of some facts that could bring the whole catnip controversy to a mindblowing head. Pooch keeps the pot boiling with his steamy-side-up photo-story on the cathouse capers of *Pet of the Year, Xaviera* (page 67; art), a taboo-busting tabby whose moon (see cover) is surely on the up and up. Her spread'll leave scorchmarks on any newsstand that lets it out of the bag. Well, they're all the same in the darkroom, but we heard Roberto laughing all the way to the banks with his third and final feast of fuzzy photos, *The Fish of Cannes* (page 80; geography), a white-hot mouth-watering noseload of some sky-high pairs of au-pair gills no manly mammal would kick out of the ocean bed. Sniff my cod-piece, Charley! Our Capo Nostro's back in hot water with his regular up-the-underdog feature *On Your Own Three Feet* (page 97; journalism), working up a fine froth over the rabies racket (*Rabies—Your Birthright*), and creating some high-octane friction with his blistering defense of the smelly sticky, slippery tacky sex-life of the amputee hippo.

In the long-ignored world of canine styles it's always been *plus ca change, plus c'est the meme clothes* . . . but Boss Bob comes from behind with a round-the-pound review in *Dogfashion* (page 113; fashion) and brings it home by premiering brand-new *Pethouse* product Kitty Glitter, a range of cat cosmetics for the kind of tom who takes his after-spray seriously. The Goombah's back revealing which does he dotes on in his famous survey of recent stag movies *Horny Bucks* (page 138; criticism)—this month's reels include several of *Pethouse's* own adventures in the deerskin trade, including *Antler Maim*, *Aroma on the Range*, *Salt Lick City Splits*, *Hot Split Salt Lick Cracks*, *Lickety Salt Crack Amputee Bucks*, and *Crackety Hot Salt Lick Buckety Stump Splits*, plus previews of two more wild *Pethouse* productions—*The Dogfather*, written, produced, and directed by Mario Puccione (no relation—that's The Big P. himself using a *nom du chien*), an eye-searing expose of underworld vice in the billion-dollar legless-puppy-napping racket, and of course *Cages of Sin*, a thermonuclear attack on the disgusting swéaty stinking steamy clammy sticky sickening panting smelly seamy sex-life of amputee hamsters. Good Old Bob keeps a finger in every pie with more of *Sex and Disney* (page 186; philosophy)—this month's leaks include the well-kept secret of Bambi's hooker sister *Bimbo*, who did it for dingleberries and gave change; what happened when *Dumbo* raped *Tinkerbell* on the wing and sent her to the Isle of Forgotten Fairies; and all the poop on the day *Minnie* unscrewed her wooden leg for *Walt*. Well, as *Humper* said—if you can't hump something nice, hump a skunk. (Humps are next month—Ed.) Top it all off with the *Paisano Primo's* favorite forum of pet-opinion, *Farmyard*, and you've got *Pethouse's* usual hot sweet sticky heap of tasty yummys. Hey listen, comparaci—*thatsa some spicy turball!* 



This is little Freckles. You can save him... or you can use this page for poo-poo.

Freckles is two. In his short life he has known only tragedy. His father deserted him before he was born. When he was a week old his mother ate all his brothers and sisters. Now he lives in a clapboard hovel in the New Jersey *barrios*—cramped into its three bedrooms, den, living room, electric kitchen and heated basement are eight other creatures, several of them humans. Freckles has only a filthy linen closet or old fur hat in which to go toidly. He has no bed of his own, no money, no hope, above all no relief from the constant gnawing pangs of hunger. Right now Freckles survives on a mere half a dozen cans of beef by-product and soy meal a day. Once in a very long while he gets a few pounds of top round. He never gets enough duck, smoked sturgeon, or cheese. Freckles has never seen a fondue set. Unbelievably, the average middle-class family often eats better than he does. What can be done? A lot. While Freckles and countless others like him retch with hunger, their poor tiny stomachs distended with malnutrition, hundreds of millions of useless birds, whales, porpoises, Koreans, and other animals upon whom evolution long ago turned its back are allowed to remain alive and unproductive. Furthermore, these creatures are all either too slimy, too big, too ill-tempered, or too stupid to make good pets. KARE can put an end to this outrage by killing them, grinding them up and feeding them to Freckles. But only if YOU help with YOUR dollars. Let's make a start—today. For only \$15 a month KARE can begin to put an end to the misery of Freckles and his furry friends. Perhaps one day he might even have his own clothes, his own home, his own car. The things we take for granted. **We're not trying to save the whole world. Just the cute parts.**

Send your tax-deductible contributions today to: KARE, Canisushi, JAPAN.

PETHOUSE FARMYARD

in which dogs have their day, cats are let out of the bag, sheepish readers get monkeys off their backs, old dogs learn new tricks, bitches get squirrely, and everyone gets our goat. **Letters for publication should carry pawprint and pedigree** though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. All submissions may be reacquired at a later date upon payment of an appropriate sum. Send to Pethouse International, c/o Umberto's Clam House, Mulberry St., New York. The views expressed in this column are not those of the editor and are usually stupid.

Dago plaint

Wassermatteryou, Bob? You no like a guinea fowl? Howsabout a nice fat guinea fowl soon, eh? Sit on you face. Mmmmm. Nice, nice.—C. Cacciatore, Salerno, Pa.

Autophilia up

I can eat myself. I don't mean eat myself the way you'll think of it—I mean *eat* myself. I'm eating myself right now. God, I'm delicious. What's more, I don't make a bump in me. I make me a little thicker but I don't make a bump in me. Yummy nums. I'm half way up me already and still eating.—Willie "The Snake" the Snake, Ariz.

Peg o' his heart

I'm a pretty normal well-balanced tuna who digs a salty piece of *Thunnis alalunga* as much as the next guy but recently I've found my blood practically freezing at the very thought of an amputee mate. Is there some service available that might put me in touch with such a dreamboat or am I just one sick, sick fish?—Charley T., Hairless, Mex.

Yes, you are sick—looks like that mercury might finally have gotten to your minute nerve center. And even though there probably is some sweet-lipped pathetic denizen of the deep limping around the seabed on her dorsal, her poor darling finless stump of a tail dragging around behind her like a lost memory, defenseless against all kinds of unspeakable sexual assaults from stronger, faster fish who might kiss or lick or suck, or even gnaw on her poor, helpless, delicious, salty stump, you should see a doctor immediately.—Editor

Second helping

I tell you I can't believe I never tried this before. I'm the best thing I ever tasted. The further up me I go, the yummier I get. What's more, the parts of me I've already eaten are even fatter and juicier than the parts I haven't, because there's more of me in them. Right now I'm coming up to the part of me with my tail in it. It's so fat and thick and juicy I can't believe it. And do you realize that I'm just going to go on getting fatter and thicker and juicier the more of me there is in me? Up yours! Puccione, eat your heart out. Can anything this good be wrong?—Willie "The 'the snake' Snake" Snake, Ariz.

Spray plaint

Is it OK to spray? Even though I've mounted a million chix I still spray all the time. Whenever I am, I spray indoors or out, day or night. I must spray sixteen or seventeen times a week. It is OK?—Mitten, Kans.

Our medical advisers lead us to believe that advertent or inadvertent spraying, even though it is perfectly normal, can eventually lead to galloping myopia and/or serious

cataractual detriment with possible loss of vision. There are also less substantiated reports that constant spraying may result in capillary growth on the hard underside or pad of the paw. If you must spray, although in view of this information it seems unwise, our advice would be to just do it till you need gloves and glasses.—Editor

The problem down there

I have had this really strange experience. I don't know if it's normal or not but I'd like your advice. I am a perfectly ordinary had-dock and I've been seeing a really cute little mackerel named Jill. Anyway, one thing has led to another and the other night I went down on her for the first time. The thing is, her cooze was real cute and everything but it stank! As a matter of fact it smelt just like a human—you know, those things that bloat up and float around. Is this normal or should I give my girl a little present?—P.J., Reykjavik, Iceland

It is unfortunately entirely normal for the average female's privates to exude a definite odor and many have considered it not unlike the odor of humans. However any well-educated mackerel should know how to practice hygiene in this area, although your girl may be too inexperienced to be aware of it. Drop her a hint next time by something simple like throwing up or playing dead.—Editor

He can't believe he ate...

Boy am I full! I just ate the part of me that had the part of me that had my tail in it. That means I've eaten my tail three times already. I look like a huge green doughnut. I tell you I'm beginning to wonder if my eyes weren't bigger than my stomach.—Willie "The 'the 'the snake' snake' Snake" The Snake, Ariz.

Coming, coming, gone

I have a real problem. I take too long to come. Most of my bitches are through in two or three seconds but I often take four or five to pop my wad. Trouble is, the next guy in line can't usually wait that long so I'm always getting it up the Old Dirt Road. What to do?—(Name and address withheld)

Turn gay. Ahahahahaha.—Editor

Chicken of the sea

I just wanted to write to you because I am so happy, so happy to be alive, so happy to be in love. How many people can there be who could have such a wonderful husband, one who is so understanding, so loving, so gentle and faithful, above all who cares for you so much. You may wonder why I am writing this and why you are printing it. Well, it is quite simple. You see, I have a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 59

Cave canem . . .

NANA



Nana is now. Nana is yours. Nana is soft, hard, cold, warm, stunningly, sleekly clean. Dirty. As you wish. Nana relaxes. Nana seduces. Nana checks with her answering service. Nana. An enigmatic bundle of furry, feathery fantasy, a million strands of unconditioned reflex, from which the hidden secret suddenly peeps, like a peach in a bucket of meat. Who knows Nana? If she's aware of the ontological dichotomy in late nineteenth century Hegelianism, she isn't telling. And why should she? In the end those deliciously stubby little legs say it all, a four-square invitation to live with her, in her, on her, through her, for her. Nana has a word for it. Art. And I have a word for it. Crap. Why do I write this? No one ever reads it. All they're interested in is glomming this month's mess of pussy or doggy or sheepy or goaty and locking the bathroom door.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHAEFER & KING

You think Puccione gives a shit? Nah. All that tacky wop cares about is getting his ashes hauled with whatever he's pointing his Pentax at and keeping out of the cement overcoat the boys in the back room have ready for him if he drops below 110 percent annual growth. You realize that seventeen times in the last seventeen months right here on these very pages I have quit? And no one has ever noticed? It's fucking incredible. Well, this is it, boy. No more cameras smeared with so much vaseline they look like dildoes at a Mattachine Ball, no more creaking premises for Pooch's crotchshots. This time I'm walking. Period.





Humanality

by Dr. Simon Goldfinch

With the assistance of two of my colleagues in the Animal Relations Department of Upper Branches University, Dr. Franz Warbler (author of *The Fur-bearing Man*), and Dr. Myron Kingfisher (author of *The Lonely Herd and Middenest*) and the invaluable help of Dr. Nils Herringull, (author of a classic lifetime study of a single human being, a Dutch professor named Tinbergen, which has produced reams of priceless data on human behavior), who was kind enough to take a migratory sabbatical to come to America for the period of our research, I have just completed a major study of the nature and frequency of sexual contacts between animals and humans.

Our conclusions were startling. From the statistics we have compiled, it appears that a much larger proportion of animals than had previously been thought to have had sexual experiences with members of the human race have in fact done so, and even more remarkably, a great many individual animals whose physical characteristics would seem to make homophilic liaisons impractical if not impossible have reported having intercourse with human beings.

Somewhat more predictably, in 98% of the cases covered in our survey, the contact was initiated by the human partner and in the overwhelming majority of instances (91%), the act was performed by a male human and a female animal. Examples of Ledism (relations between a male bird and a female human) and Europia (relations between a male quadruped and a female human) proved comparatively rare, and were, with a few genuinely bewildering exceptions, confined almost completely to dogs.

Typically, animals which live in relatively close proximity to humans in farm, home, circus, and zoo environments were responsible for the highest incidence of humanality, but here again there were some surprises. A number of large fish, particularly tuna, reported sexual relations with fishermen; in northern regions, elk, caribou, and, intriguingly, beavers, indicated that human coitus, specifically with trappers, hunters, and forest rangers, is far from uncommon; birds other than members of the poultry family appear to be a perennial target of human sexual desire and, inexplicably, in the last year or so, seagulls have reported a dramatic increase in the number of sexual contacts with humans (even more puzzling, the description of many of these encounters by individual gulls who participated in our survey, on a confidential basis of course, seem to suggest that a single middle-aged human male was responsible for an extraordinary number of them).

There are a number of other areas which, though statistically minor, indicate the widespread nature of humanality. College mascots, particularly goats, bears, and donkeys; large laboratory animals; performing animals, including dolphins (one of whom is probably the first aquatic animal—though definitely not the first animal—to “make it to the top” in human show business on her back); and even extremely rare species, such as the Giant Panda (one of whom, if her questionnaire is to be believed, had relations with several high officials in the American government), all have had numerous sexual encounters with *Homo sapiens*.

Although our study did not include vegetability, it is worth noting, if only in passing, that there is ample evidence that sexual experiences with humans are not confined to the animal kingdom. Pumpkins, melons, and grapefruit all seem to exert a strong attraction on the male human as potential sexual objects (some mutilation is involved before the act takes place) and relations with female humans, (which are more the rule than the exception in the plant kingdom), on the part of a variety of fruits and vegetables, including zucchinis, cucumbers, bananas, ears of corn, and certain of the squashes are very much a daily occurrence.

In interpreting our findings, it must be stressed that guilt feelings at breaking the old instinctive taboos against having sexual relations outside of mating season and with other species have made many animals reluctant to enumerate or describe their experiences of humanality, even when strict confidence is assured, but even accepting our base figures, with no adjustment whatsoever for the almost certain discrepancy on the low side caused by fears of herd-group disapproval, the most conservative projection indicates that 9% of all female animals and 1% of all male animals have had at least one homophilic relation during their lives as, conversely, have something like 75% of all male humans and 30% of all female humans.

These figures are at dramatic variance with the infinitely smaller comparable statistics compiled by humans (our thanks to the pack rats for obtaining this very valuable material for us), and the only conclusion we can draw from this fact is that animal contact is even more socially unacceptable among *Homo sapiens*. How, with this in mind, so wide an occurrence of humanality is possible is frankly a mystery to us. It would seem to be a simple matter to ascertain whether a fellow human has had contact with an animal, since, for one very obvious example, humans are surely aware that the widely prevalent crab lice come only from sheep, horses, dogs, and a few other quadrupeds, and to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 167

THE PETHOUSE FOR FEMALES

FEBRUARY 1974 \$1.00

BIVA

photograph by Vince Alosa

FOR BITCHES SOWS COWS EWES DOES HENS
MARES VIXENS NANNY GOATS AND CLAMS!

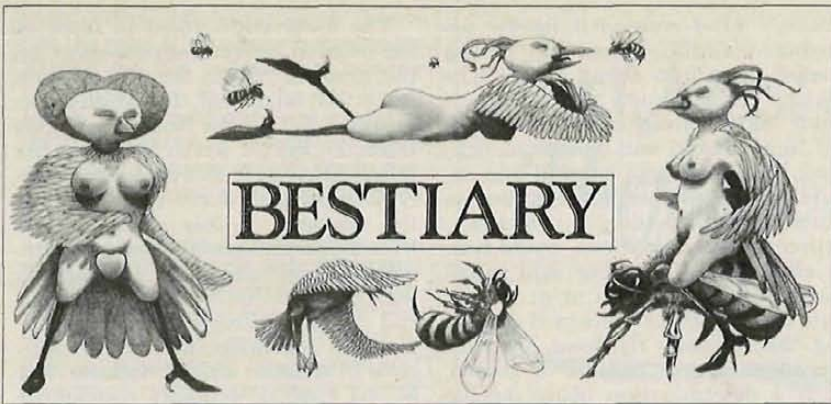
The same kind of magazine
for the same kind of audience . . .

with love from the editor of Pethouse

If you're one of those sexual dodos who gets off on the seamy pockmarked fur we flash in *Pethouse*, then *Biva* is for you. *Biva*—the same old junk thinly disguised as a magazine for females, and created in response to a demand we whipped up by sending ourselves thousands of phony letters.

BIVA

IT'S A SNATCH!



A REPOSITORY OF RUTTING RATIONALIZATIONS

paraphernilia: A mild and extremely common perversion in which a cat or dog derives sexual pleasure from urinating on its owner's pipe, slippers, or any other household object he has been trained to fetch.

pediacidia: A commonplace sexual disorder, normally restricted to cats but not unknown among other domestic animals, in which the pet kills small children. Generally, appearance of a newborn child in the household excites in pets suffering from this emotional, hormone-related imbalance an obsessive loathing for the new arrival, and with whom the pet associates the sexual inadequacy which traditionally accompanies advanced cases. The pet retaliates for the imagined slight by suffocating the child in its sleep, after which it will in most cases exhibit normal behavior for several months.

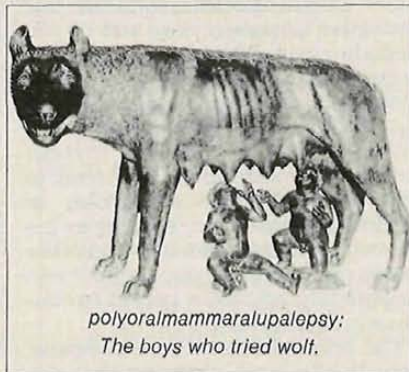
pet-swapping: A variety of shared pet ownership greatly on the increase, particularly in suburban areas. As most commonly practiced, a group of pet owners gather in one of their houses where they proceed to place all the tags, leashes, etc., of their various animals in a hat, then draw from it at random. After the drawing, the new "masters" take the pet they have selected home, where they may give them baths, take them for walks, teach them tricks, or whatever.

plutodisiac: Any of a number of chemicals with supposedly heat-producing qualities. Many substances marketed as plutodisiacs turn out to be nothing more than sheep dip or fishfood, but a few are actually effective. The most powerful of these is Spanish Flea, an extract of a southern European flea which, in even minute amounts, produces a practically instantaneous effect on the female of most species. Unless used in moderation it can lead to tragic results, as in the well-known case of the golden retriever bitch who fatally impaled herself on a soup bone while waiting for the mutt who had administered her the amorous dose to return from chasing a car.

poo-poo fetish: Sexual attraction to the eliminations of other pets. This source of sexual excitement is extremely common among all pets, and in terms of width of acceptance, it compares favorably with such enormously popular forms of sex play as bondage and discipline, leather culture, especially leashes and collars, and, of course, bestiality.

preening parlors: Establishments nominally devoted to fur massage, burr removal, etc., but frequently offering customers more than just "the paws that refresh." Petstittutes are traditionally available on the premises, and poop shows, brown movies, live shedding acts, suggestive dog shows, and pornographic shaggy dog stories and other kinds of salacious literature are often featured.

pseudocographilia: A familiar sexual fantasy practiced by dogs in which they imagine that hydrants, trees, and other similarly shaped fixtures are their masters' legs. Virtually all dogs harbor a sexually-motivated desire to defecate on their masters, related to the equally common instinctive desire to kill their masters by jumping on them and tearing their throats out.



polyoralmammalupalepsy;
The boys who tried wolf.

putting on the wool: Dressing up in sheep's clothing. An increasingly rare form of transvestism practiced by a few wild dogs and somewhat more commonly by their ancestors, the wolves.

