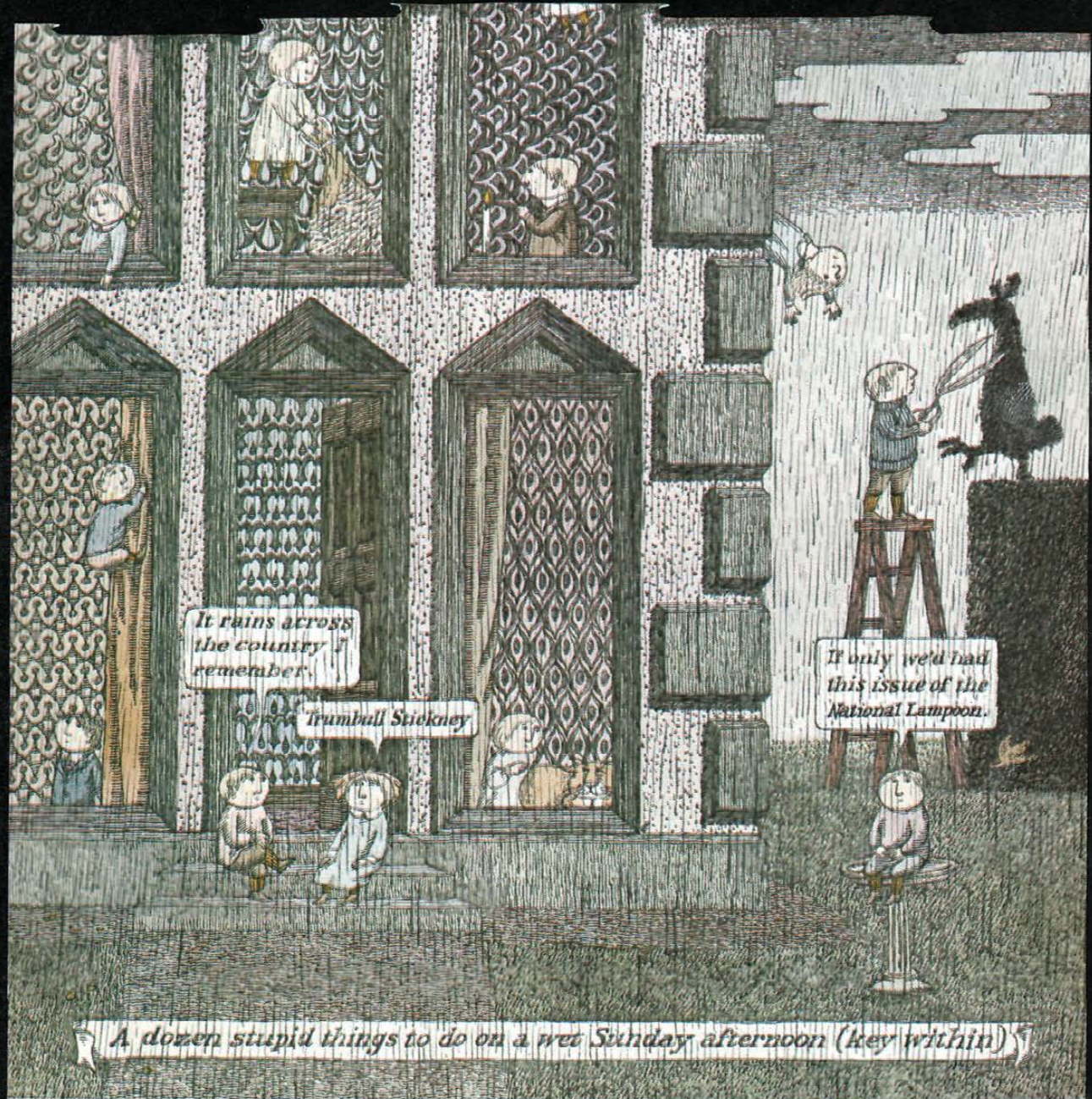


Rainy Day - Sunday Funbook - Issue

# NATIONAL LAMPOON

IND 34490

June 1975 - The Humor Magazine - \$1.00



It rains across the country I remember.

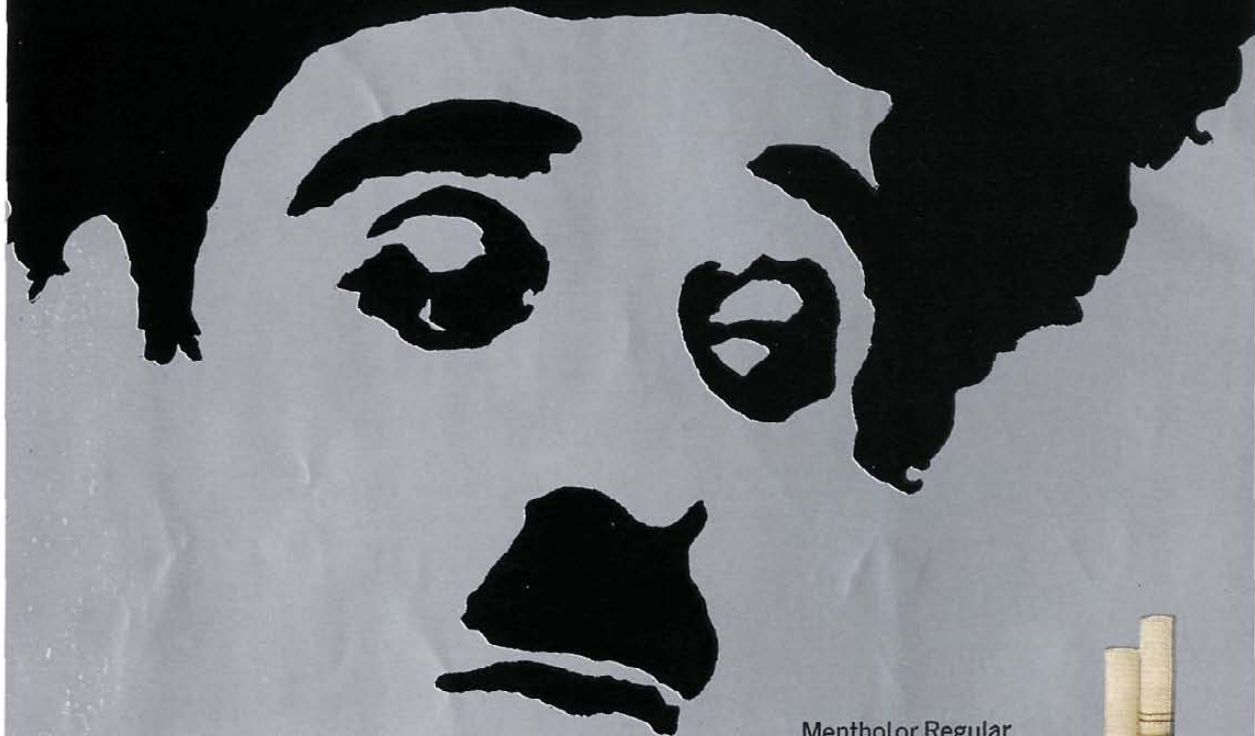
Trumbull Stickney

If only we'd had this issue of the National Lampoon.

A dozen stupid things to do on a wet Sunday afternoon (key within)



# MEET TRAMPS CIGARETTES THE GENTLE SMOKE



Tramps cigarettes... Buy 'Em  
or Bum 'Em. Whichever way you  
get your hands on Tramps, you  
can't help noticing some things.  
They're nice.  
They're lovable.  
They're also brown and white.  
The brown part is where the nice,  
rich tobacco taste comes from.

The white part is a neat white  
filter that gives Tramps its  
gentle taste.  
That's Tramps.  
With a combination like that  
how can you lose?  
Whether you buy 'em  
or bum 'em.  
Gentle Tramps.

Menthol or Regular



"Little Tramp" © Bubbles, Inc.

## BUY 'EM OR BUM 'EM

**Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.**

Regular, 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine; menthol,  
16 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, by FTC method.  
© BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORP.

# Announcing the Rodney A. Bell Memorial Sale.

Rod does our sales forecasting and inventory planning.

He led the way in JBL's decision to introduce The Decades — three loudspeakers between \$100 and \$200.

The L36. A superb 3-way bookshelf speaker at \$198.

The L26. The first Decade and still champion at \$156.

The L16. Almost like the L26 for \$21 less. \$135.

Well, Rod was two-thirds right. The L36 and the L26 have been breaking sales records since their introduction.

The L16? It's breaking warehousing records. The \$21 difference isn't enough. The JBL customer goes right past the \$135 Decade and chooses the \$156 Decade.

So, the only thing we can do to make a bigger difference is to take something out of the L16. And the only thing we can take out is some of the price.

Now — while they last — you can get a JBL loudspeaker for \$99. (It's so much better than anything near it in price that one listen is all you need.)

Go see your JBL dealer. Ask to hear the Decade L16. Tell him Rod sent you.



# JBL. Under \$100.

James B. Lansing Sound, Inc./3246 Copyright © 2007 National Lampoon Inc. fidelity loudspeakers from \$99 to \$3000.

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photographed by Chris Callis



I JUST LOVE YOUR NEW \$5,000 QUADRAPHONIC SOUND SYSTEM, FRAMPTON. HOW DID YOU GET IT?

I WAS A GOOD BOY AND BRUSHED MY TEETH.



# Win a \$5,000 quadraphonic system from ULTRA BRITE.<sup>®</sup> (It's a sound way to improve your love life.)

**OFFICIAL RULES:** 1. To enter, complete the entry form or, on a 3" x 5" piece of paper, print your name, address and zip code. Enter as often as you like, but mail each entry separately to: ULTRA BRITE Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 1958, Baltimore, Md. 21203.

2. Each entry must include two end-flaps from any size ULTRA BRITE Toothpaste carton, or a 3" x 5" piece of paper on which you have handprinted the words "ULTRA BRITE", in plain block letters. To be eligible, entries must be mailed by July 15, 1975 and received by July 22, 1975.

3. All winners will be determined in a random drawing from all entries received by Century Group, Inc., an independent judging organization whose decisions are final. Taxes, if any, are the sole responsibility of the winners. All prizes will be awarded. Only one prize to a family. No substitution of prizes permitted. For a winners list, send a separate stamped, self-addressed envelope to: ULTRA BRITE Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 1960, Baltimore, Md. 21203.

4. The Grand Prize consists of: 1 Marantz 4400 AM/FM 4-Channel Receiver, 4 Marantz Imperial 9 Speakers, 1 Teac 3340 S 4-Channel Tape Deck and 1 Maxell 10" reel with a 3600' blank tape, 1 Dual 1229 Q Turntable, Dustcover and Base, an Empire 4000 D/III Quad Cartridge, 1 Marantz SE-1S Electrostatic Headphone System plus 1 Auxiliary Marantz SE1HP Headphone.

5. 25 First Prizes are Marantz SE-1S Electrostatic Headphone Systems. 100 Second Prizes are Sony TFM3950W AM/FM Radios.

6. The ULTRA BRITE Sweepstakes are open to all residents of the United States, except employees and their families of Colgate-Palmolive Co., its advertising agencies and Century Group, Inc. Void in the states of Idaho, Georgia and Missouri, and wherever else prohibited by law. The odds of winning will be determined by the total number of entries received in the sweepstakes. **No purchase is necessary.**

Enter as often as you like, but each entry must be mailed separately.




## Sweepstakes

Mail to: ULTRA BRITE Sweepstakes  
P.O. Box 1958, Baltimore, Md. 21203

Yes, enter me in the ULTRA BRITE Sweepstakes. I've enclosed two end-flaps from an ULTRA BRITE<sup>®</sup> Toothpaste carton or the words "ULTRA BRITE" printed in block letters on a 3" x 5" piece of paper.

Mr., Ms. \_\_\_\_\_ (please print plainly) Age \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_ (required) G

Actual, unretouched photo of hair taken during TV commercial at the Big Dipper, Santa Cruz, California.



**Introducing a non-aerosol hairspray.  
Look how super it held at 52 mph.**

New Super Hold is a completely different kind of men's hair-spray. It's a pump spray, not an aerosol. It has more holding power. In laboratory tests under windy, humid conditions, it held hair in place three times longer than the leading men's aerosol spray.

What's more, Super Hold gives you almost twice as many applications per ounce as aerosols. So it's less expensive to use.

And even during a roller coaster ride at 52 miles per hour, you can see how natural it looks.

New Vitalis Super Hold. It looks natural, it holds longer, and it's not expensive to use. For a hairspray, that's pretty super.

**New Vitalis® Super Hold.™**

© Bristol-Myers 1975



# EDITORIAL

What to do on a rainy day? Well, if mom and pop are out getting smashed at the club and the sitter's occupied elsewhere with Acneman, why not take your cue from Mom Nature with a festive water fight? Just snitch some unused party balloons, add water, and throw, and no fair buckets. Mom coming home with a load of groceries? Stuff your red long johns with pillows, top with a decorative football helmet "head," arrange at the bottom of the stairs with limbs bent at a crazy angle, and *voilà!* Up go the groceries, down goes Mom. Nothing to do!

If you and little sister Stay Up Late to watch *Them* on the tube, secretly construct a foot-long Play-Doh giant ant to greet her first thing in the morning at the foot of the bed! Busy day, busy day, busy, busy, busy day! Darn old bridgeclub meeting here this week? Greet mom's company with a catsup-covered arm and a broken coke bottle. Season with screams.

Want to play Typewriter Dogfight? Then first scatter "enemy fighters" on a sheet of clean paper that look like this: -O-. Next, holding the little dingus on the roller that lets it turn free, pepper the little -O-s with fifty-calibre machine gun typewriter periods. . . . . Got 'em!

Crayon cracks on the TV!  
Indoor bicycle croquet! (No smashed knees, please.)

Flyswatter Patrol! Bogie sighted headed for sweet rolls in pantry! I got 'em in my sights! We will turn the very floors dark with our kills. Whammo!

Superball jai alai? Want to see a monkey? Do you know what day it is

today? (Toesday!)

Hurry, hurry, hurry! Come see the Amazing Sadistic Bee Smothering! One economy mayo jar and 1,000 bees, 1,000!!! Rubberband guns? Heck, Dave, the rubberband *itself* can fire bent bobbie pins through six layers of funnies and mom's best slip-cover! (Vicky did it.)

Want to play after fifty-two pick-up? How about Tic-Tac-Ow? Can't find all the Chinese checkers marbles? How Many Can You Eat may be the answer! Also, Guess the Food! (A slice of pear, when placed on a blindfolded tongue, may taste like apple! Can the Guesser tell sugar from detergent? Just watch, sure she can!)

Still bored? With a little preparation, a quick mind can convert that old Hoover into a confetti-blaster before you can say "no supper." Rip all the color plates out of the Encyclopedia, and purge that postmodeling-clay stuffiness from your nose with cool, refreshing nail polish remover!

Fire! The flames lick evilly around the edges of Grocery Box Manor! Sir Michael Matchhead and his family are still trapped on the roof! Squirt-guns arrive, but too late. One by one, the holocaust claims his heirs, *fwiss!* All kidding aside, playing with fire is playing with fire. So don't make any match tip-and-Reynold's Wrap rockets unless accompanied by a Guardian Angel or other qualified adult. **Guess What Section:** Guess what? As a special treat, German elves from the Black Forest have left you some terrific toy tops, and they're hidden in dad's alarm clock! (You can put 'em all back before They get home!) It's

easy! It's fun! It's too late, I can hear the car in the driveway.

Anyone out there know how to see the tits on the Land O' Lakes butter box Indian Princess? I do.

Not to mention a whole lot of other stuff, but the rain's over now and it's time to go outside and wake up those pokey old snails. With a hammer.

D.C.K.

**Cover:** Edward Gorey is something of a cult. To join, obtain a small furry thing, recite a snippet of Swinburne backwards, and strangle it. Then, walk abroad to purchase *Amphigorey* and *Amphigorey Too*, both published by Putnam. You will have negotiated the First Hoop and may wither plants at a touch. More next lesson. Stay tombed.

**Key to the Cover:**

*A dozen stupid things to do on a wet Sunday afternoon:*

1. Drop grapes from an upstairs window.
2. Collect all the toothpicks in the house into a pile and pour glue over it.
3. Hang yourself from a chandelier.
4. Set fire to your toothbrush.
5. Catch raindrops in your nose.
6. Climb the curtains.
7. Mutilate the ornamental shrubbery.
8. Stare at the woodwork.
9. Recite and identify bits of apropos poetry.
10. Poke the cat.
11. Sit in the bathtub.
12. Try to figure out what the dozen stupid things to do on a wet Sunday afternoon are.

E.G.

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# Tequila Gavilan. One taste...and you're not a Gringo anymore.



Sirs:

Let's open all the prisons and set all the prisoners free. Also, let's take away Ted Kennedy's right to arm his private guards in Hyannis, then ship all those folks there (I think Northeast has a couple of flights out of Boston and New York daily). We can give the rest money for bus tickets and let them keep the change for ammunition and sandwiches along the way. Okay? Okay.

Dick and Jane Honda  
San Maria, Calif.

Sirs:

Outside every thin Canadian, there's a fat American, screaming to get in.

Chris Kelly  
Huntingdon, P.O.

Sirs:

Remember all those dead sheep at the Dugway Proving Grounds? What the Pentagon *didn't* tell you was that they were *naked* as well. Heh heh and yum yum.

Mothra  
St. Datsun, Japan

Sirs:

Wow, you guys must be really *wrecked* to write this stuff! C'mon, 'fess up—how much weed do you guys snort to come up with this letters column, for example? Also, do you ever smoke so much dope that the stuff just doesn't come out funny? No matter how hard you try, and no matter what tricks you use to disguise it, don't you get "days" when, deadline or no, everything just comes out dull, undirected, rambling about the first thing that comes into your head—tie tacks, Rubbermaid bathroom products, irrational numbers—u name it?

I mean, there must be times when your back is really to the wall, creativity-wise, and nothing you write is in the least amusing. Ever happen to you? Huh? Does it? Listen, we're cool, you can tell us. Really.

Barbie and Thomas Hart Benton  
Gay Head, Mass.

Sirs:

Who says you Easterner dudes are cool? How come every time one of

Mexico's classic tequila is Numero Uno in N.Y.

80/86 Proof. Imported by Foreign Vintages, Inc. Great Neck, New York 10021. © 1975



you guys shows up, he'll bring out a little twiddly joint maybe the size of a pissant? (See *Letters*, June, page 6.) Heck, out here we're not afraid to bale it into cigars the size of cigars! Heck, some of the local Mexican out here (\$15 a quarter-ton) is so heavy you can practically get high just by smoking it! No bull.

Beevo and Astroturd and Steve  
Austin, Texas

Sirs:

*Dr. Salk*: What's the cause of sickle-cell anemia?

*Dr. Shockley*: Drawing welfare for three generations.

Inquiring Photographer  
*New York Daily News*, N.Y.

Sirs:

With this letter to say "many" thank-yous to you in thanks to *National Lampoon* and respectfulness plus gratitude. Foster Parent Plan say *National Lampoon* foster adopt me and what is left of Phon Nol, my smaller sister alive, though with no available hands at this time.

We have definitely received the Foster Parent School Kit containing pencil sharpener, tablet writing paper (lined), tablet paper (unlined), one (1) hard rubber eraser, one (1) wooden twelve-inch ruler. (Please to interrupt. What is inch?) As you can see on this paper, also the five (5) pencils, all in fine working order.

The powdered milk, eggs, and rice, it is certain, will arrive soon, as well as the *World Book Encyclopedia* and the GAF Viewmaster machine as I have seen pictured in fine Foster Parents Plan fine brochure. "Vistas of South America" and "The Ugly Duckling" are my first two (2) Viewmaster choices, and we both are understanding that we will not be obligated to pay for more than three (3) more choices this year.

At this time again, both I and Phon Nol tell "many" thank-yous to the *National Lampoon*—these pencils are ours.

Phon Nyguen Tak (two-thirds)  
Phnom Penh, Cambodia

P.S. If it is pleased, may we have to another place airplane ride instead of next three (3) Viewmaster choices? If not, "Thumbelina" we choose.

Sirs:

Don't look for premiums or coupons, as the cost of the jocosities blended in *National Lampoon* products prohibits the use of them or force. I don't want to go to school. I'm sick.

Eddie Name  
88 Locust Dr.  
Tenafly, N.J.

*continued*

# The Gavilan .45

## It can end your boredom



1 1/2 oz. Gavilan Tequila  
(at least)  
About a Half Can of Beer  
Some Salt

Load a glass with ice.  
Pour in the Tequila.  
Top off with beer.  
Shake on a little salt... and sip.  
Bang! Goes the Gavilan .45.

Want your own bullet cleverly  
disguised as a salt shaker?  
It's shiny nickel plated brass  
with a 27" chain.

Send \$3.00 to:  
Gavilan .45  
P.O. Box 33  
Brooklyn, New York 11232.  
You never know when you'll  
need one.



NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_  
STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

Offer void where prohibited by law.  
80/86 Proof. Imported by Foreign Vintages, Inc.  
Great Neck, New York 10021. © 1975

# Today, underdog. Tomorrow, topdog.

We make receivers, tape recorders and speakers.

We're good at it.

Because we've been putting most of our energy into our products. Not our advertising.

After all, if our products weren't any good then you wouldn't want them.

No matter how big our name was.

But the fact remains someone can make the best components in the world

and still not sell many of them because not enough people know about them.

That doesn't mean we're going to tell you our components are the best in the world. No one can say that.

What we're saying is this:

We're going to start telling you more about them. But there's going to be no false promises, no empty claims.

We're going to tell you exactly what we make. And how to get the most out of it.

We're going to prove that a sale doesn't end when you walk out of the store.

We're going to do some things to shake up this business. And turn a few heads.

We have some big names to compete with.

You know who they are.

So from now on the underdog is going to look more and more like the topdog.

Because that's exactly what we intend to be.

If you're going to get big, you gotta be good.

We're good.



# AKAI

Sirs:

I'm a travelin' man, made a lotta stops, all over the world, and in every port I've eaten the heart of at least one girl named Merle.

Rocky Nelson  
Tomorrow, The World

Sirs:

While I enjoyed P.J. O'Rourke's closely-reasoned essay on the "new wave" of younger philosophers who "dump on" traditional views on the problem of "nothingness," I still cannot accept O'Rourke's results.

Certainly, I concede that these bell-bottomed Spinozas may rightly argue that the statement "Nothing exists" is a rational impossibility—a theoretical self-contradiction reminiscent of the old parable concerning an irresistible cannonball and an immovable post—but I cannot agree with O'Rourke on the possibility of an extant converse statement, i.e., that "Nothing *doesn't* exist," or that "Something *doesn't* exist a lot of the time," must needs be deemed auto- or axiomatic.

For example, if an irresistible .22-calibre pellet is fired at an immovable telephone pole—say, at one of those big green glass insulators—given a totally frictionless summer afternoon, an absence of nearby parents or ballistics experts, and no school tomorrow, by the time the pellet has traveled half the distance to the insulator, somebody's little sister will have traveled the *total* distance from her window to mom's room and snatched.

The parallel to be drawn from relativity theory is equally clear: Postulate two identical refrigerators, A and A<sub>1</sub>, each containing a bowl of potato salad, a half-full package of Dannon prune whip yogurt, and two cans of Tab with the plastic thing still around the tops that strangles all the sea-gulls.

For the purposes of redundancy, a "control" refrigerator we shall call A<sub>2</sub> is hypothesized, again identical in every detail save that in A<sub>2</sub>, the Tab is flat—which is how it came from the grocery, and cannot be blamed on the model.

Now, if refrigerator A remains on a fixed locus, for example, a kitchen on earth, and the other refrigerator (A<sub>1</sub>) is strapped into a G-chair next to Alan Shepard and fired off into space at an acceleration great enough to achieve twice the speed of candlelight by supper time, but not so great as to unduly fizzle the Tab, on what grounds may a purchaser sue the Dannon company, if, given Einstein's table manners, the "last sale date" on the package now indicates the prune whip is 4.7 X 10<sup>7</sup> million years spoiled?

Thus, if O'Rourke's contention that "Nothing exists" and "Nobody are home but Justice Chickens and the maid" are mathematically equivalent, he is suspiciously sidestepping the question which immediately arises—*"Which came first, Judge Chickens or the maid?"*

I rest my case.

Susan Sontag  
Apt. 106 X 10<sup>212</sup>  
Co-op City  
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Recently, the newspapers reported the discovery, in a small Texas border town, of the fossilized remains of an extinct flying pterodon with a wingspan of fifty-one feet, the largest specimen recorded to date. What I want to know is, what kind of girls did it date, and how far would they let it go? All those claws and leathery skin and fishy breath—double-ick.

Frodette Veenie Roast  
Girls' Rehabilitation Ctr.  
Aix, Conn.

Sirs:

Because of the clear and long-standing inequalities between rich and poor in this country, it may at first sight appear cowardly to oppose violent revolution. But think a moment—do we *really* want to have our lives intimately regulated by cadres of pus-faced SDS types to the point where everybody has to wear the same kind of coveralls, eat stuff that tastes like Ry-Krisp, and generally feel like some sort of twink?

Certainly not. Instead, why not let social justice begin at home: sort garbage and trash by taste, height, and weight; those holding mortgages or unreturned deposit bottles amounting to more than a Bolivian's lifetime earnings should form block associations chartered as either meateating or nonmeateating; finally, answer all questions related to public security or home baking promptly and without fuss. Then no more pain.

If everyone does their part, regardless of sex, age, race, or whether they eat meat, the ragged throats of the people will dawn the next day on a new tomorrow.

This is what I believe.

Lights Cameron Swayze  
Menlo Park, Utah

Sirs:

A la recherche du temps, p u!

Marcel and Madeleine Proust  
Lionel Hampton, New York

# 3 Steps to Erotica

1. Rip out our erotic envelope, then check Step 2 to see if you qualify for enclosing a floating U. S. Dollar.



2. Our 64-page hi-fi catalog is free, but for a buck we'll also send you (A) Music Machine Almanac—a 120 page color reference guide to the latest hi-fi equipment. Or (B) our own Professional Products Catalog...sound reinforcement and recording gear, mikes, synthesizers, guitar amps...at low Warehouse prices. Or (C) send \$2 and get the three volume set.



3. You'll get the catalogs via fast first class. And when you order a music system, components or pro products from us you'll save 20 to 30% and get speedy delivery...right to your door. Friendly and quick with no knock-knock jokes.



WARNING! If envelope is missing, ignore step 1 and write directly to:

## Warehouse Sound Co.

Box S, Railroad Square  
San Luis Obispo, CA, 93405  
OR CALL: Joe, Larry, Don, or Randy at 805/543-2330

X 7

# SIBLING RIVALRY



Which one you like best depends on what you want to do with it.

Our Ultra Dynamic cassette can play back every note your system can record.

Or, for a few Hertz less and a lot of cents less, you can have quality almost as good in our Low Noise cassettes. (It's so good, many people compare it to our competitors' top-line products.)

However, both cassettes feature Maxell "lensitized" tape strength to prevent stretching. Both Maxell cassettes feature the strongest shells made to prevent warping and popping. Both cassettes come in 120 minute lengths that really work.

So, while our two cassettes have a few differences, they're all in your favor.

Maxell Corporation of America, Moonachie, New Jersey 07074. Also available in Canada.

**maxell.**

For professional recordings at home.



Selections from  
**LE LAMPOON  
NATIONALE**  
edited by Hugo Flesh

## Editoriance

Quel un day par *Nationalelamp* quartres d'head. Un articlée after un other passé by le desk, sept un non de them est funnie. Non de them cette any good whatsoever.

Par venue mustique de run them nevaire sans less.

Expressez-vous plaisir de votre magazine du laughs? D'en buy d'again en monthe de nois.

Getté la vignette?

Les Editois

## Le Taxi Troublé

Un Storie d'Humoire par Henri Dalume

Un day, mon taxi frappellé dans le street. Complettement. Le taxi movué non longement.

Un peasant happenez-vous by. J'asque ze peasant, "Vous can repairez l'auto?" Le personne inferieur de non respondez momentanilment.

Suddain, un chappellée des his words greetant mon self.

Unfortunatettes, les words approchez des meanings flamboyant des dirt.

## Un Lampion Nationale Joque de Partie

Votre Dictionaire d'Humoire Un-bashée définé le joque as d'un short communicationne quel empard d'un laugh.

## Moi Magazine

Moi Magazine  
Le Magazine de Moi, Mon Self  
Jacques Piscard  
Les Lettres d'Editois

## Mon Dear Moi:

Quel day outside! Howevraiment, moi stayant in pour du finis mon work. Un question très importelle: Mais moi graspellé des beers befoire writière d'other articlées dans le magazine?

Sincereaux,  
Jacques Piscard  
L'Editois, *Moi Magazine*

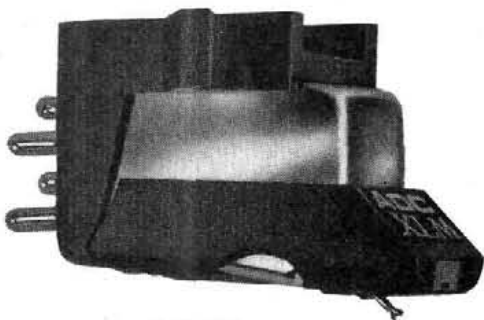
## Mon Dear M. Piscard:

Definittement. Graspellé des beers. Severeuse de them.

L'Editois Piscard

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Mon Dear *Moi*:

Moi d'un drunc heavie, et moi smashée.

Moi getment très sleepy dans un second.

L'Head Bombée du Beer  
Jacques Piscard  
L'Editois, *Moi Magazine*

M. Piscard:

Desireau de la should be de la non *Moi Magazine*? Continue d'alert, s'il vous plait.

L'Editois Piscard

*Des Insides de Moi*  
Un Feature d'Health

Moi had très cold bien de cette weekend. Mon nostrilles par un problème, dans un couldnant de la sleep.

Des operation choppée du finger grène.

Moi, qui still fumez heavrilment les cigarettes. Quel wish de moi pour des guts de non puttée le smoke dans le mouth anymois.

*Un Short Beet*  
de Jacques Piscard

Oui, cette beet d'about le Paris trip en quelle de bore cette was.

Vous knows cette, en d'accout de vous is moi. Moi is vous. Moi des only scriblendemain pour to read par mon self. Quel joque!

*Les Saur de Dodo*

Le DeGaullosaur  
L'Orlyosaur  
Le Saur des Gendarmes  
Le Parfumosaur  
Le Saur de Nice

*Chums de la Nuit*

Un "Frères d'Hardy" Parodment  
par Charles Matrinon

*Chaptré Un*

Un Thief de Follie

Joe Hardy scrapperment to answois le telephone. Cette call de cette ami, Chet. Joe quand cette blond, d'un feet des five-four. Dans un contradictict tapissier l'older frère, Frank, ou est d'un feet des five-five et cette brown hair.

*Chaptré Deux*

Un Discoverree Startlement

Moi, Charles Matrinon, suer discoverree cette moi de non follie le thief dans Chaptré Un!

Ah, sou what!

