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AUGUST 1974 THE HUMOR MAGAZINE 85 CENTS



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MCA-2116

ELTON JOHN
A New Album
CARIBOU
Rock 'n Roll in Peak Condition

MCA RECORDS

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Available on MCA Records & Tapes

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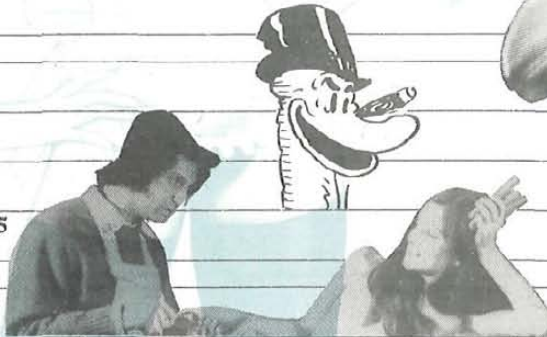
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The child is father of the man.

Consider high fidelity. What started as an obscure hobby for a dedicated handful a quarter of a century ago has grown and matured to the point where it is an important part of the lifestyle of millions. Every advancement in sound reproduction has been a stepping stone to the next. With Pioneer continuously leading the way.

Drummer Bobby Colomby of Blood, Sweat & Tears has been a warm friend of Pioneer. A dedicated tape recording activist, he challenged Pioneer's engineers with, "I'd like a tape deck that is versatile. It should have professional features and still be easy to operate. And, of course, it must be priced right; but it has to be better than anything ever built before."

The result was the popular 4-track RT-1020L. Now we've followed it up with the RT-1050, a 2-track professional model with studio speed of 15 ips as well as 7½ ips. It accommodates an optional 4-track plug-in head assembly, and is portable.

Both decks incorporate three motors, full logic pushbutton controls for rapid switching from one

mode to another, bypassing the Stop button. They also feature bias and equalizer selectors, pause control, 10½-inch reels, sound-on-sound, sound-with-sound, mic/line mixing, plus many other refinements.

And, as Bobby requested, they're priced right. RT-1050 - \$699.95; RT-1020L (7½, 3¾ ips) and RT-1020H (15, 7½ ips) - \$649.95 each.

Whichever you choose, you can be sure they are the finest value in studio quality tape decks. They offer positive proof the child is father of the man.

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NEWS ON THE MARCH

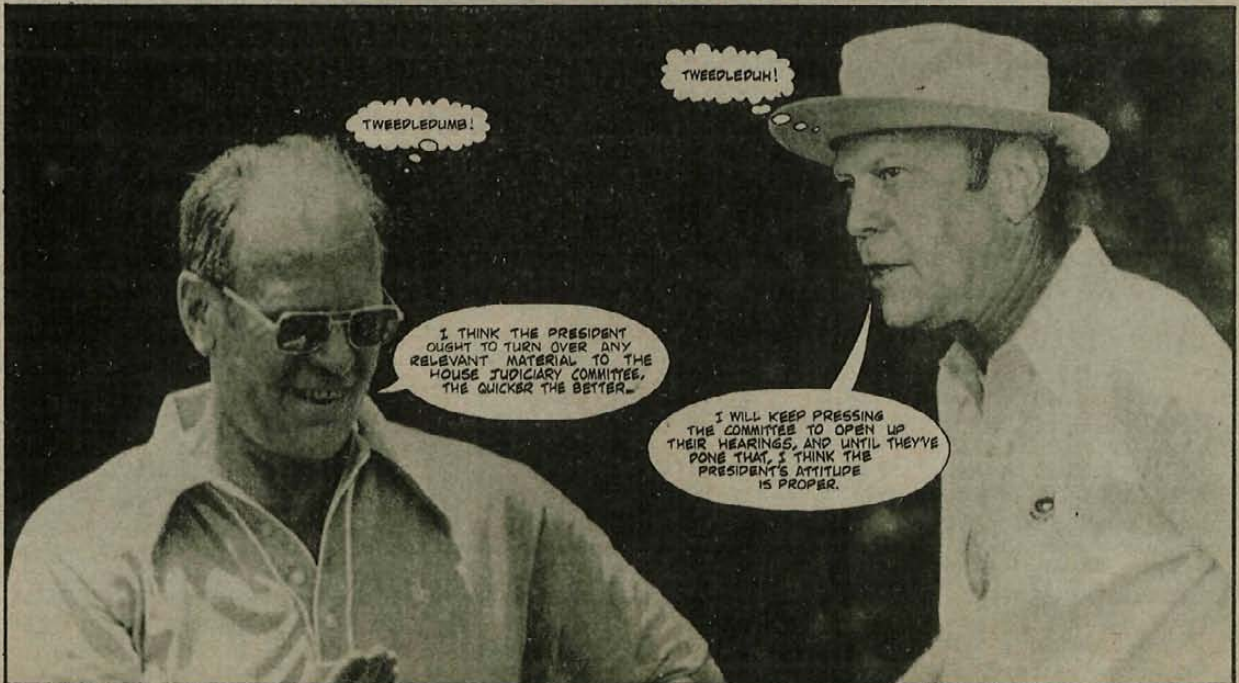
AUGUST, 1974

VOLUME 1, NO. LIII

“I am not a schnook” KISSINGER VEEPS



THE FORD TWINS SPEAK OUT



India's successful detonation of a "nuclear device" has caused considerable uneasiness in Pakistan, despite Indian assurances that its nuclear capability will be used only for peaceful purposes, such as mineral exploitation and heavy construction. Although at the present time the only known delivery system India possesses for a possible weapon is parcel post, Pakistani officials are said to fear that India's long-term intentions include the development of a full-scale nuclear weapons program to produce atomic bombs that could be used against its traditional foe. We're happy to report that the atomic energy section of India's confidential ten-year plan shows that nothing could be further from the truth. Among the scores of major projects now under consideration by Indian planning officials and likely to benefit all the peoples of the subcontinent are: construction of an open pit mine in downtown Karachi with a large megaton range nuclear explosion; a series of smaller exploratory blasts to tap the vast mineral wealth thought by Indian geologists to lie beneath a number of Pakistani military bases; use of a number of precisely placed nuclear explosives to bring to final realization the age-old dream of building an extensive canal system in Northern Kashmir; and, with the aid of atomic detonation, harnessing the huge hydroelectric potential of the Indus River by converting the Pakistani capital of Islamabad into a gigantic earth fill dam.

Many experienced political observers feel that the House of Representatives would be reluctant to act on any impeachment resolution while the President of the United States is out of the country, engaged in the conduct of diplomacy abroad, and key Nixon aides are said to be counting on this attitude as a basic strategy in their efforts to insure the survival of the Nixon Presidency. As a result, in addition to the journeys to the Mideast and the Soviet Union, the White House is reportedly planning a lengthy schedule of Presidential trips for the remainder of 1974 and the first half of 1975, which are slated to keep President Nixon out of the U.S. roughly three weeks out of every four. They include: a state visit to the Faroe Islands to initial a groundbreaking fishing treaty with the Danish limiting the annual smelt catch; a long-delayed trip to Sri Lanka, formerly Ceylon, to put the U.S. stamp of approval on that nation's recent name change; a short sojourn in the Baffin Bay area of the Ca-

nadian Arctic as part of an effort to improve relations with America's huge northern neighbor and stress the traditional American policy of "hands off the tundra"; as a counter to growing Russian influence in the area, a sweep through the strategically important Balearic Islands, source of 14 percent of America's cork supplies and 9 percent of her isinglass; a goodwill tour of Uruguay and Paraguay to help soothe Latin American sensibilities by showing, as one Presidential aide put it, "that we know which guay is which"; and a lengthy visit to the United States Trust Territory of the Pacific to permit brief stopovers on "a majority" of the two thousand Micronesian islands whose 90,000-odd Americans of Polynesian and Melanesian extraction have been inexplicably ignored by previous Presidents.

The quick resignation of Chancellor Willy Brandt of West Germany following the release of secret reports on the activities of Gunter Guillaume, an East German spy at the very top of the Brandt government, invites invidious comparisons with President

Nixon's response to the Watergate affair. Brandt's immediate personal acceptance of sole blame for the entire matter puts the U.S. in the unpleasant position of taking a moral lesson from Germans, and hence it is at least partly reassuring that Brandt briefly considered a full scale "Siegfried Line" defense of his actions based on Mr. Nixon's Watergate tactics. Prepared by one of his aides, it was called "Das Nixonsche Strategie" and spelled out a detailed "footballeplanz" for rebutting criticism of his government's handling of the "Guillaume affair." Among the recommended steps were:

- Issuance of a statement calling Gunther Guillaume "one of the finest public servants it has been my privilege to know."
- The placing of all West German forces on a military alert to demonstrate West German "resolve" to East Germany.
- Issuance of a statement insisting that "one week of the Guillaume affair is enough" and complaining that the biased North German media is deliberately prolonging the affair in an effort to "cut the legs off the Chancellor."



- Release of a lengthy position paper explaining the difference between a "spy" and a "third-rate quasi-agent with access to random materials of threshold sensitivity engaged in routine intelligence-gathering functions in a clandestine mode."
- Issuance of a statement terming the government probe of Guillaume's activities "the most thorough investigation since the Nuremburg Trials."
- Delivery of a nationwide television address explaining that the reason Guillaume was permitted to continue his activities for nearly a year after his discovery was because the Chancellor was anxious to play "the traditional German role first suggested by Goethe of Devil's Advocate" to determine the depths of Guillaume's complicity and because "it isn't fair to pillory a man in the court of public opinion just for bringing a flash camera into the chancellery document room."
- Arranging for key aides to testify that the Chancellor was "anxious to get the story out" but felt constrained by NATO security to "keep the lid on the stein."
- Rejection of demands for resignation as "bratwurst" and the statement of regular public vows to remain in office and to preserve "the great institution of the Chancellery just as my three predecessors did in our long, proud twenty-five year history of constitutional government."

According to White House sources, Secretary of State Henry Kissinger's next major diplomatic mission following his return from the Mideast and Moscow will be to attempt to work out an agreement between Congress and President Nixon permitting the President to retain some authority under a modified form of censure short of actual impeachment. The draft "impeach" agreement which Kissinger is reportedly planning to mount a major effort to persuade Congress to accept is said to call for an immediate removal by the House of Representatives of its subpoenas, followed by a "phased release" of half of the remaining Presidential tapes. If this first stage is successful, the President will then agree to cease firing special prosecutors, to withdraw all executive personnel to the West Wing of the White House, and to establish a depoliticized buffer zone along Pennsylvania Avenue, probably manned by a special team of nonpartisan observers. Under the plan, the President will be allowed to keep his Camp David retreat in the Catoctin Mountains and the Potomac will remain open to his yacht. □



A New Album By

CHER

Dark Lady



MCA-2113



Produced By Snuff Garrett
For Garrett Music Enterprises
Arranged By Al Capps

Cover photo: ©1974 The Condé Nast Publications Inc.

MCA RECORDS



My Beloved Ones,

Greetings from New York City, my devoted sheep. And I know that I may call you "my sheep" because who else would follow an old wrinkled goat scrotum such as my humble Self and bleat so piteously when they are reminded of their back Baba Rum Raisin Membership Dues! Baaaaah Baba Rum Raisin, they bleat, we have no pennies in our knapsacks. We have no nickles in our overalls. We are but doomed ninnies addicted to costly marijuana jags and Snickers Bars. We deserve to be reincarnated as Henry Kissinger's hemorrhoids. Baaaah.

No stamps, money orders, or Canadian coins, please, my foolish wooly ones. Baaaugh!

The "Big Apple" here is as the painted pomegranate—merely a varnished fruit concealing the pits. My stopover here until I am beheld in Long Island with Commander Cody and his Lost Planet Airmen (a very popular swing orchestra with you young people yes?) has been marred by recent events. Once again, through an easily explainable misunderstanding, much bad karma has arisen between your beloved 173-year-old Perfect Master and the Credit Manager of the Plaza Hotel. A small thing, really, concerning about certain signatures on certain Travelers' Checks that miraculously teleported into my possession, but this tiny thorn has plunged Baba Rum Raisin, his guileless Raisinettes, and his Very Talented Road Manager Miss Jill St. John into this yet tinier Sixth Avenue phone booth.

Yes, my wicked, wicked ones, while you loll around strumming your sitars to Karen Carpenter, old Baba and his entourage are presently crammed into this foolish booth to avoid a summer rainstorm. Even as I tap tap here on this portable Olivetti jammed under my beard, the tap tap of rainballs

bombard our simple Plexiglas ashram and harsh thumpa thumpas resound from the fistballs of the Plaza House Detective. Fortunately for these cramped quarters, the obstinate Plaza management watches over my few simple belongings. Even now Miss Jill St. John is bleating that my turban bearer is standing on her feet as he complains of black eyes. (As you can see, even such reverses have not drained mirfh from the soul of old Baba.)

Miss Jill St. John (a very intelligent woman) and My Devoted Self met in the dressing room of Carnegie Hall last year when Baba Rum Raisin was honored to bestow his Wisdom on the audience and warm them up a taste before the arrival of the very talented BeeGees. Much chat chat but no action as you sly hep ones say. This trip we meet in the dressing room of "The Dick Cavett Show," only this time Baba get equal billing with other guests and Miss St. John in studio only to do cheap Midol commercial. Hu hu! This time a little wine in the Oyster Bar, soft tabala music on the KLH, a pinch of patchouli and baaaah!, the worm turns itself yes no?

Baba is honored to meet the very fine Mr. Dick Cavett before taping, receive very fine moist handshake, and then meet very fine other guests including Ms. Jane Fonda, Mr. Senator Sam Ervin, and so-called fifteen-year-old Perfect Masturbator who must be draft age at least if one only tally stretch marks on fat face. Wiping moisture onto young guru's turban, Baba ask if Ms. Fonda for sale and is told no Baba. Baba find even old used step-ins not for sale. Rent of some even. (The U.S. of A. a "free country"? Bah.) But Ms. Fonda have many interesting points although some not as interesting as one Miss St. John bleat bleats is now caught in booth door. Fuss fuss.

Just before the show I stand in wings with tech crew and hear many fine comments about the very fine Mr. Cavett who they say can juggle turds without even getting smallest fingernail soiled. (By the way, oh "hep" teenage following, what is a "wimp"? If the very Mr. Cavett is, as Baba has been told, one, then must Wimphood be attained like Nirvana or Godhead before one is permitted his own talk show? Much in your country is still strange to these old eyeholes, as is the continuing moistness on Baba's eating hand.)

The very fine selection of guests was sat down before the cameras. Mr. Cavett put the ball on its roll by asking Ms. Fonda what her favorite group was. Ms. Fonda replied to the effect that power proceeds from

behind the curtains of the voting booth and mentioned her new film in which she will play Patty Hearst and Mrs. Nancy Reagan. Fifteen-year-old Pudgy Masturbator then peeped up to plug his coming appearance with the very beautiful Ike and Tina Turner. He begins a very interesting discourse on the foolishness of material things which Baba underscored by yanking the microphone around his neck sharply, thus demonstrating the bonds of maya which tether us all to this Endless Wheel of birth, death, and flu.

While stagehands loosened the cord from the Chubby One's neck, the very Senator Sam Ervin responded to Ms. Fonda's statement that women are human beings just as are Chicanos and dolphins (and who can debate it who has noticed the similarity between her opening scene in *Barbarella* and Jacques Cousteau's remarkable moving pictures of the sleek eel and waterworm?) by emitting many hawka-hawka noises and asking how long would it be before the Show was due to land in Washington. Also, a great quantity of phlegm which I am happy to report was fated to miss Baba's beard and unite with Mr. Cavett's sneakers' tops.

After much more hawka-hawka, Mr. Senator Ervin began an investigation of Ms. Fonda who observed it was a great shame that Rose Mary Woods had not erased his pulse and then dropped her cigarette into his lap, screamed fire, and extinguished it with the water pitcher. Ms. Fonda is a woman with considerable tact, yes no? At this point in the meandering course of such earthly events, the small Perfect Poof Melon opened his mouth to speak only to find it filled with Baba's humble sandal which was in need of a lodging-place.

And tongue-talking of lodging-places, the line of mischief-makers without grows as does the patter of rainballs on the booth roof. Once again it is my sorrowful duty to remind you "followers" who follow only their own lust for Pepsis and Sugar Babies that many many are behind in their Baba Rum Raisin Fan Club dues. Ashrams in Westport, Big Sur, and Palm Beach have not hawka-hawka'd up their fair share of operating expenses. Also, many many gate receipts go still uncollected from Baba Rum Raisin's recent Death Valley Kohoutek Festival. As you remember from the posters, my great flaming brother from the heavens had agreed by Special Telepathy Parallelogram to appear for six shows at the Festival and perform an airshow with the wonderful Baba Rum Raisin private Air Force and Balloon Aero-

batics Society.

Unfortunately, due to the disappointing turnout on the part of certain sheep-people I might mention (*bah!*) my Wayfaring Celestial Brother-in-Law Kohoutek angrily cancelled his appearance. The resulting, distortingly-reported riots, police overreaction, and drug raids on the trailers can only be attributed to the spiritual emptiness of certain so-called followers. Bleat bleat.

Is it any wonder that Kohoutek, my Star-Tendrilled In-law, has seen fit to put Kohoutek's Kurse of Ten Thousand Pustules upon any Baba Rum Raisinette who fails to cough up?

Hawka-hawka, oh tardy ones.

Are there shirkers and laisy-daisies in my fields who wish to attend next sock hop looking like slice of ancient fruitcake? Then beware, for Kohoutek and best buddy Baba see all . . . and Sally Timpkins from 2137 Oakwood Drive, Salt Lake City, so do your fine parents so keep that keyhole stuffed or discontinue practicing Baba Rum Raisin Air Force Exercise #6 with fellows in the neighborhood, yes? Big Baba is watching over you.

Out of my infinite patience with my naughty babies, Baba commands all to poise their eyeholes to following handy tantric exercise:

To: Mr. Morton Snudler
Credit Manager
Plaza Hotel
(A Sonesta Hotel)
Big Apple
Manhattan, New York

Yes, here are as many dimes and other coins that but clutter my mind and pockets. Also, all loose change from upholstery of Pop's auto. RUSH me Baba Rum Raisin Fan Club and Junior Raisinette Membership Card, Secret Decoder Bangle, and friendly autographed Foto! Give poor Baba back his bags and prepare me to be in store for special surprises, discounts on bulk shipments of good karma, and protection from Kohoutek's Kurse of 10,000 Pustules!
Please do this soon as I do *not* wish to look like ancient fruitcake.

Name _____ Age _____
Address _____ Zip _____
Sex _____ Measurements _____
My folks have _____ extra money

Perhaps first Special Surprise may be Baba Rum Raisin Sock Hop in La Brea tarpits! Would be stone drag to show up looking like prehistoric pasty in front of other fellows and gals, yes? Or do I lie? Is it that the Pope

makes water on the flatness of the rock?

Let then my sheep lull a tired Baba to sleep as their dues envelopes hoof-hop over Baba's weary bankbook one, two, three, rubber check, five, six, seven, silly crank letter, nine, ten, jar of Canadian pennies, twelve, thirteen, no bill me's or subpoenas, please. Let coin-filled envelopes shower Mr. Snudler as the spring avalanches in my native Gokarta Province blanket my people with tons of fine-tasting snow.

That settled, Baba's spirit will soar once again, knowing from concern over his lambs or his luggage that he is unburdened.

Meanwhile, back at the "Mr. Wimp Cavett Show," the fine stagehands had finally made loose the nose from around the little rotund rapsallion's fine neck as Ms. Fonda woke up Senator Ervin sa'b who now appeared to believe Mr. Cavett was in fact Mr. Lincoln at Appomatox. Then, the fine Senator offered to Wimp sa'b that sword of surrender which the Sutras suggest be banned from the eyes and elsewhere of daughters and suitors who have not yet exchanged nose bracelets on Poot Melon Eve.

All of a suddeness the monitors grew dim and a voice cries oh (expletive transcended) kill the lights and a renewed hawka-hawka-hawka quickly dispersed our small gathering to waiting taxis and a Baba Rum Raisin Testimonial Feast in the very fine Trader Vic's in the Plaza Hotel's very fine Tomb Room.

But the rainballs beat fiercely now, and there is much unnecessary screaming and foul use of language toward the bottom of this fine but overpopulated phone booth. Outside, a whiteness appears before Baba's eyeholes, a whiteness that Baba can only describe as that of a flurry of summonses held against fly-specked Plexiglas by the impish minions of the fine Immigration Department and the respected Better Business Bureau.

Further urgings to matters above, including those concerning being turned into other people's hemorrhoids. Bah bah. Bleat bleat. Must go—beard now caught in Olivetti roller and fine Hotel Manager is going back to Plaza to get fine crow bar.

The Unguru,

BABA

Lord of the Kohouteks

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Stir up a Revolution!

Exciting new drink with Gavilan Tequila®.



Be independent. It's time for a change to Tequila. Have a fiesta tonight. Stir up some drinks bound to make your old standbys seem mighty old. Snap up a Margarita, dazzle up a Sunrise, with Gavilan Tequila, our smooth, amiable Mexican. Better yet, be really independent and stir up a Revolution Cocktail.

THE REVOLUTION COCKTAIL

2 oz. Gavilan Tequila.
3/4 oz. Rose's Lime Juice.
1/2 oz. Grenadine.
Shake with crushed ice, or serve on the Rocks.

The Revolution is here! Thank Gavilan.

OUR SUNRISE COCKTAIL

1 1/2 oz. Gavilan Tequila.
4 oz. orange juice.
3/4 oz. Grenadine.
Mix Gavilan, O.J., and ice in tall glass. Add grenadine and let it settle. Then stir before sipping, and see your Sunrise.



80/86 Proof. Imported by Foreign Vintages, Inc. Great Neck, N.Y. 11021 © 1974.

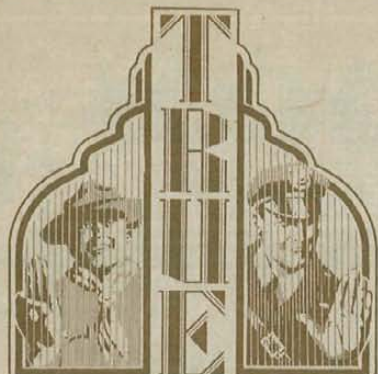
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**Thirty
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Opelike	WFRI-FM	Sun. 8:30-9 pm	Boston	WBCN-FM	Sat. 11-11:30 pm	Tulsa	KTBA-FM	Sat. 11-11:30 pm
ARIZONA			North Adams	WJJW-FM	Sat. 1-1:30 pm	OREGON		
Phoenix	KDKB-FM	Tues. 12 mid- night-12:30 am	Springfield/ Holyoke	WHVY-FM	Sat. 1-1:30 pm- 12 midnight	Eugene	KZEL-FM	Sat. 6-6:30 pm
Tucson	KWFM-AM	Sat. 11-11:30 pm	Williamstown	WCFM-FM	Sat. 12 mid- night-12:30 am	Portland	KQIV-FM	Sat. 6-6:30 pm
ARKANSAS			Worcester	WAAF-FM	Sat. 9-9:30 pm	Salem	KORI-FM	*
Fort Smith	KISR-FM	Sun. 9:30-10 pm	MICHIGAN			PENNSYLVANIA		
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CALIFORNIA			Detroit	WABX-FM	Sun. 10-10:30 pm	Altoona	WFBG-FM	Sun. 7-7:30 pm
Arcata	KXGO-FM	Sun. 6-6:30 pm	Grand Rapids	WLAV-FM	Sat. 10-10:30 pm	Erie	WBER-FM	*
Camarillo/Oxnard	KEWE-FM	Sat. 9-9:30 pm	Lansing/ E. Lansing	WVIC-FM	Sat. 10-10:30 pm	Lewisburg	WVBU-FM	*
Carmel	KLRB-FM	Sun. 9-9:30 pm	Mt. Pleasant	WCHP	Sat. 10-10:30 pm	Meadville	WARG-FM	*
Chico	KFMF-FM	*	MINNESOTA			New Kensington	WYDD	*
Los Angeles	KRLA-AM	Sun. 9-9:30 pm	Collegeville	KSJU	*	Philadelphia	WIOG-FM	Sat. 11-11:30 pm
Mammoth Lakes	KMMT-FM	Sat. 8-8:30 pm	Duluth	WDTH-FM	*	Potsdam	WTSC-FM	Sat. 12 mid- night-12:30 am
Marysville	KMYC-AM	*	Minneapolis	KQRS-FM	Sun. 10-10:30 pm	State College	WQWK-FM	Sun. 11-11:30 pm
Riverside/ San Bernardino	KOLA-FM	Sun. 11-11:30 pm	Willmar	KQIC-FM	Sat. 9-9:30 pm	RHODE ISLAND		
Sacramento	KZAP-FM	Sun. 7:30-8 pm	MISSISSIPPI			Providence	WBRU-FM	Sat. 11-11:30 pm
San Diego	KGB-FM	Sun. 8-8:30 pm	Jackson	WZZQ-FM	Sun. 10:30-11 pm	SOUTH CAROLINA		
San Jose	KOME-FM	Sun. 8:30-9 pm	Natchez	WQNZ-FM	Sat. 11-11:30 pm	Beaufort	WBEU	*
Santa Ana/Anaheim/ Garden Grove	KYMS-FM	Sat. 6-6:30 pm	Vicksburg	WVIM	Sun. 6-6:30 pm	Charleston	WWFZ-FM	Sun. 6:30-7 pm
Santa Barbara	KTYD-FM	Sat. 11-11:30 pm	MISSOURI			Columbia	WUSC-AM	Wed. & Sat. 10-10:30 pm
Santa Cruz	KZSC-FM	Sat. 11-11:30 pm	Greenfield	KRFQ-FM	Sat. 8-9:30 pm	Kingstree	WKSP-AM	Sat. 4-4:30 pm
Vacaville	KUIC	Sat. 11-11:30 pm	Kansas City	KUDL-FM	Sun. 6-6:30 pm	TENNESSEE		
COLORADO			St. Louis	KADI-FM	Sat. 11:30 pm-12 midnight	Chattanooga	WDXB-AM	Sun. 10-10:30 pm
Aspen	KSPN-FM	Sun. 10-10:30 pm	NEBRASKA			Johnson City	WQUT-FM	Sat. 11-11:30 pm
Colorado Springs	KKFM-FM	Wed. 8-8:30 pm	Lincoln	KFMQ-FM	Sat. 11-11:30 pm	Knoxville	WROL-AM	Sat. 11-11:30 pm
CONNECTICUT			Omaha/ Council Bluffs	KRCB-FM	Sun. 8-8:30 pm	TEXAS		
Hartford	WHCN-FM	Sat. 7-7:30 pm	NEVADA			Austin	KRMH-FM	Sat. 6:30-7 pm
Storrs	WHUS-FM	Tues. 10-10:30 pm	Las Vegas	KLUC-AM/FM	*	Beaumont/ Port Arthur	KWIC-FM	Sat. 11-11:30 pm
Willimantic	WILI-AM	Tues. 10-10:30 pm	NEW HAMPSHIRE			Bryan	KTAM	Sat. 9-9:30 pm
FLORIDA			Keene	WKNH-FM	Sun. 11-11:30 pm	Corpus Christi	KZFM-FM	Sat. 10-10:30 pm
Daytona Beach	WDAT-AM	Sun. 10-10:30 pm	NEW JERSEY			Dallas	KAFM-FM	Sat. 10-10:30 pm
Miami	WMYQ-FM	Sun. 9:30-10:00 pm	Dover	WRAN	*	El Paso	KINT-AM/FM	Sat. 9-9:30 pm
Orlando	WORJ-FM	Sat. 9-9:30 pm	Glassboro	WGLS-FM	*	Houston	KLOL-FM	Sat. 10-10:30 pm
Tampa	WQSR-AM	Sun. 9:30-10 pm	New Brunswick	WRSU-FM	11:30-12 pm	Lubbock	KSEL-FM	Sun. 10-10:30 pm
GEORGIA			Princeton	WHWH-AM	Sat. 11-11:30 pm	San Antonio	KEXL-FM	Sun. 10-10:30 pm
Athens	WUOG-FM	Thur. 9-9:30 pm	NEW MEXICO			Waco	KEFC-FM	Sat. 12-12:30 pm
HAWAII			Albuquerque	KRST-FM	Sat. 5-9:30 pm	VERMONT		
Honolulu	Q-FM	Sun. 11:30 pm-12 midnight	NEW YORK			Middlebury	WRMG-FM	Mon. 6-6:30 pm
ILLINOIS			Albany	WSUA	*	VIRGINIA		
Bloomington	WESN	*	Albany/Schenectady/ Troy	WABY-AM	Sat. 7-7:30 pm	Blacksburg	WUVT	*
Champaign	WPGU-FM	Sat. 6-6:30 pm	Binghamton	WVAL-FM	Fri. 8-8:30 pm	Norfolk	WOWI-FM	Sat. 10-10:30 pm
Chicago	WRBC	Sun. 9-9:30 pm	Buffalo	WPHD-FM	Sat. 11-11:30 pm	Richmond	WG0E-AM	Sun. 5:30-6 pm
Chicago	WSDM-FM	Sat. 12:30-1 am	Elmira/Corning/ Ithaca	WXXY-FM	Sat. 11:30 pm-12 midnight	Roanoke	WSLQ	*
Monmouth	WMCR-AM	Wed. 9:30-10:00 pm	Garden City	WLIR-FM	Sun. 6:30-7 pm	WASHINGTON		
Murphysboro	WTAO-FM	Sat. 11:30 pm-12 midnight	New Paltz	WNPC-FM	Mon. 10:30-11 pm	Pullman	KUGR	Sat. 11-11:30 pm
Peoria	WWTO-FM	Sat. 11:30 pm-12 midnight	New York	WRVR-FM	Sat. 7:30-8 pm	Seattle	KISW-FM	Sun. 10-10:30 pm
Rockford	WRCR	Sat. 10-10:30 pm	Oneonta	WRHO-FM	Sat. 8-8:30 pm	WASHINGTON, D.C.		
INDIANA			Riverhead	WRCN-FM	Sat. 6-6:30 pm	Seattling	WALM-FM	Sun. 7-7:30 pm
Indianapolis	WNAP-FM	Sat. 12:30-1 am	Rochester	WCMF-FM	Sat. 6-6:30 pm	WEST VIRGINIA		
Richmond	WECI-FM	Thur. 11-11:30 pm	Utica	WOUR-FM	Mon. 9-9:30 pm	Eikins	WCDE	Sat. 11-11:30 pm
Terre Haute	WVTS-FM	Sat. 11:30 pm-12 midnight	NORTH CAROLINA			WISCONSIN		
IOWA			Charlotte	WRPL	Sat. 12 noon-12:30 pm	La Crosse	WSPL-FM	Tues. 10-10:30 pm
Ames	KASI-FM	*	Durham/Raleigh	WBBS-FM	Sat. 7-7:30 pm	Madison	WIBA	Sun. 10-10:30 pm
Davenport	KIHK-FM	Sat. 11-11:30 pm	Farmville	WRQR-FM	Sat. 10:30-11 pm	Milwaukee	WZMF-FM	Tues. 10-10:30 pm
Dubuque	WDBQ-FM	Sat. 11-11:30 pm	Raleigh/Durham	WBBS-FM	Sat. 7-7:30 pm	Wausau	WRIG	Sun. 9-9:30 pm
KANSAS			OHIO			CANADA		
Lawrence	KUOK-AM	*	Athens	ACRN	*	Montreal	CJFM	Sun. 9-9:30 pm
Manhattan	KMKF-FM	Sat. 6:30-7 pm	Canton	WINW	Sun. 12:30-1 am	Regina, Sask.	CJME	Sun. 10:30-11 pm
Topeka	KTOP-FM	Sat. 11:30 pm-12 midnight	Cincinnati	WEBN-FM	Sun. 10-10:30 pm	Saskatoon	CFQC	Sat. 11-11:30 pm
Wichita	KAKE-AM	Sat. 11:30 pm-12 midnight	Cleveland	WMMS-FM	Sun. 10:30-11 pm	Vancouver, B.C.		
LOUISIANA			Columbus	WCOL-FM	Sat. 11-11:30 pm	Winnipeg, B.C.	CKLG-FM	Sun. 8-8:30 pm
Baton Rouge	WJBO-FM	Sun. 7-7:30 pm	Findley	WHMQ-FM	Sat. 11-11:30 pm	Winnipeg, Manitoba	CFRW	*
Monroe	KNOE-FM	6-6:30 pm	Oxford	WOXR-FM	Sat. 11-11:30 pm	Winnipeg, Manitoba	CMOR	*
New Orleans	WNOE-FM	Sun. 9-9:30 pm	Toledo	WIOT-FM	Sun. 12 mid- night-12:30 am	PUERTO RICO		
MAINE			Puerto Rico			San Juan	WCAD	Sun. 6-6:30 pm
Portland	WJAB-AM	*	Check local listings					
MARYLAND								
Cumberland	WCUM-FM	Sun. 12:10-12:40 am						



Facts

• Martha Evans, of Spartanburg, So. Carolina, had heard that there was a body at the J. W. Woodward Funeral Home which had been kept by the proprietors for three and a half years.