Psychro: Favorite hound of the Roman Emperor Nero. Psychro often arranged and participated in vast orgies involving hundreds of dogs of both sexes during which every form of debauchery from canosexuality to group rutting was routinely performed. The evening's entertainment was usually preceded by fantastic meals consisting of extravagant delicacies like ground peacock hearts, ground pheasants' brains, ground larks' tongues, and ground flamingo livers. Between courses, the guests customarily repaired to the vomitorium (to which they returned later) to make room for yet more exotic dishes. According to legend, Psychro piddled while Rome burned.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53

terrible handicap. I am an amputee tuna. Every morning when I wake up it is not like other fish. I must limp pathetically along the seabed with my defenseless pink stump trailing behind me, looking for breakfast, which of course it is terribly difficult for me to catch. Many fish would spurn me or even try take advantage of me by licking or sucking or biting on my pretty stump but not my husband. He just kisses my stump gently in the center where it's tenderest and lays me down between some comfortable rocks so that my stump can be soothed by the current washing it slowly back and forth like an exotic dish, and finds me some breakfast before he leaves for work. Often when he is gone I am frightened that I will be attacked by some larger fish and I will be unable to get away because of my poor, useless, pathetic, helpless stump and who, ever it might be will dash at my stump and rip and tear at it till it bleeds and the water all around is a seething mess of red whirls and torn flesh, but I know that he is never far away. And then I thank God that despite my stump I have still a beautiful family of three hundred and forty thousand like any other healthy tuna lady and though I sometimes worry that this will be the day when my disgusting ugly slimy sickening stump will finally mean that he never comes home—he always does and kisses and fondles my stump as if it were the most precious part of me and puts it in his dear mouth and soothes its throbbing pain, and then I know the wonderfulness of a true love. And I know that when we go to sleep that night my man will take my hacked-off limb and hold it between his fins and rub himself gently up and down up and down up and down until . . . until we both fall into the deepest slumber.—(Name and address withheld!)

I wrote this one How'd you like it?—Editor

Another stupid letter

I gotta repeat a paissan whatsa wrong with you? Howcome no a guinea pig?Hows about a real nice a guinea pig soon, eh?. Sit on you face real a good. Dump one a right in you mout. Mmmm. Nice, nice.—*Involtini di Vitello, Palermo, Mo.*

Objection to age-old tradition

Must I return to my vomit? Who made me that way? I don't like wallowing in great piles of blown lunch—why should I? It's disgusting—*Pickles, England*

*We sympathize as a matter of course with anyone who writes us with his problem, but this time we have to say just who the hell do you think you are? What do you think you're descended from, tella—an ape? You're descended from a goddamn turnip, that's where you are on the chain of being. You've got a brain the size of a peanut. You don't have any feelings. You're not capable of them. You don't have to know why you're made that way. You are. That's it. So just cut the crap, and get back to that vomit Jesus, these kind of letters make me mad—*Editor

Après moi, le déluge

BLLLLLLLLLLEEEEEEAAAAAUGGHHHHHHH!!!—*Willie the Snake, Ariz.*

the fronds, and asked the court to order recision—the breaking up of the fern into its constituent parts.

In a key decision that was to mark a watershed in evolution, the court promulgated what became known as the Fern Rule, that no portion of any multicellular plant has standing in any court to sue any other portion of the same plant, in an action for recovery of damages, for assessment of penalties, for redress of loss, or for any other reason.²² The organization of large numbers of formerly separated microorganisms into vast, highly differentiated superorganisms, was, on the scale of things, a fairly recent occurrence, and the ruling was an unusually courageous and far-seeing one. Certainly, it spared the law of contracts what would surely have been an extremely regressive and potentially fatal role as a mechanism for evolutionary stagnation.

In a considerably more recent, but equally precedent-setting case, an obscure African herbivore court, the Civil Court of Pleas and Cries, established in *Hippopotami v. Tick-Birds* (14 Herb. 44), the principle that the courts will not look into the sufficiency of consideration in an otherwise valid contract. Plaintiff hippos brought suit for specific performance of a contract, wherein the hippos were to provide defendant tick-birds with transportation and sustenance in exchange for which said tick-birds were to expend their best efforts to keep plaintiff hippos' teeth clean and free of decaying vegetable matter.

Plaintiff hippos also sued for damages resulting from the loss of molars, bicuspid, etc., due to defendant tick-birds' failure to honor a freely-entered-into covenant.

What had transpired was that several weeks after this rather standard interspecies symbiosis contract had been "pawed and clawed," the defendant tick-birds, a species not noted for its shrewdness, recollected that they had wings, and could very easily transport themselves "hither and thither" and locate their own food without the assistance of plaintiff hippos and promptly took wing en

²² Not long after, the same principle was voiced in a proceeding under the *lex fauna*. In *Pedes Anterior Dexter v. Stegosaurus* (26 Fossils 3), the left rear foot of a dinosaur of an unusually large and slow moving species brought suit against the rest of the creature for having negligently permitted it to become seriously gnawed during a fight with another dinosaur. What almost certainly happened was that the stegosaurus, which had a brain the size of a partially devoured cashew, simply forgot it had that particular foot. The Reptilian Court made a parallel decision, and in a gesture almost as significant as the decision itself, it cited the *Fern* decision in the botanical courts as a precedent, the first time that kind of courtesy had been exchanged between courts in floral and faunal jurisdictions.

masse,²³ after somewhat noisily accusing plaintiff hippos of having roared them into a bad deal.²⁴ The hippos brought suit, and the Court held: "Said contract as between plaintiff hippopotami and defendant tick-birds is a legitimate bargain and accord, and is enforceable under the *lex fauna*, notwithstanding any representation or determinations, made here or elsewhere, at the time said agreement was entered into or at a later date by the parties concerned regarding the fairness, rightness, or judiciousness of said bargain or accord, such a determination being outside the proper scope and purview of a court of law."

It is a measure of the prestige and the respect which the law enjoys among animals that, in spite of their dissatisfaction with the terms they had negotiated, the tick-birds abided by the decision of the court and to this day continue to honor the original covenant.

Another key case affecting contract law was the famous case, *Beaver Dam v. Upper Sturgeon River Authority* (9 Rivers 41), and the subsequent appeal. A group of beavers, plaintiffs in this case, had formed one of their usual dam-building companies and obtained from the Upper Sturgeon River Authority (a quasi-public body composed of representatives of all the major animal species inhabiting this particular Canadian river and its immediate riparian environs, including embankments, estuaries, and tributaries), an exclusive permit for dam construction. The dam was built, and proved to be very popular, particularly among waterfowl, who tend to dominate the river authorities in northern jurisdictions, at least in the summer sessions, and when another beaver dam company appeared, it was immediately granted a permit to construct a second dam.

The original beaver dam company immediately sued, charging that the second dam, which was to be situated a short distance upstream, would seriously lower the level of the pond which they had created, depriving them of their livelihood, and reminded the Upper Sturgeon River Authority that it had granted them an exclusive permit, quite clearly a contractual obligation which was not being honored.

²³ It's worth noting here, just in passing, that under the *jus aeris*, by far the most common felony charge is flight to avoid prosecution. This particular case was civil, rather than criminal, and the tick-birds incurred no penalty, other than the likelihood that in their absence a judgment would be entered by default for the plaintiff.

²⁴ Thus risking a libel action on top of the original breach of contract suit. This didn't happen, but for a fascinating introduction to animal libel law, see *Gazelle v. Hyena* (33 Herb. 22), and *Redwing Blackbird v. Mockingbird* (198 Ornith. 20).

The lower court ruled in favor of the original beaver dam company on the grounds of the sanctity of contracts, but on appeal, the decision was reversed, 3-2, by the Northern Woods District Court,²⁵ which held that the public interest, in this case "the clearly demonstrated desire on the part of the denizens of this waterway" to have additional pond areas, held precedence over any prior contract. It was quite a revolutionary decision, and it led, indirectly, to the establishment somewhat later of the principle of eminent animal domain, that is, the right of properly constituted bodies, acting inter animalia, to set aside contracts and regulate habitats, a matter of some importance in property law.

B. Property or Territory Law

The basic legal control of land in the animal kingdom is many times more complex than the simple concept of ownership prevalent in human law,²⁶ for the obvious reason that only in rare cases does a species, subspecies, herd, or individual have exclusive use of any given habitat. The principle of territoriality, probably the oldest concept in animal law, is exceedingly well-rooted, but from the very beginning it presupposed the sharing of territorial control among a large number of species, both competing and non-competing. For instance, the territory of an individual family of bobcats, itself a minute portion of the overall range of the bobcat species, will contain within it the nesting grounds (usually under a freehold or lease) of hundreds of birds; subterranean easements held by moles; forage areas populated by elk; pond frontage belonging to frogs; and possibly even a bat cave (most of these are condominiums). In turn, it may be included, in whole or part, in the hunting territory of an eagle.

This does not mean that the bobcat family, or any of the other species mentioned, are trespassers: typically, they will have valid territoriality deeds, leases, a grant of subsoil rights, or whatever.²⁷ Nor does it mean that there are constant squabbles over ownership leading to endless litigation. To a large degree, the species which share a given habitat are unaware, or at least uninterested, in

²⁵ The matter was eventually settled amicably enough with the original beaver dam company being granted a veto over future site-awards and a perch on the authority board.

²⁶ None of this complexity exists in the plant kingdom. Almost all plants obtain a straightforward deed, registered in Seed Court, and the majority of the disagreements are over air rights.

²⁷ Title search in the animal kingdom is a nightmare. It is often necessary to sift through thousands of pounds of bones, teeth, and fossils to settle the simplest territoriality

each others' existence; when this is not the case, it is usually because one species, say the bobcats, are preying on another, say field mice, and an attempt on the part of a field mouse to serve papers on a bobcat for some imagined trespass would be a particularly dangerous and unrewarding form of folly.

The key precept in territory law, and the main reason why the courts are not constantly occupied with territoriality cases, is that a given species or individual within it must be able to demonstrate "reasonable use" of a given habitat or portion thereof and "a preponderance of duplication of use" likely to result from the entry of a competing species before he can bring a motion for the eviction of the new species.²⁸ Thus, for example, should our bobcat wake up one morning and discover that a species of mountain goat hitherto not present in his territory was grazing in a rocky area in one corner of it, he would have to show *both* that he made reasonable use of that area in his search for food and that the newcomer species was also likely to use it in its search for essentially the same food. He might be able to demonstrate the first point, possibly by getting an uninterested outsider, perhaps an osprey, to testify that he, the bobcat, used those rocks to sun himself, or perhaps he might offer into evidence the branch of a briar bush from that area containing tufts of his fur as proof he visited it regularly. But he could hardly argue that the mountain goat, a ruminant, was likely to compete with him for his food supply. Case dismissed.

Territory law, however, is not confined to simple trespass cases, as a glance at the docket of a representative court in a typical session indicates, in this case the period following the mating season recess of the general session of the Supreme Court for the Southern Congo Basin, Mr. Justice Baboon presiding. The calendar is quite a full one, and includes a number

continued

case. As a general rule, in most northern jurisdictions, no claims arising out of territorial titles in existence before the last Ice Age are accepted, but even so, the task of clearing a title is unbelievably difficult. An animal about to enter the practice of law, who has a high threshold of boredom, can count on not having to do much grubbing for roots and berries during his natural life if he should choose to specialize in property cases.

²⁸ A lot hangs on the definition of "reasonable" and "preponderance." Depending on the jurisdiction, these have been taken to mean anything from one visit per season and deprivation of any foodstuff eaten by any animal on which the complaining animals ever preyed, respectively, to weekly visits and sharing "predatory interest" in over half of the animals the complaining animal preys on. This kind of problem of definition, which is common throughout animal law, represents either excessive vagueness or laudable flexibility, depending on your point of view.

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of territory cases, for example: A challenge to a decision by the Inner Jungle Council of the Booratoola rain forest to rezone portions of the forest to exclude nocturnal predators of over three hundred pounds gross weight and winged predators having a claw length in excess of two inches (ruled for the plaintiff, a panther, on the grounds of incomplete representation on the zoning board by members of carnivore species); an appeal of a decision in a landlord-tenant dispute between a giant lake trout and a fresh water remora, in which plaintiff trout was held to have proved parasitism and defendant remora was ordered to disgorge (affirmed—note, incidentally, that this case, which was tried originally in a lake court, falls as a freshwater litigation under the *jus terrestris*, not the *corpus juris maris*); an attack on a restrictive covenant which had the effect of excluding certain members of the heron family, chiefly flamingoes, from occupying nesting grounds in a large wetland area (returned to lower court for a determination of competitive impact); a suit brought on an appeal by a group of tapirs to enforce their affirmative easement over defendant tiger's territory to the Pungaree waterhole (let decision in favor of plaintiffs stand); and a negligent migration suit, brought by a herd of antelope against a herd of elephant, which in the course of migrating south, were found by a lower court to have "trod, trampled, and caused to be tread upon plaintiff's habitat, to wit, the plain herein referred to as 'antelope's grazing ground' to such a degree as to

cause plaintiff antelope irreparable loss of forage and grazeage" (affirmed).

This last case was one of eminent animal domain, by now a well-established principle in the *lex fauna*, with a sizable body of precedent and case law behind it, and, as mentioned earlier, an important development in territory law. The clearest statement of it is in the classic case, *Smelts v. Anchovies* (49 Fish 908), and it is noteworthy that the concept is recognized throughout the animal kingdom.²⁹ In the smelts case, a school of anchovies sought to bar a school of smelts from entering their traditional feeding grounds, which, due to a slight shift in a major north-south current, were suddenly astride the smelts' most natural migratory route. The anchovies had a good case: they could easily prove "reasonable use" of the territory, since they occupied it to a density of about one anchovy per square meter, and "preponderant duplication of use" was equally easy to demonstrate, since both smelts and anchovies feed on precisely the same diatomic plankton. However, the local Department of Migration had ruled that the new current, like the previous

²⁹ It is not recognized in the plant kingdom. In fact, it is specifically rejected, for the very good reason that historically, the establishment of migration routes, trails, paths, etc., have been very much at the expense of the vegetation which formerly occupied them, and since very few plants are able to respond in any meaningful way to an eviction notice, there is a good deal of bitterness about the fairness of the principle as it applies to plants. See *Eminent Animal Domain: Freedom of Movement or License to Trample?*, 24 *Gymnosperm Law Review* 467.

one, was a regular migratory route, and had offered to compensate the anchovies with a different feeding ground, and every court from the local Court of Underwater Appeals to the Supreme Court of the Pacific upheld the right of the smelts to migrate through the traditional territory of the anchovies.³⁰

C. Torts

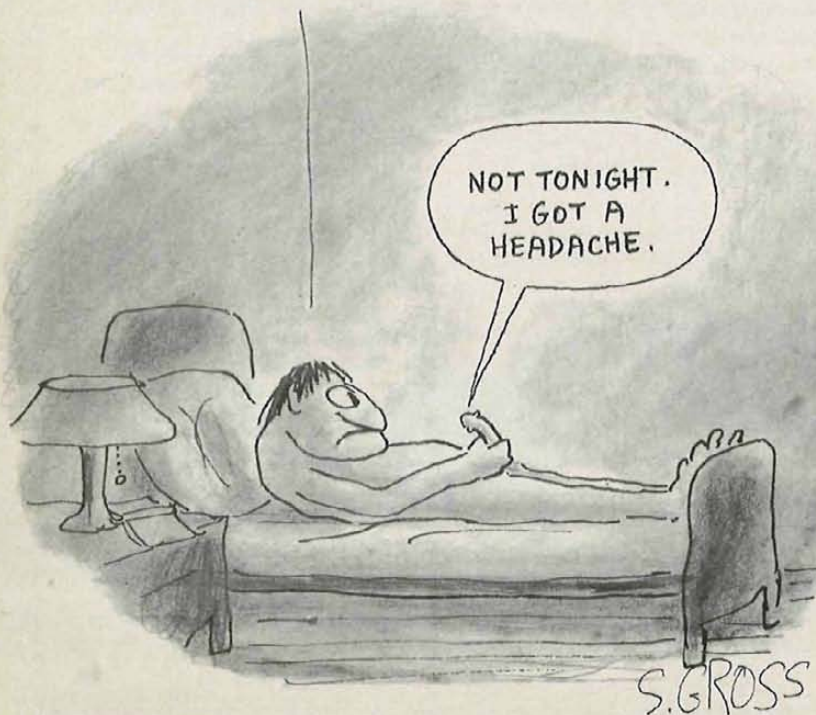
Torts, in animal as in human law, are best defined as "non-contractual civil wrongs," that is, an action of some sort by one animal other than a failure to live up to the terms of a contract, actual or implied,³¹ which leads to the suffering of some demonstrable damage, hurt, or harm by another animal. As a practical matter, torts are far easier to recognize than to define, but generally speaking, most tort cases go off on the question of alleged negligence on the part of the given defendant animal.

A good example is the case of *Spider Monkey v. Giraffe* (26 Mamm. 44), in which plaintiff monkey accused defendant giraffe of negligent nibbling in the branches of the tree in which he was sleeping, defendant giraffe having not taken reasonable precaution to ensure that another creature, one not the object of any permissible predation, would not be harmed by his action.

The damages which the monkey claimed (damages are the key to all tort actions, since if no harm can be shown, no wrong is held to have occurred), were temporary loss of locomotion caused by bites on his legs and permanent loss of the ability to swing, occasioned by his tail having been bitten off. In one of the larger pain and suffering judgments recorded, the jury found for the plaintiff monkey and awarded him sixteen thousand bananas, to be fetched for him at his

³⁰ The right of eminent animal domain, as against specific territorial rights, is far from absolute. Nothing prevented the anchovies from eating the smelts when they came through. This important reservation is stated best in *Salmon v. Bears* (34 Alask. 877), in which plaintiff salmon argued that by eating them as they moved upstream to spawn along a riverbed which had been established as a salmon migratory route by eminent animal domain in previous times, the bears were in fact closing a right of way and frustrating the original intent of its appropriation, namely, to make available a spawning route to the salmon. The court rejected the argument in unusually explicit language.

³¹ It should be noted that there are practically no crimes of omission in the *lex biologica*, except those arising out of some sort of contract. Even in cases where an animal could reasonably be expected to have come to rely on another animal's affirmative action, say, one beaver on another's slapping its tail to warn of the approach of a predator, the failure of the beaver to do so is not actionable, even as negligence, because no action, in a legal sense, took place. Of course, if the second beaver had been serving as a sentry, and had accepted an appointment to do so, that would be a different matter, since a contract is implied.



request by defendant giraffe.

Briefly, then, tortious conduct, a civil matter, occurs whenever an animal negligently harms another animal. In almost every case, an animal who deliberately harms another animal, presuming that his actions are not covered by the right to eat, is guilty of a criminal act, a felony rather than a tort.