*Chaptré Trois*

Un Finis Typicale

Quelle, cette it pour les Hardys. D'all de we hopée des enjoyment. □

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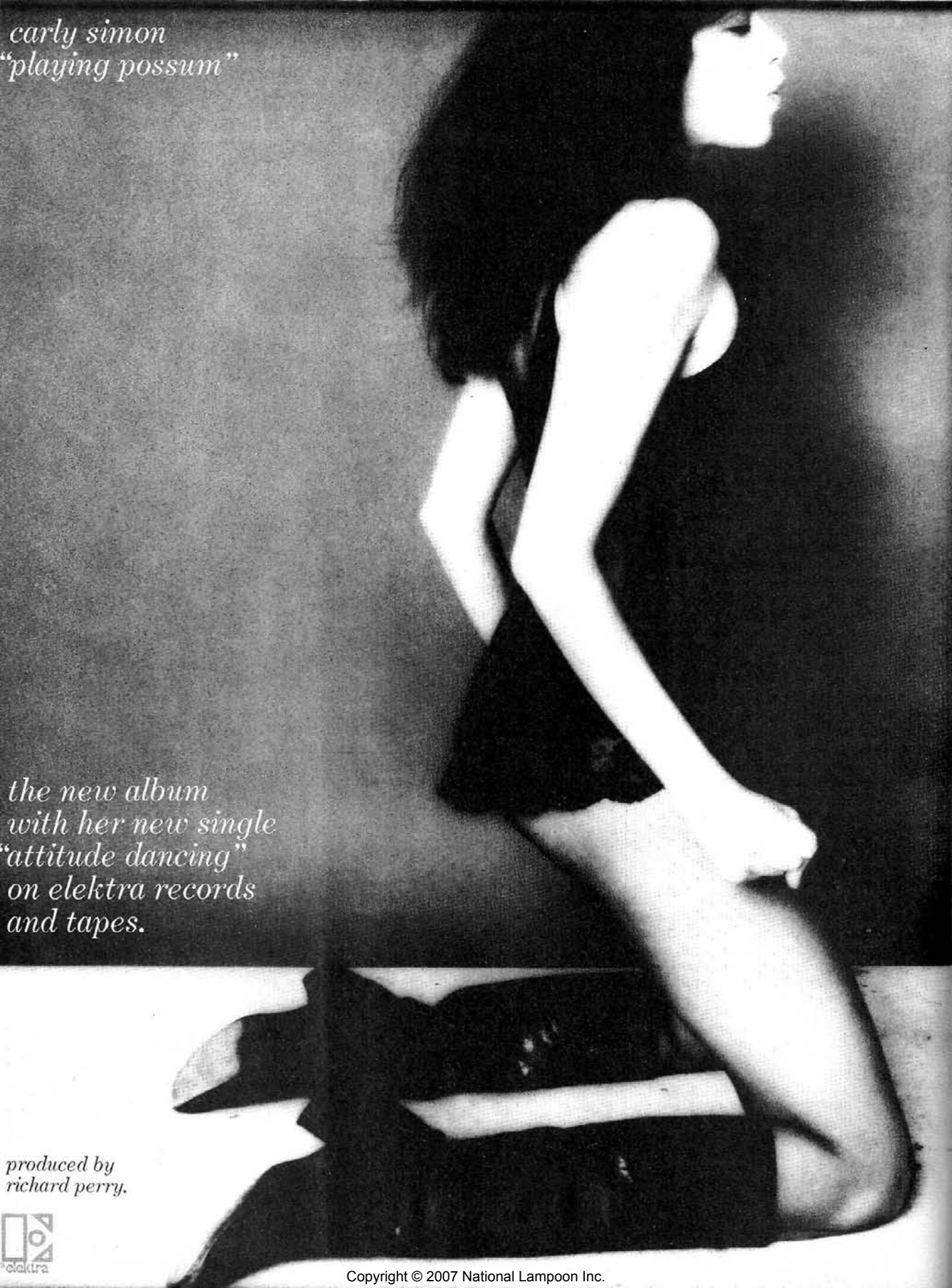
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# NEWS ON THE MARCH

JUNE, 1975

VOLUME 1, NO. LXIII

## VIET BABY LIFT A SUCCESS: U.S. ORPHAN SHORTAGE AVERTED

DEAR VIETNAM. we HAVE  
YOUR CHILDREN IF YOU EVER  
WANT TO SEE THEM ALIVE AGAIN  
YOU WILL DO EXACTLY WHAT WE  
SAY. LEAVE YOUR OFFSHORE  
OIL DEPOSITS IN UNMARKED BARRELS  
UNDER A ROCK IN HAWAII. WE ARE  
DESPERATE AND MIND BUSINESS.  
A FRIEND

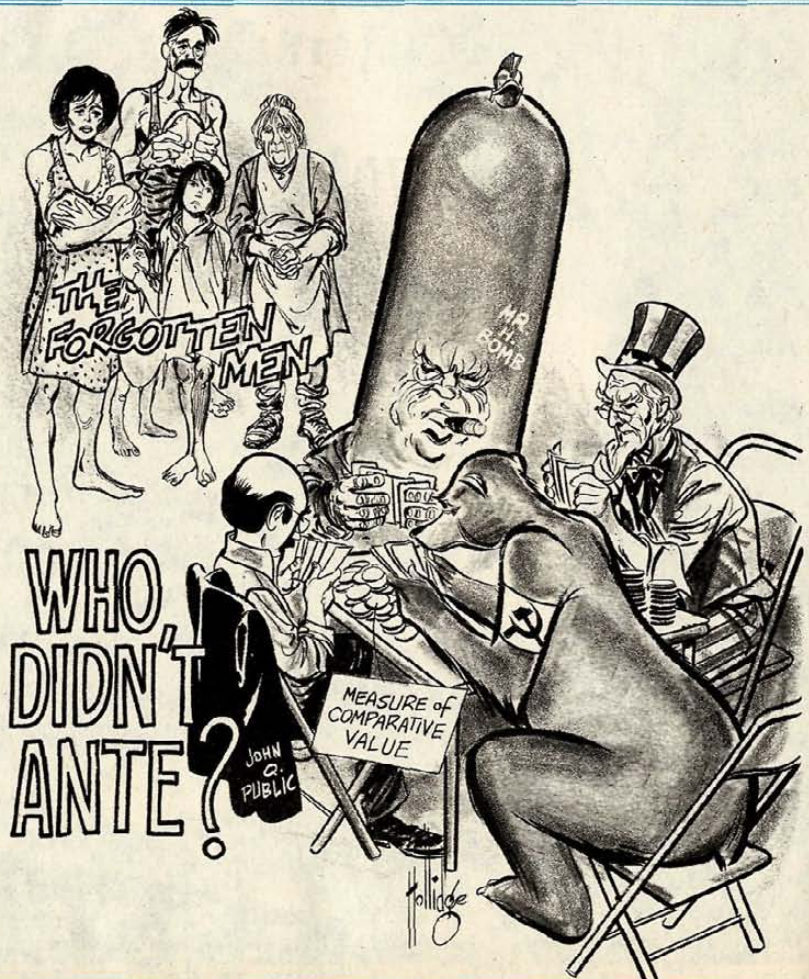
continued

**AFL-CIO President George Meany** reportedly has no regrets about supporting Richard Nixon in 1972. "I knew Nixon was an S.O.B.," Meany told *Chicago Tribune* reporter Robin West in a recent interview. "I knew it all along. And he was a dishonest S.O.B. into the bargain. But Christ, think what could have happened if we'd elected McGovern. Cambodia'd be overrun with Communists if Nixon hadn't thrown our weight behind them—Lon Nol would have flown the coop for sure. And South Vietnam would be on its knees, too. I'll bet there wouldn't be anything left outside Saigon by now. Laos would have buckled under and signed some giveaway peace treaty, and I'll bet you Thailand would be telling our air force boys to pack their bags this minute. The whole of Indochina would have gone down the drain and, Jesus, that's not the half of it. McGovern and all his liberal buddies would be putting the blocks to Israel, too—trying to tell them to just give everything they got in '67 right back to the Arabs for nothing. Not to mention other trouble spots around the world like Portugal. The Commies'd be right in there. Or the U.N. Without Nixon, the U.N. would be nothing but a propaganda platform for the reds and all those so-called "unaligned" little countries who can't stand us. Who knows what the Communists would have their fingers in if it hadn't been for a strong U.S. foreign policy during the Nixon years?"

In the aftermath of the assassination of King Faisal, devoutly Moslem Saudi Arabian government officials—in keeping with the heavy emphasis in the Koran on divine predestination of even the most apparently catastrophic events—spoke of the shooting as having been "the will of Allah." In recent weeks, however, there have been persistent rumors that a "second deity" may have been involved—either Yahweh, the Jewish god, or the Christian God (conceivably acting as part of a conspiracy with the Son and the Holy Ghost.) Exponents of this theory, including prominent Arabs as well as "the man in the Street of the Dogs," hold that both Yahweh and God had ample opportunity to make an instrument of the assassin, Prince Faisal ibn Musad Abdel Aziz, during his stay among "infidels" in the United States, and that both clearly had far more plausible motives than Allah for killing the ruler who vigorously opposed Israel and led the oil boycott and price rises that threatened to drive the

largely Christian western world into bankruptcy. The popularly held notion is that Yahweh or God directed the assassination from Mt. Sinai in Israel-occupied Egypt—a spot revered in both Judaism and Christianity—but no concrete evidence of any other divine will at work other than Allah's has been found. No manifestations or appearances have shown up on film taken in the capital on the day of the assassination (there were reports of a woman in a red cloak, possibly the Virgin Mary, showing up briefly in a tree near the palace, but they are discounted); mariners in the Persian Gulf and the Red Sea encountered no water-partings or other nautical disturbances; according to Arab residents of Jerusalem, there were no rumblings of foundations in Jewish or Christian places of worship in that city; and no unusual astronomical phenomena were observed. Nevertheless, a deep sense of doubt about Faisal's death continues to spread throughout the Arab world, and some observers fear that the unresolved suspicions could eventually poison relations with the United States.

As the CIA basks in the surprisingly universal praise it has received following what was almost certainly a deliberate leak of its bizarre and costly Soviet sub snatch caper to spiff up its tarnished image, it is worth noting that the Soviet intelligence service is not entirely incompetent. At roughly the same time the Hughes-built Glomar Explorer was raising half of the fifteen-year-old diesel-powered Russian ballistic missile submarine from the floor of the south Pacific, the KGB was in the process of lifting the aging republic of Portugal out of the North Atlantic Alliance. The small, somewhat archaic nation has been lying to the west of Spain, sunk in political apathy under an increasingly repressive and ineffectual dictatorship for almost fifty years. Despite American efforts to salvage the troubled regime, it collapsed last year when its rulers suffered a sudden loss of power in a military coup. The Soviets appear thus far to have managed to establish tight links with the former U.S. ally, and it is thought likely that they will be able eventually to move Portugal into the Communist bloc. □





# Canadian Corner



As recently as last year, it was not uncommon for Canadian mothers to hurl their children into the path of an American's car, so great was the Canadian's respect for both America's wealth and her sense of fair play. Even when Americans paraded about the streets wearing the skin of Canada's national animal, the dog, we were readily forgiven as we readily paid the exorbitant prices demanded for soapstone seals or whittled mounties. When an American produced his billfold, even the most ignorant factor of a Canadian trading post smiled graciously and bobbed his head.

But things have changed, and for the worse. American money is received with a snarl if at all, and it is not uncommon to hear some poor Canuck half out of his skin on the country's crude lichen brandy assert that "Yankee money ain't fit to wipe a sick moose's hole."

What brought about this change in the formerly docile Canuck? Is he merely suffering from an attack of "cabin fever" and slashing wildly at phantoms with his buzz saw? Or does he have a legitimate grievance against this country?

This is not an easy question to answer; the Canucks themselves are unsure exactly why they despise us. Some perhaps are upset about American students stitching little Canadian flags on their backpacks and gamboling around Europe, taking shameless advantage of currency differentials.

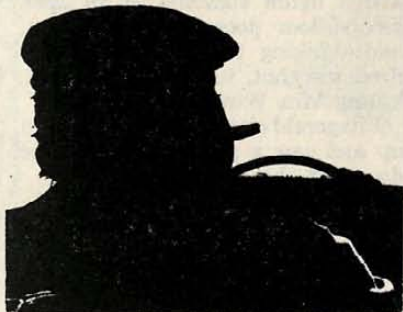
Why would an American want to troop about with Canada's national leaf plastered on his back? Think about it. If you've got a Canadian flag on your back, no one will give you a second glance when they see you sleeping in a ditch or washing your balls in a fingerbowl. They'll just shrug their shoulders and mutter, "Crazy frostbacks."

Even the Canadians wouldn't mind so much if it wasn't for the fact that Americans get sober almost every day and disgrace the flag by displaying it in art galleries, cathedrals, and other places a Canadian wouldn't go near unless he heard they had a "happy hour." Add to this insult the Canucks' festering awareness of historical injuries at the hands of the Americans: the Fenian raids, the Oregon boun-

*continued on page 68*

## My Meter is Running Tips and tales from

# Bernie X.



Don't talk to me about the fucking CIA. They should drop dead, those cocksuckers. You know what they should do with them? They should start a concentration camp and put all the fucking CIA fairies in it and bring back the fucking Nazis to run it. I used to be a CIA agent myself. Why do you think I'm so fucking pissed off? I know those guys from way back, believe me. Listen . . .

you're going all the way downtown . . . you got a long ride . . . I'll tell you the whole fucking story.

It was in 1956. One day I pick up one of those real Madison Avenue guys . . . y'know . . . with the suit and the little valise and a pipe in his mouth. Before I know it, he's coming on to me about fucking and sucking like he's one of the boys. He looks at my ID card and says, "I'll bet a guy like you gets a lot of great looking dames in your cab that want to screw you." What is this shit with "dames"? Who calls a broad a dame? And I'm not one of these guys who has to throw the shit about fancy fucking. The real fuckers don't talk about it, they do it . . . you know what I mean? So I played it cool and said, "I dip my wick now and then." He starts giggling like a fruit. I think he wants my body. I was such a good-looking guy in those days that the fairies were crazy about me, too. I used to get busted knuckles from beating them away from me.

Sure as shit, the guy wants to go to a fag hotel in the Village—the Asshole Arms, I used to call it. When it comes time to pay his fare he sticks a fucking gun to my head and makes me go into the hotel with him.

*continued on page 43*

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• When Mrs. Hollis Sharpe of Los Angeles, California, walked her miniature poodle, Jonathan, she always carried a plastic bag and a newspaper. Every night, when Jonathan did what he was supposed to do, she would carefully scoop it up with the newspaper and drop it in the plastic bag for sanitary disposal later. "You have to think of your neighbors," she explained.

On a recent night, Jonathan had performed his duties and Mrs. Sharpe had considerably done hers when a mugger jumped out of a car and grabbed her. She screamed, winced in pain, and fell to the ground, breaking her left arm.

The mugger, a tall young man in a gray topcoat, snatched the plastic bag from Mrs. Sharpe and ran to his car—not realizing the nature of his loot.

"I only wish there had been a little more in the bag," said Mrs. Sharpe. *Syracuse Post Standard* (R. Chertow)

• A group of fundamentalist church members in Penfield Township, Michigan, threw their television sets into a roaring bonfire to protest the televised violence and sex they said poisoned their children's minds.

Mrs. Hank Dodson, one of the members of the Church of the Nazarene, said that her eight-year-old son Jimmy would "stand in front of the mirror and fight with himself and act crazy" after watching his favorite television show, "The Six Million Dollar Man." She said Jimmy was upset that he will no longer be able to watch the show, "but he obeys his parents."

The protest burning at the church parking lot was organized by evangelist Paul Wilde.

"I had to censor everything my sons watched," said Mary Lou Bax,

as she threw her \$600 color T.V. set into the flames. "The last show, I heard the word damn."

One church member couldn't wait for the bonfire. He blew out the picture tube of his set with his shotgun. *UPI* (G. Barnett)

• A giant shark that was scheduled to be a delicacy in a fish market in Manila suddenly discouraged prospective buyers when a woman's head popped out of the fish's belly as it was being cut open.

The shark was of the hammer-head variety and weighed about a ton. It had been captured by five fishermen of Cebu Province.

Deeper in the eighteen-foot-long beast's belly were human limbs and the remains of what looked like a dog. *New York Post* (L. Cohen)

• Mrs. Gertrude Winston of Chicago called the police for protection against her husband, who she claimed was coming to get her with a gun. But the police came to her apartment and ended up killing her themselves.

John E. Killacky, chief of the Criminal Investigations Division, blamed the accident on a "tragic series of circumstances."

Three plainclothes investigators arrived at the Winston apartment building. One of them, Thomas Ferry, drew his gun in the first-floor hallway. But his gun slipped from his hand and went off as it hit the floor. The bullet struck another policeman, Joseph L. Digiaco, in the shoulder.

The third policeman, Daniel Fitzgerald, heard the shot and saw Digiaco fall. At the same time, he saw a figure standing in an open second-floor doorway above them, and thinking that this figure had fired the shot, took aim and fired, killing Mrs. Winston.

Fitzgerald claimed that he "looked up and saw a person's arm at the door and shot toward the arm."

Chief Killacky said Fitzgerald reacted as any reasonable policeman would. It all happened in seconds and no disciplinary action would be taken.

Mrs. Winston's husband was still being sought for possessing a .45 caliber pistol. He was also being charged with aggravated incest. *UPI* (M. Schultz)

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# Smokey Robinson A Quiet Storm

Bob Dylan once called him "the world's greatest living poet."

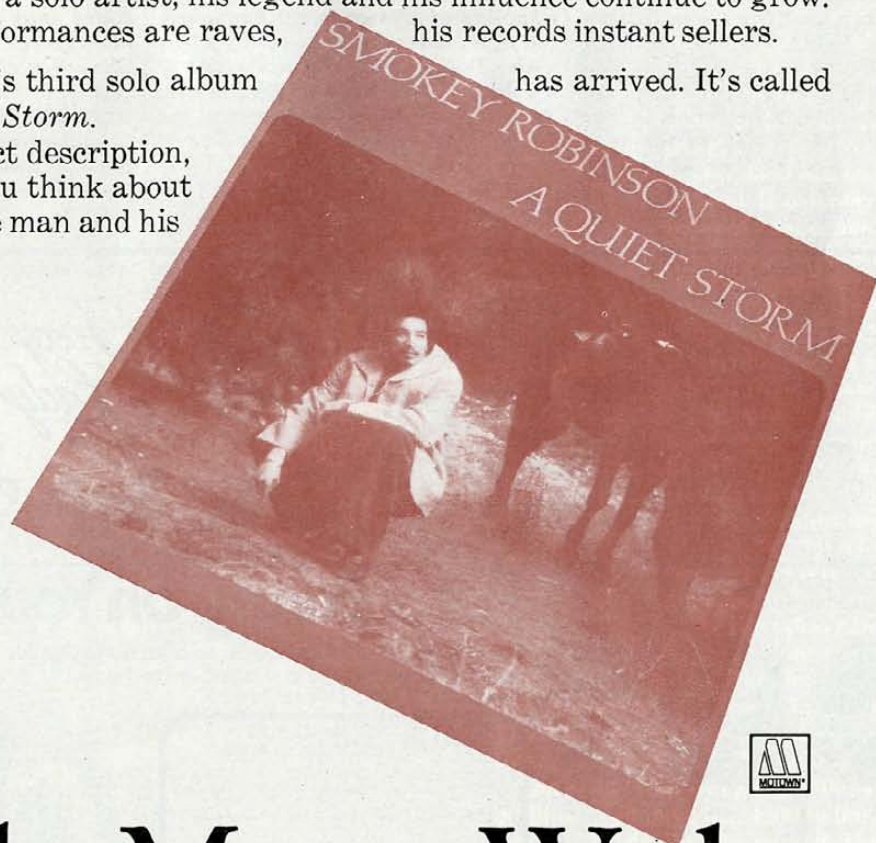
Musically, Smokey Robinson has been no less than a Renaissance man: songwriter, lyricist, performer, producer, record executive. From the formation of the Miracles in the mid-50's, he's been a key architect in a revolution that has transformed popular music.

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Smokey's third solo album has arrived. It's called *A Quiet Storm*.

A perfect description, when you think about it, of the man and his music.



## The Master Works.

And well, as always.



Ladies and gentlemen of the Press, good grief to you all. It is with some evening that I speak to you at this space in time, and for that reason I hope you will forgive me not telling you the little quip about the one-eyed Japanese hooker that I know you have all come to know.

As I'm sure you are aware, things have not been too hunky-dory in what used to be South Vietnam. While I am not blaming Congress for its gutless, chicken-livered, tight-fisted, inhuman, treasonous desertion of our gallant ally Mr. Thieu in the very midst of his fight against democracy, I still say that if we'd pumped a couple of billion more into that place,

we could have kept the war going as long as we liked.

But this is not the time for recriminations against the knock-kneed reds up on the Hill. This is a time for paying our respects to the magnificent, last-ditch struggle put up by the South Vietnamese Army against the millions upon millions of Cong, cowards, collaborators, and downright neutrals who have always made our job over there so difficult. It was their finest hour, or half an hour, ever.

I have here a letter which arrived on my desk a few mornings back, which I think speaks for itself better than any whereforeupon of mine or whatever and wherever it may be.

Shoo Sin Hock  
Near Tiger Gate

Mr. Gerry Ford  
The White Hut  
Washington

Greetings, Mr. President, from your servant Shoo Sin. My hope you continue to prospering threw out the new years. This is not the case with Shoo Sin at present hangs his pointy hat in humble oil drum near by Tiger Gate. Daily seeing the sufferings of the people before his remaining eye. (As he does relates this letters to the scribe his neighbor two cardboard boxes down and one jeep hood to the right has rejoined his ancestors by the agency of a ninety-eight milli-

meter rocket.) It is his hoping that the story he will tell unzippers the eyes for what all happening here since America goes leaves.

Shoo Sin was sent up to Hue to replacement for soldiers missing in action. He repeatedly suggested his superiors that said soldiers are not missing but have redeployed to culverts and experiencing communication difficulties, but is ignored.

As disembarked from plane he surprise to seeing own officers passing him on gangway. Knowing his place is beside of his officers although too late to make reservation for this flight out, Shoo Sin taking up position place with a lots of brave men on landing gear of this aircraft. Most unfortunately before plane can take off many cowardly deserters from Black Panther Division arrive slowly toward plane, heavily burdened with baskets of other people possessions. One of the accursed louts (may his penis turn to a scorpion and crawl up his asshole) close up enough to throw a grenade at plane during take-off. Concussion knocking self wok over chopsticks into nearby convenient piss-filled crater. Cursing their cowardice, Shoo Sin claws his way out of the evil hole and commandeering fire truck which with he hope his path to make through to Saigon with. He finds it would not be so that easy. Roads jammed with fleeing cowards

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The leader. Always has been.

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and Communist infiltrators. Shoo Sin urge to the machine faster faster scattering the milling scum and domestic animals with frequent blast of his powerful air horn. This being too good to last. Rounding a corner only to find the road blocked by human barricaded. Offering of a prayer and his faith in his own determination and the twelve pounding cylinders of the International Harvester engine. It seemed for an instant as if he never to make it, the truck out of controls windshield smeared all with blood so could hardly see, but was some greater Force must have held an interest in keeping Shoo Sin on the road. When windshield clearing enough for him to see by was still barreling toward Saigon.

But the joss is never as it seems. Some one of the dirty hoe-swingers must of push his feet through the radiator because big truck fizz to stop halt some Li down the road and for all sounding of Shoo Sin's shouts would go no further. Things look bad, very bad. Then started look better

when Shoo Sin catch a couple of old bandits looting and arrest them to carry him in order so to save his strength for fighting. The old ones are reluctant to throw away the religious statuary they looter from roadside shrine but doing so quick at Shoo Sin's urging. Sadly one of them proved weak of lung collapse after he but a short distance. The other Shoo Sin obliged himself to shoot for tugging at self's gun arm as emptying that clip into helicopter the cowardly pilot of whom disobeyed signal to land. Shoo Sin proud to saying every shot dead center big Red Cross and had much satisfaction to see whirling bird take a back loop into a storage hut.

Now Shoo Sin eager to grab whatever he can get and more pleased than not when a couple of two little Congs coming over the hill on bicycle. He command them to stop in the name of the republic and of President Thieu and when refused blews the small one off the handle bars by means his M-1. Other Cong losing balance Shoo Sin recovers bicycle from the ditch and

starts self off pedaling quick fast for Saigon. Next some weeks some hell for Shoo Sin. Fighting way onto boats, planes, and even a litter. (Throwing V.C. Commie symp in ditch and tell nuns carry him instead.) Arriving now Saigon after this torturous test of endurance only to find that his brave commanders had again moved on. Next week he follows for Monaco.

That, I think, is a heartbreaking picture of the follies of deserting a proud and brave little half-nation in its darkest quarter of an hour or so. But, as Hank remarked the other day, it is time to let Saigons be bygone. It only remains for me to reiterate once and for all that our chucking South Vietnam down the dumper does not mean that America will not stand behind those countries that bend over to accommodate us. Despite being hamstrung by the backstabbing Maoists in the House and Senate, this Administration did all it could to help tiny, enslaved Vietnam in its moment of truth. We did what any red-blooded industrial giant would do in such a situation: We got every orphan or piece of orphan we could airlift out of that hellhole.

My fellow Americans, we will continue to do what we did in Korea and what we did in Vietnam. And I say to our friends across the world, to both of them, that whenever the Communist menace strikes next, we will be ready to spring. Japan and Israel have nothing to fear. For, in the battle's red glare and through bombs bursting in air, when everything you hold sacred has gone down the tubes and long after our embassies and armies have hauled ass, Uncle Sam will be there to get those orphans out.

And that, providing you play ball and I can remember what I just said, is a promise. Thank you and good night.

*Gervey*

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CHRIS MILLER'S

# CHEMICAL SOLUTIONS



**SIMMONS  
HALL OF  
SCIENCE**

*A boy's adventures in science  
will create tomorrow's america*

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When Barney woke up, it was raining, a steady, impenetrable gray rain that looked as if it would soon have all the houses in the neighborhood floating around with people on the roofs. Shit. So much for his beach plans. Nothing to do but jump back in bed and beat off.

His fantasy concerned Eunice Levine, an overstuffed sophomore who sat across the table from him in study hall and up whose dress he often peered briefly after knocking his pencil on the floor. In his fantasy, however, he got down off the chair, crawled slowly under the table toward Eunice's open legs, and thrust his head between them, craning his neck to reach the shadowy zone beyond the curve of her thighs where there was bush like chestnut Shredded Wheat and the scent of cat food was rampant. *Thwapata-thwapata-thwapata!* Barney arched his back. In the fantasy, his tongue was marveling at the viscosity of Eunice's honey. Whoops, getting close. . . .

"Barney, Mom says to hurry up downstairs or . . ." His sister, Penny, and Grandma pushed through his door. ". . . your breakfast will get—*Awk! Mommy! Daddy! Barney's playing with his penis!*"

"*Oh! Oh my Lord in heaven!*" Grandma staggered against the bookcase, clutching her heart.

Barney dropped his meat and sat straight up in bed, a wave of terror washing over him. *Ho-lee shit!*, he thought, snatching the covers to his waist. Obviously, it was going to be one of those days.

When the doctor had left and Grandma's sedative took effect, he and Penny got to eat breakfast. "When I'm through, could you drive me over to Baldew's house?" Barney asked. Baldew had some new records he wanted to hear.

"No!" bellowed his father. "You just gave your grandmother a heart attack! What the hell do you think this is?"

"Well, it was her fault," Barney yelled back. "She shouldn't have come barging into my room." He turned on Penny. "You're supposed to knock."

"You were *playing* with yourself!" Penny shot back. "How could you *touch* yourself that way? That's what *monkeys* do, at the *zoo!*" She looked over at Mom and Dad. "He was going like this!" Leaning back in her chair, her head at a goofy angle, Penny parodied his beat-off, her little hand a blur above her lap.

"Penny!" barked Mom.

"Yeah?" said Barney. "Well, at least I don't have to stick a *thing* up me each month so *blood* won't run out of me!"

*continued on page 32*

# The new SX-737. So much for so little.



With its extraordinary engineering, advanced design concept and extreme flexibility, Pioneer's new SX-737 AM-FM stereo receiver offers a level of performance that can only be described as awesome.

Its exceptional FM reception is achieved through the use of phase lock loop circuitry, ceramic filters, and a dual-gate MOS FET. So it cleanly and clearly picks up stations that were once just numbers on the dial — without interference.

The SX-737 has more than enough power to satisfy your needs. It delivers 35 watts per channel, minimum continuous power, 20Hz–20kHz, maximum total harmonic distortion 0.5% at 8 ohms. And all of this power is smooth and stable with dual power supplies driving direct-coupled circuitry.

If you equate performance with versatility, you'll find the SX-737

unsurpassed in its price range. It accommodates every listening interest with a complete range of connections for two pairs of speakers, turntable, tape decks (with tape-to-tape duplication), headphones and microphone. And it offers an exclusive Recording Selector that lets you record FM while listening to records, or vice versa.

All of this performance requires the proper controls to handle it. And the SX-737 gives you the kind of control mastery you deserve. Click-stop tone controls . . . high/low filters . . . loudness control . . . dual tuning meters . . . and FM muting.

The SX-737 is only \$399.95 — including a walnut cabinet. If, by chance, you're looking for even more power and additional features, the

SX-838 is \$499.95. Both deliver the awesome level of performance that is typical of Pioneer excellence.