Not believing the tale, she paid a visit to the funeral home and was directed upstairs to the storeroom, where the cadaver stood, perfectly preserved, draped with a white sheet to keep the dust off the neat suit, white shirt, black tie, and hat it had been dressed in.

"Oh, my God, it's Bellhouse!"

screamed Mrs. Evans upon examining the stiff.

Bellhouse was the Evans family nickname for James Willie Evans, Mrs. Evans' brother-in-law, who had left home twenty-seven years earlier to become a migrant worker and had been missing ever since.

"I told them: 'I just don't believe you got one up there that long,'" Mrs. Evans related. "I just screamed out his name. They asked me if I was sure it was him. I told them I'm as sure of him as if he was standing right here."

Officials said Evans died while picking peaches in rural Spartanburg County, and after there was no answer to a series of radio and newspaper announcements to notify next of kin, Coroner George Adams gave the remains to the funeral home for a \$50 state burial.

But the funeral home decided to keep the body. "I decided to try and see how long we could preserve him in case his relatives were finally found," said the funeral home manager, Earl Alexander. "It was out of the way and no one was stumbling over it."

W. O. Folk, executive director of the South Carolina Funeral Directors Association, said the funeral home had broken no law in keeping the body unburied for so long. *De-*

troit Free Press (B. Curry)

• The town of Walled Lake, Michigan, had been having difficulty selling city cemetery plots, and at the urging of mayor Bill Roberts, the city council decided to pass a resolution striking down a previous resolution which said that a person had to be dead to purchase a plot. "That could be part of the reason they're not selling too well," commented the mayor. *Walled Lake Spinal Column* (D. Deming)

• The Food and Drug Administration has obtained a court order for the seizure of eight cases of allegedly defective rubber condoms. U.S. marshalls labeled the cases defective at the Dean Rubber Co., Edina, Minnesota. They left the cases, containing 13,824 prophylactics, at the company until either an appeal is made or the U.S. District Court orders the condoms to be destroyed. The FDA said the "Peacock Redi-Wet Hygienically Lubricated" prophylactics, produced by the Dean Rubber Co.'s North Kansas City, Mo., office, were seized because "quality falls below that which it is purported to possess." An FDA official said that the statement meant that the prophylactics "had holes in them." *New York Post* (M. Soffer) *San Francisco Chronicle* (D. Hertzfeldt) □

Tales in Black & White



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EDITORIAL PAGE



Extortion or Extraction?

The progress of the Tunney-Hatfield dental welfare bill through the undergrowth of Congressional procedure is yet another dismal example of how a potentially far-reaching measure can be emasculated by the quiet but relentless pressure of special interest groups. The bill, which would standardize dental costs on a national basis and in some cases provide benefits for dental care, is at present bottled up in the House Subcommittee on Dental Practices, headed by Congressman Rooney of New York, and seems unlikely to be reported out before the end of this session. That Congressman Rooney has on several occasions received substantial campaign contributions from the American Dental Association seems hardly coincidental; indeed, this fact tends to give credence to rumors of extensive favors bestowed by the dental lobby on other Congressmen willing to take the teeth out of this legislation, down to such trivialities as free caps and bridge-work.

Senator Tunney's revelations of widespread price-fixing and collusion in dental circles, coupled with the alarming report of the International Dental Federation that the average American's teeth rank only seventeenth in the world—just below those of Portugal—make this venality on the part of Congressman Rooney and his sympathizers singularly ill-timed. It would seem that those responsible for our dental well-being are determined to extract considerably more than impacted molars from the American public.

American dentists have always en-

joyed a privileged position in the already privileged world of private health care, often for reasons that are less than obvious to the over-burdened patient. Yet they have consistently refused to rise to the obligations of that privilege by providing cheaper and more extensive dental care to those unable to afford existing prices. No one denies American dentists their right to be well-paid for highly skilled and specialized work, but the time has come for them to realize that the only alternative to self-regulation is federal regulation. The Tunney-Hatfield measure—a careful compromise between the extremes of private and socialized dental care—is actually in their interest. In opposing the bill, the American dental community may well be biting the hand that feeds it.

International Hope

The recent course of political events in the Far and Near East, Europe, and the Third World, brings a note of cautious optimism and at the same time one of caution both to the overly hasty and their opponents, extremists both, however well-intentioned.

While negotiations, however protracted, are in many ways preferable to strife, both internal and international (in the words of Churchill, "Better 'jaw, jaw, jaw' than 'war, war, war'"), yet the American presence, and in a larger sense, the values of economic stability, must continue to make themselves felt, and what many critics would call "another Munich" must be avoided.

Much has been done. There is much left to do. History will judge both deeds and ideals, yet for the present

we can utter a heartfelt, but never complaisant, "well done," tempered with realism on this front, at least.

August

The air of August is heavy, pregnant with the harvest to come. August heat freezes the locust-loud afternoons to an amber stillness, yet in the earlier evenings a cool-tinged wind threatens or promises autumn. Dog days, they are called, and the beloved pets of childhood lie panting in the green shade of the trees of memory. By country roads the dust whitens hedgerows, a premonition of snow. Blackbirds flicker in the maddened sun over Van Gogh's cornfield, train tracks tick in the relentless heat. On tar and tarmac little mirror lakes glisten and vanish at our approach, mirages of spring. Perspiring, we sit and fan ourselves on city stoop or farmhouse porch. "Hot enough for you?" August is the oven, the forge of the season, whose ending is a gathering of swallows. By the poolside, where sat a wet-suited lad, a puddle on the concrete simmers, cools, and fades, like summer.

Fuck-up: An early draft of Chris Miller's "A Thanksgiving Memory" was inadvertently printed in the August, 1974, issue of the *National Lampoon*. The final draft will appear in an anthology in 1975.

Note: Michael O'Donoghue, née Donoghue, wishes to announce that as of Easter Sunday, 1974, he is no longer in any way, shape, form, or reasonable facsimile thereof connected with, adjoined to, or even hanging around a lot any more the *National Lampoon* magazine or the *Radio Hour*. □

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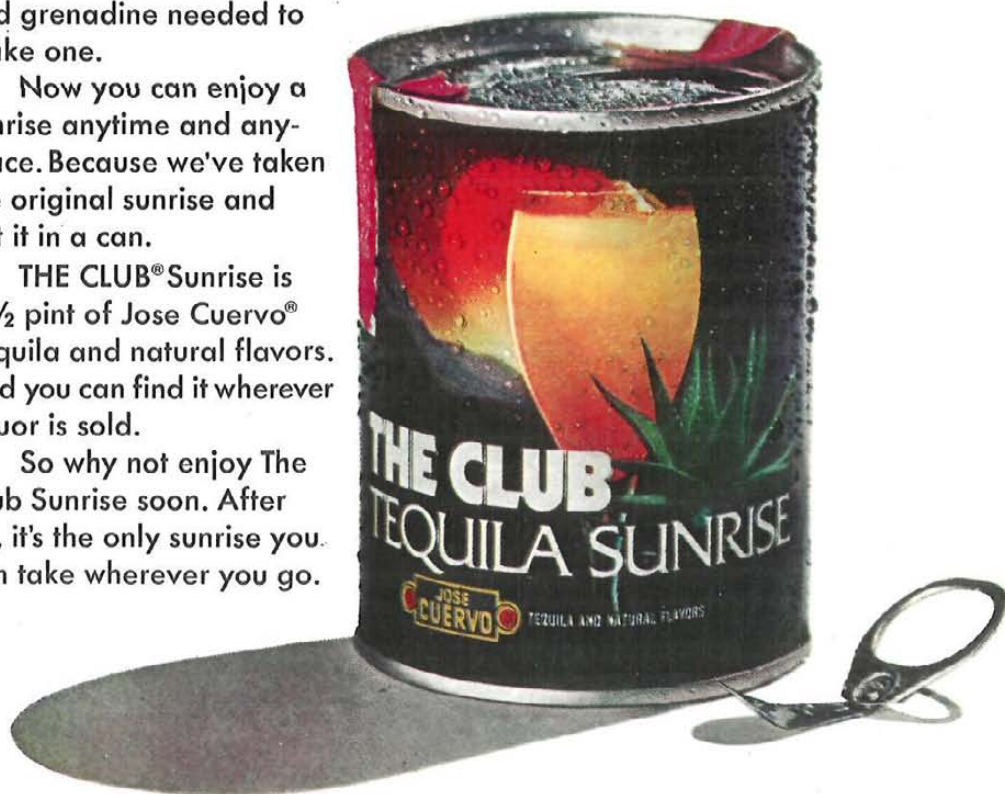
YOU DON'T HAVE TO WAIT FOR TOMORROW TO ENJOY A SUNRISE.

Until now, if you wanted a spectacular sunrise, you had to be in the right place at the right time. A bar. A restaurant. Or maybe a friend's house, if he had the tequila, orange juice and grenadine needed to make one.

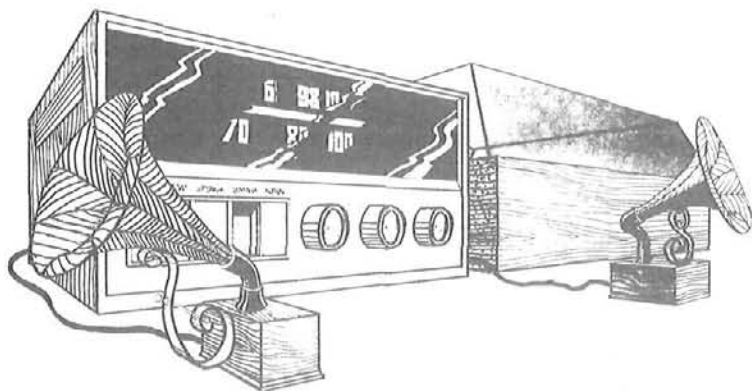
Now you can enjoy a sunrise anytime and anyplace. Because we've taken the original sunrise and put it in a can.

THE CLUB® Sunrise is a ½ pint of Jose Cuervo® Tequila and natural flavors. And you can find it wherever liquor is sold.

So why not enjoy The Club Sunrise soon. After all, it's the only sunrise you can take wherever you go.



CLUBS. ANYTIME, ANY PLACE, ANY REASON.



“Don’t be penny-wise and sound foolish”

If you’ve priced hi-fi components lately, you probably think you have to spend a small fortune to obtain a quality home music system, right? Well, depending on how much you’re willing to invest, it’s possible to keep some of the cost down without any real sacrifice in audible quality.

A rule of thumb to consider is that you should plan on investing at least 50% of your hi-fi equipment “budget” on your speaker system. Because if your speakers are not able to deliver clean, lifelike music reproduction, well, you just won’t hear the true beauty of the music you enjoy, regardless of how much you spend on a receiver or turntable.

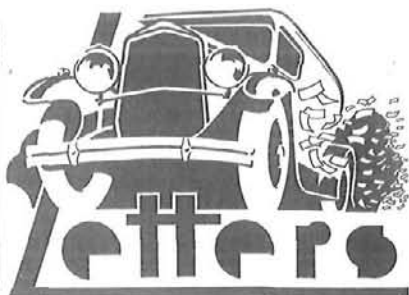
You can hear what this means by trying a brief experiment at any of your nearby authorized BOSE dealers. Just ask to hear our moderately priced BOSE 501 SERIES II Direct/Reflecting® speakers compared to the sound reproduction you hear with any other speakers up to the cost of the BOSE 901 SERIES II. Chances are the sound of the 501 with inexpensive accessory components will save you money you thought you’d have to spend on a more expensive receiver and turntable!

So, whatever your budget, don’t be penny-wise and sound foolish. Try our little experiment and you’re sure to put your money where your speakers are. Of course, the BOSE 901® system may be just the best choice for you, if you are willing to spend more.



For more information on the BOSE 901 and 501 SERIES II speakers, write Dept. L7, The Mountain, Framingham, Ma.

BOSE
501
SERIES II



Sirs:

There’s something that you people had better know about. I just found out about it the other day. A complete stranger comes up to me on the street the other day and says excuse me but everything in the universe is simply a vision of mine and has no reality of its own. I said what are you talking about. Then he said to me everything you see is like a dream but it has no physical existence. Nothing exists. Animals, mankind, the world, the moon, sun, and stars, you think you see all of it but it’s not really there. Then he pokes me with his finger and says and that goes for even you. You don’t have a body he tells me. Bones, flesh, organs, blood, brains—nothing is really there. Then he tells me that *he* doesn’t even exist. I go to say now wait a minute but before I get it out, he tells me that he’s part of my dream like everything else and I made him up to come here to tell me that. Well, I like that! But he went on explaining.

It seems that I am this Thought or to put it another way, this Thought created me and then everything around me. All of the mystery, eccentricity, surprises, adventure, romance, all of it was created by my mind which the Thought is occupying at this space in time. It was all created for my own amusement to keep me from knowing too soon what the truth really is. I must have begun suspecting and that’s why I came up with this guy to spill all the beans. So now I know.

I’m really not too used to it yet. I’ve just tried a couple of experiments. Nothing too important. I’ll give you an example. I’ll shut my eyes and make my mind blank and your letters column will cease to exist.

See, I wasn’t kidding. But don’t worry. I understand the full importance of my responsibility and I don’t plan on screwing around with it.

I tried another experiment. This one’s a little tougher. I went into a bookstore and got down a huge cof-

Speakers are a matter of taste.

Yours.

No other component in your high fidelity system will influence your enjoyment of music as much as your choice of speakers. Every speaker design has its own individual characteristics, and actually imposes its own personality on any music you play.

What kind of a sound do you prefer? The tight sound of an acoustic suspension speaker? The open sound and flexibility of an omni-radial speaker? Or the presence and realism of a multi-directional speaker?

No matter which you choose, Sansui makes a speaker to match your taste. And they are all superior in performance, delivering sharp definition, and a smooth, but crystal clear dynamic attack over a wide range.

Yes, speakers are a matter of taste. Only you can decide which one of the seven Sansui speakers is really the best speaker you ever heard. So stop in at your nearest Sansui dealer...and listen.

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fee table book devoted to antique napkin rings. I don't know squat about antique napkin rings and I figured if I could open the book fast enough the 'Thought might not be able to create the illusion of reality fast enough and I'd have it by the short hairs as it were. I snapped it open but I wasn't fast enough. Then I flew back to the front of the book and still no luck. Just full color plates of antique napkin rings. Then I start going crazy. I flew through that book back and forth trying to find that blank page and all of a sudden the binding splits and the pages start falling out and before I know it, I've just bought a \$19.95 book of antique napkin rings.

Who needs it?

I'll try to concentrate on your letters column so it doesn't cease to exist, but I can't promise anything.

Tommy Allegjaloff
Road Apples, Md.

Hey Hey:

I got some of my friends with me. Hey Hey. We're here for hot times. Hot times and rot times. We know the way you guys operate. Hey Hey. Hot stuff hot stuff. This is where you put all of your word and shit up here in the front of the rag, right? Hey hey. We know. The good stuff starts

later. HOT STUFF HOT STUFF. We don't want to hang around here with all of the words and shit so me and my pals are going to go wait for you by the *How To Pick Up Chicks* ad and tug at our balls. HOT STUFF HOT STUFF HEY HEY.

Vinny

Sirs:

Damn it to hell. I was supposed to meet my mom at the bus stop over by that asshole *How to Pick Up Chicks* ad (she said right around the corner from the Scumgate Shopping Plaza next to the Foto Funny with the big tits), but I stopped thinking about her and she ceased to exist along with the Nabisco Sugar Wafers in her shopping bag. So did the bus stop and now I'm *really* gonna get it.

What's worse, instead I ran into this big bully named Vince and his douchebag pals and it still hurts. Oooooowwww.

And what's even worse than that even me and this joke are starting to get all hazy and sort of transparent.

Whillikers.

Tommy A.

Sirs:

I seem to have made a most embarrassing error. You must please

excuse me. I acted too suddenly upon only a first glance. I took this to be a "lettuce" column and I had hoped to find others like myself who have come to gather and talk at length about our friend the lettuce head. I did so look forward to discussing the new breeds of iceberg, romaine, and Boston. But I do go on so. Please again excuse me. It seems I've been so absent-minded as of late aaaaaa Who are you? SHUTUP FRUIT. HEY HEY. HEY WHERE YOU FUCKHEADS BEEN? WE'RE WAITIN' AND WAITIN' BY THE FUCKIN' HOW TO PICK UP CHICKS AD AND YOU NEVER SHOW UP. HOW MUCH LONGER YOU GOING TO BE UP HERE WITH ALL THESE PISSHOLE WORDS? COME ON, WE'RE HOT STUFF HOT STUFF. HEY, COME HERE, FRUIT WITH THE LETTUCE, COME HERE YOU STINKIN' FAIRY oooowwww HEY HEY HOT STUFF HOT STUFF. LOOK, WE'RE GOING BACK TO WAIT AGAIN AND WE'RE TAKIN' THIS LITTLE FAGGOT WITH US SO HURRY THE FUCK UP SO WE CAN GET TO THE HOT STU... HEY, WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? EVERYTHING IS DISAPPEARING. WHAT THE... HEY HEY IT'S THAT GUY WHO HAS TO CONCENTRATE ON US. HEY YOU, HEY GUY, HELP HELP help help us

We Olé!



In a marvelous Margarita,
a super Sunrise
or maybe just daringly straight...
nothing compares with
Smooth Olé Tequila.
It's got that Mexican spirit.



OLÉ MARGARITA:
1½ ozs. Olé Tequila
1½ ozs. Triple Sec
½ oz. Lemon or Lime Juice
Shake well with ice
and strain into
salt-rimmed cocktail glass

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Remember. Before you say "Tequila," always say "Olé!"

Canadian Corner



The American dollar took another pounding on the International Exchange today and the pound took another franc-ing, as the deutschemark and the yen lorded it with familiar axislike arrogance over the Yankee buck that rebuilt their bombed out bailiwicks from scratch. Well, this is one Canadian who thinks it's time to speak up for the American dollar or else unpeg our currency from theirs, which, given the high possibility of an invasion, seems unwise. Can you name me one nation that is anything like the Americans? I thought not. Whenever there's a fire, a flood, an earthquake, or another act of God anywhere in the world, who gets there first with cameramen, photographers, reporters, and color commentators? The Americans. Yet when a tornado hit a midwestern town, causing what President Nixon called the worst disaster he has ever seen, with the exception of his personal tax returns maybe, did one country from Southeast Asia send in an Eyewitness News team? I ask you. Whenever, for two hundred years, the people of Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Chile, Bolivia, Mexico, the Philippines, Libya, Korea, and Cambodia didn't know what was good for them, who helped . . . with CIA agents, Marines, counter insurgency forces, and bushels of laundered cash? The Americans. When tiny Vietnam found itself being overrun by Asians, who came to its aid? I, for one, am damned glad the Americans had the generosity to invade Canada three times, or we'd never have found out who our real friends are. And when Canada decided to dam James Bay, flood the Tundra, and destroy the ecology of the North in order to produce hydroelectric power, it was the Americans who offered to buy that power at a price they could afford. Come on—let's hear it—who but the Americans could have produced the DC 10, the technological breakthrough that's done more to control the population explosion than anything since the fragmentation bomb. You talk about Japanese technocracy and you get the electric dildo. You talk about your German technocracy and you get eighteen minutes of silent recording tape. But you talk about your American technocracy and you get

men on the moon playing golf and drinking Tang!

And right here on our Canadian streets there are draft dodgers, free to come and go as they please, as long as they don't talk out of turn or get too near the border, and many of them have pockets full of letters from mom and dad back home, begging them to turn themselves in to Leavenworth for the Commies they are. Sure, the Americans are in a bind right now, but they put their scandals right in the store window where they're sold to the highest bidder. And when they come out of this with their flags flying at half mast . . . and they will . . . who could blame them if they said, "The hell with the rest of the world," and gave back the 60 percent of Canadian land and 70 percent of Canadian industry they own. And where would we be then? Would we know what to do with it?

I ask you. I'm one Canadian who's damned tired of watching the Americans kicked around, and I'd give up watching American news if it wasn't the only channel I got. And another thing—President Nixon announced the other day that when he's paid off his debts, his lawyers, and all of his back taxes, he'll be broke—and not a single Canadian has offered to help!

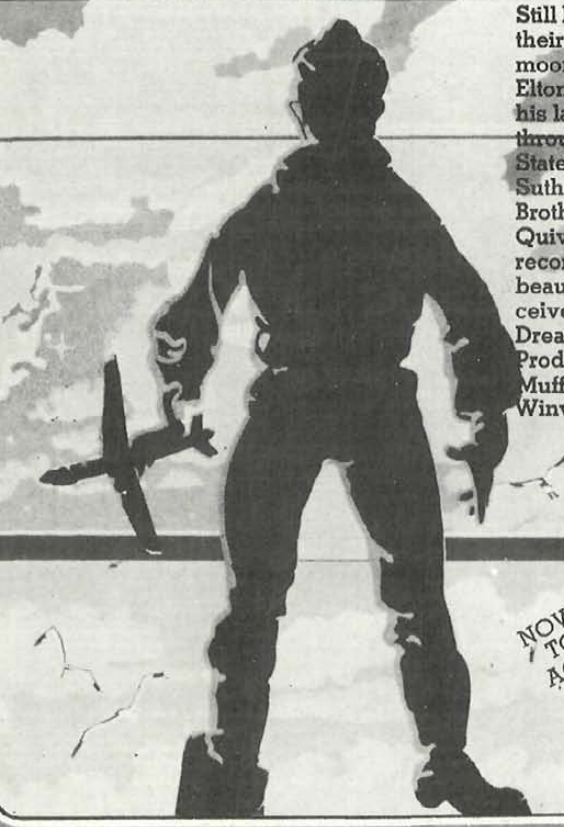
S.K.



will be back from her vacation next month. Don't miss her.

**THE SUTHERLAND BROTHERS
AND QUIVER**

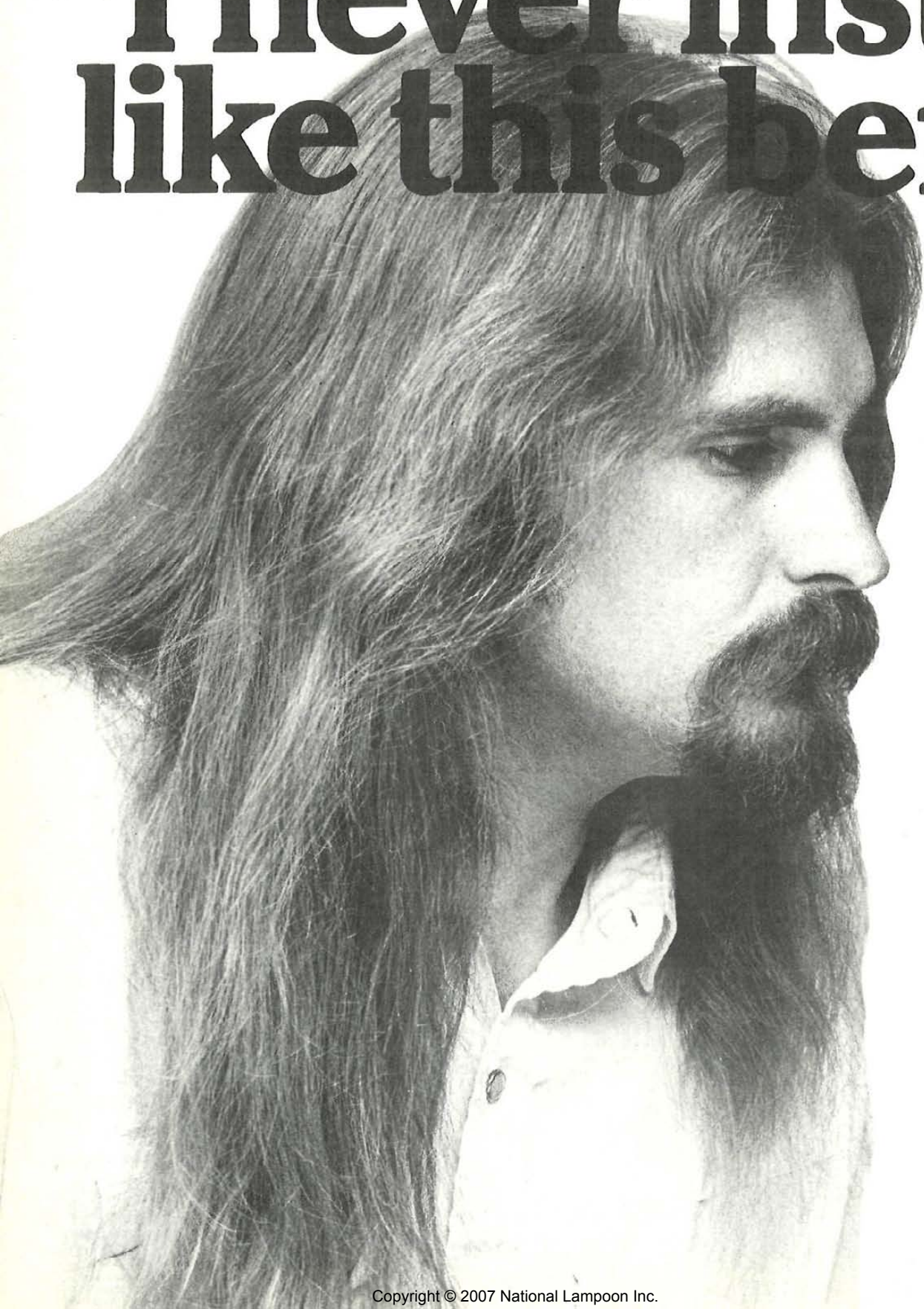
"DREAM KID"



Still hot from their honeymoon tour with Elton John on his latest streak through the States, The Sutherland Brothers And Quiver have recorded a beautifully conceived album, Dream Kid. Produced by Muff Winwood.

NOW ON
TOUR
AGAIN!

**“I never insta
like this befo**



lled anything re.”

—Steve Tillack, installation expert.

“Just when I think I’ve seen it all, the Pioneer marketing guys show up with a new quad unit. Or a cassette player with AM, FM stereo and Dolby.*

Usually, I just grab it right out of their hands and put it right in my car.

This time, it was different. I just stared.

I didn’t even touch it.

‘What do you think, Steve?’ they asked me.

‘Car stereo that looks like my receiver at home,’ I muttered, still staring. I think it was all they needed to hear.

How does it sound? Well, the fact that it’s made by Pioneer probably tells you more about the sound than the specs. Besides, how it *sounds* in your car is going to depend a lot on how it’s *put* in your car.

If you want to do it yourself (most do), I can help. After all, when it comes to installation, I wrote the book.

It’s called ‘How I Install Car Stereo.’ And it’s how you should install car stereo. No matter what kind of system you’re installing. 8-track. Cassette. Under dash. In dash. Even if it isn’t a Pioneer, this book will help make sure you get it right the first time.

If you want, you can also jot down a question or two about specific problems you may be having.

Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope, and I’ll send back some answers.

Just write Pioneer Electronics, Carson, California 90746. Especially if you’ve never installed anything like this before.”

*The word “Dolby” is the trademark of the Dolby Laboratories.



The new Pioneer 800 series is available as an 8-track player, 8-track with FM stereo, and with AM/FM stereo. RMS power: 8 watts. Peak power: 16 watts. 30-12,000 Hz. Integrated circuitry.

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Featuring the best on-stage performances of the
Nitty Gritty Dirt Band, plus documentary and portrait photography and a giant full color poster.

'William E. McEuen presents' once again becomes an honored phrase as the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band bows their latest album, a live two record set containing an incredible selection of tunes ranging from "Jambalaya (On The Bayou)," "Mr. Bojangles," "Honky Tonkin," and "Oh Boy" to interviews with the Dirt Band and Vassar Clements, "Cripple Creek," "Battle of New Orleans," "House at Pooh Corner," and "The Mountain Whipporwill!" Throughout the album, the wit, humor and musical dedication that have been hallmarks of the group shine through exquisitely.

—CASH BOX

Long-standing countrified rock band comes forth with a long-awaited compilation of vibrant live performances interspersed with documentary-styled interviews. An unpretentious ambience stays afloat throughout the mellow two-record set, highlighted by their hit version of "Mr. Bojangles!"
UA-LA184-J2 (9.98) —RECORD WORLD

Produced by William E. McEuen for the
Aspen Recording Society, Colorado

On United Artists
Records and Tapes 

"Emphasis Added"

© MCMLXXIV United Artists Records, Inc.

