

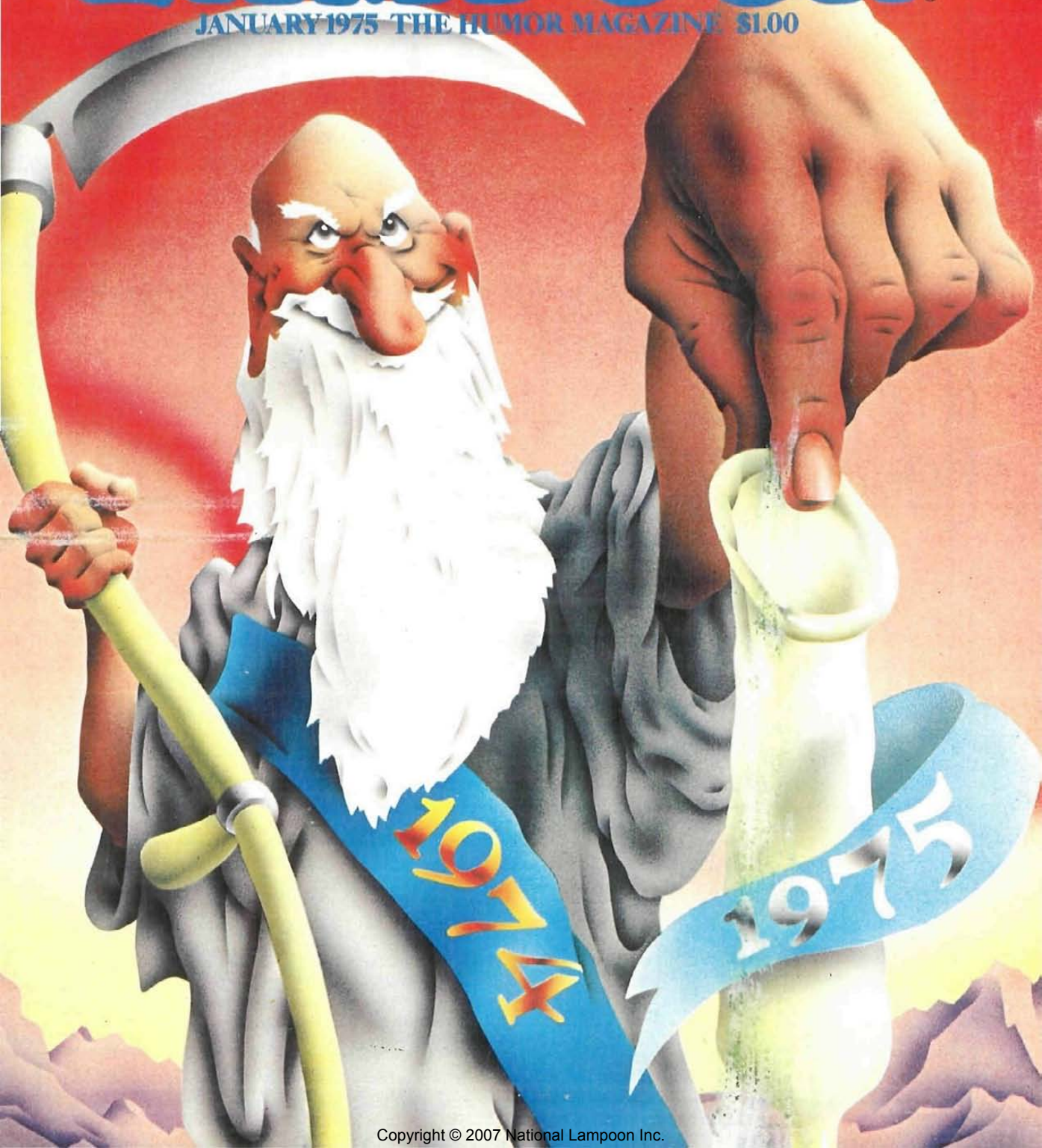
No Issue

Negligent Mother Magazine First High Comics

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JANUARY 1975 THE HUMOR MAGAZINE \$1.00



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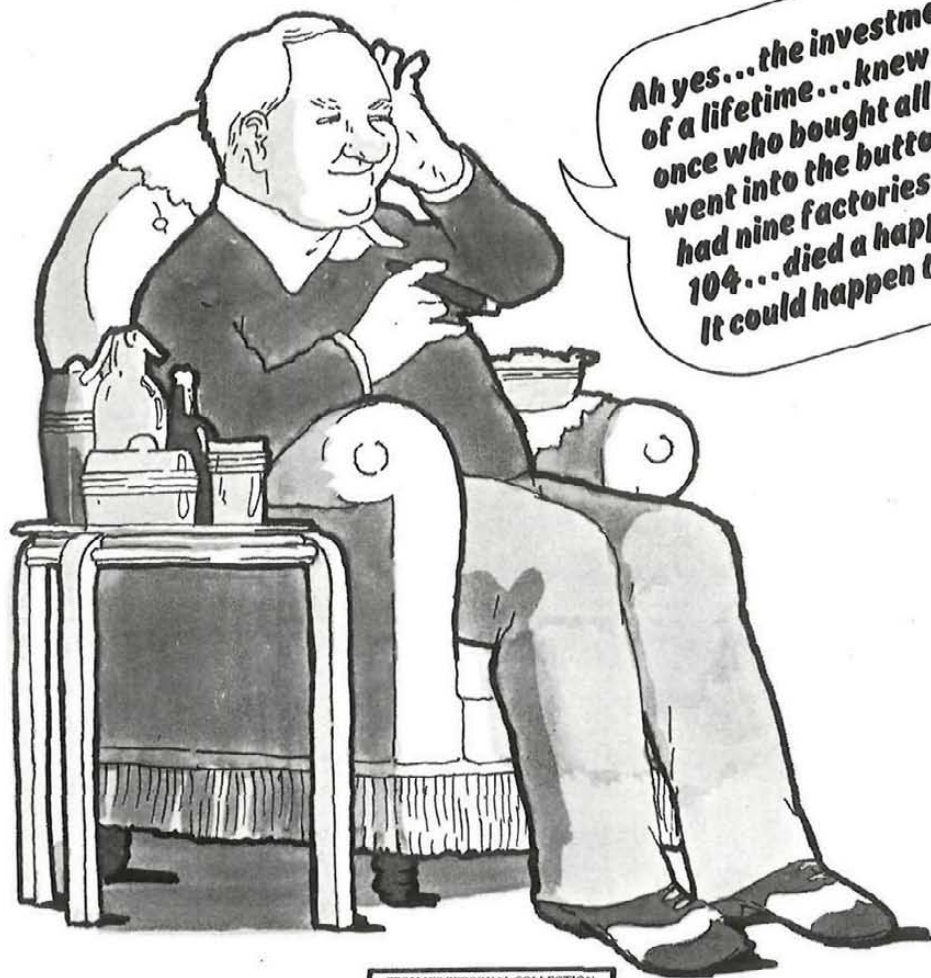
However, he went on, he doesn't think he'll ever develop a taste for the name.

To that, we can only say "Naame Schname!"

Just take 2 ounces of Cuervo, a pat of butter, a clove of water, toss in a cinnamon stick, stir briskly, and drink heartily.

Frankly, we don't really mind what you call Gorilla Sweat. As long as you swallow this story.





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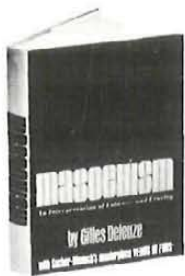
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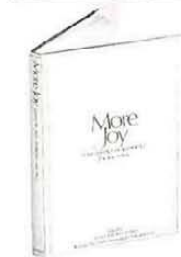
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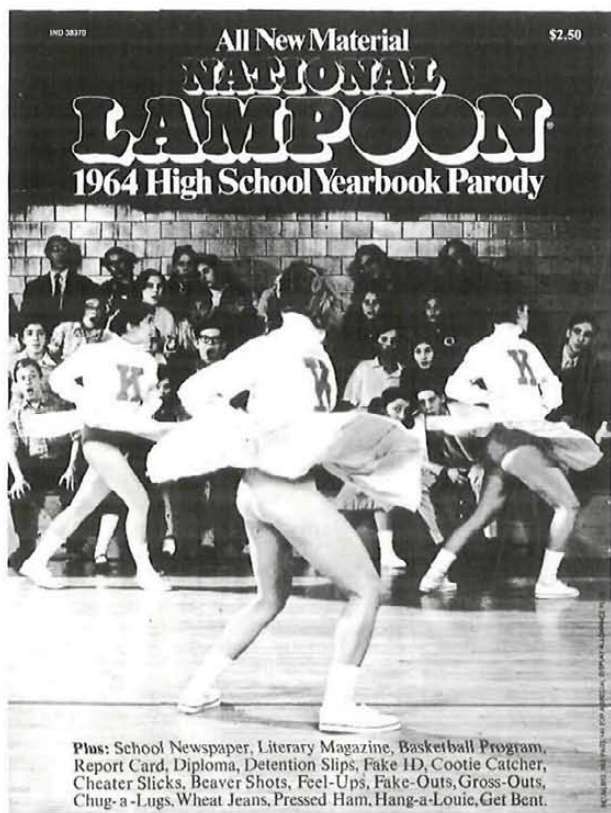
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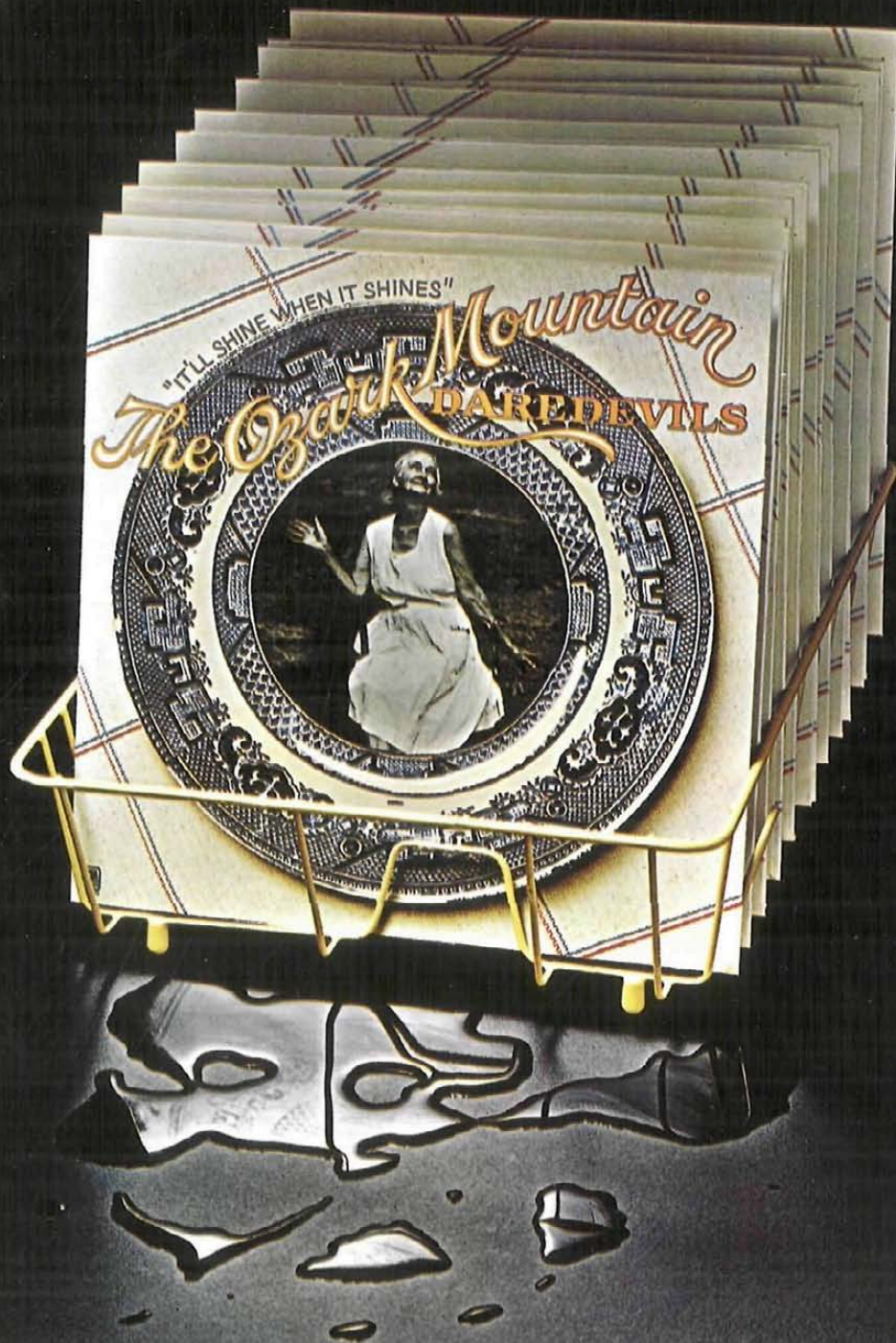
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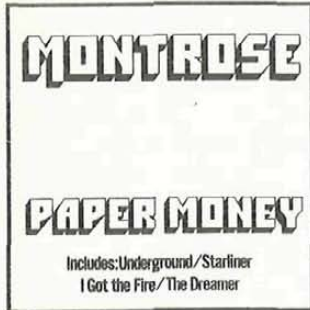
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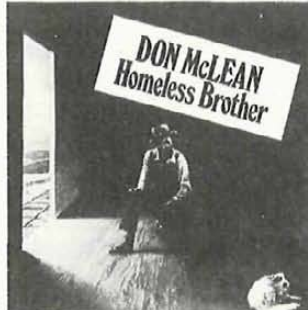
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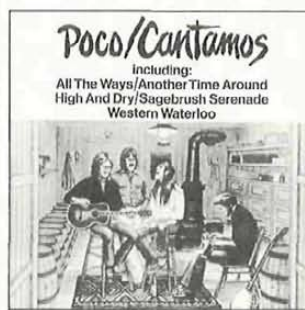
Pop Your Cork!



on Warner Bros.



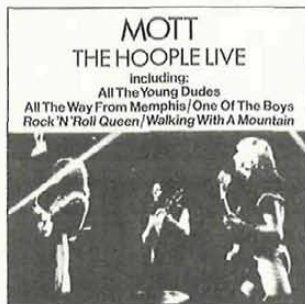
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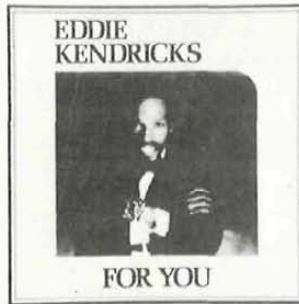
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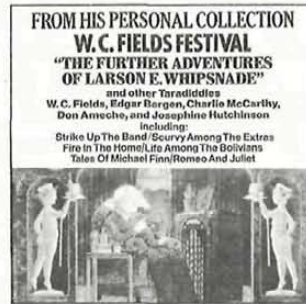
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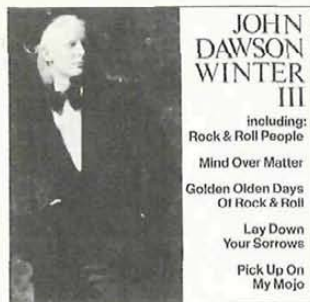
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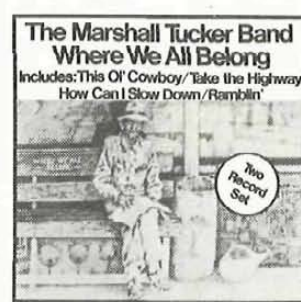
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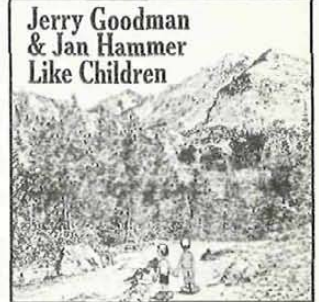
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NEWS ON THE MARCH

JANUARY, 1975

VOLUME 1, NO. LVIII

**NIXON STILL IN CRITICAL CONDITION AS HEALTH IMPROVES:
DOCTORS SAY PROGNOSIS IS EXCELLENT, FEAR WORST;
FORMER PRESIDENT IS GETTING BETTER. MAY DIE;
NOW RESTING COMFORTABLY ON DEATHBED AFTER FAILURE
OF SUCCESSFUL OPERATION**

WHAT THE FLICK. CUT THE GODDAMN THING OFF.
IF IT WORKED FOR TEDDY, IT'LL WORK FOR ME.
AND SEND FOR PAT. SHE'S GOING TO HAVE TO COME
UP WITH A TIT TO TIDE US OVER.

LATEST MEDICAL REPORT



In a number of public statements during the final weeks of the campaign, President Ford urged voters to elect Republicans on the grounds that a heavily Democratic Congress would be a threat to world peace. Presumably, his comments were motivated by fears that a veto-proof House and Senate might get around to reclaiming their constitutional power to wage war, and that there would then be three hundred-odd Democratic fingers on the nuclear trigger. Somehow, though, the prospect of Congress, rather than a President, deciding trilaterally when and with whom to go to war seems more of a contribution to world peace than a threat to it. It is hard to wage a secret bombing campaign when 535 people, and presumably their wives, friends, and favorite reporters, know about it; sudden interventions into foreign lands are rendered considerably less effective, and hence less likely, when the element of surprise is diminished by a couple of months of noisy debate; and although the state of repair of the mental equipment of many Congressmen is a fit subject for national concern, it seems at least statistically improbable that two-thirds of the Congress would go funny in the head simultaneously and do strange and disturbing things like having the movie *Patton* shown repeatedly in the Capitol, constantly referring to themselves as Cocomanders in Chief, calling nuclear alerts at odd times, or bombing countries to gain peace.

One possible and eminently sensible resolution of the continuing controversy over the ultimate disposition of the tapes and other documents generated during Nixon's years at the White House would be to obtain his consent to a public auction of all the items, with the proceeds to go to Mr. Nixon. It certainly seems that such a sale would generate a sum of money that would dwarf the \$2 million book deal he recently inked with Warner Paperback Library. When you consider the value of, for example, a tape in which the President of the United States calls the Prime Minister of Canada an asshole, or authorizes hush money payments, it is easy to imagine a final price somewhere in the \$10 million range. There is a legal principle that criminals should not be permitted to benefit from their crimes, but President Ford's pardon neatly disposes of that impediment, and it is pleasant to consider the turmoil in Mr. Nixon's mind as he sat down to weigh his role in history against the prospect

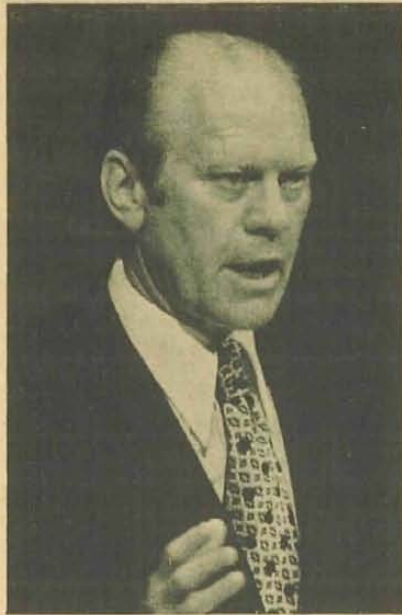
of enough mazuma to keep him in gazebos for the rest of his life.

In the current atmosphere of cynicism surrounding Mr. Nixon's convenient illness, it is now considered likely somewhere along the line that Judge Sirica will appoint doctors to examine Mr. Nixon on behalf of the court to determine if he is well enough to honor a subpoena to testify at the Watergate conspiracy trial. According to sources in the ex-President's entourage, a legal strategy aimed at frustrating any attempt to make Mr. Nixon appear is therefore being prepared. Among other things, lawyers for the former President are said to be considering invoking "orthopedic privilege" to protect "the confidentiality of the President and any and all appendages" and arguing that there are national security considerations since the leg was present during sensitive high-level policymaking sessions and might, through an inadvertent twitch or series of stomps or taps caused by its sorry state, give away important defense secrets. Further, they are said to intend to insist that the clots, some of which remain in the President's body, ought not to be examined without separate subpoenas—which they would oppose as a "fishing expedition in the President's circulatory system"—because, like the tapes and documents, they have been returned to Mr. Nixon's control under the now-disputed agreement with President Ford, and represent "highly personal internal memos" from one part of Mr. Nixon's body to another, and as such are "as private a matter as any form of communication within the Presidency can be." They will also claim that the Ford pardon, being "full, free, and absolute," clearly covers Mr. Nixon's leg, particularly since the original condition began while he was still in office, the period which the pardon affects. Yet another solution suggested by Mr. Nixon's attorneys would have him submit edited X-rays, electrocardiograms, and other bodily function records to the court in lieu of permitting an actual examination with the intent of seeking a sort of plea-bargain arrangement for the leg if Judge Sirica holds Mr. Nixon in contempt, an arrangement which would probably involve a "no contest" agreement by the ex-President to have the leg, rather than himself, held in contempt and put in some sort of restraining device, perhaps supervised traction, for the duration of the contempt sentence. One of the lawyers participating in the discussions also reportedly

proposed a "last resort option" in which Mr. Nixon would "fire his leg," which he is clearly entitled to do, since it is part and parcel of the Executive Branch, by having it amputated below the knee, causing an eighteen-and-a-half-inch gap in the former President that would make any kind of examination of the original condition impossible. Under a variation of this strategy, the amputated leg would be sent to "testify," a move which Mr. Nixon's counsel believes would be "a significant and unprecedented exception to the long history of Presidential privilege—one as dramatic as his publication of the White House tapes." The lawyer stressed that Mr. Nixon would under no circumstances permit more than a portion of his body to appear, and only would do so because of his "sincere desire to cooperate in spite of his principled objections to this serious assault on the long-established tradition of executive independence."

In the latest in a series of promotions in the Nixon and Ford administrations which have brought him from colonel to four-star general in less than six years, General Alexander Haig, former White House Chief of Staff, is in the process of taking over as Commanding General of NATO, neatly capping a career marked by a rise in rank which in terms of its rapidity and the numerous doubts surrounding it compares favorably with the Resurrection. Although he will not officially assume command until December 15, General Haig, whose only combat experience was a brief stint in Vietnam as a brigade commander and the Saturday Night Massacre, has already begun planning major changes in NATO military planning. He is said to intend to put considerable emphasis on developing an elite staff of headquarters personnel capable of responding to aggressive Soviet actions with a barrage of stern memos and of producing a detailed talking paper on any Russian moves within twelve hours. As he confided to one aide, "We know who is on the enemies list in Europe," and he is thought to be ready to implement a massive effort at disruption and sabotage in the Warsaw Pact, the first aspect of which is likely to be a flurry of forged letters from Russian generals making ethnic slurs on Latvians, Poles, and Czechs. He is also known to feel strongly that Rudolf Hess, the Nazi war criminal who has been imprisoned in Spandau Prison since the war, has "suffered enough," and will press the Russians to release him □

STRAIGHT



TALK

My Fellow Americans,

Before we get down to the meat-and-potatoes issues confronting us all, like famine and beef prices, I would like to take this opportunity to tell

you I am fully aware that many Presidents before me have called you "fellow Americans," even though many of us aren't fellows at all. Many of us, for example, are women. Take my wife, Betty. Now, I suppose that a lot of you fellow Americans and women out there thought I was about to make a joke about my wife! Or what's left of her. But I, as your President, won't do that. Frankly, there are some things that simply aren't funny. Take starvation and war. Please.

But seriously, I am reminded of a story concerning an Arab and a Jew in a railway carriage. It seems the Arab turned to the Jewish fella and said, "I see where you people are in a lot of trouble because money's so tight." Where upon an Irish wag in the back struggled to his feet and answered, "I don't know about money, but as sure as the Pope's a guinea-wop, I am!"

Thank you. Now the point I'd like to draw out is that inflation cannot be fought by people just holing up with a bottle and having a good time. Far from it. As I told Betty over my waffles and Swiss steak this morning, "The problem is we don't keep abreast of the shortages. If Congressional elections have made it a lopsided body given to abnormal growth,

should I just sit here in my office and play with this little executive pocket calculator here? Any boob could do that. You know, become a titular head."

Many other problems have come across my desk in recent weeks, including unemployment, surtaxes, my secretary, and a number of sandwich order mix-ups, but the one that's really got your President stumped (this is not a joke) is the Middle East thing. Until Hank told me in the steam room, I thought the Middle East was somewhere between Pennsylvania and Massachusetts. Hank himself is admittedly a little down on the Arabs—apparently King Faisal slipped a sheep's eye in his bagel and cream cheese at some Bedouin barbecue to celebrate the H-bombs he delivered but now we have to take back because Hank opened one of the crates and

The kind of letters a President such as myself would like to receive are ones such as this: *Dear Mr. President: You say you want to reduce inflation. I have a simple solution. I'm going to open my oil wells to the public for free and tell my guards not to kill anybody who wants some but doesn't have any money. Then I'm going to forego any kind of tax dodge from oil depletion allowances to cap-*

continued

SHAWN PHILLIPS

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ital gains or any other childishly simple method allowing me to pay less tax than an amputee squirrel in fiscal '74 plus I'm going to fire my battalions of friends and bloodsuckers I've had cruising the Capitol for the last forty years and cut off their credit, not to mention balls. What's more, I'm going to crawl from Houston to Dallas on all fours to dramatize self-sufficiency and subsist on nothing but my own ears fried au beurre noire for a period of two weeks. Sincerely, J.P. Getty, Getty, France.

Now, this is the sort of response a President like me can relate to. As soon as I get organized, I'm going to mount a campaign against inflation that will make W.W. II look like a bubble bath. I'm going to get this inflation by hook or crook. I'm going to surround it. Isolate it. Bomb the living bejesus out of it if necessary until it looks like a leper's asshole, storm its position with plague grenades, and cut off its arms and legs and use 'em for doorstops. And whatever's left of it, we're going to take back to camp and plug its testicles into the nearest hydroelectric project until we squeeze every last bit of secret info from its stinking gullet. Then we'll have the mess cook make it into hash.

Now that's a war on inflation. Heck, LBJ's "War on Poverty" didn't even have parades.

Once we get these inflation-simps and spending-dupes out of their jobs and out of the country, we'll start seeing some smooth water. In the meantime, plant things, reuse bathroom tissue, and sit tight. Not like our Irish friend, of course, just, you know, quietly.

Any further questions? Has anybody seen *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*? I hear it's good for a PG.

One more thing before I go. Now I know there are a lot of worrywarts and political Henny-Penny's out there who think I'm some kind of chump for letting an untrustworthy cobra like my good friend Nelson Rockefeller into the White House, much less the city. Recent findings concerning certain "gifts" to certain "friends" including "myself" (\$675,000 in small unmarked bills at the bus station) have cast the shadow of Watergate on the Vice-Presidency.

Now I know that it may come as somewhat of a shock for some of you out there to learn about this totally unsuspecting-sounding-if-you-knew-the-facts-but-you-won't-for-your-own-good loan. Which I don't have to pay back. In money, I mean.

Well, I could deny it. I could say

that the forthcoming three-part feature by Woodward and Bernstein of the *Washington Post* is a pack of lies. But I won't. That would be a lie, too. And that's something we've all had a bit too much of around here lately. Lies and fibs. Now this is not to say that a President may not be put in a position where the fate of the country might depend on a fib or two at the right time—for example, if Hank and Mel Laird decided to call a missile strike on, say, Moscow sometime soon and just told me about it a minute before Khrushchev calls up on the hot line, what would your President do? Would I say, "Hello, Nikita, what's new?" Or would I say, "Hey, Nikita, listen, don't get me wrong, but if I were you I'd catch the next *troika* out of that burg pronto."

A very good question, and, again frankly, one that can be answered only by maintaining a vigilant eye on the ball between my legs where, like it or not, it is.

Well, that about does it. To review quickly: starvation, war, inflation, recession, Swiss steak, titular head, unemployment, bagel and cream cheese, *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* (somebody write if it's good), lies, and fibs. All of these questions must be dealt with in the present year and, God willing, will be one way or the other. On that point you may have confidence.

Once again, thank you all for your time—I've got to hop aboard Air Force One again for a meeting with some Eskimo Scout Troop in Nome. Hank set it up for me so Nancy's folks can use the Lincoln room for the weekend. Air Force One is great, by the way. They let me steer and everything. Do loops even. You should try it.

Another thing, though. Despite the current hullabaloo over Cassius Clay's surprise "victory," I think it is important to remember that not only was he responsible for the loss of at least \$675,000 by people who bet on someone else, but that he is practically a self-admitted draft dodger as well. Something people forget. Now I'm not saying Foreman was any Joe Louis, but, once again frankly, these days, who is?

Thank you,

Jerry

Gerald "Jerry" Ford I

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Canadian Corner



January in Canada—the land covered with what both Voltaire and Kipling sagely diagnosed as snow—is a little less chilly this year. For deep in the heart of every Canadian burns the memory of remembered glory. And recognition. Because one shining day late in the autumn, our nation and our nation's leader were mentioned in the internationally famous subpoenaed White House tapes! Yes, even buried in snow to his neck (but we don't call this cold in Quebec), the native Canucker glows with warm pride at the memory. Richard Nixon, embattled and distracted, found time in his busy schedule of summit conferences and payoffs to call our own Pierre Elliott Trudeau an "asshole."

Was mention made, we proudly ask, of other Commonwealth leaders? Was the PM of Australia a "douchebag"? New Zealand's head of state a "shit-heel"? No. It was to Canada, long ignored, left out, unhonored and unsung, alone among our sister nations, that the thoughts of the Pres-

ident of the Greatest Country on Earth turned in his moment of crises.

Nixon's world was crumbling around him. He could not trust anyone, no longer knew friend from foe, adviser from traitor, right from wrong. But of one thing he could be sure.

And, as the Right Honorable John George Diefenbaker was quick to observe, "One thing you've got to give Nixon. He knows his anatomy."

Of course, as we look back over 1974, there is more for us to be proud of. The recently enfranchised Rio de Janeiro *Conquistadors* of the ninety-eight-team World Hockey League are, to a man, Canadians, born and bred. *Chemin de Neiges*, the all-Canadian feature film that won the coveted Prix Castor d'Or and universal acclaim throughout the Dominion, opened in a Greenwich Village movie theater in December (it was retitled *Snow Balling*) and, had any American critic been able to make it that night, would certainly have received at least mixed reviews.

The world acclaimed—which is to say, *The New York Times* noticed—Canada's progressive new immigration policy, dubbed by some wags "Clause 22," whereby it is impossible to immigrate if one is not employed, and impossible to become employed unless one has immigrated.

So throughout the months ahead, until spring makes its welcome advent

in July, citizens can rest assured that the unemployed are colored white, whether they *speak* it or not.