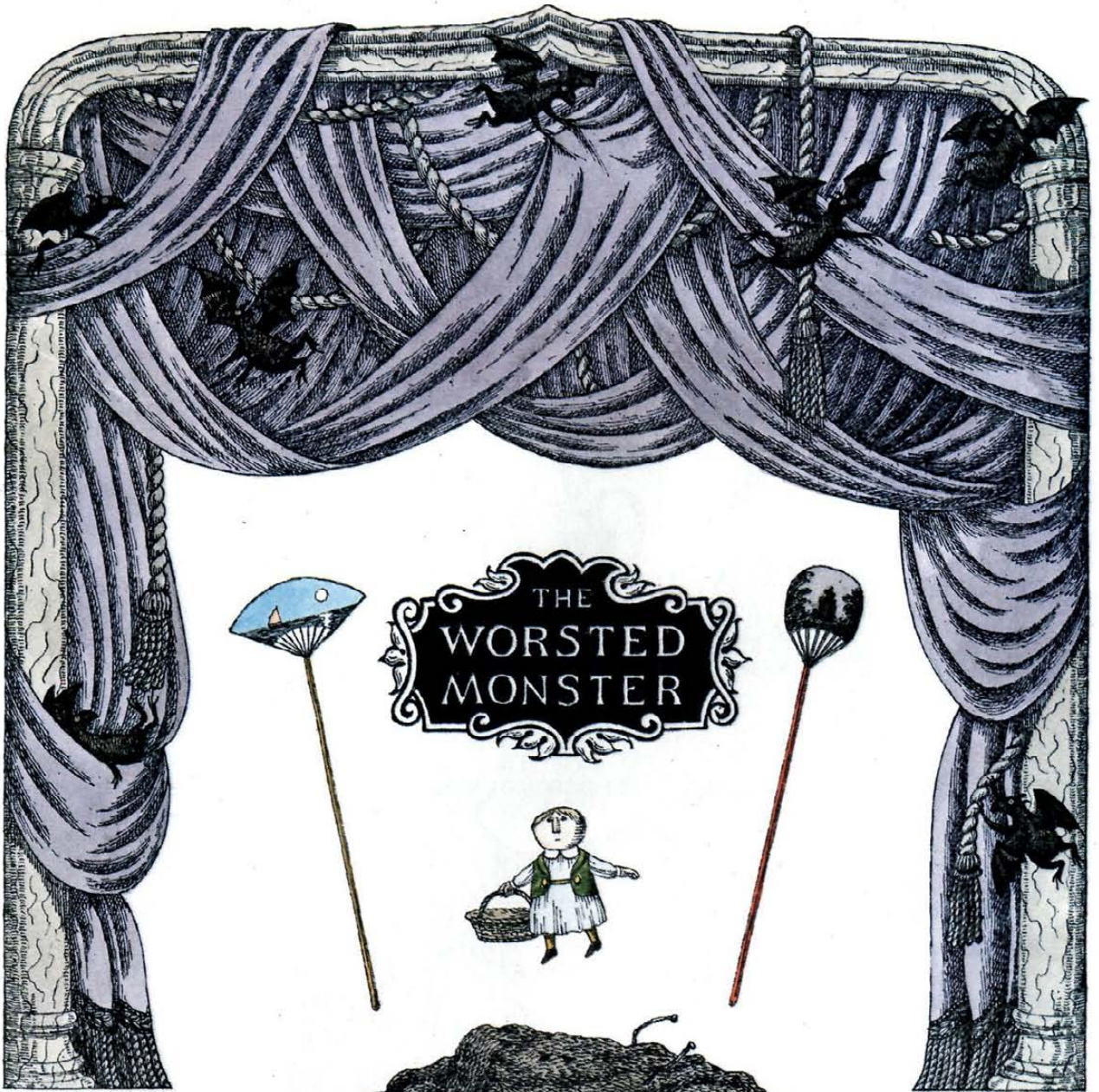
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Greenleaf, Elk Grove Village, Ill.  
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Specifications	SX-737	SX-838
FM Sensitivity	1.9 $\mu$ V	1.8 $\mu$ V
Selectivity	60 dB	80 dB
Capture Ratio	1.0 dB	1.0 dB
S/N Ratio	70 dB	70 dB
Power	35 Watts per channel, minimum continuous power, 20-20,000 Hz, with maximum total harmonic distortion 0.5% at 8 ohms.	50 Watts per channel, minimum continuous power, 20-20,000 Hz, with maximum total harmonic distortion 0.3% at 8 ohms.

SX-838 AM-FM Stereo Receiver



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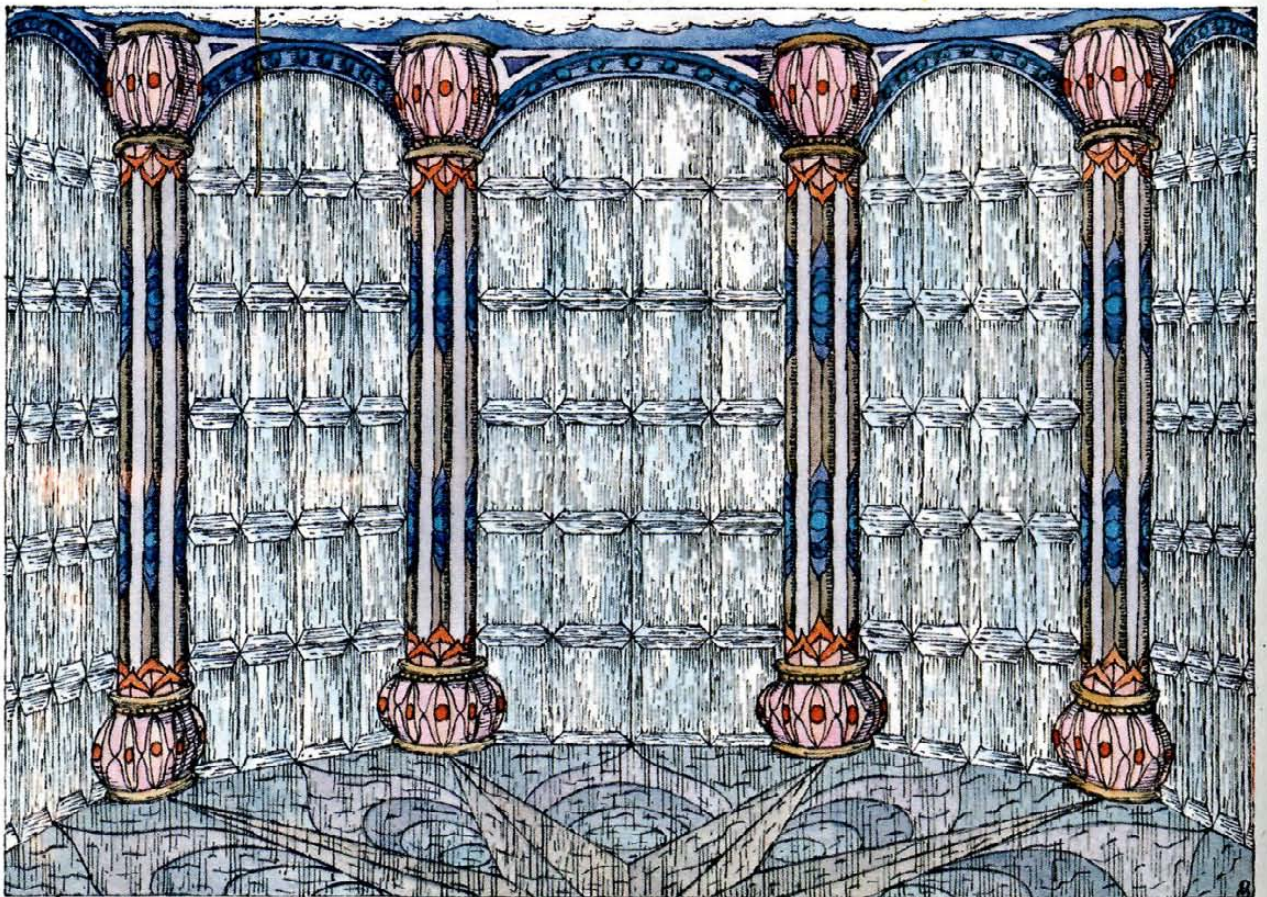
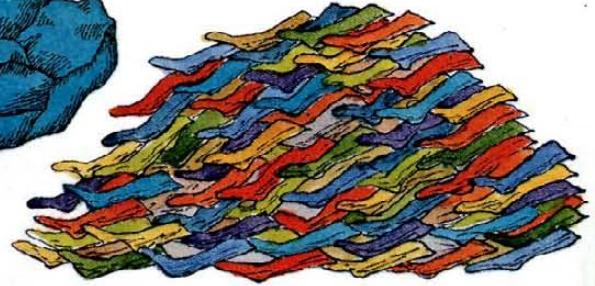
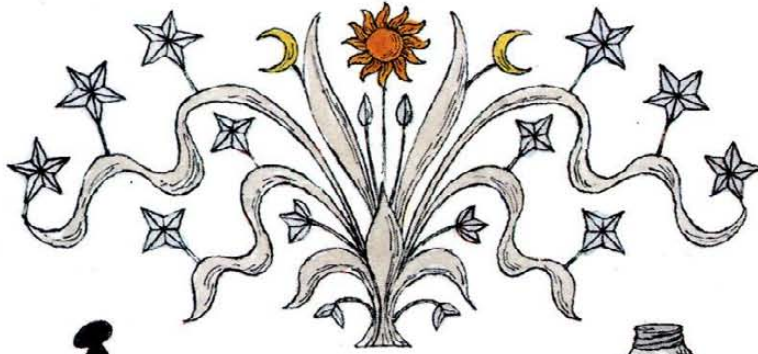
Erinnerung

Ewigkeit









# THE WORSTED MONSTER

by Edward Gorey

Eduard Blutig's  
*Das Strickenscheusal*  
Melodrama in Three Acts and a Prologue  
Translated from the German  
and Adapted for the Nursery by  
Mrs. Regeera Dowdy

(This work has also been played at diverse times under the titles *The Frightful Forest*, *Hermann and Thusnelda*, *If You Haven't, Don't*, and *The Yellow String*.)

Decor and costumes after those of the original production by O. Müde; proscenium after that of the private theater in Schloss Schlosse where it took place.

THE PLACE: Syringia.

THE TIME: The close of the reign of Harold the Hectic.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE:

The Infant Isinglass  
Zucchini, a Disgraced Gamekeeper  
Grenadine, a Betrayed Lace-Mender  
Macadamia, a Marchioness  
Basil, a Professor of Rhetoric  
The Oracular Watering Can  
The Worsted Monster

## PROLOGUE

*The edge of the Fearful Wood*

*The Infant Isinglass enters and rushes from side to side of the stage several times.*

*The Infant Isinglass*

Why can't I find some pretty flow'rs?  
I have been looking here for hours;  
But nothing grows except for weeds  
That no one either wants or needs.  
O fie!

*[He bounces about in a fit of pique and then stops as an indescribable noise is heard off]*

But what's that horrid noise?

It's louder now. It quite destroys  
One's equilibrium and poise.  
I can't say why, but yet I fear;  
'Twould not be wise to linger here.

*[He does not move. The Worsted Monster slides in noiselessly, passes in front of the Infant Isinglass, obliterating him completely, and slides out again, leaving an empty stage]*

## ACT I

*The Grotto of the Offended Goddess*

*A blue gloom prevails.*

*Enter Zucchini*

*Zucchini*

The sun's not risen, and the day  
Has not begun to make its way  
Irrevocably to the past.  
But that is something cannot last:  
It will come up.

*[The light suddenly turns bright pink]*

You see, it did;

It's time I went away and hid.

*[He does. Basil enters opposite]*

*Basil*

My tiny, precious, wayward charge  
Has been for some time now at large;  
And recently I've come to fear  
He may completely disappear.  
In which case I must also too,  
For there is nothing else to do.

*[He does. Macadamia enters opposite]*

*Macadamia*

I have not come here much of late  
To ponder and to meditate.  
I think perhaps I'll do so now.  
As though I were a wading cow.  
But who approaches on the path?  
They soon shall feel my haughty wrath.

*[Enter Grenadine]*





*Grenadine*

O pity me! It all took place  
While I was busy mending lace.

*Macadamia*

My dear, I understand your plight;  
We'll find a way to put it right.

[*Zucchini and Basil present themselves*]

*Grenadine*

The one who ruined me—ahem—  
Is sadly neither one of them.

[*The Oracular Watering Can trundles in*]

*The Oracular Watering Can*

If I were you, I should not take  
The pathway leading to the lake.

*Macadamia*

Ere we depart, what I must do  
Is change my costume for Act Two.

ACT II

*The Fearful Wood*

[*Unfortunately, only the close of this act remains extant*]

*Macadamia*

Now we have won, I'll go and see  
What I can change to for Act Three.

ACT III

*The Great Gallery of Hailstone Hall*

*Basil and Zucchini enter, pushing a heap of subfusc yarn,  
followed by Macadamia and Grenadine*

*Basil*

The news to everywhere has travell'd  
The Worsted Monster's been unravell'd  
By our combined efforts;

*Zucchini*

And

The village has sent out the band;

[*Something from Meyerbeer is heard in the distance*]

*Basil*

And placed apotheosisist-  
Ic objects that cannot be missed  
In spots strategic on the grounds.

*Zucchini*

They give out strange, melodious sounds  
When stumbled over in the dance.

*Macadamia*

But now we must take up the chance  
For knitting up a grand surprise:

*Grenadine*

You all will not believe your eyes.  
[*Macadamia and Grenadine exit with the heap of  
subfusc yarn and instantly return with a pile of  
brilliantly coloured socks*]

*Macadamia*

We'll send them to the parish jumble  
Where they'll be purchased by the humble  
To warm and decorate their feet.

*Basil*

Our triumph now is thus complete.

*Macadamia*

But for myself, it makes me sick  
You are involved with rhetoric.

*Basil*

You need not be, my dearest, since  
In truth I am a Royal Prince.

[*He unfastens his tunic and displays the crown  
tattooed on his chest. Huzzahs from all*]

*Zucchini and Grenadine*

And as for us, we'll emigrate  
At once to some subtropic state.

[*The Oracular Watering Can lurches in*]

*The Oracular Watering Can*

New socks the Infant Isinglass  
Will not be needing now, alas.

[*Crash of thunder, the stage goes dark, and to  
miscellaneous screams the curtain falls*]

Production Note

There are a variety of ways—utilizing pins, toothpicks, paper clips, clothespins, library paste, mucilage, rubber cement, jam—of putting the theater together, all of them equally unsatisfactory. Besides, you will find the play itself is quite unplayable, and you had much better shut yourself in a closet with a flashlight and imagine the whole thing going on inside your head.

However, if you persist in attempting a production, multicolored sequins can be pasted on the various characters, and on the sets, for that matter, at your discretion. As to lighting, a three-way bulb (50-100-150) may be helpful in bringing the play to a wholly specious climax.





# Jim Stafford. Not just another pretty foot.



Jim Stafford, not just another . . . ?

Bombing down the highway, there was suddenly this tongue-in-cheek voice hinting antics of teenage lust with "Spiders And Snakes." That was Jim Stafford. Further on down the road, and some months later, a tune put a lot of cars in the ditch from drivers leaning into the speaker to catch the meaning of "My Girl Bill." Back home, grinning, tuned in to his swamp-drawl recital of the tale of "Wildwood Weed," it seemed that radio had recognized tall tales and true once again. That was Jim Stafford.

I guess in the midst of heavy meaning and bopper-pop-pap, he was viewed as a novelty (inferring fad, inferring it would all wear off quickly). I never felt that way. I believed him when he said he was "... sittin' on a sack of seeds."

So he now has a new album called "Not Just Another Pretty Foot" and now I know I was right. This album proves Jim to be anything but a novelty. He can tell a story like no other, scare the chuckles out of you, let you see the honest fear of stardom in "I Can't Find Nobody Home", and like everyone else that has heard it, you'll find yourself singing "I Got Stoned And I Missed It" at any opportune time of day. This IS Jim Stafford. Not just another pretty foot.

Now that this little piggie is on the market, you can stomp along with Jim's "Foot" for some time to come.

—Jay Telfer

The second album from a star.



**JIM  
STAFFORD**

(M3G4984)



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MGM  
RECORDS

on MGM Records & Tapes

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Penny clapped both hands over her mouth, her eyes bulging like tiny balloons. "What you said!"

"Barney, haven't you done enough for one morning?" Mom glared at him.

"You're not going anywhere today," ruled his father. "God damn it, you're in the dog house!"

"Fred," said Mom. "Language."

"Oh, well, Christ." Dad returned to his paper.

After breakfast, Penny seized the phone and held it like an heroic, outnumbered platoon. Outmaneuvered, Barney went to the living room and tried to play some records.

"Hey! Turn off that jigaboo music!" roared his father. "I'm reading!"

He went upstairs to his room and started a comic book.

"Rrreeeeeeeeeee," went the vacuum his mother began to push through the bedrooms.

God damn it! Barney threw down the comic and stamped downstairs to the basement. There, at least, he could be alone. A dank, atmospheric locale of fine, earthy smells and occasional mysterious scurrings in darkened far corners, the basement was Barney's retreat. Oh, Mom would hang clothes down here sometimes in the winter, and Dad would come down to change a fuse or exhort the oil burner, but, for the most part, it was his turf. Penny never came down here. "Ick," she would say about it. So, good. He sat down in the corner he'd fixed up, in the old easy chair beneath the great gilt-framed portrait of somebody's St. Bernard that he had salvaged last year from a garage can.

What a morning. Nothing was ever right in Barney's life. Being thirteen-and-a-half shat. For instance, he

wanted desperately to get laid. Hell, he was afraid even to try for tit. It would be years before he got to do any of that stuff. Meanwhile, here he was living with these people. Grandma and Penny didn't appreciate him or show him any respect. Grandma was always spying on him, in her suspicious senile fashion, and Penny never stopped making fun of him. And Mom and Dad—they were so square they didn't understand anything. He bet every other kid in Nozzlin had cooler parents than he did.

Outside, the rain fell on, drumming against the basement's few, high windows. Gradually, the sound soothed him. Too bad he hadn't brought some comics down with him; he could read now. Well, what should he do? His eyes drifted about the room and lit on his chemistry set. He hadn't messed with his chemistry set in months. Why not?

He settled into the wooden chair before his chemistry table and regarded the set lovingly. He'd always had chemistry sets, having started with a Gilbert Jr. when he was seven, traded up to the larger Gilbert Boys' Chemistry Experiment Lab at ten, and graduated to the Deluxe Gilbert Career-Building Master Chemist's Laboratory on his twelfth birthday. It was gorgeous. Unfolding to a five-sectioned spread, the metal box contained so much different stuff it made his head spin. Three of the sections were shelved and held bottle after bottle of fabulous chemical substances. Strontium chloride! Blue nickle ammonium sulfate! The ever-popular powdered charcoal, for gunpowder and stink bombs. Sodium thiosulfate, whose great, glistening crystals looked like huge salt. Logwood! What the

hell was logwood? He'd never figured that out. Then there was equipment: test tubes in their wooden rack; an alcohol burner; the molecular model building kit with its connecting sticks and balls that made actual models of real compounds; little boxes of sulfide test papers and weight units, peeping from their cardboard niches, their gay, decorative fronts bearing designs of beakers, retorts, and Florence flasks. Glass tubing for glass blowing! Two-holed stoppers!! Barney loved that chemistry set.

He decided to start by burning some powdered magnesium. Lighting the alcohol burner, he let the fine, metallic powder drift from his fingertips into the flame, where it made a thousand brilliant points of light, a brief, tiny galaxy for his viewing pleasure. Shit, he was almost out of the stuff; better save the rest. Should he whip up a few precipitates? Trigger a supersaturated solution into abrupt crystalline solidity? Create a stink? Peruse the stained, torn instruction manual for something new? No, he still felt like exploding things. Perhaps a little glycerine on potassium permanganate? The very thing!

He poured a small heap of the purple crystals into his mortar, whose bottom was blackened from many previous burns, and whose pestle was long since broken. Jesus, the glycerine was almost gone, too; he poured a long goober of it onto the crystals, replaced the glycerine in its rack, and bent to watch the fireworks. The little fuckers always took a few seconds to catch . . . there, the reaction had started. Little violet flares were leaving the heap of crystals, then more, until the whole thing was sputtering, flashing, and popping like an exploding armory, seen from the air.

Suddenly and startlingly, with a loud crack, the mortar split neatly in half. Purple fire spilled onto wood. *Oops*, thought Barney, and stood up fast, almost upsetting the table. But he knew what to do. The bucket of damp sand had sat to the right of his chemistry table since his first alcohol burner. He grabbed a double handful of the stuff and smushed it down on the dancing purple flares. The reaction snuffed instantly. Nonetheless, he pressed down on the sand for several minutes, waiting for his heart to stop pounding. Finally, he scraped the muck into his waste bucket, where it gave one desultory sputter and lay still.

Shit. That had really scared him. The test tube rack had fallen over and the set itself was half off the table. He righted the rack and stood the set in its accustomed spot. But

continued on page 44



"I'm not very hungry, but I sure could use a drink."

S. GROSS

illustrated by Joyce McDonald



## The LITTLE BITTIES

BY R.J. O'ROURKE

OF all the things the Ittie Bitties liked about where they lived, in the field between the big houses, their very favorite thing was the broad street lined with trees. Beside this street, every day, there appeared large sheets of colorful paper, huge containers with delicious beverages at the bottom, giant chunks of tasty foods, and many other useful and attractive things. Once Hippiie found a large bag of sweet-smelling plant leaves and sat inside it for three days. Another time the Negro found a gun, and when the Ittie Bitties all worked together they could pull its trigger, so they all got new coats made out of cat fur.

But one day Homo went to the street to look for cellophane to make a new body shirt and came running back right away. "Nothing good has fallen by the street!" he said angrily. "In fact, nothing at all has fallen by

the street!"

"Nothing at all?!" cried the little people, very upset. And they all ran to the street to look. Homo was right. There was nothing by the side of the street, just grass and old trees. "What has happened?!" cried the Ittie Bitties.

The Lawyer, who could read, walked up and down the street and said, "The big people have written a sign which says that putting good things on the street will now be very expensive."

"How terrible!" said Homo.

"And how sad for the big people, too," said Hippiie, who was very kindly.

All the Ittie Bitties looked gloomy except Arab, who, taking a long look at the field where they lived, said, "I have an idea!" Then he gathered all the Ittie Bitties together and they began to whisper.

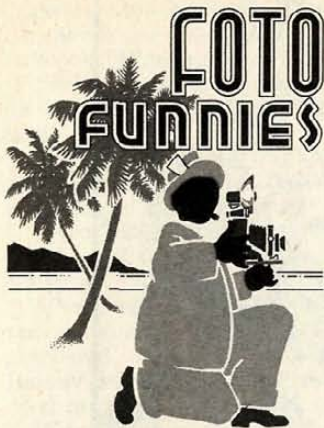
The next night the Ittie Bitties, led by Arab and the Lawyer, walked to the big people's town and went inside

the County Records Office. There they worked busily all night, climbing in and out of filing cabinets, jumping on typewriter keys, and mopping envelope flaps with a wet Q-Tip. When they were all done, the little folk went home and went to sleep. They were very tired.

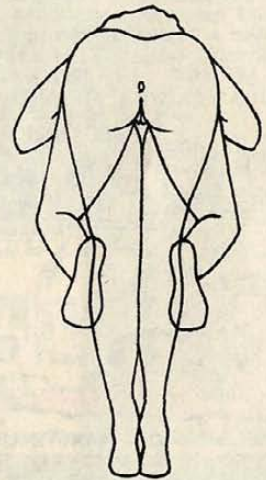
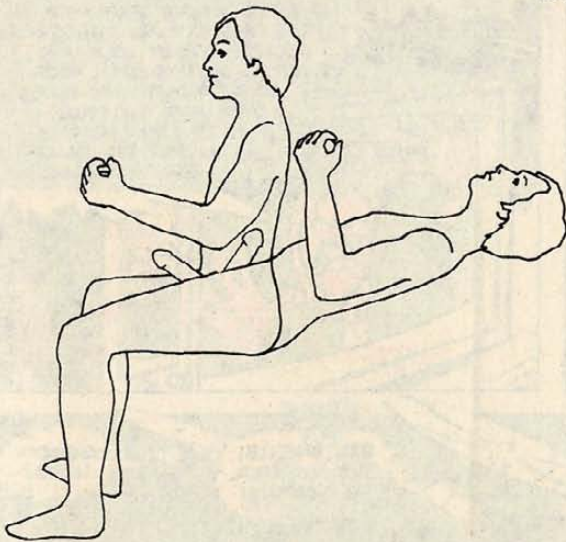
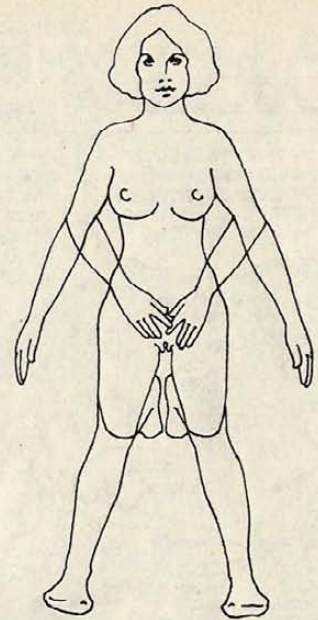
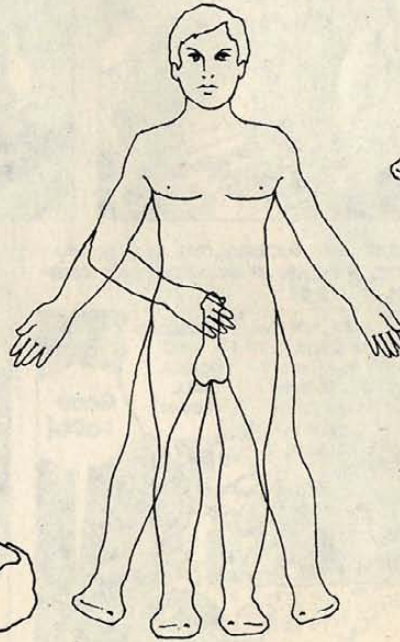
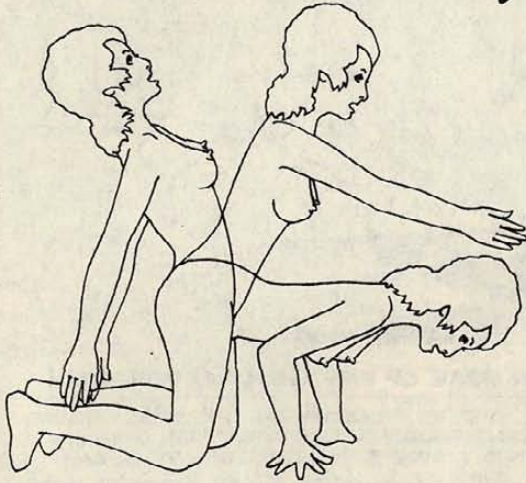
Only a few days later, some big people came to the empty field and started digging and hauling and stacking one thing on top of another. And a month had not gone by before, once again, the Ittie Bittie's street was filled with good things to eat and drink and trade for rings and beads from the big houses.

"What a good idea that was," said the Negro to Arab, "to sell the empty field to the Scottish man!"

"Yes!" cheered Hippiie. "And next, let's help the Ittie Bitties who live by the river get their pretty oil slick back, so we'll all be toasty warm this winter!"



# P.J.'s E-Z TRACEM Home Pornograph



## Simple Instructions

Why shell out 50 cents under the counter at the local Lunch-and-Drug when you can pay twice as much for this magazine and spend hours having to draw your own porn at home? Frankly, it beats me (even if Mr. Ruebovitch does try to get you behind the squirt gun rack and juggle your baby beans). But, anyway, here's the makings for hours of pointless prurience, and all you need is a sheet of semitransparent paper. Trace two, three, four, or more of these vigorous young people in any number of positions. Flop your drawing over for added postures.

This month's Special Bonus Tip: **Homosexuality.**

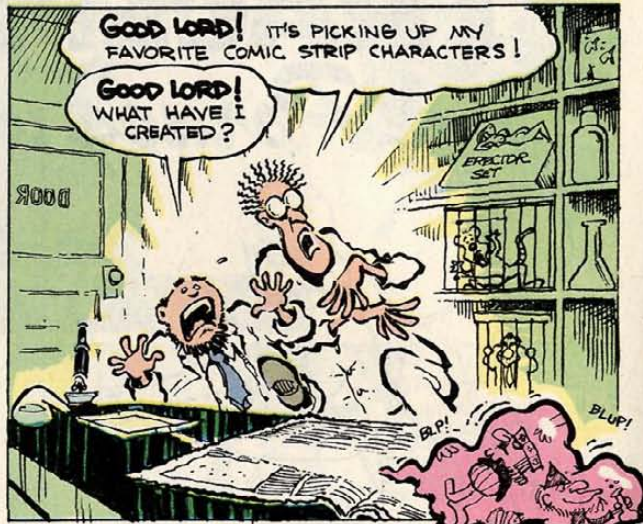
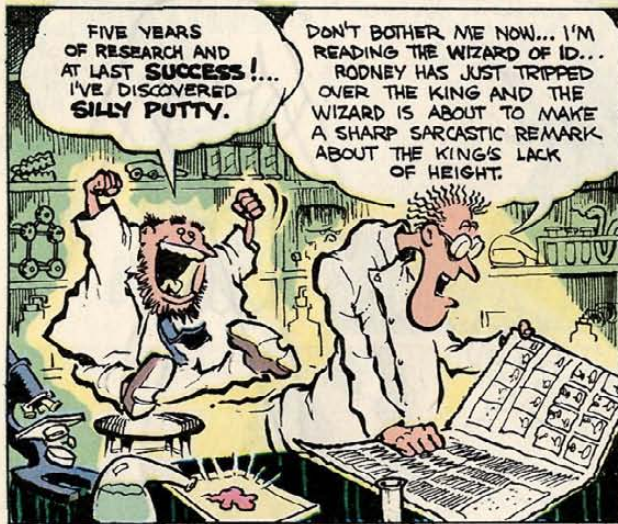
## Reader's Corner



By Caroline Dodson, Age 9, of Lancaster, Pennsylvania

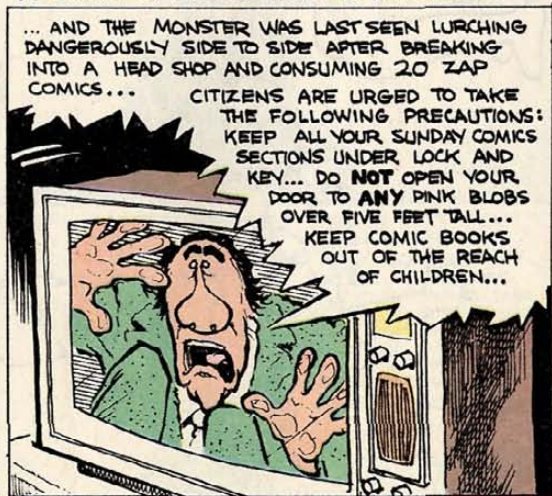
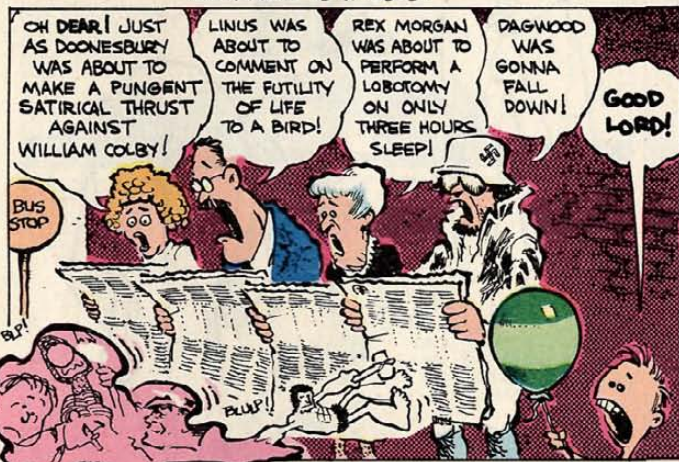
# SILLY PUTTY COMICS

WRITERS: STINE WINER  
& KARL-TIEDMANN  
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STEVE MILLER

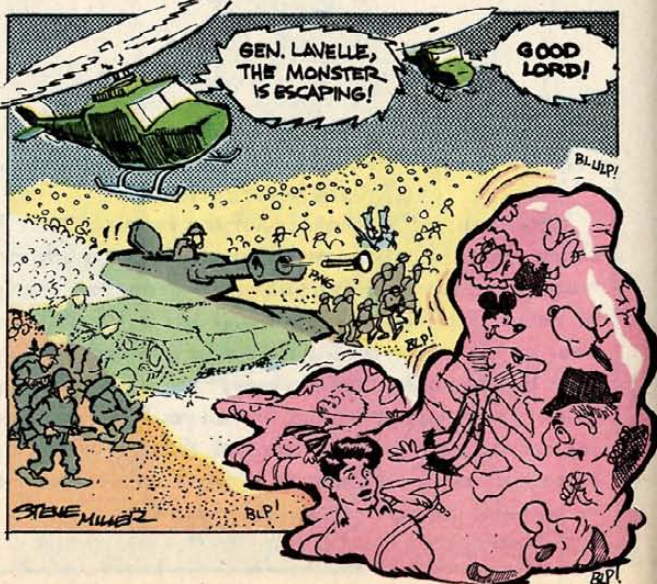
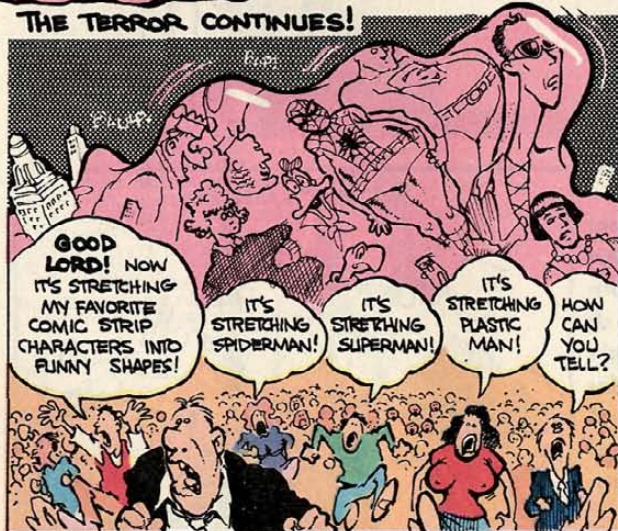


HAVING BROKEN OUT OF THE LABORATORY, THE SILLY PUTTY RAMPAGES THROUGH CITY STREETS, PICKING UP FAVORITE COMIC STRIP CHARACTERS AS IT GOES!