Plumber's Little Helper

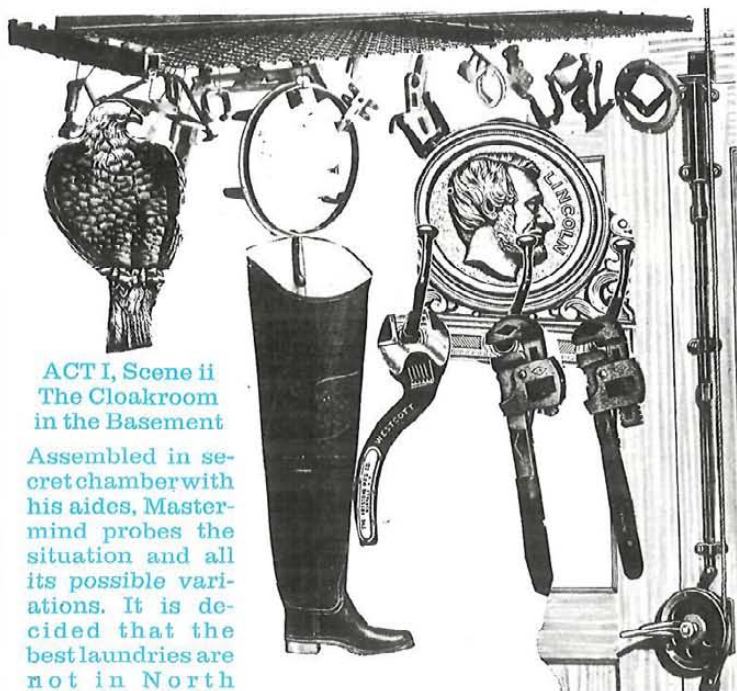
by Akbar del Piombo
collages by Rubington

提不任案加黨兩不



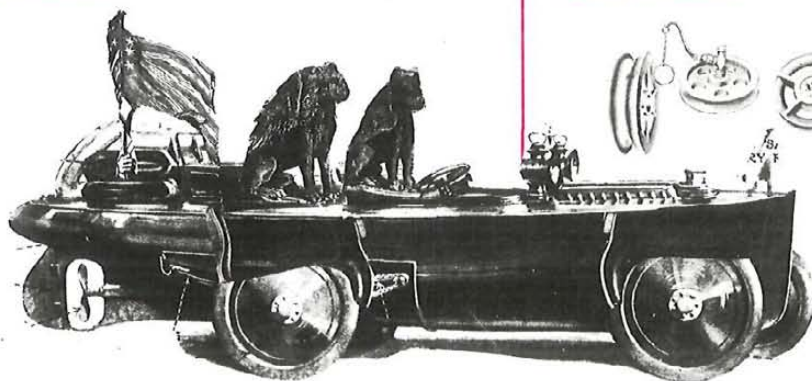
A Great Scenario: Sinister Forces
ACT I, Scene i

Under cloak of night, the Mastermind drives to a secret rendezvous. Self-appointed ambassador from the Orient, he is the kingpin in a desperate operation, so desperate it might be called surgical. Destination: A back room at the White House...



ACT I, Scene ii
The Cloakroom
in the Basement

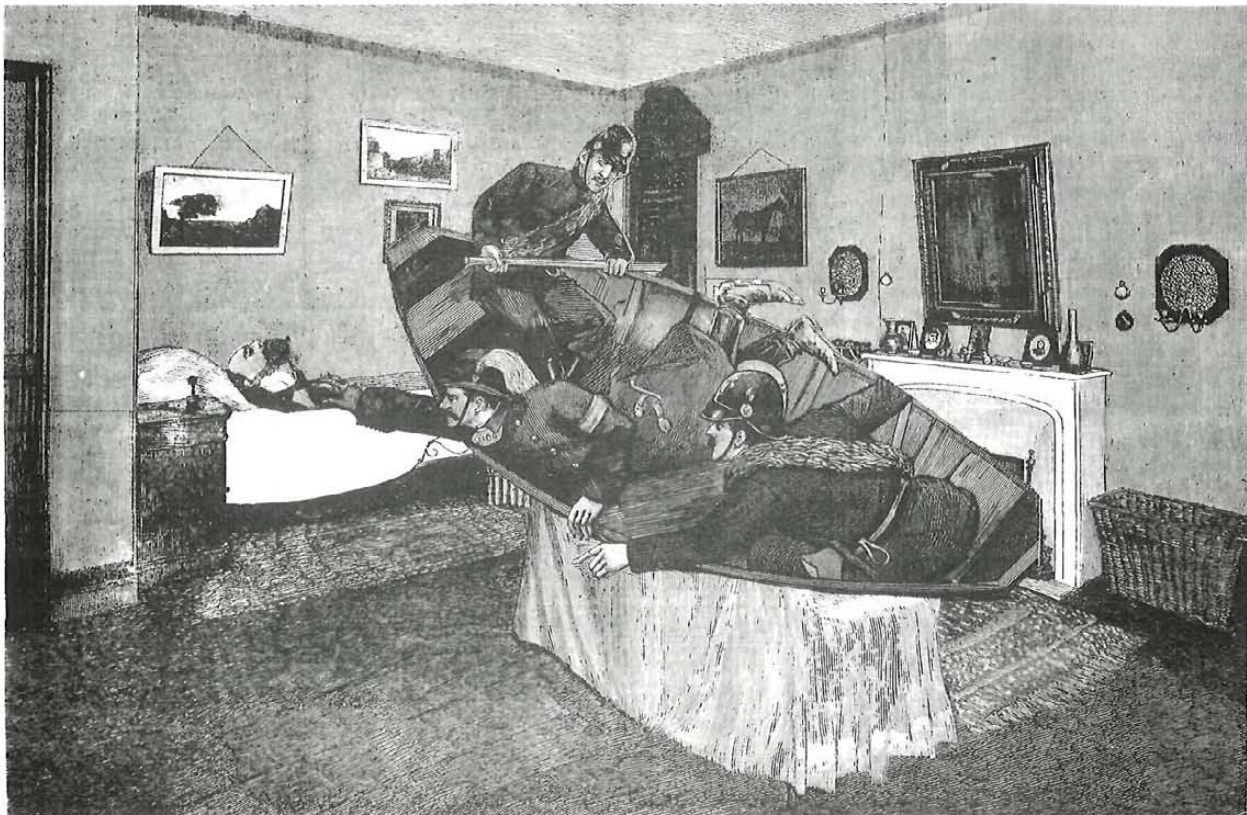
Assembled in secret chamber with his aides, Mastermind probes the situation and all its possible variations. It is decided that the best laundries are not in North America proper but in Mexico.



ACT I, Scene iii
Operation Wetback

A hired vehicle from Brinks makes the dangerous journey laden with national securities of the greatest importance.

continued

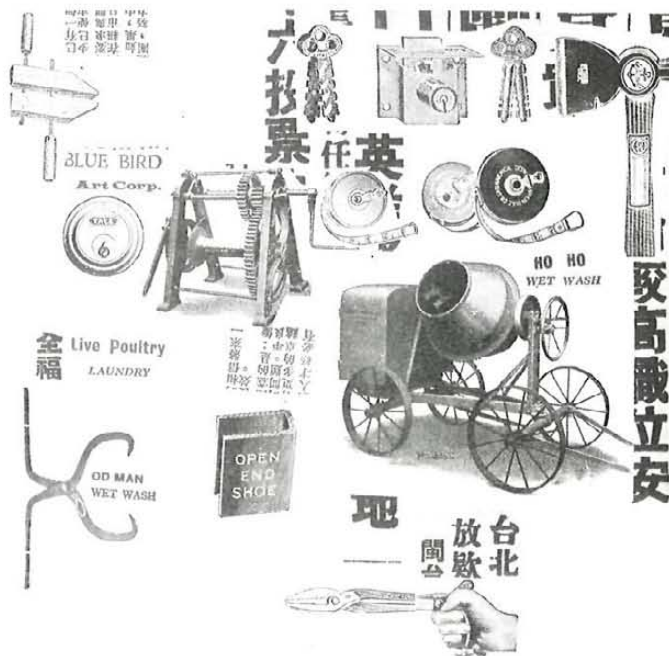


Meticulously prepared scenario for a well-executed break-in. (Rehearsal takes place in a spare room in the White House before going on the road.)



ACT II, Scene i
The Deep Six, or, Files on Parade

Suddenly . . . fiasco! Despite their training and elaborate disguise, the protagonists ruin the plot with unbelievable clumsiness . . . Mastermind is obliged to work a fast revision of his play. A new theme must be found, and soon . . .

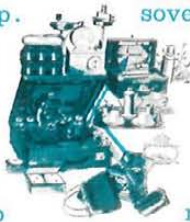


ACT II, Scene ii
DEEEP SIXX, or, Files on Parade

(altered version)

Special teams work frantically to produce the incriminating documents that will have to be burned, mutilated, and otherwise destroyed yet leave a clear impression of foreign intrigue with native traitors . . .

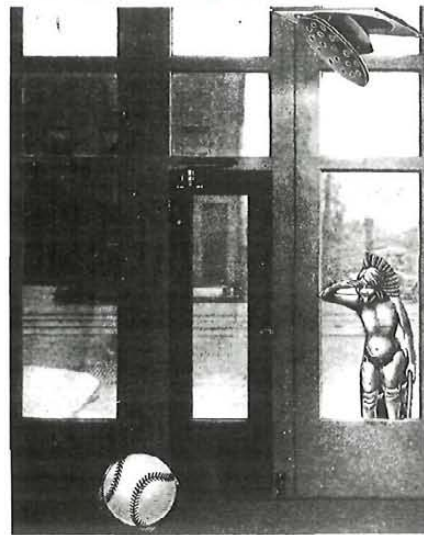
The climactic ending of Act II closes with the enormous Gap. (Right: Transcript of Mastermind's speech in closing.) SCENARIO: PLAN A. The mystery of the great gap explained. It is no mystery whatever. Morning ablutions, **愛!愛!愛!**



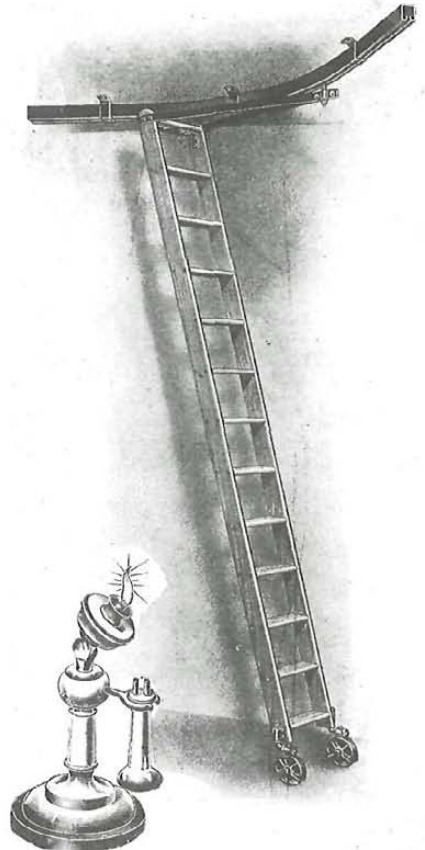
breakfast, and the usual surveying of the gifts of sovereigns produced a clutter and panoply of confusion in the midst of which stood the complicated foreign recording mechanism. It is not unreasonable to presume that eighteen and a half minutes would be necessary to restore a semblance of order . . .

ACT III, Scene i
The "Other" White House

Following the unexpected denouement of Act II, Act III takes advantage of the resulting confusion with an extraordinarily clever move. While everyone is



focusing on Washington, D.C., the real action is in . . . (deleted) . . . It is here that a thoroughgoing cleansing action is in progress. Fronting as a sporting goods store, the government continues as usual. (Ethnic at the door tries to benefit from a leak and obtain long-awaited ID card.)



ACT III, Scene ii
The Cleanup

Freshly laundered and equipped with nothing but the bare essentials, Mastermind has produced a New Look in the Oval Office. The entire nation is invited in for a look-see.

SCENARIO
PLAN B
The Defective
Equipment
Theme
(Phase 1)

Margin for error is the big factor in this plan. Phase 1 deals with mechanical failure and the conversion from operative to inoperative through faulty or unintelligible operating instructions.



青春何價?

愛情何價?

國工



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1. Item: Stylized portable recording equip. Kong Mfg. Co.

2. Item: Storm lamp (?) Asia Imports

3. Item: Foot-powered spools Kong Mfg. Co.

4. Item: Water closet wired for sound. Declared inappropriate. Little Devil Corp., Milwaukee



ACT III, Scene iii

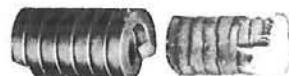
It was only a Caper, or, Boys Will Be Boys. Complete with his own new look, Mastermind demonstrates to everyone's satisfaction how the fellows now toe the line. Law and Order is formally introduced into government.

The End

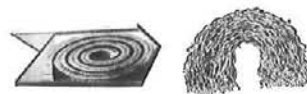
Epilogue: How It Will Be
The office now maintains but three kinds of tapes.



1. The double-playback. Records on one tape, plays on two, an original for storage and an inaudible one for any who wish to hear.



2. Self-effacing tape. Automatically separates wheat from chaff. Deletes epithets and foul language at the moment of play.



3. Self-degrading tape. Good for one play after which it unravels into ambiguous mass.



"Great Scenarios? That was some play! Only a Master could have written it. See it once and your whole life's changed..."

Out in Middle America, the loyal minions are rapidly adjusting to a whole new way of life. Town meetings have been abandoned as old hat. The new scheme is to assemble in small, select groups.

New Breakthroughs in P.W.* Operations
Bio-degradable mike.
Dissolves with all soap products.

Two novel receiving stations (portable).



Ideal for close range work. (Worn with bell-bottom trousers.)

Receiving plates (wrap-around) complete with antenna.



Turns to unrecognizable ash in cigar.

Specially tailored "bugging pants" (simulated World War I style).



Offers ample recording space in lower pelvic and thigh regions.

*Post-Watergate

MARVIN GAYE LIVE

"Marvin Gaye's return was not a concert, it was an event."

John L. Wasserman
San Francisco Chronicle

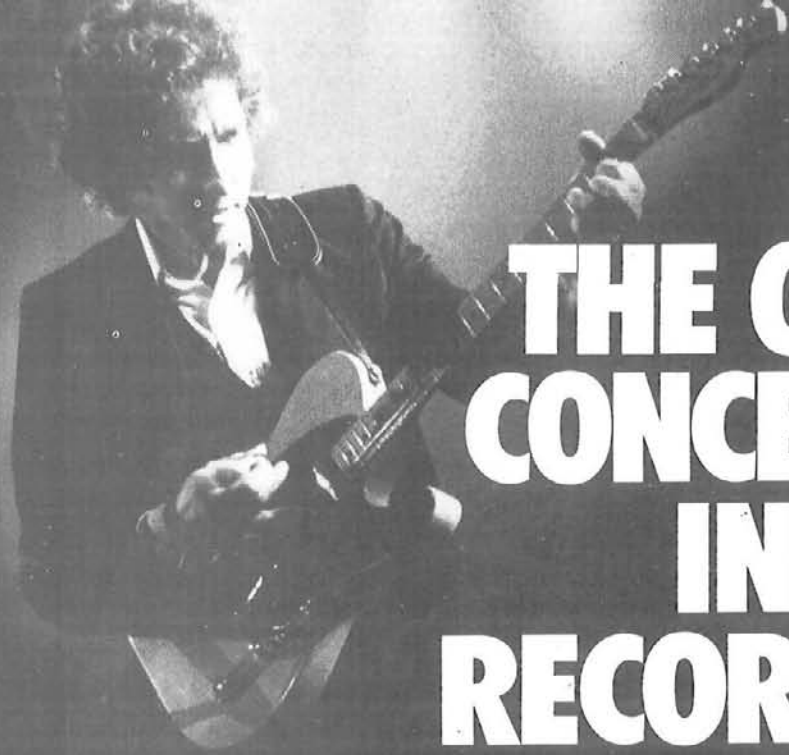
Oakland in January. A jam-packed Coliseum Arena. His first public appearance in more than four years, and microphones captured all of the excitement. The hits as well as the new. Not just an album. An event.



T6-33351



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Mythical Mythical Beasts

by Rick Meyerowitz and Doug Kenney

When the world was young, man's primitive, groping imagination conceived of strange, fantastical animals to populate his dreams. Recently, a similar imagination discovered a few for somebody's toilet. Below, for example, is the Mirved Gryphon, the many-tongued guardian of King Telython's Boobtomb who bored trespassers to death (in pentaphonic sound) with swifties like King Telython's Boobtomb.





Below, a prize Minnowtaur breaks the surface as a herd of alcoholic Ethyl Mermen lounge poolside with a cleverly disguised Schlymleon and firewater-breathing flagons. Get it? Forget it.

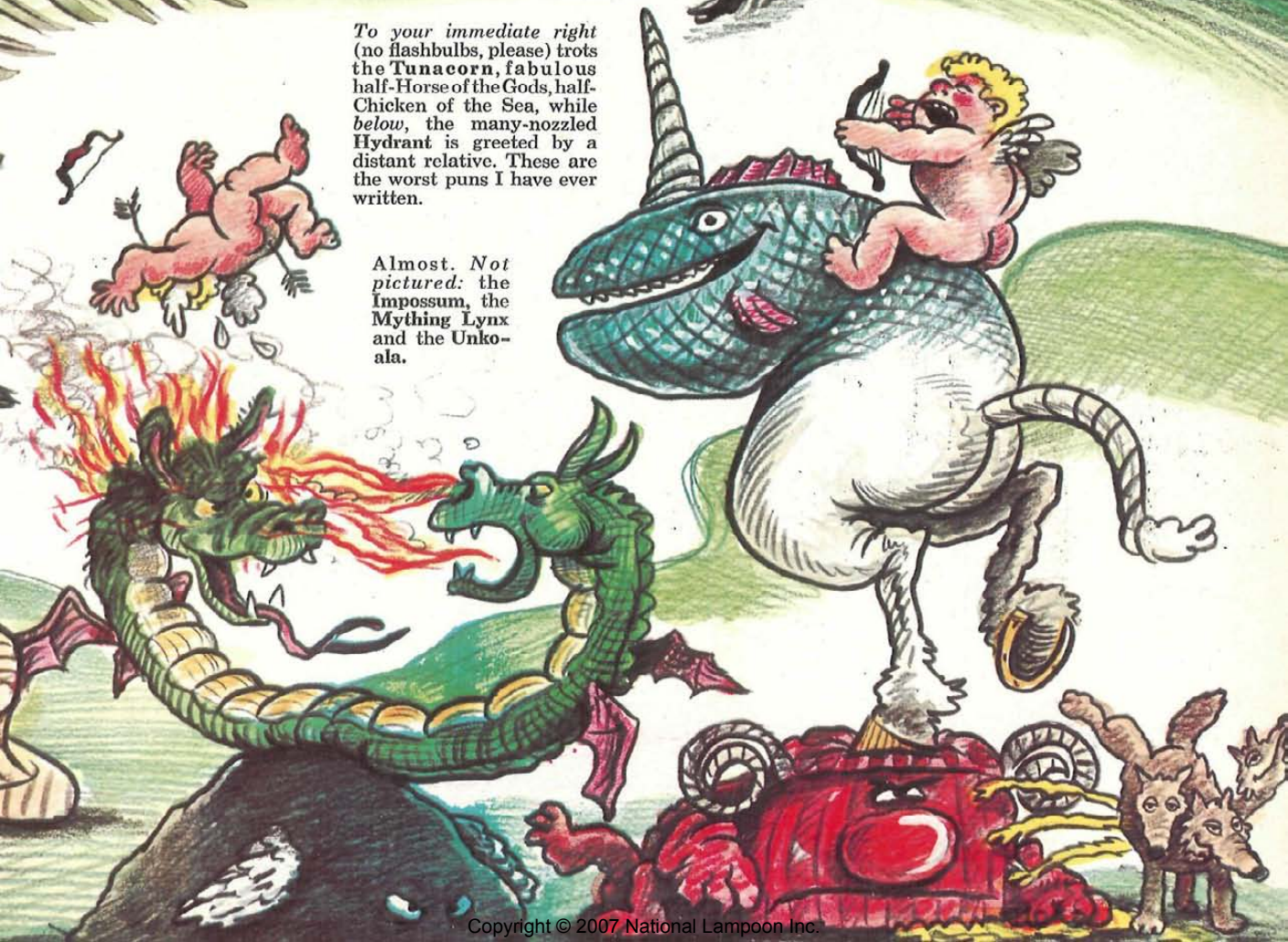
*This? A miraculous Poenix, feathered member of the Greater Poppycocks. Said to arise every hundred years, perhaps it had a different definition for the word *miraculous*.*

The Stynx, once a handsome eight by ten prince, was changed into this Temple watchthing as punishment for poor hygiene habits by Mott Ra, Egyptian god of grade Z eat-'em-ups. The little nasty prancing left, Mey-erowitz insists, is a Tatyrr. Directly below, a singular of Seasawpents cavort on a Rok.



To your immediate right (no flashbulbs, please) trots the Tunacorn, fabulous half-Horse of the Gods, half-Chicken of the Sea, while below, the many-nozzled Hydrant is greeted by a distant relative. These are the worst puns I have ever written.

Almost. *Not* pictured: the Impossium, the Mything Lynx and the Unko-ala.



Edward Boril



"The Lord is listening all the time. The Lord has got his tape recorder going from the time you're born until you die. He not only knows what you say, but your thoughts and intents."

—Billy Graham

Executive Deleted

Text of recorded conversations on dumping President Richard M. Nixon
as submitted to the National Lampoon.

transcribed by Henry Beard and Tony Hendra

Appendix 1. Meeting: Daniel Schorr, CBS News, Walter Cronkite, CBS News, CBS Executive Dining Room, June 17, 1972. (12:15 p.m.—12:45 p.m.)

The two prominent television newsmen met to discuss how the news of the Watergate break-in the previous night, the capture of the suspects, and White House statements on both these occurrences on the morning of June 17th should be reported on the network news that evening.

S—Hi, Uncle. What's cooking?

C—Will you look at the gams on that chippie? Holy moley, could I go for a plateful of that.

S—Seen the news this morning?

C—Yes, sir—there may be snow on the roof but there's still fire down below. Oh boy.

S—Hey, Uncle, I'm talking to you. Did you read the papers today?

C—Why should I? Am I in them?

S—They fell for it. Larry planted the stuff from Havana and they walked right into it. Ziegler's been on all morning denying White House involvement.

C—Well, that's true, isn't it? Just a bunch of crazy (characterization deleted)

S—Maybe, but we don't have to play it that way. Clobbering Kleindienst with ITT has got them on the run. The more they deny it the more we can make it look like just the opposite.

C—Ah, come on, Dan, they're doing their best. Republican or no Republican . . .

S—Look. You want free sex and socialized medicine or don't you?

C—Just park your little (inaudible) on my face-fur, honey-buns. Have I got some (inaudible) for you.

S—You think I'm going to let him hand this country over to big corporations who are only interested in raising the standard of living and supporting the arts, while there's still a single junkie or homo left in our jails? Do you realize that a child-molester can't get a fair trial in this country?

C—I'd take my chances . . .

S—Which one are you talking about?

(Material unrelated to Presidential smear deleted)

S—Alright, I'll set you up. Now let's get back to this Watergate thing. The main news tonight is going to be White House reaction. We have to figure what kind of slant to take on it. I suggest that you do the incredulity in the voice and I'll do the eyebrow.

C—Ah, come on, you always get to do the eyebrow. I want to do the eyebrow for once.

S—You can't do it, Uncle. Every-time you try, both your eyebrows go up at once.

C—Not any more. I've been practicing. Look.

S—See. They both go up at once. You look like you just sat on a banana.

C—I'll get the makeup guy to tape one of them down. It won't show.

S—No. I'm going to do the eyebrow. You do the incredulity.

C—I do the eyebrow!

S—(Expletive deleted) And if you don't I'm not fixing you up with (characterization omitted)

C—O.K. Old (inaudible) gets the incredulity again. But let me . . . how about a quizzical smile.

S—God, no. Last time you did that half the Eastern seaboard brought up their Swanson's. They'll think you're going to cry again.

C—I might. I just might. Then where would you be?

S—We're in the same boat, Uncle. O.K., listen, I've got to get to my cell meeting. One more thing. Make sure they write it "Ziegler claimed," "Ziegler asserted," "Ziegler stated," alright? No more "Ziegler said."

C—Right.

S—I think this one's a winner. We do this right, we can keep it going for months.

C—Wait a minute. How about the (inaudible)

S—When I get back. Keep working on that eyebrow.

Appendix 11. Meeting: Senator George McGovern, Gary Hart, Frank Mankiewicz. Later: Senator Thomas Eagleton, Hotel Doral in Miami, July 18, 1972. (1:30 a.m.—1:53 a.m.)

Having secured the Democratic Presidential nomination, the Senator met with his chief aides to discuss the broad outlines of the McGovern campaign strategy.

McG—Oh Frank, oh Gary, come along in. Oh, I'm so happy, so happy I could cry. I'm going to be Pressy, Frank, going to be king of the castle, yippee aye ay . . .

M—Get off the windowsill, Senator, we're being watched.

McG—I don't care. I love them all. They're . . .

H—Gimme your belt, quick, gimme it, I can't find mine.

McG—Take it, take anything you want, take my jacket, take my wallet, take my wife . . .

H—Just the belt, (characterization deleted)

H—Well, Senator, you've got the nomination, now we've . . .

McG—I know, I know. Isn't it wonderful, they're all such dear, kind, sweet, beautiful, tender, loving, generous people, I could kiss them all. It's just like Mr. Reich said—America's turning green.

M—Yeah, well, the latest polls put Nixon ahead by almost thirty points . . .

McG—I forgive him, Frank. Deep down he's a . . .

H—Goddamn can't find the (inaudible) Where the (expletive deleted)

McG—Poor Gary. Are you sick again?

H—Oooh, there she goes.

McG—Are you better now?

H—Oh.

McG—What's wrong with you anyhow, Gary?

M—He has diabetes.

McG—Poor Gary. Well, there's not going to be any more diabetes

continued on page 39

NATIONAL LAMPOON 31

Super TEE SHIRTS

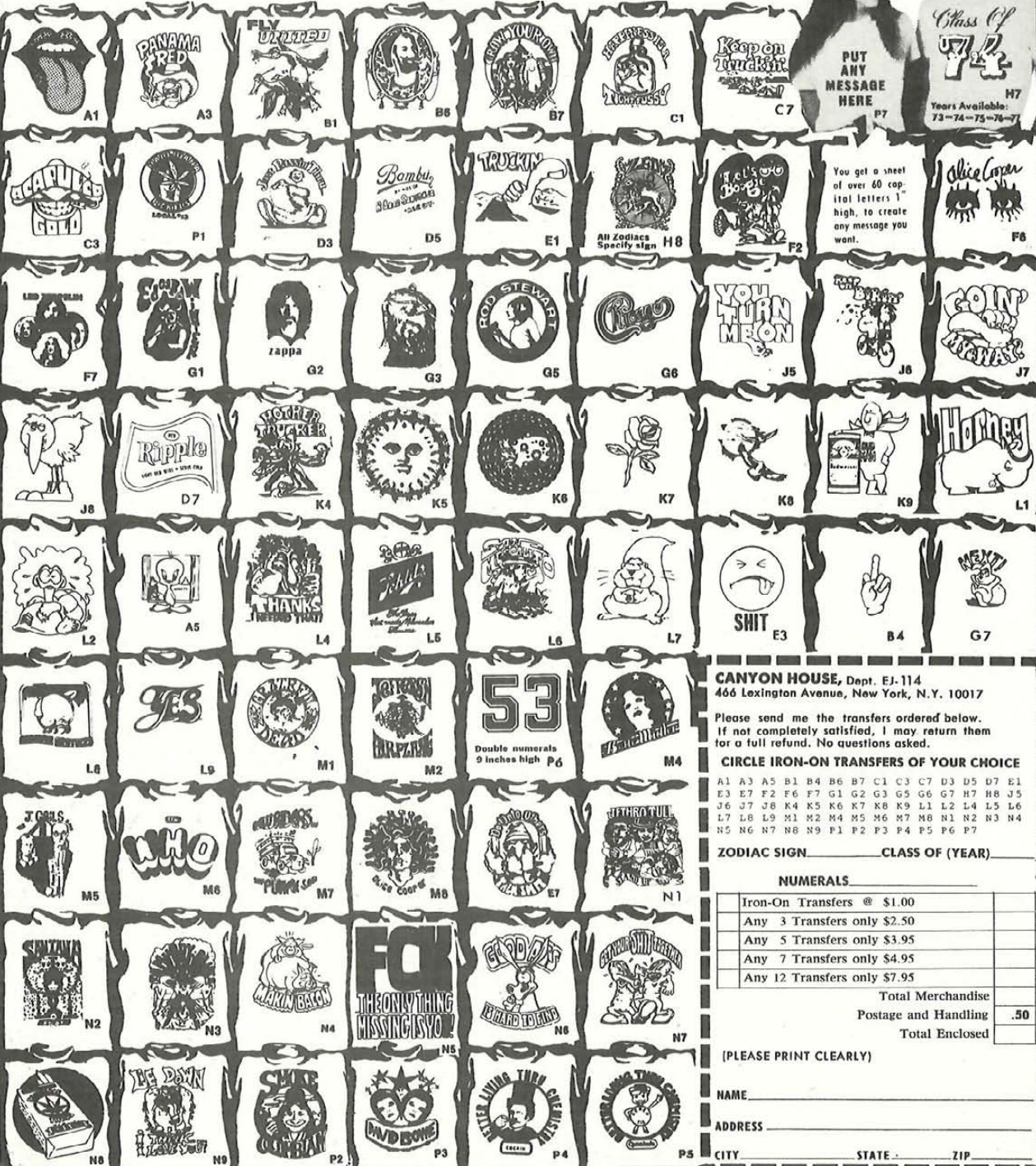
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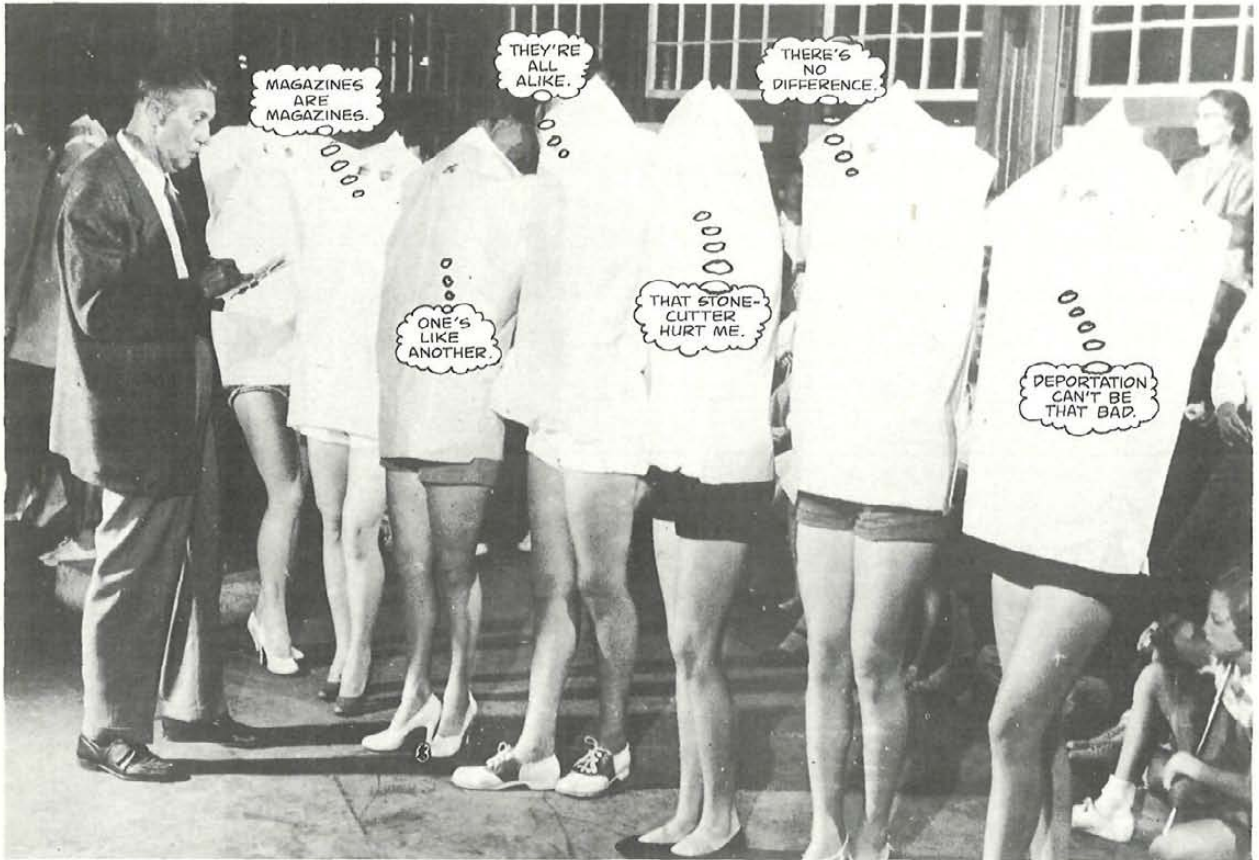
LET IT FLOW

A new album from **CAPRICORN RECORDS** Macon, Georgia.