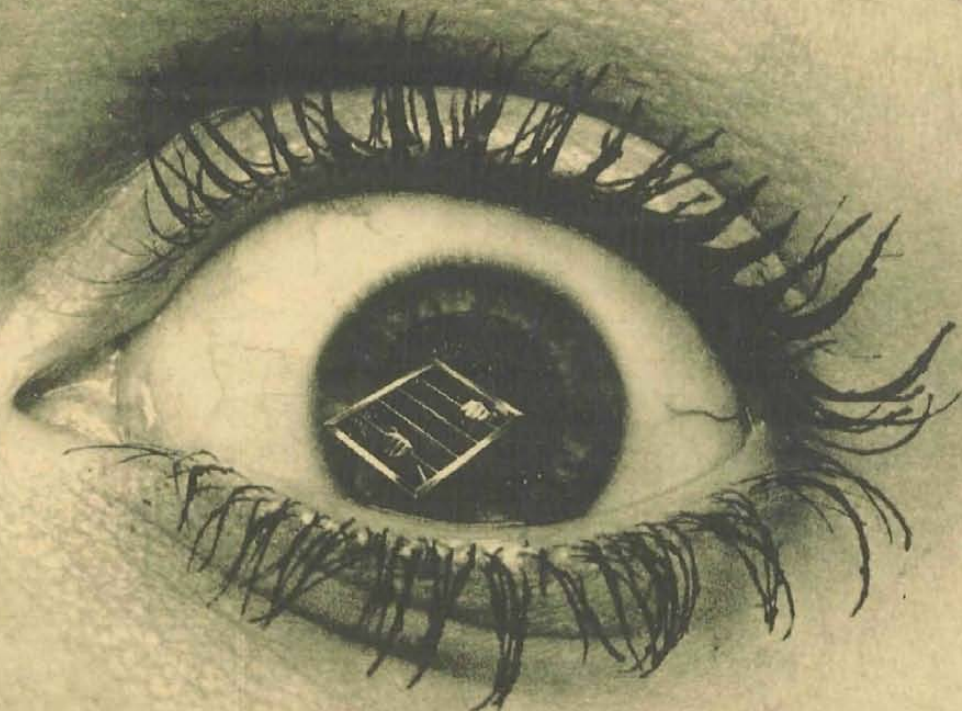
Seventy-six promises to be a big year along the border, what with memorial celebrations and historical reenactments of Fenian Raids, the Battle of Lundy's Lane, and other patriotic pranks. Laura Secord will be portrayed by Fannie Farmer. What present, our federal government wonders, will be suitable upon the occasion of the two hundredth birthday of our American cousins? Something distinctly Canadian—a Hudson's Bay blanket . . . or Hudson's Bay . . .

And it seems about time for another of our ever-popular Canadian jokes, the department of this column that pleases everyone except *Time* magazine. (You know *Time* magazine. It's kinda like the American version of our own beloved *Saturday Night*.)

Well, it seems there was this traveling salesman, eh? And his car breaks down or gets snowed in or something on the Trans-Canada Highway one night. So he sees this farmhouse off in the distance, eh? And he goes up to the door, and knocks, and he says to the old farmer, "Can I stay here for the night?"

So the old farmer says, "Okay, but you'll have to sleep in my beautiful eighteen-year-old daughter's room. She moved to Detroit in '72." SK

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• Joseph Pfaff of Little Ferry, New Jersey, was infuriated by his landlady's refusal to allow him to keep a dog in his apartment, and he decided to leave the premises. But first he placed an ad in the local newspaper for two thousand live cockroaches.

Without them, he explained, he couldn't leave his apartment "exactly the way I found it," as requested by the landlady.

The response to the tiny ad, listed under "personal," astounded the revenge-seeking Pfaff. He stopped answering his phone after receiving eight calls and promises of sixty thousand live vermin.

He said that one caller had offered him sixteen thousand roaches at one half cent a piece. When Pfaff inquired of the would-be insect rancher how he would know whether he was getting his money's worth, the caller offered to count them before his eyes.

A biological firm offered to truck in roaches in lots of twenty thousand each if Pfaff didn't mind the dirt that went with them. "I told them I did, and they'd have to wash them," said Pfaff, a condition that apparently caused the deal to fall through.

One call came from some interested barflies who had made a bet as to why anyone would advertise for live roaches. Pfaff told them, and shortly afterwards he got another call—from the winner of the bet—who said he couldn't provide any roaches, but was forwarding a \$10 bottle of champagne bought out of his winnings. *New York Daily News* (P. Meroney)

• Staff Sgt. Clide Brown of Ft. Campbell, Tennessee, was convicted in a rape charge when it was discovered that both he and his victim had matching poison ivy rashes. The toxic weed was found growing behind a billboard on U.S. 41A North

where the alleged rape occurred. *Nashville Tennessean* (G. Zepp)

• In a recent, startling rejection of the laws of probability, the following minor traffic incident took place in Prague, Czechoslovakia.

An elderly man, ignoring a red pedestrian signal, rushed across a busy street. An oncoming car slammed on its brakes to avoid knocking him down, and went into a skid, whereupon the back door opened and a young girl holding a shopping bag fell out onto the street. A passerby who had observed the accident cried out and ran over to the car, which had landed undamaged at the curb. An old woman was crying in the back seat of the car.

The careless elderly pedestrian turned out to be the father of the driver and of the girl who fell onto the street. The concerned passerby was another of his sons. The crying woman was his wife.

No one was injured. *New York Times*

• Ramon Rivera Rodriguez, a Venezuelan fisherman, woke up in his coffin, discovered that he was about to be buried, and immediately suffered a fatal heart attack. Witnesses say Rodriguez got out of the coffin in front of his grieving relatives and removed the cotton swabs from his nose; then, as his predicament became clear, he slumped to the ground and died.

His relatives are seeking legal action against the doctor who had pronounced him dead the first time after he had a fit. *Toronto Globe and Mail* (B. Wetstein)

• A newborn baby fell through a toilet basin on a moving train in Mozambique and was found alive and well hours later after at least four trains had passed over the same section of track. At the time of the accident, the train was reported to have been traveling at thirty miles an hour. The baby was found lying between the rails, unharmed. It was delivered to its mother, who was recovering from shock in Moamba Hospital.

The mother apparently had delivered the baby in the toilet compartment during the journey and was washing it when it slipped from her hands, fell into the toilet, and disappeared. *Edmonton Journal* (D. Kilvert)

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EDITORIAL PAGE

P.J. here, with the very first issue I've ever been allowed to edit by myself—even though I've been slinging the giggles at old *NatLampCo* for *three fucking years*. Now, there is probably no connection whatsoever between the fact that I've never been allowed to edit an issue and the fact that I *didn't* attend a certain fancy-pants educational institution whose name you'd know in a minute. And, believe me, I harbor no grudge against my fellow editors who *did* have the opportunity to spend four years in that prestigious ivied manse of erudition, clasping their books to their chests with both hands, drinking Pink Ladies, and learning to ride sidesaddle. So what if they emerged from sixteen years of expensive private education with a set of pansy mannerisms that, had I displayed them back in Ohio, would have bought me a skull full of 30/06 soft points and a verdict of justifiable homicide for my dad? Because, like, you know, that's where their heads are and everybody's got their own movie. You can't put people down when they're behind what they're into, if that's really their scene, so far be it from me to send out a lot of down-head vibes and bad-rap the other editors of the *National Lampoon* just because they squat to pee.

Another thing, see, is that part of the time I'm involved in the "business" end of things here. And the

rest of the editors kind of look down their noses at that because they're all "artists"—if you know what I mean. Never mind that their rich-ass parents laid waste to whole forests for wood alcohol to sell to the Indians and made dog food out of the chopped-up limbs of our third-world brothers and sisters and such like and so on to build the family fortunes—*these* guys are too la-di-da to balance their own checkbooks. Which is fine. Because what they don't know (and aren't likely to find out since you bet they'll be in tears before they get *this* far down the page) is that some friends of mine and I have been secretly diverting millions of dollars of *National Lampoon* profits into a Swiss bank account for the Earth People's Park! *Can you dig it?!* Just like Che said, we're "inside the belly of the pig"—turning their own weapons of destruction against them for the good of the oppressed masses! Soon we will have enough money to unleash the forces of revolution in a relentless war on imperialist neo-colonialism and buy some land near Taos for building geodesic domes out

of smashed car bodies where we can smoke all the dope we want.

So look, man, this issue isn't *really* just a cheap collection of leftover pieces nobody wanted the way it looks like it is. I mean, we've got to conserve bread! This way, we're saving a lot of money to free Woodstock Nation from the Amerikkkan death-machine. (Also, we've got to send a *bundle* to Abbie—he's really running through the shekels down there in Port au Prince.) Anyway, dig it that some really outtasight shit is going to be coming down soon, so just be cool and keep buying the *NatLamps* (and don't forget the T-shirts and albums and stuff) and I'll be back in touch any day now.

Well, gotta split! Wavy Gravy and Kesey and me have to "get on the bus" down to Las Vegas for this heavy rap session with Hugh Hefner (Hef's a real far-out head—he used to blow shit back in the fifties with all those heavy jazz musicians) about getting our scene together out in the desert. Hef is really *into* it!

The people's tide shall rise and win
And woe to him who cannot swim
Armed love,

Peej

Cover: This month's cover is by Robert Grossman, one terrific fellow and a hell of a good artist, who, for tax purposes, would sooner not have it known that because the January issue goes to press in November, he was paid during fiscal year 1974. □

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PROJ. 100	10" 2-way	35 watts	23"x13"x10 1/2"	129.95
PROJ. 80	10" 2-way	30 watts	20 3/4"x11 3/8"x11"	99.95
PROJ. 60	8" 2-way	20 watts	18 1/2"x10 5/8"x8 1/2"	79.95
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you may well want. For example, the 1229Q is a full-sized turntable with a 12" dynamically-balanced 7 lb. platter. It is driven by the powerful Continuous-Pole/synchronous motor. The gimbal-mounted 8-3/4" tonearm can track at as low as 0.25 gram, and vertical tracking angle adjusts for single or multiple play. The 1229Q also has an illuminated strobe, and cueing is damped in both directions to prevent bounce.

Dual's other multi-play turntables, the 1226 at \$159.95 and 1228 at \$189.95, offer one or more of these refinements.

Considering all this, it's no wonder that readers of the

leading audio magazines own more Duals in every price range than any other quality turntable. Your records will be protected even by the lowest-priced Dual. How far you go can best be decided at a franchised United Audio dealer.

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From front to rear: Dual 1229Q, \$259.95; Dual 1228, \$189.95; Dual 1226, \$159.95; Dual 1225, \$129.95.



Sirs:
I know where William Saxbe is!!
Patty Hearst
Yellowstone N.P.

Sirs:
For sale: two of my favorite jokes.
Dollar-fifty for one or two dollars for both.

1. "Tonto, blow me pronto."
2. "Kemosabe, bite my lobbie."

They've been together for quite a while and I would like to sell them as a pair.

Don
c/o Snack Bar
Greyhound Station
El Paso, Texas

Sirs:
I've looked at life from both sides now, from here and there, but still

somehow, it's life's illusions I recall,
I really don't know life at all.

Janis Joplin
Port Arthur, Texas

Sirs:
Huh?

P. Getty
Rome, Italy

Sirs:
You won the war but we won the hide and seek. Stick your head up your ass and count to 1941, Joe.

Toshito Higasika
Luzon, The Philippines

Sirs:
In Canada, when they want to drink beer, they say, "Let's bite the heads off a few weasels." In Australia, they say, "Let's eviscerate a few marmots." In Britain, they say, "Let's punch in baby's soft spot." It gets so you can't hardly understand what the hell they're talking about. What do you say? I bet you guys got some really good ones that you think up when you got the DT's. I had the DT's once. I was way downtown and I thought my pockets were full of snakes and I was afraid to reach in to get my subway token, that was fifteen years ago now. That's why I'm still here. Because the snakes are.

Could I have a bite of your sandwich?
Merk Morgenslab
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:
I am pleased to note that you have a book for sale in your magazine called *The Boy: A Photographic Study*. In this age of materialism and decadence, so few publishers are willing to publish "art" books like this. It makes me very happy to see that not everybody has succumbed to the anything-for-a-buck ethic which is destroying this country.

I am enclosing two works I have just completed, *The Moose, a Photographic Study*, shot on location in Tijuana, and *Wounding in Peacetime*, which is accompanied by poetic text and select quotes from B. F. Skinner. I am sure you will see your way clear to publish them.

Arnold "Art Is My Life" Klabb
Traveling, New York

Sirs:
Okay, you pinko zipperheaded bastards, let me just ask you this. Do you send your shirts to a Chinese laundry? Do you ask for starch? Have you noticed that even when you don't want starch, those sneaky little chopsticks always seem to throw it in anyway? Are you aware that they've

continued on page 24

A tribute to the world's survivors, from the writer and singer of some of the most moving love songs of our time.

"New Skin for the Old Ceremony"
Songs for survivors — of oppression, betrayal, bad luck, bad love.
The first album of new songs in several years from the author of "Suzanne" and "Bird on the Wire," Leonard Cohen.
On Columbia Records.

LEONARD COHEN
NEW SKIN FOR THE OLD CEREMONY
including:
Lover Lover Lover/Chelsea Hotel #2
Is This What You Wanted
There Is A War/Leaving Green Leaves

Also available on tape

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For everyman...

If music occupies a large part of your life, you're probably aware that technology in general, and recording studios in particular, have contributed greatly to the current art.

We genuinely feel that our 3340S will make an even greater contribution, because it provides the basis for a low cost 4-track studio at *home*. If you play a musical instrument, or if you're interested in being creative with sound, this is the specific tape recorder you should consider.

Most persons have never played in a recording studio, and it's difficult to appreciate what an enormous aid multi-track recording is to the creative process: suddenly all things seem possible, if only enough time were available. But time can cost \$100 per hour in a studio, and that's not very available.

Our 3340S is by no means a professional studio recorder — we make those too, and we know. But it has all the *functions* they have, and more, and it's far better than the typical high fidelity component.

Actually, it's good enough to make records with.

To prove that, we made one — at home, on a 3340S. It tells about how *you* can afford to record at home, and what that can do for your music. Studio time for everyman.

You can get the album from your local TEAC retailer for \$2.00, and you can locate him by calling (800) 447-4700 toll-free. In Illinois call (800) 322-4400.

Find out for yourself: you have nothing to lose but your lack of time. The 3340S.

... From Teac.

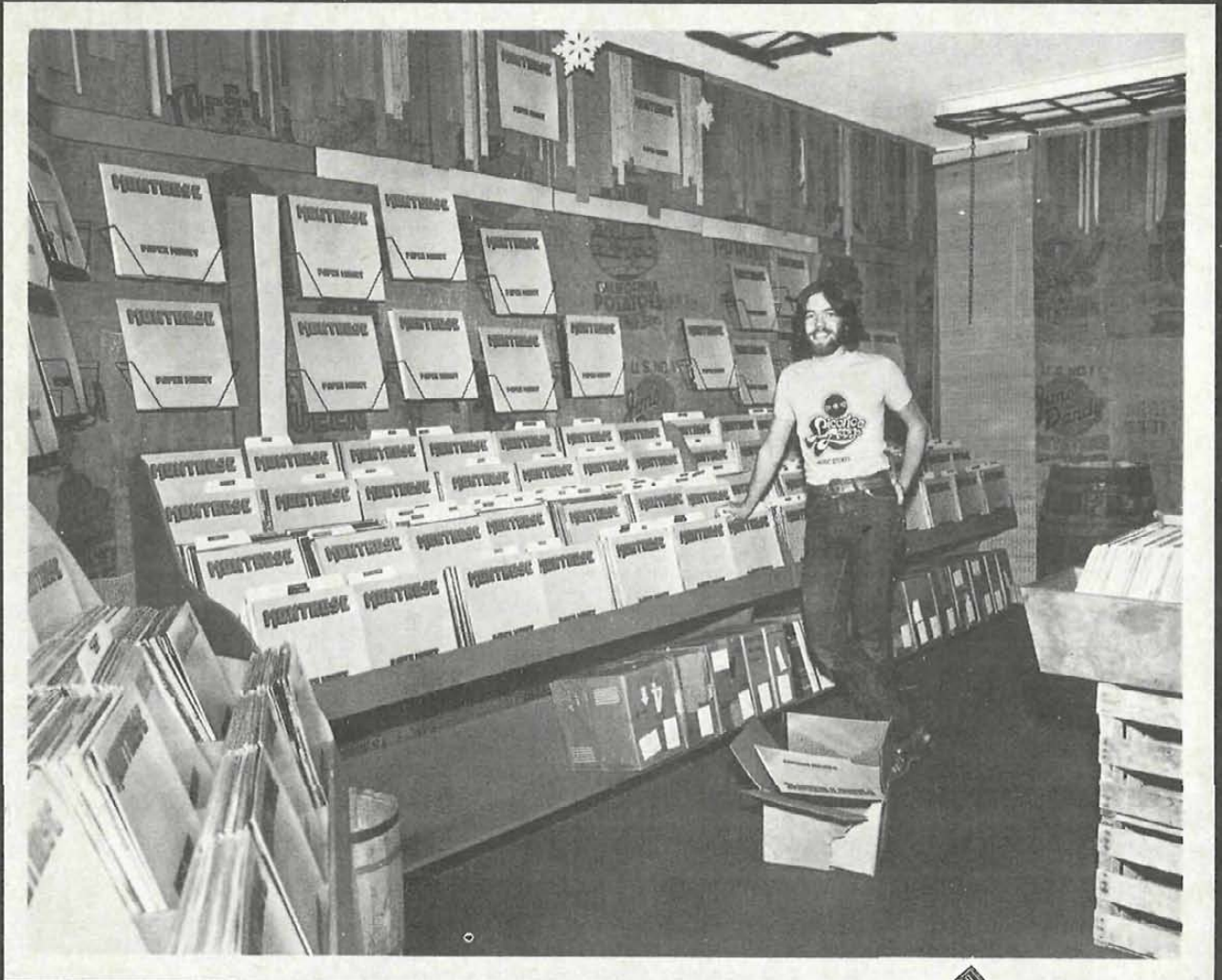


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TEAC Corporation of America, 7733 Telegraph Road, Montebello, California 90640.

Some people will get carried away.



The new Montrose album is Paper Money BS 2823,
on Warner Bros. records and tapes



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Because You Love Her...



"Mother Lode," the new Loggins & Messina collaboration, is their first finely polished studio gem in over a year's time.



The tender music from "Death Wish," sensitively composed and conducted by Herbie "Head Hunters" Hancock, will satiate her every musical dream.



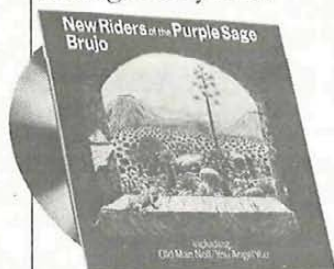
"Streetlife Serenade,"* Billy Joel's sparkling follow-up to "Piano Man," will remind her of your thoughtfulness every time she hears it.



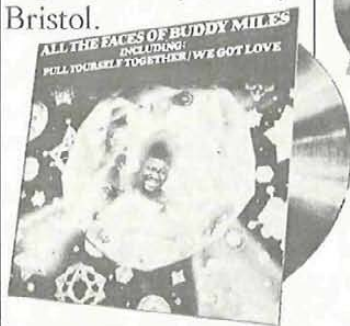
As precious as a silver-blue butterfly is "Borboletta," new from the group always known for its subtle loveliness, Santana.



"Brujo" is the tender new collection of western rock by the New Riders of the Purple Sage,[®] a group she's learned to cherish through the years.

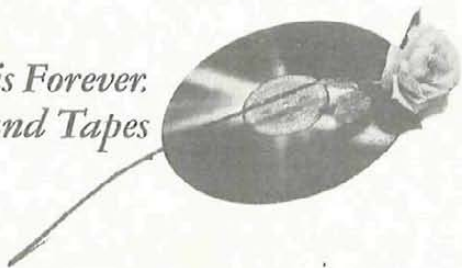


All facets of the very beautiful Buddy Miles are explored in his desirable new offering, as produced by Johnny Bristol.



Dave Mason's "Dave Mason" is a rare offering, delicately sprinkled with all-new original Dave Mason jewels.

*A Phonograph Record is Forever.
On Columbia Records and Tapes*





Enchiladas y enchilados,

Buenos tacos from most attractive Acapulco.

This Baba Rum Raisin Newsletter has traveled around the world ten times. On its journey across jumping seas and burning deserts, much dynamite *karma* has accrued to Raisinettes who heed its message (see attached coupon).

In Mexicali, a young-but-wise-as-a-fruitbat UCLA sophomore slipped past the *Federales* with this letter

and it is said two hundred pounds of dried buttons in the auxiliary motor-tire of his fine microbus. As well, later returning with further empty motor-tires, this fortunate Raisinette ate food at the Calexico Colonel Sander's Chicken-Corpse-in-the-Casket without the normally associated running off at the intestines. Mere "coincidence"? Hu hu.

However, a Scientistologist who ridicules your Baba's wisdom was the same day made mentally unwhole by a browned-out alpha meter, while a U.S. Postal Inspector who intercepted this letter was he himself later kidnapped by a V-formation of competition frisbees, giant and fiercely glowing. All that remained was one poor melted tie tack only . . . and the Flat Ones swooped away with a high whine as that of a Baba Rum Raisinette who neglects monthly *ashram* duties and then wishes to absent self from monthly punishment festival.

Mongoose-headed Binaca, seed of Ramar of the Jungle and personal tax consultant to pHisoHex the Inedible, curls his wrought iron lip at such as these.

See coupon below. Your eyes are heavy. Your *mantra* is too increasingly yet more droning. Your drowsy pockets, in them your dollars and

coins, grow hotter progressively. They smolder . . .

There is no better moment to open the Venetian blinds of the spirit and Q-tip the Third Ear—Baba speaks.

But hastily. In Baba's present mountain retreat high above the well-picked-up beaches and cocoa-battered delights a constant lookout is kept. The hotel, inaccessible as can be excepting only the pink jeeps by which a steady stream of refreshing *Cuba Libres* and Harvey Wallbangers toil hand-delivered up the steep mountain slopes, is a far-crying-out from the piano bar in the very popular Grossinger's where Baba was originally scheduled to do His regular thing. (Do not miss Baba's week on widely-enjoyed Mike Douglas show with guest-co-co-host Sirhan Sirhan.)

It is this detour—and the minor but extra traveling expenses—that press Baba's attentive pupils against his Abercrombie & Fitch binoculars with a zest Mother chicken's hind-parts reserve for cheeping hen fruit. Below, along the winding and narrow road, Baba searches for a sign. A flat shield held to the sun on the jeep-driver's arm foretells pick-me-ups ordered more than an hour ago; a greased nose surmounting a moustache the color of coyote spoor plus the telltale glint of a badge riding (and loading) shotgun forbode Señor Gonzales, *manager credito* of this selfsame resort.

Even as Baba's fingers flick over these keys—and the tongues of the very accomplished Gonzales sisters do similarly over Baba's elusive *chakras*—a small pink jeep can now be spied climbing the mountain. My companion, the very entertaining Don Carlos Castaneda, suggests a third possibility—that the jeep may contain a number of guests Baba earlier invited up for free *kundalini yoga* drill from the colorful *zona rosa* of this most demanding of spiritual centers.

Don Carlos, his identity well-masked under the wide brim of a native *frijole* and his ninth Harvey Wallbanger in as many rubdowns, is the fine author of the fine books on Don Juan—another gifted Searcher of the deserts whose life reflects an equal familiarity with such pink messengers.

Your Baba's path crossed Don Carlos' first at the very eye-catching Los Angeles airport during a small flimflap involving the ticket desk and several blurred numerals on Baba's American Express Card. (Baba's original serial number contained three successive sevens which sadly attract unruly and mischievous numerical *ramalamadhingdhongs*—these prank-

presenting VAUGHN BODE'S

DEADBONE

THE FIRST TESTAMENT OF CHEECH WIZARD
THE CARTOON MESSIAH

...Now brought together and beautifully printed in a deluxe hardcover volume by Northern Comfort Communications.

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ish Beings often assume the guise of spot credit checks to chatter a teletyped Song of Doom for the luckless or unwary.

Don Carlos, or "Juan Métral" as his passport suggests, took notice of Baba's need, muttered a mystic phrase to the inquisitive Pan Am clerk concerning the unfastened condition of her shoelaces and spirited Me up to a piano bar aboard his Acapulco flight not unlike Grossinger's both in taste and odor—an essence bringing to mind the inside of Frank Sinatra, Jr.'s pedwins or an ancient bologna sandwich.

Describing a simple temper *tantra* on the frosted glass with a plastic stirrer, Baba soon forgot the loss of His poor, tattered Vuitton knapsack and possibly inoperative checkbook as Don Carlos spoke knowingly of similar inimical forces. An apparition resembling the subject of his million-selling books was most irritating, Don Carlos whispered, particularly when it harped on royalty splits. The only protection, Baba assured Don Carlos as We landed in Acapulco, was something made of platinum worn on or about the person and the discreet sale of movie rights under an assumed body.

Riding the pink jeep up the mountain later that afternoon, Baba and

Don Carlos traded *tengo secretos*, or trade secrets, including not only simple bar jests such as the making of hypnotic passes with an eraser over a bar bill to make it disappear, but the conjuring up of playful *diabologas* by forged attestations to the dimensions of one's own *piñata* on the *señoras'* crapper walls.

All this and more was said long into the night when, emboldened by further banging of the walls, Baba finally agreed to walk with Don Carlos on the most difficult path—the one which divides equally at the front desk between the cocktail lounge and the pool splash with string bikinis and popped-out portions not put back.

Here our contest begins. As the pink jeep grows larger in these lenses—and as does something else under the quiet strum of the Gonzales sisters—Baba swiftly transcribes the scribble-scrabbled notes of the last week:

Monday: On this first day (temperature at 10:00 A.M. 82 degrees and clear), Baba has succeeded in finding the "spot" where he and Don Carlos will be most comfortable. It is a corner table next to the small fountain where the *señora* with the fully realized *brujos* yesterday fed the fingers of children dipped in champagne to

her toy chow. Don Carlos thinks she is a *diabolera*. As for Baba, He "sees" this for what it is, a turn-on.

Tuesday: With difficulty due to our broken Spanish (Mine because of Mother India, his because of a split mouth he received from Don Juan after Don Juan received his share of the royalty), we have come to an agreement as to the nature of "power." By "power," Don Carlos in the reality means "proof," and not as in the pudding but as in the mescal plant's sacred blood—Jose Cuervos Gold of the Gods. New highball—"tequila mockingbird"?

Wednesday: The mind-expanding of this are plain. Baba's skull—and most specifically that part nearest the back of the eyeball—feels to its owner the size of many soccerballs nailed to itself. This is not a good day to die. Or eat heavy.

Thursday: This morning after some disturbance from the telephone concerning a bill in need of hypnotic passes, Don Carlos taught me the *tengo secretos* (secret ingredients) to a mixture unknown back in the dog-littered Gokarta of my birth . . . the secret of *Sangria*. Instructed by Don Yago at an early age, Don Carlos very wisely is careful to show respect for *Sangria's* vengeance and uses fresh lemons only ("None of that

continued



The Non-Giant Economy Size.

Unlike so many of our giant competition, Sherwood doesn't make a full line of audio equipment. No radios. No tape decks. No headphones. No turntables. Versatility may never be our claim to fame.

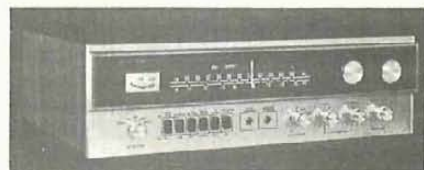
But the limited scope of our output does have benefits. We can concentrate on refining each of our products, engineering them for maximum performance.

A case in point is the S7310. It has minimum RMS power output @ 0.5% total harmonic distortion, both channels driven, of 38 watts per channel @ 8 ohms, 20-20,000 Hz. Which means that this receiver outpowers all other units in its price range. With exceptional selectivity and sensitivity ratings.

We also utilize only the finest and most advanced of proved componentry: Dual gate MOS FET's and phase lock loop circuitry, the latest integrated circuitry and Solid-State FM IF Ceramic Filtering devices. Equally important, we've eliminated the gimmickry and gadgets that add nothing to the equipment except a potential for malfunction.

In short, if you look at receivers that do as much as Sherwood's S7310, they probably cost more than \$369.95. Or, if they cost the same, do less.

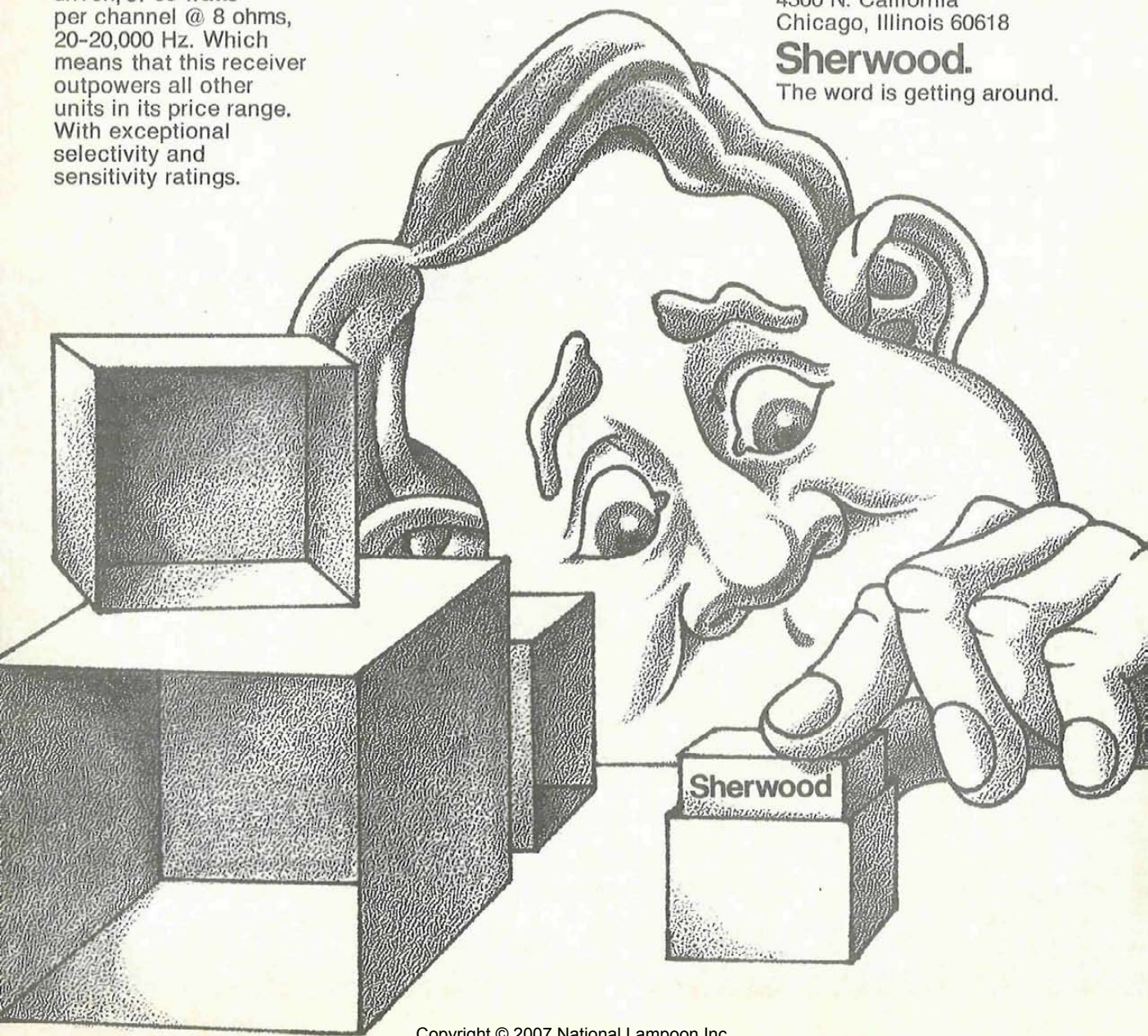
Which only proves that, in hi-fidelity manufacturing, good things come from small packagers.



Sherwood Electronic Laboratories
4300 N. California
Chicago, Illinois 60618

Sherwood.

The word is getting around.



continued

plastic squeeze caca!"). Baba's own eyes throb as soccerballs since Wednesday. Some difficulty in walking. Passing water, out, etc.

Friday: An argument. Don Carlos wishes to sew and bind lizards for unexplained and possibly morbid ends. This is a pity. Lizards are vacuumed up by hotel each morning, hours before Don Carlos or Baba are postured for drunch, even less the pursuit of these.

Saturday: A *diabolera* in my bed. Unable to secure lizards, Don Carlos has sewn and bound one of the Gonzales sisters into the mattressing. Also, a *diarhio* on the bathmatting. Reserve "spot" for drunch, change suites.