A STATE OF EMERGENCY IS DECLARED!

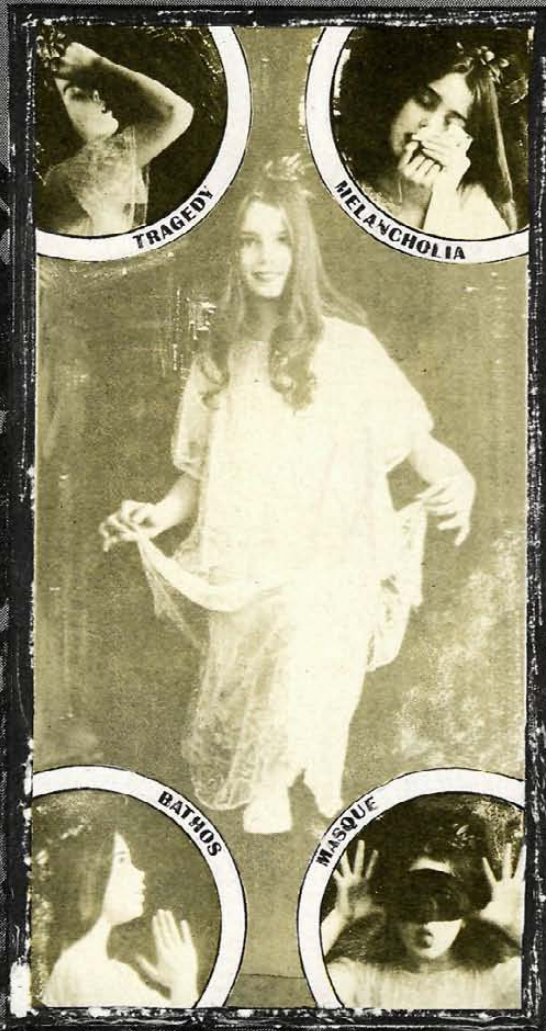


THE TERROR CONTINUES!



# THE 20TH CENTURY HOME ORATOR

Healthy Parlour Entertainments  
both Histrionic and Pathetic



EVERY TOWN AN ATHENS

Including:  
Drama,  
Drills & Tableaux  
with Old Time  
Costumes

For all Holidays,  
Patriotic Gatherings,  
and Occasional Jolly-Ups

Also: Recitations,  
Tragico-Dramatic  
Readings,  
Melodeclamations,  
Ripostes

# PREFACE

"The play's the thing, to jolly the spirits of kith and King!"

—from the Shakespeare

**A**T this writing in the year 1908—looking back on the tremendous strides in civilization made by man in the last hundred years—even the most wide-awake lad or quick girl may despair at making their "mark" on the Twentieth Century. This is a common error of our time, and an error further compounded by a preference for "French" over the classics, and flimsy stereopticons, zoetropes, and "magic" lanterns over Mr. Poe's meaty "volumes of...lore."

But fashion still withers before the ancient power of *oratory*, the same power, known both to Socrates and Mr. Bryan, that raised great armies and moved fully-bearded men to tears. Indeed, as the Steam Age chugs gloriously onward, the wise youth will attend to his *oratory as closely as a boiler's monkey watches over his brass behemoth*. The *Declamatory Arts are the priceless key to opportunity and advancement*, whether on the stage, rostrum, or back parlour with the doors shut. Now, with the publication of this complete digest of home oratorical pieces, the realms of culture are open to all!

By *oratory*, the Publishers take pains here to emphasize, we do not mean prettified, high-flown phrases or bombastic cheek, but the simple sentiments of a simple heart, artless and pure as a finely-embroidered anti-macassar or petit-point tobacco-cozy.

The following selections, culled with no little meticulous care from the great recitations of history, are the best today available both in moral sublimity and aesthetic amplitude. With practice, any selection herein may be mastered and performed with impunity before friends, close relatives, unexpected Sunday visitors, and weather-stranded neighbors.

**NOTE TO BEGINNERS:** The proper method of delivering an oration—whether it be designed to arouse Greek Senators in the *agora* or Uncle Ted on the davenport—is with the weight on the forward foot. The head and carriage should be held quite erect, with voice projecting far into the rafters, kitchen, or what-have-you. After a recital at the Boston State House, the world-renowned Miss Emma Parkerhouse Roll was asked how she achieved such projection. "Whenever I have an address to give at the State House," she replied, "I always declaim directly at the Sacred Cod!"

*Elocution* is simply the pronunciation of words. Disagreeable speech habits may be overcome if attention is paid to the *consonants* of each word. Consonants are often said to be "the handmaidens of the vowels," and act as a sort of cradle to the softer, helpless *a, e, i, o, u*, and *oo* sounds. Moreover, vowels themselves are much like a fine lawn, which must be surrounded by a sturdy hedge of consonants to achieve its full verdure. If a young speaker, through sloth or fashion, allows the hedge to ramble unpruned, the entire grounds or recitation looks as messy as it sounds. **SAMPLE EXERCISE:** Repeat: *T, t, t, t, t, t, t.*

*The 20th Century Home Orator* is fortunate to have obtained the services of Miss Emma Parkerhouse Roll for her famous Life Poses. Already, at the age of ten years, Miss Roll has matriculated from the Athol Conservatory of Dramatic Tableaux and has performed her repertory before huge audiences, including President Taft.

In addition, we thank the original publishers of the following speeches for permitting them once again to see the light of day: "The Kaiser and the Maid," "Horatio's Last Stand," "How Lincoln Got His Beard," "Taking Off Chicago Girls," "The Dying Drummer Boy," "The Frozen Bootblack," "The Husking Bee," "Lady Snobbington's Furbelow (A Farce)," "Laddie Spare Tha' Toad," "Sermon on Sermons," "Down India Way," and "Hearth of Mirth."

Most respectfully,  
THE PUBLISHERS

## PATHETIC VERSE THE ORPHANS' HOLIDAY

(Best when played by a young boy or small lad in ragged jacket with pile of newspapers.)

I hear folks say us orphans  
Are kinder like lost souls,  
With little frayed wool sweaters  
An' cardboard boots with holes.

"They ain't got no Dad or Mother!"  
The cruel lads smirk and taunt,  
"So let's bag them 'till they snother,  
And wheedle sweets from Aunt."

An' off they go like lightnin',  
Our pants aloft on sticks;  
And little profit orphan boys  
Who kick against the pricks.

But once a year, my listeners,  
The Keeper lets us out  
To frolic way past sundown,  
To caper, skip, and shout.

For when the clock strikes midnight  
The first warm night in May,  
The Keeper marks the openin'  
Of the Orphans' Holiday!

He marks it plain, I'll warrant,  
By blasts upon his horn,  
Then dresses us in rubber socks  
And butters us like corn.

Then Kitchen Kate strikes up her pot  
And marches us outside,  
(The torches make the swellest light  
Upon our glis'nin' hide.)

But that's only the beginning,  
(The party lasts all night!)  
Soon Tattered Tod and Pauper Pat  
Will take on Tyke and Dwight.

The Keeper urges from behind,  
"Onward, Ragged Dick!

All the way to water's edge  
For business in the crick."

And busy-ness is good that eve,  
(A New One nearly drowned.)  
With yips and yaps and yipes and yelps,  
And helps from Keeper's hound.

Then Keeper snuffs the lights out,  
We pair off chum by chum  
To mount the rude stone altar,  
And a New One on his tum.

Then someone sings a "rouser"  
And we jump up good as new  
'Til neighbors come a-pounding,  
And want to join in too.

"Hurrah for Cook and Keeper!"  
Consumptive Carl exclaims,  
"Toss me your cakes-and-icing,  
Only one more hour remains!"

Then it's free-for-all, and all-on-one!  
'Til breech of peach or day;  
(And tho' police seem strict and stern,  
They often choose to stay.)

So if I'm kinder tatty  
And ratty at the sleeves,  
And sell these day-old papers  
In footwear made of leaves,

Just purchase, do not pity,  
My tardy journals here,  
For even luckless fellows  
As me can snatch some cheer.

O, folks 'll say we're mournful,  
An' churls won't let us play,  
But I know boys and girls  
Who've murdered  
For an Orphans' Holiday!

—Biff Pomeroy

## HOLIDAY RECITATIONS & OCCASIONAL SNIPPETS THE LEGEND OF THE EASTER EGGS

(A true story.)

**IT** WAS on the first Good Friday  
When He suffered Pilate's shame,  
From Heaven there descended  
A dove as white as flame.

And as the Roman soldiers  
Raised the tree of wood,  
The doughy dove dove downward  
To peck their eyeballs good.

The Roman bowmen cruelly shot  
An arrow through its head,  
And went about their awful work,  
The birdie left for dead.

But Life still throbbed within its heart,  
Tho' wounds it suffered much,  
The dove defied their dastard dart  
And laid a wondrous clutch.

For in a lowly sepulcher,  
As its last act on earth.

To a dozen eggs enrainbow'd  
The martyred bird gave birth.

The skies were gray and leaden  
The three days that it took  
For the Tomb to open,  
And sunlight warm the nook.

And then the eggs a-trembled,  
And split and cracked and out  
Hopped an Easter bunny  
With wings and pecking snout.

So, if on Easter Sunday,  
We sin with oath or lie,  
The dead dove's eggs will open  
To blind each evil eye.

*The Tomb is now a grotto  
Where Time and Virtue begs  
There carved be the motto:  
"This is My Body, Birdie, and Eggs."  
—Rev. Elibee Beecher Meete*

## FOURTH OF JULY RECITATION HUZZAH FOR THE FLAG

(Also suitable for Christian Endeavor meetings.)

**H**uzzah for the flag!  
Three cheers for her bars!  
Hip hip for her flagpole  
And forty-five stars!

From Manila to Yorktown  
Her glorious hues  
I have tinted the planet  
With the red-white-and-blues!

Forty-five states,  
Forty-five stars,

Puerto Rico and Cuba  
Will get theirs, and Mars!

So strike up the banner,  
Invite to our dance  
Unorganized territories,  
Alaska and France!

Here, come and hold it,  
Huzzah and hooray!  
Salute it, and fold it,  
And put it away.

—Horatio Alger Hiss





## NARCISSA'S TOILET

### TEMPERANCE SELECTIONS

#### THE DRUNKARD'S KISS

(A Melodeclamation in four voices.)

*Dramatis Personae:* The Drunkard  
A Pretty Maid  
Her Father: a wealthy farmer  
Son of Temperance

Drunkard (to the Maid):

**M**y nose, alas, is rainbow-hued.  
I'm red and rheumy-eyed.  
As you can plainly see, I'm stewed.  
Moreover, I am fried.  
I am what decent folks deplore  
And audiences hiss.  
Their wise remonstrances ignore.  
Accept a Drunkard's Kiss!

Maid (extending arm in gesture of rejection):

O do not touch me, Sir,  
For you are in your cups.  
Your breath recalls the newspaper  
We put down for the pups.  
I'll own my lips are sweet as pears.  
To peck them might be bliss.  
But you shall not! They are for prayers!  
And not a Drunkard's Kiss.

Father (enters shaking fist):

Desist at once, you man-of-sorts,  
Or I shall raise a shout.  
What you require are Christian sports,  
Ice-bathing, and the knout.  
I did not raise this pretty child  
To be your cockatrice.  
Avaunt, avaunt, you thing defiled,  
I damn your Drunkard's Kiss.

Drunkard (rubbing his temples):

Consider, pray, my shattered nerves  
If not your own, old boy;  
And recollect, if mem'ry serves,  
You are in my employ.  
O yes, to ev'ry horse and cow  
By stealth and artifice  
I have secured the title. Now!  
About that Drunkard's Kiss?

Father (falls insensible to the ground.)

Maid (weeping):

O Father, you are hap'ly dead.  
Would I were dead as well.  
For when your soul to Héaven sped  
My life became a Hell.  
Drunk Sir, come taste me while I'm young.  
(That it should come to this!)  
Come buss me—you may use the tongue.  
Inflict thy Drunkard's Kiss!

(Enter Son of Temperance, who strikes the Drunkard until the latter falls.  
The Father rises and assists enthusiastically, pausing only to remove certain  
papers from the Drunkard's waistcoat.)

Son of Temperance:

Unlike this spawn of swamp and fen,  
Of fuming jakes and sew'r.  
My strength is as the strength of ten  
Because my heart is pure.  
Thank Jesu I was heré to save  
You from his orifice.  
Diseases, Madness, and The Grave  
Attend a Drunkard's Kiss.

Maid (kneeling):

O we are saved! And so's the farm!  
I've much to thank you for.  
Your arm is not unlike The Arm  
Of God. I might say more,  
But pure girls don't make overtures.  
We hint, however, viz.:  
I'm kneeling and my mouth is yours,  
Unstained by Drunkard's Kiss.

(The Son of Temperance is rewarded.)

Drunkard (from the floor):

Ye who to be struck blind are loathe  
Or deaf or dumb or halt,  
Abominate all liquors both  
Spirituuous and malt.

(He goes mad.)

I think I hear the devils sing  
From out of the abyss.

(He produces flask.)

A bottle is the only thing  
That ever Drunkards Kiss.

(The Drunkard drains his flask as the others present avert their eyes in  
horror. Freeze. Tableau. Slow curtain.)

—T. Swayze Mayer



## RIDICULE

### DRAMATIC NARRATIVES

#### THE LEPER AND THE PRINCE

**A** prince rode out one morning  
To scan his father's wood,  
His bridle flashed of agate's eye,  
The stallion's mane ensnood.

He rode through dappled sunlight  
Neath canopies of green,  
A ruby at his throat he wore  
And britches of sateen.

As skylarks darted here and there,  
 And flung their song pell-mell,  
 His steed's sharp ears pricked up in air  
 At the tinkling of a bell.

And tinkling in the crossroads  
 Was a leper from the hills;  
 His knotted frame clad all in rags,  
 His voice was cracked and shrill:

"Forgive this rude obstruction,  
 My Liege," the leper begged,  
 "My crutch has met destruction,  
 And I am poorly pegged."

"So if you'll be so kind, Sir Prince,"  
 He heard the vagrant say,  
 "Pray toss a coin o' stuff that glints,  
 And I'll crawl on me way."

"No clinking coins can sweetly trill,  
 Sirrah," the prince opined.  
 "Nor rubies buy this swarded rill,  
 Nor purchase peace of mind."

"For riches are not cloistered  
 In counting house or bank;  
 'Tis God Who lent this beauty,  
 'Tis God we all shall thank."

"At last my eyes are opened!"  
 Croaked the wretch supine,  
 "I'd stand and bow, my worthy prince,  
 If I'd a working spine!"

"Coins of gold are tinsel,  
 In Nature joys reside;  
 To thank thee for thy counsel  
 One handclasp ere you ride."

Much moved by this humble speech,  
 The gnarled-up hand he took,  
 Three rabbits and a pigeon  
 From the leper's sleeve he shook.

"I see ye've been a-poaching,"  
 The prince the leper smote,  
 "With Feast Days soon approaching  
 I'll spit you like a stoat."

"For whether prince or leper,  
 Or tree or trill or beast,  
 God gives us each our supper  
 From me first down to the least."

"All joys are free," the leper winked.  
 "Thy lesson is quite plain.  
 And so's the sore now on your wrist  
 And death in awesome pain!"

—Sara Anne Dippedy

### EPITAPH FOR A MISER

(Best when declaimed from a sitting position in pasteboard coffin.)

**M**y name is not important,  
 Spendthrifts I abhor;  
 At ten cents each per letter,  
 I'll not pay this chiseler more.

(Lie back in coffin and slam lid, Finis.)  
 —from "Puck"



RETICULE

### TALE OF A LAUDANUM FIEND

(An excerpt. Apply flour or rice powder to face for pallor and heightened realism.)

I am aware that I may be held to blame for speaking, in a manner so cool, of a matter so terrific and marvelous as to render even the vilest ruffian solemn—the horrible death of M. G. —. But, as Mrs. Tremont—also known to many as the Baltimore Sphinx—has recently said, "It is sometimes better to speak than not to speak. Speak!"

Thus, I speak. I had entered the dismal rooms of M. G. — initially at the urging of our wife, who, when in possession of her own faculties, often paid him visits with a small basket of fresh fruit or candied sweetbreads. (When not, she often arrived, it has been reported to me from other quarters, with a basket of unidentified minces.) But when I stood, at long last, there,

trembling on the threshold of that damp gloom, my bosom heaved in terror at a ghastly tableau beyond my poor powers of description here:

By the guttering illumination of a candelabrum of metal d'Alger, my dreading eyes beheld his apartment in wildest disorder—the musty drapery and morbid statuary bore mute witness to the character of its constant inhabitant—a recluse whose humor waxed by turns peculiar and turpitudinous, a face that closely resembled my own.

For yes! I knew M. G. —! Instantly I recognized him as my identical half-brother, a man often praised for his sound bearing; a man whom I had always assumed to have pursued his course of healthy scholarship, while I—I had greedily embraced all the eldritch arts after but a brief exposure to certain obscure Masonic practices.

There, in the dank room littered with anarchical pamphlets and volumes of impure verse, among the soiled bed linens, lay his stiffened corpse. A rapid survey of the room revealed a tale of irregular habits and untrimmed wicks. (The pockets of his shabby overcoat were lined with breadcrumbs and fragments of a cheese of inferior quality.) His open, upraised eyes stared sightlessly upward, his face contorted in one, final, dæmolectic risus sardonius calavito.

It was only then that I realized what had transpired—how my youthful bargain with the Spectre of the mechanical mummy had indeed spared me from the ravaging effects of the drug, but had visited them—pox for pox—upon my own innocent half-brother!

You gasp? Is it not foul? But I'll dissemble no more—is it not enough to know that I am now erouched hiding in his tomb—gnawing his human flesh? And sometimes—mine! Ha! Ha! Ha! The desserts of a laudanum fiend! Me! Ha! Ha! Get it? Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! (Swoons.)

—Edgar Allan Poe

### WHAT I BELIEVE

(Suitable for a Christian Endeavor Meeting.)

I believe in Homeland,  
 I believe in Hearth,  
 I believe that No Man  
 Should Snippy Fibs unearth.

I believe in Nation,  
 I believe in God,

I believe that Reparations  
 From the Spanish foe are owed.

I believe in Wee Ones,  
 I believe in Being Kind,  
 I believe in Freedom  
 For me to Speak my Mind.

—Claribel Hannab

### HISTORICAL MONOLOGUES THE MONITOR AND THE MERRIMACK

(Appropriate for G.A.R. Sbut-ins.)

In eighteen hundred and sixty-two,  
 Son slew brother, gray slew blue.  
 Off Norfolk harbor  
 Famèd for shads,  
 Dawned the day of the duel  
 Of the dread ironclads!

A frigate below, engirdled above  
 With stout iron slabs, hatred, and love,  
 Reb Merrimack's cannons  
 Thundered and spat  
 Rounds at the roundhouse  
 (The Monitor's "hat").

The Monitor neared, metal unrested,  
 ("Cheepjack cheesebox-on-a-raft!" some jested.)  
 Sage Erickson's "folly"  
 Had now set her cap  
 To screw for her foe,  
 And start up a scrap.

The look-out espied the Merrimack's bulk;  
 ("A pig-iron pup tent on a burned-out hulk!")  
 Confederate seamen  
 Did idleness feign.  
 (Sunk they not the Cumberland?  
 Was not the Congress slain?)

"Fire at will!" each Captain sounded,  
 But each from their armour the other rebounded;  
 And so forth for hours  
 Each peered through his slit,  
 And their low-riding vessels  
 Traded their spit.

And finally, at sunset, the craft drew apart.  
 Undented, undaunted! O Armourer's Art!  
 So when "rebs" and "yankees"  
 Get cranky, abusive—  
 Remind Gramps that battles  
 Are oft inconclusive.

—Julia Ward Catalogue



## THANKSGIVING

### HEROIC ORATORY (CLASSICAL) DEMOSTHENES IN DEFENSE OF HIMSELF

*(Quite affecting with a young man with dignified carriage or good profile.)*

*(Demosthenes (383-322 B.C.) was born the son of a cabinet maker, but overcame this and speech impediments by putting pebbles in his mouth and declaiming above the pounding waves. Repeatedly exiled and forgiven, Demosthenes was hailed by Alexander the Great as "the greatest living orator" shortly before he executed him.)*

**O** sounding Aegean! O wine-dark sea of Homer's artless art! Gray-eyed Arhena's chosen sandlebat! Halr Thy marching manipoles of foam! Hear me! I mean this!

As you know me, I boast no tricks of tongue, no powers of artifice to move men's hearts and passions with bombast, pose, nor cadenced pomp—what skills of speech I possess proceed through no great virtue of myself, but from Truth alone, Pleasing Gruel of the gods, Athens' single greatest export!

O Blue Douser of Suns! Poseidon's Quaff! It is only Demosthenes who here stands jeopard by the charges brought by Homunculus the Tyrant—craven insinuations, Isay, no more substantial than Arachne's acry needlepoint.

O sea, you may remember my father, Testicles the honest craftsman? He made that toy trireme that sunk in You in 394 B.C. Now do you remember. O ever-lapping, wind-obeying deep? Is this in thy sand-bottomed recollection, together with many Persians hap'ly drowned? Shall wavy wastes deny my suit? Thank you, I thought not. You have good stones here.

Yes, O sea, it is the selfsame boy who stands beached before You now—an orphan whose unscrupulous warders played havoc with his patrimony. Aye, reviled now, but yet remains that same, small, sinking boy, merely grown somewhat larger and better-looking. Of this boy's early promise I will not speak, nor will Demosthenes waste your valuable time with a scroll of his noble achievements, including three wreaths at the gymnasium and a consistently excellent academic record. Of this man, modesty forbids a listing of his private acts of selflessness, and your busy tide schedule proscribe laudations of the Plainness and Hebetude that have attended his every public utterance.

Of his courage in the heat of debate, of his excellent humor under indictment, there may be no mention; it was not in these sandals stood the man who called me "Zeus' parrot," speech impediment notwithstanding.

But in recent orations in the *agora*, a place somewhat inland, O sea, but worthy of a visit, the spavined Homunculus struts the dais in finest flannelled tunicry—with unearned laurels atop his head! A head? That? An object resembling a harpy's egg, though yet more mottled and untenanted? Do not ask Demosthenes, for he will not be drawn into these petty quarrels.

Now, even as I have been treated as a slave and churl at the hands of an ungrateful populace—a populace whose calves grew slim and graceful under my much-misunderstood Famine Laws—Demosthenes puts to that populace this question: If good Homunculus' rule has been a "rosy-fingered dawn" for all Hellas (as he claims), how did certain fingers get so rosy in the first place?

O Poseidon's birthplace! Has it been ordained that Homunculus be honored with feasting and games, while certain others I will not mention are exiled to this remote, unfashionable resort—cast aside like a defective *amphora*, shorn and impute?

And what of this Homunculus? Of this man, also, Demosthenes shall not speak. Not from these lips will you hear the story of his shameful birth, nor the evil that befell his only friend. Some baser man than I may be

capable of repeating the description of Homunculus' unclean diversions, but no one can speak of the one concerning a wine-fed boy and tethered dolphin.

I shall omit the fact that he murdered his mother, defiled the Vestal Virgins with oiled youths from the local fraternity, his own uncle raped and ate. Respect for your chaste whitecaps forbids reference to his unspeakable complexion, its odor, its effect on the young, the old, the infirm.

But nay! Demosthenes' oratory is not content with lashing the fickle surface, but seeks below the quiet depths of reason! This is one abused exile from whom you shall not hear of these acts so ugly as to profane the degraded ears of harlots, helots, and zealots! This I swear on my honor as a Greek.

O wine-dark sea! O—

Wine-dark sea? What I need is some sea-dark wine. *(Exit.)*

### MISCELLANEOUS HUMORISTICS I'M RUNNIN' OFF TO DARKYTOWN

*(Suitable for a small boy or young lad. More effective when recited in velvet breeches, jacket, and lace collar. Blacken face and hands neatly with burnt cork. Use toy pup and banky-sack-on-a-stick for added "zip" and "go.")*

**A**hm runnin' off to Darkytown,  
Yoo see mah bag am packed.  
Dis cork Ah wheah  
upon mah face  
Mah whiteness to distract!

Mah white Pa sez Ahm dirty,  
Mah white Ma sez Ahm crude,  
Bedtime's at six-thirty  
When dey both agree Ahm rude!

Tonight whilst Ah wuz nappin'  
(A punishment for Crime)  
I heerd mah Pappy snappin'  
How Ah acted like a Shine!

So Ahm runnin' off fo' Darkytown,  
As fas' as Ah kin go,  
Wit' mah pal Pete t' bark it 'roun'.  
We doan scrub no mo'!

Ah'll have a fat black "Mammy,"  
An' dis time one fo' keeps,  
Fresh up from Alabammy,  
An' a Pap dat thieves 'n' sleeps!

Ah'll nobbaf git no lickin'  
Fo' tearin' down de stairs,  
Or snitchin' neighbor's chicken,  
Or fo' gettin' bedtime prayers!

Ah'll jes' sasbay to de poolroom,  
(Mah razor's in mah pants.)  
An' smoke see-gabs like big bucks do,  
An' sing an' sweab an' prance.

Den some dinge'll plunk de banjo  
An' Ah'll cakewalk to de back,  
Play pokah in mah shirtsleeves,  
(No mo' bedtimes, dat's a fack!)

An' when Ah gits real "famish"  
Like eben darkies do,  
Ah'll fry me up some catfish,  
Save de res' fo' catfish stew!

But when it comes t' munchin',  
Is "catfish stew" mah meat?  
Does not my white Ma's luncheon  
Constitute a treat?

An' hark! Ah heah de ding-dong  
Ma rings when pie am heah!  
So Ah'll jes' cease dis song-song  
An' quickly disappear!

*(Clearly enunciate last word like a real boy & exit, rubbing tummy and wiping face with clean handkerchief.)*

—Anon.

### A THRIFTY PURCHASE

*(A comic dialogue.)*

**C**haracters: The Butcher  
The Maid

*(As the screen is withdrawn, the Butcher is seen fleeing a pullet. Enter serving maid.)*

**Maid:** Do you have pig's trotters?

**Butcher:** Some have said, my pretty maid.

**Maid (briskly):** Give me six, without the salt, sir. How much are they?

**Butcher:** Twelve cents in all. *(Hands her his trotters.)*

**Maid:** Thank you. Oh! *(Places first finger to temple as if remembering.)*

And might you have a boneless butt?

**Butcher:** Yes, and a meaty flank to boot.

**Maid (ice):** My mistress says that you sell boneless butts. Do you or don't you?

**Butcher:** So I do.

**Maid:** Good. Then please take your trotters and give me your butt. *(Hands him trotters.)* How much is it?

**Butcher:** Twelve cents.

**Maid:** Done. *(She starts as if to leave.)*

**Butcher:** Hold up, my girl! Where is my twelve cents?

**Maid:** How much were your trotters?

**Butcher:** Twelve cents.

**Maid:** How much is my butt?

**Butcher:** Twelve cents.

**Maid:** Well then, I have given you your twelve cent trotters in return for my twelve cent butt.

**Butcher (irked):** But you did not pay for my trotters!

**Maid (piqued):** I don't have your trotters, slugwit!

**Butcher:** I hold your tongue!

**Maid:** I can't. I'm holding my butt.

**Butcher:** But—

**Maid (reclaiming her trotters):** No butts! I've decided to chuck it for my trotters! *(Exits.)*

**Butcher:** *(Scratches head while pondering his butt. Finis.)*

—Amelia Prager



## VICTORY\*

### LINES TO A SUFFRAGETTE

(Particularly effective when delivered by an older boy in woman's clothing.)

Perish the thought, cried many-tongued Rumor,  
Of women in breeches! What vile costumer?  
O speak out the name  
Of that ankle entomber!  
Pantaloons *nom de plumer*,  
Amelia Bloomer!

(Raise skirts to show trousers. Black-out.)

— A — P —

### TABLEAUX VIVANT

(In representing statuary, the drapery should be of a white, fine material revealing no more of the lower torso than the clean furthest member of the pedal extremities. Faces and visible extremities may be made marble-like, with a light covering of "diamond dust" or common cobbler's chalk. Once the screen is removed, there must be no whispering or undignified "wobble." Soft music such as "The Blue Danube" and sandwiches enhance effect nicely.)

#### "FAITH"

(One figure)

A girl kneels with arms extended upward, palms raised.

#### "FRIENDSHIP"

(Three figures)

Two girls or boys "make a chair" by interlacing the hands, and a small child is seated in this improvised sedan.

#### "READY FOR THE PARTY"

(Two figures)

One is in full evening dress fastening a glove before a looking-glass. Another holds a powder puff ready to dust the hair of the seated girl.

#### "HORATIO'S LAST STAND"

(Three or more)

An older boy with a helmet made from a bucket and feather duster brandishes two painted picket-wood swords at any number of foe wearing unhandled soupings pots.

#### "THE FRONT PORCH SWING"

(Boy and girl)

Remove swing from porch and carry inside. Place against a dark background. Sit in swing, boy holding lemonade, girl with palm-leaf or bamboo fan. (There must be an interval of at least six inches between the poses.)

\*Not to be attempted by beginners.

## "VIRTUE SHUNNING FLIPPANCY AND INCONTINENCE"

A small girl, suspended from an invisible rope (darken with lampblack) and wearing detachable wings, stretches one arm to Heaven, and with the other makes a chastising (but not vulgar) gesture to (a) a sneering boy with his shoe on a bust of Homer, and (b) a fully-clothed, fully-grown girl behind a screen.

## ARGUMENTATIVES TOPICAL DEBATES; HORTATORY AND OTHERWISE

The following are a number of subjects suitable for debate among male and female participants related by blood. If male speakers stand; chairs may be provided for the females. If both sexes have free-standing podiums, a simple bouquet should be affixed to the ladies' lectern, and a carafe of water with fresh tumbler on the other.