“Anybody who tells you that ‘all magazines are alike’ should have their heads examined by a stonecutter and then be deported.”

—R. M. Thomson
Chairman and Chief Executive Officer



This represents a posed photographic enactment of unidentified American citizens who are being deported for their erroneous views towards magazines. Mr. R. M. Thomson portrays the immigration official who checks them off as they are prepared to embark on their banishment to the South Pole.

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A Very Sizable Advance

by Spiro Agnew as told to Henry Beard

About My Novel

Many people wonder why I decided to write a novel following my resignation. Well, I like to kid people by saying, "They threw the book at me, I'll throw one back at them!" But, to be serious, I felt a need to accomplish something that would restore my faith in myself. I spent many long days of meditation in the weeks following my resignation with the Guinness Book of Records seeking an appropriate accomplishment to prove my worth, and I had narrowed down my list of proposed efforts to winding 8,907 miles of twine into a ball, eating 415 dropped eggs in one hour, or living for 38 days with my head in a hollowed-out melon, when I realized that the natural thing to do would be to write a book. I have always been an ardent reader, and when I don't know what a word like ardent means, I'm not ashamed to go look it up in the atlas.

I rejected the idea of doing a serious book on the years I spent only one personal deduction away from the Presidency because I felt it was too soon. I will write such a book one day after an appropriate period of time has passed: It might well be called *In the Waiting Rooms of Power*.

The wisest course seemed to me to be to base the book on my experiences as Vice-President. I felt that the time I spent in the Nixon Administration gave me a unique insight into the workings of government which only those tourists lucky enough to be able to afford a trip to Washington ever get a chance to see. I also would be able to draw on my personal knowledge of the little details which in my view give novels that extra something—like what Supreme Court Justices wear under their robes, how much the overdue fines are at the Library of Congress, what the Latin on our dollar bills means, and where the bathrooms in the White House are located.

I chose fiction because it comes naturally to me, and I feel that my experience in government contributed greatly to my storytelling ability. I find writing very enjoyable, because you can have your characters do anything you want. If you don't like a particular character, you can give him a shrewish wife, or a crippling ailment, or even have him shot by a swarthy assassin.



Incidentally, that last sentence shows one of my writing secrets—adjectives. Adjectives are like paint, they help brighten up a sentence. If I have someone go to a door, I don't write, "He went to the door," I write, "The tall, lanky-haired figure went to the huge, heavy oaken door." Here of course I am at an advantage since I have seen many of the doors in Washington, and I can describe them in great detail.

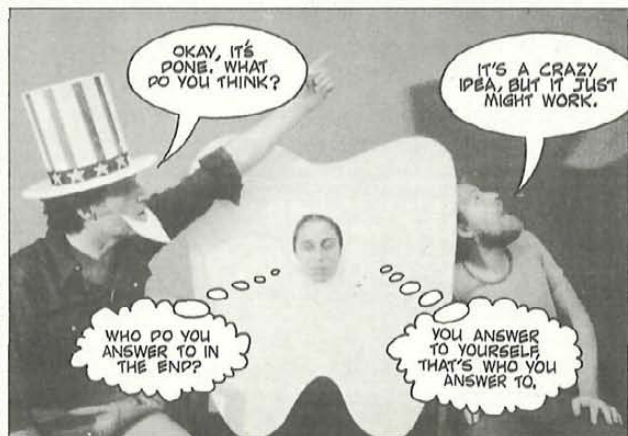
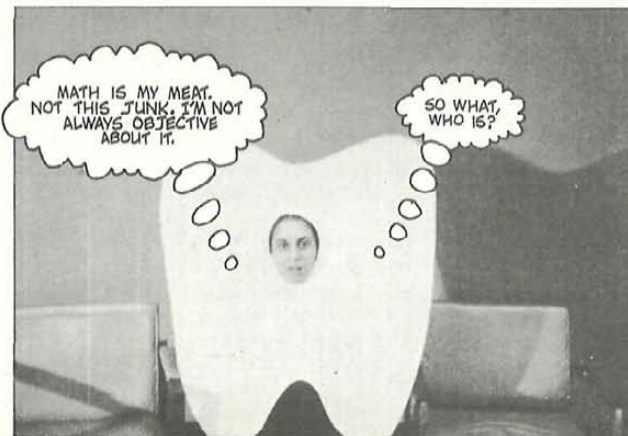
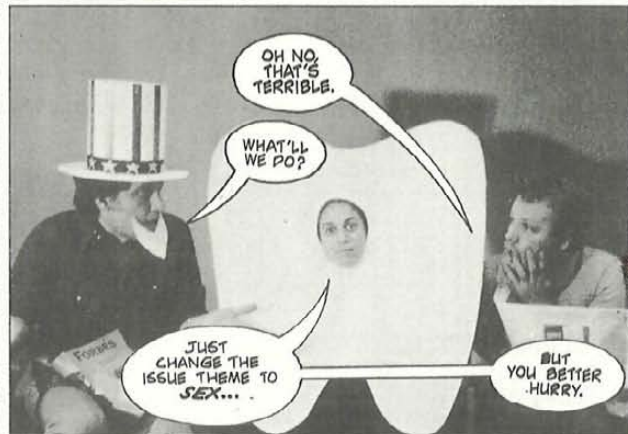
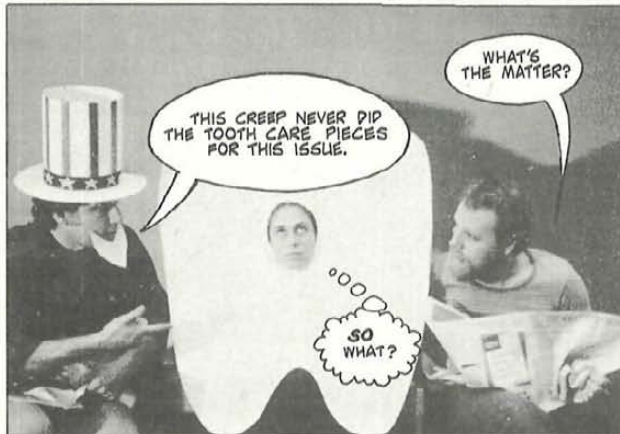
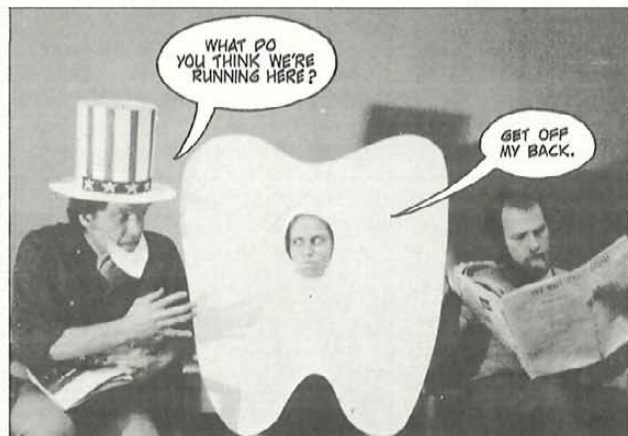
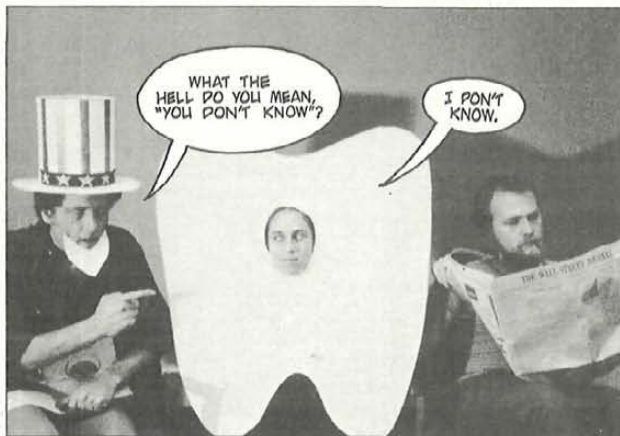
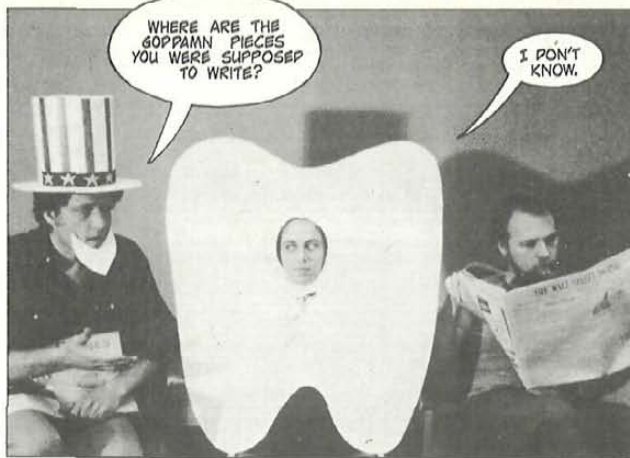
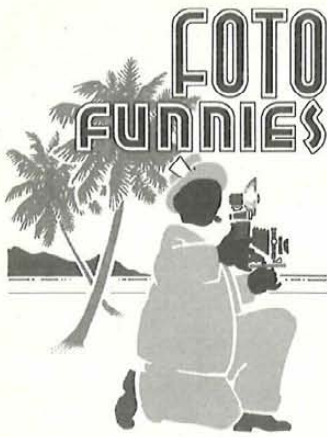
I realized that the first thing I needed was a plot. I was surprised how easy this was. I would often get ideas when I was shaving or when I was traveling in a car or a plane. The first plot I had was of a Vice-President who is kidnapped while he is shaving and is taken away in a car and put on a plane. Gradually, I refined this until I had a plot I was satisfied with. Basically, the book tells how, bankrolled with Arab oil money, a group of diehard Nazis kidnap the Pope to force the Mafia to help them steal an atom bomb, then, having forced a reclusive billionaire industrialist to take the controls at gunpoint, they circle the United States in a hijacked plane carrying an N.F.L. football team, threatening to blow up an American city unless the President of the United States agrees to send the Vice-President to attend a secret rendezvous with Martin Bormann in the Skylab space station as part of a conspiracy to establish a new Reich in the Del Mar Peninsula.

I think a lot of political novels just aren't credible because their authors have their characters always thinking about their roles and surroundings and talking about history. Politicians are just too busy to stop all the time and think things like, "I wonder how much Thomas Jefferson got as a kickback from the French in the Louisiana Purchase" or "Here I am standing in the same room where Abraham Lincoln used to get paid off by Civil War military contractors."

Also I think many authors sacrifice a lot of realism by not having their characters go to the bathroom often enough, or even not at all. Let's face it—nature's call is a "subpoena" we all have to answer, even Presidents and world leaders.

I work on the novel in the kitchen. I can type, but I prefer to write on day-old pound cake with a pastry gun. I use hand puppets to make the

continued on page 50



Young Sex
Teen Baby Tub Time Captain Raincoat The Littlest Painmistress
Miss Teenage Virgin Sister

NATIONAL LAMPPOON

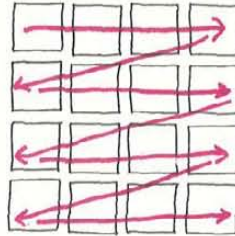


TWO-WAY COMICS!

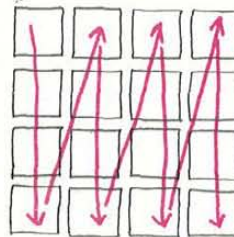
A CLEAN COMIC AND A DIRTY COMIC IN ONE

by ED SUBITZKY

FOR THOSE CLEAN-MINDED READERS WHO WANT TO READ AN INNOCENT STORY ABOUT A BOY AND HIS SISTER TRYING TO PIN A PRETTY PAINTING ON THE WALL OF THEIR HAPPY HOME, READ ACROSS IN THE NORMAL WAY, LIKE THIS:



FOR THOSE FILTHY-MINDED READERS WHO WANT TO GET THEIR ROCKS OFF AND READ AN EXPLICIT SEX STORY THAT TAKES PLACE IN A CHEAP HOTEL, READ DOWN INSTEAD, LIKE THIS:



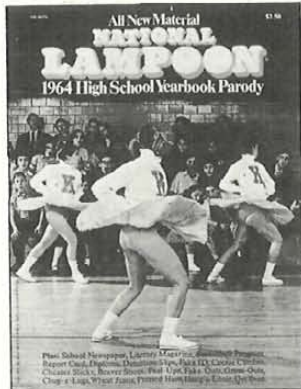
NOW WOULD YOU LIKE THE PICTURE?
 I DON'T KNOW... I DON'T REALLY THINK IT'S HUNG WELL ENOUGH...
 I'M SORRY! I'M SURE I CAN GET IT UP BETTER!
 OW! CAREFUL WITH THOSE FINGERS!
 GIVE ME A HAND, WILL YOU...
 OW! YOU TOO!
 OW!
 I GOT A PRICK!
 AND I HAVE A BIG HOLE!
 ARE YOU SURE IT ISN'T INFECTED?
 HEY, THAT HURT!
 GO AHEAD... TRY SQUEEZING IT A BIT!
 AND NOW IT'S GETTING REALLY SWOLLEN!
 MAYBE IT WOULD HELP IF I PUT A CAST AROUND IT!
 THERE! THAT'S A LOT BETTER!
 I GUESS WE SHOULDN'T HAVE USED OUR NAILS!
 IN MOUNTING, THE PROPER EQUIPMENT IS VERY, VERY IMPORTANT...
 COME ON! WHAT OTHER CHOICE IS THERE BUT TO RAM IT IN!
 LISTEN, MR. SMARTY! JUST BECAUSE YOU CAN MAKE ONE CRACK DOESN'T MEAN I'M GOING TO LET YOU MAKE ANOTHER!
 I THINK IT'S TIME FOR US TO TRY A SCREW!
 LATER
 SATISFIED?
 MMMM! IT ALWAYS PAYS TO TRY AGAIN... UNLESS YOU WANT TO BLOW IT!
 THE END

WHOLE MIRTH CATALOGUE

access to yocks



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when I'm President, let me tell you. You make a note of that, Frank. We're getting rid of nasty old diabetes right away.

M—O.K., Senator, but right now we have more serious problems . . .

McG—Frank! How can you say that when poor Gary has to give himself injections three times a day! I'm ashamed of you.

M—Senator, at this time we've alienated most of the country, all of the Democratic party, and we're saddled with a certifiable maniac as running mate.

McG—Frank you give me connip-tions, I declare! Tom is a wonderful, warm, kind, beautiful person. He may be a bit of a madcap, but that's what the country needs—some fun!

M—Whatever—we need a platform.

McG—Oh, that's easy. I just want

everyone to be free and happy and love one another and have all the lemonade they want.

M—Aside from the lemonade, that's a little hard to legislate.

McG—Alright, then let's give everyone a million dollars. And lots of funny things to dress up in. And a dog.

M—How about a week at the seaside?

McG—Ooooh yes, Frank! What a good idea. And pirate hats.

H—And all the smack they want.

McG—Oh no, we won't smack them. Only if they're naughty.

M—Look, Senator . . .
(Noise of automobile entering room through wall)

McG—Oh, Tom! Hello, Tom! Look everybody, it's Tom!

H—Christ Jesus in Heaven! What the (inaudible)

M—Stop, you crazy (characterization deleted)! God!

(Noise of automobile driving around suite. Breaking sounds)

McG—Go on, Tom! Whceee! Oh what fun, what fun!

M—How the . . . this is the twenty-sixth floor!

(Noise of automobile striking fixed object. Automobile stops)

E—(Singing) Man of means by no means. King of the road! Pffrzzzp.

McG—Tom, you are a monkey. What a jolly trick!

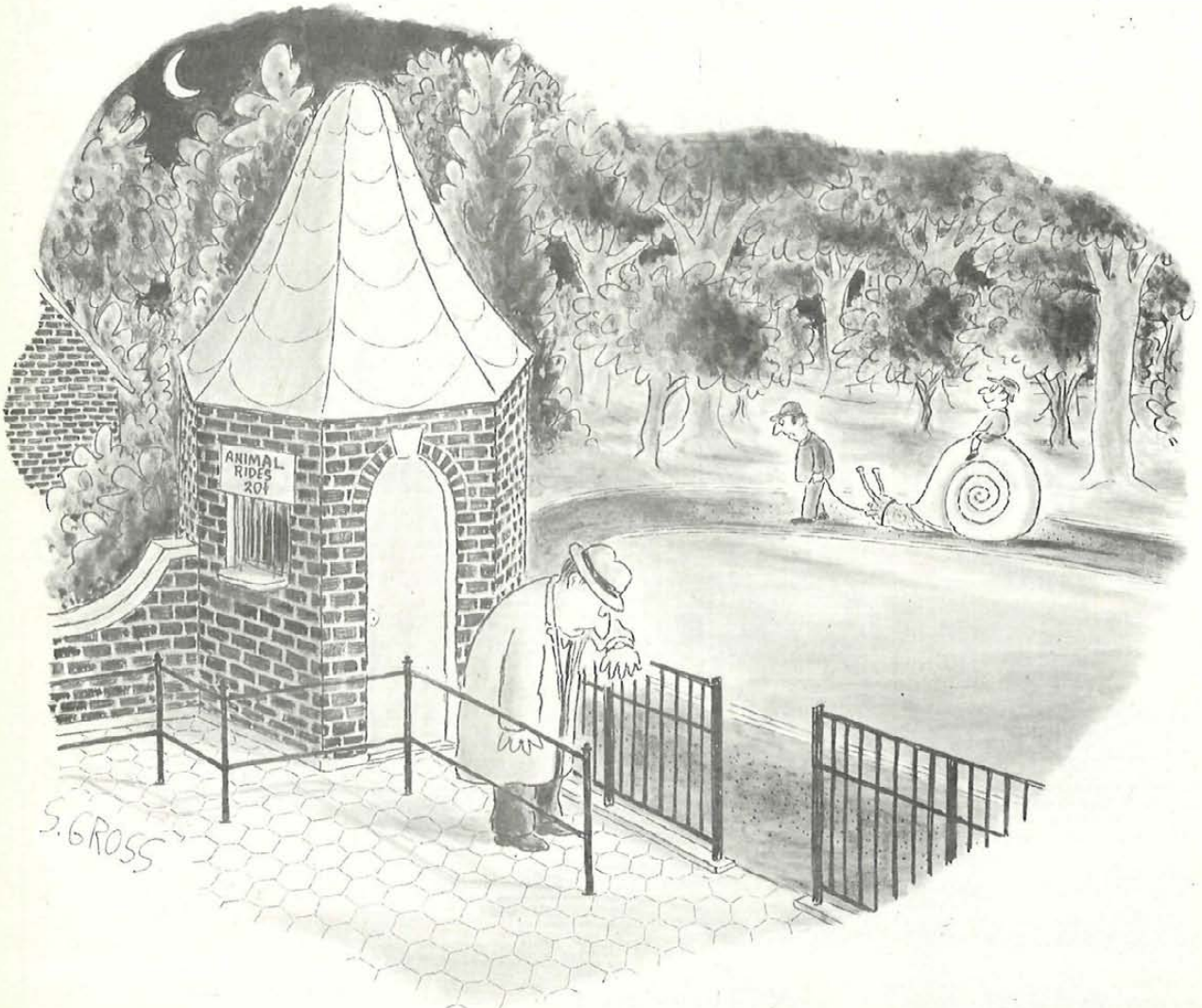
M—This'll do it. This is it. First, Gays for McGovern. Now this.

E—Gish drink. Gurgkst! Grak!

McG—Frank, get Tom some lemonade.

M—Look out, he's going to throw up!

H—Get away from me, man!
E—Gish—



CONSENTING SWEET WILLIAMS

HETEROSPOROUS AND PROUD!

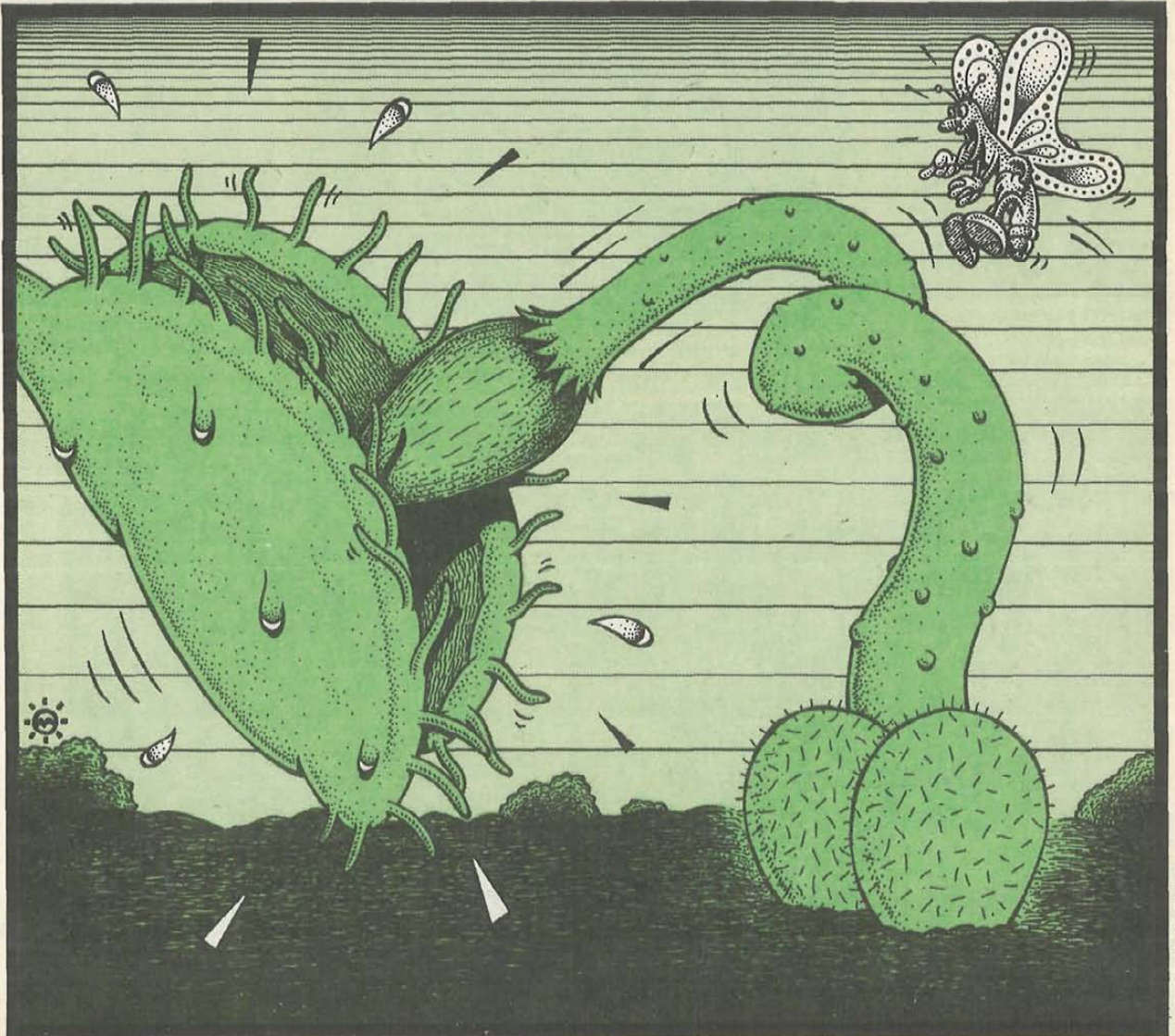
COMING THROUGH THE RYE

SEED

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THE NEWSPAPER FOR MATURE PLANTS

NUMBER 285



WARNING: This literature is not intended for seedlings and under no circumstances are they to view it, possess it, or use it as mulch.

cover: Marvin Mattleson

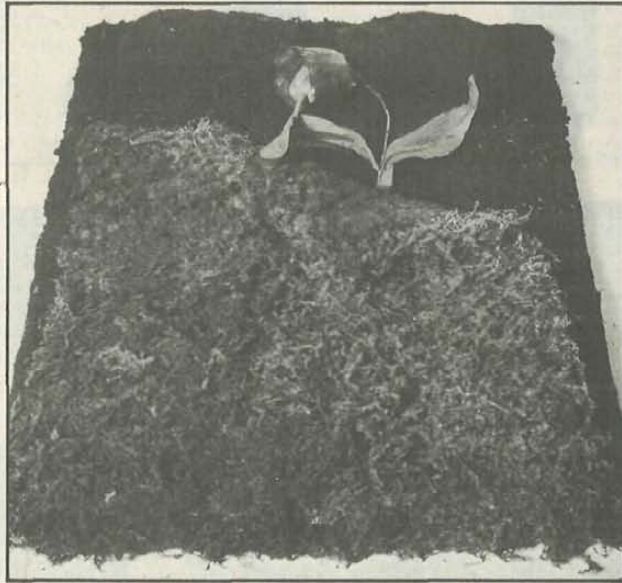


"A rose and a Baby Ruth"



Vine: Will you redeem my S & M green stumps?

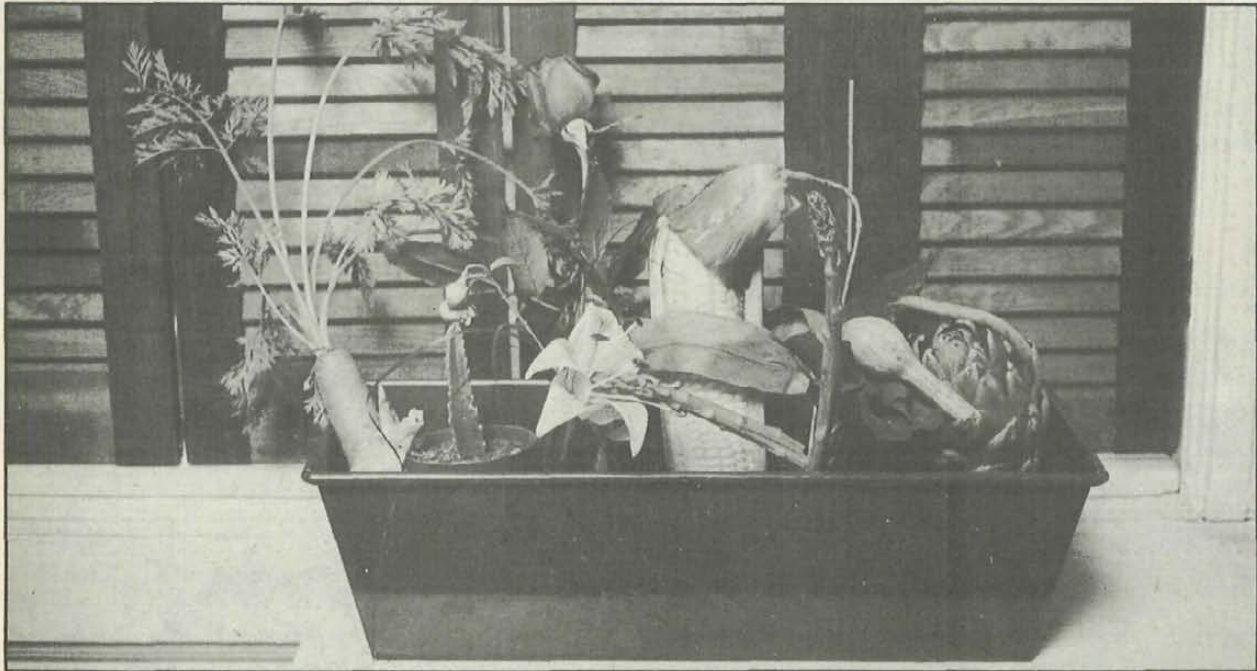
Rose: I'm bound to please.



"Getting it up"—on the right side of the seed bed!



Our deciduous friend seems to have developed quite an attachment—to a nice piece of ass-paragus!



Even Elia Kazanthemum would've been shocked by this arrangement!

Photographs by Alan Rose and David Kneestle
Plants by Third Avenue Greenery, Inc.

GOING TO SEED

BY AL GOLDENROD

You may have had *your* soil stimulated when the "Highest Court of the Land" decided not to come out against us, or *The Secret Life of Plants*, or any of the so-called whorti-cultural art forms we all know and love. Well, if you did, you're an idealistic tulip of the nut-cracking human hypocrites who control thought in this country. For, fact is, the nine assorted nitrogen-fixers who insist on calling themselves "Supreme Court Justices" concluded that the literature of plant propagation (including the exclusive stem and gymnosperm photos that grace this lovely newspaper) was so far beneath their bud-nipping dignity that they *daren't even mention it!*

But these thallus-sucking morons were *not* above filling their opinion with all kinds of derogatory references to our deflowering world. Where the phlox do they come off attacking *smut*, a little black fungus that never even considered infecting *them* (who knows, if it did, it might settle an old spore or two!)? Why, for the love of peat, do they insist on referring to things they don't like as "*dirty*"? After all, isn't dirt the fertile medium that sustains our very lives? And "*seedy*"? For cress' sake!

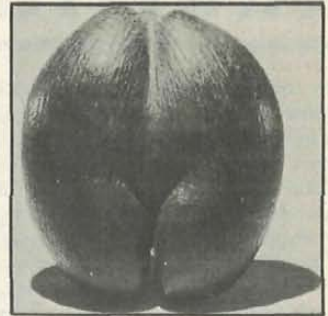
SEED, ALBEIT UNDERGROUND, IS NOT BENEATH THE LAW, AND ANY JUDGE WHO SAYS IT IS, IS UNCULTIVATED AND ALSO A PEA-SWALLOWER.