Sunday: Today Don Carlos emptied two quarts, first down his throat, then in the ladies' footbath (?) and, before the restraints were unhappily-but-necessarily delivered by room service, a revolver into the ceiling, killing twenty-six shirtwaist designers newly arrived from Puerto Villarta where the Old Ones say the party had begun two months before. But before Don Carlos exited, Don Carlos sang his tequila song . . . a song so unlike the popular rhythm hits today's rock-ninnies stuff down their two ears as to resemble a fine buffalo chip in one hand or a ripening road-apple in the remaining. The song

said many things—a song which by the final tequila sunrise gave to the ears noises both like "You've Got to Change Your Evil Ways" and "Come On Baby Light My Fire," this last sung also as if Don Jose Feliciano were blind in both his mouth and ears as well as in his useless but fine and talented eyes.

Monday: A note appended to Baba's Guacamole and Bloody Mary morning perk-Me-up indicated that Don Carlos was being detained until certain credit card signatures 1969-74 were examined. Packing Don Carlos' newer Vuittons, Baba and Don Carlos must decide which of us is stronger. We are both ill. Some water must have contaminated the last sunrises. Our underwear is as the Ganges in August. Late August.

This is all that is written of our contest, but certainly in sorrow there is victory, just as in peanutbutter jars there are peanuts plus lice and often dog hairs or fecal debris, if this illustration is acceptable. (The pink jeep is heavily burdened with *Federales* in whose sunglasses no eyes are willingly reflected. Señor Gonzales, it now appears, has been in communication with his daughters.)

In the final page, it is Baba and the Lotus position holding sway—the car is untended about fifty American

meters from this typewriter, and Don Carlos notes that downhill our closing speed with that pink jeep will approach the speed of light, which is a fine thing if, as Baba is assured, the movie rights are split fifty to fifty.

Yes! This was the most spiritually energizing "Baba Rum Raisin" episode to this fine date! What could the outcome be? Can I see a major motion moving picture soon to tell me what it is? I am hoping so certainly and soon. Here is money galore for you, Baba. Do not turn me into a Puerto Rican if I cough up soon.

Name _____

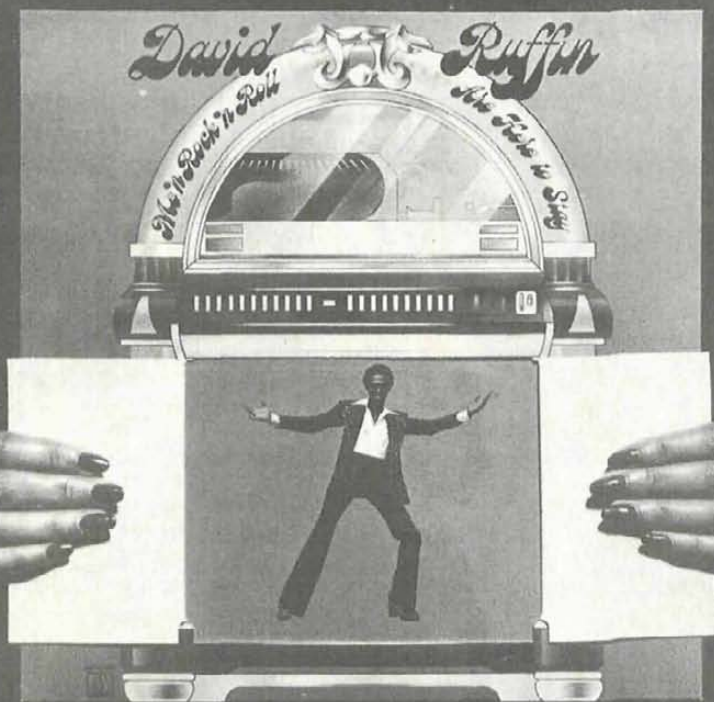
Address _____

Sisters _____ Vrgns _____

Send to: Baba Rum Raisin
c/o Patty H.
Sidestreet
Grapevine, B.C.

C U soon,

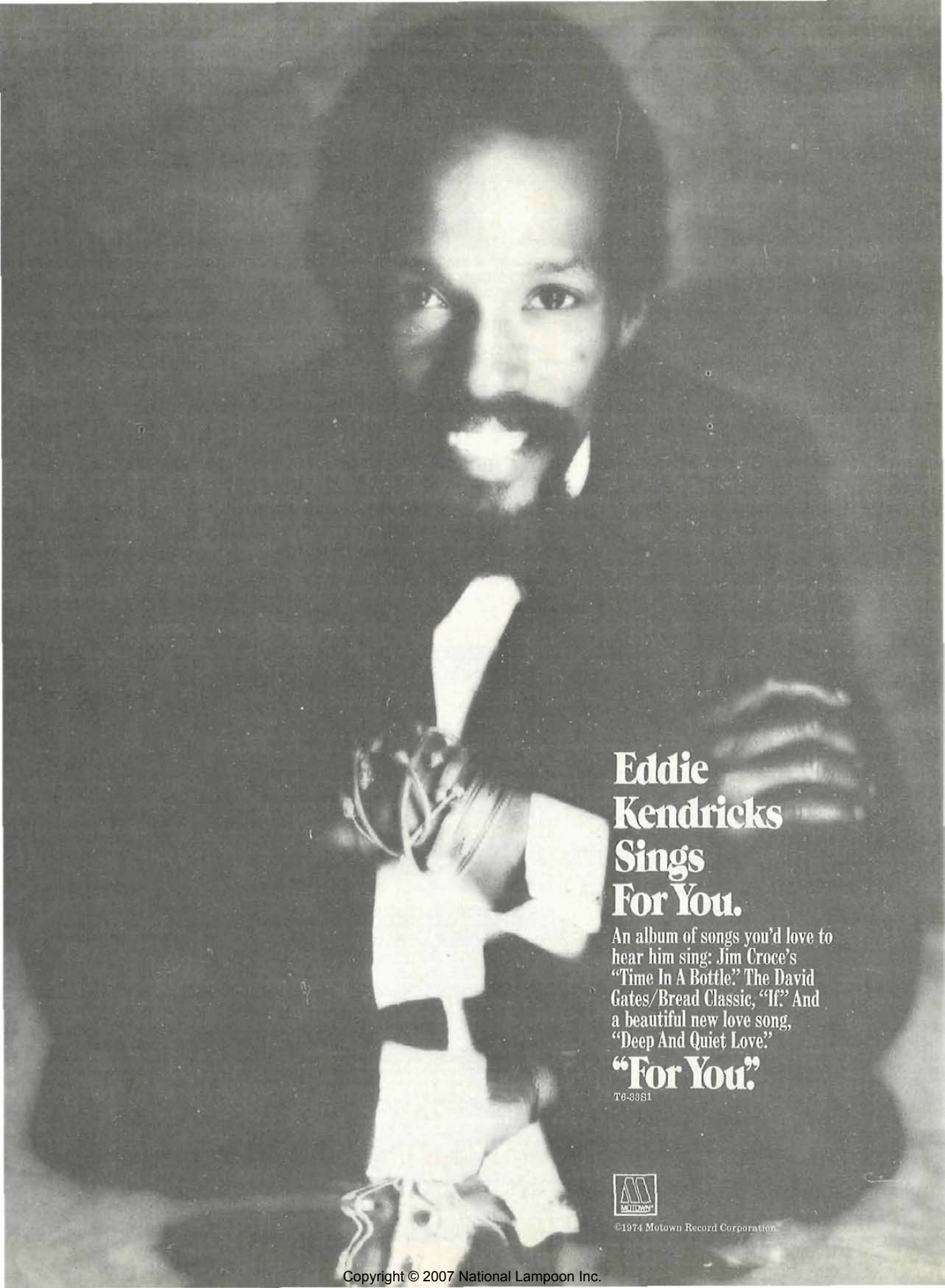
BABA



He's back.

David Ruffin Me'n Rock'n Roll Are Here to Stay. M6-81851 Copyright 1974 Motown Record Corporation.





**Eddie
Kendricks
Sings
For You.**

An album of songs you'd love to hear him sing: Jim Croce's "Time In A Bottle." The David Gates/Bread Classic, "If." And a beautiful new love song, "Deep And Quiet Love."

"For You."

T6-3851

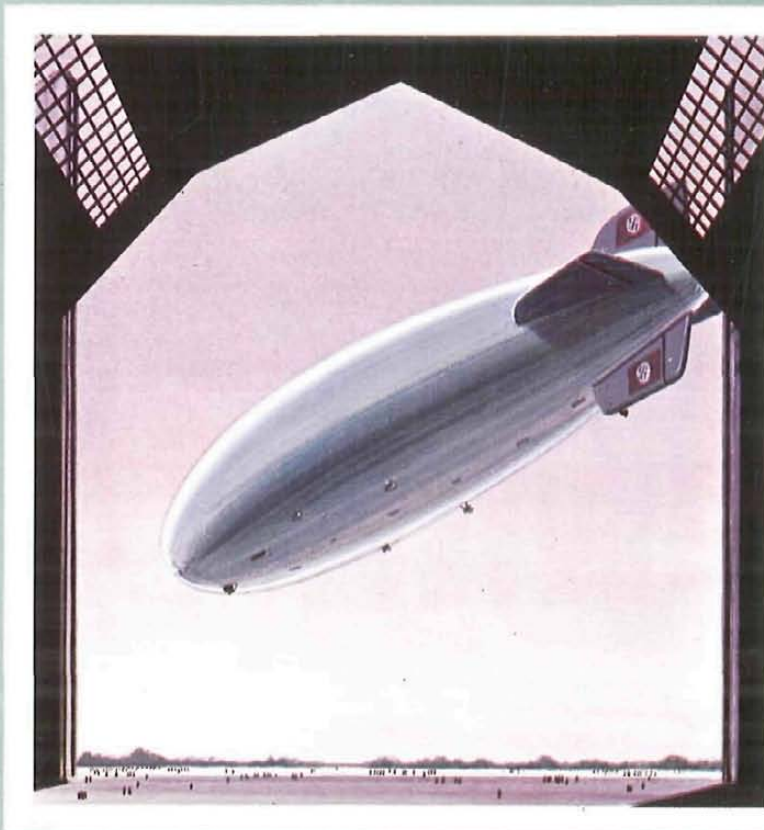


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WIR FLIEGEN NACH AMERIKA MIT DEM

ZEPPELIN



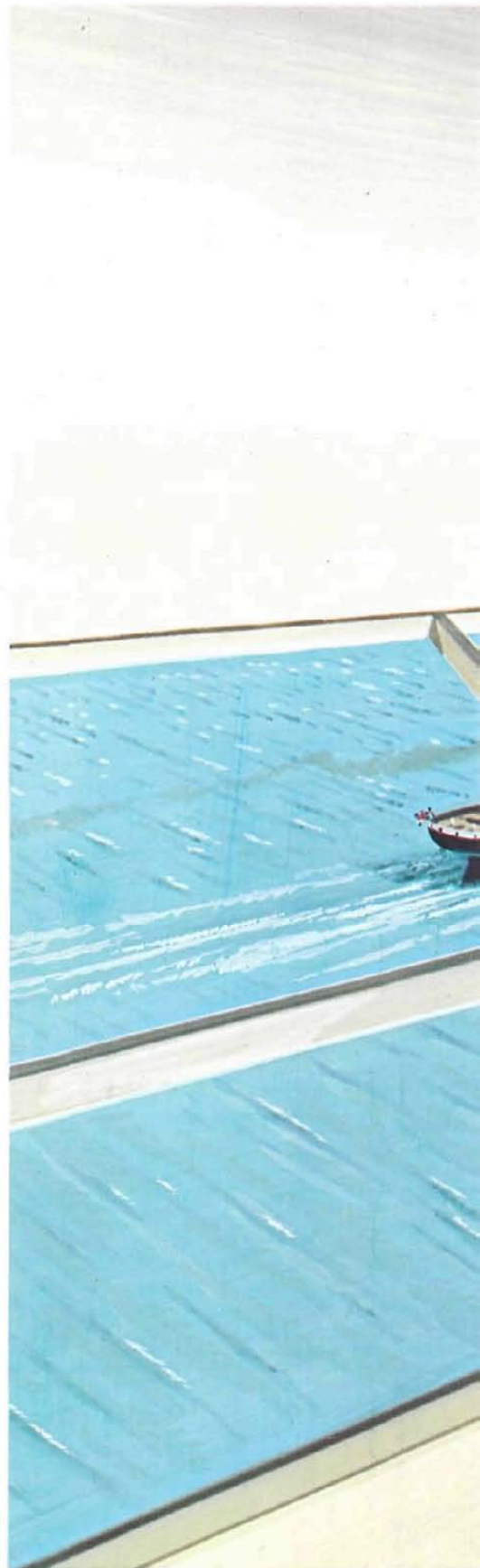


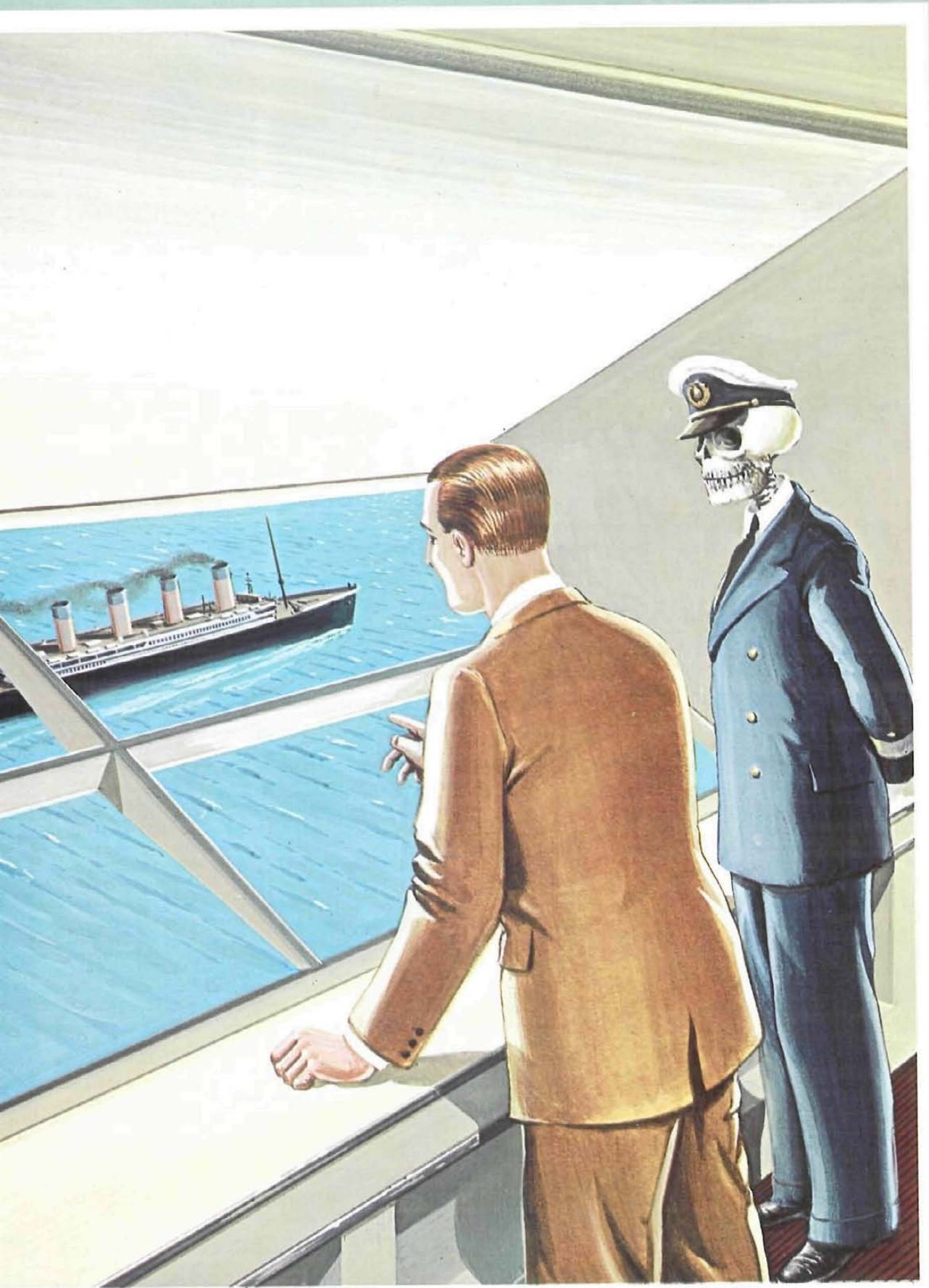
AUF WIEDERSEHEN!

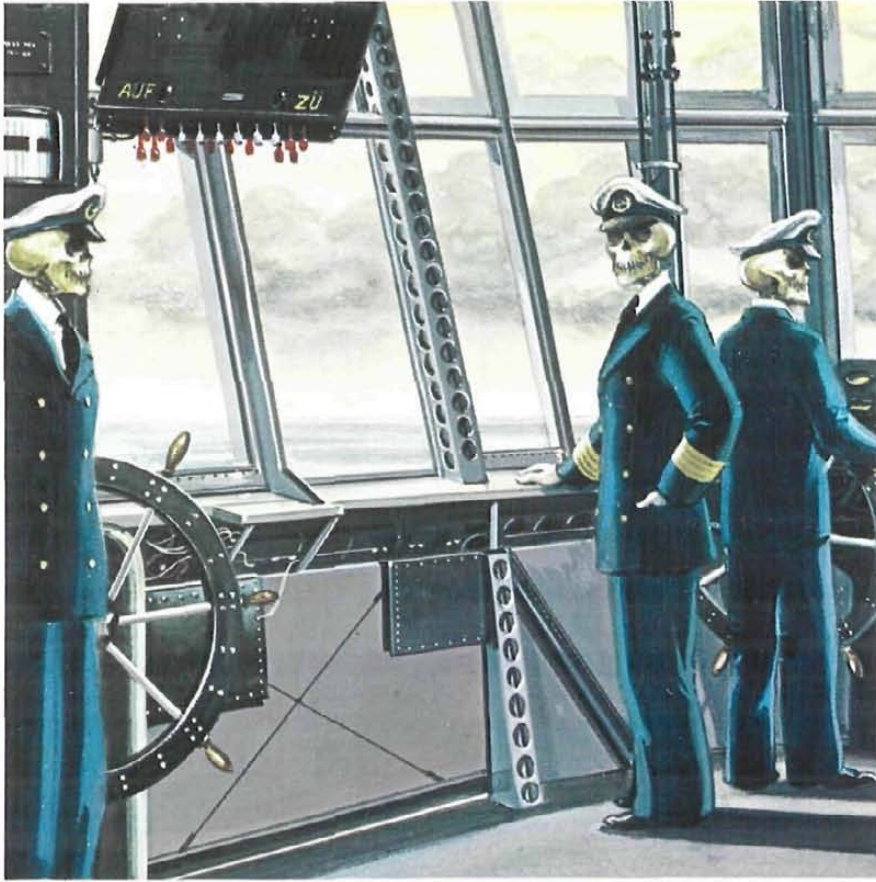
Langsam und lautlos, wie durch Zauberei, hebt der mächtige Zeppelin ab. Unten auf der Erde stehen deine winkenden Freunde und Angehörigen und beobachten, wie die gigantische Silberwurst der Lüfte sich gegen den Wind dreht, um die grosse Reise anzutreten. "Macht Euch keine Sorgen," schreist du ihnen durch das grosse Fenster zu. Dummes Volk, ein paar von ihnen heulen!

DER ATLANTIK!

"Ist das da unten die R.M.S. Titanic?" fragst du einen von der Mannschaft. "Was für eine Frage, wo dieses Unglücksschiff schon vor 25 Jahren gesunken ist!" Der Mann hat nur ein Lächeln. Auf einer Zeppelinreise bekommt man viele seltsame Dinge zu sehen. Zwischendurch ruft Grete: "Ich glaub, ich seh die Lusitania!" Was für ein Gelächter, was für ein fideles Zeppelin-Abenteuer!





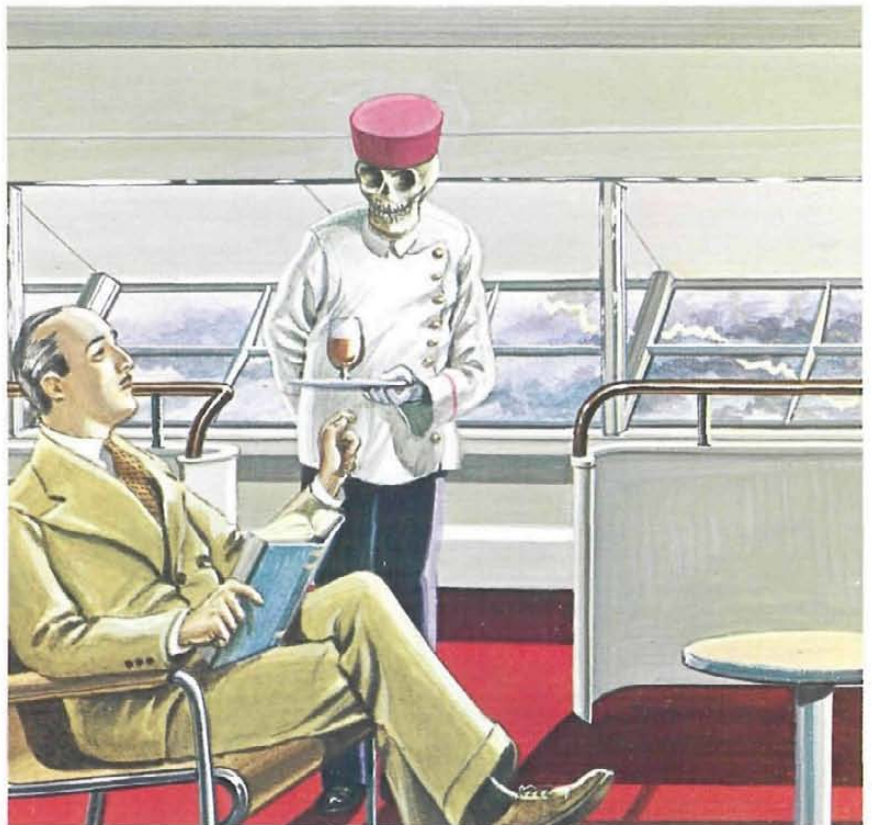


WILLK
AN BO
LUXUS-LU

SOBALD SIE DI
HAT SICH IHR LEBEN

HERR KAPITAN!

Möchten Sie den Kapitän und seine Mannschaft kennenlernen? Sie reden nur selten; sie scheinen wie Geister durch diese schwebende Reisenwelt des Zeppelins zu gleiten. Aber sie lächeln fortwährend... denn sie wissen, was Ihnen bevorsteht!

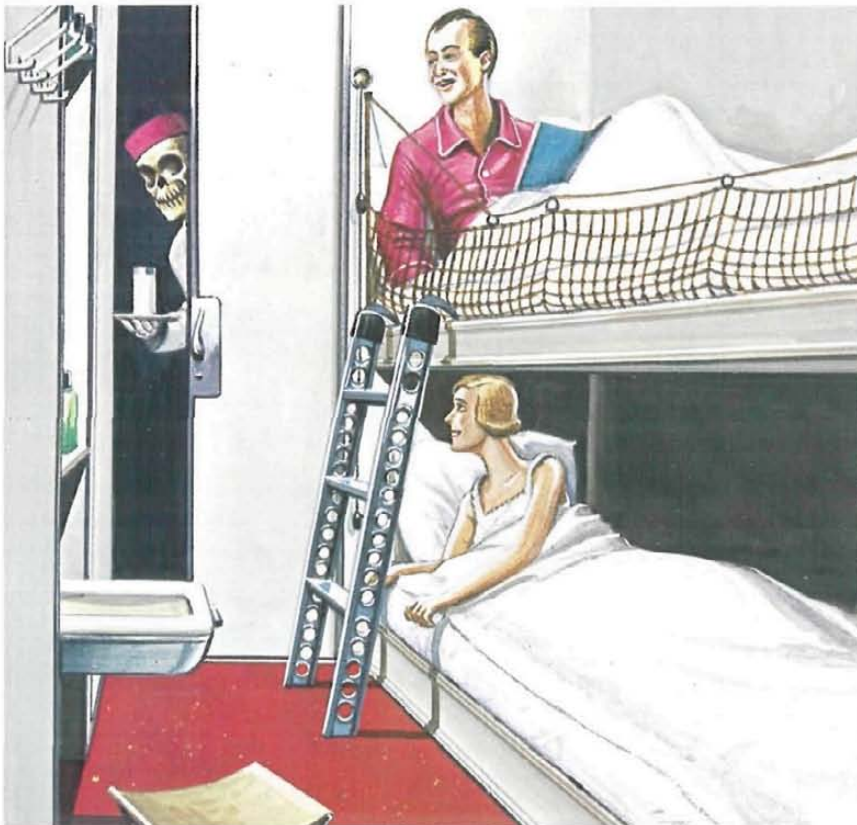


KOGNAK?

Einen Kognak nach dem Essen? Aber sicher! Der Steward scheint aus dem Nichts aufzutauchen, als hätte er Ihre Gedanken gelesen. Und wenn Sie ihn nicht mehr brauchen, ist er plötzlich verschwunden. Alles ist ruhig. Die Wolken ziehen vorbei. Dennoch beschleicht Sie eine seltsame Vorahnung!

WIMMEN
IHRES
SCHIFFES!

WELT BETRETEN,
IMMER VERÄNDERT!

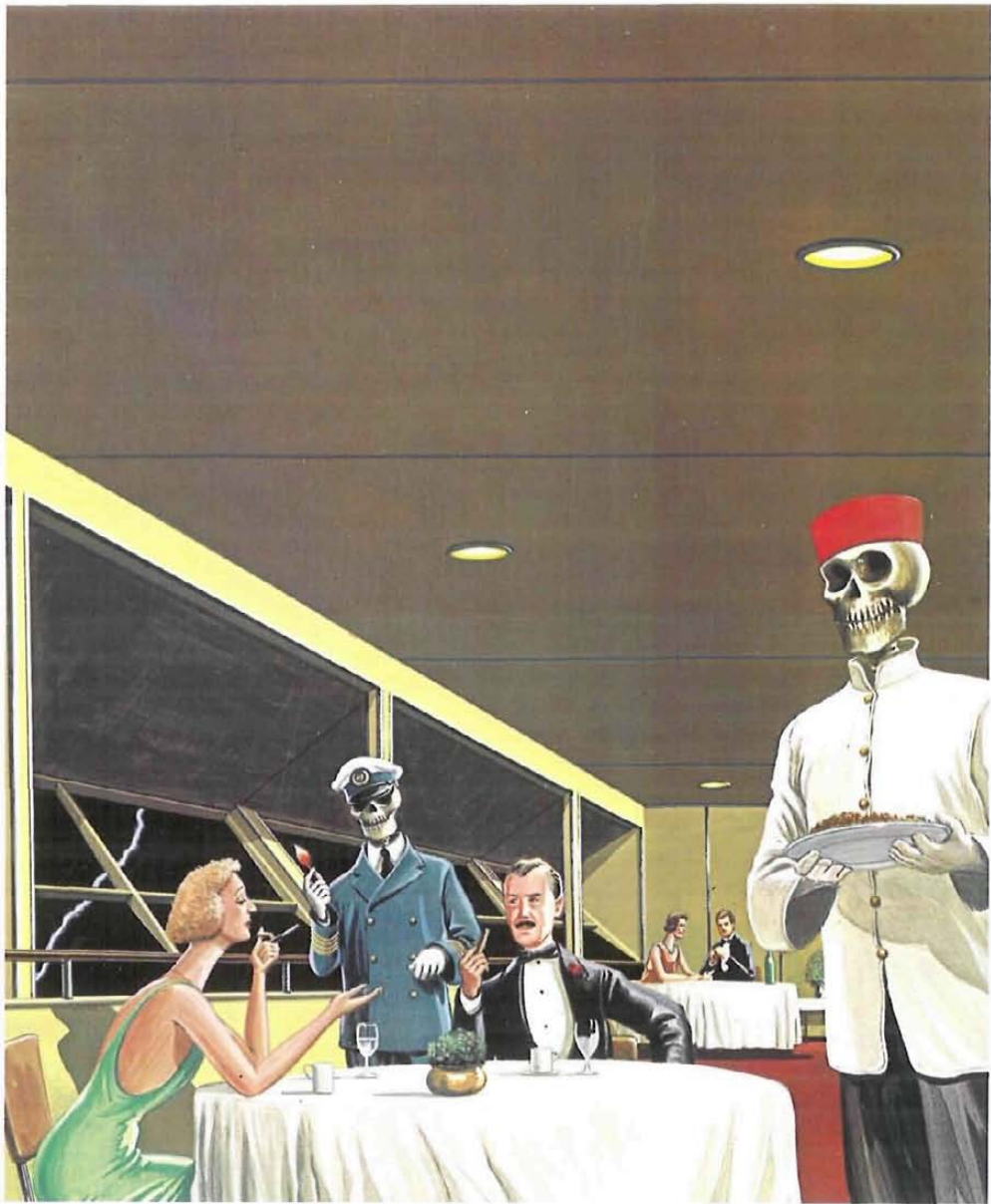


FASZINATION!

“Schau, Guntherchen, das stürmische Wetter kommt direkt auf uns zu!” Fasziniert beobachtet es Guntherchen, während der lächelnde Navigator etwas von böartigem Himmel und heftigem Blitz murmelt. “Kann der Blitz in unsern glückliches Zeppelin-Heim einschlagen?” fragt Gunther. Aber der Navigator ist weg.

“MMMMM—MILCH!”

Wer ist der unerwartete Fremde in der Kabinentür? Nur der Steward! Schau, gute warme Milch und ein lächelndes “Gute Nacht.” Bald ist das mächtige Luftschiff dunkel. Begleitet vom Gebrumm der Dieselmotoren träumt man durch die Nacht; lebhaft, farbige, fantastische Träume, die in ein feuriges Morgenrot übergehen!



ZIGARETTE?

Das Essen ist vorüber, der Kaffee serviert; und da unser Bestimmungsort nur noch ein paar Kilometer entfernt ist, lass den Donner ruhig grollen und die Blitze zucken. Der Chef-Steward ist schon mit einem Streichholz zur Hand, als Sie sich eine Zigarette aussuchen und scherzen: "Man sollte ja annehmen, Herr Chef-Steward, dass bei all dem feuergefährlichen Wasserstoff angezündete Streichhölzer..."