### TOPICS

"HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY: DISCUSS"

"WOULD TEMPERANCE LAWS HAVE SAVED BENEDICT ARNOLD'S SOUL?"

"ARBOUR DAY: UNFAIR TO WOODSMEN?"

"OBEDIENCE TO PARENTS: DUTY OR RESPONSIBILITY?"

"DOES THE FIFTH COMMANDMENT PREVENT JUSTICE FOR THE IMPIOUS?"

## EXERCISES WITH MUSIC NATIONAL FLAG DRILL WITH POSING

(Best with several pairs of boys and girls. For proper grandeur and spectacle, girls wear short white dresses decorated with flags; boys wear military uniforms with shako and whittled pikes.)

### "YANKEE DOODLE"

Arrange children in pairs. Let girls be "ponies" and boys represent "macaronis," each with appropriate *papier-mâché* headpiece. Form circle around tallest boy with flag protruding from his head. Attach red, white, and blue paper streamers from this flag to each "pony" and "macaroni." At the signal, all "ponies" twirl around in place, as do the boys. At the second signal (a loud report), the still-spinning boys and girls move in clockwise and counterclockwise directions to the beat of a small drum.

This movement, if executed with exact precision, will wind the streamers around the center boy, giving this the impression of a patriotic barber's signpost.

Salute patriotic barber's pole.

Unwind and repeat from the beginning. Ten times.

## ORATORICULAR VICTUALIZATION

Proper intermission refreshments should be prepared to harmonize with the dramatic themes of the afternoon's entertainments. If the majority are gay, pierce scalloped lemon crusts with parti-colored jelly buttons and serve with lemonade or dilute May wine. If the material to be presented is predominantly tragic-dramatic or pathetic-histrionic, all foods and condiments should be of a dark and solemn color. "Doughnuts" and similarly perforated fritters should have their cavities plugged with an appropriate foodstuff.

If the recital includes a mixed audience, do not fail to cover the limbs of all pianos and undraped furniture with subdued petibuntings.

## RIPOSTES AND RIDDLES

One

I'm always in a pickle,  
I'm sometimes in a jam;  
A flower is my dower,  
Who'll tell me what I am?

Ans.: A pickability.

Two

Though nothing could be duller,  
Yet what you do is smart;  
I fear you are off-color,  
Who'll tell me what thou art?

Ans.: A bad bruise.

### THIS IS THE BESTEST POEM

(Suitable for a small child, stutterer, cleft palate, or barelip.)

This is the bestest poem,  
A "pip" it's the belief  
Of folks who ought t'know 'em  
And it's mercifully brief!  
(Bow & exit!)

— Anon!

Whoop, whoop whoopsie . . . I got a real yutz on my hands. This guy must have escaped from the crazy-house. The minute he gets me in his room I'm going to take his gun away and wipe the fucking floor with him. Some of those fucking queers like that kind of shit, you know.

The fruit takes me up the elevator, walks through a room marked "linen closet," and comes out in a fucking office. It's not a hotel anymore. I'm right in the middle of a bunch of offices. He takes me to the big one in the corner, knocks some kind of secret code, and the door opens. He pinches my ass, winks to the guy inside, and says, "Here's our man, Mr. D."

Before I had a chance to lay out that fucking homo the door closes with a click and I'm face to face with Mr. D. He's much older than that snotrag who brought me over. He's got a little mustache and looks like a college professor, with a tweed suit and all. He's sucking on a fucking pipe too. They liked to suck on pipes, those guys.

Now I know what's happening. It's the homo kidnapers. There was a gang of fruits in those days that went around kidnapping guys, just so they could suck their cocks. Now I'm a little scared because when they see the size of my lob they'll go down on me until I shoot blood. They'll break something inside my cock and I'll be ruined for life! Those fairies could be worse than hot broads.

Mr. D. starts giving me the old line . . . sit down . . . make myself comfortable . . . have a cigar . . . bullshit like that. He gives me one of those big Havana jobs, but I wouldn't touch the fucking thing. It could be drugged. I'd rather smoke a White Owl or a Philly anyway. He had one of those offices full of second-hand furniture and stupid looking paintings of horses and dogs. He's sitting at his big fucking desk with twenty-nine phones and boxes with all these buttons and he says, "Do you know where you are and who I am?"

I says, "If you guys are those fucking fairies and you want to suck my cock until I bleed, you're going to have to fight me first. Why don't you fight me one at a time in a fair fight?"

He laughs, but he looks nervous when I mention the kidnapping ring. He says I am in the New York headquarters of the CIA and though he is not at liberty to reveal his name, I might be able to guess who he is by his initial.

Now I'm not shitting you when I tell you what happened next. I can remember it word for word. Mr. D.

leans over his desk, looks me in the eye, and in a very serious voice tells me that the CIA wants me to go on a secret mission for them. They need a special kind of agent—a man with a reputation as the best cocksmit in New York. They heard about me through the grapevine and they were scouting me for months.

"How the fuck are you scouting me?" I asked.

"Remember Gloria Sen-Sen? The Chinese girl you had in your cab last week who made you do it to her nineteen times? And Shirley Yamasaki, the Japanese girl you picked up in front of the Electronics Trade Show? The one who looked so small but was really so big? Do you want me to give you a complete rundown on your sexual activities for the last three months?"

Son of a beehive! I was getting more than my share of Chinks and Japs lately. I thought it was just a little change of luck.

"We planted thirty Oriental operatives in your cab," he said. "You had intercourse with small, medium, large, and what we facetiously call motorcycle parking lot-size vaginas, plus anal openings of comparable sizes. It served as good training for you, to familiarize you with the unusual configurations of the Oriental female. Each girl prepared a full report on your performance. I must say, Mr. Bernie, that you passed your tests with flying colors. You Jews certainly have a flair for it. You drove most of the girls crazy and we had to transfer them to Australia. In fact, some of our male operatives were so curious they wanted to see what all the fuss was about and they acted as pickups as well."

I'm thinking about how this son-of-a-bitch looks familiar. I wonder if he's the fucking queen I threw out of my cab last week. He didn't have a mustache then. Jesus! I was just about to dick the guy when his wig fell off! If this is the head of the CIA, this country is in a lot of trouble.

Now Mr. D. gets down to business. The purpose of my mission is to go to French Indochina and make the acquaintance of a certain Madame Koo. French Indochina was the name they had for Vietnam in those days. It seemed that Madame Koo was a big spy who was working for this Commie named Ho Chi Minh. She was smuggling all kinds of secret plans to Ho Chi Minh and the CIA was having a shit hemorrhage because they couldn't find anything on her. In her regular life she was a hotsy-totsy society lady whose husband was high up in the pro-Ameri-

can government, so they couldn't do any of their torture stuff on her. Mr. D. was sure that she was stealing U.S. military plans, putting them on microfilm, and hiding them in some place that only the Chinks have in their crazy twats. He had his best agents try to make out with her and give her hand jobs and poke around in there, but nobody could find a fucking thing.

What they needed was a guy who could find the plans, but in a normal way, without arousing suspicion, he said. The guy had to have more than just a big cock—it had to be an educated cock—a cock that could go nonstop and also do trick stuff, like bending it to the right and left, even with a hard-on. It had to go places inside that Commie's cunt that no other cock had been before. He said they could have hired a couple of movie stars, real studs, but they would have been too obvious. Or they could have used a shvugie—but they're too fucking clumsy and they might have killed the lady and caused an uproar. They needed someone who was unknown to the enemy, a civilian who could make the broad fall in love with him, and then when she's under his spell, probe around with his dick until he locates the plans. That's why they chose me.

At this point his phone rings—the one with the bright red light. He gets nervous and tells me to go into a little room next door for a while. But I can hear some of the shit that's going on because he's screaming into the phone. He's yelling shit like, "How the fuck did you get this number? Only the President and my brother have this number! I gave you this number last night? When I came in your Margarita? You son-of-a-bitch . . . didn't I make you promise never to use it? Don't you realize that you put half of our military installations on full war alert when that number rings? Jesus . . . don't you have any work to do? What the fuck do you want that couldn't wait a few hours? You mean all you wanted to know was if we were going to the races tomorrow with Tolson? You know . . . I really feel like having you killed sometimes. A lot of people would love to see you get it. Oh, go fuck a horse! No! I will *not* give you a kiss good-bye on this phone. I have a man here in the middle of an important briefing so get the fuck off this phone and never, never, never call me on this line again. Edgar, one of these days you're going to die in your sleep . . . I'm warning you. Yes, yes, I love you, too. Good-bye. I said, *good-bye!*"

He slams down the phone and calls

wait, what was this? He bent closer. There seemed to be a hinged lid on the fifth section, the one he had always supposed to be purely decorative. Yes, definitely. Beneath the picture of the two terribly serious boys regarding solutions in test tubes was a whole new section containing stuff he'd never seen before: tubes of silvery fluid; jars of sparkling crystals, like red and blue diamonds; strangely looped glassware; small phials labeled "Eye of Newt" and "Wing of Bat." A flask labeled "Moonlight" glowed like a small lamp and the jar containing "Brimstone—Danger" flared bright yellow, as if there were a furnace inside. Good Lord, what kind of stuff was this?

There was also a new instruction booklet, whose cover said merely "Special Experiments." With a little thrill of expectation, Barney opened it. The pages had a funny metallic feel. On the first page was a picture of a smiling guy in a lab coat, and a foreword: "For some really spectacular chemical effects, better even than fires and explosions, try these special, advanced, reserved-for-the-few experiments. Used wisely, the formulae within this book can contribute many positive changes to your life. Consider your moves carefully—and have fun!"

He closed the booklet suddenly. There was something very weird here. What sort of instruction booklet said things like that? And the guy in the

picture looked maddeningly familiar, like somebody he saw all the time but couldn't quite place. The whole thing was disturbing; maybe he shouldn't mess with it. He looked again at the exotic, glistening new equipment. Who was he kidding? He flipped the instruction booklet open at random. "Experiment 21," said the bold type. "Production of 2,5-dimethoxy-methylphenyl-2-nitrophenol." And beneath that, in parentheses, "Wish Dust."

Wish dust? What the fuck was this, an Oz book? He read through the instructions. They didn't seem difficult, but the last line was a nailer: "Cast the dust upon the floor and state your wish in a loud voice." Oh . . . yeah? Barney rolled up his sleeves and set to work.

He assembled an aspirator, a suction filter, and a wobble funnel, joining them with glass tubing and one-holed stoppers. Consulting the instructions, he added three measures of powdered toe of toad and two of mexyhexyoxystyrate to a test tube half filled with boiling water. The solution changed from clear to orange to green to clear. He poured it into a double-neck flask, inserted a two-holed stopper and ran connecting tubing to the aspirator and suction filter. He watched. With majestic slowness, a thick white cloud formed in the wobble funnel. The cloud began to snow, thousands of silvery flakes that drifted from the funnel's

mouth to disintegrate into dust on the glass disk he'd placed there to catch them. By the time the cloud had dissipated, a small, silvery heap had amassed on the disk. Barney checked the instructions to make sure he'd done everything right. He had. Apparently, this was wish dust.

Now, of course, Barney had been playing along with all this, not taking it too seriously, but a little chill of fear traversed his back nonetheless as he took a palmful of the stuff and cast it on the floor. "Uh, I sure would like to get laid," he said tremulously.

"Bar-ney," called a soft, musical voice.

What? Holy shit! He followed the voice to the far side of the oil burner. An old mattress was lying there and spreading a soft blanket over it was Eunice Levine.

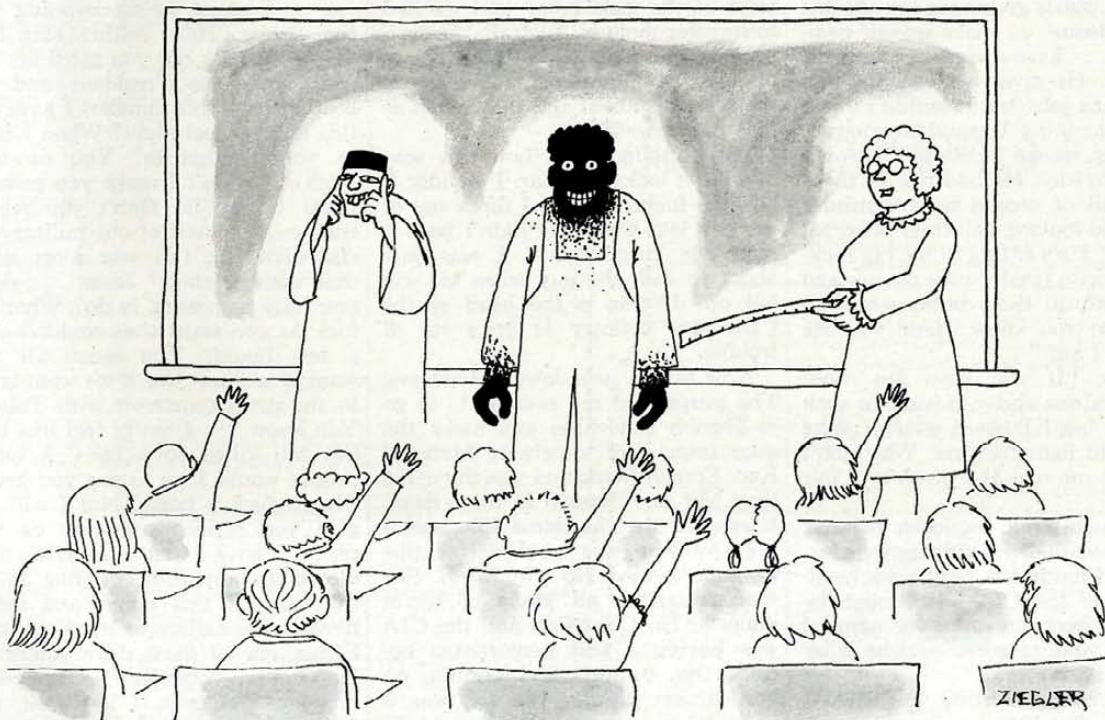
"I can only stay for a little while," Eunice whispered, unbuttoning her blouse. "Hurry. Get undressed." She reached behind her back for her bra clasps and her breasts spilled forth like playful whales.

"Ak—glub," said Barney. He made vague gestures with his hands.

Eunice glanced up at him, saw his hesitation. "C'mere, baby," she purred, drawing him down into her arms. She placed a breast in his face and reached with her free hand for his belt.

Soon she was squatting on his disbelieving dong, and soon thereafter

continued on page 55



"That's absolutely right, Marcia! Now, children, who can tell me what race Mr. Molloy represents?"

CAP'N JASPER'S

MAY  
1935

1¢

# BOY & BOY



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# CAP'N JASPER'S CROW'S NEST

MAY 1935

Fun is fun, lads, but let's take time out to memorize my Ten Commandments for the Normal Boy:

1. *The Normal Boy* will never stay more than five minutes in the bathroom alone.
2. *The Normal Boy* will never smell his or anyone else's bodily functions.
3. *The Normal Boy* will never look in a toilet or other sanitary receptacle.
4. *The Normal Boy* will never kiss a man or other boy.
5. *The Normal Boy* will never use rouge or lipstick, or dress up in ladies' clothing or foundation garments, even for "fun."
6. *The Normal Boy* will never allow his fingers to enter his own or others' bodily openings.
7. *The Normal Boy* will never touch sheep, cows, or other farm animals except on the head.
8. *The Normal Boy* will never bring unguents, jellies, salves, drawings, postcards, pictures, magazines, fresh meats, mirrors, lingerie, or toilet tissue into his bed.
9. *The Normal Boy* will never examine his or others' underwear.
10. *The Normal Boy* will never drink an unpasteurized beverage.

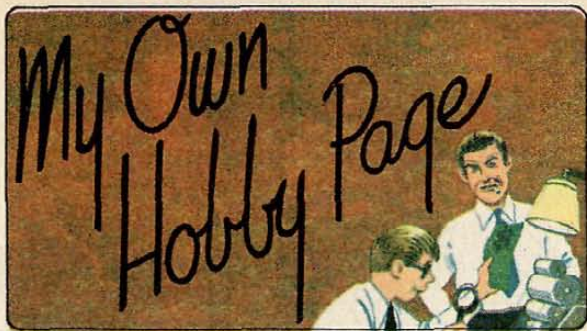
Don't forget to memorize these Ten Commandments for the Normal Boy. Why not hold a quiz with your friends and see who can do best at reciting all ten? Remember that a well-trained memory begins in youth and can lead to secure, high-paying jobs in Accountancy, Salesmanship, Business Management, Commercial Refrigeration, Architectural Draftsmanship, and Stenotypy!

Speaking of the future—be sure and keep a lookout for next month's issue of *Boy O Boy*. We'll have tips on how to begin a fascinating fingernail collection . . . 1001 things to do with a glass of water . . . starting a Chimney Spotters Club in your neighborhood . . . plus a sixty-second science lecture on the lessons you can learn by listening to the rain . . . why wastebaskets are cornucopias . . . complete instructions on how to carve Mom's leftover lard into a miniature Mt. Rushmore. And another rollicking tale of the Beehive Boys, along with all our regular features.

Until next month, then—keep busy, keep clean, and keep those hands out of your pockets!

Cap'n Jasper





Some of Dad's used pipe cleaners,  
a few drops of asparagus juice,  
an empty rum bottle, and presto — it's  
**A MODEL SEAWEED FARM UNDER GLASS**

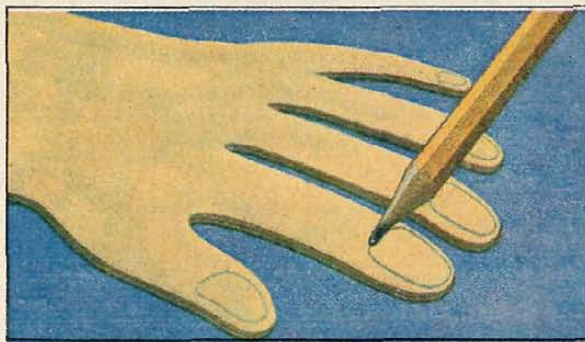
Find a photo of seaweed in some old book, then take a few pipe cleaners and bend and twist them to resemble undersea vegetation, checking that your "seaweed" looks as much as possible like the real stuff. Set the finished item on a newspaper before sprinkling it lightly with asparagus juice—fresh is best, but you can drain it from a can Mom will buy for you at the grocer's. When your "seaweed" is stained a realistic green, shove the whole works through the neck of an old rum bottle rescued from the trash until it lies on the bottom, wavy ends up. Drain away any remaining rum and replace with fresh water from the kitchen tap until the bottle is almost full.



Make him show his nickel, then show him your seaweed farm.

Scrape off the label, screw on the cap, and there you have it: a model seaweed farm, under glass! Many boys take their ingenious and scientific miniature seaweed farms to school and show them off at recess, ch rging any-

where from 5 to 10 cents for a look. Who says there isn't fun and profit lurking 'neath the depths!



Some sharp lads can make 200  
model hands per day!

Any boy who  
doesn't have St. Vitus Dance can  
**MAKE A LIFE-SIZE MODEL HAND**  
No paste needed, no experience  
required. Grab some scissors,  
a piece of heavy cardboard, and  
a pencil. You're on your way!

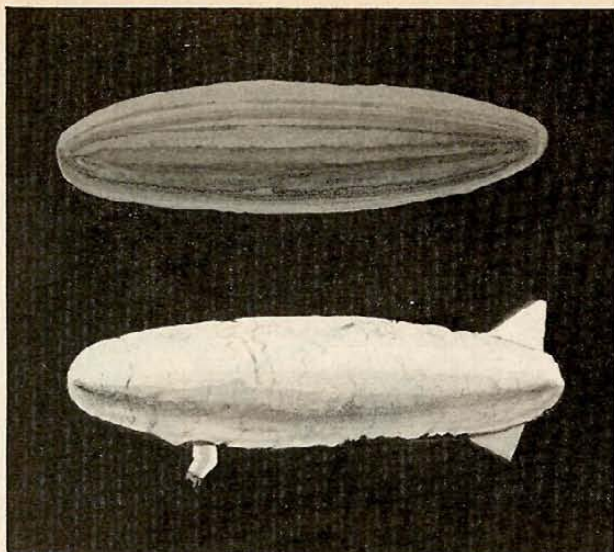
Why not reproduce your favorite hand? Get a sturdy five-by-five-inch cardboard sheet and lay it on a nice flat surface. Placing your or some other hand on the sheet, carefully trace its outline with a soft pencil, making sure the hand stays still so the outline is clear. Remove the hand. With sharp scissors, cut around the pencil outline until you've gone all the way from one corner of the palm to the other. Snip off at the wrist. For added realism, draw in fingernails with pencil and borrow Mom's nail polish to color them in. A nice "extra touch" is to slip an old cigar band over one finger, for a ring. One boy tells of painting his model "hand" in lifelike orange enamel. There you have it, a model hand! Why not make several? What else is there to do?

### DID YOU KNOW?

Did you know that everyone who lived before the year 1700 is dead?

### Collecting the Garbage with your CAMERA

The best way to collect the garbage is with a good camera. An ordinary cheap camera will also do. Go out on a sunny day. Find a garbage can. Lift off the lid and set it down nearby. Get up on a stoop or handy chair and "snap" the mess from above, as more garbage will show in your viewfinder this way. There, you have collected the garbage with your camera!



Pickle (top) becomes nifty Zeppelin (bottom)!

## MIGHTY ZEPPELINS FROM HUMBLE PICKLES GROW!

Steal a nicely shaped pickle or cucumber from any grocer's. Save up Dad's cigarette foil until you have enough to wrap the pickle completely, making sure to smooth away any seams or wrinkles. For a gondola, attach a cigarette butt to the underside with a safety pin. You can add tailfins, lettering, and other nifty details, or you can rip off the tinfoil and eat the pickle. Unless you hate pickles, that is!

---

### DID YOU KNOW?

*Did you know that Guernsey cows have no vocal cords?*

---

## Any Junior Astronomer Can DRAW A STAIRWAY TO THE STARS

Get a piece of black construction paper; eight by eleven inches will do nicely. With a piece of white chalk or colored pencil, mark in a circle on the upper left corner (tracing a dime is ideal), then another on the lower right corner. Connect the two "planets" you have drawn with tiny little steps, as many as your skill can make. Have fun: Scientists tell us that to reach the nearest planet from Earth would take more than fifty zillion trillion billion steps!

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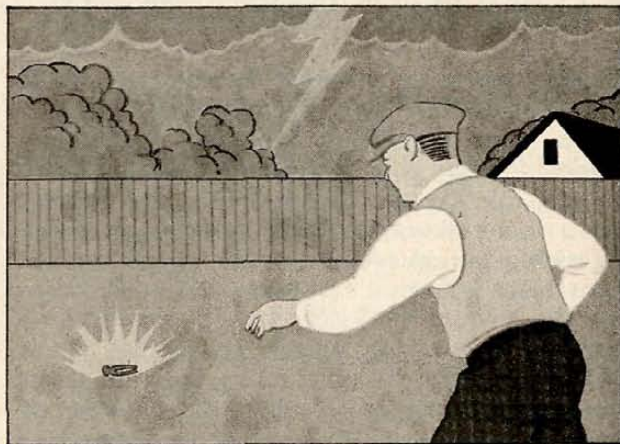
### DID YOU KNOW?

*Did you know that the human body contains not one single drop of petroleum?*

## Take care of the clothespin — AND THE CLOTHES WILL TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES

Has Dad charged you with the responsibility for the family clothespins? Here's what you can do to keep them in tip-top trim.

If it feels like rain, get the clothespins indoors where it's warm and dry. Count the 'pins after every "outing" and round up the "strays"; that way you won't lose any. After all, who can care for clothespins he doesn't have? Clothespins are made of wood, so don't burn them! It's best to keep them all in one central place, such as a

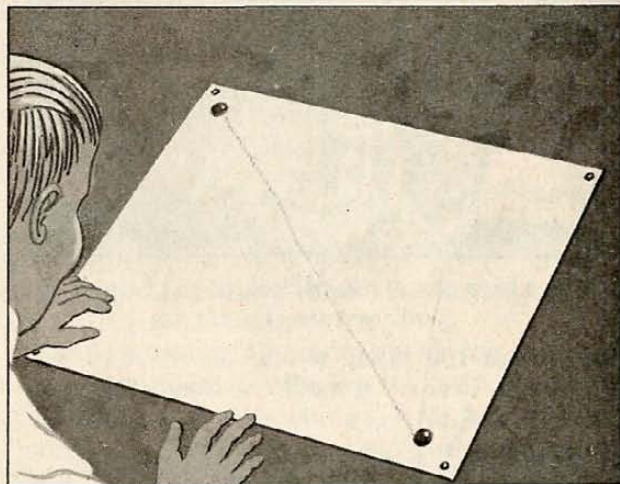


Run, Jim, run! Rescue that clothespin from the rain!

basket or box. To avoid chipping, line the container with an old rag. Never step on a clothespin, never let Fido play with one, and *never* lend one to a friend or a friend's mother. Remember these tips and your clothespins will take care of themselves!

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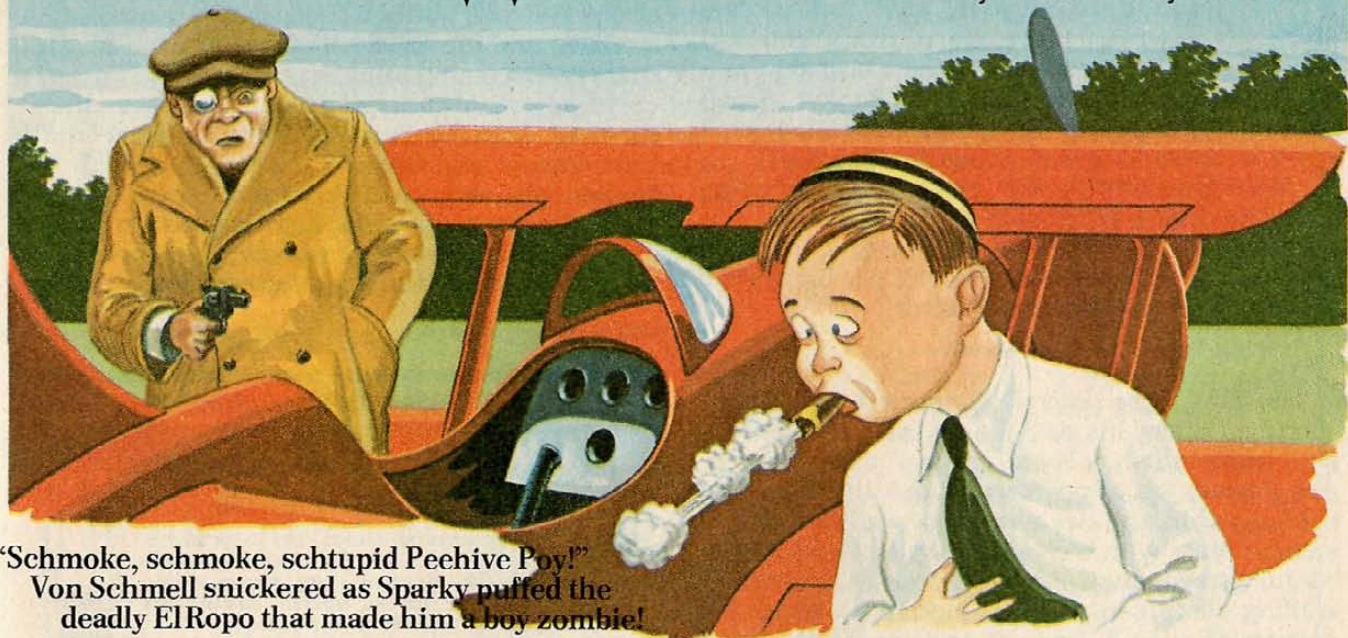
Can you count these "stairways to the stars"?  
Us neither.



INSTALLMENT XXIII: YET ANOTHER ROLLICKING BEEHIVE BOYS' ADVENTURE TALE

# "WINGS OVER THE WASHLINE"

by Merle Harvey Hardbone



"Schmoke, schmoke, schtupid Peehive Poy!"  
Von Schmell snickered as Sparky puffed the  
deadly ElRopo that made him a boy zombie!

## SYNOPSIS:

With pilot Ace Foster's help, the Boys have designed a midget racing plane using Tad's amazing Magnetic Motor. Tubby's dad arranges a \$100 loan from Banker Small to finance a wind-tunnel under the Clubhouse. If they win the big Air Race, the Boys can repay the loan and each buy a long-range pocket crystal set, realizing their dream of a worldwide Beehive Boys Radio Network broadcasting health and hygiene tips to lads everywhere. But then Tad disappears. Banker Small accuses the Boys of fraud. Somebody tries to poison Jingles the pooch. Sparky starts acting strange. And the Magnetic Motor turns up missing!

"Where could that dad-burned Magnetic Motor be?" Tubby was staring at a set of blueprints in the Beehive Boys' clubroom. Jingles the pooch looked up as if to offer whatever aid a loyal and spirited pup could.

"Arf-arf-a-roo," Jingles woofed.

"I know, old pal," Tubby sighed. "You miss Tad. Well, my little Mr. Mutt, we all do. Him, the Magnetic Motor, Sparky's marbles, and Banker Small's money, too!"

"You mean *Saboteur Schmell!*"

The figure in the doorway could only be—but no, it *couldn't* be!

"Tad!"

"Howdy, Tubby! Hello, Jingles! There, there,

old chums, don't look so surprised! Can a pardner come in and wash up?"

"So that's the story," Tad was saying a few minutes later after a hot bath and a brisk toweling. "Banker Small is actually Baron von Schmell, a dangerous spy. He loaned us the \$100 only to get at the Magnetic Motor."

"And he accused us of fraud to throw the G-men off his scent!" Tubby said, taking the toothbrush out of his mouth.

"Good thinking," replied Tad, who was filing his fingernails as Jingles frolicked at his knee like a crazy thing. "And it was Schmell who tried to poison Jingles here—there, there, boy, good pooch—and made our poor pal Sparky a zombie by teaching him to smoke."

"Wow-o-woo!" exclaimed Tubby from the shower. "But how did you escape from the hidden cave? And how did you know Banker Small was really a foreign agent?"

Tad looked up from clipping his toenails. "Simple, fat stuff. Don't forget to soap behind your ears. Let's just say I was lucky enough to have my pocket chemistry set with me in that cave, and my magnifying lens."

"I get it!" bumbled Tubby, almost dropping his

can of foot talc. "You sprinkled nitrate on the bar of glycerine soap every Beehive Boy carries in his pocket—and a beam of sunlight through that magnifying lens did the rest!"

Tad gestured with his hairbrush. "Exactly! The rock blew away from the cave entrance like Open Sesame!"

"Arf-arf-a-ree!" expostulated Jingles.

"But Banker Small? Baron von Schmell?" Tubby looked mighty puzzled. "How did you—"

"That was the easiest part," said Tad, patting down his cowlick before the mirror. "You see, foreigners don't wash up or bathe. Dead skin and germs create a powerful odor. Banker Small smelled too much to be a real American, so I knew he *must* be a dangerous foreign spy!"

"Wow-o-wool!" Tubby exclaimed, exhaling more air than a punctured blimp.