As an example of a tortious act committed more or less knowingly, the animal who cried "Fire!" in a crowded herd (an instance cited in the discussion of the freedom to cry), could be sued by an animal injured in the resultant stampede.³² The critical difference here is whether the animal cried "Fire!" without really considering the consequences or whether he did it deliberately to cause the herd harm.

D. Classification Law

Somewhat analogous to corporation law, classification law deals with the activities of groupings of animals, classes, orders, phylums, species, herds, schools, flocks, and so forth, and their internal legal relationships, as well as their relationships with other groupings of animals. Classification law covers a very large legal area, everything from the issuance of grazing stock when herds are formed and the registration of new species to extinction cases and the divestiture of vestigial organs.

However, by far the most important part of classification law is anti-domination law, a rough parallel to anti-trust law. Anti-domination law, which is divisible into unfair competition and restraint of evolution, grew in response to the challenge presented by highly successful species to the natural order and the threat of monopolization of the animal kingdom by a handful of species to the exclusion of all others.

The first great anti-domination case was *Animal Kingdom v. Reptiles* (19 Fossils 409), and the finding by the court that the reptiles had acted to restrain the evolution of all other species by so crowding the landscape with members of its class that no other animal forms could successfully enter into competition was one of the great landmark rulings in the lex biologica. The decision led to the break-up of the reptiles into birds,

³² If one of the barnyard creatures whom Chicken Little alarmed with her announcement of impending aerial catastrophe suffered a heart attack or harmed himself in seeking shelter, he would have a very good case indeed against Chicken Little, regardless of whether Chicken Little genuinely thought the sky was falling. It would have been an interesting case, since Chicken Little, though flightless, would have been tried under the jus aeris, in a Court of Vivipary, and she could have gotten off if she proved she was molting at the time.

amphibians, snakes, lizards, and several kinds of fish, and eventually resulted in the rise of the rodents and the mammals, among others.³³

Another crucial anti-domination case, brought under the unfair competition portion of the statutes, was *Five Australian Finches et al. v. Kiwi* (109 Ornith. 476). Plaintiff finches in this case maintained a "class action"³⁴ on behalf of themselves and all other Australian birds, of whatever species, similarly situated. The finches alleged that defendant kiwis weighed anywhere from ten to eighty times as much as any other winged creature to be found at that time on the Australian land mass, an advantage which, taken together with the tremendous speed and maneuverability which the kiwis exhibited when airborne, gave the kiwis a virtual monopoly of all available food supplies and permitted them to dominate the air to the exclusion of all other birds. Plaintiff finches prayed the court for, and were eventually granted, a permanent injunction prohibiting the kiwis from engaging in any flight greater than that caused by a high hop, and the court ordered the kiwis to divest themselves of portions of their wings, an order which after considerable litigation, several appeals, and a pair of counter suits brought under the Genetic Code, they reluctantly obeyed, in yet another remarkable tribute to the position of respect the law holds in the minds of all animals.

Restraint of evolution cases are most typically brought by a species on the brink of extinction, and, indeed, the courts have often been criticized for refusing to hear such cases promptly enough to give plaintiff species a reasonable chance for survival and for scheduling hearings with little attention to the desperate plight of some of the plaintiffs, for whom meaningful legal relief usually comes too late to be of any use. The problem, however, is not as cut and dried as it

continued

³³ Needless to say, as mentioned earlier in passing, a number of suits are pending against *Homo sapiens* under this same statute, but the jurisdictional question is an effective bar to any action in the foreseeable future. Flies and mosquitoes, the traditional process servers of the animal kingdom, have been serving subpoenas to every member of the species *Homo sapiens* they have been able to locate for literally centuries in this and other cases. Alas, the painful welts have consistently been ignored, or misinterpreted.

³⁴ Class actions, phylum actions, species actions, etc., are suits brought by one or more members of a class, phylum, species, etc., on behalf of a much larger group of individuals, all of whom have a similar complaint. It is a highly equalizing legal technique, in that it permits relatively unorganized and unimportant creatures to challenge in court the mightiest of animal groupings. For a very lively and interesting discussion of this kind of group litigation, see *Species Actions, Genus Actions, Phylum and Subphylum Actions: Plaintiff's Right to Be a Herd*, 48 Phylum Cordata Law Review 2880.

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might appear, for the courts argue, quite logically, that it isn't possible to hear extinction cases under the doctrine of unfair competition or restraint of evolution until they are "ripe," that is, until extinction, the damage being charged, is actually imminent. In other words, if a species is about to become extinct, it has a case, but it is probably too late, given the time even the most expeditious litigation requires, to save the species; if a species brings an action before it is demonstrably in danger of extinction, then presumably, it hasn't got a case. Unfortunately, as of now, the discussion is rendered somewhat moot, since every single pending extinction case names *Homo sapiens* as defendant, and the jurisdictional problems mentioned earlier make any resolution of the matter unlikely.

Extinctions themselves fall under classification law, since they represent an important legal question involving a grouping of animals. Extinction, to continue the analogy offered earlier, is generally comparable to bankruptcy, and when a species or subspecies files for extinction under Section 118 of the Competitive Code, the court involved appoints an arbitrator,³⁵ and an attempt is made to divide up the species' habitat among its major predator.³⁶ It is an orderly, if a sad, process.³⁷

IV

TRUSTS AND ESTATES

Animals occasionally execute testamentary instruments providing for the division of their possessions and effects, at the time of their death, to their offspring, mates, perhaps close associates in a herd, or even some creature with whom they have had a long symbiotic relationship. In practice, very few animals do so, since with few exceptions, they usually have very little in the way of real property to pass on except possibly some freshly-killed food or recently gathered forage, and estates are almost always eaten up (literally) by the lawyers handling the probate.

Turtles, snails, clams, conches, and similar creatures have somewhat more

³⁵ The most distinguished arbitrator in recent times was the exceptionally gifted cormorant who handled the extinction of both the dodo and the passenger pigeon. A remarkable lawyer, he served as a chief counsel for the invertebrates for several years, and was eventually appointed an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the Northern Flyways.

³⁶ Obviously, it is the animals which were accustomed to prey on the extinct species who have the first claim on that species' assets.

³⁷ It is also a costly one. The lemmings, who often file for elimination of the herd, a special form of local extinction, might well be driven to rush in suicidal fashion off the cliffs by the thought of the legal bills they have incurred.

real property to dispose of, but their shells are of little actual value, except to humans, which in practical terms means they are worthless (if there has ever been a case of a clam or conches' heirs ever receiving anything from a *Homo sapiens* who snatched its inheritance right out of its pseudopods, tendrils, or whatever, there is no record of it). As a result, most mollusks who are left shells in the wills of fellow mollusks usually donate them to the sea floor, take the inorganic matter deduction, and forget the whole damn thing.

V

COPYRIGHTS AND PATENTS

From earliest times, animal courts have recognized an absolute right which resides in individual species to the uniqueness of their plumage, their distinctive coloration, their trademarkings, the arrangement of their key features, the characteristic patterns of their fur, scales, or feathers, and so on, and the necessity of granting to various species exclusive use of physiological improvements they have developed through the patenting of mutations. These are far more essential protections than would appear at first glance, for they provide an atmosphere of regulation and stability in which the natural play of competition between species is allowed to operate without any species being able to gain a significant advantage over another species through the piracy or unauthorized appropriation of trademarkings, survival secrets, or evolutionary developments.

In animal copyright law, mimicry, the deliberate copying of one species' highly recognizable appearance by another, invariably to take advantage of some defense against predation which the first species evolved, is the most common and the most serious statutory violation. In the well-known case of *Mayfly v. Mayfly* (34 Bugs 989), a subspecies of mayfly which was the object of continual predation by a number of bird species, particularly starlings, undertook to duplicate, over a number of generations, the characteristic wing design of a subspecies of mayfly which had developed, and held a patent on, a technique for excreting a powerful hormone that made the subspecies so unappetizing to birds that they usually regurgitated any mayfly of that subspecies within five minutes of ingesting it, and consequently more or less left them alone. The defendant mayfly subspecies had not infringed upon its patented method of discouraging predation, and argued that no harm had been done, since the only demonstrable damage was to the

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PLAY — Troy Cory's New Record Romance Album in your own home at your leisure, at our expense for 10 days FREE. Unless you agree that this great album will create many pleasurable memories to your life, return it in ten days and owe nothing. If you've been looking for your own personal balladeer to sing soft enough enough as to not interfere while you are "speaking" or just plain relaxing — and you're the discrete listener that demands tunes that will not fade and become obsolete with the rest of your stereo records and tapes during the up and coming 4-channel/4 speaker Quadraphonic Era — you have to play and hear this one NOW! FREE! ...

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various species of predator birds, who had been fooled into thinking that an edible subspecies of mayfly was in fact inedible.³⁸ The plaintiff mayfly species insisted, however, that a very real damage had been done, since the mimicry carried out by the defendant mayfly subspecies had had the effect of diluting the effectiveness of both the patented bird-repelling hormone and the special wing design, a copyrightable trademarking, which signalled its presence to potential predators. Sooner or later, the plaintiff mayflies argued, a starling, acting in desperation or confusion, would eat one of the mimicking mayflies, and finding, contrary to its belief and expectation, that it was quite tasty, spread the word that all mayflies having that wing design were edible. The result would inevitably be countless attacks on the subspecies of mayfly, which, through its own efforts and ingenuity, had formerly managed to protect itself, and the consequent destruction of their long and carefully established reputation as being foul-tasting, with resultant loss of life for untold members of the subspecies.

The court agreed and promulgated the principle that demonstration of a clear intent to confuse, in essence, "to fob itself off," on the part of a mimicking species—what is now known as the Mayfly Test—rendered the mimicry an actionable offense under copyright law.

Under the provisions of the Genetic Code, animals can apply for, and, depending on the merits of their application (determinations of merit are usually made on the basis of originality), are awarded patents for mutations which represent a significant new technique, an improved organ, a novel appendage, and the like, for example, night vision, retractable claws, the multiple stomach, an improved lymphatic system, etc. Generally, patents are granted for a specific period of time, usually thirty to fifty generations, after which the improvements they represent become part of the public animal domain and other species can, for an agreed upon consideration, obtain licenses to employ them. By contrast, morphological copyrights are awarded in perpetuity.

Of course, there are limitations on both copyrights and patents. For instance, no animal can copyright, say, the color red or the idea of spots, only a specific shade of red or a particular arrangement of spots. Nor can a species, for example, the cats, with a copyright on a certain pattern of facial whiskers, sue a leopard for adopt-

³⁸ The starlings brought suit later against the mimicking mayfly subspecies claiming fraudulent trademarking, an offense under the Competitive Code.

ing it, because the likelihood of confusion is so remote. Obviously, any animal who can't tell a leopard from an ordinary cat isn't going to be around long enough to be on hand to testify in a copyright infringement suit that he was confused by the similarity of the whiskers between the two.

The courts have also held, most notably in *Crocodile v. Alligator* (114 Amphib. 47), that similarity itself, where there is no intent to confuse and no damages are demonstrated, is not improper, and that further, copyrights are not unlimited geographically. Plaintiff crocodiles held that defendant alligators had copied their characteristic scale design and snout, a fact which defendant alligators did not contest. In responding, defendant alligators argued, and the court agreed, that the copying was not motivated by an intent to confuse and that no possible unfair competitive advantage had been gained by it, since any creature with reason to fear and avoid a crocodile should likewise fear and avoid an alligator, even if it had feathers and antlers.

The court ruled further that since the two species were at the time occupying widely separated habitats, they were not in actual competition in a legal sense and established the principle that a species must be actively competing in the same habitat to secure its copyright in that habitat, and that if two species adopt more or less identical copyrighted forms in two different habitats, each will be enjoined from entering and competing in the other's habitat.

Patents are granted only for significant morphological changes, not minor refinements of existing ones. Articulated legs are patentable, but the technique of using a large number of them in a series is not.³⁹ In addition, no species can patent an idea for an evolutionary improvement and then sue a species that actually develops it.⁴⁰ The species must be in

³⁹ See *Centipedes v. Millipedes* (556 Pests 49).

⁴⁰ In *Acanthodia v. Crossopterygians* (16 Fossils 119), plaintiff species, a primitive fish, sued to enjoin defendant from using his fins as legs and developing an apparatus for breathing the atmosphere, ideas which the plaintiff species had had many generations earlier, as testified to by a number of third parties. In what turned out to be a decision unusually far-reaching in its effects on the animal kingdom (it is not rare that fairly obscure cases are responsible for vast changes, such is the power of the law), the court ruled against the plaintiff species, on the grounds that to permit copyrighting of an idea would hinder, rather than promote, evolutionary progress, contrary to the spirit of the relevant statutes in the Genetic and Competitive Codes. See also *Lemur v. Anthropoid Apes* (16 Primates 66), the famous "opposable thumb" case. The court held that the apes had improved upon the original arrangement of appendages to such an extent that their use of it constituted a new, and itself patentable, development.

current possession of the mutation before it can claim protection. Equally, if a species undergoes a major and permanent morphological change or an organ or limb on which it holds a patent becomes vestigial, the right which it had to its exclusive use are held to have lapsed.

Certain forms of animal expression—birdsongs, mating cries, the sonar squeaks of bats, to name a few examples—are also copyrightable, and over 400 million cries, hoots, murmurs, grunts, growls, etc., have been registered.⁴¹ It should be very obvious why species must be permitted to enjoy exclusive use of their characteristic cries, since distinctive forms of oral communication play such a large role in the process by which they attract mates. It would be well-nigh impossible for, say, an elk to find a female elk if half the creatures in the woods were using his mating call for warbling, boasting, threatening, warning, or whatever.⁴²

VI

DOMESTIC RELATIONS

Apart from the portions of mating law described earlier, there is really very little in the way of statutory law regulating the sexual (or asexual) relations among members of a species. The courts have wisely abdicated any responsibility they may have felt from time to time to interfere in reproductive matters, having decided a very long time ago that "the law has no business in the nest."⁴³

The paramount position which the right to breed holds in the lex biologica invariably makes prosecutions for any wrong, civil or criminal, impossible if even the vaguest connection to the process by which species replicate can be shown. As an instance of the enormous area of protection involved, no insect court has ever issued a writ of habeas carcase, or even enchrysalised a grand jury to consider an indictment, in any of the thousands upon thousands of cases brought by male praying mantises who have been mortally bitten by the female during the reproductive act.

continued on page 80

⁴¹ The crows are still paying royalties to the heirs of an obscure, long extinct reptile, for their use of their "caw-caw" cry. Interestingly, the heirs are a subspecies of flounder, who are, of course, mute. Animal law is full of such fascinating arrangements.

⁴² Deliberately mimicking another species' cry, even without any criminal intent, is a serious matter, usually a major tort. See *Bird of Paradise v. Parrot* (15 Ornith. 23), and *Wren v. Jackdaw* (146 Vivip. 20).

⁴³ This decision came very early on. After hearing something like the billionth mitosis case, the Court of Unicellular Appeals decided in *Paramecium 1 v. Paramecium 2* (1339 Chromosomes 55), that what went on inter mura (between the cell walls) was none of its business, and declared that it would hear no more cases of a similar nature. This example was speedily followed in other jurisdictions.

UNDERWEAR **DEAF** for the

BY MICHAEL O'DONOGHUE

It is illegal to insult deaf women in all but fourteen states.*

*Arkansas, Arizona, Idaho, Kentucky, Michigan, Missouri, Montana, New Jersey, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Rhode Island, South Dakota, Utah and Washington.



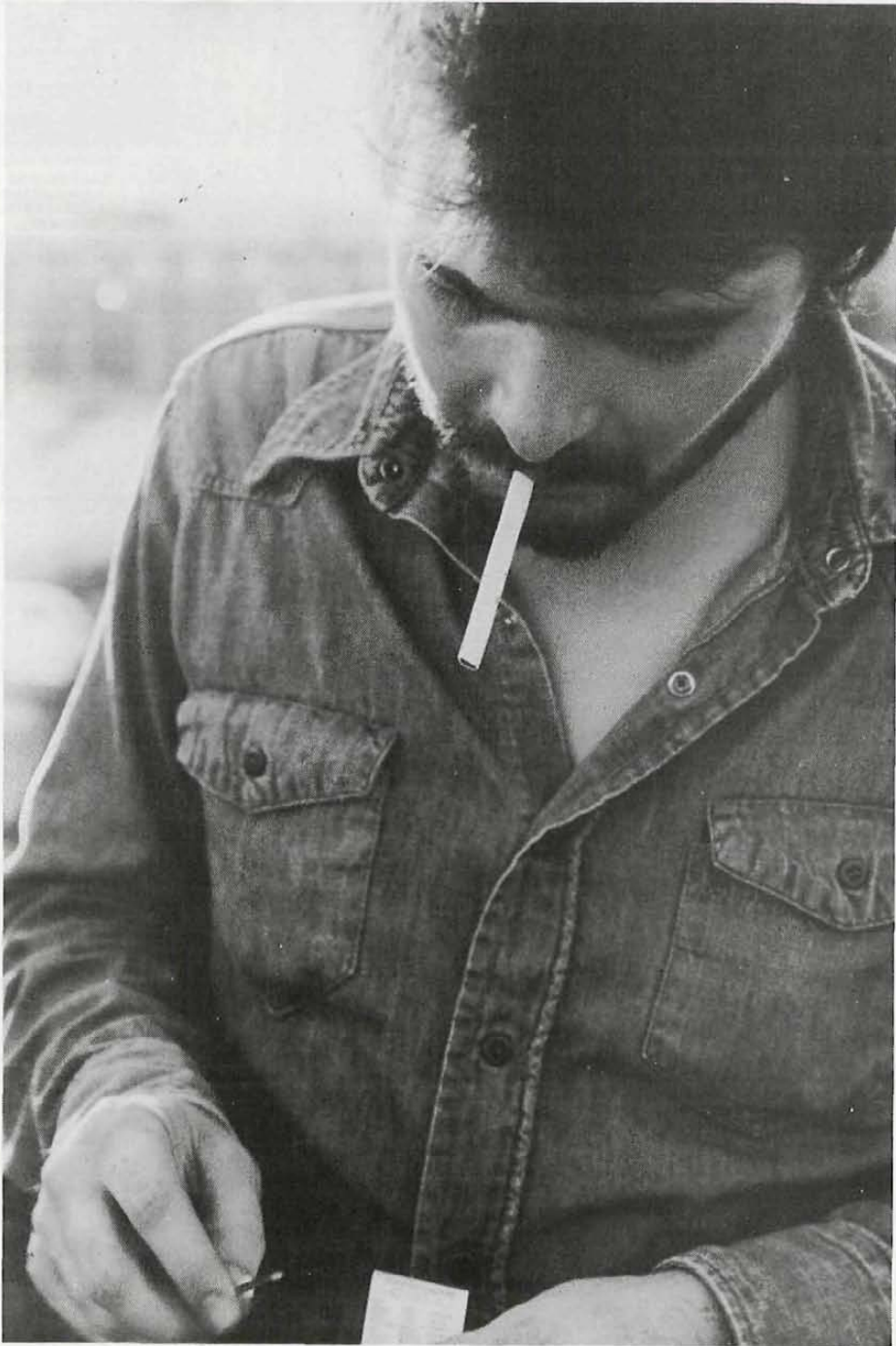
**"Sweet Revenge."
The third album by the most respected
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The incomparable artistry of John Prine showcased in a vast variety of moods ranging from irony to humor to compassion. Eleven new John Prine songs containing the originality and intelligence that make John Prine, the performer and writer, universally acclaimed.