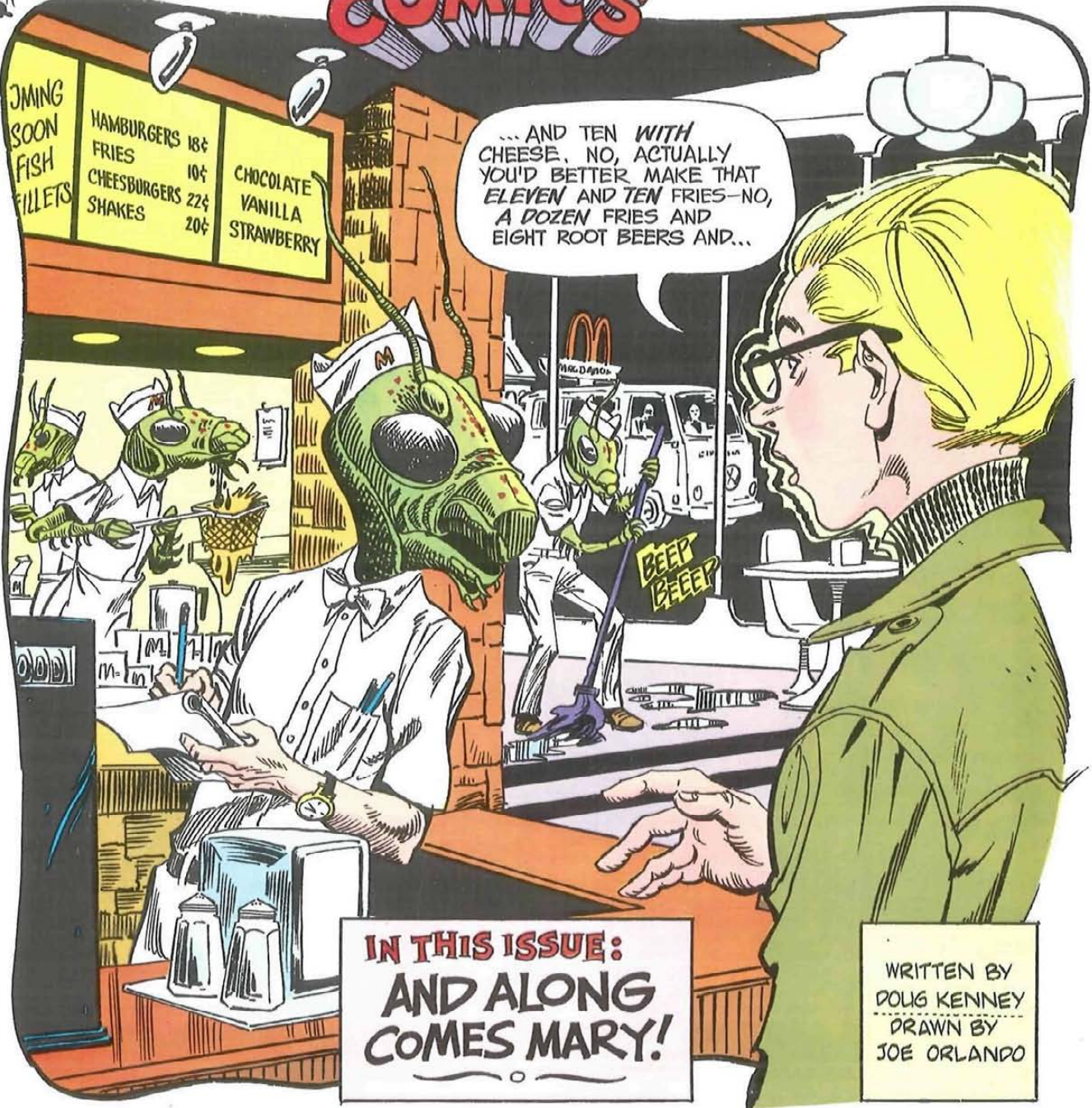




all new first high



COMICS



... AND TEN WITH CHEESE. NO, ACTUALLY YOU'D BETTER MAKE THAT ELEVEN AND TEN FRIES—NO, A DOZEN FRIES AND EIGHT ROOT BEERS AND...

**IN THIS ISSUE:
AND ALONG
COMES MARY!**

WRITTEN BY
DOLIG KENNEY
DRAWN BY
JOE ORLANDO



HI, I'M **MARIO SAVIO**, AND I'M HERE TO TELL YOU ABOUT **NATLAMP-COBROS. SPECIAL SUMMER-OF-LOVE WINTER CLEARANCE SALE!** EVERYTHING MUST GO 'CAUSE EVERYTHING'S **ALREADY GONE!**



SURE, BACK IN THOSE WILD 'N' WACKY SIXTIES I WAS THE LEADER OF AN IMPORTANT STUDENT MOVEMENT THAT NEARLY TOPPLED THE FASCIST-PIG BERKELEY CAMPUS REGIME! NOW, I'M A SUCCESSFUL GRAD STUDENT, AND IF YOU'VE LOOKED AT THE JOB MARKET LATELY, YOU ARE, TOO!

THAT'S WHY NATLAMP-COBROS. (MAKERS OF PUNTAC®, THE TIMED-RELEASE JOKE THAT KEEPS ON SMIRKING LONG AFTER YOU GO BACK TO SOME UNSPEAKABLY TEDIOUS PAUL GOODMAN BOOK) ARE MAKING THIS RIDICULOUS OFFER!

YES! FOR A LIMITED TIME ONLY, NATLAMP-COBROS. WILL SHIP YOU BULK NOSTALGIA FROM OUR GIANT GEODESIC WAREHOUSES OF IMBECILIC "HIPPIE" PLAYTHINGS AND CHEAP TOURIST SHIT—SOME ITEMS NO LONGER AVAILABLE EVEN IN CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS!

THAT'S RIGHT! ORDER NOW WHILE THE SUPPLY LASTS—OR ORDER LATER—THESE NIFTIES ARE GOING NOWHERE FAST—JUST LIKE ME! DARE TO STUDY, DARE TO PASS!

SI, MARIO! CARAMBA, EVEN I AM **MUY EXCITO** ABOUT THESE SWELL GUIDES TO THE **YANKI** WAY OF KNOWLEDGE! GET IT? WELL, I WOULD... EEF I WERE NOT ALREADY DEAD, SI? HELLO?



- PEACE MEDALS
- DIFFRACTION DISKS (FIT ALL FOREHEADS)
- ZAP COMIX
- SPLASH-BLEACH JEANS
- GRANNY GLASSES
- AMERICAN FLAG ROLLING PAPERS
- PACHOULI OIL
- HEADBANDS (FIT ALL WASTEBASKETS)
- MUSK OIL
- STRAWBERRY INCENSE
- BODY PAINT
- TIE-DYE TANK TOPS
- YARROW STICKS
- REGIS DEBRAY
- HARVARD "STRIKE" SHIRT
- DAY-GLO PAINT
- WEST POINT CAPES
- MARINE TUNICS
- "FLY UNITED" POSTERS
- MDA
- MOROCCAN BEADS
- MACRAME KITS
- CANDLE MOLDS
- POTTER'S WHEELS
- FINGER CYMBALS
- STROBE LIGHTS

- TEMPLE BELLS
- WIDE WATCHBANDS
- M.C. ESCHER PRINTS
- WATERBEDS
- TAROT DECKS
- MORNING GLORY SEEDS
- STONE PONIES
- BLUES MAGOOS
- DEEP PURPLE
- LEMON PIPERS
- SHORT-HAIR WIGS
- RECORDERS
- GREAT SPECKLED BIRD
- NOVA EXPRESS
- S.F. GOODTIMES
- S.F. ORACLE
- BERKELEY TRIBE
- DETROIT FIFTH ESTATE SEED
- ARGUS
- KALEIDOSCOPE
- BOSTON AVATAR
- EAST VILLAGE OTHER
- RAT
- PETER MAX ANYTHINGS
- EARTH MAGAZINE
- SNCC
- JERRY RUBIN
- A-200 LOTION
- TIGER BALM

- MEXICAN ANYTHINGS
- RAGA-SHIRTS-WITH-THE-LITTLE-REFLECTORS
- MANTRAS
- SUTRAS
- NO BRAS
- MAO BUTTONS
- BUBBLE PIPES
- SOAP BUBBLE PIPES
- EYE CONTACT
- BE-INS
- SDS
- LIGHTSHOWS (BATTERIES OF MINDBLOWN M.I.T. DROPOUTS NOT INCLUDED)
- NOSE RINGS
- TOE RINGS
- TATTOO DECALS
- SCREAMING YELLOW ZONKERS
- VC FLAGS
- INDIAN PRINT BEDSPREADS
- MARCUSE
- LEATHER COWBOY HATS
- FRINGE (1,000 MILES OF IT!)

SEND TO:
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 c/o DOUG KENNEY
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 635 MADISON AVE.
 NEW YORK, NEW YORK
 RUSH! ACT TODAY!
 HECK, MARIO, I'M SUCH A GULLIBLE TWERP I ALREADY BOUGHT ALL THIS CRAP YEARS AGO AND GAVE IT TO MY KID SISTER WHEN MY 1-Y-CAME THROUGH! JUST KEEP ALL THAT EMBARRASSING EVIDENCE OUT OF MY SIGHT AND I'LL SEND YOU THE UNUSED PORTION OF MY DOPE.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

TYPE OF DOPE ENCLOSED _____

YOUR "FIRST HIGH" CAN BE MANY THINGS... A FIRST KISS, A FINE POPULAR SONG... BUT THAT ALL SEEMS LIKE CHILD'S PLAY WHEN YOU FIRST...

Puff the MAGIC DRAGON!

IT BEGAN THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BIG PHIL 101 EXAM, WHEN MY ROOMMATE AT STATE, DAVE WHEATJEANS, BURST IN...

HEY, MAN! LEO WORKSHIRT JUST FINISHED A "HOOT" AT CLUB EXPRESSO AN' ASKED ME TO FALL BY HIS PAD OFF CAMPUS T' SMOKE SOME STUFF!

"STUFF?"

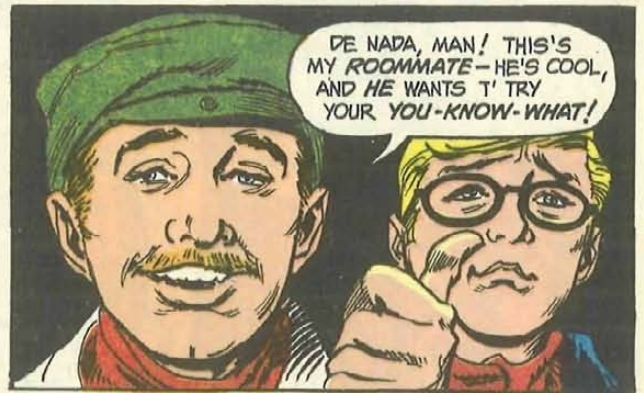
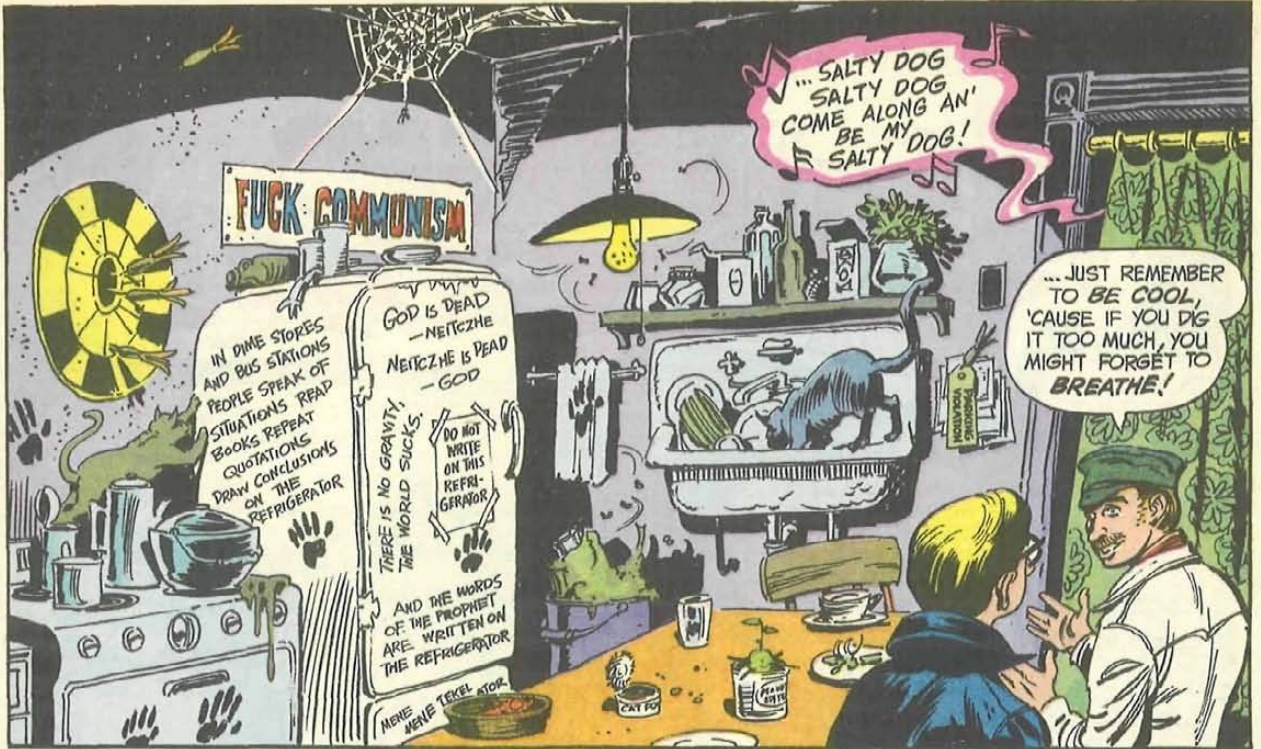
DON'T PUT ME ON, MAN! LIKE MARYJANE, LIKE! C'MON, IF YOU GIVE ME LIFT ON YOUR 'SICKLE, I'LL LEND YOU MY PEA JACKET!

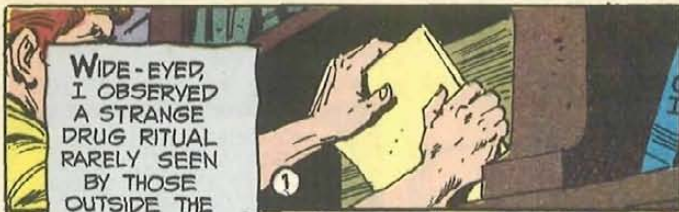
G-GEE, BUT I DON'T WANT TO SCHIZO-OUT BEFORE MY MOD PHIL EXAM TOMORROW!

ΔΤΔ
FJI
EATS
IT!
'67

SIGMA
PHI
ZERO

NO HASSLE, MAN-- LEO'S BEEN "ON GRASS" EVER SINCE HE DROPPED OUT OF PREP SCHOOL!





WIDE-EYED, I OBSERVED A STRANGE DRUG RITUAL RARELY SEEN BY THOSE OUTSIDE THE AVANT-GARDE "UNDERGROUND"!!



... THE SECRET "STASH"!!



IN A MATTER OF MOMENTS, WE WERE "FLYING" ON A "BOMBER," CALIFORNIA-STYLE ...



...UNTIL AT LAST IT WAS MY TURN FOR THE "ACAPULCO GOLD RUSH!"



BUT I "O.D.'D" ON MY FIRST PUFF... AND SUDDENLY EXPERIENCED THE DREADED "PARANOID" SIDE EFFECTS!



...AND AS I HEADED FOR THE JOHN, STRANGE VISIONS SWAM BEFORE ME WITH THE INTENSITY OF A THOUSAND EXPLODING STROBE-CANDLES!



REMEMBERING TO BREATHE, AND BREATHE DEEPLY... MY EYES STILL CONTINUED TO OPTICALLY HALLUCINATE!



CACK GARGLE GAG

Y' BETTER TELL YOUR FRIEND IF HE'S GONNA PUKE, HE'D BETTER TAKE THE **FLASHER** OUT OF THE SOCKET SO HE CAN AIM!

HO HO!

SHEET!

HEE HEE!

QUICKLY GULPING DOWN A HANDFUL OF ASPIRIN, I MANAGED TO AVOID PERMANENT BRAIN DAMAGE...



BET IT'D BE OUT OF SIGHT T' BALL ON THIS STUFF!

REALLY!

'BALL?'

... AND DAVE WAS CAREFUL TO "BRING ME DOWN" BEFORE I WENT TOO FAR OVER THE EDGE.



NICE GOIN', MAN! LISTEN, WE GOTTA **SPLIT!** LEO'S GETTING A LITTLE UPTIGHT ... SOME OF THEM THINK YOU'RE THE FUZZ!



WELL, **HANG LOOSE,** MAN!

I GUESS I'LL TAKE HIM BACK TO THE DORM T' CRASH!

YEAH, WELL LATER...



AS MY HEAD CLEARED IN THE CRISP EVENING AIR, I BEGAN TO PUT THE PIECES TOGETHER...

BOY, YOU MUST'VE BEEN **REALLY SAILIN'!** SEE ANYTHING INTERESTING?

WOW! WHAT A **STONED THING T'SAY!**

ONLY WHEN I THREW UP.



... AND KNEW THAT DOPE-TAKING WOULD BE A ROAD BEST LEFT UNTRAVELED IN THE FUTURE.

HEY! WHERE'RE THOSE **PILLS** I HAD IN THIS **ASPIRIN BOTTLE?**

WHAT WERE THEY?

I DUNNO, SOMETHING MY BROTHER SENT FROM CALIFORNIA ... CALLED "**LSD!**"?

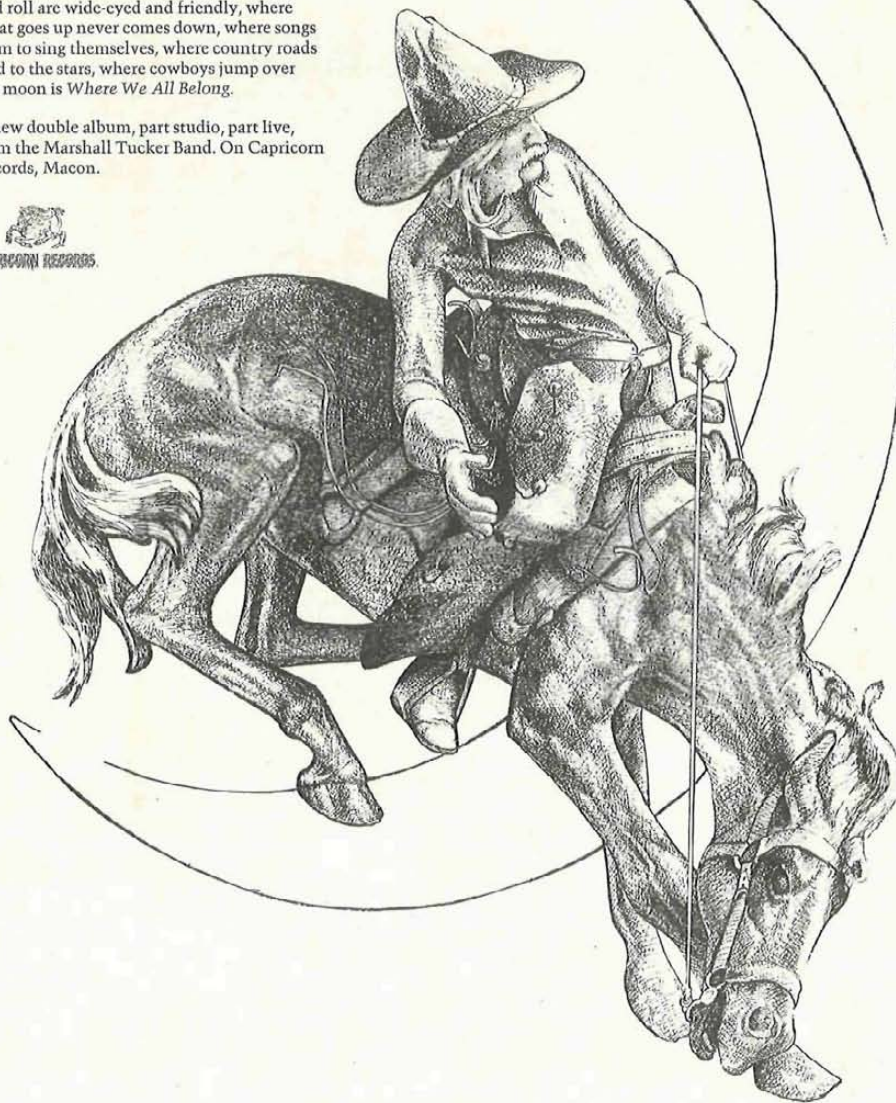
DETOUR
LOOK OUT!
TROUBLE AHEAD!
UH-OH!
POA

THE BEGINNING OF THE **END**

"Where We All Belong"

A place where the electric spirits of rock and roll are wide-eyed and friendly, where what goes up never comes down, where songs seem to sing themselves, where country roads lead to the stars, where cowboys jump over the moon is *Where We All Belong*.

A new double album, part studio, part live, from the Marshall Tucker Band. On Capricorn Records, Macon.



Marshall Tucker Band Tour

December 1 — Stonybrook/SUNY— the gym
December 3 — Kenosha, Wisc.
December 4 — Menomonie/State U.—Johnson Fieldhouse
December 5 — Minneapolis/U. of Minn.— Northrup Aud.
December 6 — Chicago/Aragon Ballroom

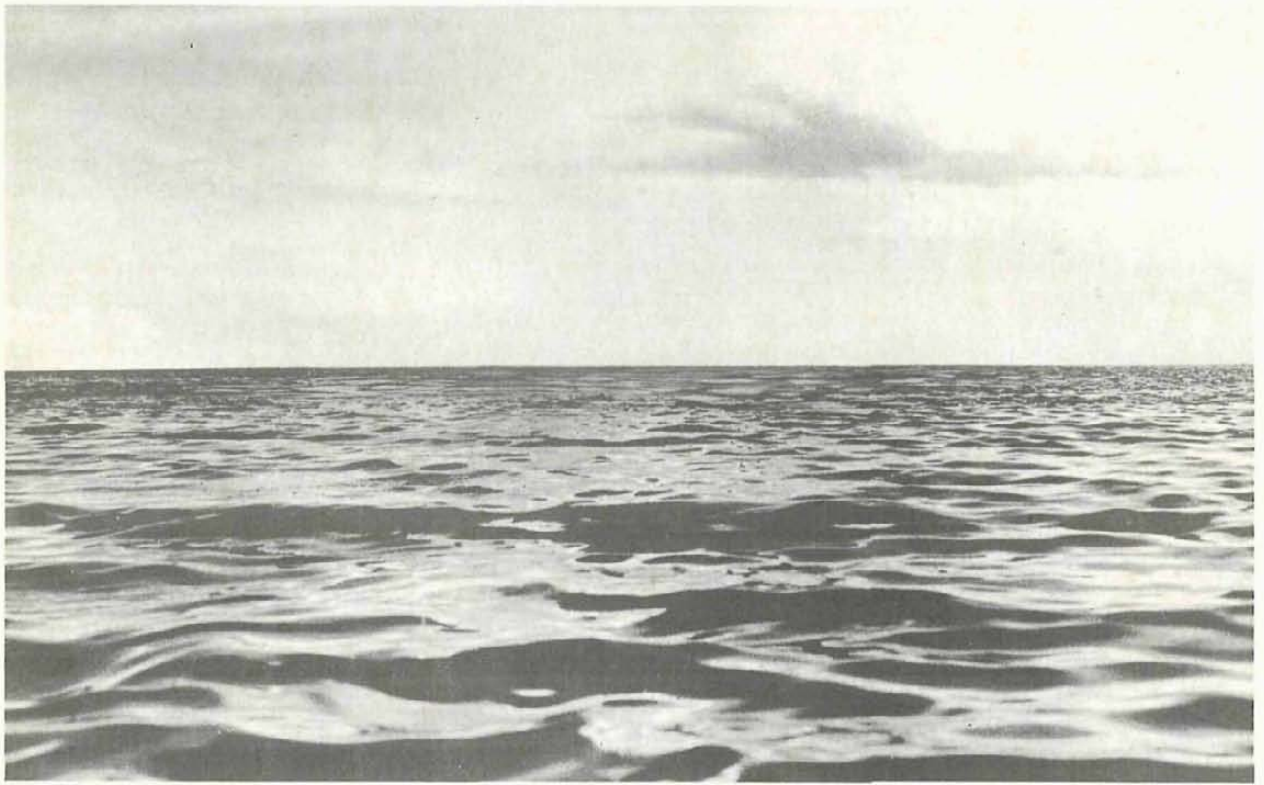
December 7 — Detroit/Michigan Palace
December 16 — Los Angeles/Santa Monica Civic
December 17 — San Diego/Golden Hall
December 20 — San Francisco/Winterland
December 21 — San Francisco/Winterland

Produced by Paul Hornsby for Capricorn Records, Inc.
by special arrangement with Phil Walden & Assoc., Inc.

The Marshall Tucker Band

Printed in U.S.A.

America's Undersea Cup



Victory in her sights, Quahog moves dramatically past Java Trench at the onset of the tideward leg of the fourth race.

U.S. Takes Four Straight

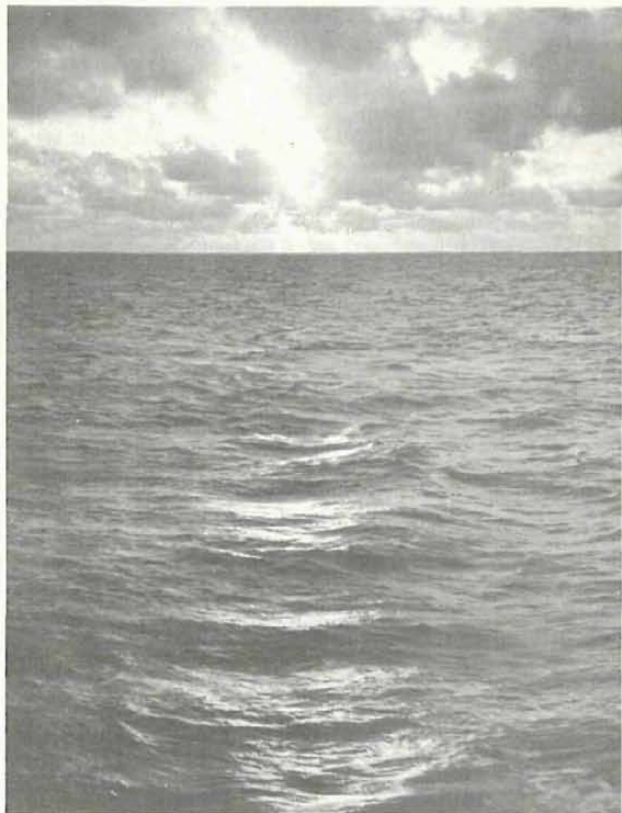
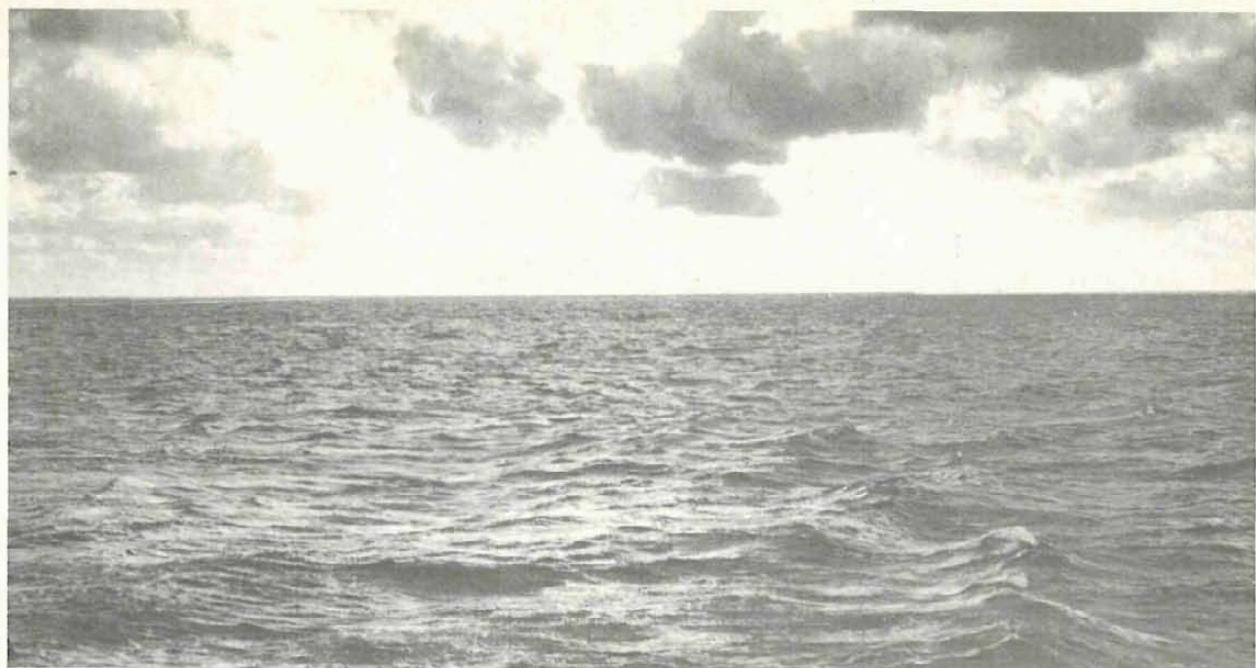
by P. J. O'Rourke and Henry Beard

Australian wool baron Clovis Bovim's million-dollar effort to carry off the America's Undersea Cup in his aluminum double-hulled *Java Trench* came to naught in the wintry seas off Newport, Rhode Island, as the U.S. defender *Quahog* plunged to four consecutive victories on the 21.7 mile course. But the contest was hardly a rout. Docksides, there was public consensus that the Aussie's boat had taken better advantage of changes in the twelve-meter submersible motor yacht rules—utilizing lighter plate construction and smaller ballast and bilge tanks to fulfill the new dive test requirements and making full use of the single snorkel-post conning tower. Nor could the more conventionally designed *Quahog* claim any crew superiority. The Australians, skippered by Ian Patterson, were in pinnacle form, showing a dance-like coordination in their diving plane trim and holding depth with precision. And, unlike the 1973 British challenger *Baleen Whale* (whose bulbous prow was ill-suited to the slop-tow off Benton reef), *Java's* men had an excellent grasp of local conditions.

The root of the *Java's* failure seemed to lie in her own brilliant lines. Designer Terry Lars gave her a radical shape behind the keel, a configuration of abrupt, startling angles that resulted in superior boat speed down-current but with a sacrifice of maneuverability running against the spill. Outward bound, *Java* led every race by more than a minute (three and a half minutes in the third match) but lost her lead each time coming back. There was never a real moment of confidence for *Quahog*, and builder Benson Lowell could be seen to breathe a sigh of profound relief as his victorious crew was thrown onto the dock, assuring the America's Cup of another season on its fifty-year perch at the New London Yacht Club.

Australia will be back next year, says Bovim. But he admits there will be new problems. The Cunningham diesel-electric system which powered both boats will be impossible for him to use under new rules stipulating that foreign entries cannot carry American powerplants. Given the stringent regulation of engine design,

continued on page 132



Top. *Perspiring crews push their crafts to the limit as Quahog eats up Java's lead during a spectacular yawing duel in the generally deep seas of the second race.*

Above left. *A perilous moment for both boats at the start of the first contest when Java Trench pitched steeply towards Quahog in the stiff current.*

Right. *Breathtaking finale of the third match: Quahog, at full speed, pulls across the finish line only half a boat length ahead of the Australians.*



JESUS CHRIST ASTRONAUT

By ERIC VAN DÄNKEN

From the forthcoming **BANKBOOKS OF THE AUTHOR**

Translated by Dean Latimer

On February 12, 1953, a dank mist clung to the grey, forbidding mountains of Galilee. It was in these very wastes north of the Dead Sea that Jesus Christ, two thousand years before, had sought refuge for inspiration and meditation, safe from the evil and ignorant machinations of the Jewish Sanhedrin of Jerusalem! And now Hans Schliepmann, the brilliant amateur archaeologist, was laboriously retracing Our Savior's faint, forgotten footsteps through the trackless wilderness, hardly daring to hope that on this day, after so many disappointments in the past, he would find what he knew was there.

Suddenly the ground gave way! The fifty-four-year-old Schliepmann sustained a nasty spill some sixteen feet down the side of what appeared to be a mere tumbled rockfall. Ignoring his cuts and bruises, however, he set his grinning Arab assistants promptly to work, clearing away the rubble from the ditch into which he had unwittingly stumbled. "Das vas der luckiest schpill ever getooken py man," was what Schliepmann told me later. "First all ve finds is *potsherds*, though. Pah! I *schpvit* on potsherds! Der schientister-man, he fits two, three potsherds into each odder, unt he says 'Ja! Das ist ben ein Neo-Babylonian immigrant kultur, circa 580 B.C.! Me, I wouldn't wipe mine *tuch* on potsherds. I dig up any zem, I grind zem unter mine *boot*, like zo! Potsherds! *Feh!*'"

Having delivered this lively *ex cathedra* assessment of tradition-bound archaeological shibboleths, Schliepmann went on to describe the magnificent discovery that victorious-

ly justified a long, thankless career of enthusiastic excavations around the Holy Land: *a pair of sandals once worn by Our Lord Jesus Christ!* "I find dem next py dis vierd metallik doohickey I don't know vot it's for," he explained to me, showing a curious artifact indeed, of which more presently. "But looky here," he went on in hushed tones, as if fearing eavesdroppers. "See, der name, der *name* is burnt onto dem leather schlipper: *Jesus!* Vot more I got to say?"