"Better gargle with a breath like that," warned Tad. "Then we'll start our search for Baron von Schmell and the Magnetic Motor!"

"So *that's* the story!" Commissioner Green slammed down his nail file in the anger only a policeman who has been "crossed" can summon. Ace Foster, the adventurer of the air lanes and special pal of the Beehive Boys, was mopping a leonine brow with a clean hanky and nodding in rueful agreement. Tubby's anxious dad, absently sniffing his fingertips, was shaking his head in a gesture of shared dismay. And the President of the Centreville Bank & Trust, Mr. Grimsby, sat silently, studying his spotless gray spats and shiny black shoes.

"Well, fellers," mused Commissioner Green, "I'm going to try and think this all through tonight in a nice hot bathtub. But for now, it looks like our Mister Small is none other than the infamous saboteur, Baron von Schmell. And to think I loaned him my soap bar at the health baths only last Sunday!"

"Wait!" Tubby's dad started up from his chair, a light glowing behind his eyes, as will happen to the man who has just had an idea. "I've just had an idea! Commissioner Green, you say you handed Baron von Schmell your bar of soap at the baths last weekend."

The puzzled Commissioner nodded.

"Well, then," Tubby's pop continued, "we're all the dumbest monkeys this side of the St. Looie Zoo! Commissioner, that bar of soap was the secret message that gave Baron von Schmell the "go-ahead" on his plan to steal the air racer and the Magnetic Motor!"

"Enough of that for now," cracked Ace Foster, now on his feet. "We get the picture. I don't know about you gentlemen," he barked, his eyes narrowing into resolute slits, "but as for me, I have a

date with a certain foreigner at a certain hour at a certain corner of a certain softball field. You comin'?"

"Right away," Ace's confreres chimed as one. "But shouldn't we all take a nice brisk shower first?"

No one could have recognized Sparky, his clothes all disheveled and his face a gray, sunken mask, as he bent over the midget racer in a corner of the deserted softball field. It was just coming on dawn and the sinister figure in the soiled raincoat was becoming impatient.

"Hurry with your preparations! It iss almost time vor der takeoff to my glorious *Homeland!*"

"Cigar . . . another . . . cigar," mumbled the zombie who once was Sparky.

"Later, young fool! First, ve must start up der midget racer! How my masters vill reward me for presenting zem wiss der *Magnetic Motor!*"

NEXT MONTH: "THIS TOWEL DON'T SMELL AMERICAN TO ME!"

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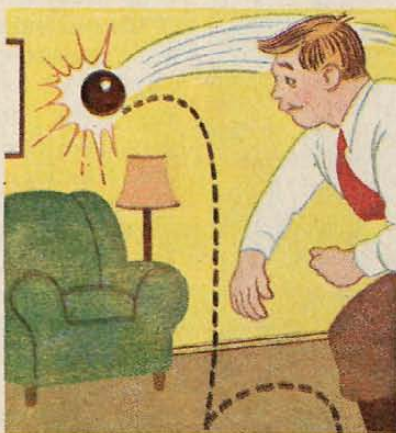
If you are a bright lad, you will see that the harder the ball is thrown, the further backward it will bounce.

*Finding: Stored energy must find a release.*

Jot this down on a fresh page in your Science Notebook. It will come in handy, that much is all but certain.

Are you safest from lightning under a tree, under an auto, or under a sheet? Scientists differ on this one. Next time it storms, why don't you and two chums

do a test to settle the matter? Draw straws to decide if it's tree, auto, or sheet, and when the lightning starts, each run under his appointed thing and wait. Once the storm has finished it is a fact that two of you will have been proved right. This is known



as the Law of Probability and governs the activities of all living things as well as some dead ones.

Another science lesson to record in your Science Notebook!

How does a flea fly? Careful with your answer, now! A flea doesn't fly, it hops. Mark a *Demerit* in your Science Notebook if you answered incorrectly.

The man who learned not to breathe . . . a typewriting goldfish . . . oil from bricks . . . the biography of a cigar. Next month, watch for these stories of science. You'll want to miss them as much as we'll miss printing them!

Till then, up your beaker!

Cap'n Jasper

## "PUZZLE O' THE MONTH"

Compiled by Cap'n Jasper, Jr.

Here's this month's collection of confabulations and conundrums, direct from Cap'n Jasper's bedroom bureau drawer!



- 1 Sammy sez there's three sets of headlights in his family—Dad's, Mom's, and sister Sue's. Whose headlights are these??



- 2 Jake, Jack, and Jim have just one dime between them to watch "Colette Visits the Kennels" at the Carnival Peep Show. If the film runs four minutes, how long can Jake, Jack, and Jim each watch??



- 3 Arthur meets a lady who offers to squeeze his lizard. But Arthur has no lizard! Should he borrow one from Fred, or take a French lesson instead?

ANSWERS NEXT MONTH!

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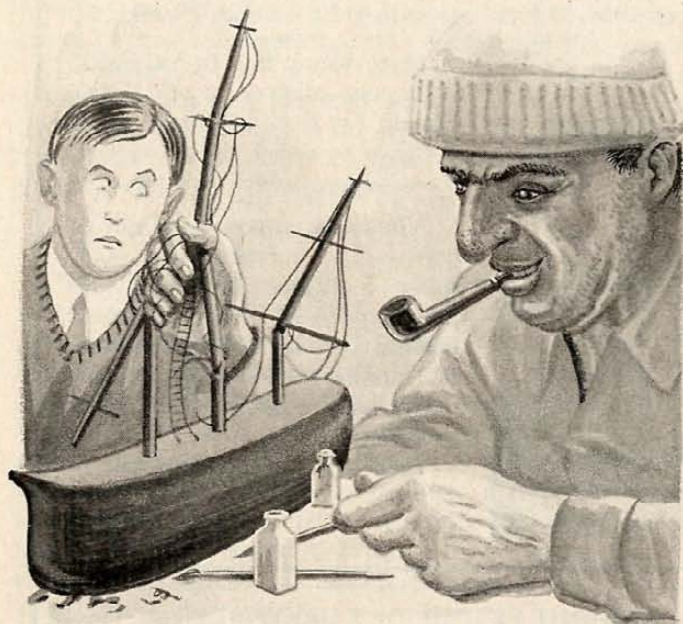
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# MODELS OVERBOARD!

WITH "BOATSWAIN GUS" • PART 24

Gus And His Young Pals Dick and Harry  
Are Still Building Their Model Square Rigger.  
This Month: "All Wrapped Up In The Riggin' "



"Gus, look out!" Harry cried.

"Now, I think this is about the way she goes." Gus was sketching a spiderweb of shaky pencil lines this way and that all over his 1/32" scale diagram of the famous bark, *St. Mucus*.

"Looks right to me," said Harry.

"Me, too," chimed in Dick.

"Well mates, let's start rigging!" Gus began unreeling black thread from the spool in his lap while Harry snipped off pieces and Dick dabbed glue on the model's masts, decks, hull, and keel.

"Now the tricky part about a proper rigging job," Gus explained as the boys listened close, "is making it look like the picture." He picked up a photo of the *St. Mucus*. Dick turned it right-side up. "See all those ropes criss-crossing every which way? That's what I mean."

Gus began hanging the pieces of thread from the telephone. "Over here," Harry directed Gus back to the model, speaking gently while the Old Salt went about his delicate work.

"Reminds me of a time down in the Horse Latitudes years ago, boys." Harry and Dick inhaled deep breaths; they knew they were in for another of the old barnacle-scraper's bottomless, and endless, anecdotes of a tar's life at sea. "Seems the Cap'n had took aboard a whole cargo of chickens," Gus continued, seemingly oblivious to the way he was coiling thread around his left wrist, the table leg, and the ship's hull. "This ship, she was called the *Lumbago*, was what you called top heavy running in a leeward sou'wester on a roil-some sea. Anyhow, there I was up in the crow's nest, jibbing and reeling on with my mate the Hindoo, when all of a sudden, guess what happened next?"

"Don't ask me," Harry replied, his eyes glazed over in the way of the transfixed.

"Nor me either," Gus chortled, "'cause now I plumb forgot what it was *did* happen!" The ancient seafarer blew some ashes from his pipe onto his trousers and began a sailor's squirming jig of a dance, half in gay spirits, half in an attempt to escape the shower of red-hot tobacco burning into his pants.

"Whoops!" Dick broke the tense silence. "You just knocked over the mizzenmast, Gus!"

"That's the other tricky part," Gus replied. "Almost forgot to mention it. Ship modelers should train their hands to be like a pair of surgical instru—" Just then Harry let out a cry. "Gus, it's tipping over. The whole ship's going to . . ." But Gus' elbow had already dealt the *St. Mucus* a broadside blow, and the model was spinning across the floor in a million bits and pieces.

"Well, boys," Gus chuckled, "I'd call that a real nor'wester! Next time we'll clean up, then I'll show you how to attach the funnels."

"Funnels, Gus—on a square rigger four-masted bark?" The boys stared at Gus.

"'Course, lads," beamed Gus. "Funnel be the result whenever ye ship out with Bos'n Gus on the good boat Cap'n Jasper!"

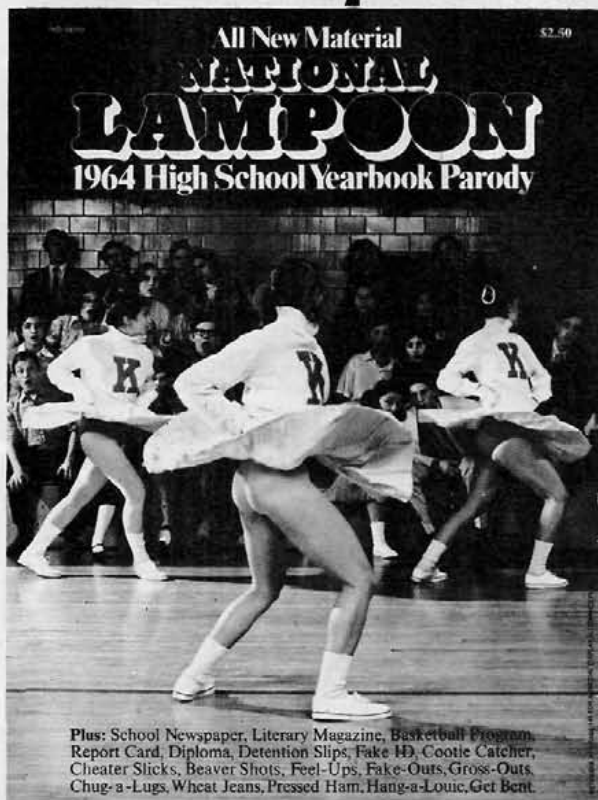
NEXT MONTH: PART 25, "BOS'N GUS GETS KEELHAULED"

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had drawn from him an Old Faithful among orgasms, thrilling him to the tips of his teenaged toes. Then she curled warmly into his armpit, making contented cooing sounds and planting occasional kisses on his shoulder. Barney dozed. When he opened his eyes, Eunice was gone and he felt just fine. He glanced toward the chemistry set. "Well, I'll be damned," he breathed.

He thought about his next wish for a long time, then cast the remaining dust on the floor. "I wish this fucked-up day could start all over again, only with everyone appreciating me more, and being more interested in the things that I do." There was a brief pause and

The bedclothes, wrapped about his sweaty legs, were like a damp, amorous mouth. Rather than curse his ruined beach plans, he was whacking it like crazy. In his fantasy, he was at the slumber party Froggie's sister had shown him the pictures of. A dozen junior girls were arrayed about him in shorty nightgowns, frozen into semi-torpid fuck-me positions like the women in the magazines. He began, girl by girl, to thrust his head up under their nighties and snuffle his face in their musky, swollen, chrysanthemum patches. He was going to come! So soon? But his balls felt like a loaded gun so, in his fantasy, he grabbed Harriet Perlish, parted the front of her nightie with a single great tiger-claw swoop of his hand, fell slobbering on her lush fruit market—and came hard enough to hit the stars. Heaving a mighty sigh, he lay still.

"Yayyyyyyyyy!" Clap clap clap whistle! "Yayyyyyyyyyyyyyyy!"

What? Barney sat straight up in bed and stared in horror at his open bedroom door. Grandma and Penny were standing there, applauding wildly, smiling adoringly at him.

With a little scream, Barney snatched the covers up to his neck. *Jesus Christ!*

"Look at it!" squealed Penny, pointing in delight. "It's hanging off the ceiling!"

"Like a stalactite!" crooned Grandma. "Oh, Barney, wait'll I tell the girls at the garden club what a fine, virile grandson I have. I didn't even know you were beating the meat yet! And is that *pubic* hair?"

"Yah!" Barney threw the covers over his head and began to shake. Something was wrong here. *Everything* was wrong here. Penny should be yelling about how disgusting he was and Grandma—Jesus, she should be having a *heart attack* or something. Had they gone insane during the night?

"Barney, would you do that again?" called Penny through the covers. "I want to take a picture."

"No! Go away! Leave me alone!"

"But, Barney," Grandma protested, "I want to see your little bush again!"

Barney stuck his head out and stared wildly at them. "You're both crazy! No! Get out of here!"

Penny and Grandma looked hurt. "Sure, Barney, sure. Anything you say." Sadly, they shuffled out, casting many wistful glances over their shoulders.

Barney slammed the door after them and sat down on his bed, breathing hard. There had to be some explanation for this. Was he dreaming? He pinched himself. "Ouch!" He wasn't dreaming. Utterly bewildered, he got into his clothes and walked cautiously downstairs. He found his parents in the living room listening to Alan Freed's Saturday Morning Top Twenty on the radio.

"Hey, Barney," called Mom. "'Crazy Love' by the Royaltones made number nine!"

"Ooh! Ooh!" cried Dad excitedly, pointing to the speaker. "The Heartbeats! 'You're a Thousand Miles Away!'" He grabbed Mom and they began to dance with both arms around each other, grinding their hips.

Fear thudded in Barney's stomach. Something was *really* wrong here. He spun from his parents, ran past Grandma in her rocker, reading a Vault of Horror comic, up the stairs to his room. He found Penny lying on his bed, legs wide open, panties about her ankles. *She'd found his cache of cheesecake pix! They were strewn about her and she was darting a long red candle in and out of her barely-furred squirrel!*

"YAHHHHHHHHHH!" Barney tore downstairs, out the front door. The downpour stopped him at the steps. It was raining like in certain science fiction stories set on Venus. He couldn't go out there. But where

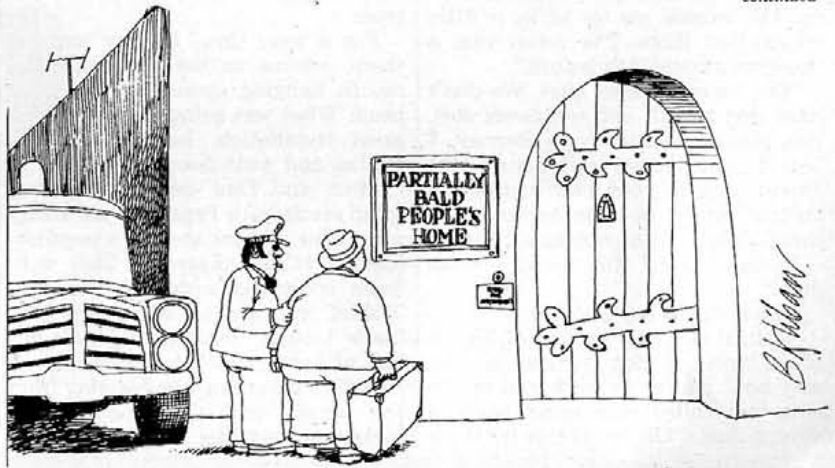
would he go? The basement! He threw the door back open and sprinted for the rear stairs, catching a glimpse of his parents as he flew by, still dancing, Mom stroking the back of Dad's neck with her fingertips. Breaking into a sweat, he hurled himself through the basement door, locked it behind him, and collapsed in his easy chair. He'd complained often enough about his family being square, but this was ridiculous. Not to mention scary, weird, and intolerable. What was he going to do?

Gradually, the steady beat of the rain on the windows calmed him. He liked the basement. Maybe if he just hung out here for a while, the aberration upstairs would disappear somehow. He decided to mess with his chemistry set.

Leafing through his much-stained instruction manual, he stopped on a page that didn't look too familiar and scanned the experiments. "Making Ammonia from Your Own Urine"? It required peeing in a test tube, which he wasn't sure he . . . wait, what was that? The fifth section of the set, which he'd always assumed to be purely decorative, suddenly appeared to have a lid. Inside, to his mystification, Barney found jars of herbs, flacons of colored smoke, greeble tubes and bulbed phrenometers, dark mirrors, essence of toadwort, and a polished ruby box of unicorn boogers. Consumed with curiosity, he opened the new instruction booklet at random. "Experiment Fourteen—Animating Potion"? He'd never heard of an experiment like that before. The instructions were simple enough, but the last two lines stopped him cold: "The resultant solution has the property of bringing inanimate objects briefly to life. Sprinkle liberally on chosen object."

Could such a thing be possible? Well, there was one way to find out. He mixed the required ingredients in a Florence flask, watched the solution

continued



continued

thicken and begin to blurb up bubbles of unpleasant-smelling gas, as if a tiny bean-eater were regularly farting beneath the surface. Quickly, he slipped a length of glass tubing into a one-holed stopper, the stopper into the flask, and the tubing through a diaphragm into a clear glass cube labeled "Transmolecular Converter." As more and more bubbles blurped, the gas concentrated in the chamber, forming a thin, gray fog. Abruptly, the fog took on multiple colors and began to swirl 'round and 'round, like a rainbow in a blender. Then, drop by drop, the whirling fog turned liquid and emerged from the funnel into Barney's waiting test tube. According to instructions, he'd done everything right. Well. . . . He glanced about the room, searching for a suitable object.

"What's this?" piped a small voice from his hand. The test tube had grown a tiny face! "My goodness, you've animated me! You were supposed to use the inert glass test tube, flubadub!"

"Yah!" Barney jumped a foot in the air and the test tube flew from his hand with a small, glassy scream that cut off abruptly as it shattered against the gilt frame of his dog picture. Good Lord, he was a murderer. To be sure, the victim had been only a small glass tube, but . . .

"Well! *Arf arf arf!* My name is Harold. What's your name?"

Barney spun his head around so hard he almost fell on the floor. The dog, though still two-dimensional and made of paint, was talking to him, watching with friendly eyes, tongue lolling comically from his mouth.

"I like you. Are you Barney?"

"Uh . . . I . . ."

"You know, we St. Bernards like to help," the dog continued in his gruff, goofy voice. "And from the look of you, Barney, I'd say you've got family problems."

Barney shuddered. "Yeah, I sure do. Uh, excuse me for being a little tongue-tied there. I've never met a two-dimensional dog before."

"Oh, we're the best kind. We don't have dog breath and we never shit. But getting back to you, Barney, I bet if you looked up Experiment Twenty-one in your new instruction manual, you'd be able to do something about those problems."

Barney found the page. "Wish dust?"

"That's it! *Woof woof woof!*"

Well, if this new section of his set could bring a dog picture to life, why not? He set to work and before long had collected a small heap of silvery dust. "Uh . . . is this it? Wish

dust?"

"Sure is!" said the dog jovially. "Now think carefully and make your wish."

Barney closed his eyes and thought hard, then cast a handful of the dust to the floor. "I wish this horrible day would start all over again and my family would stop acting so weird and just be really cool."

"Yikes!" The dog's eyes rolled in alarm. "You weren't supposed to . . ."

Barney's fist was sliding up and down his stalk so fast it occasionally created tiny sonic booms. In his fantasy, he was at Slab Beach, where he had been planning to go today until he'd seen the rain. Lots of kids from Nozzlin High were there. The hoods and their debs, as usual, were sprawled sullenly on beach towels by the pier. Barney approached them. "Yeah?" Kobo greeted him. "Whudda you want, yuh fairy?"

"Why don't all you hoods take a long walk by the water and look for pretty shells?" suggested Barney.

"Hey, yeah! What a good idea!" The hoods stood and headed for the water, leaving their debs behind.

"Would anyone like to rub suntan oil on me?" asked Barney.

"Me! Me!" squealed the hoodesses, each with a small gold cross nestled between her robust proletarian breasts. They tugged off his bathing suit and began rubbing oil all over him. "Whew," thought Barney in his bed, "any second now . . ."

"Hey, man, Mommy-o say you suppose to make it downstairs for breakfast . . ."

What? He flung his hand from himself, as if his cock had suddenly become red hot, and stared at the door. Penny and Grandma were slouching there, hands in pockets, wearing black turtleneck sweaters, sunglasses, and berets.

"Oh, scuze us, man," said Grandma. "Like, when you're done, breakfast is happening." She and Penny left, closing the door quietly behind them.

For a long time, Barney just sat there, staring at the door with his mouth hanging open. He shook his head. What was going on here? With great trepidation, he got into his clothes and went downstairs.

Mom and Dad were seated in a small circle with Penny on the living room floor, passing around a peculiar-looking skinny cigarette. Dad wore jeans splotted with paint, a torn T-shirt, and shades; Mom was in a black leotard, with no lipstick but lots of heavy black eye make-up. A Charlie Parker cut was blasting from the phono, and Grandma, in her rocker, was wailing to it on a pair of

bongos.

Dad waved absently at him. "Oh, hey, man. Want some reefer?"

"Your Chianti's in the kitchen, dear." Mom's eyes were closed and she was nodding her head to the music.

"What's happening?" cried Barney incredulously.

"Oh, nothin' much, man," said Dad. "What's happenin' with you?"

"Are you all crazy? Why are you acting this way?"

Penny made a pained expression. "Hey, bro, that was incredibly piercing, man."

"Be cool, man," soothed his father. "Everythin' is mellow."

He had to get out of there. Spinning on heel, he rushed to the front door and threw it open. The rain was a wall of water. He glanced back in the living room. Grandma had begun to sing scat over the piano chorus. "Dee-nooby-wobby-wooby-wooboo-sh-bam . . ."

"YAHHHHHHHHHHH!" Barney didn't stop running until he'd reached his retreat in the basement and locked the door behind him. He fell into his easy chair, heart pounding. Had they all gone crazy? Or had he? Gradually, the sound of the rain soothed him, and, as his mind became calmer the strangest feeling came over him. This had all happened before! He had a flash vision of his parents dancing and making out, and of Grandma reading a horror comic. Then the vision was gone. He shook his head, extremely confused . . . and his eyes fell upon his chemistry set.

He sat up straight, staring. On the fifth section of the set was a lid he'd never noticed before. Something clicked in his head and he went to investigate. Beneath the lid was the most incredible array of stuff he'd ever seen: jars labeled "Fish Breath" and "Gryphon Hoof," burnished copper cauldrons, Klein bottles and pentagram chalk, an Erlenmeyer flask containing a liquid black as ink, cross-hatched with glowing golden lines. Good Lord, what did he have here?

He opened the curiously metallic-feeling instruction booklet, flipped through the pages, stopped at random. "How to Make a Time Gate"? The instructions were fairly simple, but the last line practically blew him away: "Through completed gate you can now obtain future newspapers, and amass a fortune at the racetrack and stock market." Oh . . . really? He set to work.

It took him an hour to assemble the large rectangle of glass tubing and stand it upright. He connected

continued on page 67



Common Brownie  
(Adult Shutterbug)



Rosewindow  
(Ambiguous religiosus)



Upholsterer's Buttontuft



Yellow Delicious

European Luftmothra



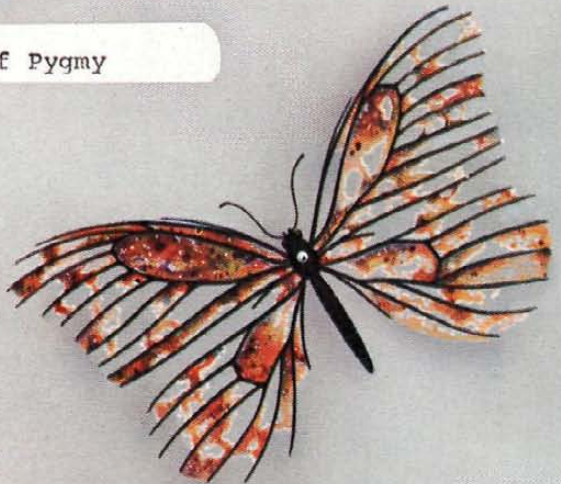
Irish Clippon



English Stonedhinge



Dwarf Pygmy



True Death's Head



Autumn Gorgeous  
(Lepidoptera Emaciata)

Greater Chameleon  
(*Fabula rasa*)



Closet Gargyle



Lesser Antilles



True Atlas



False Atlas



Texas Behemoth

# ORIGAMI

by Lushira Hamtonaka and Shary Flenniken

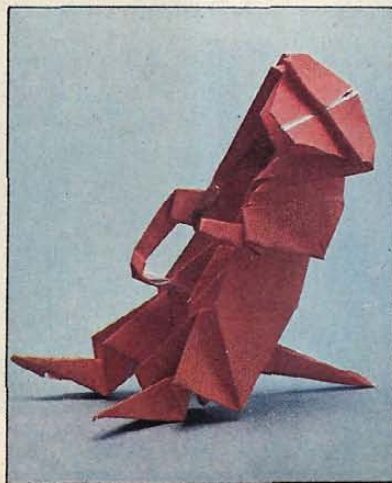
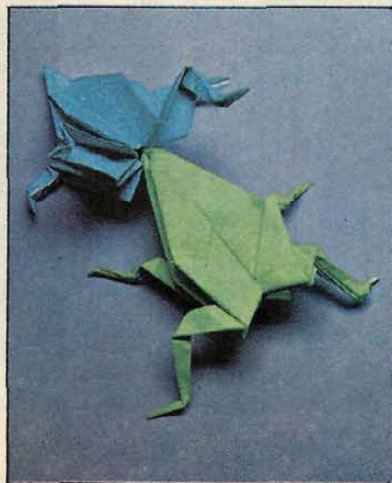
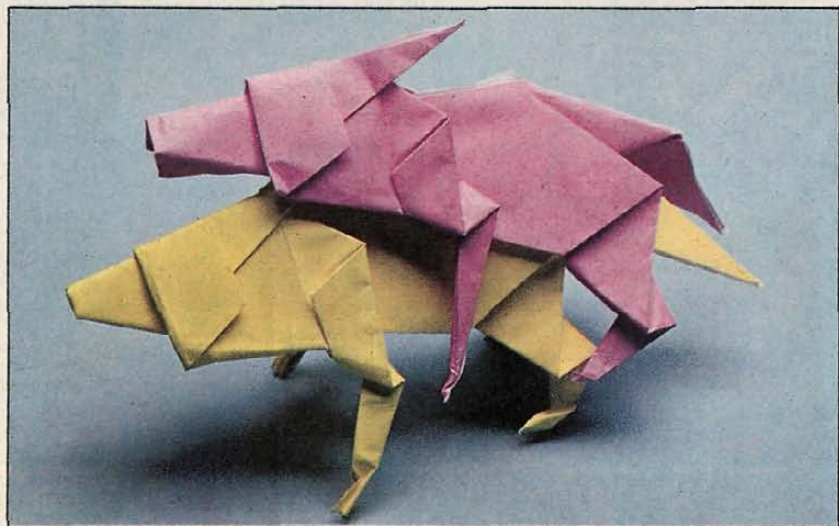
Some authorities say origami started shortly after 538 A.D., when a Buddhist monk brought the secrets of paper-making from China, through Korea, into Japan. We certainly know that origami has been an integral part of Japanese culture and crafts for the last 400 years. Occidental devotees of origami included such diverse personalities as Shelley and Houdini.

Origami is the art of Japanese paper-folding. Traditionally, "the pastime" or "amusement" origami is folded from a square piece of paper, as opposed to ceremonial origami, which is folded from rectangular paper. The *Kan-no-mado* form of origami departs from the traditional by using scissor cuts, rhombic shapes, and compound shapes. The monkey or gibbon is from the *Kan-no-mado*. Of all the origami animals, the crane is the most represented. The Japanese (*Hokkaido*) round-head crane is considered the symbol of good fortune and

long life. Folding 1,000 cranes insures the folder of this good fortune and long life, tradition holds. The most realistic of all origami animals is the frog. The frog is never displayed in shops or commercial businesses (as is the crane and other animals) because the Japanese word for frog is *kaeru*, which is the same word for "go home." The most elaborate forms are the crab and the golden Buddha. Both, of course, are *Kan-no-mado*.

All origami depends on the following four geometric folds and their intersections, the basis from which the secondary folds that give the works their appearance derive.

- A. Checkerboard fold.
- B. Diagonal mosaic fold.
- C. Radial fold from center.
- D. Corner radial fold.



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# MODELEERS



Fotos: Alan Rose Model: Alan Rose Gabby: Gabby Wellikov Mom Model: Doug's Mom

**END**

# HOW TO Tie-Die IN YOUR OWN HOME

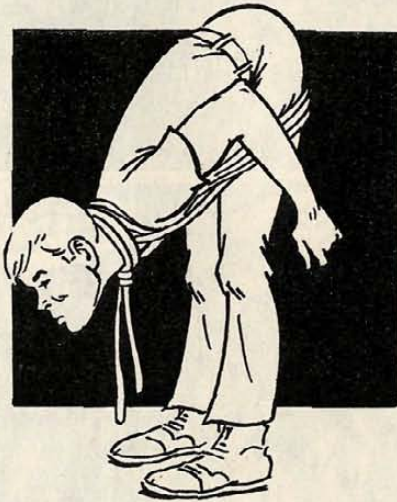
by P.J. O'ROURKE



**F**ASTEN FIVE-FOOT LENGTHS OF CORD AROUND ANKLES, KNEES, AND THIGHS, AND HOLD YOUR BREATH UNTIL YOU'RE DEAD.



**B**IND LEFT HAND TO RIGHT ANKLE, CROSS KNEES, TIE LEGS TOGETHER, AND ROLL OVER INTO A FULL BATHTUB.



**B**END BODY NEARLY DOUBLE, KNOT ROPE LOOSELY AROUND NECK AND BENEATH HIPS. THEN HOP OUT A SECOND-STORY WINDOW.



**W**RAP FRONT OF HEAD FIRMLY IN TWINE AND STARVE.

WARREN SATTGER

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the rectangle by rubber hosing to the silver spiggots of a black box labeled "Warp Generator," measured the required chemicals into the orifice at the box's top, and stepped back to watch. The box began to hum and the tubing lit vivid blue, like a neon sign. Then the area within the rectangle became . . . fuzzy, like the air above the road ahead on a hot summer day, and suddenly a man was stepping through it into Barney's basement.

"Barney!" The man seemed about fifty and wore a white lab coat. His face looked maddeningly familiar, but Barney couldn't quite put his finger on who he was. He reeled back in fear, cowering against the oil burner. The man took a step toward him. "Thank God you finally made the time warp. Now I can save us."

"Wha-wha-what are you *talking* about?" Barney was so scared he could hardly speak.

"We've been stuck in a temporal loop, my boy, and I've come to get us out of it. Sit. I'll explain." He gestured, without looking, at Barney's easy chair. Somewhat unsteadily, Barney sat.

The man laughed. "Please don't be afraid. Believe me, I'd be the last person in the world to do anything bad to you." He looked around the basement wonderingly. "God, I remembered it as being bigger."

"P-please tell me what's going on," Barney pleaded.