SEED AND I WILL NOT BE INTIMIDATED AND ANY TOMATO-EATERS WHO SAY WE WILL BE ARE BARKING UP THE WRONG TREE, AND I HOPE THEY ALL EAT HOMOSPOROUS PUFFBALLS AND DIE.

COMING NEXT WEEK

SEED IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY BY MILK WEED PRODUCTIONS, INC., 635 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022. Tel. (212) 688-4070.

The Spartan Bonus Carrot: Exclusive interview and hot pix of the king of stigma flicks—the pistil-throb of millions.



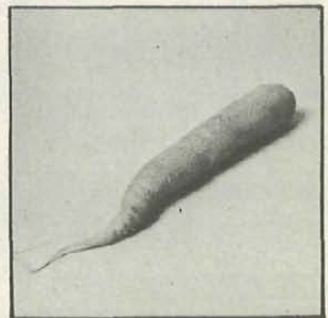
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BANG THE MUM SLOWLY

By Fondilla Casabas

The minute the Emperor Chrysanthemum saw the Pink Petunia, he could tell she was infected with an advanced case of rust. But that only quickened his excitement. "My mother always warned me about petunias," he said to himself. "Said they were common and seedy and aphid-ridden. Can't say she was wrong. But I must say I'd love to shove my swollen tuber into her throbbing seedpod, shameless and diseased though she may be."

As if reading his thoughts, the Petunia seductively spread her corolla, revealing a fleeting glimpse of her dew-moistened ovules. "You're so handsome,"

she breathed. "Wouldn't you like to rub your stamen against my beautifully sculpted placenta?"

The Emperor Chrysanthemum felt the warm sap rush into his stem, and his anther began quivering uncontrollably. He knew right then there was no turning back.

Sensing his desire, the Petunia let the breeze brush a few of her soft leaf stipules against the Emperor Chrysanthemum's rising tube nucleus.

"Yikes!" shouted the Chrysanthemum and, with furious abandon, he unleashed a cascade of pollen grains toward the apex of the Petunia's hot little stigma.

But to his utter shock and

sadness, the Petunia pulled away from him. "Look," she said, "you look like the kind of plant I can talk to so I'll give it to you straight. I want to cross-pollinate you the same way you want to cross-pollinate me, wild, until we're both too wilted to cross-pollinate anymore. But let's face it. You're an Emperor Chrysanthemum and I'm a Petunia and I just can't forget that."

He knew that this was the time to come to his senses, to abandon this foolhardy adventure before it really began. But instead he found himself begging her, whimpering to her like a small hothouse seedling. "Please," he cried, "please. I'm

not interested in who's a Chrysanthemum and who's a Petunia. I'm only interested in jabbing my pulsating vascular bundle into the beckoning nodules of your fleshy main roots, and I want to do it right now!"

Even as he spoke, the pressure had been building up unbearably in his pollen chamber and now a juicy stream of nectar began to exude from his tingling glandular cells.

Once the Petunia saw that, the need to talk was over. "You hybrid!" she scolded, savoring the slippery fluid as it squished onto her churning calyx. "You know just the right thing to do, and just the right time to do it."

(continued on page 23)



What's gotten into our favorite petunia? Mum's the word!

STIGMA FLICKS

Edited by Ariel Bulbe

The microspores fly every issue as we reap the best of the week's crop of sex movies.

THE TUBER-TESTER

Definitely inferior—won't even swell your pollen grains.

Reliable—enough to germinate your pollen tubes.

Recommended—your tubes pulse into her ovule micro-piles.

The Ultimate—a triploid endosperm nucleus is formed!

COTTON COMES IN HAAR-LEM. This bizarre film relates the tale of a young, oversexed cotton plant who contracts boll weevils from one of his unsavory liaisons and is shipped off to

the Netherlands so as not to contaminate the rest of the year's harvest.

Once there, he meets a group of beautiful, submissive tulips who have been enslaved by an evil and merciless band of Heineken-guzzling Dutch bulb-forcers.

What follows, needless to say, is a never-ending series of one sex scene after another, as the unrepentant *Gossypium*, in a frantic race against death-by-weevil, instructs each of the obedient tulips in the fine art of hybridization.

Of course, the premise may strike you as a bit contrived—and, to be frank, once our hero reaches the tulip fields there really is no plot, aside from the few sentences which move the various flowers in and around the hyperactive bolls of the wanton cotton plant. But who cares! If it's sex you want, you'll fall for this film, sucker, bulb, and pistil!

THESE ARE THE BEST OF THE HARD. AND SOFT-WOOD SEX FILMS IN CURRENT RELEASE. MOST ARE PLAYING IN EXTENDED RUN.

BEHIND THE GREENHOUSE DOOR ¶¶¶

BLOOM IN LOVE ¶¶

COME BLOW YOUR CORN ¶¶¶ ½

DAISY INSIDE CLOVER ¶¶¶

EL SEED ¶¶

FRUIT 66 ¶¶¶¶

GENTLEMEN PREFER FRONDS ¶

THE GRASS MENAGERIE ¶¶

IN THE WHEAT OF THE NIGHT ¶¶

THE LAWN GOODBYE ¶

LUST FOR LEAF ¶¶¶ ½

THE NAKED GRAPE ¶¶¶¶

THE POD FATHER ¶¶

20,000 LEEKS UNDER THE SEA ¶

THE WEEVIL IN MISS JONES ¶¶¶

WILD STRAWBERRIES ¶¶¶

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"Oblong, slightly acid
fruit..."

—The Random House
Dictionary of the
English Language



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CONT FROM 9A M
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HOT PLANTS

CALLING ALL MUSHROOMS

Hi, my name is *Volvae amanitopsis* and I'm a mushroom. I have a white, scaly cap and a very, very large volva. In tests, guinea pigs and rabbits have been poisoned by me. I am a luscious 2" wide, and a sexy 3" in height. I long to satisfy your wildest desires. Send photo. No toadstools.

Michigan Agaricus 4MRN-1037

FERTILIZE ME?

Undernourished petite marigold, yellow, annual, would like to have humus worked into her soil, sewage, peat moss, barnyard manure—any kind will do. I'm not fussy—just sock me 4 pounds per hundred square feet of soil and I'll bloom.

Lake Forest Tagetes

6FMW-1035

TRYIN' IT? THEN LICHEN IT!

Sincere, single-celled green alga questing for generous sac fungus in which to enmesh myself. I'll manufacture carbohydrates for you; you keep me from drying out. A long, passionate life as a lichen awaits us, unless a caribou eats us. Please hurry!

Alaska Ulothrix 6BSXNW-1041

KISS MY ASCUS

Minute, yellowish yeast cell yearning to be freed from fermenting malt wort. Am eager to plunge myself, saclike spore container and all, into some real dough. If I like you, I'll render you light and spongy.

Brooklyn Ascomycete 6MNE-1038

WILL MODEL TO PLEASE

Showy, prickly-stemmed American Beauty rose would be oh so happy to send you dynamic time-lapse films of myself spreading my shapely petals. These flicks are complete and uncensored; definitely not watered-down junk!

Indiana Rosa 4FMW-1039

I WANT TO LIVE!

Looking for a tall, stately (seven feet!) wild meadowrue, covered with masses of handsome greenish-white flowers? Then send for me; I'm definitely at my best in moist, open places!

Annapolis Thalictrum 3MMA-1040

LET ME LIVE WITH YOU

Aggressive, parasitic broomrape seeking discreet attachment to green, sexually-liberated dunc-grass root. Age or variety no problem.

Marblehead Orobanche 3MNE-1034

HICKORY DICKORY

My catkins? Inconspicuous. My flowers? Simple and wind-pollinated. But wait till you see my nuts! Age, genus unimportant. Write for details.

Penna Archichlamydea 2MNE-1042

WHAT A PEAR!

Prickly pear, spoiled and dominant, commands you to let him thrust the sharp prickles on his flat, pad-like stems into you. Send your tribute today. (Bonemeal at the rate of one teaspoon per six-inch pot would be appropriate!)

N. Mex. Opuntia 5MSW-1043

SHOW-OFF

Incredibly well-endowed giant phlox, available in wonderful range of soft pastel colors, will model for you in the privacy of your own vase. Write for appointment.

Oregon Phlox 3MNW-1036

SEARCHING FOR SMUT

Young, good-looking Bermuda onion, brand new pot, very generous, seeks "stinking smut" spores. If I like you, I'll let you form unsightly pustules all over me.

Bermuda Alliumcepa 2MSE-1030

NEEDS TRAINING

I am a very, very submissive Engelman's Ivy seedling who would like to meet a wire support, such as poultry mesh, to train me properly. Thank you for taking the time to read this.

New Hampshire Hedera 1MNE-1031

STROKE MY HAIRS

Sundew, 1" tall, 2" across, offers her long, stout sensitive hairs, each tipped with a shiny sticky globule containing digestive enzymes, to all docile insects. My hairs will hold you while my juices digest you. Frank letter, photo appreciated.

Alabama Drosera 4FS-1032

PHOTO FREAK

Attractive asexual Marine plankton, enjoys photosynthesis, quests for free-floating flagellate with well-developed chloroplasts. Not interested in one-night stands.

Pacific Ocean Mastigophora 1ASW-1033

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—Ian Tribe, *The Plant Kingdom*

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H—Oh God! You filthy . . .
 McG—Gary! Be nice. Such a fuss about a silly old shirt. How do you feel, Tom?
 E—Grakzzzt frripzzz. Zubzckpzzz.
 McG—Oh dear, Frank, I think he's shorting out again.
 E—Frrappazzzclppfragzsc! Aaagck! Grrruglfrrrppp!
 M—Let him blow up, for Chris-sake.
 McG—Frank, how can you be so horrid. Find a socket, quick. Come on, Tom. Come on, boy. Stick your finger in here.
 (Tape malfunction)

Appendix 12. Telephone Conversation: Dr. Daniel Ellsberg and unidentified caller, the office of Dr. Fielding (Dr. Ellsberg's psychiatrist), Beverly Hills, August 12, 1972. (1:13 a.m.—1:15 a.m.)

(Caller identified as C)
 E—Hello.
 C—Allo. What your favor song?
 E—"T'd Rather Be a Hammer and a Sickle."
 C—Porvas telefonsk?
 E—Habe en dilo fantastico. Pipenhat. Kollosol.
 C—Vas dis temp?
 E—Den planni defenzov 74-76 por MIRV un Chemgaz. Der lott. Toodo lo poopsk.
 C—Nil mal.
 E—Toodo. Musch musch musch klassificacion. "Eyes only." Topp stoffsk.
 C—Como obtenu?
 E—Popov dumbel! Esti min biznizk. Desiri der stoffsk?
 C—Eh. . .
 E—Kommon (espletif delet)! Desiri der stoffsk o net? Kanue telefonsk lis chinki-chinks ret nu . . .
 C—All ret, all ret. Quant desiri?
 E—Du milion.
 C—Hali Jesy Krist! Iss ov der rocku? Hab perdidov den marblsk? Du milion!
 E—Du milion o telefonsk lis chinki-chinks ret nu. Da o net?
 C—(Expletif delet) O.K. Moss vidi der stoffsk primo, O.K.? Den der lootsk.
 E—O.K.
 C—Post usuel, temp usuel?
 E—Fantastico. Iss funfun biznizk mitt u. Ta-ta.
 C—Ta-ta.

Appendix 14. Conversation: Professor Archibald Cox and Attorney General Elliot Richardson, the Faculty Club at Harvard College, May 5, 1973. (9:05

p.m.—9:20 p.m.)

At a chance encounter in the Harvard Faculty Club, Attorney General Elliot Richardson and Professor Archibald Cox of the Harvard Law School discuss the possibility of Professor Cox being appointed Special Watergate Prosecutor.

C—Hey, Ed, long time no see.
 R—Archie, old shoe, how's the boy?
 C—Say, what brings you back to fair Harvard?
 R—Oh, I had to address some nitwit seminar at the school of government. Jeez, they're letting in a lot of hebes lately.
 C—Hey, remember the old secret handshake?
 R—Ho, ho, ho, do I!
 (Sound of slaps, thumps, and pats)
 C—Adarat, fadero, buzi, buzi, boo!
 R—Conzaga, mumzeewo, putta, putta, foo!
 C/R—Madegaba, blodgecada, kussa, kussa, koo!
 C—Hey, those were the days! Remember that night you got plastered and ran down that wop kid in Dorchester?
 R—Ouch! I sure do. That cost father a bundle. Listen, how about that night in the dorm in Kirkland when that floozy was going down on you and I saw old man Burris coming through the quad and when I told you, you jumped so far she bit you and you screamed, my (expletive deleted), my (expletive deleted), she bit my (expletive deleted).
 C—Yow! That was a close. That was one time I was glad I was named Cox. Boy, that was some fast thinking you pulled there. Remember, you knocked her out with a tennis racket and shoved her under the bed, and then you tossed me the racket and grabbed a ball, and when Burris came in he thought it was just a rowdy dorm game?
 R—Remember the way he used to talk, like he had a platter of home fries in his mouth? "What is going on here, gentlemen?"
 C—And you said you got carried away and shouted "you hit it high, Cox." Woo-boy, I was just waiting for that piece of streetmeat to start moaning. No wonder you made Attorney General. Jesus, if Teddy had your brains, they'd have ruled that Kopechne girl a suicide.
 R—That dolt. You could fit his brains into a snuff box and still have room for a change of clothes.
 C—Yeah, if someone shot *him* in the head, he'd live, because they wouldn't have hit a vital organ.
 R—What a pinwheel that guy is. If it hadn't been for that Chappaquiddick business, we'd have a Harvard man in the White House again, instead of that low class bum from, what the hell is that Podunk diploma

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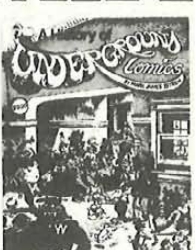
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dialogue more realistic. For example, when I'm writing a scene between the Russian Ambassador and the President, I put an alligator hand puppet on my left hand and a chicken hand puppet on my right—this reminds me of their characters and imitating their voices helps me develop natural dialogue.

One of the first decisions I made was not to write a *roman à clef*. People will ask, is President Wishy Backstab supposed to be Richard Nixon? And they will wonder if the hero, Vice-President Strongly Handsome Goodfellow, isn't actually me. Sensitive people will always read implications into innocent, coincidental comparisons, but none of the characters are based on anyone real, and to stress this I set all the events of the book in a fictional time, the months of Quintember and Septober, nineteen seventy-eleven.

Of course, some of me is in the book—that's unavoidable. But when there is a scene with Goodfellow, I often use some other method of getting my point of view across than having him voice it. For example, I may make some other character express my feelings, or I may have Goodfellow throw his voice or speak with a ventriloquist's dummy, or I may even have a Western Union messenger come in with a telegram stating my viewpoint.

There are three main romances in the book: between Vice-President Goodfellow and the jutting, almond-eyed Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, Harmonica Savingsbond; between Secretary of State Transom Domelight and the thrusting, chestnut-eyed Junior Senator from Maryland, Crystal Waterford; and between the C.I.A. Director, Daviscup Gardenparty, and the bursting, cashew-eyed French ambassador, Centime Kilometer. I don't believe in presenting explicit, titillating material, so when these scenes get too "muggy," I usually end them by describing the action in terms of rushing waterfalls, steaming geysers, busy canals, or other appropriate aquatic phenomena which I am more familiar with.

Obviously, I hope that my book will be a critical success, but I know that many people will condemn it out of hand or refuse to read it. To me this would be a typical example of the kind of thinking that is, I find, all too common among many intellectual people who support freedom of the press for one thing—for example, in the case of books where the author doesn't get to the waterfalls and geysers until after some pretty high temperature stuff takes place or never does at all—but oppose it for views

they don't agree with. I have a character in my book who demonstrates this double-standard kind of thinking, Professor Ambrose Lightship, President Backstab's liberal economics adviser. He suffers from a crippling ailment and is later shot by his shrewish wife.

An exclusive excerpt from Mr. Agnew's forthcoming novel

The time: 19711. The place: The White House, where President Wishy Backstab has called an emergency Sunday-afternoon meeting of the National Security Council. Present is Vice-President Strongly Handsome Goodfellow, 44, wealthy, poised, lean, intelligent, witty, distinguished-looking, athletic, trim, bright, elegantly dressed, rich, clever, smart, self-assured, slim, steely-eyed, charming, boyish, smart, well-to-do, rich, intelligent, wealthy, smart, rich, scion of an old, respected, Ivy League New England family whose ancestors came over on the *Monitor*. The nation's top military, diplomatic, and intelligence leaders are discussing the Nazi hijacking.

"Well, gentlemen," said President Backstab, as Secretary of Defense Launch Yachtbasin finished speaking, "we've all heard the sitrep, as we in the White House call the situation report. And I am sure that I speak for everyone seated in the sixteen brown leather chairs with wooden arms and small, brass studs arranged around this highly polished, boat-shaped walnut table here in the cabinet room adjacent to the Oval Office in the East Wing when I say that this matter is very serious indeed."

"Yes, Mr. President," agreed C.I.A. Director Daviscup Gardenparty, who had been taking notes on the neat pad of White House notepaper set out by stewards at every place due to be occupied at the table along with a sharpened pencil and a spanking-clean crystal ashtray, into which Gardenparty nervously stubbed his short, hot, white, bent, gray-ashed cigarette with a quick, sharp, hard, neat movement of his long, thin, brown hand. "I knew when I came here today through the special ground floor entrance beneath the portico and walked past the marine guard post, into the small basement lobby, came up the elevator to the second floor, got out, went down the gold-carpeted hallway, turned left past the Lincoln Room, and entered the Cabinet Room through the large, white-painted double doors, that we were facing a grave situation, but I had no idea how grave it was."

Goodfellow glanced thoughtfully out of one of the three tall French windows which stood open on this mild Quintember Sunday afternoon, giving a superb view of the White House grounds and in the distance the Washington monument, a view which, Goodfellow suddenly realized, tourists never see. It seemed hard to square the peaceful scene outside the long, high-ceilinged room with the deadly crisis being discussed within its four eggshell-white walls.

General Tough Customer, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, irritably scuffed the thick gray carpeting which was on the floor with a deeply tanned shoe. "Damn it," the craggy-cheeked General proclaimed loudly, "we've got to fight it out. After all, what would *they* say if we gave into these thugs?" he said, pointing at the gold-framed portraits of Washington and Lincoln which adorned the walls on either end of the room. As several pairs of lean eyes glanced at the paintings, they couldn't help but notice that arrayed against the remaining wall, opposite the windows, were the flags of the United States, the President and Vice-President, and the eleven cabinet departments, each on its own ceremonial mahogany flagstaff.

"I'm sure we all share the General's frustration," said V. P. Goodfellow evenly, fixing the straight-backed army officer in his well-to-do gaze, "but we in this room are just too burdened with power to spend much time thinking about history."

"Strongly is right," agreed President Backstab in grudging admiration. "Let's face it—we are so preoccupied with the day to day political realities of running the government and dealing with crises like this one that history doesn't enter into it."

"Well, sir," said General Customer apologetically, "those impressive oil paintings hanging there below the richly detailed strip of plaster moulding that encircles the room kind of caught my eye and—"

"But, Mr. President," interrupted Secretary of State Domelight, "surely our easy familiarity with parts of the White House that most Americans rarely if ever view must remind us from time to time of our positions."

"I'll grant you that, Transom," replied the stony-haired Chief Executive, "but keep in mind, to us it's just the place where we work. We can't go around being awed all the time. After all, we're human."

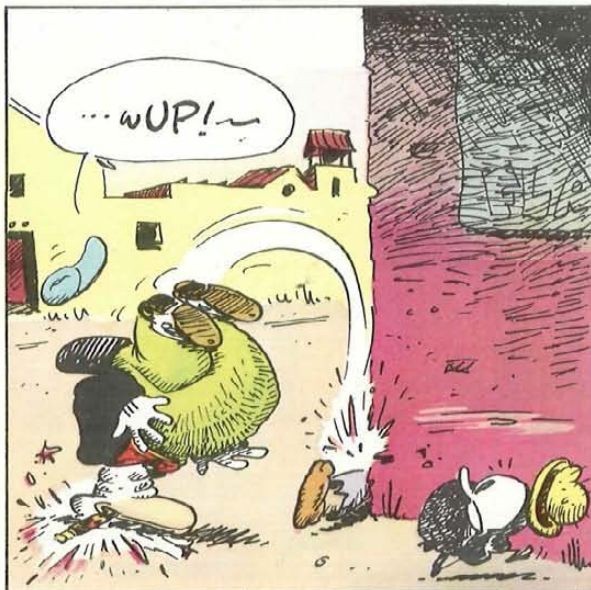
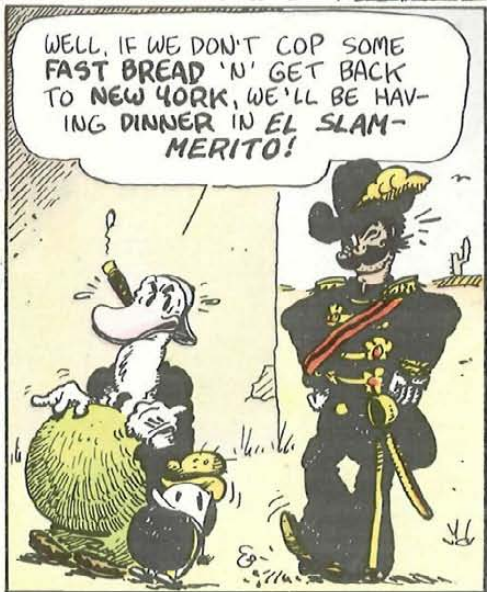
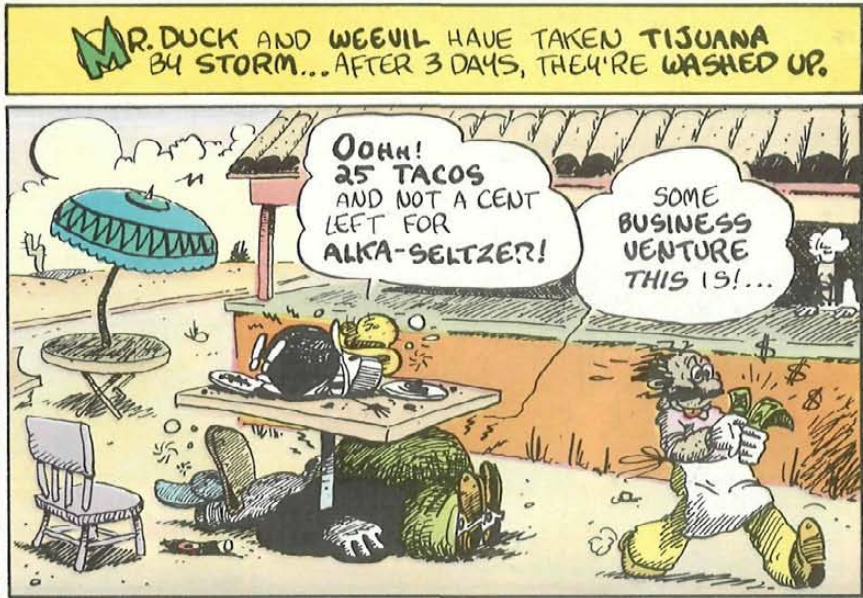
"Speaking of which, sir," interjected Goodfellow, "why don't we all go to the bathroom?"

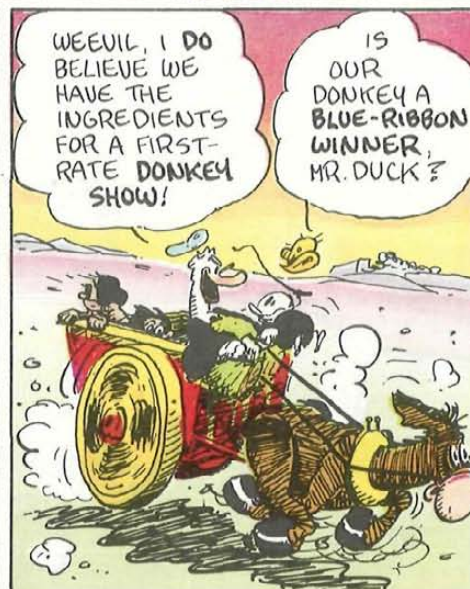
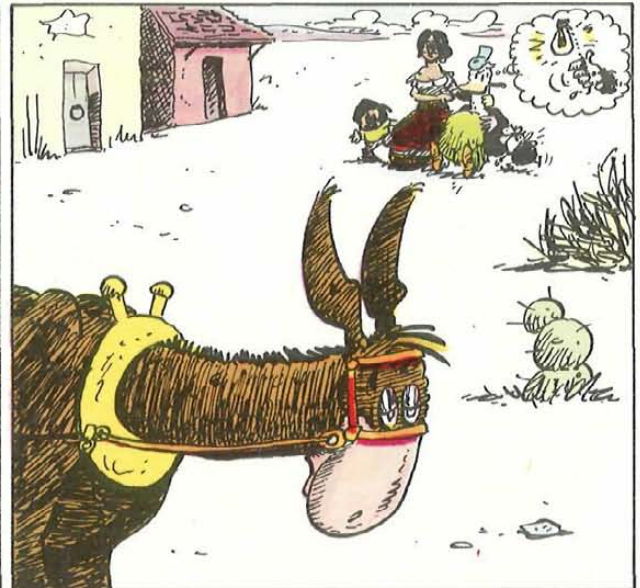
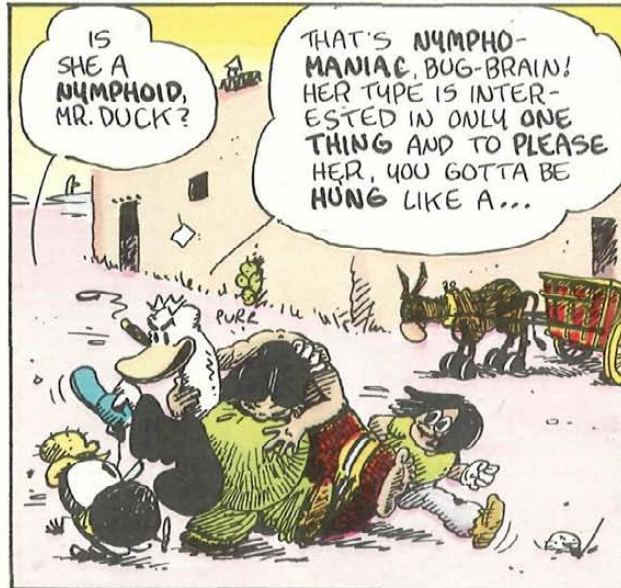
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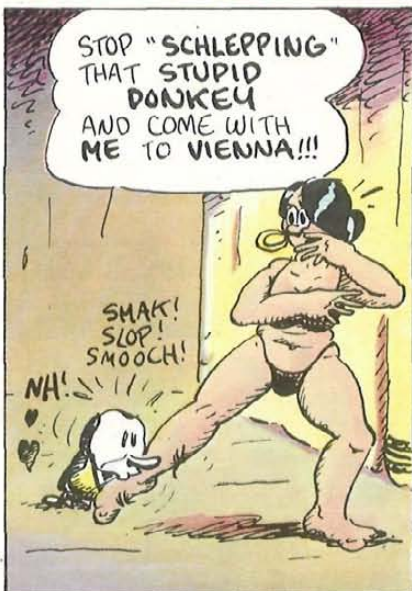
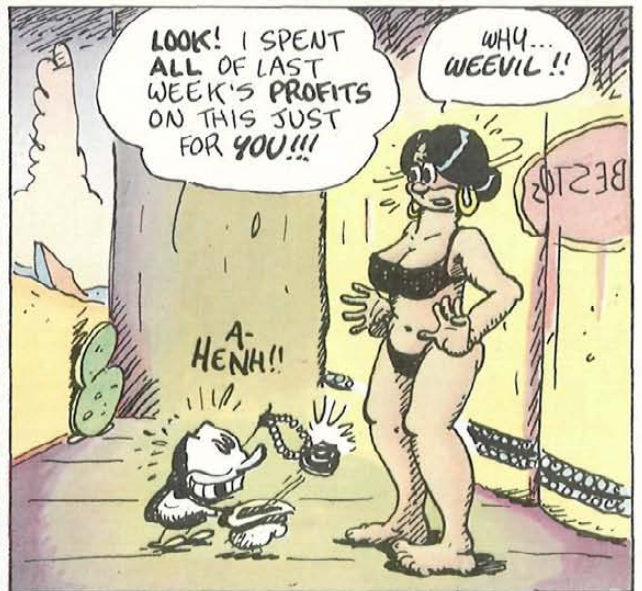
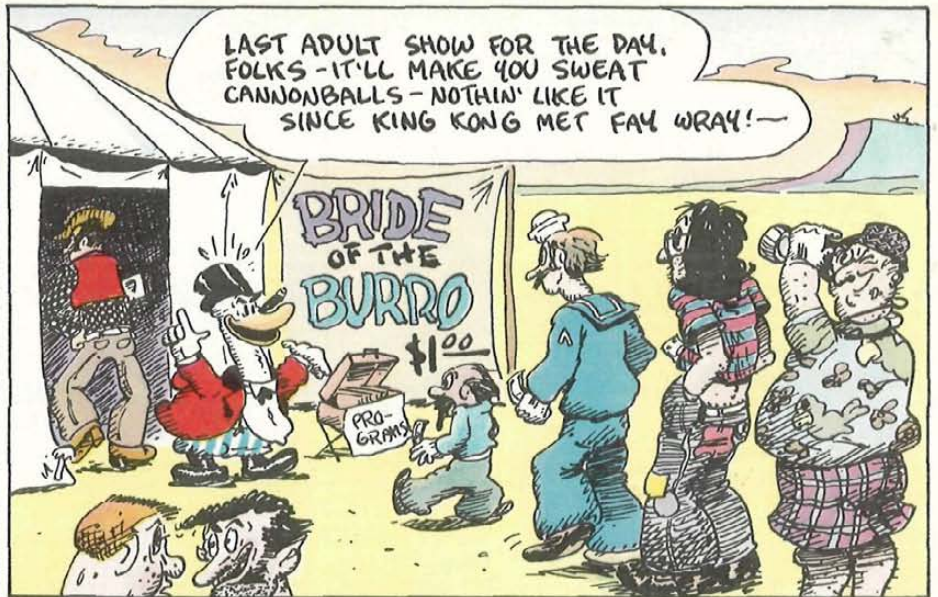
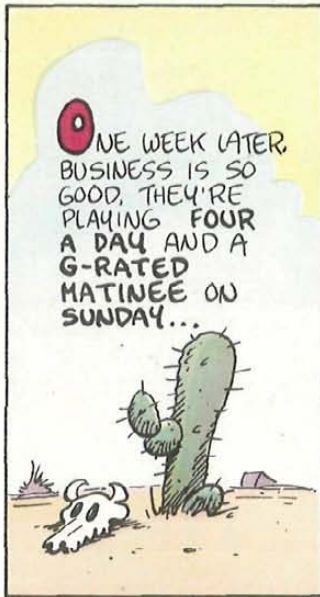
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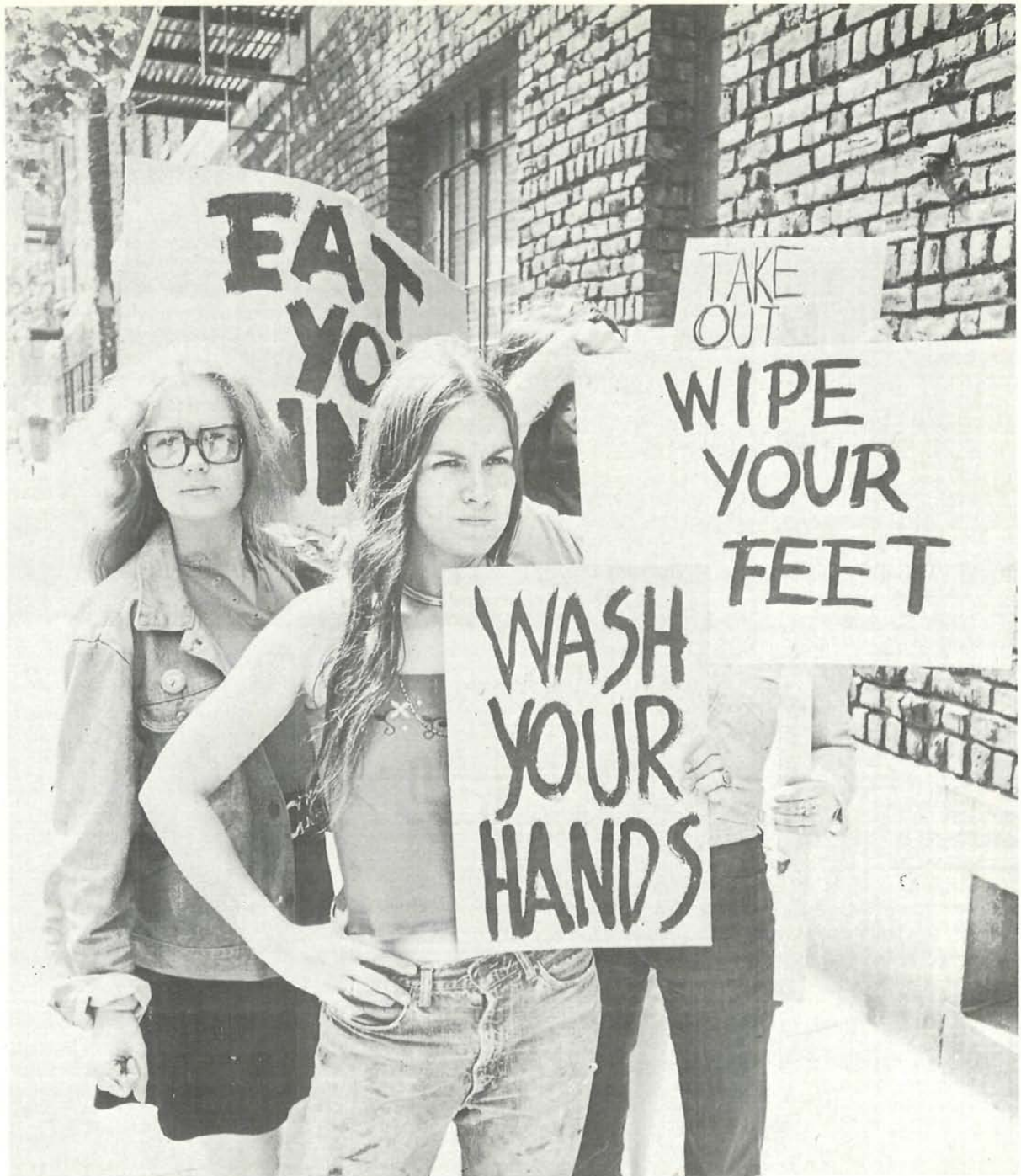
DIRTY DUCK