What more, indeed! The hermetically-sealed minds of self-styled "archaeological scientists" and others with vested interests to jealously protect—the discovery of this invaluable trove by a "mere" amateur, when all *their* highly-financed and officially-recognized excavations have failed to unearth anything more impressive than broken dishes and cuneiform laundry lists—these "authorities" may nervously repudiate Schliepmann's discovery as just another "unauthorized dig," but those with understanding unclouded by institutionalized dogma—can they not only regard Schliepmann's artifacts as harbingers of a revolutionary new dimension in our understanding of Man and his past?!

Regard the sandals, first of all, of which I possess the only existing photograph. Frantic objections will inevitably be raised here, by anxious apologists for both the scientific and religious¹ establishments, as to their authenticity, of course. (How strange that these supposedly antithetical

¹ Need I even comment on these "religions" calling themselves *Judeo-Christian*?

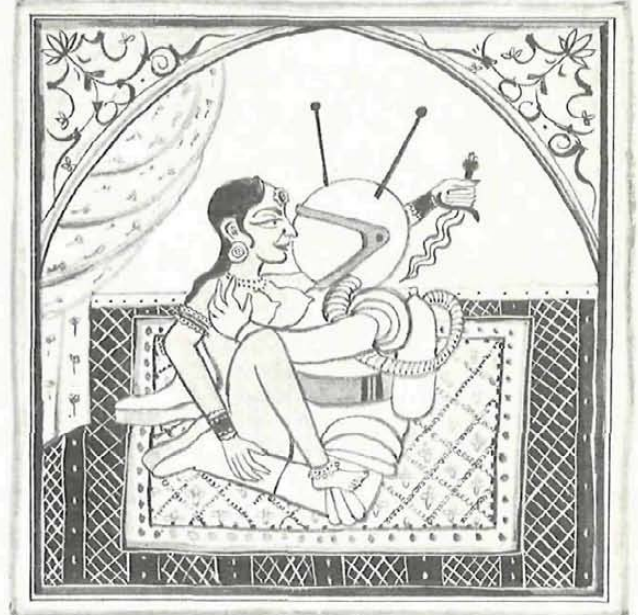
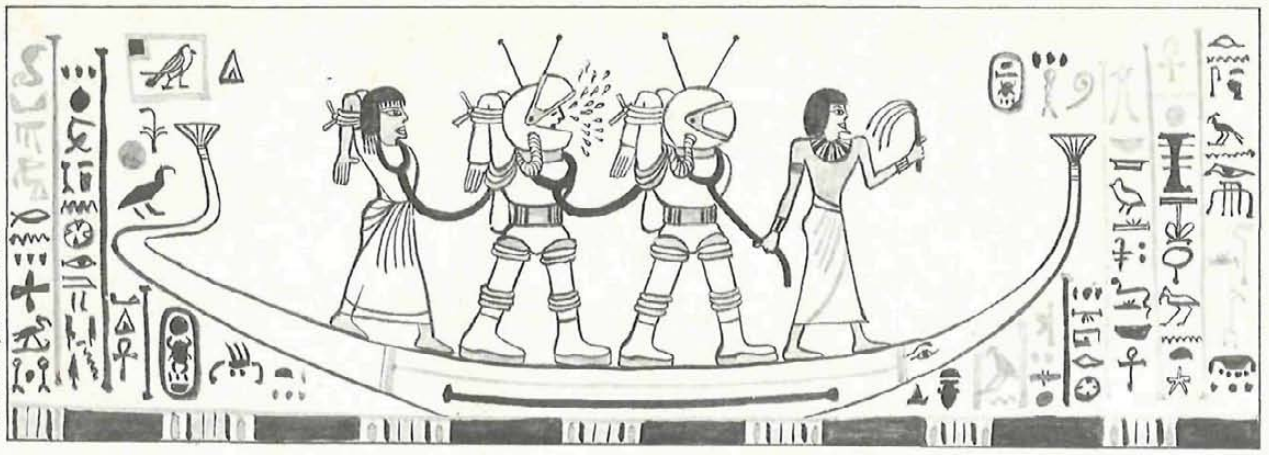
disciplines should unite so solidly every time a disinterested third party proposes to ventilate the Truth. How strange, and how very revealing!) "Where were these artifacts uncovered?" they will quibble. "At what precise level of stratigraphy? In how close a contiguity to what, if any, other artifacts of which historical period? What equipment did Herr Schliepmann employ? Which system of classification was used? What were his 'professional qualifications' to presume to *make* a find of this unparalleled magnitude? What *prestigious university* or *respected industrial megalith* lent their indispensable *imprimatur* to this unorthodox undertaking?"² What cant! What errant dissimulation! When grey-bearded scientists and dark-frocked clergy so blatantly conspire in a splitting of such immaterial hairs, then even an "unauthorized outsider" may detect the rank stench of corruption. What *are* these people trying so desperately to suppress?

Easy as it is to object to Schliepmann, it is, thankfully, even more easy to dispense with objecting to him since Truth may be determined by simple inspection of the sandals of which I possess the only existing photograph! Ordinary deductive logic, shorn of all doctrinal complications,

²And what of certain finds which *were* accomplished under such "indispensable" patronage? What of the strange "dry cell batteries" found in the -III stratum of Ba'albek? What of the peculiar teflon-like pottery found in some southwestern Pueblo settlements? What about rows upon rows of perfectly-preserved Egyptian mummies discovered in "deep freeze" storage on the Spitzbergen glaciers? Why have these officially funded excavations been so ruthlessly suppressed from public knowledge? Perhaps we must be thankful that Hans Schliepmann was, after all, "only" an "amateur"!

continued

Illustrated by Randall Enos

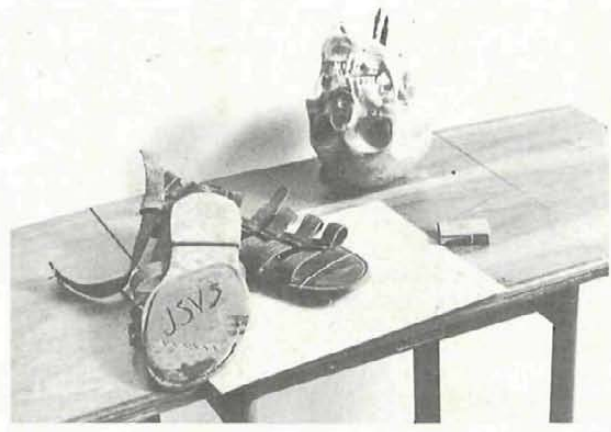


RETURN OF THE ATLANTEAN VOYAGERS after 6,000-year absence was given "front-page" treatment in the arts of all ancient societies, from whose ruins I made the only existing copies. Would they enjoy such a well-publicized reception in this "demythological" day and age?

photograph by Peter Kleinman



ANTHROPOLOGISTS BLATANTLY IGNORE disturbing technological similarities among so-called "primitive" peoples separated by thousands of miles and aeons of history. How can the pipe dream of "Independent Invention" be stretched so thin as to accommodate these ineffable and ubiquitous so-called "coincidences"? The final victory of the Diffusionists is fast approaching—with the *physical demonstration* of Atlantean intervention in human affairs!



JSVS: Proudly inscribed in vigorous Roman characters, these sandals strongly indicate that Our Lord was not Jewish, for otherwise surely He would have signed His Name in traditional Hebrew text. Artifact at right seems to have been crafted using metallurgical techniques supposedly unknown until Benvenuto Cellini invented lost-wax casting in the fifteenth century A.D.!

impels the correct conclusion. Who would wear these particular sandals, after all, in 33 A.D. Palestine? One would naturally expect them to conform with the phenotypical Syro-Semitic foot, at least, and be short and broad, but quite the *opposite* actually obtains! The owner of these sandals enjoyed a foot 24.765 centimeters long by precisely 7.62 centimeters wide, for a Uniform Pedal Ratio of 3.25—whereas according to statistics compiled at the University of Nuremberg in 1940, your typical Jew exhibits a much closer ratio of 2.01. But wait a minute! Foot ratios of 3.06 and above are characteristic *exclusively* of the “Indo-Aryan” races, to wit, High Germans, Scandinavians, and some Finns! Can it be that Jesus, as so many have bravely suggested, was not a Jew at all, but an Aryan?

Look again at Hans Schliepmann’s wonderful sandals. Is any other conclusion justifiable? Is any other conclusion *decent*? Would you dare come to any other conclusion? Huh? Would you?

And now for the other, even more mysterious artifact: a flat, strangely rectangular object, about 5.75 by 2.5 by 1.25 centimeters, weighing perhaps 54 grams. Wrought of some peculiar ferrous alloy, it was badly caked with immemorial oxidation when I saw it, just for a brief moment, but long enough to recognize that it consisted of two working sections—and one section had been pried away from the other far enough to expose within a super-sophisticated arrangement of working parts of which I possess the only existing photograph! But before I had a chance to inspect the object at length, unhappily, Hans Schliepmann left to conduct a historic dig far up on mysterious Mount Ararat in Turkey and, “oddly,” was never heard from again! All he left me was this only existing photograph, published here for the first time.

To essay any informed guess as to the nature and function of this fascinating mechanism, other documented facts must here be briefly introduced. Jesus was an Aryan. This has been settled beyond question. The appearance of this tall, blond, intelligent, personable, and wise blue-eyed stranger in the Oriental world must have provoked quite a controversy among its short, dark, low-visaged, primitive, dirty inhabitants—as indeed it did! Of course, Indo-Aryan Goths were not unknown in Judea, generally figuring as top-flight military men, known for their tactical brilliance and lightning swiftness of attack in the Roman occupation forces, yet here was one that moved about unarmed, telling wonderful stories, asking probing questions, per-

forming impossible miracles,³ bringing national unity, making the caravans run on time, and getting rid of *money changers*! Where did he come from?

Here we come upon the important question about Jesus’ ministry on earth: Was He a Cytherean space-man?

In the year 9007 B.C., the continent of Atlantis, civilization’s “fatherland mass,” sank beneath the waves “after a single day and night of misfortune,” as Plato clearly reports in his *Timaeus*. Only a remnant of the tall, blond, blue-eyed masters of Atlantis, proprietors of Gaia (“Earth”) escaped the awful cataclysm. The facts are there in Plato for anyone to read them: how the great, wise, and beneficent Atlanteans, having developed a space age technology that rendered human labor obsolete, freed their slaves and settled them in Europe, North Africa, and Asia Minor; how they encouraged these backward and benighted Celts, Negroids, and even Semites to establish their own primitive “civilizations,” and exacted only the most moderate tokens of tribute; and how the renegade (and probably part Semitic) Athenians⁴ repaid their noble eleemosynary efforts by sabotaging the colossal machinery that kept Atlantis afloat in the ocean, destroying thereby the so-called “mythological” Golden Age!

On Gaia, the only Atlanteans to survive this treachery were the overseer garrisons on the Scandinavian peninsula who, cut off from their sophisticated technological culture, lapsed gradually into noble savagery. But a civilization as technological as Atlantis had surely the power to travel to other planets in this solar system, if not to the stars themselves: the second planet from the Sun they called Cytherea, and there they had long ago established an Atlantean colony.

But hold it! It seems the planet Cytherea (“Venus”) has supposedly been ordained “uninhabitable” by

³ No one can deny that Jesus performed at least fifty-two well-documented “miracles.” Loaves into fishes, water into wine, walking on water, defoliation of fig trees, a host of cures both psychiatric and physical—all proving that He possessed some *inkling*, at least, of space age advances in physics and medicine! Again we must be thankful that the early Christians were not the “enlightened theologians” of today, who would reject these transmutations and cures as so much “hearsay”—as if the feeding of *five thousand* people from five “loaves” and two “fishes” could be termed “hearsay” just because the gospel writers possessed the only existing eyewitness accounts!

⁴ *Atlantis* signifies, of course, “realm of Atlas,” upon whom the succession devolved from his father *Hephaestus*, or “Vulcan,” husband of *Aphrodite*, the Greek version of Babylonian *Cytherea*(!), cognate with the Sumerian “Queen of Heaven” *Anatha*, who was adopted by the Greeks as *Athena*, patron goddess of the Athenians, thus proving irrefutable grounds for my contention that the Greeks wanted to prove their Nordic inheritance even before the Dorian invasion of 1200 B.C.! But couldn’t. And still can’t!

our world’s unimpeachable astrophysical community⁵: they have agreed to endow her with a ferocious surface temperature of 400 to 500 degrees centigrade, and as if that weren’t enough, these solons gravely report that her atmosphere is 97 percent CO₂. Not 95 percent or 98 percent, mind you, but 97 percent on the *nose*⁶. This, when their very own hired cosmonauts bubbly admit in public that from a few thousand miles above the stratosphere, Gaia itself looks entirely barren and forbidding.⁷ Whom are they trying to fool? Would the Atlanteans, of all people, establish a flourishing colony on some over-heated seltzer bottle? Would they? Who’s kidding whom?

Of course, the Cytherean colony, in comparison with the lately-sundered home base, possessed a relatively less developed technology: spacecraft of a size and sophistication to maintain regular intercourse with Gaia were lacking, and perforce had to be painfully redeveloped from the materials at hand on Cytherea. Anyone who tries to construct even a simple Apollo lunar landing, command, and service module system from nothing but a giant vat of hot carbon dioxide will have an inkling of the monumental dimensions of the task! It took centuries of concentrated effort. In the meantime, the feeble slave civilizations of the earth disintegrated into a wandering, rootless chaos, strewn with pitifully squalid agricultural efforts here and there—the so-called “Neolithic Era.”

The appearance of Cytherean spaceships in our heavens on scouting missions prompted the artistic and technological renaissance of the Fourth Millennium B.C. Strange flying saucer-like images appeared on wall paintings in Egypt, Europe, and South America; the Pyramids were built (with Cytherean antigravity assistance)⁸ in an effort to reach up and coax down those strange silent visitors who had left so long ago. The collective racial subconscious of all Atlantean-descended “Indo-Aryans” was stirred, the manufacture of bronze was remembered, and the wonderful civilizations of Egypt, Mesopotamia,

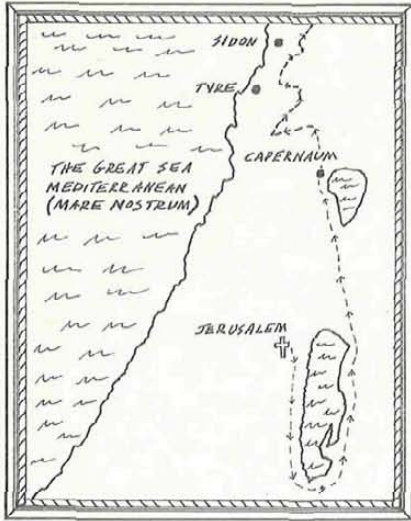
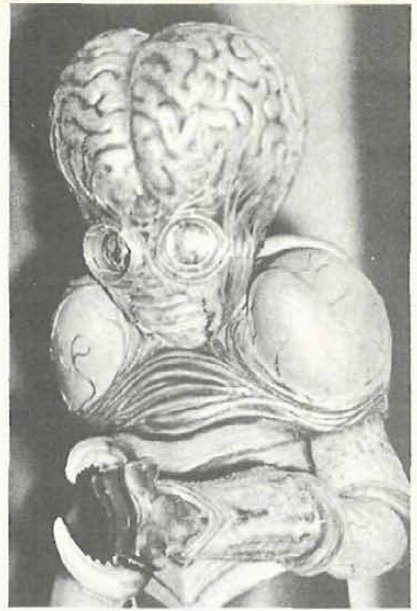
⁵ Whose world-wide “coincidental” propensity for *gabardine* topcoats speaks for itself!

⁶ If you catch my drift.

⁷ One such glorified mechanic was Virgil Grissom (yes, *Virgil!*), who is reputed to have spoken of sighting the “Great Silver Wheel” at 750 kilometers—shortly before his suspicious murder at Cape Canaveral.

⁸ How else did those three-ton blocks get carved out of those limestone cliffs, carried to Tell-el-Aramana, and hoisted into a 138-meter-high structure that just *incidentally* sharpens steel blades—*proof* that the Egyptians possessed steel!—amplifies the power of prayer, keeps eggs fresh forever, and provokes telepathic visions in even the sub-threshold psychic? To impute all this to Hebrew day-labor merely beggars the credulity—and may well *insult* those who actually accomplished the work!

SO-CALLED "FERTILITY IDOL" of the anomalously light-pigmented cannibals of Gowaynow seems to be a hybrid achieved through artificial crossbreeding techniques unknown as yet to modern science. But of course, it *has* to be a mere "fertility idol"!



Illustrated by Celia Bau

IT IS KNOWN AS FACT that Jesus' wanderings in the Wilderness of Judea (skeptics please ref. Matt. 4:7-11; Mark 1:12-13; and Luke 4:1-13!) took Him on an extraordinarily complicated path. Above is a representation of this path, as retraced through painstaking effort. Seen from about eighty-two miles above, it resolves into a distinct portrait, said to eerily resemble the profile of Joseph ben Caiaphas, heirophant of the Jerusalem Sanhedrin. Was Jesus carrying a radioactive tracer element on His journey, broadcasting this first "wanted poster" to Watchers high above?



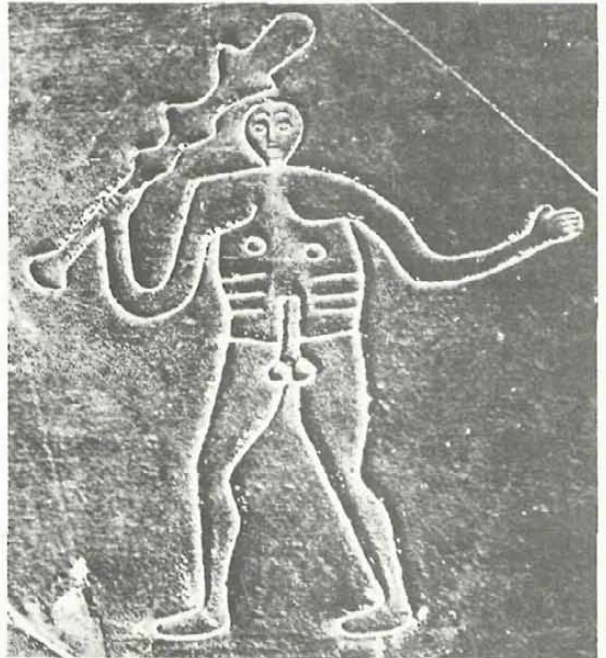
SUPPRESSED PHOTO of the Moon's so-called "Dark Side," smuggled out of Russia by expatriate physical scientist Prof. Valerie Menchikoff, reveals obviously artificial formation near Sea of Socialist Vindication. Is it a sign from the Watchers, welcoming Mankind into the Age of the Universe?

CYTHEREAN SPACEMAN, of whom I possess the only existing photograph? The authentic name of the planet we call "Venus" is actually *Cythere*, after the Assyrian fertility goddess. Its Atlantis-descended inhabitants greatly resent the appellation "Venus" being applied to their Sacred Homeland: would *we* enjoy being labeled a "Venereal population"? Nor is substitution of Venus' Greek equivalent any more acceptable to them: Will we say Jesus preached an "Aphrodisiac Doctrine"? How long will the *soi-disant* "enlightened scientists" of our planet Earth continue this impudent and malicious slander of their betters?



photograph by Peter Kleinman

THE AUTHOR AT THE SCHLIEPMANN DIG: Nearby Capernaum, Jesus' base of operations, looks across the beautiful Lake of Galilee into the awesome Dead Sea valley, 400 feet below sea level, the only phenomenon of its kind known on this or any other hitherto-charted planet! When will "Organized Science" attempt to penetrate the disturbing and well-known supernatural phenomena surrounding the Dead Sea? Not soon, we fear!



"WELCOME HOME, SISTERS OF ATLANTIS," this jolly fellow is obviously saying, waving his loincloth in a happy greeting. Visible from miles in the air over the famed Salisbury Plain (Stonehenge, etc.), our impressive "Chalk Giant" charmed the tall, blond, blue-eyed beauties of Cytherea.

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A VOLKSWAGEN 'THING'

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with the guts to call dumb dumb, crooked crooked, and dirty dirty.

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Who needs a feature news magazine?

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NEW TIMES doesn't stop at the top of the news. We illuminate the dark underside of the news, too—with stories on discrimination at the Supreme

Court or an investigation into the twilight world of bisexuality.

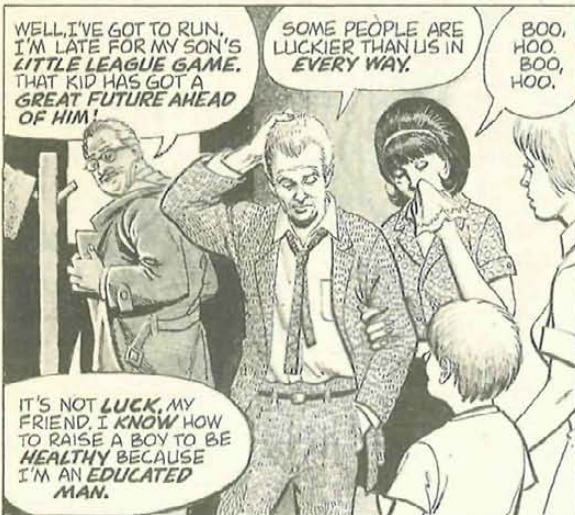
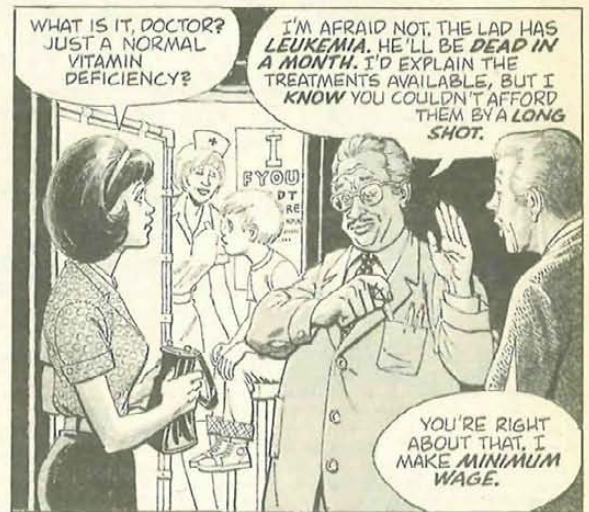
Movies, music, fads, the arts, the cults—they're all ways into America's head. So we write about these, too, with the special insights that come from being part of the generation that's shaping the new lifestyle.

You could say we're halfway between TIME and ROLLING STONE. Fine. That's probably where the future is going to be found. Why not join us at the Special Introductory Rate of 1 year—26 issues—for \$6. (Just 1/2 the regular rate.) If the card is missing, you may enter the sweepstakes by writing to: NEW TIMES, Box 2948, Boulder, Colorado 80302. We also hope you will subscribe to NEW TIMES, however, NO PURCHASE IS REQUIRED.

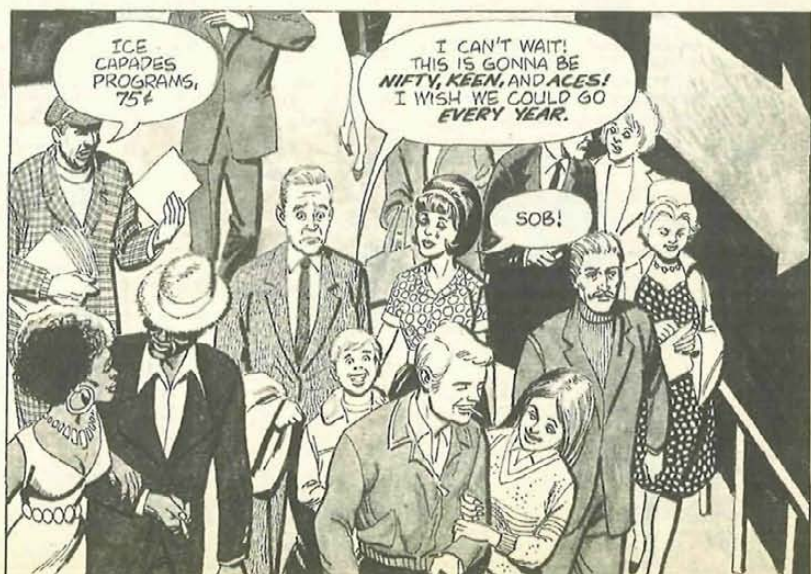
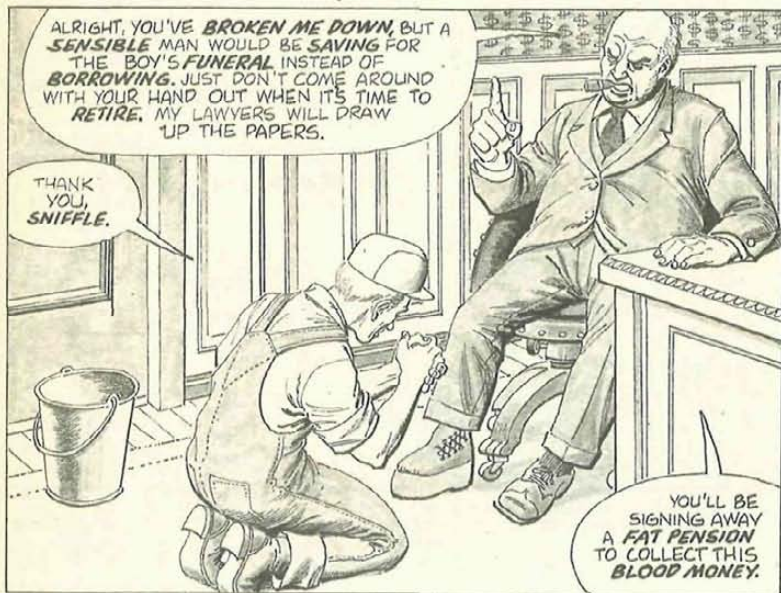
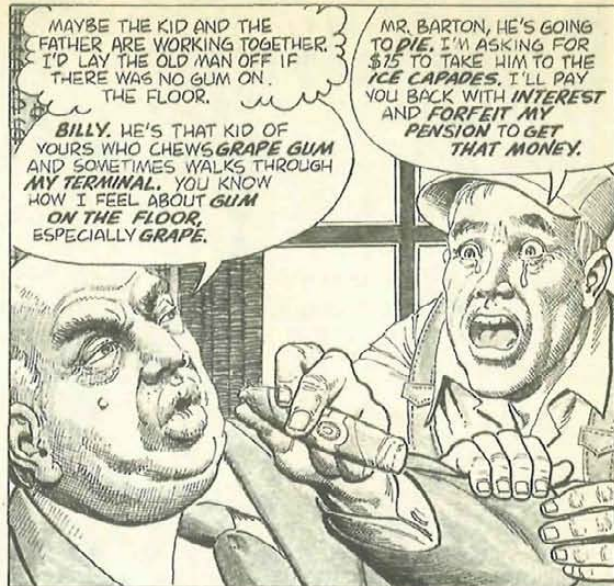
Touching Demise Comics

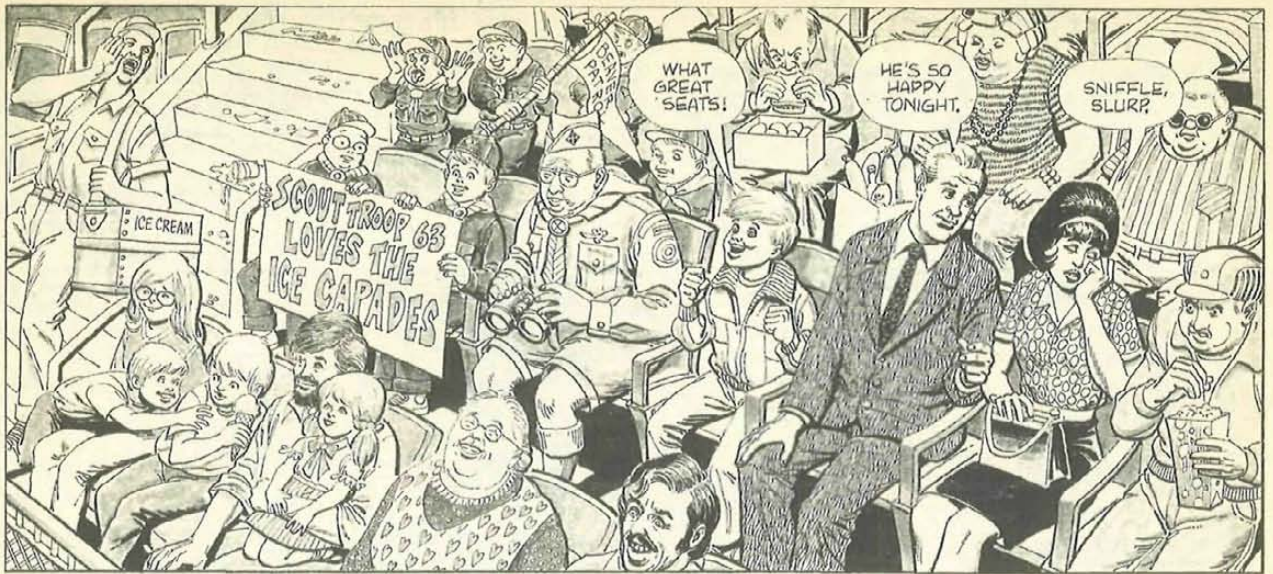
Night of the Iceless Capades

WRITTEN BY ED BLUESTONE

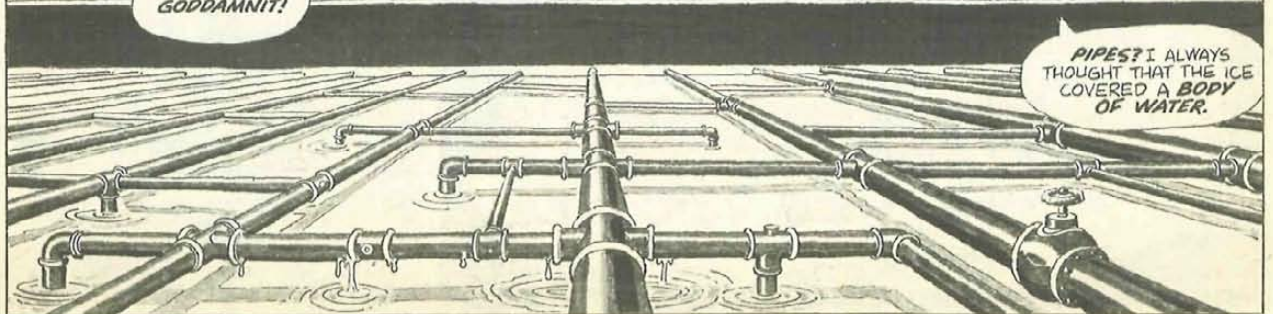
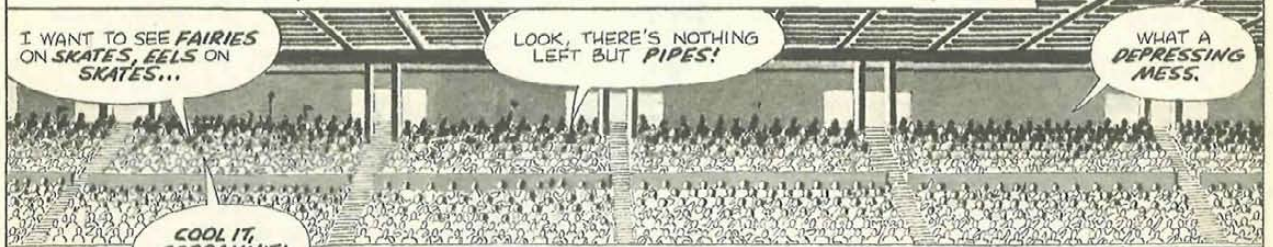