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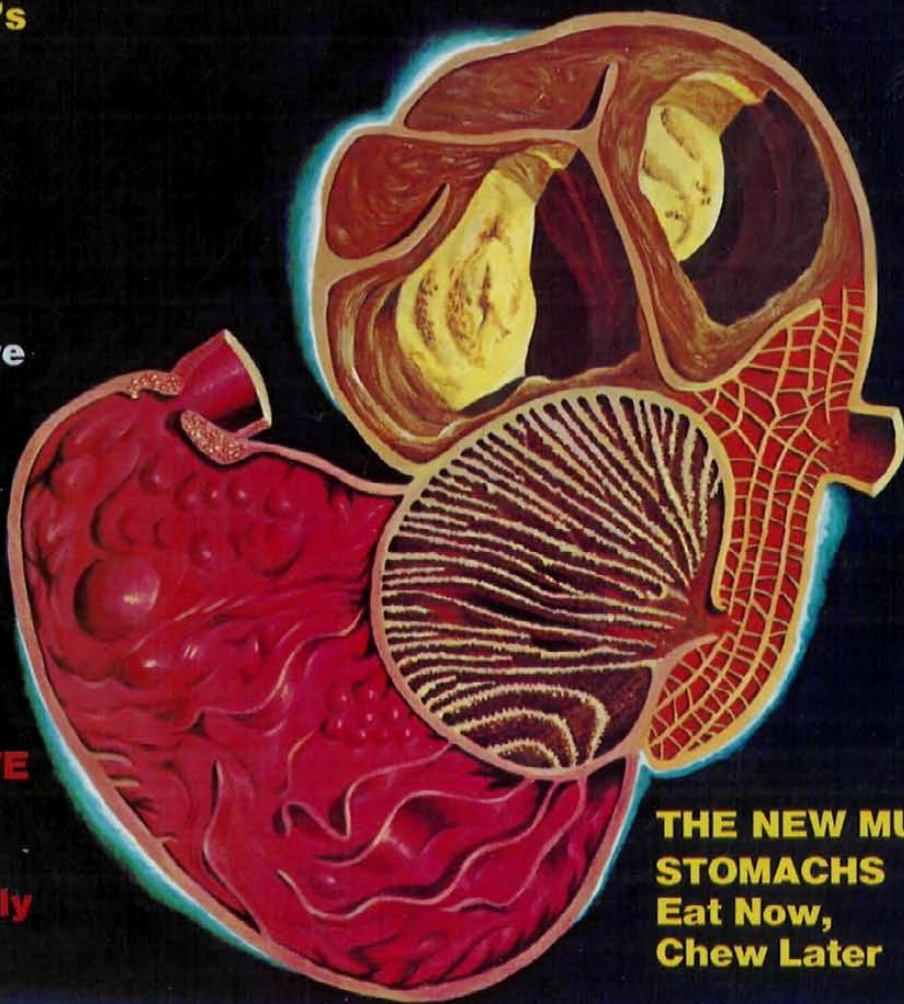
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REDUCING YOUR SIDE TOES

How much will it really add to your running speed?



OVERLAPPING SCALES © **Can You From Getting Mauled?**

Ichthyostega says: "You can have a big future on dry land!"

Take one of these Evolutionary Guidance Booklets—free—and find out how you can now start developing the hereditary traits and learning the skills you'll need to move up to a higher place on the evolutionary scale.



The receding waters have opened up exciting new opportunities on the vast, wide-open, continental land masses. Thousands of interesting, rewarding habitats and prestigious evolutionary niches are literally going begging because of the lack of properly adapted species to fill them.

Let's face it, in today's rapidly-changing, highly-competitive world, there's just no stopping creatures willing to seize the initiative and improve themselves. If you've got the gumption to get up on your fins and get going and the know-how to cash in on favorable mutations, you can become a highly successful land dweller in just a few short eons.

Take a good look around you. What do you see? A lot of dead-end, stick-in-the-mud aquatic species trapped in ho-hum habitats and a bunch of living fossils who can't see past their gills struggling to survive in the same old salt water slum they've been swimming around in for millions of years.

How about you? Do you want to "play it safe," barely surviving while you scratch out a precarious existence in the same old dreary seas, hoping something about ten times your size with a jaw full of fangs and a taste for you

doesn't come along some day? Or are you that rare breed of animal who's willing to take a little risk to get ahead?

If you are, select one of the openings listed below that you feel best fitted for, and we'll send you a free ECS Evolutionary Guidance Booklet. In it, you'll find a description of the opportunities, food sources, and predator security you can expect in your newly chosen biological role. It will also explain how ECS can help you prepare for this big change—in your spare time... in the privacy of your own habitat... regardless of your present anatomical structure.

In addition, you'll receive a free "Demonstration Lesson"—"How to Breathe Air"—that will let you see for yourself how easy it is to adapt yourself for your new environmental niche—the ECS way—in much less geological time than you may think.

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Now it's *your* turn to discover how ECS can start *you* in a rewarding new biological role. Fill out and mail the coupon today.

ECS

Evolutionary Correspondence Schools
Gondwonoland

Please rush me the free booklet and my free "Demonstration Lesson" for the evolutionary niche I have selected below.

1. GROUND DWELLING

- Hiding
- Browsing
- Foraging
- Grazing
- Grubbing
- Running

2. FLIGHT

- Gliding
- Long Leaps
- Soaring
- Prolonged Flight
- Feathers
- Folds of Skin

3. TREE DWELLING

- Swinging
- Hanging
- Clinging
- Nocturnal Scavenging
- Playing Dead

4. NATURAL DEFENSES

- Shell
- Scales
- Horns
- Bony Protrusions
- Spines
- Thick carapace
- Blending in with background

5. SPECIAL SENSES

- Night Vision
- Acute hearing
- Stereoscopic Eye Placement
- Sonar
- Heightened Sense of Smell

6. ADVANCED REPRODUCTION

- Egg Laying
- Suckling
- Placental Growth

7. MANIPULATION

- Fingers/Toes
- Extended Claws
- Antennae
- Grasping/Tool Use

8. TEMPERATURE ADJUSTMENT

- Warm Bloodedness
- Fur
- High Metabolic Rate

9. MASTICATION

- Beak
- Pincers
- Differentiated Teeth

10. MENTAL DEVELOPMENT

- Thought
- Speech
- Culture

Species _____ Life Expectancy _____

Habitat _____

Phylum _____ Subphylum _____

THIS CAN BE YOUR "BIG BREAK"

if you're an elephant who doesn't want to be . . .

"Ashamed
to go to the
Waterhole!"



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SIPP

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- Please send me your three FREE books:
1. Your school catalog, "Growing a Trunk."
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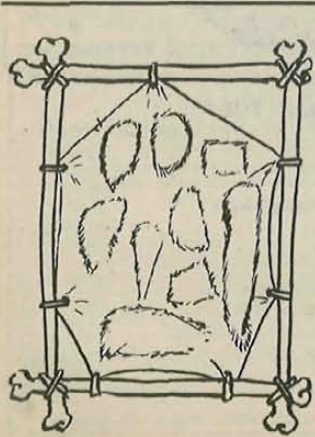
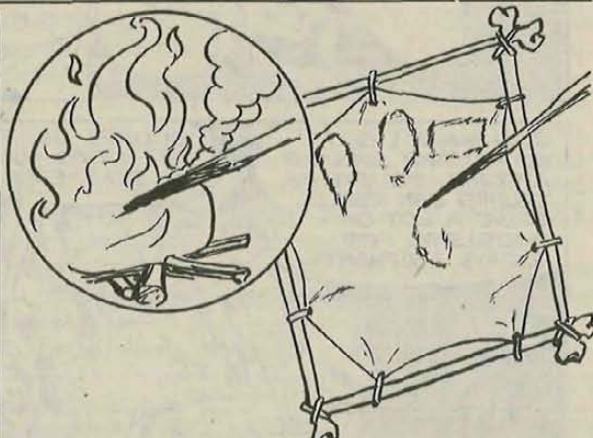
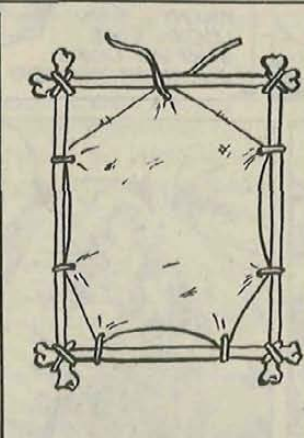
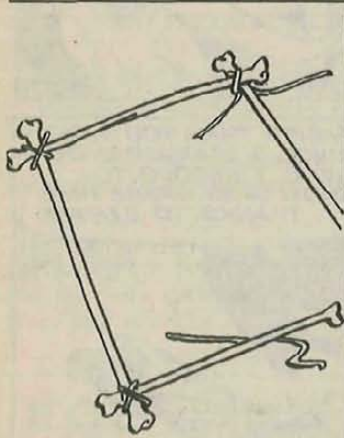
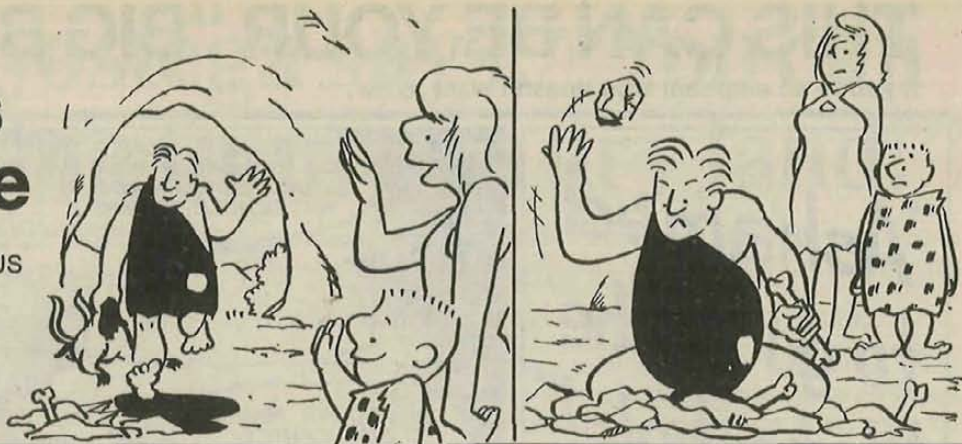
Name _____ Age _____

Species _____ Variety _____

Habitat _____

Talkless Tool Use

Idea by ZINJANTHROPUS



How to repair your cell wall

Even small (200 angstrom) breaks in your exterior cell membrane can result in excessive osmotic leakage, causing a serious loss of nutrients and ion imbalance or permitting alien substances and waste compounds to penetrate your cytoplasm. You can repair these breaks promptly and easily by using lipids commonly available in most surrounding mediums.

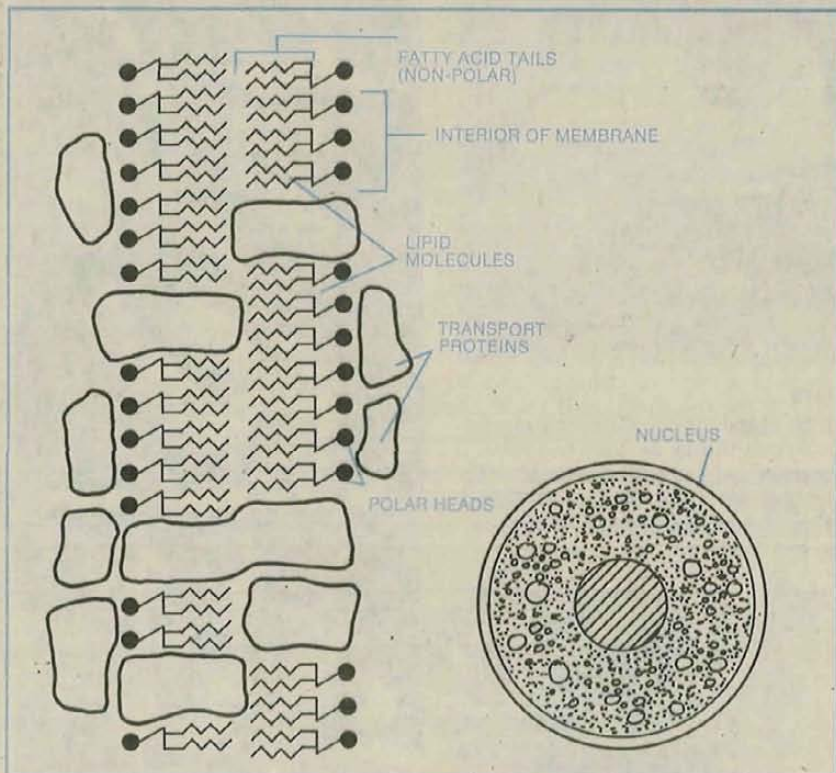
Small fissures (up to 750 angstroms) can be patched with standard fatty-acid hydrocarbon chains—hydrocarbon molecules with a carboxyl group (COOH) at one end seem to work best. For extra strength, chemically bond the fatty-acid molecules through their carboxyl end to a backbone of glycerol. If you want to, you can then attach the glycerol to the basic phospholipid structure.

For larger breaks (anything over 750 angstroms) you'll probably have to send to your nucleus for templates to replace lost or damaged active transport proteins. In a pinch, polypeptide chains can be inserted temporarily, but they'll have to be eventually replaced with true proteins if you want to maintain a high degree of selective permeability in your external bilayer.

Make sure that the newly synthesized proteins are a molecular match for the missing ones—don't bind them at random. Smart cells keep an up-to-date diagram showing location of individual proteins and functional complexes in their cell walls to make accurate replacement easy.

A note of caution: no matter what size the repair job, look out for excessive variation in fatty-acid composition—it can disrupt the orderly spacing of the phospholipids. The presence of one or more double bonds between the carbon atoms in the fatty-acid chain can seriously weaken the crystalline lattice of the molecular structure. On the other hand, a total absence of double bonds can result in an overly rigid structure, which will inhibit active transport. For best results we recommend a 4-1 ratio of single to double bond fatty acid chains in the plug mix.

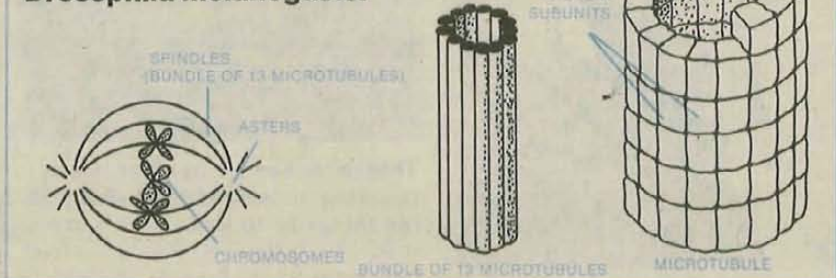
Be sure your lipids are correctly oriented before bonding. The hydrophilic polar regions should be attached to the glycerol and face the internal or external aqueous solutions. The non-polar fatty acid tails should face inward towards each other. The polar head groups should be stacked in two parallel arrays separated by approximately 40 angstroms and the fatty acid tails should be stacked parallel in arrays of 50 or more phospholipid molecules.



MONTHLY PE AWARD WINNER

Decorative Mitosis Spindles

Drosophila melanogaster



The salivary gland cells of the common fruit fly came up with this month's winning design—a highly decorative fiber halo for chromosome replication. The spindles are easily

constructed out of microtubules and provide a handy and attractive place for chromosomes to assemble following duplication.

Constructing the filaments is a

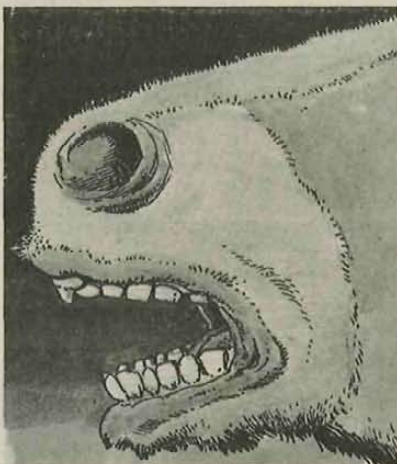
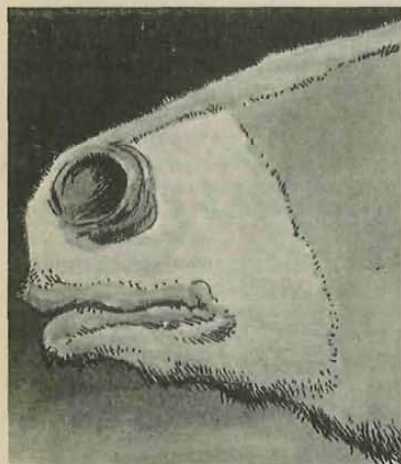
snap. Just assemble a circular structure of protein subunits about 250 angstroms wide, bundle them in groups of 13 into a larger fiber, and anchor them to a pair of asters in your cytoplasm. For added effect, attach extra hydrogen atoms to the tail ends of the protein chains.

After mitosis, the filaments can be easily disassembled by excreting a little colchicine and the protein used over again.

We're looking for simple, useful projects, evolutionarily desirable mutations, new chemical processes, and imaginative anatomical changes. They should be clearly explained and simple enough to complete in a single generation. If you have any fresh, new biological ideas, send them to: Project Editor, Popular Evolution, Serengeti, Africa.

It's New NOW

The PE pick of ingenious mutations recently perfected



Deep snout holds silica-resistant molars

Accommodating cheek-teeth long enough to stand up to silica-containing vegetation is quite a problem, but the Miohippus thinks he has the answer. It's a new, deepened snout into which those extended new molars can fit with comfort and ease. Sounds to us like another banner accomplishment for an animal who's already developed elongated limbs to escape from his predators, and also originated the horny hoof to cap the tips of his toes.



Well-clawed toes, stiff tail feathers provide firm anchor

No woodpecker will fall off a tree once he's evolved these unusual clawed toes. They're formed so that two face forward and two face back, allowing a super-firm grip. Providing even more security: stiff tail feathers that can be used to prop the bird against the tree.



Thumb makes for handier hands

Grasping, holding tightly, even picking things up to look at are a breeze with the opposable thumb Tarsier has come up with. Key to thumb's effectiveness is its placement below palm on flexible joint that allows thumb to function independently at 90° angle to other digits, transforming hands into vice-like clamps.