"Okay. Let's see, this is a little complicated: In the future, in 1993, to be exact, two enormous breakthroughs in human knowledge will occur. The first will be the discovery by the scientific community that magic is real—and works. This will lead almost immediately to the second breakthrough—time travel. Got that?"

Barney nodded numbly.

"Okay. Now, I was one of the people who made these discoveries and I decided to use them. So I assembled a rudimentary primer kit in our new disciplines and caused it to appear back here, in the empty section of the chemistry set."

"But why? And why *my* chemistry set?"

The man looked down, smiled, looked back at Barney. "I thought you might guess. Barney, I'm you."

Barney cocked his head. "Hah?"

"I'm you, grown up. I'm the you of—what is this, fifty-five?—thirty years from now. But I still remember what it was like living here, vividly so. I decided to send my thirteen-year-old self—you—the means of improving your—our—lot. But we screwed everything up with that start-

the-day-over wish. You would have been stuck in the loop forever if you hadn't made it possible for me to get here by building the gate."

Loop? "Hey, does this have something to do with the way my family is acting and that I keep thinking that it's all happened before?"

"Absolutely. Every time you changed them, the effects on the future were enormous—paradoxes, time eddies . . . I'm in such trouble with the Temporal Guild you wouldn't believe it. But never mind, I'm afraid I'm going to have to take all the stuff back, Barney. As soon as I do, everything will return to normal and you'll forget any of it ever happened."

"Back to normal?" Barney hadn't minded *some* of the changes he'd made. "Listen, doesn't that mean I'll still decide to send the stuff back here? And get in trouble all over again?"

His grown-up self looked up from packing the equipment and glanced at him. "Why, yes, Barney, but I don't know any way to get around that."

Barney thought fast. "Well, you said you did all this so I could improve things. What if I improved

things just enough so that in the future it wouldn't occur to us to send the stuff back in the first place?"

The man gave him a wondering look. "Even at thirteen, I could think in time-flow! Barney, you're right." He completed packing and stood before the time gate. "When I tell you, I want you to make a very smart wish about how you want things to be. If you phrase wrongly, I can cancel it before any damage is done." He drew a handful of silvery dust from his pocket and cast it on the floor. "Wish, Barney."

Barney thought hard. "I wish that Dad and Mom and Penny and Grandma would be the same people they've always been, only with just a little more kindness, respect, and understanding. And me, too."

"What a brilliant kid," murmured Future Barney. He stepped backward and disappeared into the fuzziness, except for his hands, which pulled the tubing and warp generator after him. There was a little pop and Barney found himself alone in the basement.

As predicted, he promptly forgot the entire thing had ever happened.

But he got his wish. □

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cracked ice. Serve in  
tall glass. Garnish  
with lemon or lime  
wedge.



EHECATL  
(THE WIND)

symbol for the 2nd day  
of the ancient Aztec week

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dary dispute, the War of 1812, Aaron Burr's invasion, the fish-dynamiting incident of 1907, and, more recently, the Belle Isle trailer park disturbance of 1961, and the Nova Scotia bus terminal washroom defacement of only last month!

These things alone would probably not be enough to arouse Johnny Canuck if he were not being stirred up by agitators. Partisans and cadres of crypto-Communist organizations like the so-called "New Democratic Party" have been telling Johnny Canuck that he is part of a new order, an order destined to rule his country. Canada-watchers have seen the change coming for years. At first, Canada assumed a passive-aggressive posture in regard to the United States, permitting the immigration of thousands of American draft dodgers who should by rights have been jumping off of landing craft in Haiphong harbor or shooting equal quantities of zipperheads and junk somewhere near Binh Dinh. Canada's harboring of these men was an unfriendly act, but her refusal to allow them to return is an act of aggression that cannot pass smoke.

Yes, Canada has refused to allow draft dodgers to leave the country. U.S. border officials who had prepared themselves for the flood of returning war resisters were astonished when only three sought to take advantage of President Ford's amnesty bill. But

these three men had a tale to tell. A tale as horrifying and gruesome as any told by a Berlin wall-vaulter.

"It was horrible," said one escapee. "They tried to make us memorize this book. It was all about their 'provinces' and their capital cities and industries. I tell you, I can't sleep at night—I keep hearing this horrible voice saying, 'Victoria is the capital of British Columbia,' or a high-pitched voice interrogating me with impossible questions like, 'What is the major industry of Coalhurst, Alberta?' It got worse as time went on. They asked us questions about procedures in their legal system, which is just like Attila the Hun's only with Latin thrown in. And their 'parliament'! Oh, God! It was like something dreamed up by an insane druid! Good thing they didn't find out I was a faggot."

From the stories these men have told us, we can piece together a puzzle chilling and loathesome to the last funny-shaped piece. The torment that these men endured is something that they will probably never be able to forget; but they're going to try. They're safe now; but what of the others? Is America just going to fluff off the suffering of her wayward sons? Or is she going to take guns and tanks and planes and bombs and blow the shit right out of these rat-fucking Canucks?

Well, what the hell do you say?

Will you dig deep into your pockets and contribute to the war chest? America can't finance this war, but you and I can; and the CIA has kindly offered to match your contributions to the War with Canada Fund. We'll start the ball rolling with a hundred dollars from the magazine. Remember, the sooner you send in your dollars, the sooner we can get this war on the road. So clip this coupon and send it in today, to *Canada, c/o National Lampoon*, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

**War with Canada**

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(Canucks may join fifth column, Quising division. Please enclose photographs of your bridges and send maps with strategic factory locations clearly marked. We come in peace.)

T.M.

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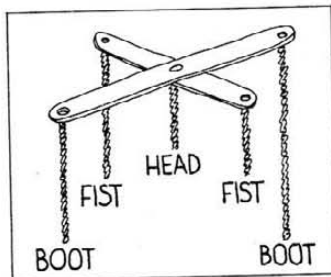
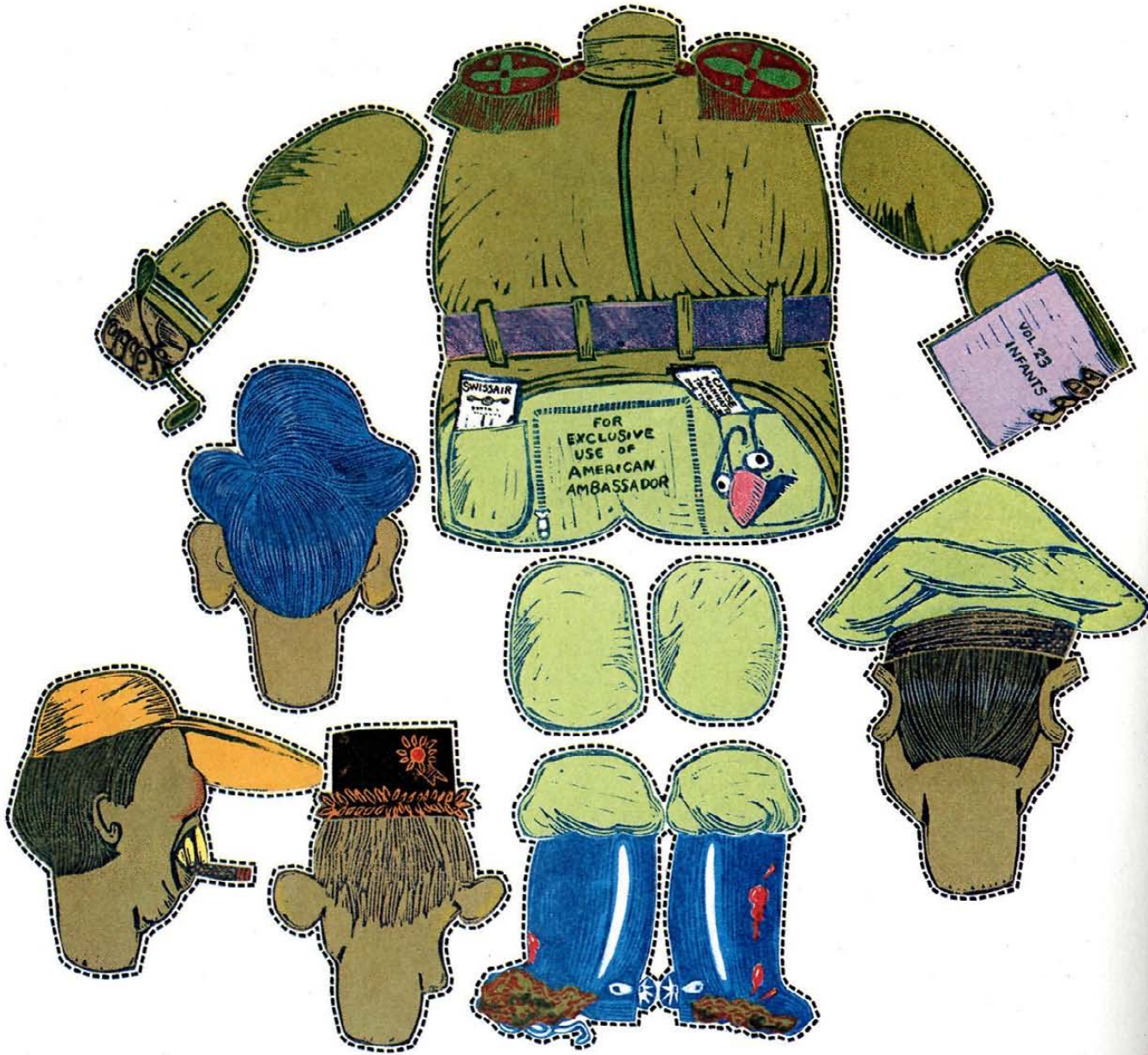
by Tony Hendra



One dictator, two dictator, three dictator, four... yes, kids, here are the charmers Uncle Sam shells out billions for each year just to maintain their cute little Punch and Shoot Shows: President Park Chung Hee, Nguyen van Thieu, Ferdinand E. Marcos, and General Augusto Pinochet Ugarte, the Sweetheart of Santiago. (We would have included Trudeau, but darling Pierre just doesn't look good in anything but mufti.) All you have to do is cut out around the dotted line (that's the one with the white spaces in between the little black things), punch out a hole where it says *hole*, and connect the holes with something imaginative like wire or those brass dodads that no one round here can remember the name of. Try to get the various limbs in the right order so that you get hands on the end of arms, heads on top, etc. (Most of these beauties, unlike their victims, tend to have their limbs and organs in the right places.)

Next, you make your Control Center (see diagram, over). Coffee stirrers should do, or if ecologically minded, used coffee stirrers. Attach string to each extremity and to the best head. Now attach the other ends to Control Center. And there you have it. A flick of the wrist, a twitch of the pinkie, and you can make the little buggers dance and kick and flog and grovel and blow you, just like Hank and the big guys do. Have fun.

Illustrated by Randy Enos





Create Your Own

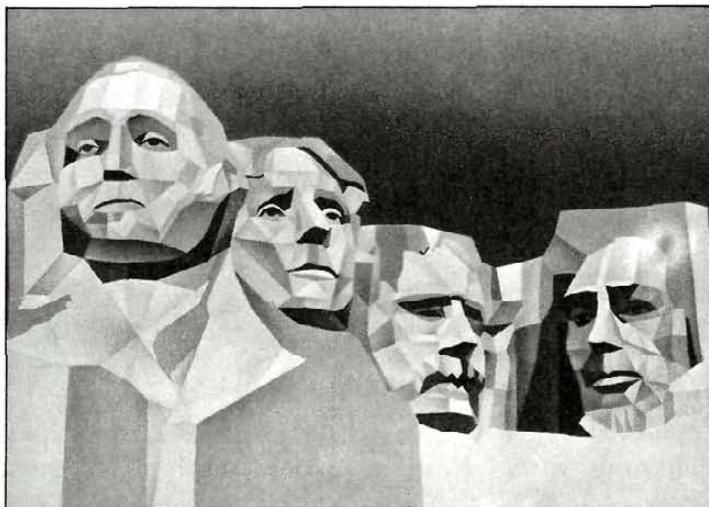
# Realistic Paper Sculpture

by Peter Kleinman

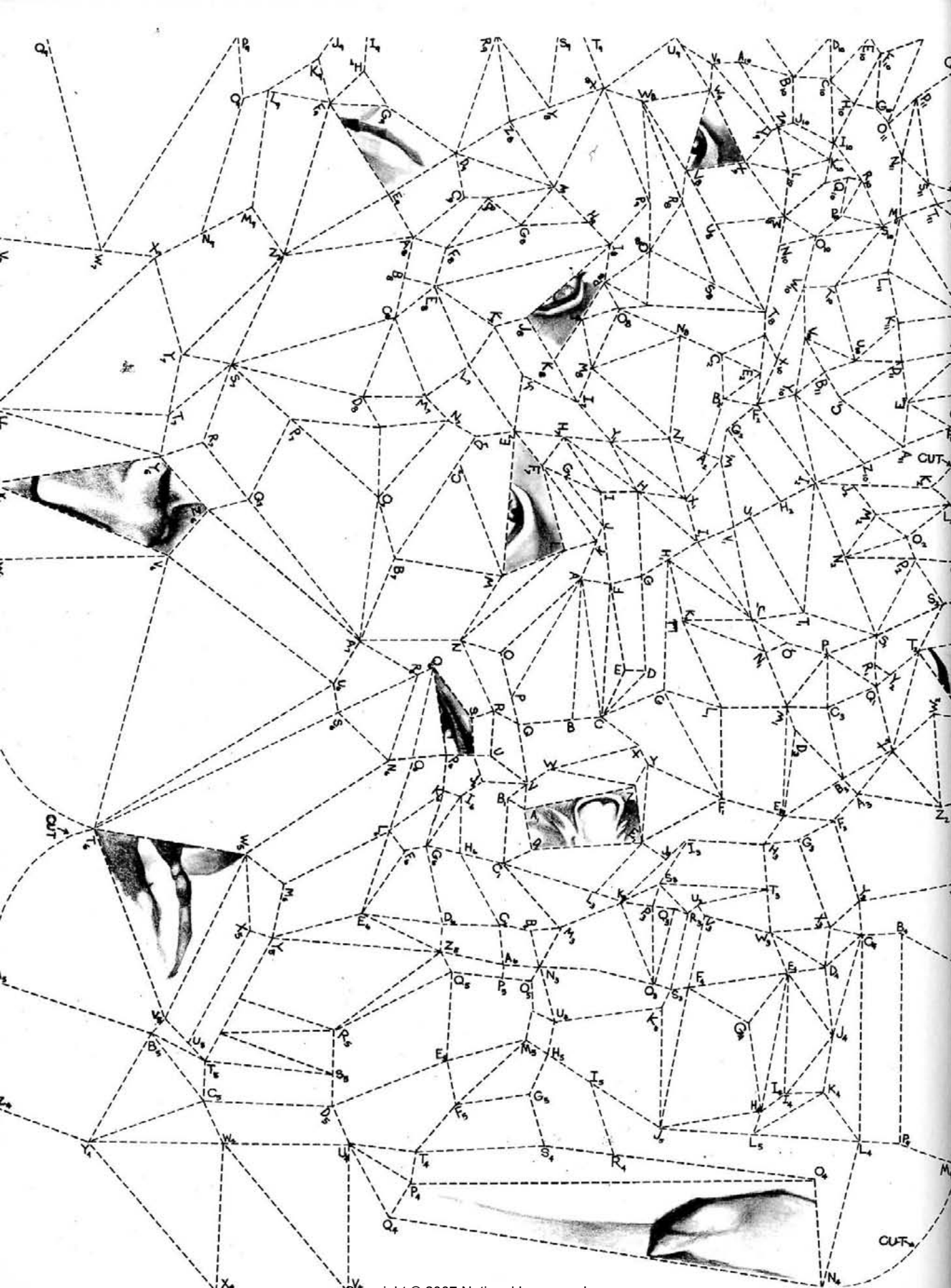
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You, too, can be a sculptor. Imagine the envy of your more artistically oriented friends when you show them this wonderful representation of America's most cherished shrine. And the nice thing is, you made it yourself. Just follow the simple directions below and you're on your way to many fun-filled hours of folding pleasure.

Starting at point *A*, fold sharply to point *B*, then *B* to *C*, *C* to *D*, *D* to *E*, *E* to *F*, *F* to *G*, *G* to *H*, *H* to *I*, *I* to *J*, *J* to *K*, *K* to *L*, *L* to *M*, *M* to *N*, *N* to *P*, *P* to *Q*, *Q* to *R*, *R* to *S*, *S* to *T*, *T* to *U*, *U* to *V*, *V* to *W*, *W* to *X*, *X* to *Y*, *Y* to *Z*, and so forth through the alphabet eleven times, making sure to adhere strictly to all "cut" indications.



Above is young David Pieratt's fine example of how your piece should look when complete.





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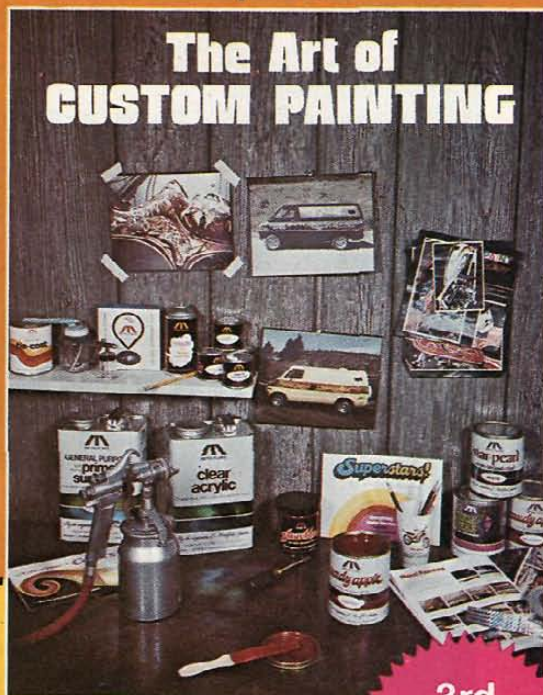
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# CLOO

FOR 3, 4, 5, OR 6 PLAYERS/TERMS 6 MONTHS-LIFE.

## Introduction

This game is unlike any other. All the characters are for real—even the victim. It is like real life.

The scene opens in Mr. Charley's vast real estate holdings. Mr. Charley is apparently the victim of foul play and is found in one of these locations.

The object is to find out the answer to these questions: 1. **WHAS HAPPENIN'?** ... 2. **WHERE AT?** ... 3. **WIF WHA?** ... 4. **WHO CARES?**

All players are assumed to be guilty until proved innocent. The player who, by someone else's deduction, absence, bad luck, stupidity, an act of God, physical disability, or any other reason cannot prove his innocence, loses the game.

This is accomplished by the players moving around the various locations and making blind guesses as to what they believe is the location, person, and weapon or combination of weapons connected with the doing in of Mr. Charley. This may reveal which cards are in the other players' hands and which cards are missing, or it may not. In any case, the cards are of little use, except that they may give a player something "on" another player. They may be bought or taken by force at any time. "Accusing" a suspect therefore has little to do with any of the original information.

One of the answers lies in the little glassine envelope resting on the abandoned lot in the middle of the board. There are, however, certain penalties associated with it, which may prove to be no answer at all.

## Equipment

The game board showing nine of Mr. Charley's more profitable holdings. Six colored tokens representing the suspects, all of whom are token. The colors of the tokens are closely associated with the names of the suspects:

Suspects	Tokens
Col. Amal Nitrate 67/8 X	Black
Black Jack	Black
Reverend Jamaica Moan	Black
Mr. Jesus "Banana" Colon	Brown
Ms. Dolores O'Reo	Black
Ms. Blowjangles	Black

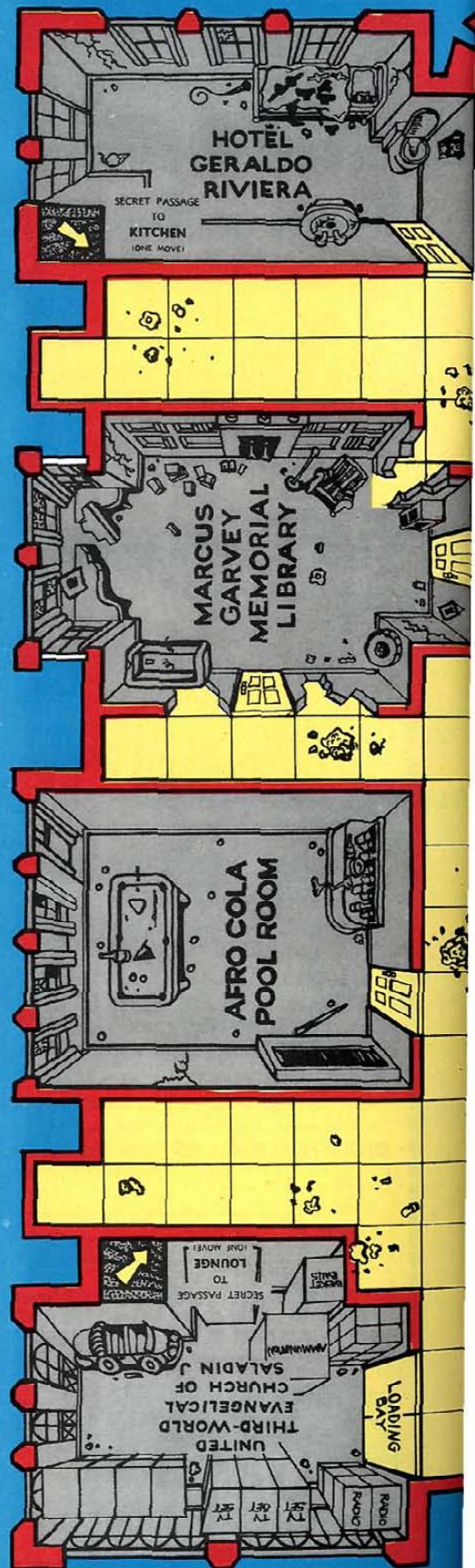
Twenty-five moderate sized weapons and dice.

The pack of illustrated cards includes a card for each suspect, one for each of the nine locations, and one for each weapon.

There is also a pad of Detective "notebooks" to aid players in their investigations, which can be thrown away after the first couple of rounds.

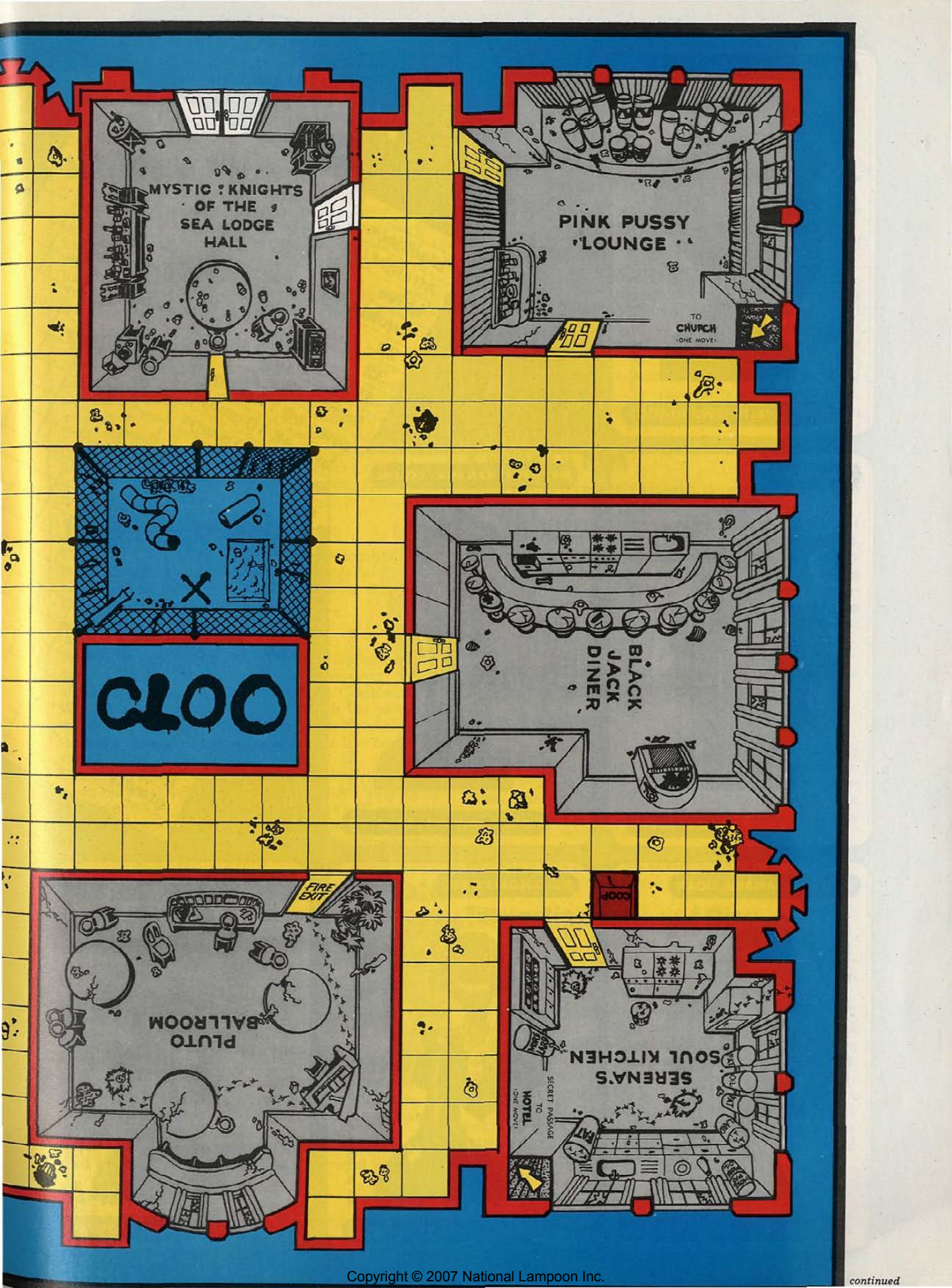
Place the tokens anywhere on the board, provided they are not inside one of the locations. Stack the weapons in neat piles in all the locations. Place the glassine envelope, sealed, on the spot marked X.

Since the cards represent evidence, at least in the early stages of the game, they give players an advantage over



Illustrated by Marty Geller

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**MYSTIC KNIGHTS  
OF THE  
SEA LODGE  
HALL**

**PINK PUSSY  
'LOUNGE**

**TO  
CHURCH  
(ONE MOVE)**

**CLOO**

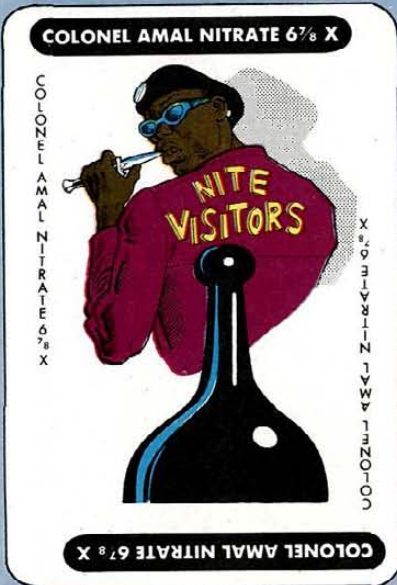
**BLACK  
JACK  
DINER**

**PLUTO  
BALLROOM**

**SERENA'S  
SOUL KITCHEN**

**SECRET PASSAGE  
TO HOTEL  
(ONE MOVE)**

**FIRE  
EXIT**



**WEAPONS**

blackjack	
straight razor	
shive	
sword stick	
22.	
32.	
45.	
9mm.	
sawn-off 12 gauge	
sawn-off 16 gauge	
sawn-off 20 gauge	
saw	
fire ax	
ice pick	
brick	
fist	
two-by-four	
baseball bat	
car door	
car trunk	
car antenna	
car	
A-train	
gravity knife	
gravity	

one another. All the cards should therefore be dealt equally. Once the cards have been dealt, they may be bought, sold, or "seized."

The player who ends up with the most cards rolls the dice first.

## Movement of Tokens

To reach a given location, players may move their tokens on the "alley" squares anywhere on the board, according to the throw of the dice. If a player insists on going further than the number of squares indicated by the dice, or less, or simply refuses to budge, there is not a lot that can be done.

Tokens can move forward, backwards, or crosswise, but not come to rest on or pass through a garbage square.

## Moving Into a Location

There are three ways of moving into a location: (1) legally, through a designated entrance, (2) illegally, by smashing a hole in the wall, and (3) by extradition from another location, a method hard to enforce.

If the space at the entrance to a location is occupied by the token of a player, another player may experience difficulty entering the location, depending on the number of cards held by the player occupying the entrance, his physical size, and his mood.

## Moving Out of a Location

There are three ways to move out of a location: (1) legally, through a designated exit, (2) illegally, by smashing a hole in the wall, and (3) by burning that part of the board containing the location.

## The "Insinuation"

Whenever a player moves into a location, he can, if he dares, make an "Insinuation." An Insinuation consists of naming a Suspect, the Weapon or Combination of Weapons, and the Location into which the player has moved. As soon as a player makes an Insinuation, the token of the suspect named is supposed to be brought into the location named. Good luck.

**Example:** The player representing Ms. Blowjangles may reach the Black Jack Diner. She then calls a Suspect into the Diner (if he or she can be found or will cooperate) and the weapon or weapons she is insinuating were used. She might thus say: "I insinuate that it was Black Jack in the Black Jack with the blackjack."

## Proving the Insinuation True or False

It is at this stage that the evidential or controlled portion of the game usually ends, and the psychological or uncontrolled portion begins.

The subject of an Insinuation may take either of these two courses. He may calmly attempt to show that the cards he has in his hand, or those he suspects to be present in the hands of others, prove his innocence. Or he may become enraged, attempt to bluster his way out of the situation, and threaten physical violence.

A player wishing to make an Insinuation should bear this in mind; he or she should also remember that consistently not making an Insinuation may indicate (a) weakness or (b) guilt and thus infuriate one or more of the other players.

In any event, all these reactions to an Insinuation can be used in building the case against a potential victim.

## The Accusation

When a player is satisfied that, irrespective of the truth, he can build a case against a specific player, he can, on

his turn, make an Accusation. To indicate that he is about to make an Accusation, a player must read the accused his Miranda Rights.

## Miranda Rights

You have a right to remain silent.

Any statement you do make may be used as evidence against you.

You have the right to have an attorney present while you are being interrogated.

If you cannot afford an attorney, one will be appointed for you by the court.

The accuser must have finished a reasonably understandable reading of the accused's Miranda Rights for the Accusation to be valid. If the accused can make physical contact with the accuser, or otherwise silence him before he has completed the reading, the Accusation is null and void.

**Note:** For the above reasons, it is usually best to make an Accusation when the accused is in the bathroom, getting a beer, detained by force, or out replacing the envelope (see below).

## Copping a Plea

Upon being successfully accused, the accused may either (1) cop a plea, or (2) protest his or her innocence.

If a plea is copped, the accused pleads guilty to a lesser included offense, loses five turns and returns to the game.

If innocence is protested, the rest of the players form a jury of his peers, elect a foreman, and decide on the guilt of the accused. The accused may attempt to influence the outcome of this decision by any means he wishes, including money, rhetoric, surrender of some or all of his cards, and the use of force.

If guilt is established, the game is over.

If some other arrangement is arrived at, the accused returns to the game, and it continues.