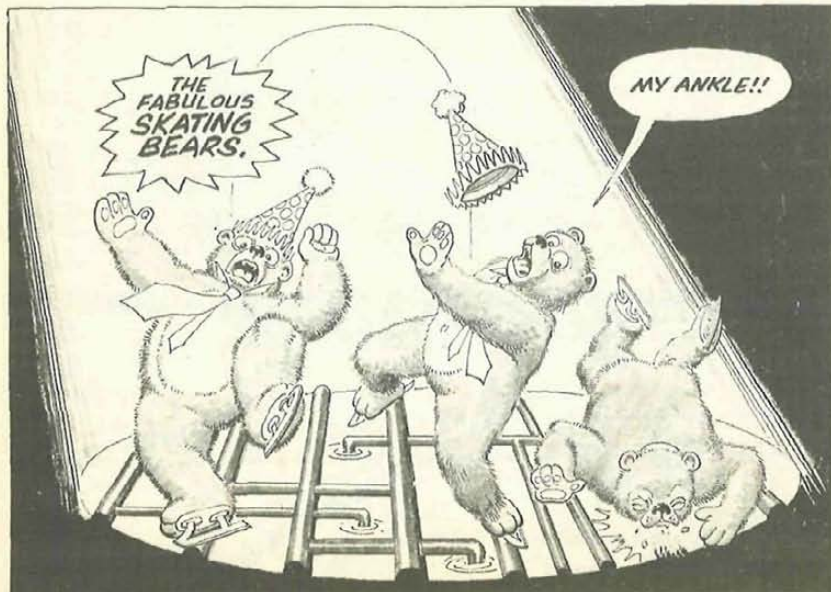
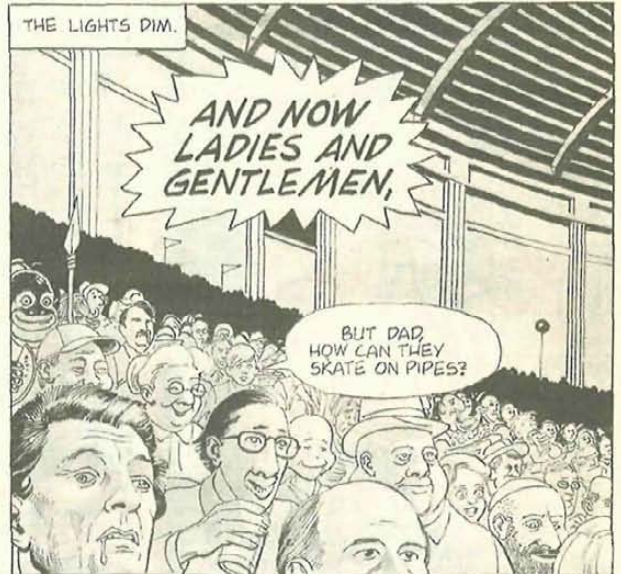
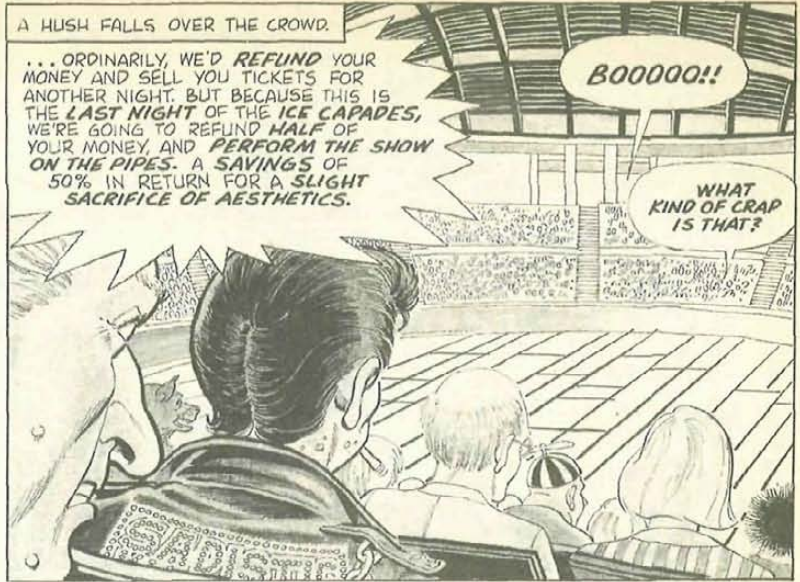
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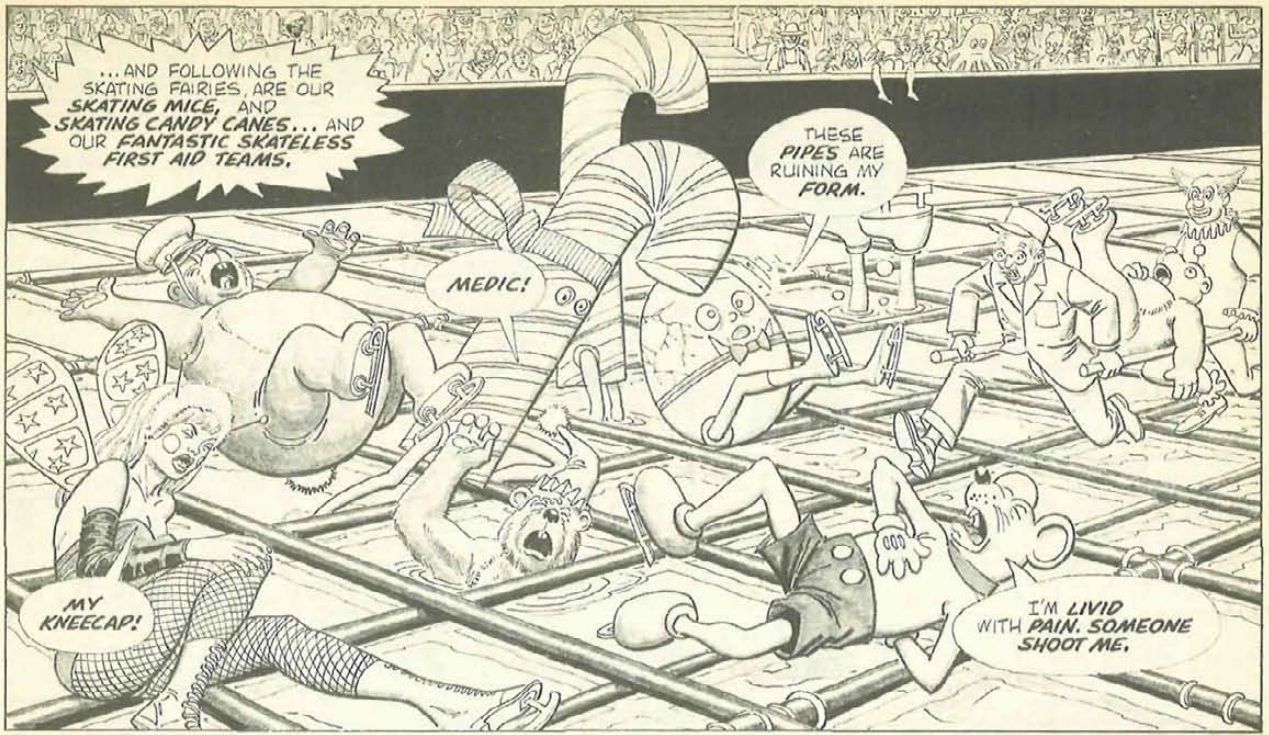




THE GLISTENING ARENA IS REDUCED TO A MASSIVE PUDDLE, REVEALING A VAST MAZE OF UGLY PIPES.







DADDY, THIS IS HORRIBLE. I'M NOT ENJOYING IT.



AND SO IT WAS THAT FATE DEALT BILLY THE FINAL BLOW OF HIS TOUCHING DEMISE.

A BLOW WHICH RENDERED DEATH ITSELF AN ANTICLIMACTIC BLESSING FOR ALL CONCERNED.



HE'S GONE. I DID ALMOST EVERYTHING I COULD.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY ALMOST?

I HEAR SOMEONE AT THE DOOR. MAYBE IT'S GABRIEL.

I NEVER DO EVERYTHING. THAT WOULD PUT MY EGO ON THE LINE.

GOOD AFTERNOON. I'M A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE ICE CAPADES. WE'RE PLEASED TO INFORM YOU THAT EVERYONE WHO ATTENDED LAST NIGHT'S FIASCO ON PIPES IS INVITED TO A SPECIAL MAKE IT ALL UP TO YOU PERFORMANCE ON REAL ICE NEXT WEDNESDAY...



IN OUR CASE YOU'RE A LITTLE LATE, MR. BEAR.

... AND IF ANY TICKET HOLDER HAPPENS TO HAVE DIED SINCE LAST NIGHT, HIS TICKET IS REDEEMABLE FOR \$15 WORTH OF GRAPE GUM, A DELICIOUS TREAT WHICH THE WHOLE FAMILY CAN ENJOY IN THE ABSENCE OF THE PERSON WHO IS NO LONGER ALIVE.



DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND THAT GUM CANNOT COMPENSATE FOR A CHILD?



YOU SAY THAT NOW, BUT TRY CHEWING A CHILD THE NEXT TIME YOU'RE CARSIK.

NEXT MONTH:

AFTERMATHS OF THE ICELESS CAPADES

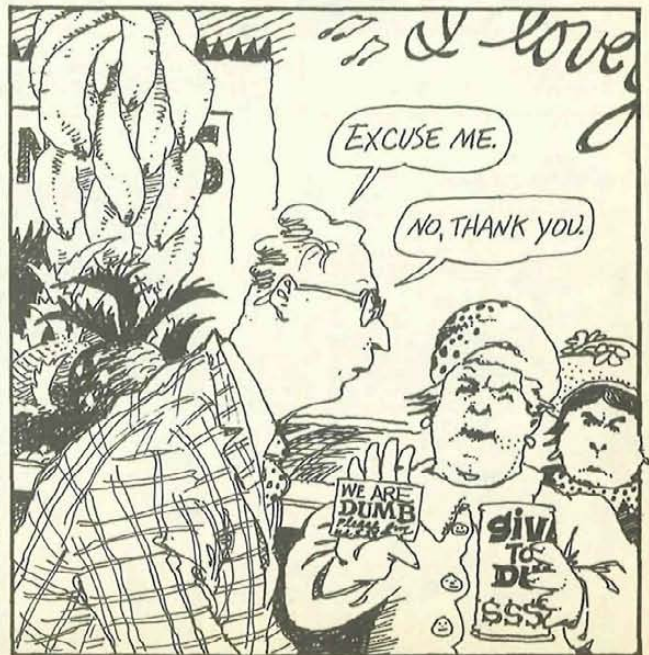
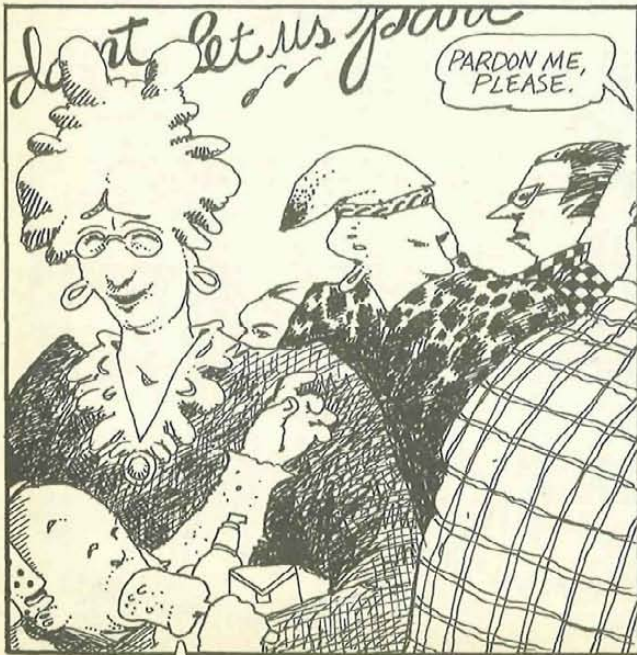
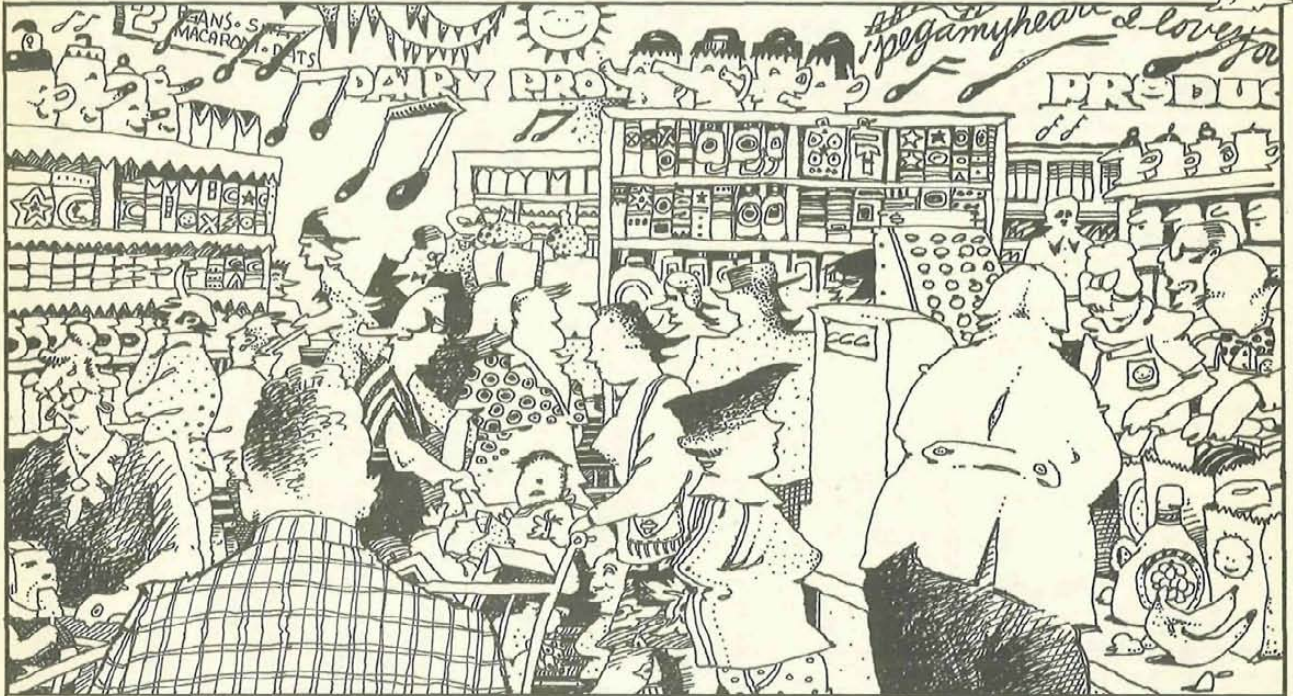
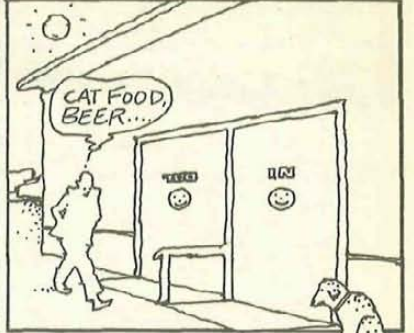
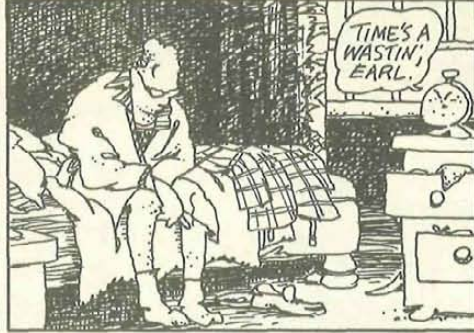


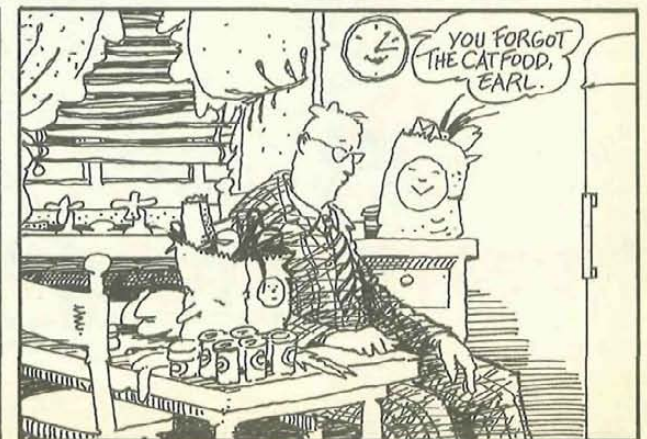
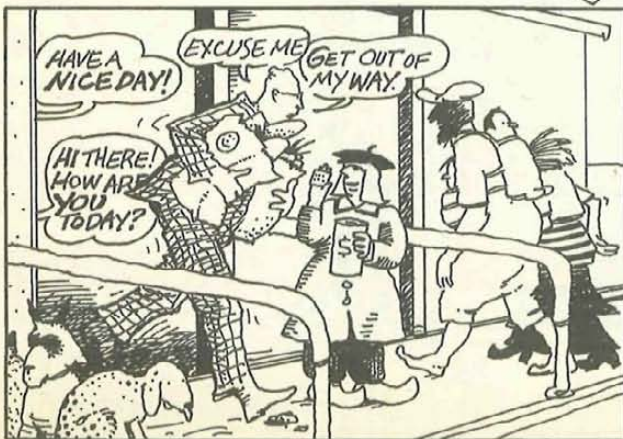
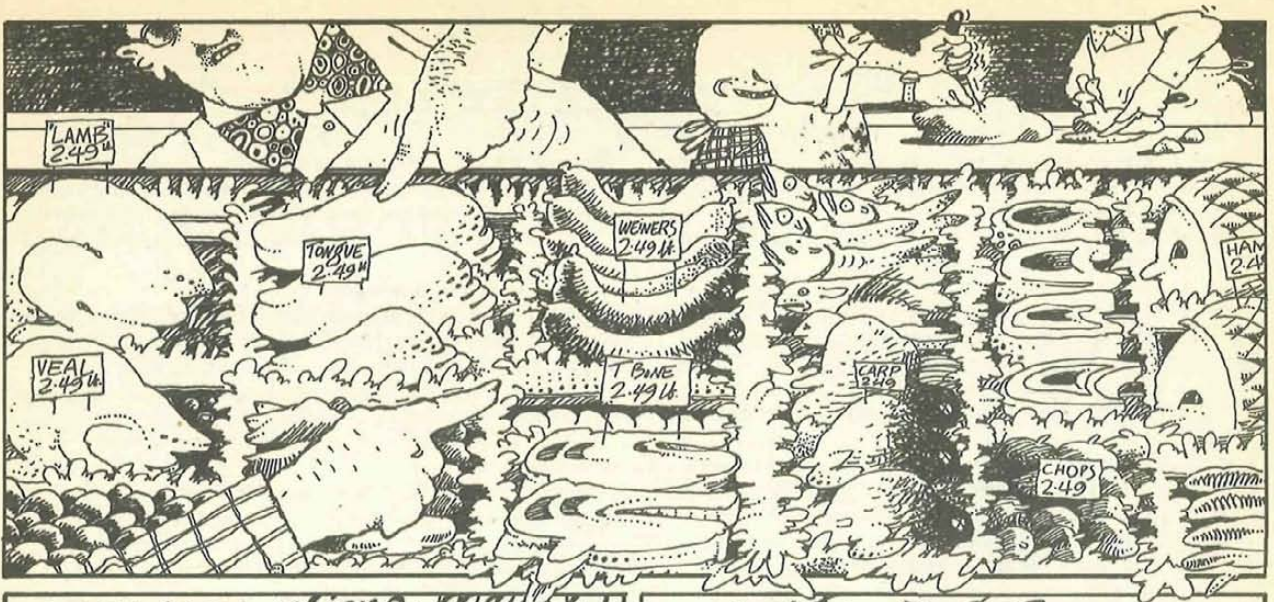
YOUR BEAR HAS GRIZZLY'S ANEMIA. HE'LL BE DEAD IN A WEEK.

OH, NO! IT WAS SO EXPENSIVE TO LEGALLY ADOPT HIM.

EARL D. PORKER, SOCIAL WORKER

... AND THE CUPBOARD WAS BARE BY MARY KAY BROWN





THE END

Maybe it's because we began about five years ago mostly as a journal of contemporary music.

Maybe it's because practically everybody in the music business carries that latest issue around.

Maybe it's because we have a tabloid newsprint format like an underground newspaper.

Whatever the reason, at least several million prospective readers—probably including you—have the wrong idea about ROLLING STONE!

We think it's about time you found out that ROLLING STONE is *much much more* than just a music magazine and *miles above the underground*. It's a bi-weekly trip to the head, heart, and soul of contemporary America.

We're pioneering in a new kind of journalism, as different from the establishment press as The Grateful Dead are from Lawrence Welk. It's intensely personal . . . frankly biased . . . endlessly curious . . . sensibly paranoid . . . totally irreverent.

We're printing stuff the uptight hidebound establishment press is neglecting, overlooking, avoiding, misunderstanding, or laundering. But it's so first-rate that we're beginning to attract readers over 30 who don't own a record player! Here's a glimpse of what you've been missing . . .

Tom Wolfe's extraordinary Collective Unspoken monologue of the Astronauts' Remorse.

Andy Warhol's day-long tape recording of a fascinating conversation with Truman Capote.

Hunter S. Thompson takes his celebrated "fear and loathing" from Las Vegas and the Campaign Trial to the Superbowl.

Jane Fonda's recent visit to devastated North Vietnam and Viet Cong territory.

The case against Kissinger.

An exclusive interview with Daniel Ellsberg, who explained his life in secret government, his decision to leak the Pentagon Papers, and Nixon's obsession with destroying him.

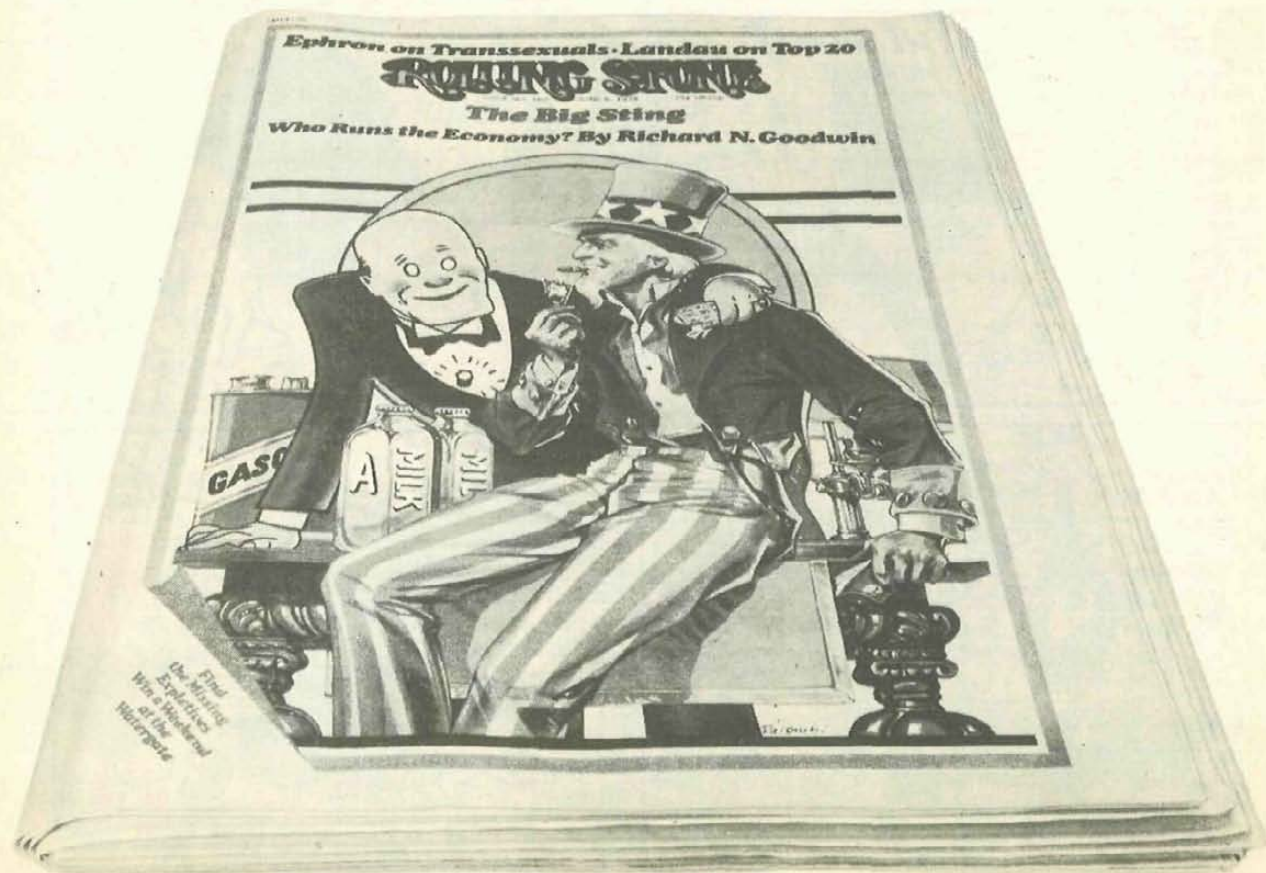
The inside story of the man who rigged the Equity Funding Co. computer to steal \$2.2 billion.

Richard Goodwin's proposals for dismantling the presidency.

Mrs. Brown's greatest hits — some 400 compositions dictated to her by the spirits of 15 late great composers.

Don't just stand there. Mail the reply card for a year's subscription (26 issues) at the special introductory saving shown. Then if the first issue doesn't turn you on, you can drop out just by dropping us a line.

Why is **ROLLING STONE** the most misunderstood magazine in America?



SALVATION ARMY COMICS

ON A WARM SPRING NIGHT IN A SHABBY BUT WELL-KEPT HOUSE IN ONE OF NEW YORK CITY'S POORER NEIGHBORHOODS, A YOUNG MAN-LIKE SO MANY BEFORE HIM--RECEIVES THE CALL!



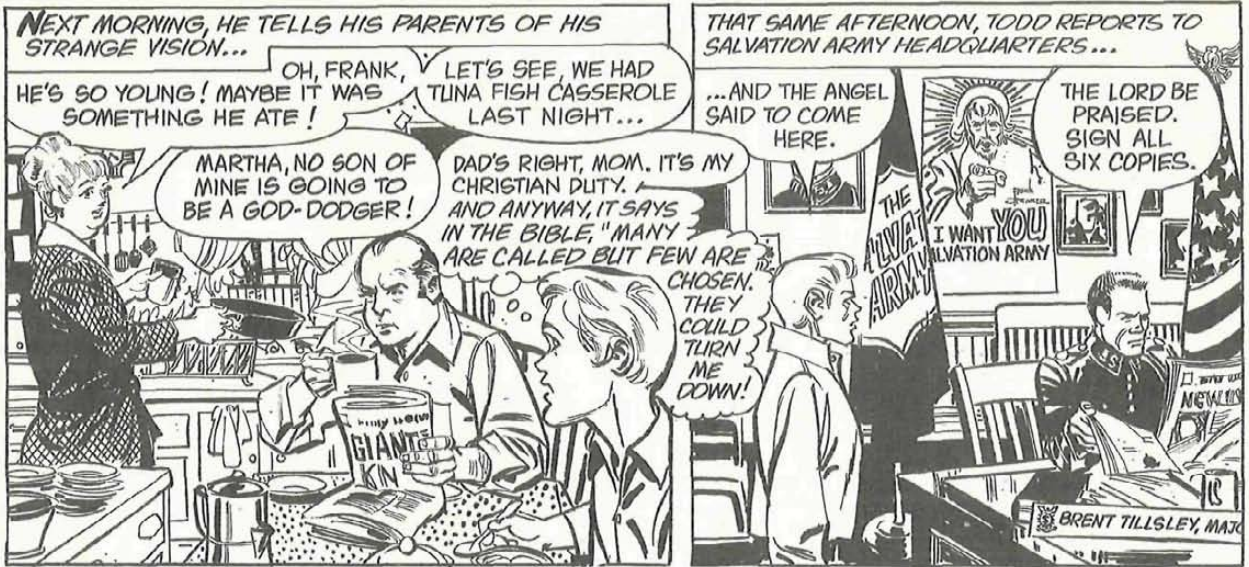
BOB JONES CLUB



GREETINGS, TODD S. HUNTER! BY AUTHORITY OF THE LORD GOD ALMIGHTY AND UNDER THE PROVISIONS OF I THESSALONIANS 3:19-20, YOU ARE HEREBY COMMANDED TO PRESENT YOURSELF FOR INDUCTION INTO THE FORCES OF GOD AT THE NEAREST SALVATION ARMY CITADEL!

HUH? WHAT THE...?

BAPTISM BY FIRE



NEXT MORNING, HE TELLS HIS PARENTS OF HIS STRANGE VISION...

THAT SAME AFTERNOON, TODD REPORTS TO SALVATION ARMY HEADQUARTERS...

OH, FRANK, HE'S SO YOUNG! MAYBE IT WAS SOMETHING HE ATE!

MARtha, NO SON OF MINE IS GOING TO BE A GOD-DODGER!

DAD'S RIGHT, MOM. IT'S MY CHRISTIAN DUTY. AND ANYWAY, IT SAYS IN THE BIBLE, "MANY ARE CALLED BUT FEW ARE CHOSEN. THEY COULD TURN ME DOWN!"

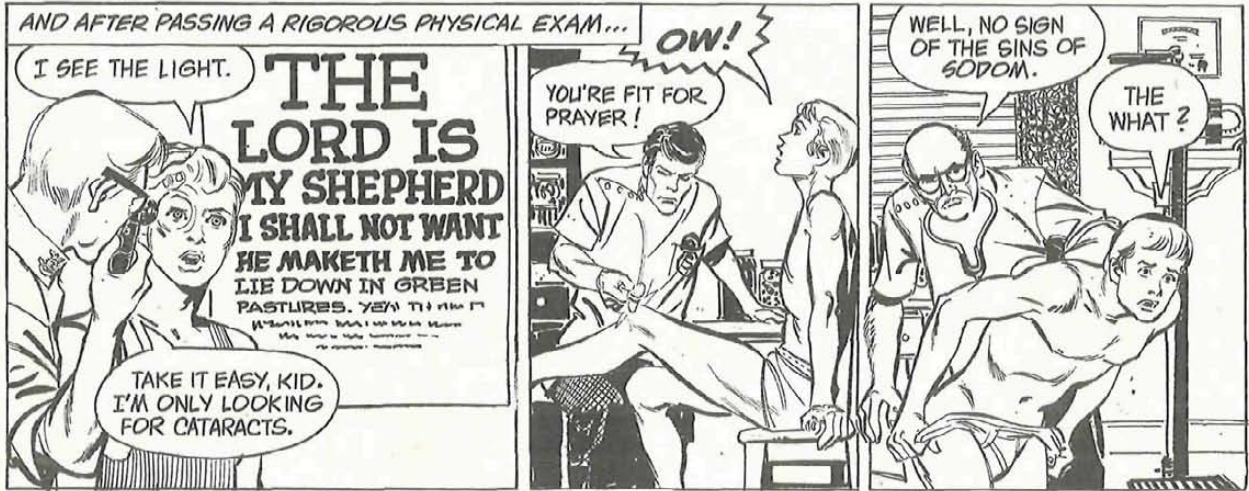
LET'S SEE, WE HAD TUNA FISH CASSEROLE LAST NIGHT...

...AND THE ANGEL SAID TO COME HERE.

THE LORD BE PRAISED. SIGN ALL SIX COPIES.

I WANT YOU SALVATION ARMY

BRENT TILLSLEY, MAJOR



AND AFTER PASSING A RIGOROUS PHYSICAL EXAM...

I SEE THE LIGHT.