BY BOBBY LONDON © 1974









photographs by R.G. Harris

OUR BODIES AND NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS

A WOPERSON'S
GUIDE TO
MEDICAL HEALTH
BY AND FOR
FEPEOPLE

BY THE BERKELEY FEMININE HYGIENE FREE CLINIC MEDICAL COLLECTIVE \$2.95

UP FROM DOWN

Members of the Berkeley Feminine Hygiene Women's Free Clinic Medical Collective struggled to write this book so that fempersons could gain better control over their bodily functions instead of having to passively submit to the professional chauvinism of male doctors who treat us as though our large growths on the chest, frequent discharges of bloody flux, and elephantine distensions of the abdomen were some kind of disease. Especially now, when learning to both talk and communicate in the supportive atmosphere of women's groups has taught us that it isn't catching. How many times have we awakened to our senses calling out, "*I am a woman*," only to be told to take two aspirin and call again in the morning if we aren't better? Nor can womanhood ever be cured in this society which regards it as a crime.

IF WOMANHOOD ISN'T A CRIME, HOW COME THEY ARREST TRANSVESTITES?

Labeled as sick or criminal, we are denied any of the benefits handed out to Amerika's "traditional," "goal-oriented" handicapped. Are there such things as Mother's Day Seals? Is there a March of Diaphragms? It is even denied that we have the ability to reason cogently or form rational arguments—something any sick handicapped criminal can do when it isn't that time of the month.

OUR FEMINIST BODIES: SPIRIT IS WILLING BUT THE FLESH SAGS

The dominance/submission competitive role-model for traditional medical training in the patriarchal society uses complicated tests and years of required attendance at exclusionary institutions to confuse women and members of the Third World and produce a society woefully unwilling to divulge to us even the simplest knowledge of our own bodies.

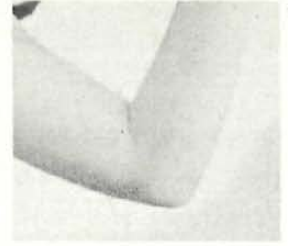


Location of Nose on Your Face

Also, we have been told many obvious lies and falsehoods which we accepted without question—the men-dominated fields of intelligence and thought leading us to believe we had vaginal orgasms, that our heads were filled with tiny hammers, springs, and bolts of lightning, and that we wouldn't get pregnant as long as we didn't swallow it. Most damaging to all women has been the sexual misinformation which many women remain pathetically uninformed about. Male children are early in life shown the location of their genitals while many



Ass



Elbow

young girls spend years wondering what to pee out of and some even grow to late adolescence thinking they have a pair of unused jello molds and a hairy bench vice. Even such knowledge as the existence of the clitoris was withheld from us until we discovered, it and we'll probably have to find out where it is by ourselves, too.

Combined with misinformation, we are continually confronted with attitudes of disgust and repulsion surrounding our bodies. We must work together towards remembering that our bodies are fine as they are, our genitals are clean, we do not "smell," and we should never again allow ourselves to suffer humiliation at the hands of some male who says we do just because his dog wants to roll in us.



Good Boots, Made for Walking, Can Also Be Valuably Used in Self-Defense.

MASTURBATION: FEELING FREE OF MALE OPPRESSION

Masturbatory experiences are an important part of our sexual maturation but it is equally important that such experiences do not cause us to lose respect for ourselves. Thus, many women find they need to ask themselves, "Just how far should I let myself go on the first night?"

Begin with smooth caresses of the back and sides, moving the hands slowly towards the belly and up beneath the breasts or gently approach the breasts on the outside of your shirt or blouse by moving your hands into your armpits and letting your thumbs spread cautiously across the collarbone region.

Thrust two fingers inside the shirt front before actually trying to undo any buttons; or, better yet, move your hand up inside your shirttail and edge a finger or thumb beneath the front of your brassiere. If you aren't wearing a bra, then you know that you are very easily aroused and you can probably "go all the way"

with yourself immediately. But if a brassiere *is* present, be careful not to fumble too long with the hooks or you may soon find yourself "out of the mood."

In attempting to touch your genitals, start with the hips and buttocks and proceed to brushings of the crotch with your wrist while ostensibly clasping your leg. Build slowly towards overt grasping of the mons venus. Then toy with the waistband of your pants or push your skirt up progressively towards your panties. "Getting inside" with slacks on presents a greater difficulty—requiring you to press the palm of your hand flat against your abdomen and slide slowly downwards beneath the elastic band on your underwear. Skirts are far easier since the outside of the underwear can be rubbed as a preliminary followed by easy access to your vagina through the leg hole.

And whether you succeed or fail in your first masturbatory attempt, don't be upset if your arrival at the next meeting of the consciousness-raising group is greeted with calls of "BT?" "Stink Finger?" "Get Any?"



Nothing Offensive About Menstrual Blood!

SEXUALITY: BUT WHY WOULD ANYBODY WANT TO TOUCH ME WHERE I GO TO THE BATHROOM?

For many weo-people there is an understandable problem in relating to our sexual organs as fully as free and equal as the cuter ones such as the pancreas and the wurlitzer baby grand. For years we have been propagandized to think of sex as somehow "dirty" or "disgusting" or "revolting" or "animalistic" or "undignified" or "noisy" or some such like because of our genital's interesting proximity to our excretory system. As the male poet Mzr. W. B. Yeats said, "God has pitched his mansion in the place of excrement" and anyone who is ashamed of her/his own recycling system must be a drag at modeling clay class and a stone clutch at mudpies.

* * *

I watch my baby. She sits in the bath playing with her rubber duck and is excreting at every opening. Now I know why they say goo. Inspecting herself, pore by pore, she has tried to insert that ducky in or up every possible orifice. It's only a matter of time. There goes ducky. I wish I could be that free.

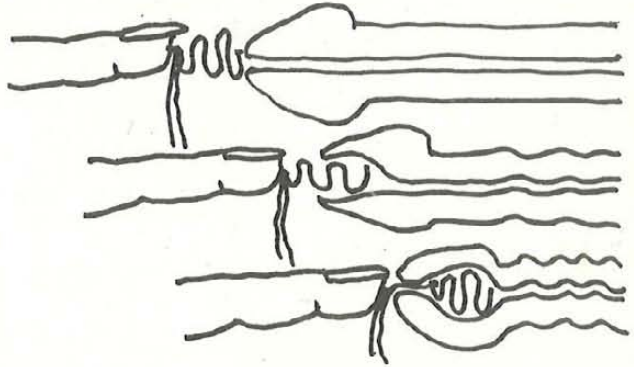
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Sex is an incredibly personal thing. I mean, it's so incredibly incredible you wouldn't believe it. A physical activity so interwoven with mental, cultural, and spiritual connotations, we males are often surprised to discover

that it might even be *fun* occasionally if there frankly wasn't so much bother involved. Sex is something that many people still feel "touchy" or "embarrassed" about. For example, the merest mention of a common fantasy such as wanting to masturbate with a flashlight while two oiled Third World brothers engage in political dialogue, or wishing to be beaten with Robert Redford's athletic supporter, can often cause embarrassment or illness! Masturbation, too, like what we were talking about before there. There's nothing wrong with masturbation. I'm masturbating right now. No kidding, one hand on this old Underwood here we found in the shed when we rented this shithole and the other right on the button. Beep beep. Hurry, we must get the Governor's telegram out in time beep beep beep-beep-a beep.

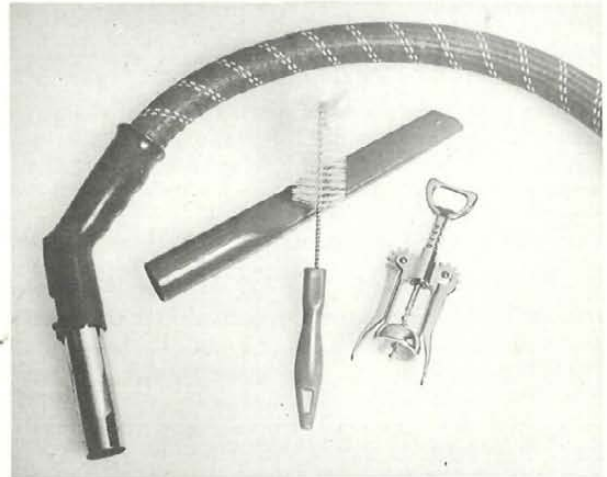
NATURAL CHILD DEATH

Abortion is an organic bodily function—fetal deadness is as natural, physically, as any other bodily transformation. Yet, in this country, we are denied control over our own very personal child-killing experience. Abortion, which could be as much a part of our everyday lives



Birth Control

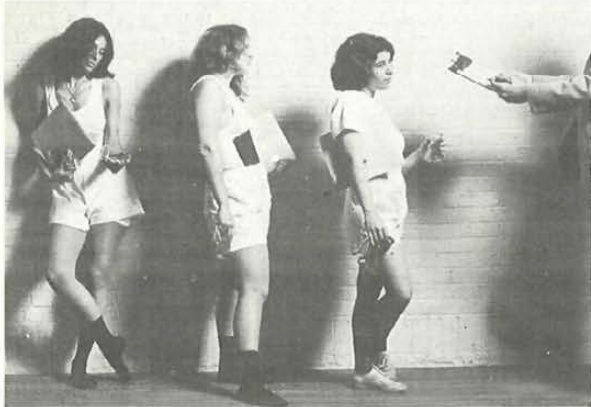
Proper Insertion of the IUD Device Provides Complete Protection from Pregnancy.



Bringing Your Abortion to Full Term in the Reassuring Environment of Your Own Home Requires Careful Planning and Preparation.

as swatting flies or slaughtering cattle, is instead removed to an unfamiliar place for "sick" people. There we are separated from supportive friendships and emo-

tional bonds of the family, commune, or collective. And as soon as our baby is completely dead s/he is taken away and "disposed of" without consideration of ecological effects or natural cycles—creating simply more pollution instead of beautiful and healthy soil for gardens, farms, or flower boxes. Thus a movement has grown up (though still illegal in most states) where medically inclined "mid-mistresses" assist women in having their own induced miscarriages at home. In Amerika almost all abortions take place in a hospital or clinic, but such countries as Italy, Mexico, and Spain now have large numbers of these nondoctor abortion aides, and child disposal in the home is a regular occurrence, taking place in the warm, human atmosphere of the kitchen table or on the familiar intimacy of the toilet.



Feminist Free Clinics Are Now Providing Women with the Kind of Medical Care That Almost All Males Have Been Long Receiving for Free from the Amerikan Government.

APPENDIX

Care and Cleaning of Aborted Abortion

If, by some mischance, your abortion is born, s/he will prove worth its weight in orgasms-per-breast-feeding with a relatively small investment of time and bother. Just as personal hygiene can be easy and pleasurable if approached as simple garage maintenance, so can infant maintenance if viewed for what it is. Disgusting.

Many mothers are quite ambivalent about their un-terminated fetii, and it may often be hard to relate to her/im as a human being, particularly when they are so young as to resemble a small pink pig thing. S/he may appear helpless and pointless, but can also double as decorator pillows, planters, or TV lamps when correctly mounted and wired (see *Women's Whole Earth Catalogue*).

IN AMERIKA THEY CALL US KOOKS

Which is a typical example of Amerika's labeling of all oppressed minorities. Hell, mac, I can't kook. I can't even boil water without fukking it up. Take my ex-husband. And the kids. Please.

But no, really, homosexuals of all races, colors, and scenes have begun to remove the labels of "fag" and "butch" from their bodies to see the *real* weirdo underneath.

Take homo dress designers. Please. Homo dress designers—most of them men in this male-fag-oriented capitalist society—have continually pandered to fashion-consumption-oriented women's instincts to dress like

fags. Yes, I said "instincts." It is a part of every real woman's sexual development to begin apeing the distinctive lisp, hip-and-eye-rolling, and extended-pinky demeanor of these fag oppressors. Thus, lesbianism can liberate you from this confining role-playing by freeing us to act like *real* men for a change.

We rest our case.



If lesbian sisterhood is a "sickness" how come we don't get Blue Cross?

RAPE AND THE SINGLE CORPSE

Officials estimate that there are four to ten times more rapes committed than reported. Why? Because we enjoy it, of course. Useful, too. Say your boyfriend/other just got through taking advantage of you on a pile of coats at some dumb party. If he refuses to say "I love you" after, or even "Will you form a legally contracted pair-bond with me?" all you have to do is scream bloody murder, rip your dress, and call your lawyer. Say your lawyer wants his fee. Just invite him over for a drink, do it, smash yourself in the face with a martini shaker, and head for the phone. Say the man from the phone company wants the phone back . . . well, you get the picture. No fooling, it really works. Shelley Winters does it all the time in late night movies.

How to stop rape? An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of ground chuck. Bandaid those nips under your sheer summer dug-jugglers and every time you see some hung dude sitting naked on a park bench, sneak up behind him and prune his hanging drupe with a hedge-clipper you keep in your purse. Then blow your whistle. □



Self-Defense for Women Means Combating Old Stereotypes.

UNDERWEAR **DEAF** for the

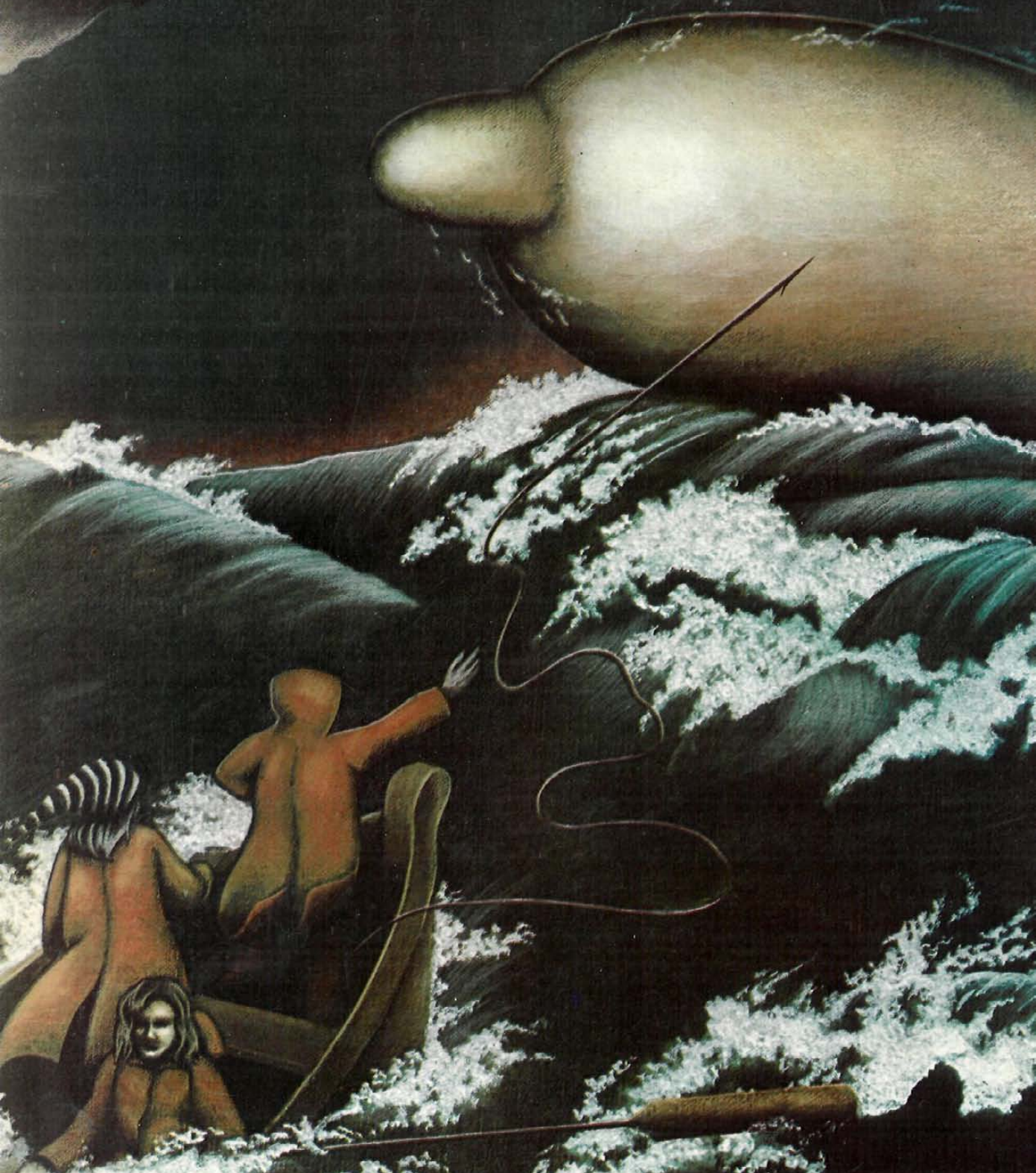
BY MICHAEL O'DONOGHUE

Beware questionable salesmen who promise the moon.

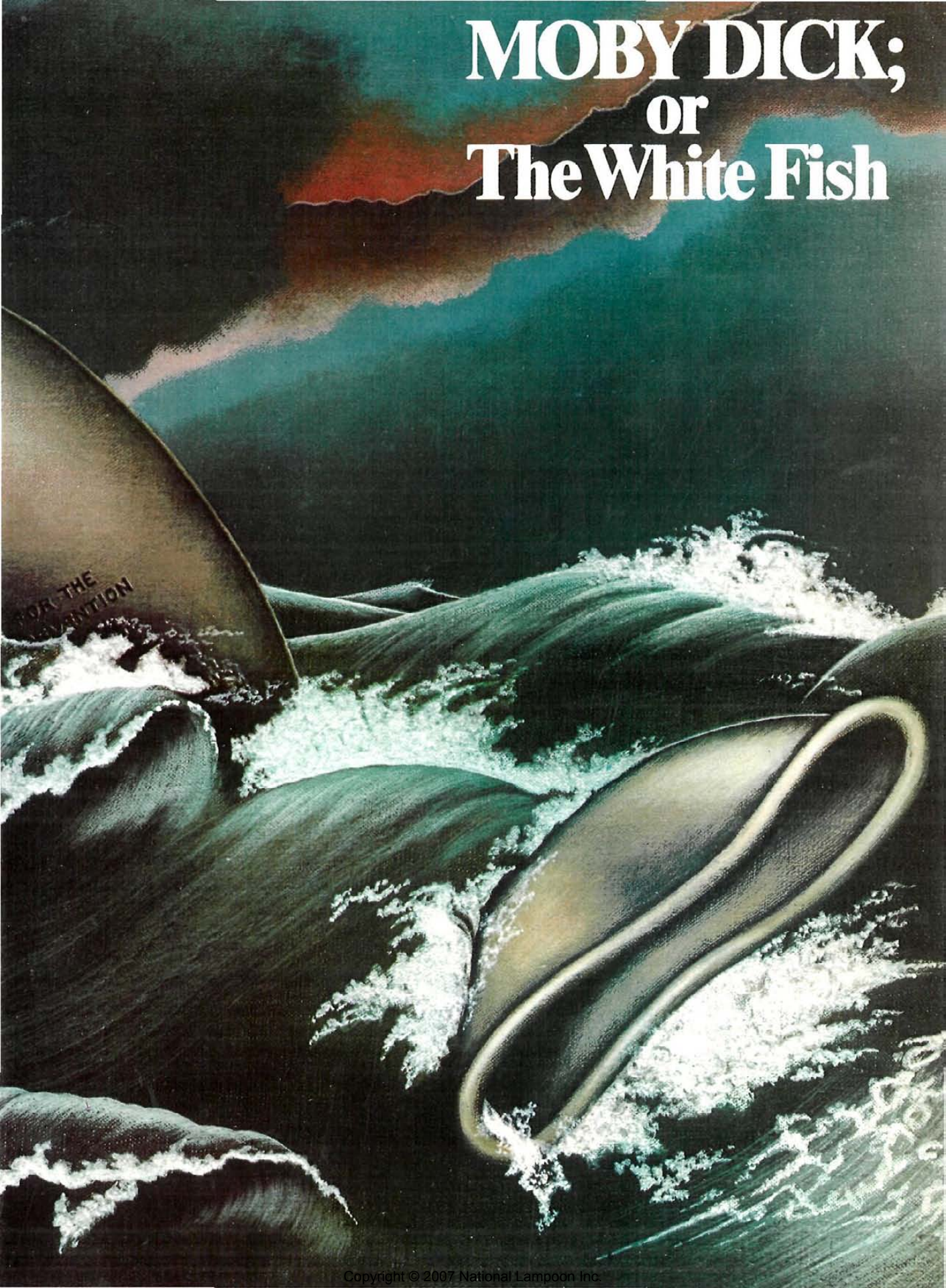
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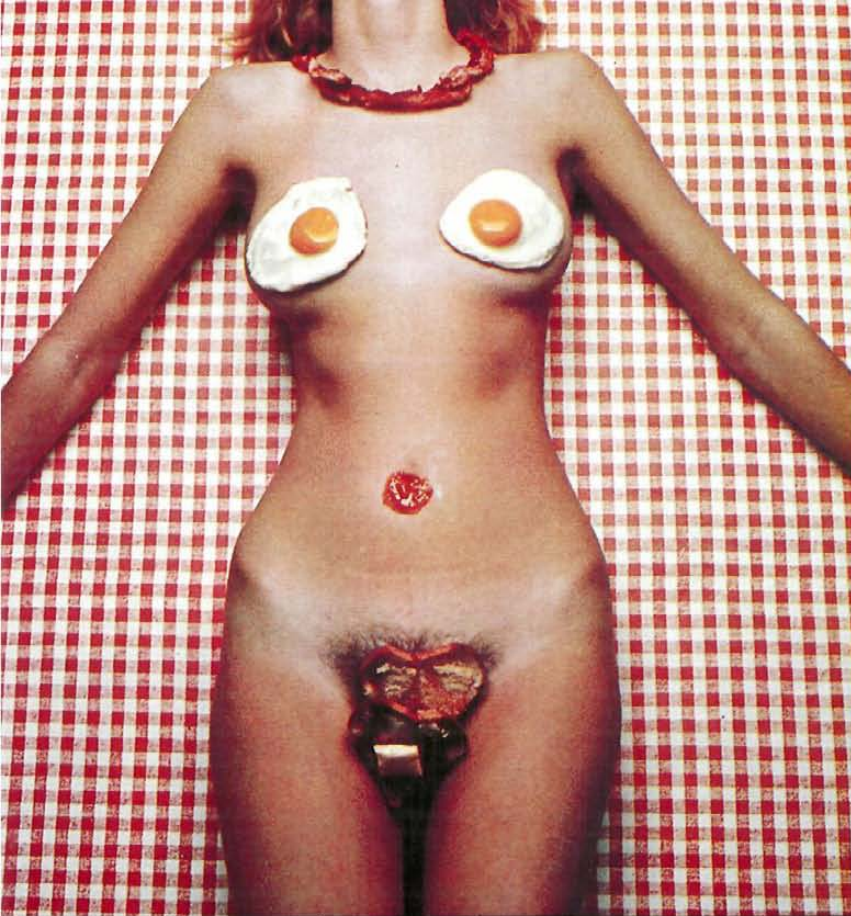
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Mouthing Off

by Patti Maison



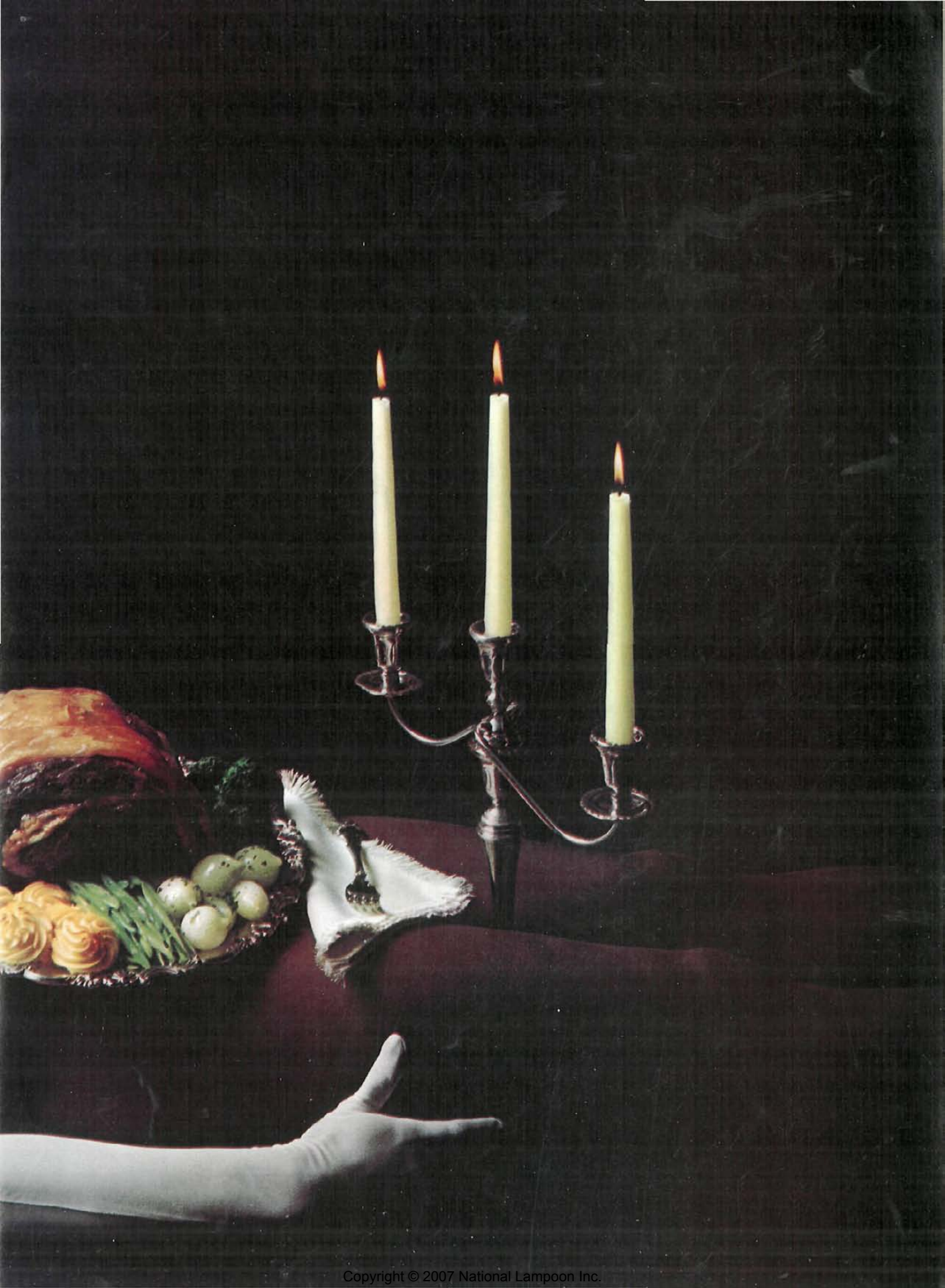
Everything is still; well-fitted and regular. Almost impervious save for the serene blood current, barely perceptible, stirring the sealed air. Cushioned in heated dampness, its tender and sensitive core slumbers against its cutting edge. The silken repose continues until the secreted couching juices build to excess and must be voided. The liquid is gathered by first forming a sump into which it flows. The tongue carries it up, concaves itself, then quickly depresses as the rear cleft envelops it. In finishing, the tongue's tip sweeps a semicircle along the irregular file. For a moment everything is again still. But now, aroused by its own function, a sensual alertness begins to flow. The back top of the mouth at once feels the ardent pressure of an arched tongue. The tip lodges behind the incisors. The teeth begin to slowly unclench as the pressure intensifies. The tongue's swelling sides start flowing into this breach; sliding flesh separating and filling. The tip begins quick seeking flicks as the thick root sends forth throbbing slow waves of blood and sensation. The two undulating rhythms pass, then catch one another and blend into one spasmodic thrust. Too large now to be contained at the teeth, the bloated tongue flows onto the gums. The tip, now at its turgid fullest, is strong enough for it alone to take the full weight of the teeth. The sides transform, contracting, and reshape into a pulsing column. The full pressure of the teeth now bears down on the surging tip as it forces them to yield further to its insistent power. Its tumescence drives back and forth over the jagged enamel; cylindrical throbs stretching and seeking its fulfillment. It begins to touch and tuck between the velvet lips. Unstoppable in its rage, it forces the tender mellow lips apart; just the center at first but then more and more with each thrusting impulse. The teeth now bite deep, deeper, as their lust becomes awakened to the flatulent pink root between them, below them, above them. It digs in. Now the whole mouth begins to undulate; teeth, lips, tongue. Separately each jerking, each yielding, each thrusting, each recoiling. Then swelling over them, ordering them to unity comes the passion of the moment, consuming their anarchy, melding them as they become one; pulsating, ebbing, flowing. Passing into ecstasy, charging and recharging itself again and again toward exhaustion, rapture, wordless bliss. The final symphonic thrust; the frenulum rips itself into the incisors; from the back of the mouth comes a squirt of saliva over the arched recoiling tongue, and its conclusion drips onto the lips and runs down the chin. □

continued

photo by Dick Frank

Is this a sex piece or a food piece
Never mind. None of the stuff we
put on the cover came in, anyway,
so let's screw it and do another
food issue. It's the only thing
we know.
Is that white wine with roast beef? Terrific.