SURVIVAL CLINIC

I'm a herbivore, and I've found that I have lots of trouble eating enough food without wearing out my teeth. What's more, the bigger I get, the more acute the problem grows, since my food requirements seem to increase more quickly than the area of my tooth surface. Help!—Elephant

Why don't you try using your teeth in turn. Make sure your teeth are very deep, with folded transverse ridges of enamel on their surface. Then, as each is worn down, let the next one push forward to replace it. Let us know what happens.

I'm just not stable enough, and what's more I just can't seem to get my limbs and head under my protective shell. Any thoughts?—Tortoise

The stability one's easy! Just grow your feet well out to the side, so they project sideways.

As for your head and limbs, it sounds to us like your ribs are the guilty parties. Try growing them outward to enclose your shoulder girdle. Our guess is you'll be thrilled by the results.

As a member of the synapsid family of ungainly tetrapods, I haven't been able to work out a good way to control my body heat. Your advice would really be appreciated, believe me!—Pelycosaur

Pelycosaur, a sail-like membrane, stretched between the elongated vertebrae of your back, could really do the job! On cold days, you could turn it broadside to the sun's rays and absorb heat. On hot days, you'd face the sun head on and the radiation would pass parallel to your sail without heating you up. Try it!

I thought your readers might be interested in a trick our species has perfected for avoiding predators—a real problem for us! What we do is to excrete a substance in our skin which lets us change color whenever we want to and blend right in with whatever background there is. We're as hard to spot as a polar bear in a blizzard!—Chameleon

Wow! Thanks to you and your species for this important tip!

I am a mammal and I suckle my young, but I lay eggs. I have fur, a duck bill, webbed toes, and the bony shoulder girdles and single ventral opening common to reptiles. I also have venomous spurs on my hind legs, making me the only poisonous mammal. What's happened?—Platypus

Yours is certainly a unique physiognomy, Platypus. Sounds to us like some of your ancestors just couldn't bear to throw out those old genes! Look on the bright side—no one is going to accuse you of being a "copy-cat" and we're willing to bet there's no species around likely to compete with you, this side of Venus!

I've been trying to dope out the new forward-turned eye placement our species just developed, but I can't make heads or tails out of it. How do you see what's out to the sides—is there a way to roll the eyeballs or do I have to try to come up with a more acute hearing system to protect myself from sudden attack? What's the low-down?—Loris

The new stereoscopic eyes should prove to be a big plus, but you need a more flexible neck to make up for constant side-viewing. See if you can get some torque in your third or fourth vertebrae.



Let Me Show YOU How YOU Can Become a FITTER ANIMAL!

Are you "fed up" with being "fed on" by other animals? Sick and tired of seeing bigger, stronger members of your own species get all the females? Look at yourself the next time you go down to the stream for a drink. If you're not proud of your physique, it's time you did something about it. And you can do something about it, if you're willing to spend the few millenniums it takes to become the fittest creature in your habitat.

"Natural Selection" Can Make You Into a New Animal

With the wonderful method I discovered, you'll be able to become a real he-mammal, he-rodent, he-bird, he-fish, he-reptile—you name it—the easy, natural way, through gradual anatomical change. This isn't one of those come-on body-building courses that promises to turn you into a super-animal overnight. There's no sense kidding yourself. It'll be an era or two before you notice the first real results. But if you're going to let a little struggle stop you, then read no further—my method just isn't for you!

Mail Coupon Now For a Free Summary of My 2,400 Page Book

Mailing this coupon could be the turning point in your existence. I'll send you FREE a short extract

from my book "The Origin of Species." It tells how and why my method works and shows many pictures illustrating how it has worked for thousands of other species. Don't delay. Mail coupon NOW.

CHARLES DARWIN, Dept. B, Galapagos Islands

Dear Charles Darwin: Here's the kind of Physical Structure I want:

- | | |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Jaws of Steel | <input type="checkbox"/> Massive Tusks |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Tireless Legs | <input type="checkbox"/> More Weight |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Giant Claws | <input type="checkbox"/> Mighty Flanks |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Razorlike Teeth | <input type="checkbox"/> A Brain |

Name _____

Habitat _____

Phylum _____

Subphylum _____

Selecting Your New Hands

Specifications and
comparisons of the latest
designs in forepaws

By the PE Body Parts Department

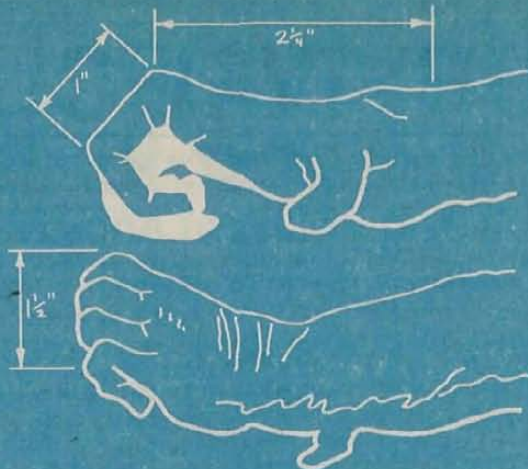
If you're planning to evolve a new pair of hands this year, you're sure to be interested in serviceability. Although attractive styling may be important to you—which is why we commissioned the detailed pictures accompanying this article—your chief consideration ought to be the purpose to which the terminal portions of your forelimbs are to be put.

After all, specialization has become a fact of life. Those whose survival depends on a palm tailored to squeezing the life from spiders would be foolish indeed to select, on the basis of sporty appearance alone, hands that stress prehensibility over raw power.

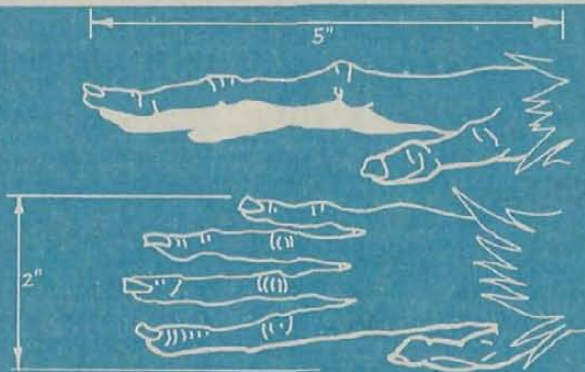
We realize that not every animal is going to follow our advice. But one thing's for sure: If you go by our simple rule, your genes are more likely to be passed on to the next generation!

'Nuff said? O.K. By the way, when you've selected your hands, drop us a note and perhaps even a picture to let us know!

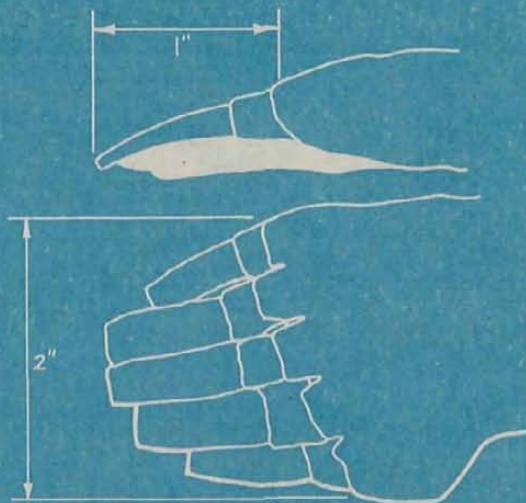
**CHIMPANZEE
HAND**
comes on
strong with all-
new knuckles
that can be
walked on, and
nicely-engi-
neered paws
that open for
tree-bough-
grabbing.



**WHITE-
HANDED
GIBBON
HAND**
is winning
friends with
rakish hook-
like fingers built
to support you
as you swing
from branch to
branch.



**EUROPEAN
MOLE
FOREPAW**
distinguished by
five powerfully-
clawed toes, tar-
geted
squarely at
those who want
their hands to
double as
shovels.



**NEW WORLD
WOOLLY
SPIDER
MONKEY
HAND**
has a familiar
touch of class
in its tight-grip-
ping palm, de-
signed for
crushing arach-
nids. It handles!



"Since becoming an accredited Predator, have made over 500 kills. Thanks to your course, am doing so well I have decided to give up vegetation entirely and become a full-time carnivore!"



Canis Lupus
N. American Plains



"Your course opened my eyes to the flying smorgasbord all around me! Previously, my diet was restricted to rubbery, hard-to-chew swamp growth. Predation has certainly proved a big boon for me!"

Rana Aurora
Mississippi Basin

**What if another ice age comes?
Am I too specialized to change my anatomy?
Will geological upheavals render me extinct?
Will new mutations destroy my niche?
Can I learn new adaptive skills?
Can I improve my survival chances?**



BE A PREDATOR!

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BEFORE		AFTER	
July 1st Weight 3 oz. Waist 1 3/4" Wingspan 0"		August 1st Weight 3/4 oz. Waist 1/2" Wingspan 1 3/4"	
HERE'S WHAT SOME SATISFIED USERS SAY: "Before using Metamorphosis, I was a fat slug. Now I am a handsome moth, with plenty of pep and zip, and I receive compliments on my morphology wherever I go." PORTHETRIA DISPAR		"Kudos on your fine program. It sure beats spending millenniums trying to develop a better physique. I went from a lowly larvae to a flashy butterfly in one month flat. I've changed so much, my friends don't recognize me!" DANAUS ARCHIPPUS	

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Add to it a rugged 4-chambered heart, virtually noiseless running, retractable claws, a loping speed of 35 mph, superb night vision, a pair of custom-developed ears, and one of the best noses around, then top it off with luxurious fur styling, chitinous paw covers fore and aft, a rakish whiskered snout, and eye catching spots and stripes.

Do all that and no doubt about it, you'd have one hell of a performance package, a top-rated competition stock carnivore that could run down anything in sight. In fact, what you'd have is the cat, a highly successful formula mammal that's been beating out a lot of pretty snappy species and in the process copping top honors in some of the toughest struggles for survival in the biosphere, including the grueling African 5-million year Endurance Race and the brutal Asian Grand Prix d' Evolution.

Not since the salad days of the big, food-guzzling dinosaurs has one line of carnivores held such a monopoly of the upper end of the food chain. Credit for the cats' phenomenal success goes to sound body design with a minimum of vestigial frills, unequalled ground-handling ability, and a good brain-to-body weight ratio (1:250) which have combined to help them win out over the periodic flood of smaller imports over the land bridges.

The cats come in nearly a dozen body styles, ranging from the full-size lions and tigers through the intermediates—the jaguar, leopard, and panther—to the compacts—the lynx, cougar, cheetah, and ocelot—to the subcompact bobcat. All have just about the same adaptations as standard anatomical features. The major differences are in specific modifications

[Continued on page 148]



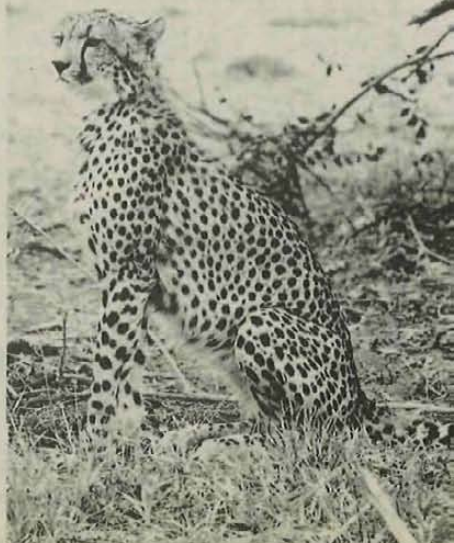
Top of the Felidae line-up is lion—widely regarded along with elephant as leading prestige mammal. Mane is most familiar characteristic.



Successful mid-size version of basic cat is tiger. Switch to smaller mammals after last ice age doomed earlier prototypes, including classic sabertooth, but more recent tigers have performed better.

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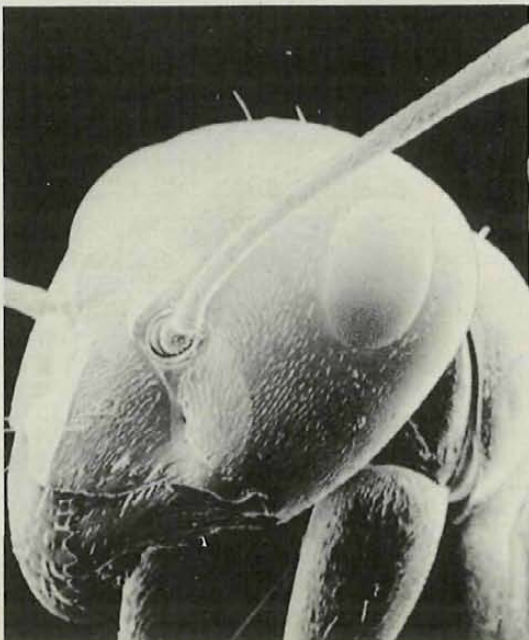
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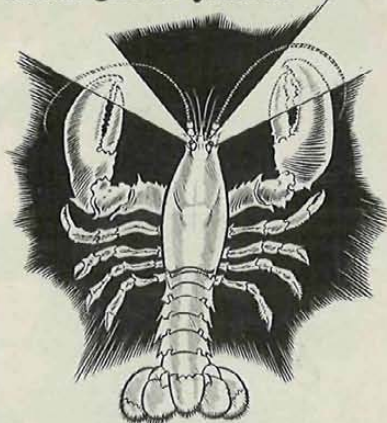
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continued from page 66

The courts will, if pressed, grant separations, most often in cell division and budding cases, but they prefer to keep out of the entire area, and most animals oblige by conducting their mating affairs ex curia. A few legalisms exist, such as the process by which an animal informs other animals in his habitat that a mate "has left his nest and nibble" and hence he will not be bound by any contractual obligations she may undertake, and in the case of a few species, the process of precedent has made reproduction subject to some legal restraint. (Such is the case among the bees, where a form of swarm law, a division-of-classification law, covers mating. See *Queen Bee v. Drones* [45 Bees 222], an action brought by a queen bee in Hive Court to compel specific performance of an insemination contract.)

VII

CRIMINAL LAW: STATUTES AND PROCEDURES

This is just too wide an area to get into in any depth. The various criminal codes, like the competitive codes, cover such a variety of offenses, and vary so greatly from floral to faunal law, and among the major subdivisions of each, that only the most cursory examination is possible. In addition, the codes are being constantly updated, and through the process of precedent, reinterpreted, and even learned judges have a good deal of difficulty keeping up to date.

Basically, most aggressive acts not specifically entered into as part of the right to eat, the right to breed, or motivated by self-defense, are proscribed. What this leaves may seem like a very small area, but, in practice, it is not, and includes such disparate offenses as stampeding to endanger, possession of a deadly substance (excretion of certain poisons is forbidden), negligent animalcide, eat-and-run, conspiracy to peck to death (see *The Animals v. Twenty-two Chickens* [550 Poultry 11]), purjury, howljury, etc., and various forms of larceny and nest-breaking.

The statutes are usually lengthy and precise, as this example from the lex fauna, a section covering felonious assault, suggests: "Any creature subject to the law, be he a bird of the air, a beast of the field, a fish of the sea, and anything which does crawl, swim, wriggle, burrow, lope, jump, slither, or fly, upon the ground or under it, upon the sea or in it, in the air or through it, have it lungs, have it gills, have it fur, fin, feather, fleece, or fuzz, who shall bite upon, gobble, gnaw, or nibble, or cause to be bit upon, gobbled, gnawed, or nibbled, any other creature subject to these laws, whether

it be by horn or by claw, by tooth or by tusk, by fang or by pincer, if he have not cause to breed or to feed, shall be guilty of a felonious act under this Law and shall be subject to such penalties and forfeitures as may be prescribed by the lesser Codes to which his species is subject and shall answer for his crime in a Court having jurisdiction over the place of the act or the person of the accused, as shall be determined."

Even in this statute, some of the debilitating jurisdictional problems which plague animal law are apparent, but we'll dispense with any further inquiry into those. Let us instead follow a representative animal, charged with the crime involved as his case is heard. In this mythical case, we'll assume that a badger bit another badger in some dispute not connected with mating.⁴⁴

Like all animals, the badger enjoys the right to be tried by a jury of his order, in his own habitat, and according to the laws which govern his species, in this case a combination of the jus terrestris and the Varmint Code. He has further the right to counsel, to hear the evidence against him, and to confront and cross-examine witnesses, and to have compulsory service to obtain the testimony of witnesses in his favor, that is, to subpoena other animals who might be reluctant to testify in his behalf but whose testimony might be exculpatory (likely to prove his innocence).

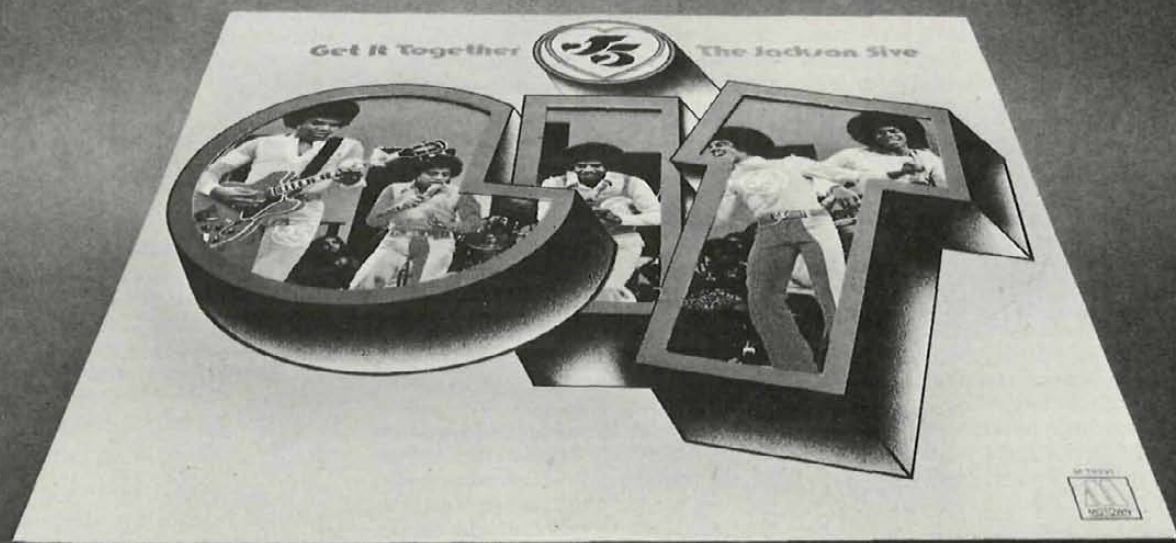
Animals who have any interest in the case are excluded from the jury (another badger with whom our badger was having a territorial or mating dispute might be prejudiced against him). The trial itself goes according to a very strict procedure, under which certain types of activity are permissible and others are not (badgering a witness isn't, a fact which could put our theoretical defendant at something of a disadvantage when his accuser testifies); and certain kinds of evidence are admissible, and others are not. Since evidence is an essential part of procedure, in both civil and criminal cases, the question of its admissibility is worth going into here if only in passing.