## The Answer

At any point during the game, if a player is sufficiently confident of his or her position, they may open the envelope in the center of the board and consume the contents. The contents, however, must be replaced. The player forfeits five turns or the time it takes to replace the contents, whichever is greater.

Any player taking this course, however, should remember that it may impair his ability to challenge an Insinuation or Accusation, or even to return to the game at all.

## Interesting Notes and Hints

After the first Insinuation has been made, it is inadvisable in most situations for a player to resort to evidential rules. Rage, force, and negotiation are much more likely to achieve results.

It should be remembered that since Mr. Charley is dead, and there is no decisive means of knowing who did what to him, where at, and whif wha', guilt can only be established by agreement among the players. Players must realize that in the larger sense, they are all guilty, and that that guilt extends to everyone, even those who are not playing the game, never wanted to, or never heard of it, and if they had, would think it dumb. The crime of the guilty party is our crime, the crime of society, the crime of humanity.

Have fun.

CLOO is a registered trademark of The Brothers, Inc. Additional Detective Notebooks and glassine envelopes may be obtained from The Brothers, Inc., upon request, at the location of your choice.

from

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to

# SEVENTY SEX

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# FUNNY PAGES

## WANTS

REMEMBER THOSE THINGS YOU HATED SO MUCH TO DO THAT THE THOUGHT OF THEM LOOMING WAS SO HORRIBLE YOU ACTUALLY WISHED THEY WOULD HAPPEN AND BE OVER AND DONE WITH?

NO SISSIES, THERE! EVERYONE GOES UP DEAD PINE TOR, THERE!

HOW CAN THEY EXPECT ME TO DO THIS YEAR AFTER YEAR?

COME ON, THERE! I SEE YOU HANGING BACK, YOU! YOU WANT I TELL YOUR PAPA?

GOD!

I'M NOT HANGING, MR. KNUDSON!

COME ON, THERE!

IT NEVER WAS THIS STEEP BEFORE!

COME ON, THERE!

THAT'S NOT DOING IT GOOD, THERE!

AHHH!

OH, GOD, IT WAS A NIGHTMARE! OH, GOD, THE DAY'S JUST STARTED!!!

BREAKFAST TIME! NO LAZY BOYS! 5:30! EVERYBODY UP!

WLANG!

KLANG!

# Dirty Duck



by BOB O'NEILL

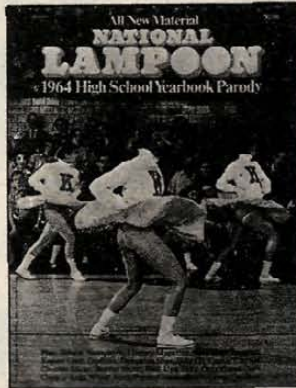


# WHOLE MIRTH CATALOGUE

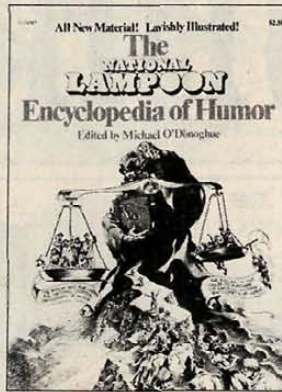
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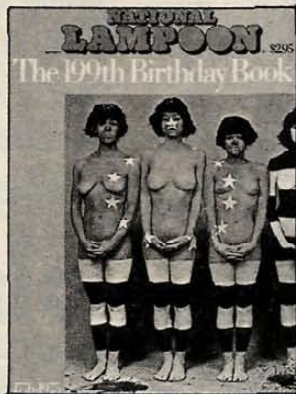
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## DETERIORATA

**G**O PLACIDLY AMID THE NOISE & WASTE, & REMEMBER WHAT COMFORT THERE MAY BE IN OWNING A piece thereof. Avoid quiet & passive persons unless you are in need of sleep. Rotate your tires. \* Speak glowingly of those greater than yourself and heed their advice even though they be turkeys; know what to kiss and when. \* Consider that two wrongs never make a right but that three do. Whenever possible, put people on hold. Be comforted that as the face of all acidity & disillusionment and despite the changing fortunes of time, there is always a big fortune in computer maintenance. \* Remember the Fuchs. Strive at all times to head, fold, spinoff, & mutilate. Know your self if you need help, call the FBI. Exercise caution in your daily affairs, especially with those persons closest to you. \* You know on your left, for instance. Be aware that a walk through the ocean of moist snails would surely get your feet wet. Fill not in love therefore; it will stick to your face. \* Carefully surrender the things of youth, buds, clean cut hair. \* Beware and let not the sands of time get in your lunch. \* Hire people with books. \* For a good time, call 606-4311; ask for Ken. \* Take heart amid the deepening gloom that your dog is finally getting enough exercise and reflect that whatever misfortune may be your lot, it could only be worse in Milwaukee. \* You are a Duke of the universe; you have no right to be here, and whether you can bear it or not, the universe is laughing behind your back. \* Therefore make peace with your God whatever you conceive Him to be: Harry Thunderer or Cosmic Muffin. \* With all its hopes, dreams, promises, & when revealed, the world continues to deteriorate. \* Give up. \* \* \* BY FRANK MORGAN

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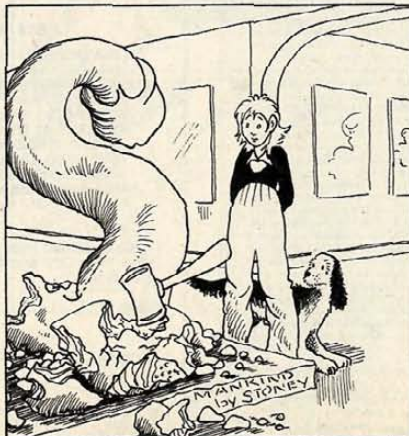
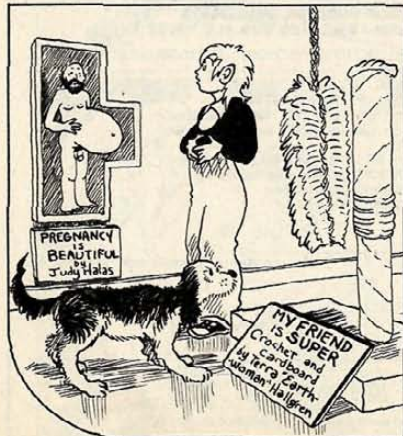
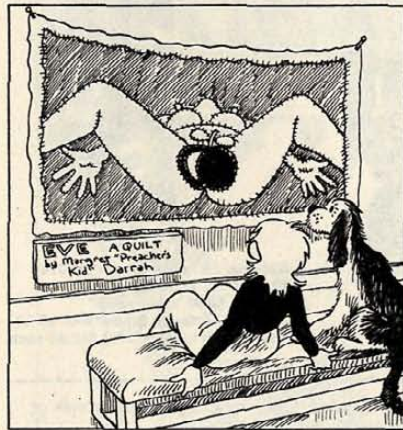
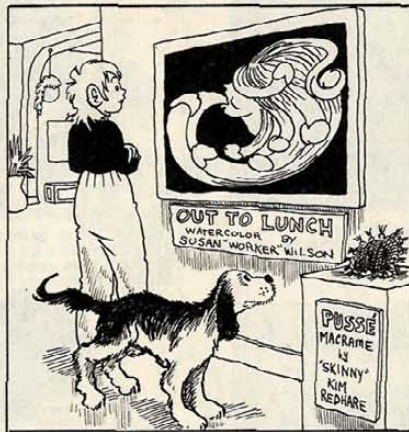
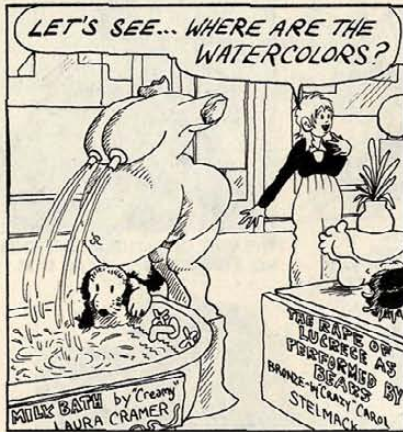
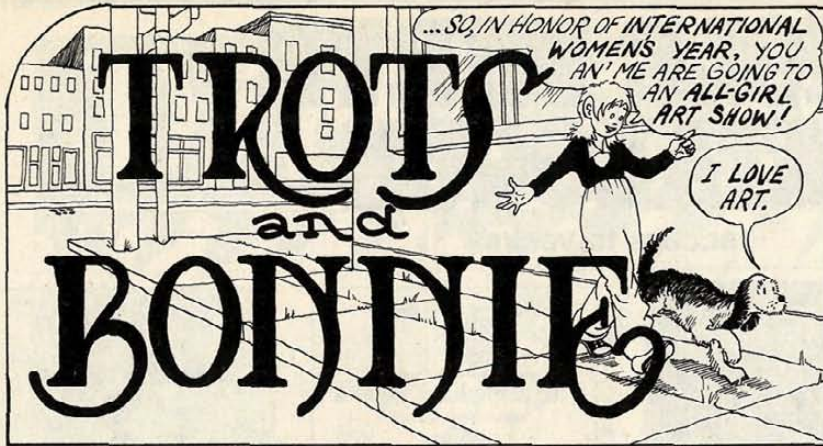
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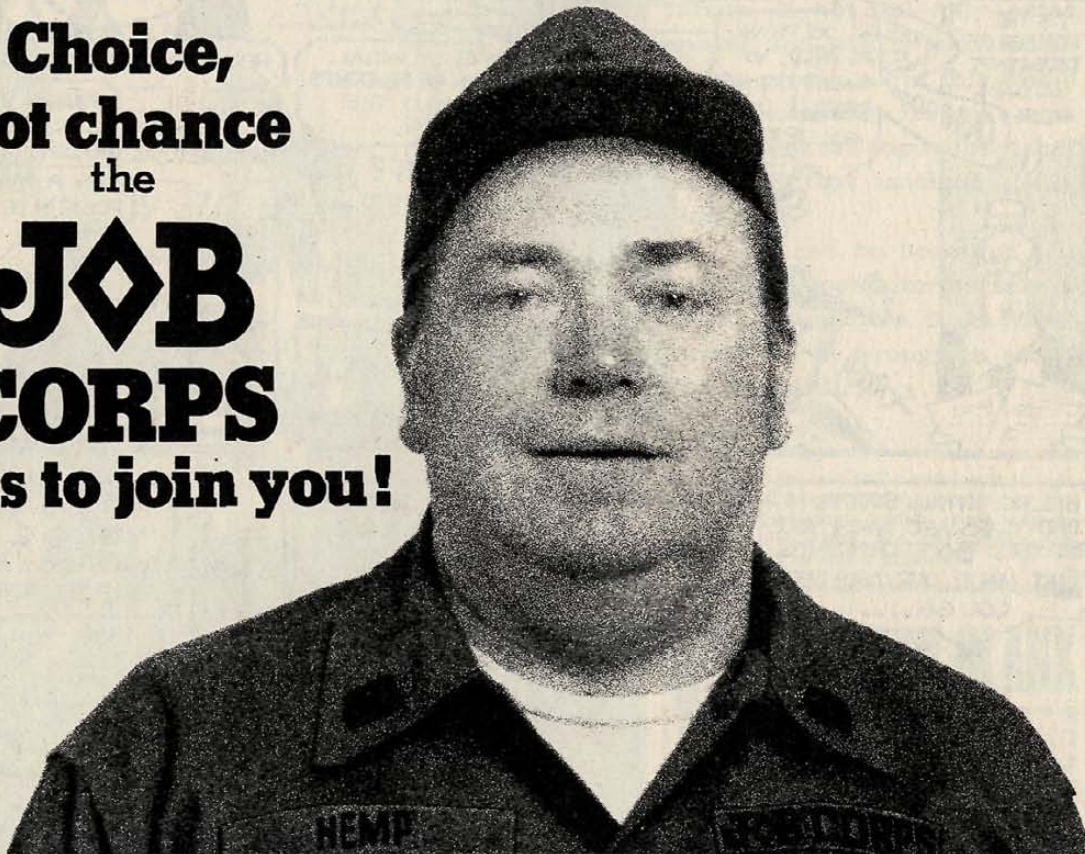
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# Inspector Weatherby OF THE IRS

BY STEVE MILLER & GARY GROBER

MS. SHIRLEY TEMPLE BLACK?

THAT'S ME, BIG BOY.

I'M WEATHERBY, OF THE INTERNAL REVENUE SERVICE. WE HAVE SOME QUESTIONS ON YOUR LAST THREE TAX RETURNS....

SHIT!  
PISS!  
FUCK!

YOU'RE NOT HAPPY.

IT'S THE NUMBER OF DEPENDENTS YOU CLAIM, ACCOR-

OEEEEEE!  
YO' DRIVE ME WILD, YO' SWEET-TALKIN' DEVIL! LE'S GO UPSTAIRS!

ACCORDING TO OUR ACTUARIAL TABLES, A MILLION DEPENDENTS IS SOMEWHAT BELOW THE NORM OF PROBABILITY.

NO SHIT?

PERHAPS YOU OR YOUR ACCOUNTANT...

MEANIN' H&R BLACK?

...MADE AN ARITHMETICAL ERROR...

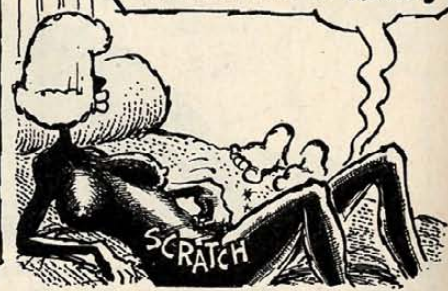
THEY PUTTIN' DE DECIMAL POINT IN DE WRONG PLACE?



UH...NO. IT ALL STARTED TWO YEARS AGO WHEN YOU REPORTED 500 DEPENDENTS THAT MADE OUR COMPUTER COUGH....

LAST YEAR, WHEN YOU CLAIMED 10,000, IT... ER...POOTED.

AND THIS YEAR, WHEN YOU SAID 1 MILLION... WELL, YOU EVER SEEN A COMPUTER WITH THE RUNS?



SO I DON'T SEE HOW I CAN ALLOW THESE DEPENDENTS OF YOURS... AFTER ALL, WHERE ARE THEY?

SEARCH ME...

TWO WEEKS LATER AT I.R.S. REGIONAL H.Q.

GODDAMMIT, WEATHERBY, WHAT THE HELL'S GOING ON WITH YOUR TAX RETURN?

THIS IS RIDICULOUS!! OUR OWN AGENT CLAIMING 500 DEPENDENTS!?



# THIS COULD BE YOU!



But it doesn't have to be.

It's too late for him. Painful daily treatments are his only hope.

It could have been a lot different. If he had only acted sooner and paid a visit to the proper people, all of this would not be necessary. He can't even take a weekend trip without that man and that machine going along.

Life can be beautiful, but only if we look after ourselves. Don't take chances. If you think something is wrong, do something about it.

---

*This has been a public service message from the subscription department of the National Lampoon, which urges you to look after yourself. We can't make you laugh if you're really sick.*

---

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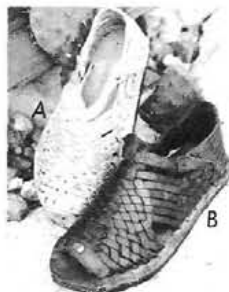
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  - "Magic caresses"
  - Stimulating a woman
  - The building of sexual power
  - Special sexual motions
  - Dozens of exotic positions
  - How to take off her clothes
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## WHAT IS A GOD?



od is our mighty fortress,  
our copilot,  
our guide, judge,  
father, and alibi.

God followed us to the Pacific, the Rhine, to the bathroom,  
the Pole, the moon.

And wherever He sent us, wherever He followed us.

God was there waiting for us.

God is a Voice speaking to us in the night.

a convergence of events leading to a sales opportunity,  
an invisible means of support.

He is the last word of dialogue in a movie about an old man,

a kid, and a dog, the author of the Gideon Bible,

and the hope of the future with the unknown up His sleeve.

He is yesterday's justification, today's improved radial tire.

tomorrow's game show host when the fix is in.

He comes in all colors, black, brown, yellow, and red.

And He's white all over.

He knows when you've been sleeping, He knows when you're awake.

He lifted the Bambino's homer into the second tier, and

sometimes He lets John Wayne miss, just to keep you on your toes.

God likes hamburgers, weekends, insects,

Catholics, Protestants and the occasional Jew,

hard work, good neighbors, and Bold Enforcer in the fourth at Belmont.

He is Omnipresent, Eternal, Omniscient, and

an honorary citizen of these United States, whatever the country of

His birth. But after you've succumbed to cancer, or

been crushed by a car, or expired by sucking chest wound or

heart failure, when you've killed yourself, or been killed,

or just plain died, He can make everything right

with those two little words:

"Hello, sailor!"

BY SEAN KELLY

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me back. It looks like he's going to bust out crying, but he sucks on his pipe and keeps talking, giving me this shit about how Madame Koo is the big agent in this spy operation and how important my mission is for my country, etc., etc.

"Wait a minute," I said. "Hold your fucking horses, Sarge. One fucking minute. I don't mind doing this job for you. I want to kick the shit out of the Commies. I love my country. But who's supposed to drive my cab while I'm out getting those secret plans, a Saint Bernard? What will I get out of this fucking deal besides a handshake and a medal? I'm losing money on the deal."

He said he was coming to that part. He pulls out a blank check and writes my name on it. He writes \$100, and then stops. "You get the other three zeroes when you bring back the plans," he says.

I don't know how they did it, but the CIA got me excused from my job and took me somewhere in Virginia for my training. First they taught me self-defense, like karate and kung-fu and all that shit that's so popular now. I knew that stuff twenty years ago. Then they gave me special training for this Madame Koo. I had to become an expert in sailing, polo, bridge, ballroom dancing, French food and wine—all the shit the society play-boys do. Normally, I never need that kind of bullshit because the broads like me just the way I am. But now, if I want to be sophisticated I can make guys like Cary Grant and Fred Astaire eat shit.

They also gave me what they call a "cover." I had a disguise so you would never recognize me in a million years. I had to grow a mustache and dye my hair red. They made up a whole new life for me. My new name was Richard Blake. I was an ex-officer in the British Army who now had a big coffee plantation in Brazil. I was supposed to be in French Indochina to look over some new coffee growing possibilities.

The last thing I did before leaving was to memorize the layout of Madame Koo's cunt. One of the CIA agents who tried to get the plans managed to get a finger up her flue and use one of those tiny cameras to take some pictures. I studied these big, blowed up pictures of her hole night and day, trying to figure out where she stowed these plans, which were probably in some kind of tiny capsule.

Next thing I know, "Richard Blake" is in Saigon, making the acquaintance of one Madame Koo in a swanky gambling casino. She was no youngster, but was still the best look-

ing piece of *tuches* I ever laid eyes on—and I had more than my share of movie stars and chorus girls, believe me. One look and I knew I would have no trouble faking a love affair with this little wonton.

I bought her a drink and made some very sophisticated conversation with her and got a date for lunch the next day. As you would suspect, lunch became dinner and dinner became drives to the country and sailing and polo and fancy dinners, night-clubs, gambling—the whole works. It was like a love affair out of a fucking movie. For weeks I gave her a line about how wonderful it would be for us to live in Brazil, with my big plantation, my servants, my horses and all. I played her like a violin, building her up slowly before I decide to stick the old cark in. I didn't even finger fuck her. To tell you the truth . . . I was walking a tightrope that was as thin as a cunt hair. One false step and I would have fallen head over heels in love with her for real. And she was walking the same rope. She was dying for me.

One night we were supposed to go to dinner and I met her at her apartment. She let me in and I noticed she wasn't wearing one of those sexy dresses with the big slit down the leg that she usually wore. Instead, she had on one of those fancy bathrobes you could almost see through. I could see her knockers. She had big knockers for a Chink. I forgot to tell you that she was really a mixed breed. She was part Chink, part Russian, and part English. That night, she was all pussy as far as I was concerned. She had a perfume or some kind of smell coming from her body that made me want to eat her with a spoon. When I told her how beautiful she smelled she said it was not only a perfume, it was a natural thing because she didn't eat meat. I'd give her some meat to eat pretty soon!

One look and I knew that this was the night. I grabbed her and kissed the shit out of her. I wanted to beat her to death with my mouth. She was ripping my tux off and trying to suck my dork right through my pants. We were like wild animals who were finally let out of the cage. Of course, no matter how wild I get I'm still in complete control. My dong is like a time bomb. I can set it to go off anytime I want. I can go for thirty, forty-five, sixty minutes, even a couple of hours without coming.

I let her give me a hot tongue sandwich for a while. Then I figure I'll slide the old cark in and make her come about ten, fifteen times, to warm her up and put her in the right mood. I'm just about to dive in when my

little meter starts ticking in the back of my head. I got the feeling that there's something fishy going on, and it might be right in Madam Koo's luscious flue. What if she's pulling the old razor blade trick? Y'know . . . what the Japanese hookers used to do to the GIs during the Occupation, right after World War II. They used to stick razor blades up their twats in a certain way and . . . oh Christ, I couldn't even think about it at a time like this. I froze in midair and my shvance snapped back like a rubber band. Madame Koo was in shock. She just saw a fourteen-inch jumbo shrink into a peewee. "What's wrong?" she asks me. Do I want another tongue bath? Do I want a tit rub, a hand job, anything . . .

I said, before you touch my cock, how about showing me what you've got up that slanty thing of yours. I told her what happened to an old buddy of mine in Tokyo in 1946 when his dong was sliced clean through like a cucumber. I had to know . . . did she have a fucking Gillette up

*continued*

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there? She busted out in tears and said, yes, yes, she had a blade up her vagina and was going to use it, because she knew all along that I was a CIA agent. But somewhere along the line she fell in love with me, and at the split second I was ready to plunge in she was going to stop me. She pulled out the blade and begged me to forgive her. She said I was too good for the CIA and I should come over to her side. We weren't meant to be enemies. We were meant to live and work together for a great cause. I was the only man who was her equal. I was the only man who could tame her. She kept on like this—crying and begging me for forgiveness and talking about a beautiful life we could have and in between all this she was sucking my cock like a princess. I held her in my arms as tight as I could. She stopped crying but she was shaking like a leaf. I wasn't sure whether she was conning me or really loved me. Most of the broads I know use a razor blade for shaving their legs, not my joint. So I gave her a hard slap across the mouth. I slapped the shit out of her and she started to come. She came like a fucking volcano. At the same time she was digging her fucking long fingernails down my back, making me bleed. The little girl act was over.

O.K., I said to myself. Commie or not, you're going to get it. No mercy. Forget everything and fuck, I said. The Gillette is out and the old cark

is finally going in. I fucked her non-stop for two and a half hours. She came about forty times. Her cunt was like liquid velvet. Liquid velvet . . . those are my own words for it. Her hole also had a little touch of seltzer, a little fizz in it that gave my shvance a nice tingling feeling. I never felt a cunt like that in all my life.

Now I had to use all my trickeration, as the shvugies would say. I had to do all my contortionist tricks with my lob, stroking and poking, to the right, to the left, up, down, fucking her like a madman and looking for the capsule at the same time. And she was making me do all these funny Chink positions—the lotus, the water chestnut, the fish ball, whatever. It was shaping up like a battle, a battle to the death, to see who could fuck the longest without conking out and going to sleep. We know we're crazy about each other, and at the same time we know what the name of the game is. She knows if she falls asleep I'll go after that fucking capsule even if I have to crawl all the way in head first. And I know if I fall asleep I may never wake up again.

We humped for seven, eight hours and to tell you the truth, we're both fading fast. I decide to give it one more big try for God, country, and that one hundred thou. I go in so deep I'm almost up to her neck. I give her about 100 terrific strokes, ending with a sharp left turn that

takes her by surprise. At the same time she gives out a big sneeze and starts to come. All of a sudden something small and cold jiggles down my dong. All this body action must have shook the capsule loose. I found it! I struck gold! She comes for about ten minutes and is so tired she falls asleep without realizing the capsule is floating around in her bazoo. Now I just have to get the fucking thing out without waking her.

I remembered that I had a big wad of Juicy Fruit gum I was chewing just before we started fucking. I stuck it under the bed for later. What I'll do is put the gum on the tip of my cock and poke around in her until I connect with the capsule. Then I'll pull it out slowly and carefully, so as not to disturb her beauty sleep. It was like what I used to do when I was a kid, lifting coins that fell down the subway gratings by using gum on the tip of a broomstick.

She's asleep as I slide my joint back in, which is still as stiff as a baseball bat. I find the capsule and get a good grip on it with the gum and start pulling it out. But as soon as she feels my big lob moving inside her she wakes up. Just as I get the fucking capsule out, her eyes open wide and she's moving around again, ready for another round. I got to think fast. The capsule is dangling on the tip of my shvance. Before she can see what's happening, I flip her

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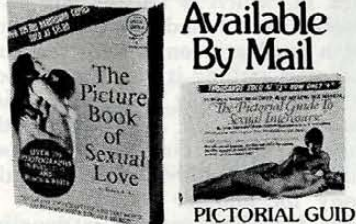
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over, pull the capsule off, and swallow it. Then I ram her up the ass. The capsule is some kind of metal, but it's no bigger than a Contac and I swallowed it right down. I'm so happy I found the fucking thing that I get another burst of energy and I give her such a good one that it finally knocks her out for good and puts her in a fucking coma. Now I got to make tracks. But before I leave, I write a message on her mirror with her lipstick: "Thanks for the capsule. I love you. We would have made a great team . . . for Uncle Sam. Bernie X."

I call the CIA and meet them at their offices. Mr. D. himself is there, along with his fairies and a whole batch of military brass. I told them what I had to do with the capsule and they figured the easiest thing was to get me to dump it out. Only here's where they hit a snag. I get badly constipated once in a while. Especially after I fuck for eight hours non-stop. Everything gets paralyzed in me. They just couldn't get the fucking capsule out, even with castor oil and warm Coca Cola enemas.

They were getting mad and mean now and didn't give a fuck about me. I was dead tired and kept dropping off to sleep. I thought I was supposed to be a fucking hero and here were these guys working over me like I was their prisoner! Even though I was dozing off, I could hear them say things like, "Get a proctologist. . . Why don't we just cut it out of him? . . . Stick one pump up his ass and one down his stomach. . ."

Meanwhile, Mr. D. was getting very cranky. He promised the capsule to all these big shots in the

room and he wasn't producing it. Finally he comes over to me and says, "I want this little Kike for myself. Take him over to the operating table."

His fruitcakes drag me over to this table and strap me down on my stomach, with my legs spread and my ass up in the air, like a guy ready for a hemorrhoid operation. By now, I'm too fucking weak to do anything. Mr. D. comes up right behind me, sucking his fucking pipe like a maniac and breathing very hard. "I'll get that blasted thing out of him, even if I have to do it Turkish style," he said. Everybody clapped and yelled and said, "Do it, do it!"

When I heard that I screamed bloody murder and all the gates opened. Mr. D. got the first wave all over his suit before he could jump out of the way. I think I hit him in the face, too. There was no way I could control it. The room was a fucking mess, but they finally got their fucking capsule. They washed it off and studied the microfilm. They worked on it and pondered it and finally one of them said, "It's nothing but quotations from Chairman Mao." In other words, the whole thing was a false alarm, another trick of Madame Koo's. And on the back of one of the messages was a note, "Thanks for a really good time. I love you. We would have made a great team."

Mr. D. was so mad he nearly had a stroke. He stood there with my shit all over his clothes and his face and he told me I was through. I said, "What about the other three zeroes on that check you owe me, Ace? After all, I did my part of the job."

He reached into his pocket and gave me a shitty fifty-dollar bill and said that was it. The end. As far as he was concerned I don't exist anymore. He never heard of me. If I every tried to say anything about this affair I would end up dying in my sleep. When you don't bring in the marbles, it's your tough titty, he said. The government doesn't want to know about failures. That's the spy business. And then his fairies picked me up and threw me out on the street, half-naked. They wouldn't even let me use the bathroom to clean myself.

When I got home I found myself with a case of the clap so bad that I wanted to chop my shvance off. And my ass burned like a hot dog grill at Nathan's in Coney Island. That's what I got from the CIA.

But I don't hold no grudges against Madame Koo. Every once in a while, I pick up a Chink in my cab who slips me a letter and some pictures from her. She still wants me to come back and join her. She still looks great. Certain Chink broads never get old. Y'know why, doncha? □

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**APRIL, 1971/ADVENTURE:** With Derby Dames on Parade, Tarzan of the Cow, 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 1908 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*.

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

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

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

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

**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, Dodosaurs, 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 Chink*, *National Geographic* parody, and the President's Brother comic.

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

**NOVEMBER, 1972/DECADEUCE:** With Sgt. Shriver's Bleeding Hearts Club Band, Defeat Day, the Meat Chess Set, the Fetish Supplement, and Adial 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.

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

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

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

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

**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, Whitetodove 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. Kilban's Turk.

**NOVEMBER, 1973/SPORTS:** With *Sports Illustrated* parody, Character Building Comics, Doc Feeney's Scrapbook of Sports Oddities, Specialty Sports Magazines, 1978 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*.

**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 Cosmetics, The Stupid Group, and *Stupid News & World Report*.

**APRIL, 1974/TRAVEL:** With Gahan Wilson's Paranoid Abroad, Airline Magazine, Amish in Space, RMS 'Tyrannic' 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*.

**AUGUST, 1974/ISOLATIONISM AND TOOTH CARE:** With Agnew's A Very Sizable Advance, *Seed Magazine*, Executive Deleted, Soul Drinks, Surprise Poster #7, and True Menu.

**SEPTEMBER, 1974/OLD AGE:** With Unexciting Stories, Rodrigues' Senior Sex, *Old Ladies' Home Journal*, and *Batfart Comics*.

**OCTOBER, 1974/PUBESCENCE:** With VD Comics, Nancy Drew Meets Patty Hearst, Masturbation Funnies, and Tampon Period Piece.

**NOVEMBER, 1974/CIVICS:** With The Rockefeller Art Collection, Prison Farm, Constitutional Comics, and Watergate Down.

**JANUARY, 1975/NO ISSUE:** With *Negligent Mother Magazine*, Bruce McCall's Zeppelin, First High Comics, Watergate Trivia Test, and Night of the Iceless Capades.

**FEBRUARY, 1975/LOVE AND ROMANCE:** With *American Bride Magazine*, Going Down and Getting Off with Brando, *Historia de Amor*, An Evening at Dingleberries, and The St. Valentine's Day Massacre.

**MARCH, 1975/GOOD-BYE TO ALL THAT:** With Barbar and His Enemies, Gone With the Wind '75, Englandland, The '75 Nobels, The Hotel Throckmorton, and *The New Yorker Parody*.

**APRIL, 1975/CAR SICKNESS:** With *Warm Rod Magazine*, Henry Ford's Diary, Beep, the Bad Little Bus, The 1906 Bulge Buggies, The Tunnel Policemen's Ball, and Gahan Wilson's Shoes.

**MAY, 1975/MEDICINE:** With *National Sore*, Terminal Flatulence, Blue Cross in Peace and War, Rodrigues' Comedics, and Our Wonderful Bodies.

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*After all, if smoking  
isn't a pleasure,  
why bother?*



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
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Box and Kings: 18 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine; 100's: 20 mg. "tar", 1.5 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Oct. '74.