Leftovers

**The Fighting Chefs of Anzio Speed Eating Farmer Fannies
Ich Bin ein Hamburger Stalking the Wild Neighborhoods**

NATIONAL LAMPPOON



M. Gross

Frying Down to Rio

or
South America—Bake It Away
by Derek Firpo

I cannot understand why everyone is making such a big fuss over the Uruguayan survivors of the Andes plane crash. After reading the account of their ordeal, all I can say is I have never seen such a scandalous waste of time and energy and such misplaced courage. The fact is that the entire tragedy could have been avoided if the men had simply *bothered* to look for the many decent restaurants in the area.

Where was their inherent curiosity, their sense of adventure? Did they expect to find American-style Holiday Inns or Howard Johnsons staring them in the face? I fear that it never occurred to them that in the Argentinean Andes, you must search out the better restaurants; they do not search for you.

All of the young men came from upper-class families. Obviously, they were so spoiled and pampered all their lives that they never cared about finding offbeat restaurants. They simply went to the most *accessible*, expensive places (where their fathers had charge accounts, no doubt). The rich and well-born do not have to dig and poke about in the grimy side streets and dingy basements, looking for that jewel of a bistro, that funny little Italian place, places that can still offer decent food and wine at reasonable prices. Why bother, when they can have caviar and champagne and sign daddy's name to the check?

If they were so used to the easy way, why didn't they look for the obvious signs? Charcoal is a sure indication of a steak house. They could have looked for delivery trucks, snowshoe parking areas, even the most obvious sign of all, a *sign*. There *are* many small, discreet restaurant signs all over the Andes. If they had taken the trouble to brush away the snow and ice they would have found them, complete with directions on how to find the restaurants.

For instance, not more than six miles from the site of their plane crash is a pleasant little inn and restaurant called L'Auberge de Normandie, run by Mr. and Mrs. Cordero. They have just three simply furnished rooms (only one with private bath), but I'm sure they would have made the survivors eminently comfortable. While recovering, they could have enjoyed the Corderos' charming-



Buried behind these snowdrifts is a remarkable little Szechuan Chinese restaurant. Just a little extra digging could have gotten them the best Shrimp in Hot Pepper Sauce in Argentina.

ly sincere efforts at classic French cuisine. Though the chef uses commercial mayonnaise in the cold salmon and I detected more than soupçon of bouillon cube in the bordelaise, many of the dishes come off surprisingly well. The *moules ravigotte* are made with fresh tarragon and chervil, the *suprême de volaille sous cloche* has a deft touch, and the wine cellar boasts of many noble clarets at decidedly plebian prices. L'Auberge de Normandie is a delightful inn, splendid for long weekends—and so far, thank goodness, it has not been spoiled by excessive popularity.

Had the survivors walked just a few miles further north, followed a frozen stream, and worked their way into a hidden valley, they would have found Piccalino's, a colorful and raffish trattoria that serves hearty, unpretentious Neapolitan cooking. Although the kitchen may be a bit heavy-handed in its use of garlic for some fastidious palates, it prepares the southern Italian fare in satisfying and plentiful portions. And the young men could have enjoyed *tons* of a very drinkable house vino for a few pesos!

I could go on and on, describing all the places tucked away in little corners, behind gorges and snowdrifts,

all within a fifty-mile radius of the accident. In reading their book there were times when I actually cried aloud, when I knew they were making a wrong turn and would miss yet another perfectly decent little restaurant. Admittedly, some of these places are quite ordinary, and under most circumstances I would not even rate them a knife and fork, much less a star, but for the hungry traveler, they would have been more than adequate.

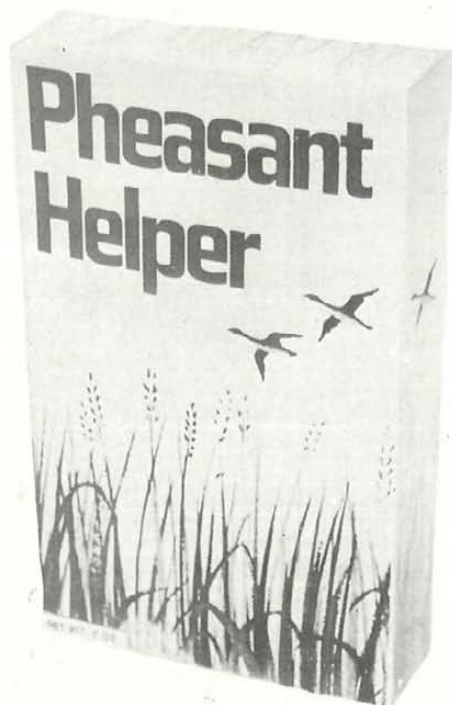
My only regret is that they did not have copies of my forthcoming book, *A Guide to the Remote Restaurants of the Andes*. Unfortunately, it was still in galley form at the time of their accident. But if they had read any of my restaurant books, especially my guides to the Antarctic or the Gobi Desert, they could have applied the same rules to the Andes and they would have saved themselves a lot of trouble.

But they *had* to suffer, they *had* to endure incredible hardships and do terrible things to survive. My head is swimming with doubts and questions about this whole affair. Could they have possibly concocted the ordeal in order to build a best-selling book around it? Could the whole thing be a cleverly organized plot to give the public a terrifying, sensational story that will soon become a "major motion picture"? Why else would they have gone through with it? How could they have missed La Rincón de Pampa, a wonderful little steak house only eleven miles east of the wreckage of their plane? Or the Mount Olympus, where they could have gotten some of the best roast lamb outside of Athens? But it's over now. And most of the world wants to believe *their* story, not mine. They would rather believe that there were *no* restaurants in the area, *no* inns that could have easily accommodated them. It sounds more heroic and makes a better yarn than the simple truth.

I can only hope that in the future the survivors will be a little more appreciative of the humbler dining places of the world and *try* them. They *are* there, if you bother to look for them.

Derek Firpo is the noted food and restaurant critic of the Buenos Aires Tribune, and author of many restaurant guides to remote places. □

Leftovers



BEAT THE GAME SHORTAGE with amazing **PHEASANT HELPER!** Stretches that fowl twice as far to match ambassador-sized appetites with hearty canapés and pâtés en croûte. Also available: **GROUSE HELPER, LARK'S TONGUE HELPER,** and **TRUFFLE HELPER.**



NOW FREE! With every ten-ounce jar of **BELUGA MALOSSOL CAVIAR.** A genuine 14-carat diamond ring! The kiddies will thrill when they dig down at brekkers and find this tantalizing trinket! **BELUGA MALOSSOL,** Europe's favorite since the days of the Golden Horde.



GIRL SLUT COOKIE



DOMINATE pure white sugar still costs next to nothing.

Leftovers



Hogflower Hill Natural Raw Toe Cheese

Life begins the day you eat cheese. This is pure, raw summer toe cheese from bare feet that walked through miles of soil and grass that was never contaminated by chemical fertilizers, herbicides, or fungicides. Even rubbers these feet walked bare on wide-planked floors built by Rocco, our resident carpenter. No soap, water, foot spray, powder, or ointment was ever used on the feet. By late August or just after Labor Day, I forget which, Tony said we had enough to make a big batch. What you have is a blend from the toes of one Tony, Henry, the Ravens, the Good Doctor, Kravitz, Mike G., Mike T., Doug, and a little from Marco, Laura and Ross. We thought lady cheese might be too bland, but it turned out fine. I had the cheese up in my all-purpose banana and stuck it in one of Doug's old, lumpy boots to ripen in the natural manner. The cheese just sat there in Doug's boot and the sugars separated from the pleck. What you get is the pure, rich flavored only by nature of the salt and the making that stuck to the toes.

This cheese is rich in natural proteins, foot oils, and various soil minerals. It tastes both sour and salty and has a nice, peppery sting too, depend on which side of the cheese you eat. If you see little crumbly things, they're just some sugars we missed. We hope you really get off on our cheese because we made it with the heaviest love we had, in our last summer on Hogflower Hill, before we got busted and busted each other and split and felt on that wagon. It was part of our land, part of us and part of our dreams.

Have a nice life.

Jerry

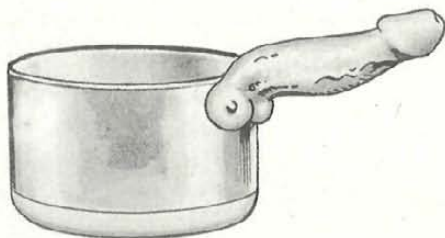
Made only by Hogflower Hill, New Alternative, Pennsylvania,
from unpasteurized raw whole toe cheese.
No preservatives or color added. Net 8 oz.

"Nothing is here but us cheese."

Leftovers

Kinky Kitchen Tools from EFSCOFIER of HOLLYWOOD

A. #3209. **THE COOK TEASER.** Chef's apron whets his appetite, makes your dishes look bigger! Backless, strapless, see-through design gives you freedom to do your stuff over a stove, but gives you plenty of support and protection against stains. Sizes 6-16, 32-42 B-DD cups. \$7.95



B. #2118. **SEX POT.** Handle that handle with care—12" long, extra-hard and extra-thick. Guaranteed never to shrink. Built for a lifetime of service. All-aluminum pot is perfect for cooking things, too. \$12.95

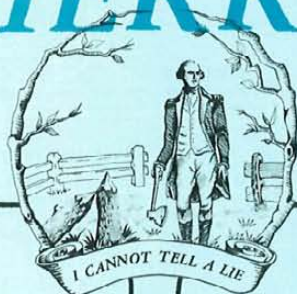


C. #4414. **HAT TRICK.** Or trick hat. When you're not wearing it while cooking, slip it under your apron and watch your bust go boom! Soft detachable pads are made of genuine brioche dough and Nylon Spandex for a smooth, natural look, just like nature intended. One size fits all. \$2.00

D. #5614. **MASTER BEATER.** Great for beating whites. Blacks like it, too. Extra long, sturdy construction for faster creaming. If your butter and egg man likes disciplined dining, you'll whisk him away to paradise! \$2.95

EFSCOFIER OF HOLLYWOOD
1525 South Cleavage Road
Fairlawn, New Jersey 19099

THE CHERRY TREE



Appetizers

Ice-cold Delaware Tomato Juice

Pressed from the finest jumbo Tomatoes, lovingly bred for toughness to stand up to the steel fingers of mechanical harvesters, plucked green from the vine and carefully nurtured to a wholly unconvincing red with a bountiful dose of Ethylene Spray. .65

The Cherry Tree Fruit Cocktail

Crowned with a sprinkling of the succulent Maraschino Cherries that made us famous, specially bleached with science's own Sulfur Dioxide, recolored to your taste with FD&C No. 4 Dye, preserved in their own can with top-quality Sodium Benzoate, and tenderly bathed in Calcium Hydroxide to improve their texture. .80

Entrées

One-Pound

Roast Mount Vernon Ham Steak

The flavorful buttock 'n' thigh of a dead Virginia pig, smothered with X-radiation to retard spoilage, then gently fostered to deceptively juicy perfection . . . and brought up to weight . . . with a pumpful of cool Blue Ridge Mountain Tapwater. 4.95

Boiled Frankfurt Grandmère

A subtle blending of prime Cattle Esophagi, Sheep Diaphragms, Goat Hearts, and Hog Sinews, combined with fragments of the same Bone, Skin, Nerves and Blood Vessels that accompanied them in Nature, fortified with rich protein-free Fat up to the legal limit of 33 percent, and garnished with a soupçon of Sodium Erythrobate to fix its artificial golden-brown hue. 2.95

Old-fashioned

Colonial-Style Broiled Chicken

Tender slices of Estradiol Monopalmitate-fed Chicken, tinged a spurious yellow with an expertly injected dollop of Mother Nature's Xanthophyll, and nestled in a luscious Giblet Gravy prepared from the inner organs of the butchered bird itself. 3.75

Hamburger de Luxe

Ground blue-ribbon Beef scraps whose deterioration has been skillfully masked in a marinade of Sodium Nitrite, extended with savory Soy Flour, laced with loose Fat, and colored with clots of fresh Cattle Blood. 3.50



Poissons

Filet of Mississippi Catfish

Chemically skinned to your liking by means of a zesty bath in piping hot Lye followed by a brisk dunking in our own pungent Acetic Acid Solution. 3.75

Supreme of Tuna à La Fayette

Delicious lumps of flesh adroitly hacked from a large, macherel-type fish, accented with silver-white Mercury up to the generous permissible level of 0.5 ppm (five times the serving allowed by any foreign country that continues to tolerate the presence of the tasty metal in seafood), and topped with a secret homemade sauce seasoned with . . . we'll never tell! 3.25

Beverages

Chilled Cherry Soda

Brought to you in your own individual bottle . . . unpersuasively flavored with "C₁₆" and served with your choice of twelve Nutritive Sweeteners, eight Acidifying Agents, seventeen Emulsifiers (plus another additive to help the Emulsifier emulsify), six Foaming Agents, and one Antifoaming Agent, not one of which is mentioned on the attractively designed decorator label. .50

Fresh Milk

Thickened with Carrageen from our own test tubes, colored a warm counterfeit cream with Cartenoids, and enriched with health-giving Vitamin D (hopefully not enough to increase your chances of having a heart attack, or to form dangerous calcium deposits in your unborn baby). .50

Desserts

American "Blue Cheese"

Domestically bleached by our food technicians to make it "blue," so you'll confuse it with "bleu cheese," which comes only from Denmark. 1.25

California Navel Oranges

Delicately impregnated with Pesticide Residue, dipped in a cool bath of Citrus Red #2 Dye, and shined with the same Carnauba Wax you would use to polish a sleek, new Mercedes-Benz. .50

Pear de la Nation

Our specialty . . . juicy chunks of overmature Bartlett Pear, steeped in laboratory-fresh Alpha-Tocopherol to prevent browning. .85

Every order includes a selection of 2, 4, 5-T-contaminated vegetables, plus two slices of our distinctive White Bread, out of which all traces of Vitamin B, Vitamin E, a spectacular array of Minerals, and the three Amino Acids—Lysine, Methionine, and Cysteine—have been removed. . . .

Hey, my man, get a two-quart can! Fill it to the brim with old sloe gin!
Drink it in and do it agin! O.K., brother, you're set to get behind some . . .

SOUL DRINKS

Yes, baby, Soul Drinks are IN! They are IT! Can you dig where they're coming from? From the SOUTH to your MOUTH! That's right! Cos these babies are BLACK! These ain't no half-assed honkie-jive lily-white watered-down wad-wasters! These are drinks with SOUL! These are the libations of liberation! Right there in your fist is the symbol of the black man's FOUR HUNDRED years of STRUGGLE against OPPRESSION, baby! Right there you got the spirit that makes him BLACK! The spirit that makes him COOL! The spirit that makes him STRONG! The spirit that makes him SCREAMING MAD CRAZY DRUNK! WHOOOOEEEEEE!!! These mothers are DYNAMITE! These gonna BLOW YOUR HEAD OFF! You get behind some Soul Drinks, my man, you ain't gonna be WRECKED—you gonna be TOTALED!!!!

Alright, TCB. First off—don't tie a NOOSE on the JUICE that gets you LOOSE! Put out, baby! You customize a Caddy, boy, you blow your wad. Same with Soul Drinks! It says sloe gin, it means the best! It says gaso-line, it means supreme! It says fur-trim, it means the real thing! Don't mess up a Tina's Twat with no cheap old Dynel! Don't blow that Medgar's Moment with skinny chitterlings! No sir! The BEST and the MOST when you're the HOST! If a round of Soul Drinks don't cost you a c-note, you're just another TIGHT-ASS OFAY!

And dig—a real Soul Drink is always made with SLOE GINI! That's right. Know why? Cos SLOE got SOLE! Ain't no scotch or rye or bourbon or PR rum in a Soul Drink cos that likker is just plain five-ass oreo booshwah bullshit! Sloe gin is THE ONE AND ONLY! Anyone who says different is gonna find his head took off with a FIRE AX!

O.K. LET'S GET DOWN!!

1. Motherfucker

This mother's a mother, motherfucker! Your head's gonna be copping a plea before this baby's off the bar!

- 1 quart sloe gin
- 1 cup bacon drippings
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup lighter fluid
- 2 scoops pistachio ice cream
- 1 cup molasses
- 1 pint Pagan Pink Ripple
- 1 can shoeblack
- 1 bottle ketchup
- 1 old Puma Walt "Clyde" Frazier basketball shoe

Drink half the sloe gin. Fry the eggs in the drippings. Mix drippings and rest of sloe gin. Place in the "Clyde." Mix the shoeblack and molasses with a tire iron. Place in glass. Strain gin and drippings into glass, through toe of "Clyde." Mix the ketchup and the Ripple. Add. Mix the ice cream and lighter fluid. Add. Float the eggs on top, stick an olive in each egg, and you got one BAD Motherfucker staring back at you! To make a Flaming Motherfucker, use twice as much lighter fluid and hit the whole thing with a blowtorch. (Some brothers call this a Downtown Newark.)





2. Shirley Jism

Here's why they put the COCK in COCKTAIL! Your woman's gonna swallow this down while it's still steaming, baby! HOT and HEAVY!

- 1 quart sloe gin
- 2 cups bacon drippings
- $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. finest ham hocks
- $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. finest sowbelly
- $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. finest chitterlings
- 2 pork chops
- 1 cup black-eyed peas
- $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. marshmallows
- 1 cup cayenne pepper
- 2 12-gauge shotgun shells
- 1 shotgun

Drink half the sloe gin. Shoot the sowbelly twice at point-blank range. Fry it in the drippings with the chops, chitterlings, and ham hocks. Keep frying it till it makes a mush. Boil the peas. Add everything in the frying pan. Cook till a tire iron will stand upright in it. Add the sloe gin. Garnish with strips of mink and used brake linings. MMMMM! MMMMM!

3. Hot Buttered Honkie's Ass

This is IT, baby! The baddest! You get through with this mother, you ain't WASTED—you're D.O.A.! Alright!

- 1 pint sloe gin
- 1 fifth scotch
- 1 5-lb. loin of pork
- 1 jar Elmer's glue
- 1 cup coal tar
- 1 bag chicken feathers
- 1 banana
- 2 lbs. butter
- 1 spray can gold paint
- 2 cups used collard greens
- 1 car aerial

Drink the scotch. Break the bottle on the edge of the table. Stab the pork with it for ten minutes. Throw the pork on the floor. Jump on it. Whip it with the car aerial. Cut it into little pieces. Glue them back together. Stab it some more. Throw it on the floor. Jump on it. Dip the banana in the tar. Pour the rest of the tar over the pork and sprinkle with feathers. Throw it out the window. Mix the butter, collard greens, and sloe gin. Spray everything with gold paint. Stick in the banana and YOU GOT IT! □

FUNNY PAGES



SNUTS

REMEMBER ALL THAT ROTTEN STUFF YOU PULLED OFF AS A KID? ALL THE LIES, AND SNEAKY THINGS, AND MEANNESSES? STUFF YOU WON'T TELL ANYBODY ABOUT EVEN NOW? STUFF YOU'LL STILL REMEMBER WHEN YOU'RE OLD AND GREY?

AW, JEEZ- WHY DID I DO THAT? STEAL THIS STUPID CANDY BAR FROM OLD MR. GROMBLY'S STORE?

SHIT!

I CERTAINLY DON'T WANT TO EAT IT, BUT THROWING IT AWAY WOULDN'T BE RIGHT. POOR MR. GROMBLY-I BET HE HARDLY MAKES ANYTHING OFF THAT STORE.

SAY-WHAT IF I GET CAUGHT?

I'VE GOT TO GET RID OF THIS THING! ONLY WHERE'LL I HIDE IT?

WUDGE

CONTAINS HYDROGEN

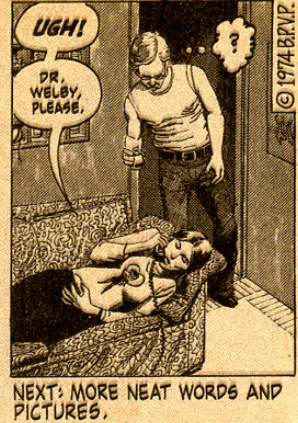
WHAT'S THAT YOU'VE GOT THERE?

NOTHING, MA!

CONTAINS HYDROGEN
TRIOXY
MELGATH

I BET.

LOOK, GOD, I'M SORRY, AND I PROMISE I WON'T EVER STEAL AGAIN!



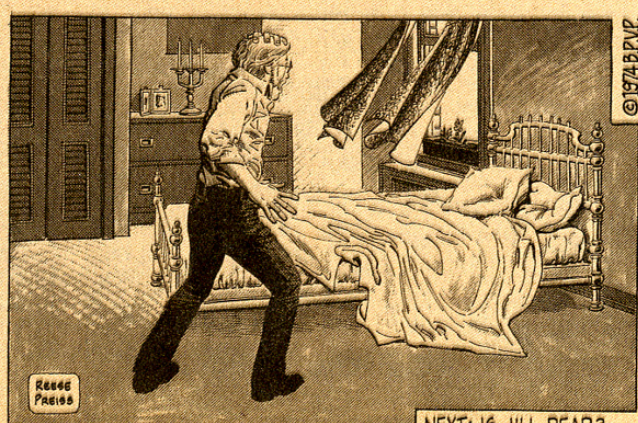
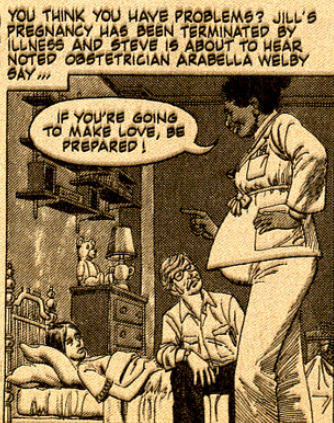
NEXT: MORE NEAT WORDS AND PICTURES.

USEFUL COMICS! (A PUBLIC SERVICE OF: E. SUBITZKY) NUMBER ONE OF THE SERIES: GETTING LAID!

(FOR MEN ONLY) HOW TO USE: FILL IN APPROPRIATE INFORMATION IN BLANKS BELOW, THEN CUT ON DOTTED LINE AND HAND TO ANY ATTRACTIVE GIRL WHO HAPPENS TO CATCH YOUR EYE.

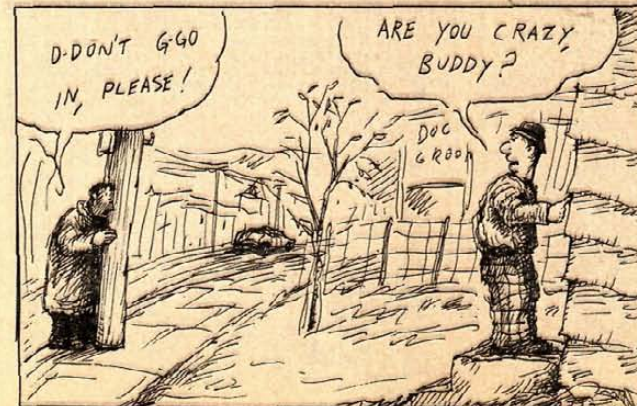
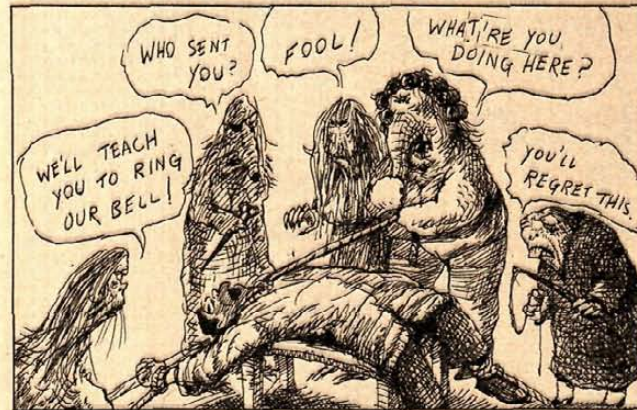
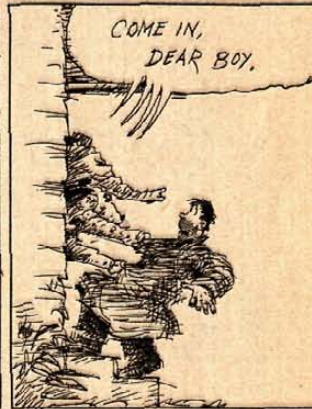
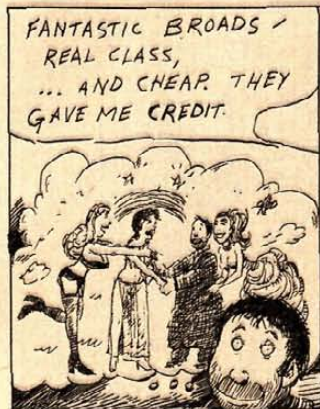
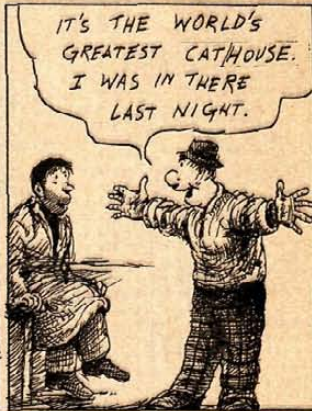
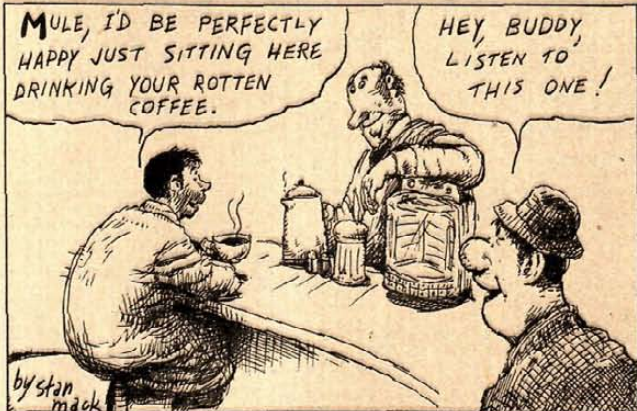
<p>EXCUSE ME! HI THERE! MY NAME IS _____ / I'M A LITTLE SHY, SO I DECIDED TO APPROACH YOU IN MY COMIC STRIP FORM!</p> <p>ER... HI...</p>	<p>I GUESS THIS MAY SEEM A LITTLE BRASH, EVEN SILLY, BUT I REALLY WANTED TO MEET YOU! MAY I EXPLAIN?</p> <p>WELL, I SUPPOSE... I GUESS IT WOULDN'T HURT!</p>	<p>I MEAN, IT'S REALLY A SHAME HOW OUR SOCIETY HAS TAKEN SOMETHING AS NATURAL AS A BOY MEETING A GIRL AND COMPLICATED IT SO! DON'T YOU AGREE?</p> <p>YES, I GUESS I DO...</p>
<p>THEY DENIGRATE IT WITH NAMES LIKE "PICK UP" BUT WHAT IS IT, REALLY? JUST A WAY TO BETTER THE ODDS THAT YOU MIGHT FIND SOMEONE SOMEWHERE YOU COULD REALLY BE HAPPY WITH!</p> <p>YES! THOSE ARE MY SENTIMENTS, TOO!</p>	<p>I MEAN, SUPPOSE WE HAD SOME COFFEE, WHAT HARM WOULD IT DO? IF WE DON'T HIT IT OFF, WE BUT WALK AWAY AND THAT'S THAT! IF WE DO - SOME GOOD TIMES AND MAYBE, JUST MAYBE, A PERMANENT END TO LONLINESS FOR US BOTH!</p> <p>YES! YES!</p>	<p>WELL, I GUESS I'M OVERDOING THIS COMIC STRIP BUSINESS! FOR REAL... WOULD YOU LIKE TO TRY THAT COFFEE?</p> <p>MY ANSWER IS...</p> <p>I'M WAITING!</p>

COMING UP IN THE SERIES: PANHANDLING!



NEXT: IS JILL DEAD?

MULE'S DINER



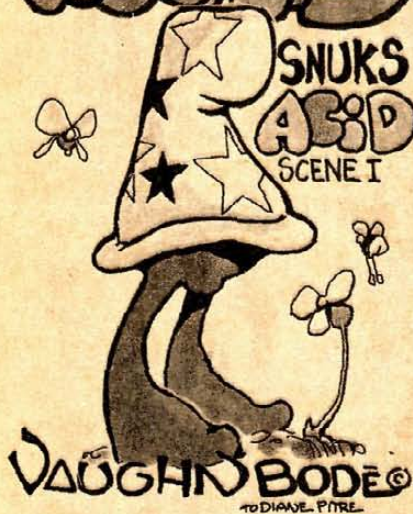
BODE'S CAROON ON ART

BEER WRAP

GURU EARTHEYE,
WE HAVE BIG ASS
TASK TO OPEN UP
CARTOON MESSIAH
HAT TO HIS HOLY
DESTINY.

DITZO, SUKSUKSUN,
DAT'S WHY I DUMPED
1500 MICROGRAMS
OF L.S.D. IN HIS BEER.
DAT'S ENOUGH TO LAUNCH
A REPRESSED ELEPHANT.