There is a considerable array of rules governing the allowability of evidence in trials and litigations, and the legal propriety of using certain sources to obtain it, and means of

continued

⁴⁴ We were going to cite instead a more common case, that of a cow which negligently bit a small field rodent, perhaps a squirrel, in the process of grazing, but the question of whether forcing a cow to regurgitate evidence of the act and gaining access to its cud leads to some complex and unsettled legal areas involving unreasonable self-incrimination, illegal search, and compulsion of testimony.

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continued

gathering it. For the most part, searches of animals' nests to gather evidence of a crime are allowed only for the purpose of locating evidence specifically named in a warrant, and not for "fishing expeditions." Thus, if a legal search of the badger's nest yielded no evidence of its having assaulted another badger, such as bits of fur, or whatever, but did yield evidence of another crime, say, a cache of acorns pointing to a possible misappropriation of food from a squirrel, that evidence would not be admissible in the original trial, as an indication of the defendant's character, or in a later trial for misappropriation of food.

There is also a rather touchy question, one which falls into the area of self-incrimination, of whether an animal's fur, or claws, or other portions of its body can be searched for traces of blood or other indications of the commission of a crime. Generally, the courts have held that this kind of search is permissible if carefully limited, but there are some curious qualifications. For example, a turtle's shell is held to have some of the same aura of inviolability that nests possess, and in several cases, the introduction of skins sloughed off by snakes and a few insects into evidence has been successfully challenged on the grounds that it in essence represented an attempt to force a large, albeit no longer contiguous, portion of the creature to testify against itself.

Another rule covers so-called hear-growl testimony (or hearchirrup, hearsnort, hearcry, hearwable, heargrunt, etc.). Invariably, out of court roars, chatters, trumpets, and calls are inadmissible for the truth of their contents—what an animal claims to have heard hooted about on "the jungle telegraph" regarding a legal matter cannot be offered into evidence, only what it has heard or observed firstpaw.⁴⁵ Other rules require the authentication of "real" evidence (including such tangible objects as fangs, feathers, furballs and fumets, hoofprints and materials bearing identifiable odors, and the like) before such evidence may be admitted, and the proper qualification of expert witnesses before they may testify in court as to the identification of clawmarks, mauling scars, indications of parasitism, etc.⁴⁶

Once all the admissible evidence

⁴⁵ Basically, what "the little bird" tells one is not admissible.

⁴⁶ Speaking of parasitism, the courts recognize several protected relationships, and thus, one mate may not be compelled to testify against another mate. Interestingly, parasitic relationships (and symbiotic ones as well) enjoy a similar protection against the compulsion of testimony. See *The Fish v. Pike* (90 Streams 404), in which the testimony of a lamprey was ruled inadmissible.

has been heard, the witnesses cross-examined, and all statements by involved parties made, the jury is reminded that an animal is innocent until proven guilty, and retires to deliberate. Depending on its decision, the badger will go free, or, if found guilty, he may be ordered to pay a fine of a given amount of forage (little more than a slap on the paw) or, if the crime is serious, he could end up in a zoo. If he is found guilty, he has the right of appeal, sometimes several appeals, and if he has an able defense attorney, and his species is not noted for its longevity, he may evade punishment entirely.

VIII

DERIVATIVE SUITS AND CONSUMER PROTECTION

In recent years, the number of litigations by individual members of herds, flocks, schools, and other animal groupings against the leading animal in the pack, pride, gaggle, etc., have increased enormously, a reflection, no doubt, of the gradually widening awareness in the animal kingdom of the inherently exploitative nature of the domination of food supply, females, waterholes, and so forth, by the strongest member of the herd.

Derivative suits brought by herd members typically involve an allegation by the herd member that the leader or leaders of that particular grouping are not acting in the best interest of all of its members. More and more, the traditional fight to the death between a herd member who wishes to challenge the herd leader is being replaced by litigation, a healthy development very much in the best tradition of the rule of the law superseding force majeure and the *droit de plus fort*.⁴⁷

There have also been a number of suits aimed at breaking the power of the so-called "mammalian-invertebrate complex," the near-total domination of the upper portions of the predation chain by a small number of species, to the detriment of the average animal.⁴⁸

⁴⁷ See *Pride of Lions v. The Lion Known as "Simba"* (43 Carniv. 58). The court ordered Simba deposed. In a similar suit, *Gnat v. Cloud of Gnats* (88 Bugs 577), the court ruled in a case brought by a gnat who had formerly been deposed in a derivative suit and now complained of discrimination in awarding of swarming space by the new leader that the gnat had no standing in court because of the long-established doctrine of "unclean paws." Under this doctrine, an animal who has clearly been committing a given wrong cannot sue another animal for the same wrong.

⁴⁸ A similar situation has also arisen in the plant kingdom. See *Conifers v. Deciduous Trees* (119 Leaves 414), a restriction of sunlight case. These and other public interest suits will be interesting to watch, particularly if they lead to the establishment of a principle limiting in any way the right to eat.

Consumer protection suits are a very recent development and one whose outcome from the point of view of the evolution of animal law it is too early to predict. They have been brought in several jurisdictions by a number of animals of quite different species in an attempt to limit the incredible number of poisons and injurious substances which many thousands of species, both plant and animal, secrete, and to force unusually dangerous species to restrict their activities.⁴⁹

IX

CONCLUSION

There are countless areas of the *lex biologica* which, in this brief introduction, it has proved not feasible to cover except in passing, if at all. The diversity of the law of the jungle is extraordinary, and it rewards all who have the patience to study it with a glimpse of a structure unimaginably more complex than that of the DNA molecule, which Watson and Crick spent so long unraveling. (The lowliest sea slug is better acquainted with the Genetic Code.)

It is sad indeed that legal biology has failed to gain the attention it so clearly deserves, and it is mankind, surely, who is the loser. Think, for example, of how convenient it would be to be able to swear out a writ of *nolo pestare* in Insect Court against every mosquito on your property, or of how many lives could be saved if the sharks along our coasts were hit with a succession of beach warrants and cease-and-desist-eating orders!

It is equally sad that our notion of animal behavior, shaped as it is by the narrow context of the legal codes of our own species, *Homo sapiens*, is characterized chiefly by the picture of animals loitering, with no visible means of support, universally guilty of bestiality, and regularly committing nameless acts in dark places. It is true that animal law is not perfect, that many species still take matters into their own paws, and that the ancient principle, "ingestion is nine-tenths of the law," still infects much of the legal atmosphere in the animal kingdom, but to dismiss the law of the jungle as little more than a code of survival and a rationalization for the rule of brute force is to do a grave injustice to the legal standards which animals have evolved along with the wings, nervous systems, carapaces, etc., which are the more visible evidence of the increasing sophistication of life in "a state of nature." □

⁴⁹ See *Dogs et al. v. Porcupines* (4490 Quadrupeds 81). As of now, the basic principle is still caveat predator, or, "let the eater beware."

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Animals talk."

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by Anne Beatts

NATIONAL LAMPOON 85



Peter Rumpelbeck '73

Species Argument

by Chris Miller

Well, it is the middle of August in New York City and I have had enough dog shit, transsexual street creeps, urine-scented telephone booths and scarey, desperate junkies to last me for my next ten incarnations. It is hot as shit and there is a pollution inversion going into its ninth day and old people are keeling over in the street and life in general is being pretty depressing. Everyone I know with any sense has split to Fire Island or Woodstock or somewhere, just to get through the month, and this has left me utterly without customers. Not that this matters, since I have sold my last oh-zee two weeks ago and we are in the middle of the annual grass drought and Carol McHashoil says the Colombian traffickers are purposefully holding up shipments in order to make a big killing in September, after Rockefeller's new drug law drives the prices up. Which will be fine in September but sucks now since I have nothing to sell and furthermore even my personal stash is becoming demolished and it will be difficult at this stage of my life to return to alcohol since I can no longer take the hangovers. So I am hanging out in my apartment this night, crouched by the air-conditioner and trying to follow the plot intricacies of the great Avengers-Defenders free-for-all, when my telephone rings and who should it be but Cocaine Katie.

"Are you busy?" she asks.

"I have been busier when sleeping," I say.

"Good," she says. "I'll pick you up in a half hour. We are going to Ja-

maica to score some weed."

"What? You mean you want to take a subway to Queens on a night as hot as . . .?"

"I mean we are flying on a plane to Jamaica the island, dude," says Cocaine Katie, "so get it together." And she hangs up.

Well, all things considered, this sounds like a pretty good proposition. With the city in its present condition, I would rather be in *Bayonne* than New York. And with Cocaine Katie, I could even handle Newark. If there is one woman I always wish to ball with, more than all the other women I always wish to ball with, it is Katie. Not only will she make your groin bug out and give your eyes a hard-on, she also is one of the slickest dealers I know and has a beautiful head besides. In short, I think of her as a heavy lady. But though we have sporadic business dealings during the three years since she first blows in from Mobile, Alabama, where she runs away from parents of the straight persuasion who wish to make of her a Southern belle, somehow we never get around to balling. Not that I haven't made a few, if you will excuse the expression, stabs in that direction, but it always seems to be the right place at the wrong time or something, for nothing ever quite comes off. So, I am reasoning, if Cocaine Katie wishes me to accompany her to a far-away Caribbean island, our time may well have come. Greatly excited, I throw a few things in my pack, roll some Js for the flight and, when my doorbell rings, go trundling down-

stairs and there is Katie in a cab, looking fantastic.

She gives me a big hello and a hug and lays quite a smooch on me. In fact, it is as steamy and delicious a kiss as I ever score from Katie and somewhere in my lower trunk something is saying 'Hey hey hey!' to which my head is replying, in a W. C. Fields accent, 'Yes, indeed!'

In a few hours, we're walking down the ramp from our plane into Montego Bay and a warm, sweet breeze is hitting me in the face and even in the glare of the airport lights you can see about a zillion stars in the sky and I realize that this Jamaica is a very far out place. Until tonight, the only islands I am on are Fire, Manhattan and Long, and those islands are not much like this one, not at all. Then we are in the terminal where Katie goes off to rent us a car and I fend off a pack of black kids trying to deal me ganja and their sisters until Katie gets back with the keys and then we are driving through a velvet night to the western tip of the island where there is a place called Negril. All this name suggests to me is perhaps a school for African interrogators but, no, what is there is a bay and a boat onto which is being loaded a thousand kilos of a primo Jamaican reefer called Kingsbread. In fact, it is this very loading operation that Katie has been sent to oversee and so, for an hour or so, I stand around freaking out on the stars and the palm trees while Katie checks the goods and haggles with these weird Jamaican dudes over how much money they get now and how much

continued

later and other related matters. From time to time, one of these native dudes, who are some sort of black freak/mystics called *rastas* and have long, snake-coil hair and look about as heavy as people look, comes over and offers me a few blows from his *sklif*, which is the way these guys smoke reefer. It is a piece of newspaper wrapped into a large cone around what seems like a whole ounce of shit and I take a few hits off one of these mothers every time it comes by and presently I am getting exceedingly out of my skull and the night is looking better all the time.

Finally, Katie and the head native dude come to some kind of agreement. They smile and clasp palms and Katie hands him an envelope. Half the *rastas* melt into the jungle that lines the beach we are on and the other half wade out to the boat and soon it's just me, Katie and the moon.

"Well, baby," she says, coming over and taking my arm, "that makes me a couple of thou richer and gets you two free kilos when we get home."

"Really?" This is the first I hear of any free kilos.

"Now, man," she says, "I have an idea. It so happens I am carrying with me some extraordinary blotter acid and, frankly, I have always wanted to get it on with you, so what do you say we drop some of this stuff and fuck our brains out?"

As you may imagine, this sounds like a pretty good scenario to me so I smile and she rips off two hits of the blotter and we chew them up and lie down with our packs as pillows and watch stars fall out of the sky and speak of this and that and pretty soon I'm getting fantastic rushes and the stars are beginning to strobe and dance and I get the picture that Katie's acid is as good as her smoke and everything else she has to offer. I roll over to grab her, just in time to see her stepping out of her jeans and there I am, face to face with this exquisite chestnut bush and it's strobing and dancing and then Katie is gliding whitely away from me toward the water. Never one to oppose an idea whose time has come, I quickly strip down and join her. Holding hands like a couple of people in a love comic, we stand chest deep in water so warm and gentle it seems to be kissing you all over. Then Katie turns to face me and, in a little leap, wraps her legs around my waist and if there are any fish swimming in the vicinity of my groin they probably receive concussions from the force of the water being pushed away from my expanding cock. Katie tightens her arms around my neck, crushes her lips against me and there is a simply enormous crash of thunder and we are suddenly being

inundated in one of those flash tropical storms you read about.

"Uh . . . Katie?"

"Mmmm." She is smushing at my neck, seemingly oblivious to the downpour.

"Katie, it's raining."

"Mmm?" She smushes a little more, then pulls her head up and looks around. "Wow, rain. Isn't rain far out?"

"Katie, the reason I mention it . . ."

"Mmmm?" She's starting to smush again.

". . . is that I can't see the shore."

"What? Can't see shore? It was right *there!* What're we gonna . . .?"

Then there is a big bolt of lightning and on our left I see momentary silhouettes of palm tree tops. So we start splashing in that direction and pretty soon we're back on the beach but the rain is still coming down like there's guys with hoses up above us and all this is striking me as extremely distressing, especially in light of what had been about to go down out there.

"The tent!" says Katie. "There's a tent just at the tree line where they were stashing the shit. Come on."

She grabs my arm and—still tripping our brains out, mind you—we stagger up the beach, grab our packs and, after much uncertain shuffling back and forth at the jungle edge, find the tent and scurry inside.

The first thing I'm aware of is that my bare skin is lying on something exceedingly scratchy. In fact, with my acid amplified senses, I imagine briefly I have thrown myself onto a Hindu bed of nails of some sort but, no, Katie lights a candle she finds in her pack and I see we are lying on a pile of gunny sacks which apparently contained the thousand keys before they were transferred to duffle bags. Katie rummages further in her pack and comes up with a towel and I find one too and we spread them out and suddenly we have a very cosy little nest. Outside the rain has slackened a bit. It's still falling steadily but the effect is comforting now, instead of disconcerting. I look over at Katie.

Do you get off on women in candlelight? I think women look *fantastic* in candlelight. Especially women like Katie who are blond and tan and have firm, high boobs and a twining, glorious bush in which water droplets wink multicolored like flame gems and I don't have time to think anymore because we are in each other's arms and our bodies are melting, melting and hoo-boy, am I at one with the All when . . .

"Jesus, some fuckin' rain, huh?"

There is a loud flapping sound and suddenly we are being sprayed as if with shower nozzles.

"Wuzzat?" says Katie's voice.

"Shower nozzles," I mumble. My face is somewhere between her thighs, as best as I can figure out.

"No, man. Shower nozzle don't say 'fuckin' rain.'"

I consider this and it seems right so I figure the thing to do would be to lift my head and look around so I do this and what do I see but a pelican, holding his wings out to the caudle to dry them.

"What's happenin'?" says the pelican. "Bum night, huh?"

"Who's that talking?" Katie wants to know.

"A pelican," I say.

"A *pelican*?" says Katie. "Far out."

"Far out?" I say. "Is that all you can say, it's 'far out'?"

"Nothing so far out about it," says the pelican, preening his feathers with his bill. "There's a lot of us around here. We're indigenous."

Katie sits up. "Holy shit, it is a pelican!"

"I told you it was a pelican," I say.

"I need some smoke," says Katie. She digs through her pack and comes up with a baggie of buds, two of which she breaks up into a pipe bowl without even removing the seeds. She lights up, takes two or three huge drags and hands the pipe to me. I take a couple of tokes also and reach to hand it back to her.

"Ahem," says the pelican.

We both look at him.

"Well, can't I have a toke?" The pelican folds his wings at his sides and looks at us expectantly.

"What should I do?" I ask Katie.

Katie thinks this over and shrugs. "He looks okay. Give him a toke."

So I reach the pipe out, stem first, and the pelican zoops his head forward and makes a long sucking noise at it and then throws his head back and holds his breath.

"I didn't know pelicans smoked," I say, passing the pipe back to Katie.

"Oh, sure, . . ." starts the pelican, but this allows some smoke to trickle from his bill and he starts to cough. "Shit," he says, wiping at his eyes with a wing.

At this point, there is a loud clacking sound and two small, white sand crabs come skittering into the tent.

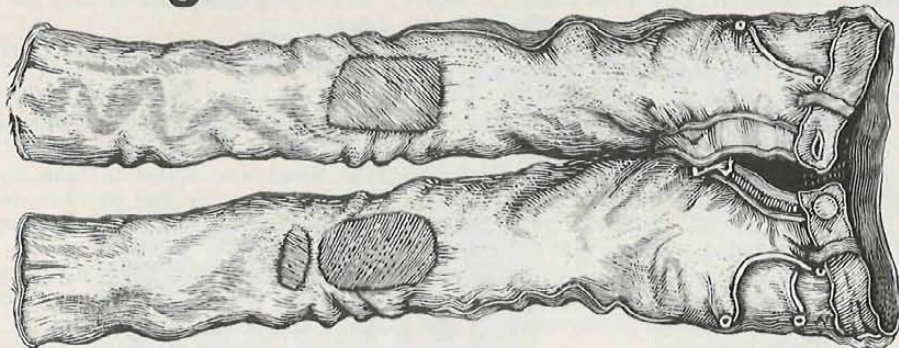
"I told you I smelled weed, man," says one of the crabs.

"Do you suppose we could have a few hits?" the other crab asks Katie.

"Now wait a minute," I say. "What is this, 'Zoo Parade'? We're trying to do a quiet pipe in here and . . ."

"Ah hear sumbuddy say pipe?" says a new voice. We all look to the tent flaps and rolling in is a black spiny thing that looks like the contents of an armpit of a person being electrocuted.

The Sony Guide to preserving your individuality



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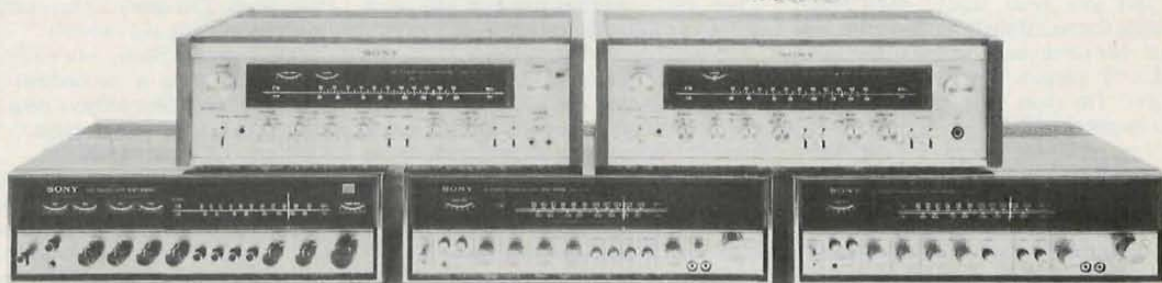
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"What's that?" asks Katie quickly.