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD I SHALL NOT WANT HE MAKETH ME TO LIE DOWN IN GREEN PASTURES. YEAH TIL HE DIES

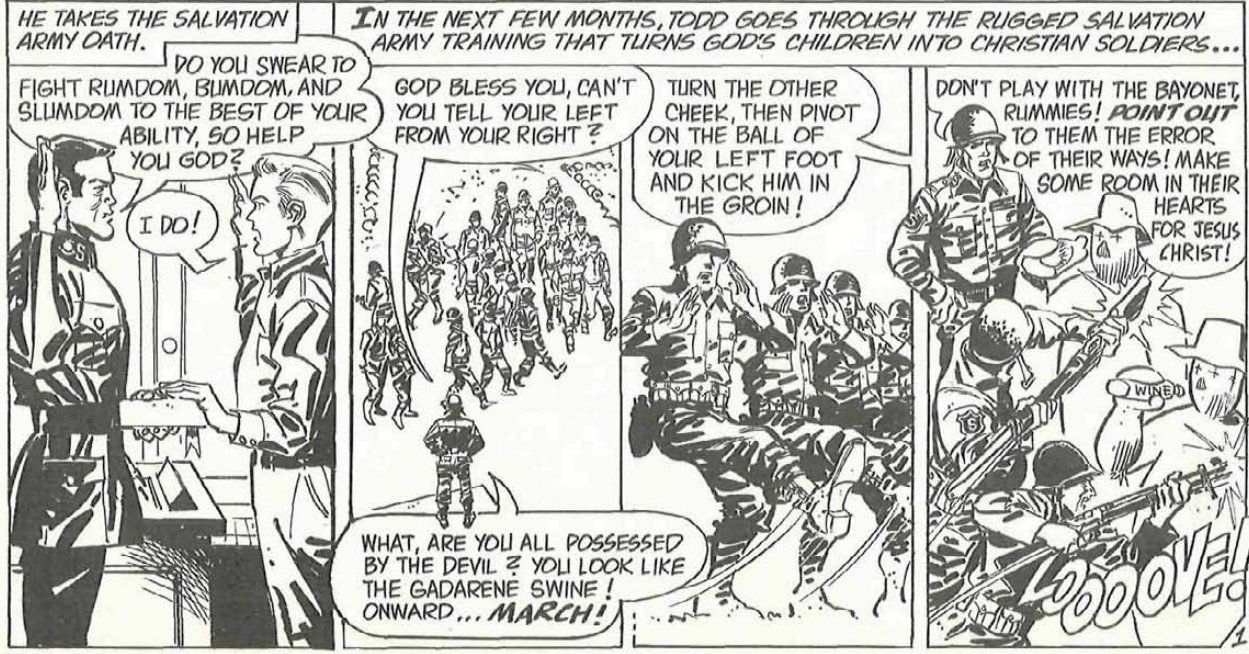
TAKE IT EASY, KID. I'M ONLY LOOKING FOR CATARACTS.

OW!

YOU'RE FIT FOR PRAYER!

WELL, NO SIGN OF THE SINS OF SODOM.

THE WHAT?



HE TAKES THE SALVATION ARMY OATH.

IN THE NEXT FEW MONTHS, TODD GOES THROUGH THE RUGGED SALVATION ARMY TRAINING THAT TURNS GOD'S CHILDREN INTO CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS...

DO YOU SWEAR TO FIGHT RUMDOM, BLUMDOM, AND SLUMDOM TO THE BEST OF YOUR ABILITY, SO HELP YOU GOD?

I DO!

GOD BLESS YOU, CAN'T YOU TELL YOUR LEFT FROM YOUR RIGHT?

WHAT, ARE YOU ALL POSSESSED BY THE DEVIL? YOU LOOK LIKE THE GADARENE SWINE! ONWARD... MARCH!

TURN THE OTHER CHEEK, THEN PIVOT ON THE BALL OF YOUR LEFT FOOT AND KICK HIM IN THE GROIN!

DON'T PLAY WITH THE BAYONET, RUMMIES! POINT OUT TO THEM THE ERROR OF THEIR WAYS! MAKE SOME ROOM IN THEIR HEARTS FOR JESUS CHRIST!

WINE!

GOOOO!

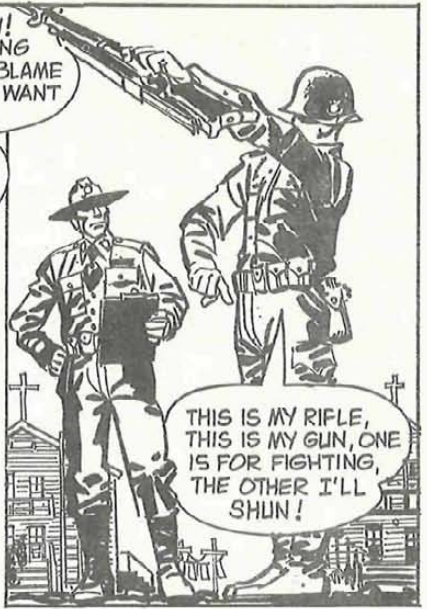


THIS IS A DISGRACE! THERE'S ENOUGH DUST UNDER HERE FOR OUR LORD TO CREATE A DOZEN MEN!



DOGGONE THIS CONARN ARMY, ANYHOW! I WAS JUST STANDING THERE MEDITATING WITH A COUPLE OF GUYS WHEN THE DAGBLAME SERGEANT COMES UP TO US AND SAYS, "I WANT THREE MEN WHO FEEL A CALL FOR THE KITCHEN MINISTRY, YOU, YOU AND YOU!"

YEAH, HE TOLD ME THE SAME LINE-- PHOOEY!



THIS IS MY RIFLE, THIS IS MY GUN, ONE IS FOR FIGHTING, THE OTHER I'LL SHUN!



NOT EVERYONE MAKES IT...

HONEST, SHIR, IT WASH JUSHT WATER, AND THEN CHRISHT APPEARED IN THISH VISHON AND HE MUSHT HAVE TURNED IT INTO BEER! IT WASH A MIRACLE!

HASKINS, YOU'RE THROUGH! I WANT YDU ON THE FIRST BLIS OUT OF HERE TOMORROW!



AND AS TODD FINDS OUT WHEN HE REPORTS TO HIS HOME UNIT IN NEW YORK, THOSE WHO DO HAVEN'T GOT LONG TO WAIT BEFORE THEY FACE AN EVEN STERNER TEST...

THIS AREA WE'LL BE MOVING INTO IS ONE OF THE WORST PARTS OF THE BOWERY, SO IT'S NOT GOING TO BE A PIECE OF MANNA, BUT I KNOW YOU'LL ALL COME THROUGH JUST FINE. THE OPERATION WILL BEGIN AT 0600 AND IT'LL BE FULL WINTER COMBAT GEAR. THAT IS ALL. LET US PRAY!

OPERATION YULE CANYON

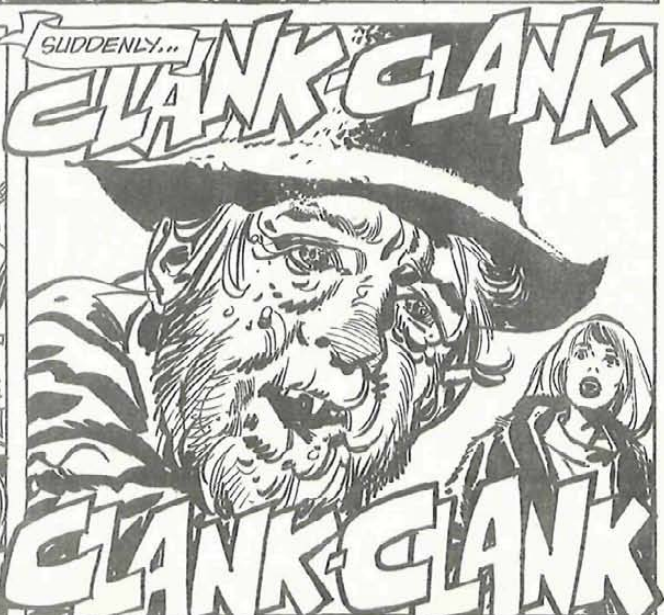


NEXT MORNING, ON THE BOWERY...

HEY, HONEY, GOT A CIGARETTE?

HA, HA, HUCK, HUCK, HUCK, HUCK, HAUGH!

G-G-GET AWAY FROM ME!



SUDDENLY...

CLANK CLANK

CLANK CLANK



GODDAMN!
IT'S THE
SALVATION
ARMY!
RUN FOR IT!

THANK
GOD!

HOLY
SHIT!



ZAKKA
TAKKA!



BLAM! BAM!

BRRRRR!

VPOOM!

BLAM
KAPOW!



BUDABUDDA!

PRANCER 3,
PRANCER 3, THIS
IS BLITZEN. COME
IN, PRANCER 3!

THEY'RE
HOLED UP IN
THOSE OLD
TENE-
MENTS
ON THE
CORNER!

ROGER, BLITZEN!
THIS IS PRANCER 3!
OVER!



FLIGHT OF ANGELS,
THIS IS ANGEL
FLIGHT LEADER!

FOLLOW
ME!



BLAM!
BLAM!

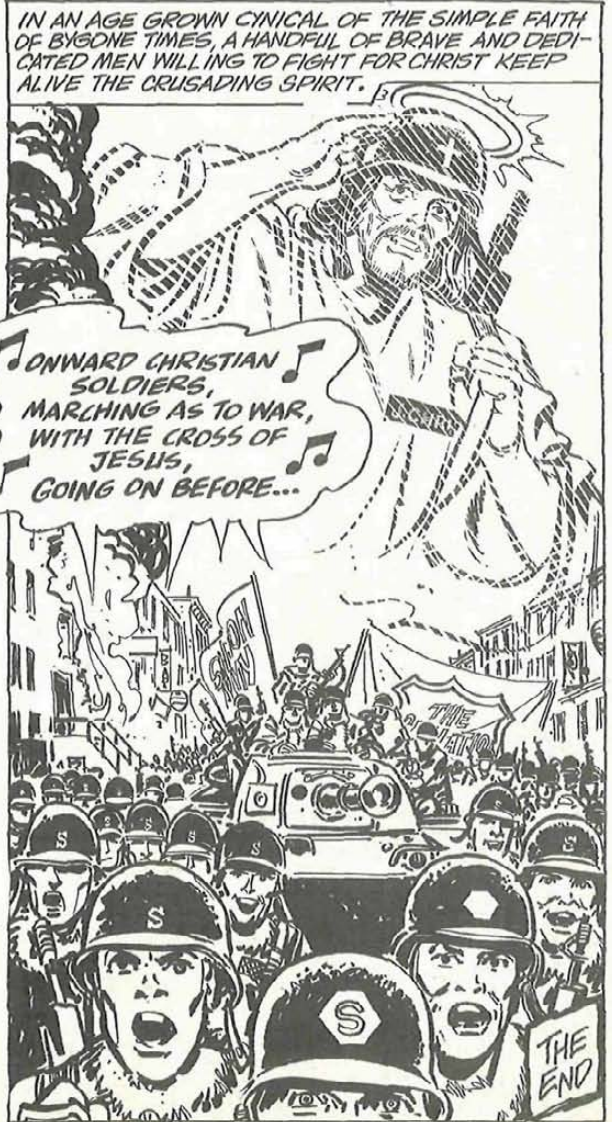


I'M GOING
TO NEED AIR
SUPPORT!

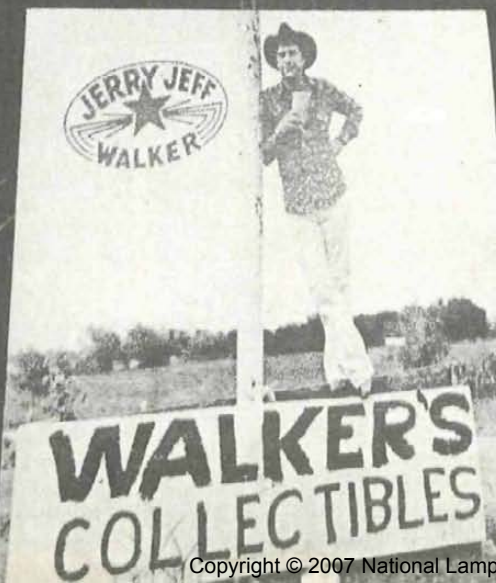
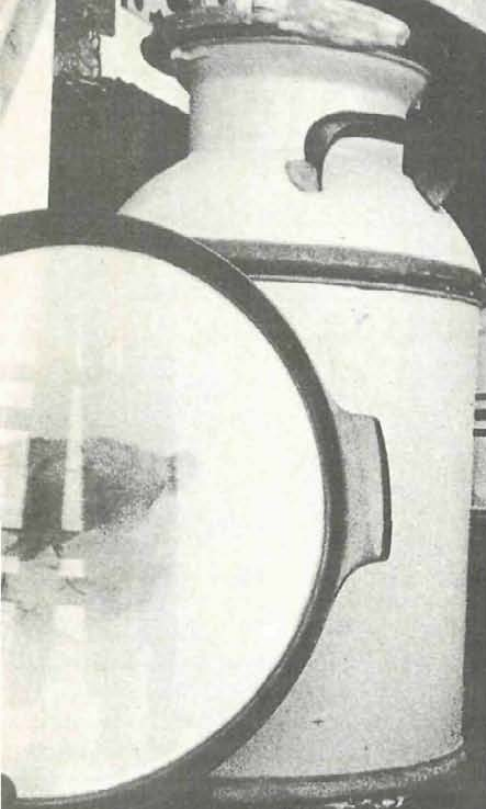
O.K., MEN,
LET'S SEND
THOSE BUMS
TO GLORY!

THIS
IS IT!





**WALKER'S
COLLECTIBLES**

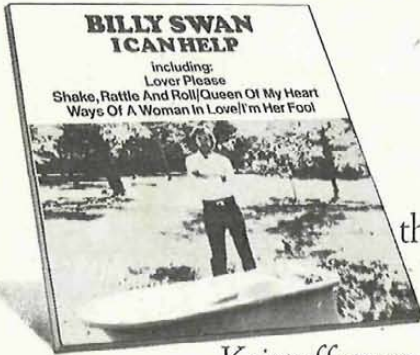


Jerry Jeff's back with the Lost Gonzo Band playing and singing Texas style. No fancy stuff here, just plain good soundin' music by Jerry Jeff Walker and friends.

MCA-450
Produced by Michael Brovsky, A Free Flow Production
In association with Jerry Jeff Walker

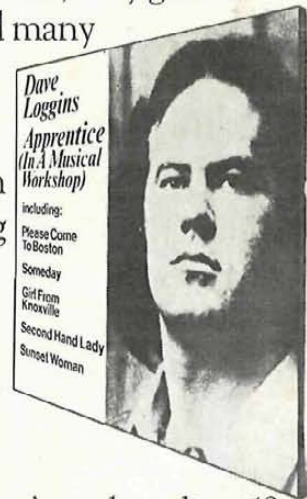
MCA RECORDS

Our top draft choices.



One of the all-time great utility men, Billy was the writer of Clyde McPhatter's hit, "Lover Please." He's also the man who produced Tony Joe White's biggie, "Polk Salad Annie." When Kris Kristofferson needed a bass player to tour with, Billy got the nod. Now he's hot with his own hit, "I Can Help," and many more just as good on his new album.

Bristol, Tennessee born and raised, a distant cousin to Kenny, Dave got noticed by our scouts with his first album and "Pieces of April," a tune Three Dog Night took over the top. A seasoned professional, he started his career with \$1.25-a-night gigs at age 5. "Please Come to Boston" established him as a man to listen to, and "Apprentice (In a Musical Workshop)," his new album, showcases his powerful talent.



His name tells you the boy's got breeding. 19 years old, six feet tall, baby blues. His troubadour voice and sensitive songs on his first album, "Allan Rich," tell you the rest. One of the first to recognize his potential was Dad Charlie, who recorded three of his son's tunes. Writing his first song at age 15, Allan was enticed to trade in his amateur standing to turn pro, much to music fans' delight.

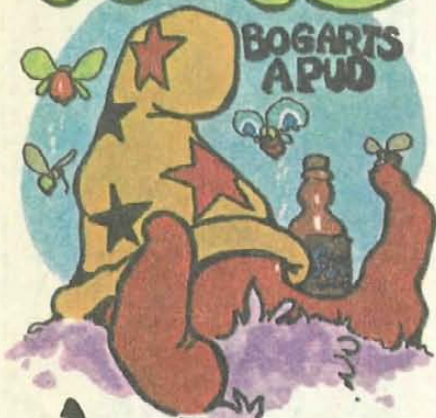
Billy Swan Dave Loggins Allan Rich.

The future belongs to them. On Epic and Monument Records

Monument distributed by Columbia/Epic Records

IT BIG BODĒ CARTOON CONCERT DĒNUT W!

GEEKY WIZARD



VAUGHN BODĒ ©

HEY MISTER OF HAT, HOW COME YOU THREW YER BIG STUFFED DOLL IN THE DUMP?

DAT DOLL WAS MY DEAD EX-APPRENTICE WHO WASN'T WORTH DA HOLE IN A CHICKEN'S ASS... SO, I CHUCKED EM IN DA DUMP.

WHY YOU KEEP ON FOLLOWIN ME, YOU LITTLE FOUR-YEAR OLD KUNT?

STOP IT, YOU GOT TO CALL ME, PORRY, OR I'LL PISS ON RAGBAG AN SQUASH HIS PUKY BODY IN YER COMEY FACE, YOU HORSE NUT.



ANYWAY, ME AN RAGBAG GOT THROWN OUT OF THE ORPHANAGE. CAUSE RAGBAG SHIT IN DA OATMEAL.

DIS FOUL MOUTH KID SHOULD BE IN A REFORM SCHOOL. SO LONG PUNK, I GOT TO GO SCORE SOME ASS TONIGHT.

HEY MACHO HAT, HOW BOUT A PIECE OF MY FANNY INSTEAD OF LAYIN' SOME DUMB OLD GROWN UP TWAT?

ICK, BALD PUSSY!! PULL YER PANTS UP KID, BEFORE I THROW UP.

YOU CAN STAY ONE NIGHT. SLEEP IN DA CORNER WIF DA DUST BALLS, AN NOSCREWIN' AROUND OR I'LL KICK YER PINK ASS OUT!

HOW COME YOU WEAR DAT BIG CLOWN HAT? IS YOU IN DA CARNY GAME?

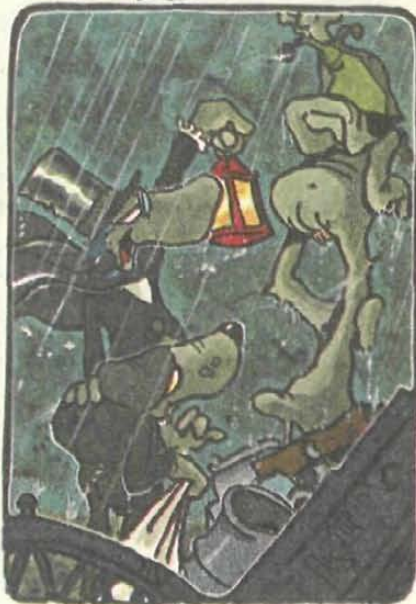


WHAT HO, SEE, NIGHT FALLS ON THE ENCHANTED WILWOOD, AND LO, A GREAT, WHIPPY SUMMER STORM STARTS IN THE DARK. WINDY, RAINY, WET DINKELS THE JUNK AT THE DUMP. BUT, THE GARBAGE HAS THE LAST LAUGH.

HABA, AT LAST, YES! THERE IT IS, STUMP, CHEECH WIZARD'S MUCH MANGLED AN MALIGNED DEAD APPRENTICE...JUS LOOK AT THAT, HAVE YOU EVER SEEN SUCH A BODY? STUFF IT IN THE SACK, STUMP.

HURRY, STUMP, THE NIGHT WAXES, WE GOT MUCH DIRE WORK TO DO BEFORE SUN-RISE, QUICKLY!

YEAH, YEAH, SHOO, I COMIN' DOCTOR VOX, BUT DIS BODY AIN'T NOT NO FEATHER.



**POPA
POPA
CHUG
CHUG**

AWAY STUMP TO THE LABORATORY!

NOW YOU SEE, STUMP, WHY I HAD YOU STEAL ALL THE APPRENTICE'S DEAD GUTS FROM THE WINO TAXIDERMIST...AH, THE MOMENT HAS COME.

CAN I CUTTOO? HUH, CAN I DOCTOR? I LIKE TO CUT.

...I HAVE KEPT THE GUTS ALL THIS TIME TILL WE COULD FILCH THE BODY BACK. WHODA THOUGHT IT WOULD BE PARADED AROUND ON A CART BY THAT HAT.

...I, I CAN'T SEE. I WANT TO SEE YOU CUT.



ZLIGHTNING FLICKS, THUNDER DOOMS, THE DIABOLICAL VIVISECTION CONTINUES. HOUR AFTER HOUR, PIECE BY PIECE. UNDER THE FLASHING, CUTTING KNIFE OF THE NIMBLE FINGERED GENIUS, DOCTOR VICTOR VOX!

DONE, YES, HAHA, BY GOD, FINISHED! THROW THE SWITCH, STUMP, LET THE ELECTRIC JUICE SURGE THROUGH MY BOY'S BODY!!

**GRZZZZZZZ
CRACKLE POD
ZZZZZ ERRRR...**



NO WAIT, SONNY BOY IT'S ME DADDY YOUR CREATOR!

KILL...

**ARGH, BUNCH
KICK THUD BASH
RIP KILL STRINGLE!**

ERR...IT FUN TO BE THINKIN AGAIN, FEEL DA JUICES FLOWING...NOW I GO GET DAT FUKER, CHEECH...I WILL KILL HIM AN STUFF HIM. I WILL HARD BOIL HIS DEAD HEAD...I WILL SHOVE BURDOCKS UP HIS ASS. HE HE HE.



continued

...AN THEN GOD SAID;
CHEECH, I GOT TO HAVE
A CARTOON MESSIAH.
AN YOUR ASS IS IT. YOU
HAS TO WEAR DA BIG HAT
AN DO DA WORK!

**SLURP
SKUCK.**
SOUNDS
LIKE POOP
IN DA PIPES.

ALRIGHT, I ABOUT HAD
IT WITH YER WISE ASS
MOUTH, KID! ONE MORE
CRACK DIAPER DOUCHE,
AN YOU GET A KICK IN
DA KUNT!

OOH, YOU
SCARED
RAG BAG...
I WAS JUS
TALKIN ABOUT
MY BEER!

...I WILL CRUSH
DAT FUKER'S FACE,
I WILL STOMP ON HIS
BALLS... I WILL MAKE
HIM EAT HIS FEET...
CHUCKLE!

**DING
DING**



HOLY CRAP, IT'S MY
DEAD EX-APPRENTICE, BACK
FROM DA DUMP TO GET ME!
SOMEBODY GOT A TWISTED SENSE
OF HUMOR REVIVING DAT RANCID
HEAP OF SHIT!

**BOOM
BOOM
BOOM
BOOM**

...I GOT TO COPE QUICK!
KID, IF DA BIG SEX
CRAZED TURD GETS
BY ME, DON'T SEDUCE
HIM, TELLEM YOU
GOT YER PERIOD!

ERR... SCUSE
ME LADY, IS
CHEECH THE
WIZARD HOME?
I AM OLD PAL
OF HIS.

AWGEE SWEETY, DAT'S
TOO BAD. CHEECH DONE
GOT RUN OVER BY A TURNIP
TRUCK LAST WEEK, SNIP.
WE SENT HIS ASHES TO HIS
MOTHER AT THE STATE PRISON.



Frogs Fly over the Rainbow

Why, then, oh why can't I?

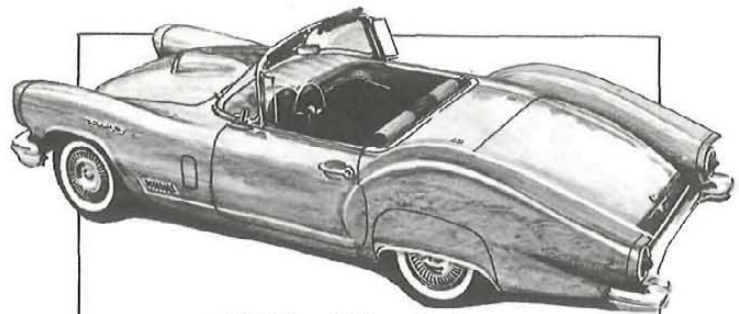


Hail to thee, blithe Spirit!
Frog thou never wert,
That from Heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full blurt
In profuse blasts of ether
cool and smoothly girt.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou floatest
Like a cloud of mire;
The blue deep thou bloatest,
And bloating still dost croak,
and croaking ever bloatest.

—Percy Bysshe Shelley

by Susan and Rob Hoffman,
Martha and Chet Flippo,
Diana Dozier, Sue Doherty,
Greg Curtis, and P. J. O'Rourke
Illustrated by Wayne McLaughlin,
Peter Kleinman, and Alan Rose

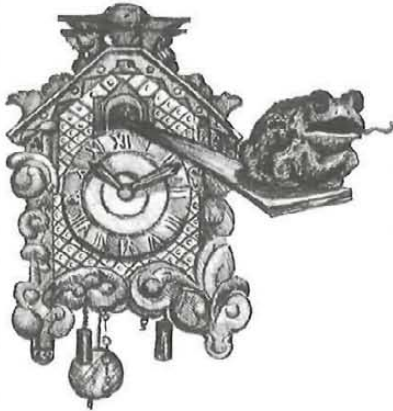


1957 Ford Thunderbolt

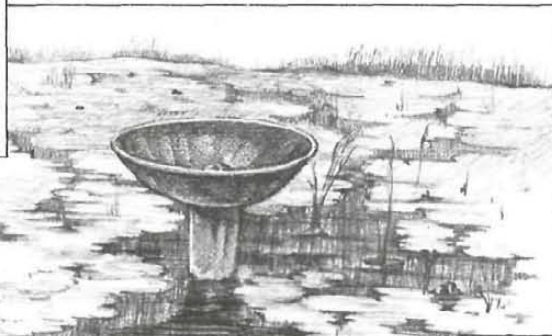
But the bullfrog still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of frog and bust
and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous frog of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous frog of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

—Edgar Allan Poe
"The Bullfrog"

jail • frog (jail 'frög), n. Informal. a prisoner or ex-convict.



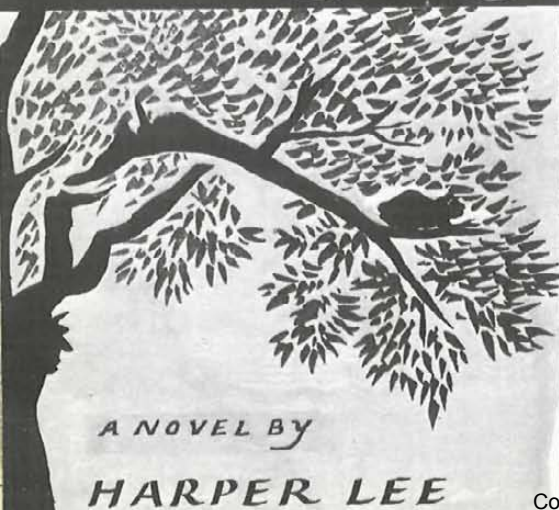
Hand-Carved
Bavarian Croak-Croak Clock



Frogbath



TO KILL A Mockingfrog



A NOVEL BY
HARPER LEE

stool toad 1. a toad used as a decoy.
2. Slang. a person acting as a decoy.
3. Slang. an informer; especially, a spy for the police. In this sense also called "stoolie." (Decoy toads were originally tied to a stool.)



Frog Shot



FROGSEYE

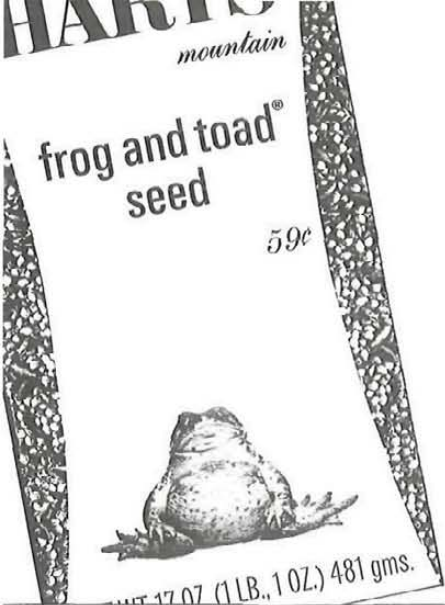
INTERNATIONAL RECIPES

VIENNESE STYLE VEGETABLES
WITH A SEASONED SAUCE

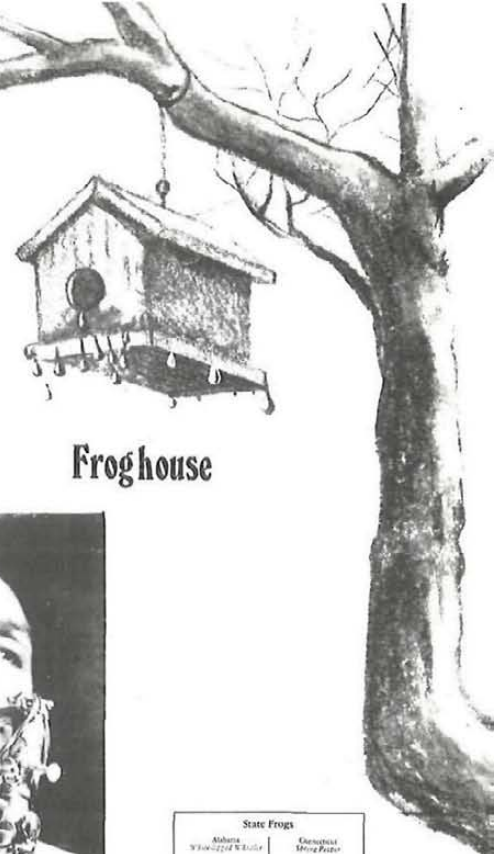
CARROTS, PEAS, AND LIMA BEANS
sauce in concentrated form



NET WT. 10 OZ.



Linda Frog Johnson



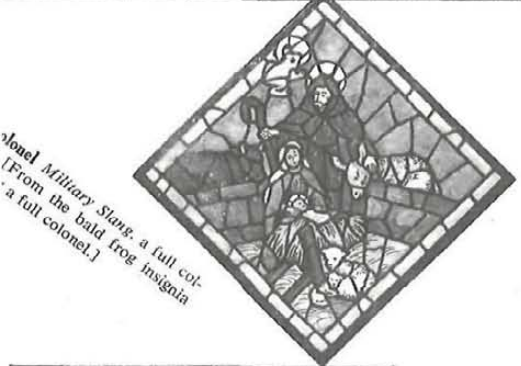
Froghouse

FROGS
 s you jumpy.
 r. 1963. SP Evan Hunter. B/O story by Daphne Du Maurier.
 ROD Alfred Hitchcock. UI. STARS Tippi Hedren, Rod Taylor,
 a Tandy, Suzanne Pleshette, Veronica Cartwright, Ethel
 S.
 Hitchcock takes his own elusive time, in this triumph of
 istaste Flick genre, as a rich, pretty girl, played by Tippi
 n, meets stalwart, manly Rod Taylor in San Francisco and then
 sively hops in her car and drives up the coast to his home
 3, where she meets his possessive mother, Jessica Tandy, a
 y jealous teacher, Suzanne Pleshette, and his sister, Veronica
 right. All this takes a good forty minutes or so, serenely, with
 frogs hopping in and out. Then—splat! Whatever on earth
 ymbolizing, the Master of the Rather Unpleasant unleashes
 y bothersome plague of frogs on the community and the
 e slips into a brilliant, mild repellentness.



Charlie (Great Frog) Parker

State Frogs	
Alabama Whoozled Wadler	Connecticut Merry Frog
Arizona Scam-wad	Florida Willow Frog
California Kerplunk Frothing	Hawaii Puffin Froglet
Illinois Red Frog of Gopher	Idaho Whoozing Frog
Indiana Squiggly Chorus	Georgia Scamp Chorus
Colorado Meadow Frog	Utah Froggy Frog



We must not make a scaretoad of the law,
 Setting it up to fear the frogs of prey,
 And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
 Their lily pad, not their terror.