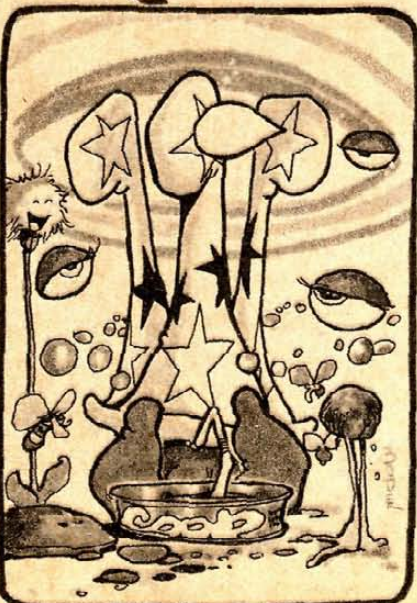
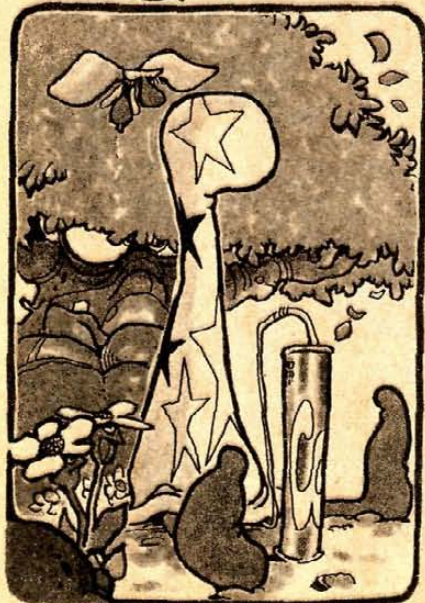
DAT'S FUNNY, DIS BEER SEEM TO BE
GETTIN' TO ME. I USUALLY SLOWS AWAY
A SIX PACK BEFORE I GET EVEN A
LITTLE OBNOXIOUS AN DISTORTED.
HEY, LOOK IT DEM SHITTY WEIRD
BUTTERFLIES.



WOOP HOOO BOY
DIS IS LIKE COMING ON A
BUS WHEN YOU DIGGING
AROUND FOR A TOKEN!
A REGULAR JUTE SHOOT.

HOLY CRAP MY BELOVED
REALITY IS TURNING ON ME!
EVERYTHING'S GONE LIVE!
EEK WALKIN' ROCKS, LAUGHING
DANDELIONS, FLOATING EYEBALLS!
IT'S DIS GODDAMN BEER!!

ZOOOSH!
FUK
SPOILED
BEER!



WHERE TO PICK UP GIRLS!

910 ACTION SPOTS WHERE A GUY CAN'T HELP BUT SCORE!

If you've always suspected that somewhere out there are bars and discotheques where a guy can't miss, you're absolutely right! And now, for the first time ever, you can visit these places yourself. Yes, NOW you can experience what it's like to walk into a swinging, rocking discotheque where luscious, horny, long-haired girls outnumber men ten to one! All you need is AMERICA'S BEST PICK UP SPOTS! This fantastic 320 page book gives you the names and addresses of over 900 great places to pick up girls. In fact, this book makes it so incredibly easy to meet and sleep with girls, you'll wish it had been written years ago. Here are just a few of the 910 pick up spots you're going to learn all about:

- A discotheque where girls are so liberated you can often sleep with them the same night you meet them!
- A bar where girls ask you to dance if you don't ask them!
- A nude beach where hundreds of tan naked girls sit around just waiting for you to talk to them!
- A bar chock full of rich divorcees who park their yachts at a special dock in back of the bar, then come inside to get picked up!

26 SWINGING CITIES THIS BOOK COVERS SO THOROUGHLY, YOU CAN HAVE A GIRL IN EVERY PORT:

Atlanta	Detroit	New Orleans
Baltimore	Houston	Philadelphia
Berkeley	Las Vegas	Phoenix
Boston	Los Angeles	Portland
Chicago	Louisville	St. Louis
Cincinnati	Miami	San Francisco
Cleveland	Milwaukee	Seattle
Dallas	Minneapolis	Washington, D.C.
Denver	New York	

"NO MAN SHOULD VISIT ANOTHER CITY WITHOUT THIS BOOK IN HIS SUITCASE!" Steve Tuttle

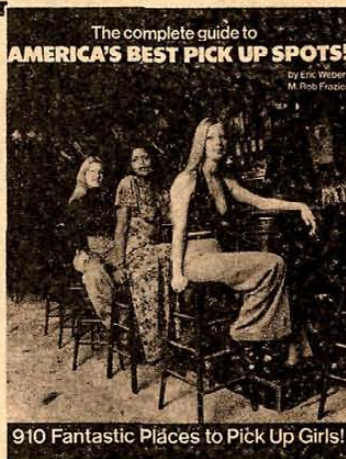
Here's a book that can turn your very next business trip into the time of your life. So don't just dream of finding a great-looking sexy girl in Chicago or Dallas or New York. This trip you can actually do it. Instead of the dull, no-action places cab drivers always recommend, this book will instantly take you to the kind of bars and discotheques you've been looking for—places where you're virtually assured of meeting a pretty, friendly stewardess, or nurse, or model to talk with, dance with, and, more than likely, sleep with.

WHERE TO MEET GIRLS IN YOUR OWN NEIGHBORHOOD

Most guys don't think of their own towns as good places to pick up girls. Well, this book is going to change all that. Because it's going to show you foolproof pick up spots within five miles of your own home! You probably never thought of them as good places to pick up girls. But the fact is they're just loaded with eager women who would love nothing more than to get their hot little hands on you!

THE GIRLS ARE WAITING FOR YOU!

Don't waste one more Friday night wandering from bar to bar. Not when this fantastic book can show you where to find more long, lean, beautiful girls than you'll know what to do with. AMERICA'S BEST PICK UP SPOTS costs only \$7.95—less than what you could waste on drinks in a dull, no-action bar. So send for your copy this instant. Whether you're in a big city a thousand miles away from home, or in your very own neighborhood, this book will lead you straight to dozens of girls who are sitting there waiting for you at this very moment.



910 Fantastic Places to Pick Up Girls!

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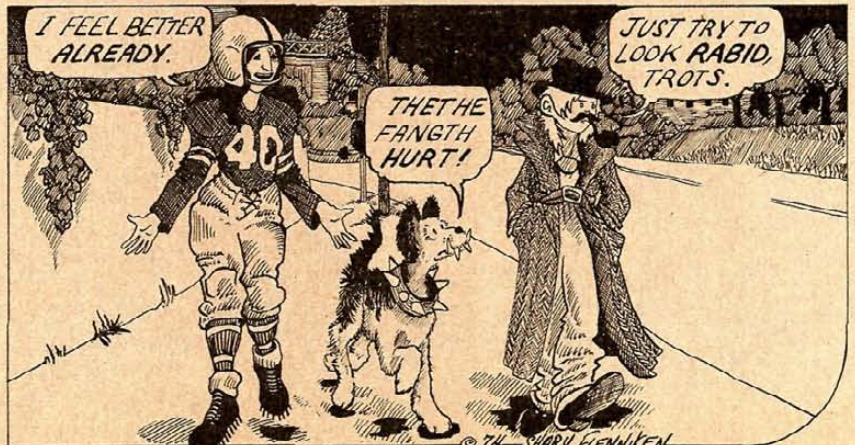
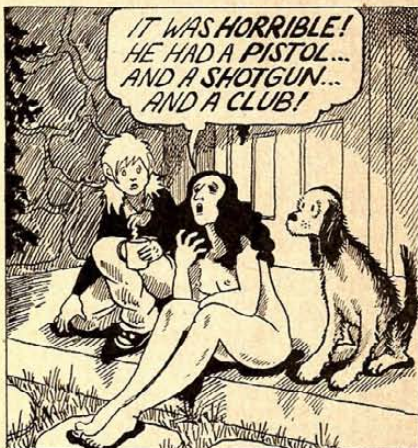
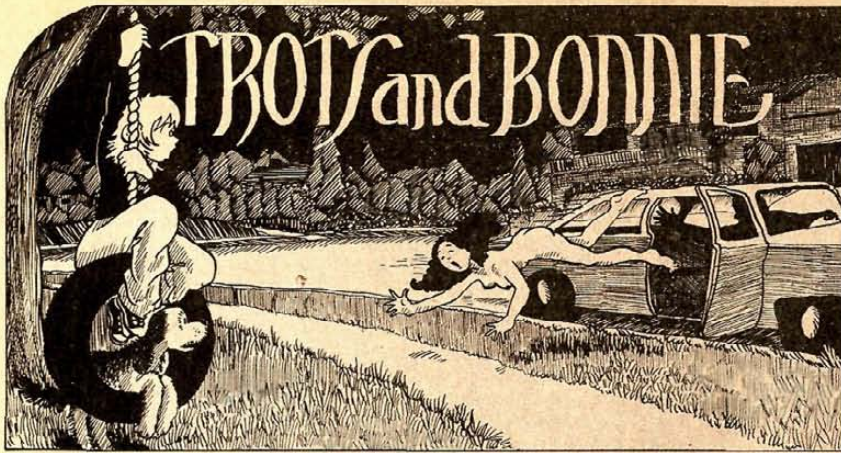
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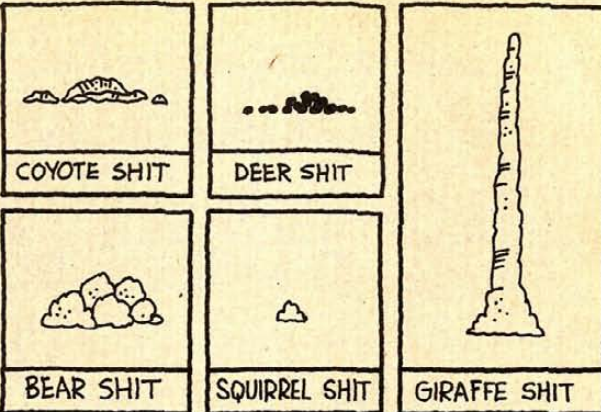
FAMOUS COMIC ARTISTS SCHOOL

BY BRUCE COCHRAN

LESSON # 85

KNOW YOUR SHIT

IN SHITTY TIMES LIKE THESE, YOU'LL NEVER MAKE IT AS A PROFESSIONAL COMIC ARTIST UNLESS YOU KNOW YOUR SHIT.



DESDEMONA

A Southern Belle
 GEORGIA, 1865.
 THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES RAGES. DESDEMONA SITS ON THE VERANDA OF HER DADDY'S PLANTATION HOME WITH HER FIANCE, STANFIELD WINFIELD.



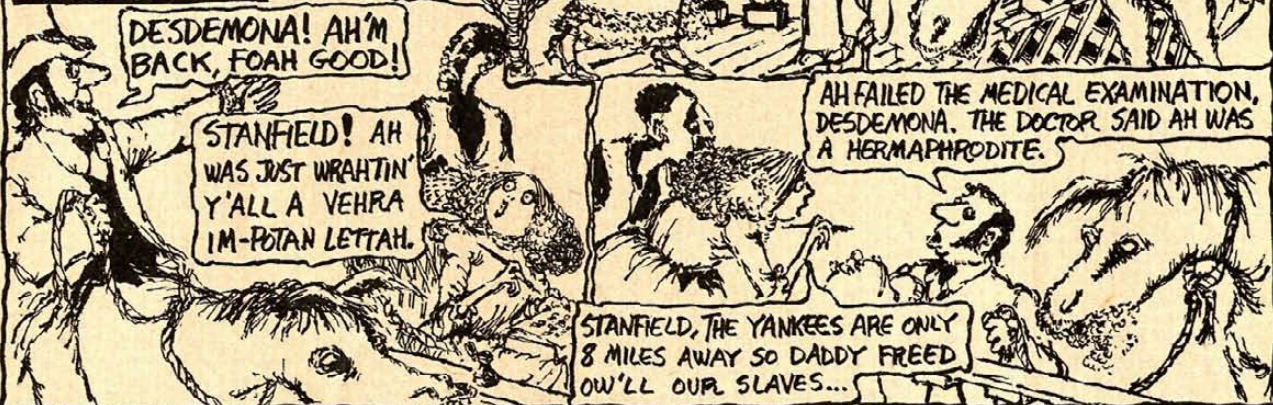
DESDEMONA, AH'M LEAVIN' TOW JOIN THE CONFEDERATE ARMY!

AH'LL WRAHT EVARA DAY!

DON'T CRY, DESDEMONA!

STANFIELD, DAHLIN', AH'M SO PROUD!

2 HOURS LATER

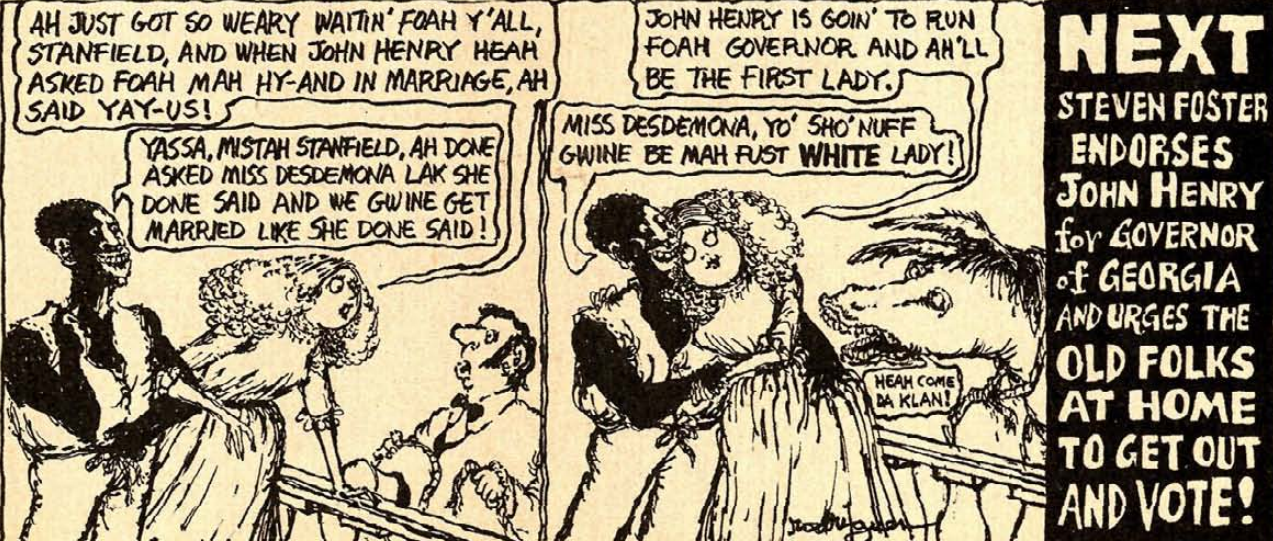


DESDEMONA! AH'M BACK, FOAH GOOD!

STANFIELD! AH WAS JUST WRAHTIN' Y'ALL A VEHRA IM-POTAN LETTAH.

AH FAILED THE MEDICAL EXAMINATION, DESDEMONA. THE DOCTOR SAID AH WAS A HERMAPHRODITE.

STANFIELD, THE YANKEES ARE ONLY 8 MILES AWAY SO DADDY FREED OW'LL OURL SLAVES...



AH JUST GOT SO WEARY WATTIN' FOAH Y'ALL, STANFIELD, AND WHEN JOHN HENRY HEAR ASKED FOAH MAH HY-AND IN MARRIAGE, AH SAID YAY-US!

JOHN HENRY IS GOIN' TO RUN FOAH GOVERNOR AND AH'LL BE THE FIRST LADY.

YASSA, MISTAH STANFIELD, AH DONE ASKED MISS DESDEMONA LAK SHE DONE SAID AND WE GWINE GET MARRIED LIKE SHE DONE SAID!

MISS DESDEMONA, YO' SHO'NUFF GWINE BE MAH FUST WHITE LADY!

HEAH COME BA KLAN!

NEXT
 STEVEN FOSTER
 ENDORSES
 JOHN HENRY
 for GOVERNOR
 of GEORGIA
 AND URGES THE
 OLD FOLKS
 AT HOME
 TO GET OUT
 AND VOTE!

Should parents be licensed?

PARENTAL LICENSE APPLICATION

NAME ROBERT SMYTH AGE 32 SEX M F

SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER 440-18-9609

NUMBER OF CHILDREN PLANNED Three OVER HOW MANY YEARS? Four

OWN EDUCATION: H.S. COLLEGE GRAD. STUDY CHILD CARE

SPOUSE'S EDUCATION: H.S. COLLEGE GRAD. STUDY CHILD CARE

DATE OF LAST PSYCHOLOGICAL EXAM 1997 NAME OF EXAMINER Dr. R. Bly

PERS. REF. Friends or Social Workers

NAME	<u>R. Rota</u>
ADDRESS	<u>425 Elm</u>
CITY & STATE	<u>Bufford, N.Y.</u>
NAME	<u>F. Rota</u>
ADDRESS	<u>1650 Adams Blvd</u>
CITY & STATE	<u>Queens, N.Y.</u>

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Maybe you think the proposal sounds pretty far-fetched—that a couple be made to get a license from the government before conceiving a child.

Maybe you think it sounds pretty outrageous, too—that such a thing would be a frightening government invasion of individual rights, and a door-opener to “master-race” kind of thinking.

Outrageous the proposal may be. But far-fetched it’s not. Some pretty important people are advocating it right now.

One of them is Dr. Roger W. McIntire, Professor of Psychology at the University of Maryland. In a recent article, he notes that “we do have, or soon will have, the technology to control individual procreation.” And he suggests that would-be parents could be compelled to submit to semi-permanent contraceptive measures unless and until they could pass a licensing test proving their fitness for parenthood.

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- How Man Faces Danger: Is “Cowardice” Natural?
- Why Do Fat People Get That Way?
- How Growing A Beard May Help You Win Friends and Influence People
- Why Bottling Up Your Rage May Actually Be Healthy
- Why Black Women Have A Better Chance Than White Women to Get Professional Jobs
- Could Richard Nixon’s “Psychohistory” Have Predicted Watergate?

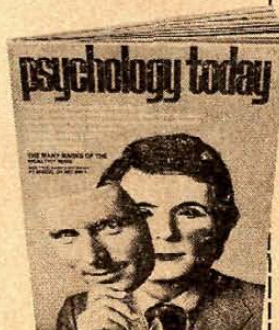
- How the English Language Encourages Racism
- Why Soap Operas Foster Female Subservience
- How Acupuncture Really Works
- Does Busing for Integration Hinder Black Students?
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had returned from the short walk down the hallway, left past the office of Temple Stungun, the President's chief political adviser, and a few steps beyond the door leading to the Red Room, the tension which had been building in the room seemed to have magically evaporated.

"Well," said President Backstab as the group quieted down, "I'm certainly happy to see that the tension which had been building in this room seems to have magically evaporated. O.K., Launch, what are our options?"

"Mr. President," replied the loping, slab-jawed Defense Secretary, "the way I see it, if we knuckle under to these Nazis, we can say adios to a nice piece of East Coast real estate, not to mention our world position, because we'd be fair game for any terrorist group that got it into its head to glom onto some Arab oil money and kidnap the Pope to force the Mafia to steal an atom bomb then hijack a plane with an NFL football team on board and circle the U.S. threatening to blow up an American city unless we met their demands. Hell, they wouldn't even need the reclusive billionaire industrialist. On the other hand," continued tousled, slug-chinned Secretary Yachtbasin, "if we don't give in, it's certain death for those football players and there's a good chance we're going to come up shy a major American urban center in the next census. Now, I don't know the political effects—"

"I checked with Temple on that," barked the President, "and it's poison. We're weak enough in the cities as it is. Anyway, the sports angle is bound to clobber us with the ethnics, and the business community will scream if we write off a billionaire."

"Gentlemen, I think we have no choice but to capitulate," said Vassar Radcliffe Smith, the President's National Security Adviser. "To do anything else would be to court certain doom." There was something about Smith that always annoyed Goodfellow. Was it his high, thin voice, or his liberal, defeatist views, or the fact that he often wore a dress? Probably all three, he thought. It had bothered him to see Smith gaining more and more influence with the President. Together with the powerful left-wing head of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, Senator J. Sterling Teatray, he had more influence on foreign policy than Secretary of State Domelight.

The sound of the President's voice interrupted Goodfellow's thoughts abruptly.

"What do you think, Strongly?" he snapped. "Do we go along, or do we reject the demands?"

Suddenly, a large, handsome, well-

feathered red and green parrot flew into the room through the open French windows and perched on Goodfellow's head. "You can't deal with terrorists," it squawked in a strong, authoritative voice. "Appeasement only whets their appetite for more blackmail." Then, just as suddenly as it had appeared, the parrot flew off.

"I agree with the sentiments expressed by that bird 100 percent," said Goodfellow to the startled assemblage. Several voices joined in assent, including those of General Customer, Director Gardenparty, and Secretary Domelight. In fact, it seemed that Vassar Smith was alone in his position in favor of conciliation.

The President raised his hand, signaling for silence. "Very well, gentlemen, for now we'll proceed under the assumption that we'll resist the demands. As you know, the deadline the terrorists have given us is noon on Tuesday, which leaves us less than forty-eight hours to prepare a detailed plan. Strongly," he said smoothly, with a hint of crushed ice in his voice, "since you are so sold on this course, I am appointing you head of a special committee of the N.S.C. to take charge of this matter."

Goodfellow's flat, five-fingered hands tightened on the round fluted ends of the arms on his chair. A very neat maneuver, he thought. And was that a trace of a smile on Vassar Smith's heavily lipsticked mouth?

"And now, gentlemen, I suggest we adjourn for the present," continued President Backstab. "And remember, we don't want to start a panic by overreacting. We've got to downplay this thing. As far as we're concerned, this is just a case of a handful of Nazis flying around in a short-haul jet with a small, antiquated tactical nuclear device and an expansion team with a three and eleven record last season."

As the meeting broke up, Secretary Yachtbasin walked over to Goodfellow on the two large, shoe-covered feet he had on the ends of his long, trousered legs.

"Well, Strongly, it looks like the chief handed you a hot potato," he said, augmenting the vibrations in his voice box with quick, sure slaps of his tongue against his palate and teeth and careful movements of his thin, muscular lips to produce the short, tight sentence.

Yes, Goodfellow thought, and if I drop the ardent spud, my firm, budding political career is over.

"Launch," said the Vice-President decisively, "set a meeting for—" Goodfellow paused to look at his watch. The thin, silvery hands point-

ed to the cursive, almost sensuous six and the curt twin slashes that indicated eleven. That meant only one thing—it was 5:55. "For nine o'clock sharp," he continued. "We'll meet at the Pentagon in the large, windowless, modernistic conference room on the third floor, one of whose stark, white painted walls is occupied by a giant map showing the disposition of our nation's nuclear might."

The deeply carpeted chamber in whose wood-paneled recesses slumber sophisticated communication equipment capable of linking its occupants with all of the far-flung bases where America's formidable arsenal sits poised to strike?" inquired the gaunt, square-eared Secretary.

"Yes," Goodfellow confirmed. "We'll sit in the rows of black vinyl chairs arrayed around the oval, glass-topped table which occupies the center of the imposing room and plan our strategy."

continued

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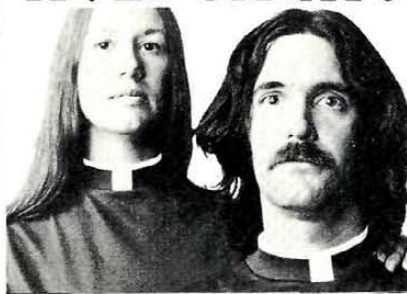
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continued

"I'll notify the others," said Yacht-basin.

Goodfellow watched as the rangy, blue-nosed Defense Secretary moved quickly among the council members who stood talking in small groups throughout the Cabinet Room. At that moment, a White House aide came through the door, and spotting the Vice-President, handed him a telegram. "It just came in, sir," said the young, unold man.

Goodfellow opened the bright yellow envelope and read the message. *One of the most common mistakes Presidents make is in failing to delegate authority to their Vice-Presidents,* said the paper-thin piece of paper.

"True," Goodfellow said to himself, "very true."

Goodfellow sat down at the heavy oak desk in his spacious office. Closing his hard, round eyes for a moment, he retraced in his mind the route that had brought him there. Two terms as a Congressman in the large House of Representatives in the left wing of the domed Capitol building as you entered by the long ceremonial flight of steps facing the mall; one term in the smaller Senate chamber at the end of the long marbled corridor that led east from the round, circular Rotunda; Backstab's sudden offer of the Vice-Presidential nomination at the convention in Philadelphia, a city which lay north of Baltimore and south of New York, across the broad Delaware River; and after today's meeting at the White House, the short walk out the East Wing entrance, across Executive Avenue, through the pair of swinging doors, into the lobby, and up the elevator to the second floor.

What other building interiors will I become familiar with, he wondered—Buckingham Palace, the Vatican, the Kremlin? That was one thing about the job—you never knew what lush carpeted corridors lay ahead or what was hidden behind the heavy, richly detailed oaken doors of the future.

The sound of the telephone ringing cut through Goodfellow's thoughts like a knife through butter. "Yes, Judy," he said into the round, perforated disc at one end of the handset, the twin of the one at the other end which he held pressed to his ear.

"It's Chief Justice Savingsbond," said his lithe, long-legged secretary. Goodfellow briefly imagined the two of them mud-wrestling in boiler suits in the reflecting pool by the Washington Monument.

"Put her on," he said, his pulse racing like the motor of the refrigerator in which he had mentally put

the butter that the knife of the phone bell had cut through.

"Strong," breathed the husky, musky, lusty, busy voice.

"Harmonica," said Goodfellow, unable to hide the desire that lay under the elms of his voice. "You know you shouldn't call me here—after all, I'm the Vice-President, which means, of course, that I also act as President of the Senate, presiding from a seat on a large, raised dais at the very front of that semicircular chamber, and I cast the decisive tie-breaking vote when the Senate is deadlocked. Also," he added bitterly, "I'm a married man."

"I know, Strong," she said with sudden fervor, "and your wife is probably right now at Showershoe, your lovely estate in the rolling hills of the Maryland horse country, drinking malt juleps in an endless whirl of fancy dress balls and elegant hoodowns instead of supporting you in your political career."

She was right, Goodfellow knew. And he also knew that his rock-ribbed, Yankee father had been right in warning him not to marry the flighty, gay, irresponsible Picky Cotton, spoiled daughter of an old southern family whose ancestors had come over on the *Merrimac*. It was a case of cider and bunting, the old man had warned, the two would never mix.

"Harmonica," Goodfellow said sharply, "I can't make our love scene tonight. We're having a meeting of the N.S.C. at the Pentagon at nine on this Nazi hijack business, and the President has put me in charge."

"Oh, Strongly," she respirationed, "couldn't we meet, just for an hour?" Goodfellow looked at his watch. It was already 6:30, but he felt his resolution fading. "All right," he said quickly. "I'll be over in fifteen minutes."

Goodfellow rang his secretary and arranged for his limousine to pick him up. When he arrived in the lobby, he was surprised to find five Secret Service agents, two more than the usual number, waiting to accompany him.

"What's up, Antonio?" he asked Antonio MacGreenberg, the chief of the Vice-Presidential protective detail.

"Vassar Smith suffered a crippling stroke a half an hour ago. He was shot on the way to the hospital. We're not taking any chances."

"Too bad," said Goodfellow. "Al," he added, "have someone send flowers to his shrewish wife, will you?"

"Right, sir," replied the crewcut, heavy-set agent.

As the heavy, black, four-wheeled limousine sped through the nearly empty streets, Goodfellow watched

through the bulletproof windows as the sun, at the end of its long trip through the blue and white sky, set. Visible at dawn from the East Wing of the White House, it now presented a spectacular display to anyone standing in one of the rooms in the West Wing.

By the time the specially armored car had pulled up at the Chief Justice's residence in the elegant, tree-lined street in Georgetown, it was already dark.

"I'll only be about an hour," Goodfellow said to MacGreenberg as he stepped out of the metal car door and headed up the short flagstone path to the wooden house door. Asofoetida, Harmonica's good-natured and discreet colored maid, had

it open before he could ring.

"Miss Savingsbond in de library," she reported.

Goodfellow walked down the short hallway and turned left into the book-lined study. As he entered, Harmonica rose from a velvet couch by the fireplace, and Goodfellow whistled softly as he noticed that she was dressed in nothing but a simple tweed suit.

"Hello, Strongly," she whispered.

"Hello, Harmonica," Goodfellow said.

A thundering torrent of white frothy water plunged into the spillway of the mighty dam, spinning the huge turbines and emerging in a boiling jet in the narrow, sheer-cliffed river bed below. □

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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 125th Street.

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

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

JANUARY, 1972/IS NOTHING SACRED? With Son-o'-God Comics, The Vietnamese Baby Book, and The Last Really, No Hit 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 He-Man, Sermonette, and Col. Jingo's Book of Big Ships.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

APRIL, 1973/PREJUDICE: With Anti-Dulch 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, Whitdevoe 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 Sorcery, and B. Kliban'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.

JANUARY, 1974/ANIMALS: With Pethouse, Popular Evolution, The Attack of the Sizeable Beasts, Law of the Jungle, and Songs of the Humpback Whale.

FEBRUARY 1974/STRANGE SEX: With National Lampoon, First Lay Comics, Marilyn Monroe Calendar, Split Beaver Section, Sex Pornographicum, Terry Southern and William Burroughs.

MARCH, 1974/STUPID: With the Stupid Aptitude Test, Kancer Kare Kosmetics, The Stupid Group, and Stupid News & World Report.

APRIL, 1974/TRAVEL: With Gahan Wilson's Paranoid Abroad, Airline Magazine, Amish in Space, RMS 'Tyranic' Brochure, 148 Countries You Can't Visit, and Welcome to Cheeseburg.

MAY, 1974/50th ANNIVERSARY: With Son-o'-God Meets Zimmerman, New Bulgemobiles, Da Vinci's Notebook Vol. II, Another True Western Romance, Rodrigues' Handicapped Sports, and National Anthems Encores.

JUNE, 1974/FOOD: With The Cooking of Provincial New Jersey, Weighty Waddlers Magazine, The Joys of Wife-Tasting, Digester's Reader, and A Brief Guide to America's Top New Eating Spots.

JULY, 1974/DESSERT: With Famine Circle Magazine, Gahan Wilson's Baby Food, Corporate Farmers' Almanac, Rodrigues' Gastronomique Comique, and Guns and Sandwiches Magazine.

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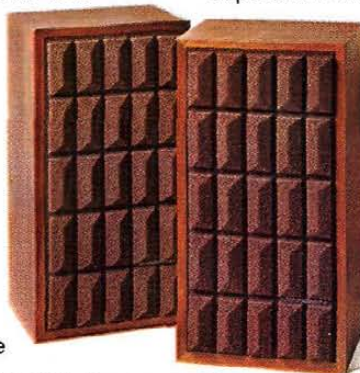
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