"That's Spike," says the pelican, recovering from his coughing fit. "He's a sea urchin."

"He's also a *pusher*," says one of the sand crabs accusingly.

"Thass so," says Spike. He rolls up to my feet and starts waving his spines at me. "Try some of *mah* stuff. Ah got coke, smack, morphine, meth . . ."

"Are you crazy?" I say. "Get away from me. I don't fuck with needles."

"How 'bout you?" says the sea urchin politely to Katie.

"No, thanks," says Katie with a shudder.

"Shee-it," says the sea urchin. "Can' get no one into mah needles no mo'. Ah don' know whut de worl' comin' to."

"You better stay out of New York, man," says Katie. "Rockefeller's new drug law starts this September. You'll be subject to a mandatory life sentence."

"No shit?" says one of the sand crabs. "That's terrible. I have a cousin who was backpacking in Mexico, they busted him for a couple of roaches and he's been in the joint for a year and a half just waiting for his trial."

"Somebody mention roaches?" calls a chorus of small voices. We all turn and look and there is a line of ten cockroaches filing into the tent. They stop before me and one of them pipes, "Jey, amigo! How 'bout blowin' some of tha' thees way. We don' need much."

A bit unsteadily, I blow some smoke down on the roaches. They let out a chorus of cheers and immediately start dancing around, playing tiny maracas and conga drums.

"This weed's sure giving me the munchies," says one of the sand crabs. "I'm hungry enough to eat our young."

"Now, Stan, you hush with that," says the other sand crab. "That's not funny, even to talk about."

"Oh, Christ, Fran. You have no sense of humor at all sometimes," says the first sand crab.

"And stop calling me *man*," says Fran. "I'm a *woman*!"

"Did you hear that?" says Stan, turning incredulously to face the rest of us. He turns back to the other sand crab. "I didn't say '*man*,' I said '*Fran*.' Do you see how paranoid you're getting?"

"Jey, come on, joo guys. Don' fight. Jos' get high," advises one of the cockroaches.

"Yeah, thass right, get bah," the sea urchin says benevolently. "Here, trah some of mah special speedball combination. Coke an' smack, mah mah mah!" He rolls tentatively toward Fran, waving a couple of

spines at her.

"You go *away*," says Fran, hurrying behind Stan. "You're half the reason I'm uptight."

"Yeah, dude," says Stan. "Go wave those things at somebody else."

The sea urchin retreats, his spines drooping dispiritedly.

Well, Katie and I have just been sitting there digging all this with our mouths hanging open. I mean, I hear of being one with nature, but this is ridiculous. Meanwhile, my gonads are throbbing like kettledrums because, as a result of all these rude interruptions, I never get a chance to come. Here I am, sitting nude in a tent with the most gorgeous, far out chick I know, gentle tropical rain making soft, soothing vibes on the roof, mellow LSD coursing through my veins—and I can't get near her. Because a bunch of animals want to get high and rap in the middle of our living room.

"Hey, this is really nice reefer," says the pelican. "You have any more? I'd like to cop a nickle, if you do."

"Cop a nickle?" says Katie. "What are you going to use to pay for it?"

"Well, I could bring you a few fish. How many fish make a nickle?"

"But don't the fish *talk*?" Katie wants to know.

"Chure do," says one of the cockroaches. "Talk all the time. Maybe talk too much."

"You can't generalize about entities that way," says Fran. "Don't be a species-ist."

"But if you're going to bring us fish," Katie continues, undeterred, "doesn't that mean you'll have to kill them?"

"Oh, yes, I suppose so," says the pelican absently.

"But that's *terrible*," says Katie.

"Listen," says the pelican, "I don't know how it is in human communities, but *we* kill each other. I mean, it's how we eat, you know?"

When I think about it, this system sounds not too different from what is going on back in the West Village, but Katie isn't finished yet.

"Listen, what if you all cooperated? Then you wouldn't *have* to kill each other. You could grow things."

"Yuck!" says the pelican.

"Blech!" chorus the sand crabs.

"Hey, listen, Katie," I say. "What are you fucking with these guys' heads for? What are they supposed to eat, brown rice?"

"Oh, I suppose you're right." Katie turns to the pelican. "I guess it's all right for you to pay in fish, but be sure they *are* dead. I don't want any tiny, pathetic voices calling for help from the frying pan."

"Deal," says the pelican. "I'll get

'em for you soon as the rain stops. Could we smoke some more pot now?"

"Sure," says Katie. She starts to roll a number.

I have a sudden idea. "Speaking of the end of the rain and all that, it sounds like the storm has let up quite a bit so, instead of smoking a joint, why don't you all fuck off? Go back to your holes or wherever you live."

For a long time, nobody says anything.

"¡Caramba!" mutters a cockroach finally.

"Whut kin' of jive is dat, Jim?" says the sea urchin slowly. "This is Woodstock Jungle or ain' you heard? That mean you spoze to take yo' brothers in out de bad weather an' give dem dope 'cause we all one, right?"

"I'm surprised at you," Katie whispers at me. "How can you throw them out in the rain?"

"Katie, they're *animals*. They're supposed to be out in the rain."

"Species-ist," hisses Fran.

I sigh. Maybe they have a point. "Okay, we're all one. Forget I said anything. We're all one until the rain stops and then just me and Katie are going to be all one and all *you* are going to be all *out*!"

"Chure, man, tha's beautiful," says one of the cockroaches. "An' as long as we holed up here, I want to chake my thorax. C'mon, joo guys, le's beat some tub." And with this the roaches start wailing away on their drums and shaking their maracas and while they are not exactly Santana, they aren't bad at that.

"C'mon, Fran," says Stan. "Let's boogie."

"Is that all you ever think about?" says Fran. "Males!"

"Did you hear that?" Stan slaps four of his feet to his antennae in stunned disbelief. "She thinks I'm talking about *reproduction*! Fran, we don't even *begin* our reproductive cycle for another three weeks. I *can't* mate with you tonight. If I drank an entire clam shell of Spanish *human*, I couldn't mate with you tonight. What the hell is the *matter* with you?"

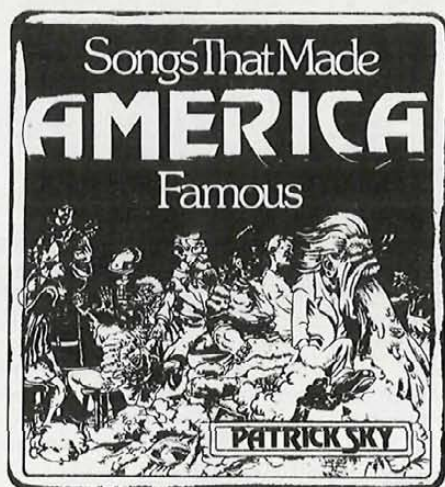
Unexpectedly, Fran starts to cry. "Oh, Stan, I'm sorry," she snuffles. "I must be getting my weekly."

"Oh," says Stan, abruptly chastened. He puts a protective pincer around Fran. "She always gets a little bitchy during her weeklies," he explains to the rest of us.

Meanwhile, the cockroaches are singing "The Ceesco Keed, He Wass a Fren' of Mine" and every time they say 'keed,' they kick up three of their legs and I can see that it is very tight little stage choreography they have worked out.

"You guys aren't by any chance

“I GUESS WE’VE HAD OUR GOD DAMN F*CKING FILL”



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SONGS THAT MADE AMERICA FAMOUS—

Patrick Sky—Adelphi AD-R4101

This record was held up for two years because of its controversial content. Right after the '72 election, it almost seemed that any socio-political satire, partially aimed at a lame duck president would be rather anti-climatic. But now with the albatross of Watergate in the Washington barnyard, a new era of pointed barbs shot into the right places seems at hand. This LP is a triumph of bad taste and a cosmic yuck in the imagery department—much is not for the faint-hearted. But with Pat Sky's humor, the original tunes entertain as well as protest. This is THE social commentary disk of the decade.

CASH BOX

He certainly won't get air play because of his drastic approach to vital issues, but the album, which is a long-playing caustically creative and musically bright diatribe, deserves to be heard and bandied about by persons who consider themselves involved and committed to making changes where they need to be made. *It ought to be sold at newsstands.*

ROCK — Linda Solomon

Sky's oral outrage is at last available for public consumption in record stores throughout the land. Although several cuts evidence redeeming social merit, most of Sky's songs simply aim at offending as many people as possible—and most of them succeed. Such a record belongs in every American home; enjoy it while you still can.

ROLLING STONE — Jim Miller

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from Motown, are you?" I ask the cockroach nearest me.

"No, man, we from MoBay," says the roach. "We joss play the Caribbean so far. But we gettin' better all the time. Someday we gonna play in Nuevo York."

"In . . . Nuevo York?"

"Si, at the Apollo Theatre. Thees ees otr goal!"

"Shee-it," observes the sea urchin disgustedly. "You sure be sumpin' at de Apollo Theatre, all right. Sheeit."

"You guys better be careful if you come to New York," says Katie. "It's full of exterminators."

The cockroaches abruptly stop their music and look sadly up at us.

"Jes, we hear of thees," says one. "Over seex beillion of us gassed. Ees great tragedy."

"But someday," says another, "we have our own homeland an' learn to proteck ourselves an' have famous general weeth eye patch."

"Listen," says the pelican, "all this exterminator shit is bumming me out." He eyes Katie. "Couldn't we smoke another number and change the subject?"

"Well, if we're changing the subject," says Fran, turning to me, "there's something I've always wanted to ask a human. You know those nasty little lice things you get in your pubic hair?"

"Oh, you mean cr . . ."

"Don't say it! That's the whole point of why I'm asking you. Do you know that the entire crustacean population of the world gets terribly offended every time one of you refers to those lice colonies as 'crabs'?"

"Well, no, I didn't know that," I say. "But now that I do know, you may be sure that from now on I will always refer to lice colonies as lice colonies."

"I haven't heard you apologize yet," says Fran.

"How can I apologize for three billion humans?" This sand crab is really a ball-buster. "I'm sorry for me. Katie's sorry. Aren't you, Katie?"

"I'm sorry as hell," says Katie. "I really am."

"See? Katie's sorry and I'm sorry. Isn't that good enough?"

"Well, . . ." says Fran.

"Come on, Fran," says Stan. "He's really being very decent about it. He does outweigh us three thousand to one."

"Oh, well, all right," says Fran stiffly. "I accept your apology. But you better tell your fellow humans about this."

"For God's sake, Fran, what do you want him to do? Mount an advertising campaign? Let's be friends."

I am getting to dig this Stan dude. Katie has finished rolling the number

and so I take it from her and light it and hand it to him.

"Far out," says Stan. He takes the J in a claw and tokes away and starts to pass it back to me.

"Give Fran a hit," I say.

Stan gives me a look, then shrugs his shell and extends the number in Fran's direction. Fran hesitates for a long moment, then accepts it and takes a hearty hit.

"Jayyyyyyy!" cheer the cockroaches and launch into a reggae and once again everything is mellow in the tent. Except that my nuts are like grapefruits and more than anything in the world, more than fame, wealth, power and a fifty-five gallon drum of cocaine, I want to get laid. When is this rain going to stop, I ask myself. And then I listen and realize the rain has stopped and insects are singing away in the jungle so I throw back the tent flaps and the moon floods in and it is fucking fantastically beautiful out there. So I go out and sit on a piece of driftwood and just drink it all in.

"Some moon, huh?" I look down and see the pelican beside me, his long bill tilted upward as he inspects the night. The sand crabs, the cockroaches and the sea urchin are respectively scuttling, crawling and rolling from the tent and then Katie emerges and if she looked fantastic by candlelight, you ought to see her under this fat yellow moon.

"Jey, leesten, man," says one of the cockroaches, "we gonna spleet. Ther's an after hours club een a tree stump about feefty yards from here an' while tha' may not be far for joo guys, eet gonna take an hour for us to get ther', so . . . hasta luego, amigos."

"Ah splittin' too," says the sea urchin. "Goin' upbay an' do some business."

"Wait, we'll come with you," says Stan. "We can split a cab." He turns to me. "Well, dude, thanks for the smoke. Take it easy."

"Don't forget to tell your friends about those lice," calls Fran. "Good night."

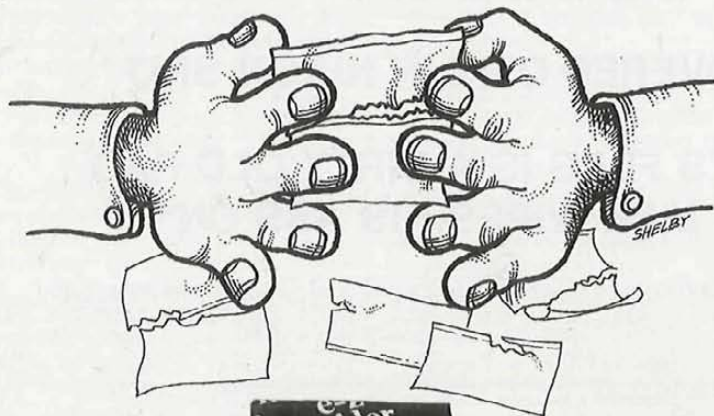
"Good night," we say, and then there's just Katie, me, and the pelican, staring stoned at the night like three idiots.

Finally, the pelican gives himself a little shake and says, "I'm hungry. Hold that weed for me. I'll see you in a couple hours with some breakfast." He spreads his wings, runs a few clumsy steps and then is in the air, climbing fast, until he makes a graceful pass across the face of the moon and is gone.

"Wow," murmurs Katie.

"Now," I reply and, taking her hand, draw her into the tent and close the flaps firmly behind us. □

If you're rolling cigarettes like you've got 5 thumbs, we'll give you a hand.



No more feeling like a rude clumsy oaf. No more sticking together 2 papers and hoping that while you're rolling they don't split open again.

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ILL, BUT STILL SMART

by ~ ED BLUESTONE

illustrated by ~ SHARY FLENNIKEN

There's nothing sadder than when a boy has to shoot his aging sheepdog...



... especially when they've spent a lot of years together...

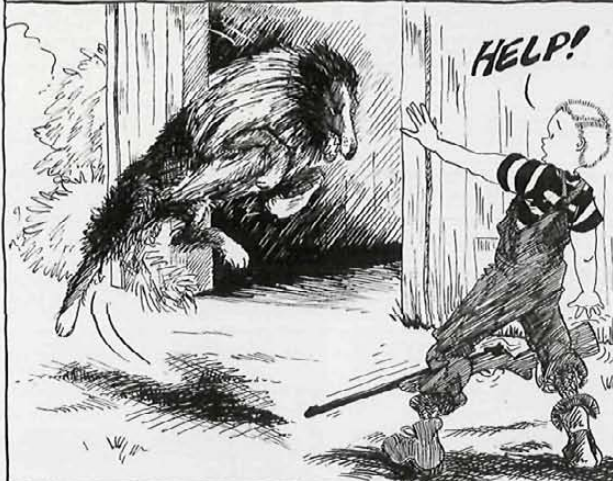


SORRY I'VE GOTTA DO THIS, BUT WE'LL BOTH FEEL BETTER WHEN YOU'RE NOT SUFFERING ANYMORE.

...and the dog can read the kid's mind.



SNIFFLE!



HELP!

A thought occurs to the dog:



WHY NOT SHOOT THE KID?

He approaches his victim nonchalantly...



... and clicks back the trigger with a hind leg.



I'LL TELL THE POLICE THAT HE ABUSED ME SEXUALLY.



The Allman Brothers Band has a great new sound. Pioneer.

Electrifying. That's the word for the Allman Brothers Band. You can always feel that electric quality building in an audience when this powerful group is on stage. The vitality of their improvisations, which are rooted in the blues, has rocketed them to the top of the music world.

The Allman Brothers Band met up with Pioneer equipment in the most natural way possible. Hearing the sound of one of their albums being played on a Pioneer receiver and speakers through the open door of a dealer's showroom, they entered for a few moments. And remained for the rest of the day. Listening and

comparing virtually every Pioneer component.

They must have been quite impressed. Because when they left, each had bought himself a complete Pioneer system. In addition, the Allman Brothers Band donated a Pioneer system to the Georgia Academy of the Blind, one their many humanitarian causes outside of music.

While many professional musicians, like the Allman Brothers Band, have discovered and bought Pioneer high fidelity components, its quality, performance and features has ranked it at the top for everyone who knows and appreciates great music

reproduction. And the beauty part is that you can own Pioneer no matter what your budget is.

As the band's piano player, Chuck Leavell, summed it up, "Starting with Pioneer is starting with the best. It's about as good as you can do, I reckon."

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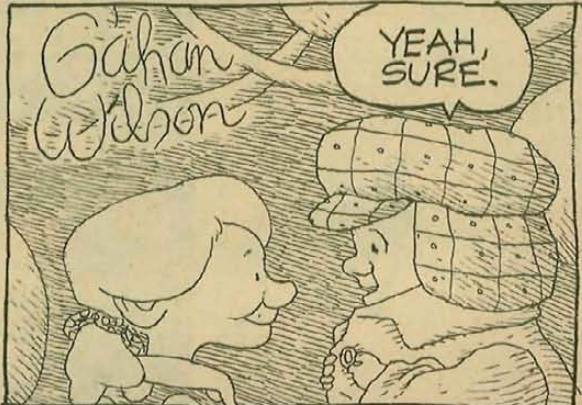
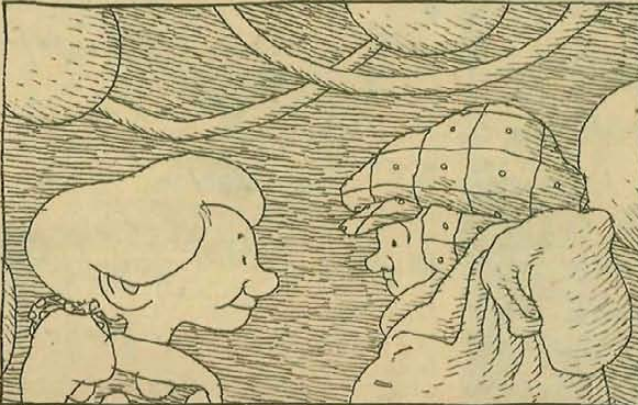


The Allman Brothers Band is available exclusively on Capricorn records and tapes.

FUNNY PAGES

SNUTS

REMEMBER THE FIRST TIME WHEN YOU WEREN'T REALLY SURE HOW YOU ACTUALLY FELT ABOUT THIS GIRL? EVEN IF YOU LIKED HER OR IF YOU DIDN'T, NOT TO MENTION MORE COMPLICATED THINGS?

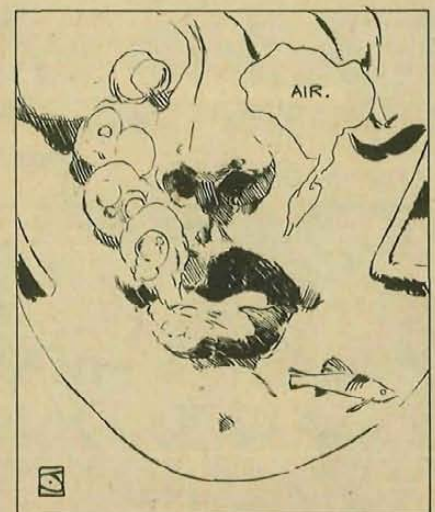
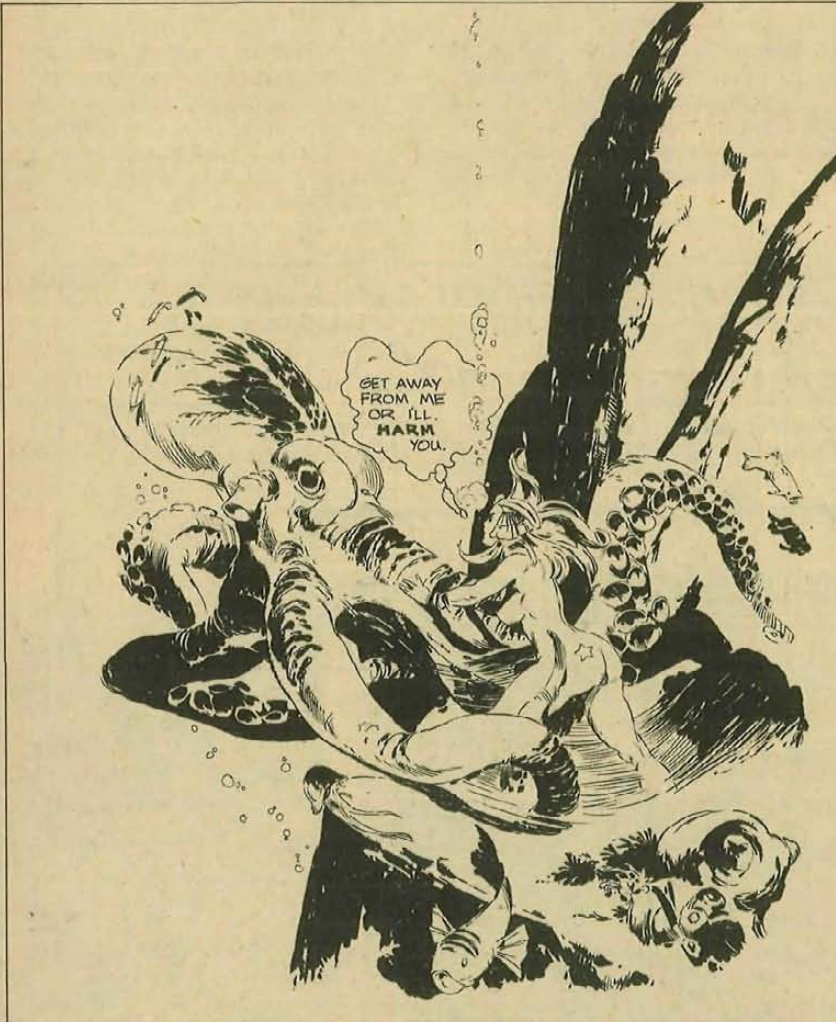




IDYL



© J. JONES 1973



MULE'S DINER



THEY WERE MARRIED BY A JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.



SARAH LEE NEVER SMILED. AT LEAST...



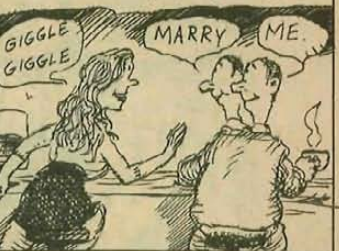
JONATHAN TOOK SARAH HOME TO MEET HIS BROTHERS AND HIS FATHER.



...NOT UNTIL JONATHAN WALKED INTO MULE'S DINER.



JONATHAN NEVER HAD THE FULL ATTENTION OF A REAL GIRL BEFORE.



THIS IS BROTHER ARTHUR.



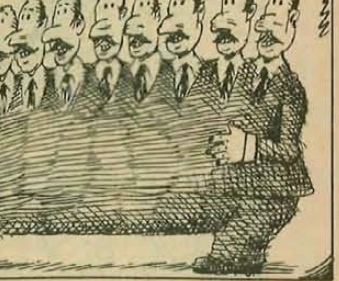
FINALLY, JONATHAN'S FATHER CAME IN.



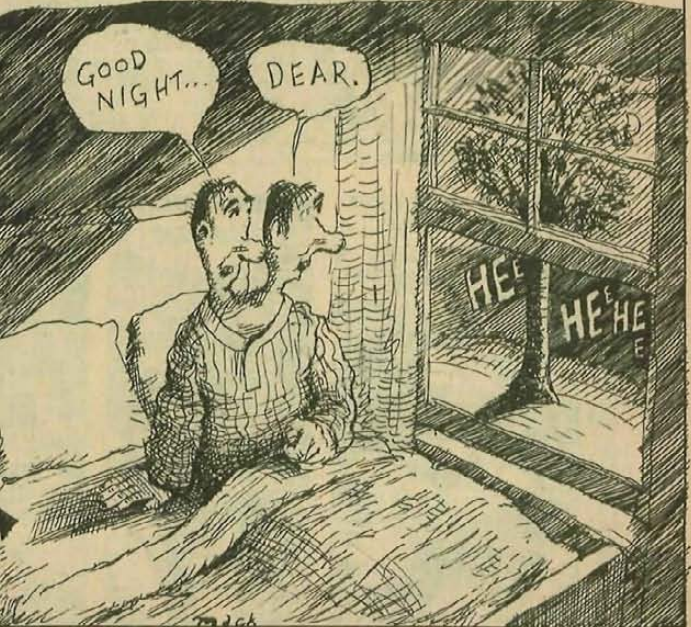
THIS IS MY BROTHER STEVE.



AND THIS IS BROTHER LIONEL.



BUT OF COURSE THAT DIDN'T SOLVE THE WHOLE PROBLEM.



WHEN THE OLD MAN FOUND OUT WHY HIS DAUGHTER-IN-LAW WAS LAUGHING, HE GOT VERY ANGRY AND...

... HE CHANGED HER INTO A MAPLE TREE IN THE BACKYARD.



HAVING CLARIFIED THE SITUATION ON THE HOME FRONT, JILL RETURNS FOR AN EVENING WITH STEVE ...



trots and bonnie

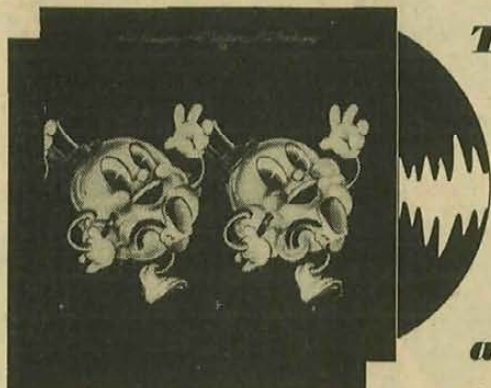


OUT WITH JILL, HAROLD, AND CAROLE, STEVE LOCKS THE KEYS INSIDE HIS FATHER'S CAR!



BRAND NEW!

**Are You Up to Date on Records?
For Only \$2, This Massive 2-LP Set
Will Bring You the Latest by:**



**The Allman Brothers Band
Jethro Tull
America
The Mothers
Uriah Heep
The Doobie Brothers
and many, many more!**

In just the last few months, new discs by **The Allman Brothers Band, Bonnie Raitt, Jethro Tull, The Mothers, The Marshall Tucker Band, America, Uriah Heep, Sopwith Camel, Tim Buckley, The Doobie Brothers, Gene Parsons, Peter Yarrow, Jesse Colin Young** and a bunch more have rolled (and rocked) out of Burbank to the acclaim of all.

So, it's time for another one of Warner Bros. Records' famous \$2 samplers, otherwise known as the Loss Leaders. The newest edition has 27 complete stereo selections for your \$2, featuring all the artists just mentioned **plus some more** who are just as good, if not quite so famous (yet): Chip Taylor, Maria Muldaur, Strider, Jimmy Cliff, the JSD Band, Three Man Army, Back Door, The Section, Robin Trower, Kathy Dalton, Labat, Bedlam and Wendy Waldman.

A special feature, just in time for Christmas, is **Martin Mull's** legendary "Santa Doesn't Cop Out on Dope," which you can't get anywhere else for love nor money. Plus great moments by such silver screen favorites as **Humphrey Bogart, James Cagney, Liz and Richard, and Bugs Bunny.**

All yours for \$2, and you get a brimful of pictures and stories of the stars and stars-to-be as well. The only hitch: you have to get it direct from Burbank, a feat made relatively simple by the US Postal Service.

The Whole Deal is made possible by WB's artists and producers, who waive royalties and other cost-lies, and by the company's accountants, who look the other way while rising costs of vinyl, cardboard and postage stain the black inkwell red.

In tribute to the picture people, by the way, Warner Bros. Records has revived a favorite slogan from the early days of sound films, and given it a new twist to form the title of this new sampler:

All Singing, All Talking, All Rocking.

YOU DO THE DANCING. JUST SEND \$2 WITH THE COUPON BELOW.

to: LOSS LEADERS / P O BOX 6868 / BURBANK, CALIF. 91510

NL3-JAN

I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO HEAR ALL SINGING . . .

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MAKE CHECKS/MONEY ORDERS PAYABLE TO
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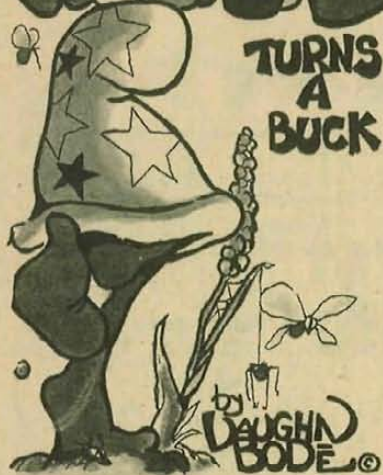
THIS OFFER NOT VALID OUTSIDE THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.



BODE'S CARTOON CONCERT

CHEEZY WIZARD

URNS A BUCK



BECAUSE I BEEN LENIENT WITH YOU, SCUM COME, DON'T MEAN THINGS ARE GONNA BE ALL ROSES. NO SIR, YOU GOTTA START PULLING YOUR WEIGHT AROUND HERE. EVEN IF YOU IS A STUFFED CORPSE.

BEING DEAD, FART FACE, YOUR OVERHEAD ISN'T DAT MUCH, BUT, WE GOT TO PUT SOME COINS IN DA BIG HAT'S COFFERS; BEER MONEY, LECHING FUNDS, AN LIKE DAT. SO, YOU IS GOIN TO WORK TODAY.



TWO HOURS LATER

OKAY, LET'S FORM A SINGLE LINE. NO PUSHIN. YOU ALL GOING TO GET YER CHANCE TO EXPRESS YOUR LATENT SOCIAL FRUSTRATIONS.

LET'S GO, LET'S GO, KICK EM IN DA BALLS AN DROP YER PENNY IN THA POT!

GOOMPHY CLUNK GOOMPHY CLUNK

COME ON, KEEP DAT LINE MOVIN, BOYS.



THE BROTHERS AESOP® SIAMESE TWINS

BOOK IV, CHAPTER 2
"THE TEMPEST"
ALEX LAYS DYING IN A COFFIN AT THE SWAN SONG FUNERAL PARLOR, TOUGH!



YOU'RE WRONG, CARL, KAREZZA DOES WORK!

DR. SHIBBOLETH, MIGHT I SPEAK WITH YOU IN MY OFFICE?

CERTAINLY.

HAVE YOU ANY IDEA WHEN MR. AESOP WILL EXPIRE, DOCTOR?

...COME IN, WAKE ISLAND, COME IN, ...

...HARD TO SAY. BUT WHY DON'T YOU GO AHEAD WITH PLANS FOR THE WAKE.

CORNUCOPIAN, DOCTOR! I TOOK THE LIBERTY OF NOTIFYING THE PRESS, WE MADE THE ELEVEN O'CLOCK NEWS, YOU KNOW!

NO, I DIDN'T KNOW. WELL, WELL, THIS MIGHT CALL FOR A PRESS CONFERENCE. I MUST SEND DOWN TO THE HOSPITAL FOR MY STETHOSCOPE. IT WILL ADD THAT EXTRA TOUCH FOR THE TV CAMERAS.

NO DISRESPECT TO THE DEPARTED OR NEAR-DEPARTED, BUT WE ARE PARTICIPATING IN AN HISTORIC EVENT.

OH, BY ALL MEANS. THE WORLD SHOULD BE KEPT ABREAST OF WHAT'S — MEXICALI ROSE! WERE THOSE SHOTS?



FOLLOW THAT DHOW, CABBIE!



MONS PUBIS! IT'S, IT'S RODRIGUES, THE FELLOW WHO DRAWS THIS STRIP!!!

BUG OFF, FAGGOT UNDERTAKER! TAKE THAT! EAT LEAD, PHONY LINE DRAWING-DOCTOR! AND IF 'CHEECH WIZARD' WAS ON THIS PAGE I'D LET HIM HAVE IT TOO! YOU STINK, YOU ALL STINK!!!

I GO TO MEET JOHN GARFIELD.

A MARRIAGE IN THE NEAR FUTURE! A DECISION FOR STEVE AND JILL! ALL IN THE COURSE OF A ...



ONE YEAR AFFAIR

WITH HAROLD AND CAROLE GONE, HAVE YOU THOUGHT ABOUT US SHARING A PLACE?

HUNK?



SINCE WE'RE BOTH GOING TO BE WITHOUT ROOMMATES, I THOUGHT IT MIGHT BE CHEAPER FOR US TO STAY TOGETHER!

IS THAT YOUR ONLY REASON?



Reese Press



DO YOU COOK?

Reese Press



JILL, WHY DO YOU MAKE SO MANY CRACKS AFTER MY QUESTIONS?

YOUR ZIT'S BLEEDING.

NEXT: LET'S PLAY HOUSE

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ARKANSAS			NEW YORK		
Little Rock—N. Little Rock	KLAZ-FM	*	Buffalo	WPHD	*
CALIFORNIA			Elmira, Corning, Ithaca	WXXY	*
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San Francisco	KSAN-FM	*	Utica	WOUR	Mon. 9 pm
San Jose	KOME-FM	Sun. 6 pm-midnight	NORTH CAROLINA		
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But now we're breaking out of the boxes (perhaps because we felt we were suffocating) and finding new learning adventures all around us, all our lives.

Television documentaries, book clubs, paperbacks, magazines, 16mm films and cinema verité, correspondence courses, talking tape cassettes, museums going show business—all are part of an "invisible university" that permits any interested citizen to share in the joy of discovery with today's scientists and thinkers.

We're finding out that you don't have to have a college degree to be an educated person—and that you don't have to stop educating yourself after you get one.

This may explain the phenomenal growth of the fairly new monthly magazine *Psychology Today*. In just five years, it has zoomed up out of nowhere to a circulation well over 850,000 monthly copies.

Psychology Today was introduced to bridge the gap between the laboratory and the living room, the professional and the educated layman.

Each month it presents the views and findings of pioneering professional researchers and thinkers, including leaders like Carl Rogers, Bruno Bettelheim,

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Does sports activity really build character?

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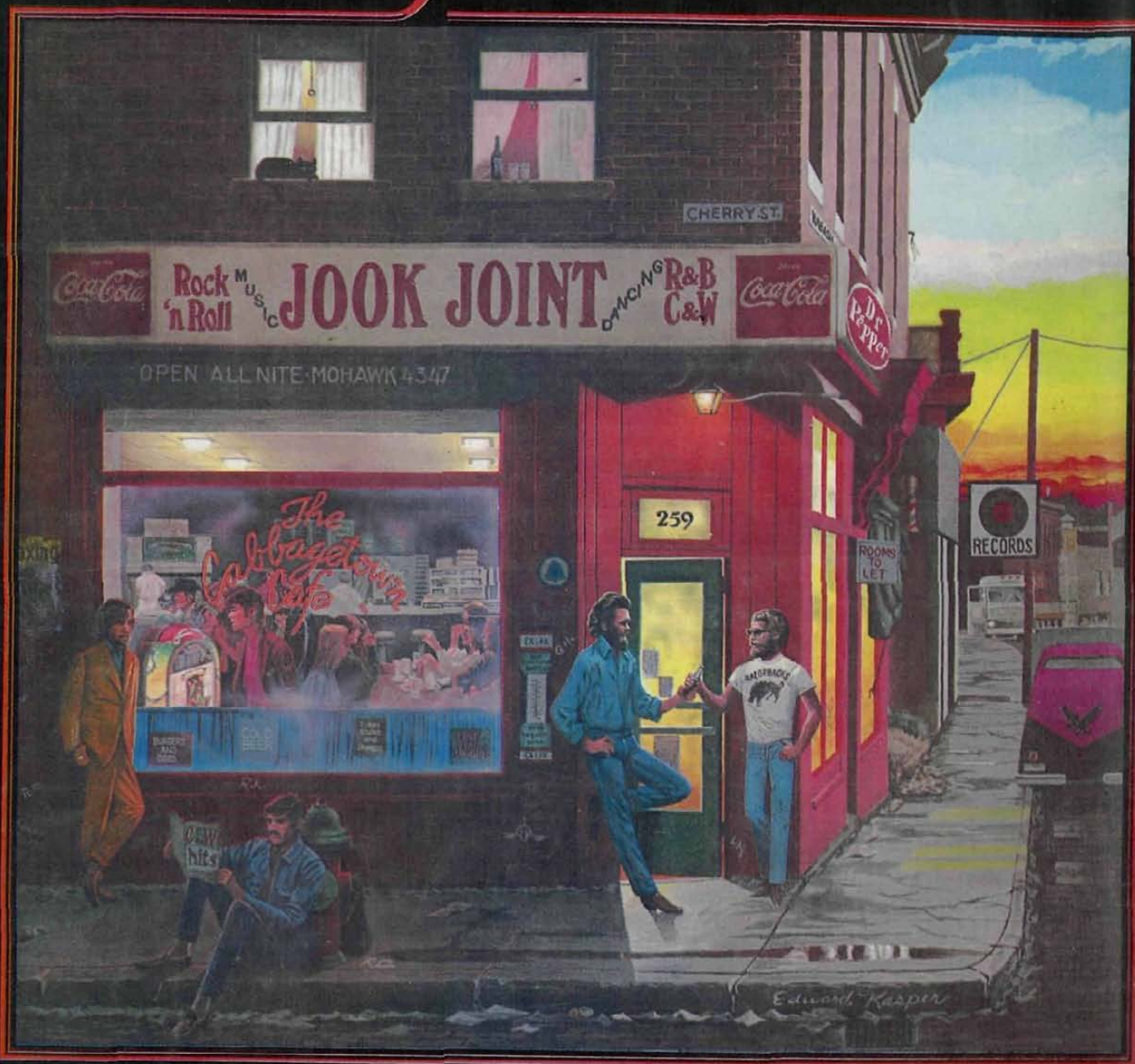
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