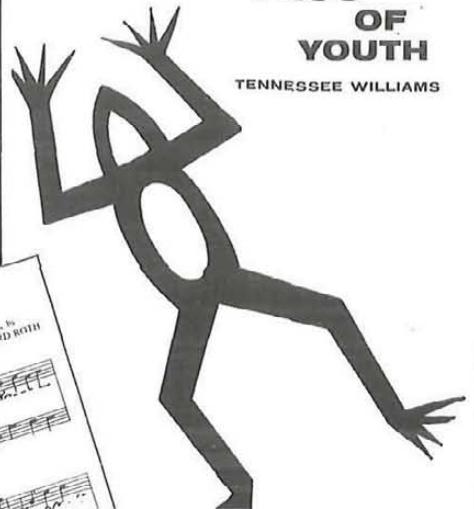
—William Shakespeare
Measure for Measure
 Act II, scene I








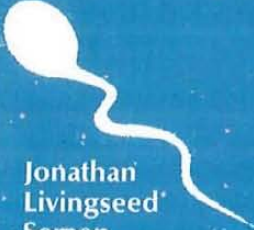










Robert E. Stroud, the Frogman of Alcatraz, who used his long confinement in Federal prison to become a scholar and scientific authority on frogs and toads.



SWEET FROG OF YOUTH
 TENNESSEE WILLIAMS



16 parodies of Jonathan Livingston Seagull

 <p>Jonathan Stickysweet Treacle a sob story</p> <p>by RICHARD BLAH</p>	 <p>Jonathan Livingston Sequel another story</p> <p>by RICHARD BACH, JR.</p>	 <p>Jonathan Livingston Senile an old story</p> <p>by RICHARD BACH, SR.</p>	 <p>Jonathan Livingston Second a bedtime story</p> <p>by RISHARD BOGG</p>
 <p>Johnathan Lavelle Hawk an inoperative story</p> <p>by THE PENTAGON</p>	 <p>Jonathan Livingseed Semen a life story</p> <p>by HONOR BACK</p>	 <p>Jonathan AC/D-Seagull a fairy tale</p> <p>by RIKI BACH</p>	 <p>Jonathan Hammer And Sickle a manifesto</p> <p>by COMRADE R. BACH</p>
 <p>John Fitzgerald Sitting Duck a cover story</p> <p>by EARL WARREN</p>	 <p>Yohanan Livingstein Shekel such a story</p> <p>by RICHARD BACHBERG</p>	 <p>Joinusin Hangingcoons Kleagle a klaven</p> <p>by RICHARD BACHLASH</p>	 <p>Washington Jefferson Sickle Cell a case history</p> <p>by RICHARD BLACK</p>
 <p>Martin Bormann Siegheil a putsch</p> <p>by RICARD BOCK</p>	 <p>Johann Sebastian Bach a fugue</p> <p>by LIVINGSTON SEAGULL</p>	 <p>Doctor Livingstone Seagull? a quest</p> <p>by RICHARD STANLEY</p>	 <p>Jonathan Livingston Spiegel a catalogue</p> <p>by MAIL</p>

Sean and P.J. didn't do

National Lampoon

1974 New Year's Resolutions

Seventy-five Articles and Items that We Vowed Not to Publish

Reprinted from the original files. Compiled by P. J. O'Rourke.

Well, Mr. Seven-tenths-of-a-car-.96-stereo-three-sport-coated-20.4-year-old-Average-Reader-in-your-sixth-semester-at-a-second-rate-college-in-the-midwest, another year has flown. And, despite your every solemn self-promise, you bagged the Poly Sci final, fudged your Bio notebooks, saved exactly fifty-one dollars from the summer job, haven't asked the Tri-Delt out yet, jogged around South Quad exactly twice before you gave it up, and you're still putting the pork sword to that acned townie waiting tables at the Speed Munch even though you *know* sooner or later you'll be paying her bus fare to the Big Apple for a welfare womb flush. So, go ahead, light up a Marlboro, indulge all your bad habits (it's O.K.—no one's looking—just don't wipe it off your finger on *this* magazine, please); we're under no illusions about where it's at with *your* New Year's resolutions.

We, on the other hand, gave ourselves an *enormous* raise (and lowered our free-lance rates), increased our cover price *two* times, doubled our advertising revenue, had a *lovely* time in the Virgin Islands with our friend Skipper Lee (he has an air-conditioned squash court), won (collectively) \$7,325 playing backgammon, learned French, didn't miss a single Bobby Short concert, and otherwise fulfilled every little obligation we'd made to ourselves at the advent of the New Year *including* our pledge not to print the sundry features listed below. But don't take our word for it; simple perusal of a complete volume of 1974 *National Lampoons* (\$12 f.o.b. New York) will *prove* we're as good as our word.


—The Editors

(17) The Indiana Triangle -- buses take the wrong turn, second class mail disappears without a trace, etc. Henry Beard's idea.

(18) Bury My Mineral Rights at Wounded Knee

(19) ~~Gosa-Bessa-Nova~~. The Mob Squad. Hip young members of the Mafia. They relate to the new life-style (sign of the Black Head). Like, they don't think everything that organized crime does is groovy at all. (PJ's)

could be whole special ad.²
(20) The Sensuous Art of Child Molestation. McConnachie and O'Rourke have done a lot of research. Say they have to get it just right .? maybe 12-page spread but needs much more background work. Got a couple of great kids, 7 & 9. (Legal hassles??) No sweat with parents per se (both junkies -- \$800 does it. State laws?). Gross has plenty of photos already. Agrees, needs more work, much more work. Going for perfect accuracy, accuracy very important. Have it in a couple of months --

funny stuff probably in the captions but gotta wait on the art.
(21) Dylan Thomas under Watermelon (Sean) 2nd pref ish
(22) Hendra's Putsch. TV sitcom, German-American lives next door to a Pollack -- all the hilarious different ways the German tries to take over the Pole's living room (maybe a Russian family lives on the other side, keeps dashing into the kitchen?)
(23) Peej wants  sign cover and call it Nigger issue

2nd page ish continued

- (24) Brian -- Songs that can be played on only the white keys
- (25) Dr. Shekel and Mr. Hyde
- (26) Chicano Bananas (????? -- ask Doug)
- (27) Amos & X-53 (Miller)

Sean's cartoons



(he's got lots more)

Investors Overseas Services, Ltd.
CT Systems
Interoffice Memo

EYES ONLY

From: BC
 To: Editors, NatLampCo Subsidiary
 Re: Listen, shit-heads, there're giggleslingers walking the streets in this city-- just say the word and you'll be looking up the business end of a bread line. We're trying to land the Afro-Blo hair dryer account and I don't want you guys doing anything to piss the schvookees off! I swear to God if you jackasses don't start to

Henry - He's got lots more?! Do you have any fucking idea how many cartoons M'Connachie's got laying around?? Do you? And Latimer too! Even Doug draws. Look, we'd better make up something or another in the original licensing agreement with Harvard Lamp about "no editor cartoons." And we'd better do it quick.
 Tony

(28) The Law of Thermodynamics (John Weidman & Beard). Like "Law of the Jungle" but more thorough. Man gets hauled into Physics Court after it's discovered that his system of constant mass has lost more kinetic energy than it passed to its environment. His friends post a Molecular Bond and his lawyer argues for an acquittal, citing the precedent of Entropy vs. the Universe (206° Cent. 45) but, in the end, he's convicted and given a sentence of $\sqrt{\frac{Vh^2 T^2}{c^2 (4-v)}}$ to life.

(29) HB, I don't know if we can make a whole issue of it or not but if Cortez's cattle had got loose instead of his horses, all the Indians would have ridden cows. -- PJ

(30) Hendra's Jokies -- addicted to humor ("H"), just can't stop... "barrel of monkeys on their backs," "mockings" in Central Park ...going to "Humornon" to kick the habit

(34) Nuclear war between consenting adults

(35) Tess of the Bonnevilles ^{HUH?}
 Keep fingers crossed about troop-pullouts -- lots of good

(34) Viet shit here --
 Gone with Big Minh (PJ). Historical novel, set in the South during Civil War. Fiery "Vivein Leh" will do anything to save "Thara," the family rice paddy. Has tempestuous affair with unscrupulous war profiteer. Big scene where Hue burns in background "carpet bombers"

Peej -- Whew, man, let's do this for self-indulgence. ish! Cause you know, it really tells some important inner truths about ourselves & ever since I got back from Martha's Vineyard I think inner truths are what's really important -- that's where the magazine should really be, 'cause laughing at people is, you know, like a defensive trip & we should be more open! Did ya score the coke?
 started out "doing it for pon"
 Laws against selling "joke"
 "cooking-up material"
 christ, remember that "Srgt. Yoock" riff??

(38) Ho Chi Minh's Heroes. Sit-com in North Viet POW camp

(39) Fibber McGee and Mai Lai. "Closet Cong" -- every time Fibber opens the door he gets impaled on punji brooms; etc., etc. PJ's idea as if you couldn't tell

(40) NAM! musical: Boy meets girl, boy loses girl, boy loses leg, boy gets part of girl back...but it's the part that counts. Hendra thinks maybe real stage show (another Lemmings?) Songs: "Mai Lai May Call You," "I'm Gonna Wash What's Left of that Man Right Outta My Hair" and so on "Free Fire Exit" on great promo peg -- emergency doors.

(41) Park Avenue Caddy Gangs ride around in their "hogs." Wear tuxedo jackets with the arms torn off. Cut people up (behind their backs). Fight with thin gold watch chains. Girl members have to "pull a train of thought." Tattoos: "Born to Raise Bids to Four No-Trump"

(42) Moses Freaks. "10 Ways," "Honk if you love money." Imagine what it would be like if it were a bunch of long-haired sheenies who'd seen the light

Front office says if they've told you once they've told you assholes a thousand times. And it's not just because B.C. is Jewish or anything. You know he's got a great sense of humor. But he wants to just know what the hell you think B'nai Brith does for a living anyway. Shape up!

-- Doug

continued on page 106

Negligent Mother

\$1.00

January 1975



The Hows and Wheres
of Motorcycle Racing

Instant Vacations
Via Liquor and Loud,
Loud Music

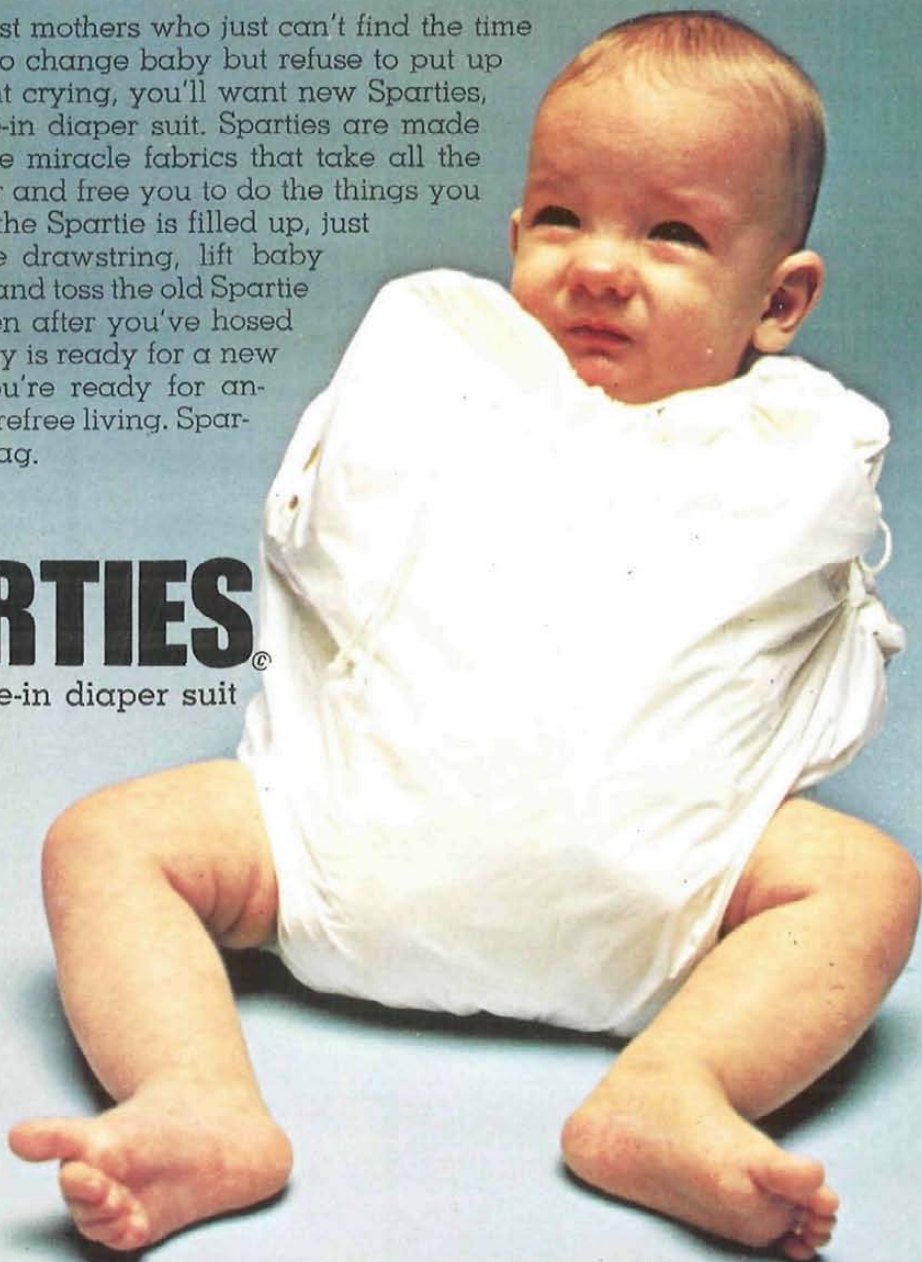
Shoplifting
For the Hell of It

Baby Lenore's First
Real Whipping

If you're like most mothers who just can't find the time or the stomach to change baby but refuse to put up with the constant crying, you'll want new Sparties, the five-day live-in diaper suit. Sparties are made from inexpensive miracle fabrics that take all the mess and bother and free you to do the things you like. And when the Spartie is filled up, just simply untie the drawstring, lift baby out by the neck, and toss the old Spartie in the trash. Then after you've hosed down baby, baby is ready for a new Spartie. And you're ready for another week of carefree living. Sparties—it's in the bag.

SPARTIES[®]

the 5-day live-in diaper suit



IT'S THE LITTLE TABLET THAT'S BIG MEDICINE.

Mr. Baby can't talk yet, so we sometimes don't know why all the whining and crying. But whatever the reason, St. Preservous tablets can always be counted on to put an end to it. St. Preservous is the extra-strength ataractic that knocks Librium out of the box and Mr. Baby out of his world of pain. St. Preservous tablets are pink and come in three different animal shapes—bunny rabbits, monkeys, and fish—just the way babies like 'em. They think it's food and always ask for more when they come to, so you'll want to have plenty on hand.



Recommended by
people who've had children.

Negligent Mother

Well, hello again. Jesus Iced Christ, it's January already. The last thing I seem to remember was swinging into Thanksgiving and trying to pull myself together and cook a goddamn turkey to get what's-his-face off my back when Mona shows up with a Puerto Rican street gang she found so uniquely *entracté* she simply couldn't pass them up, and under her arm, and I'm thinking to myself when I see it, well, bless her darling soul, is a turkey. She struts past giving one of her butterfly waves and flings it in the oven. Meanwhile, the P.R. Rainbow Division is wandering all over the place *mira-mira*-ing everything and splitting their pants pockets with the crystal ashtrays which dictates my next martini to be no parts vermouth and two parts bourbon and I had it half down when Bozo the clown surfaces from the wonderful world of twenty-four-hour football and corners me with frantic whispers wanting to know what the hell is up. I tell him that it's Christian Charity Ungirdled Week and say hi to all our dinner guests which moves him to run upstairs and lock himself in the kids' room. Then out comes Mona drinking Manhattans out of a flower vase, shouting orders for everyone to turn on their little radios for Commonwealth Bandstand. No two of them could find the same station and between that and the table broke and the smashed lamp, reenter Mr. Blue. This time with both kids clinging to Dwaddy's arms and tells me that he thinks it's a disgrace. I tell him that I know it's a disgrace but what's Thanksgiving without some wild Indians. That sets a couple of us woo-wooing and hop-stepping out the front door and that's when I passed out on the lawn. I got in about four hours before the Roberto Clemente fan club was dumping water on me and dragging me to the table for the Mona special. There sat Captain Mitty with the two kids all in pajamas looking like the Frank family. I poured myself a drink and decided I'd chew the ice cubes for dinner which was just as well because Mona doesn't know you have to thaw meat before you cook it. When she went in with a knife, I thought she hit an artery. The blood came out like spray paint. Well, I had about had it, so I gave my usual going-to-the-corner-for-a-pack-of-cigarettes chant which Mona thought was a swell idea. She grabbed all the bottles left and we headed out with Jack Armstrong yelling after me that it's three in the morning and it's a disgrace. I yelled back that it wasn't a disgrace anymore because it wasn't Thanksgiving anymore. We all got into their cars and started toward the park. Juan number one kept making me cognac and ginger ale while Juan number two kept making Mona wet. When we got near the zoo, Mona yelled stop and we all piled out. She wanted us to break into the administration building and screw around with the animals' records. And that's when it starts to turn to mush. I remember being pushed in a window, leaving my breakfast in somebody's out box, more blanks, a train ride to Trenton, New Jersey, waking up in a construction site with my underpants on backwards, and a fist fight in a Laundromat with a ten-year-old. If more of it comes to me, I'll let you know. Hope you like the issue.

Pamela Blair Stoner
Editor

COMING NEXT MONTH:

**Kicking Guilt Right
through the Baby Gate into the Cellar Where It Belongs**

How to Get Big \$ You're Not Entitled to from the United Fund

Getting Your Kid into TV Commercials—in Saudi Arabia

Whooping Cranes Are Not Endangered—Just Delicious

Formula 747

If your idea of a blessed event is a cocktail party in an abandoned church, you'll want to know about Formula 747, the all new predisolved, air-activated, egg-flavored, industrial strength douche. If you can work a squirt gun, and one shot is all it takes, you can take care of that graffiti on your uterine wall up to four months later. Formula 747 cleans like a Vesuvius of wire brushes, and the only family way you'll ever be in is when you cut in front of one on your way to Palm Beach.

The
industrial
strength
douche.





**WE
HAND-
PRINT
ANYTHING**

It's the grooviest, new, where-it's-at, out-of-sight rage-wearing signs that say what you want them to say, and not signs that say what somebody else wants them to say—because you're in charge this time. Power to the people. Just tell us in your own words what message you want hand-printed and we take it from there. You just sit back and relax and we do all the work, while you take all the credit. Up to 37 letters, with an additional charge for printing on both sides. Send for our free catalogue that tells our story. Dept. A, Scarsdale, New York.

What to call baby

If your kid still has the old boring hospital name tag of "Infant" or "Baby," isn't it about time you had some fun assigning it a more permanent name? Well, now you can, with the help of 1001 FUNNY NAMES FOR BABY, compiled by renowned comedian Joey Adams. They range from conventional funny names like Noodlehead, Ratface, Stinky, and Drooler, to more imaginative names like No Eyes, Jockstrap, and Jewboy. And if that isn't enough to send you reeling, it also contains mathematical equations, chemical formulas, and football scores that you can name your child. Plus the never failing initials, "I.P." Order now while they last and get in on the fun.



Send check or money order to:
Joey Adams'
1001 FUNNY
NAMES FOR BABY
P.O. BOX 1001
MIAMI BEACH,
FLA.
Only \$7.95

FREE MEDICAL ADVICE

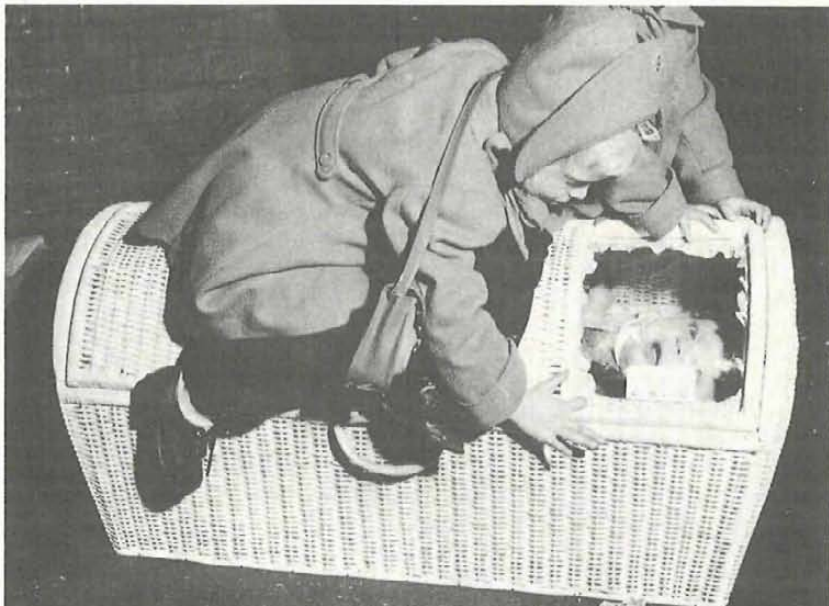
by Dr. Shelby Fountain, D.D.S.

Since time began, medical science has been continually baffled by the organ we have come to know as the liver. Is it a muscle? Is it an organ? Is it permanently fixed or does it float around? It's quite an interesting study, and more than a few prominent doctors have devoted a great deal of research (and won themselves some Nobel Prizes for their troubles, I might add) on this indeterminate of the innards. We do know this about the liver, though: If you take it out, the patient will become blind just before he dies. But we don't know why. What connection could there be between the eyesight and the liver? Some doctors have proposed that there is a connective nerve linking the liver with the eyes. Other doctors, however, have dismissed this as a lot of rubbish, claiming that in all their work with livers they've never seen anything that resembles a nerve leading away and

up from the liver. Another thing we have found about the liver is that if you leave a piece of masking tape attached to it, sew the patient up, and go in a month later, the masking tape will be gone. Did the liver consume it? Again, two schools of thought: yes, it did, and no, it didn't; the masking tape simply dropped off and fell down into the colon somewhere.

A number of readers have expressed to me that they don't really care what the liver does or does not do. All they're concerned about is when the liver, acting on its own, distends, or sticks out, causing an unsightly bulge above the waistline. To them, I give this advice: Take your left hand and with your three longest fingers, gently push it back in and then raise your belt line up to block its reemergence.

Next month we'll be addressing new Asian strains of mononucleosis.



Sometimes we don't always remember to cover electric sockets or lock up the power tools or put away the ammonia, and then, when we least expect it, tragedy will strike.

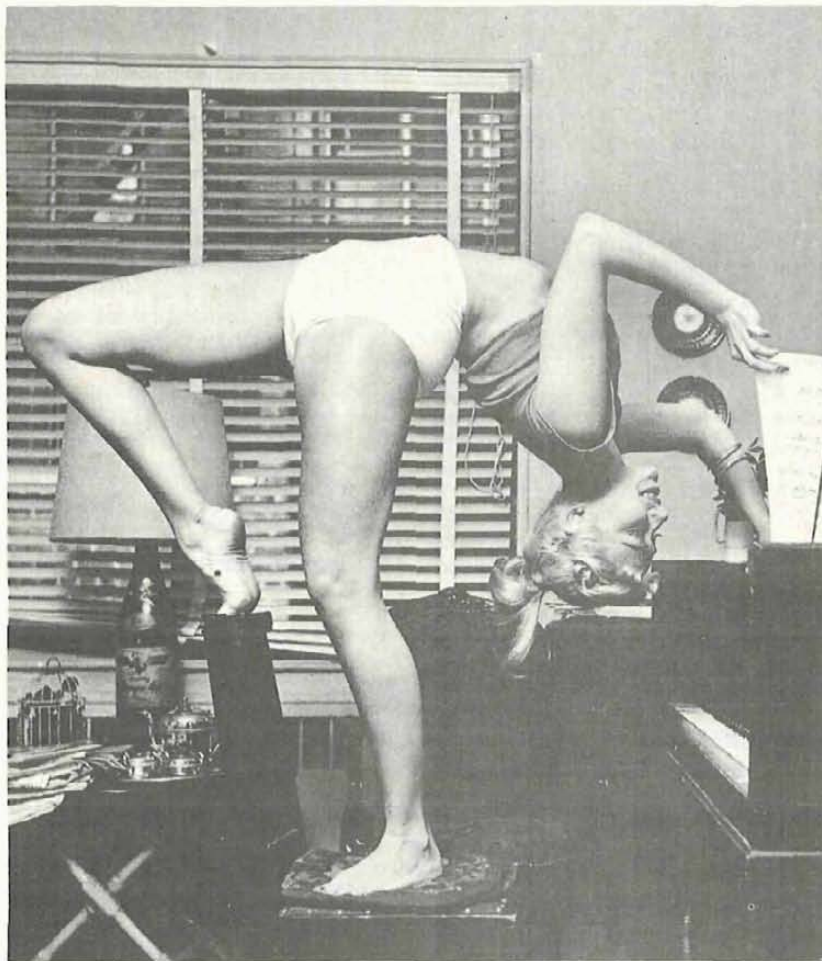
Nothing can ever replace your baby. We know that. But you can be calmed with the knowledge that you took the time and care to have your child fully insured.

We want you to know about us. And we want you to tell your friends. We're **MUTUAL OF TOYLAND**. We've been insuring children since 1946 and we've never faulted on a claim.

MUTUAL OF TOYLAND

The baby insurance people.
Because... accidents will happen.

PERSONALITY OF THE MONTH: TIPPI DURERY



LOVING IN THE
MOONLIGHT,
LAUGHING IN
THE DAYLIGHT,
HAVING A
WONDERFUL
TIME

M is for the merriment she's made of. Tippi Durery with her figure back (above) makes a final check of the notes before she does her version of "Heart and Soul" for some off-camera friends. But (below) in a "before" picture, she is shown in a more serious mood, expressing an understandable degree of contempt for her second or third child for robbing her of her figure, which she jokingly refers to as "grand larceny."

There are no flies on Tippi; rarely are there even clothes covering her shapely thighs. Tippi is one of those few people who give meaning to the word *rompish*. From crashing a convention of tree surgeons to holing up with a gang of embezzlers, she's never at a loss for wringing those few extra drops from the towel of life.

Mother of two or three children, Tippi has never been the sedentary type. She told us, "That isn't me. That's somebody else. Oh, but I can be somebody else if I want to be, though. Like the time I dressed up as a ragpicker and pretended to sell my first kid to a childless car dealer for a new Impala. When I thought the joke had gone on long enough, I went

back to return the car but the guy had moved. But that wasn't me. That was me as somebody else because I don't believe you can put a cheap value, such as a car, on a human kid."

But life hasn't always been skittles and beer for Tippi. The ravages of childbirth left her with a bad case of personal inflation. It took weeks of painful sit-ups and dieting until Tippi was back to her svelte self again. Misinterpreting the question, "If you had it to do all over again?" she snapped back, "I'd do it all over the mountains and the valleys. I'd do it in coal shutes and in grain elevators. And I do."

It's exactly this sort of energy that Tippi brings to all of her capricious

continued on page 40



MOMMA DON'T ALLOW...

Hints for home or wherever you hang your hat.

I came up with a neat rap I'd like to share with anybody who finds herself in a similar situation. It won't work for everybody, but it's worth a try. The next time you come home at four in the morning with your blouse half open, grass stains on your dress, and your lipstick smeared, and he wants to know "where the hell you been," try telling him you were just raped by men from outer space. If he's as dumb as most of the men I know, not only will he believe it, but he'll probably wind up giving you a grand for a special Martian abortion. But as I said, it might not work for everybody. Good luck.

Sylvia Schmid

LUCK BE A LADY

A lot of NMs find themselves at their wit's end when they first start making book. I know I did, what with all those little pieces of paper you have to keep track of and losing half of them. Well, I found out the best thing to do is go buy yourself a couple of twenty-five-cent composition notebooks and keep them right by the telephone. Clearly label each one with the different sport and that way you'll be sure to pay off the heavy bets as soon as they come in. And then you won't have to spend so much time worrying about having your spine broken because of some stupid lost paper.

Nancy Kagle

DOG DAZE

After I came home from the hospital with the kid, I couldn't help noticing

that my two wirehaired terriers began acting very sickly. I brought them to the vet, but when they were there, they seemed fine and he couldn't find the problem. It took me about a month and a half to figure out what was wrong with them. It was the odor from the baby that was making them sick. If any of you have found this to be a problem, I've come up with a good solution. Buy some kitty litter from the supermarket and mix in a tiny bit of Clorox and pour it into the baby's crib. It worked perfectly for me and now my darling terriers, Mufkie and Pufkie, are as frisky as ever.

Kathryn Binder

SEW WHAT'S NEW

If you've published one hint about cleaning stubborn vomited wine stains out of dresses, you've published a thousand. And I've come up a cropper on every last one of them. I've even tried beating them against rocks and it's been no use. I don't doubt for a minute that it might be the acids in my own stomach that are setting the stain, but nothing seems to work. So I've had to come up with my own solution, and this can be added to the list, making it one thousand and one. I just go to the hem of the dress and cut off a patch and sew it over the mess. I admit it's not the neatest solution, but it's the only one that works for me.

Jean Dowling

SQUARING OFF

If you leave your kids in the playpen

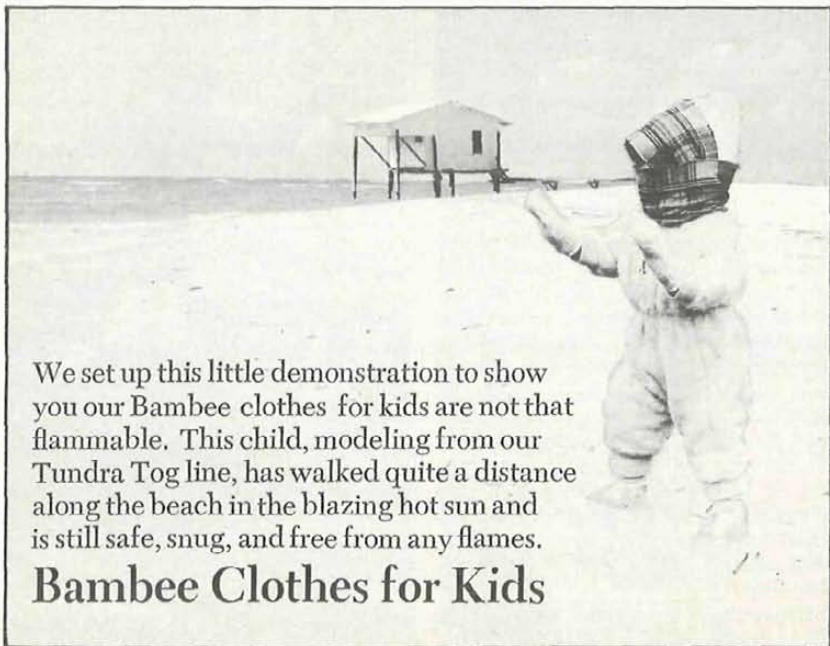
until they're four or five, and then take them out, they can only walk two yards in any one direction before they take a 90-degree left turn. This may not actually qualify as a hint, but I think it's good to know.

Elizabeth Hooper

WE WILL FIGHT THEM ON THE BEACHES


I've been in therapy for a couple of years, and though I can't say that the time has been wasted, I feel I spent much too much of it understanding my problem and not enough solving my problem. Which is, that I'm overwhelmed with impersonal liberal guilt: Vietnam, Hiroshima, Flanders, all of it. I wasn't getting anywhere. And then one day I was sitting in the living room feeling pretty despondent when I noticed my child. Do you remember when people used to say that all babies look like Winston Churchill? Well, mine did. I don't know what came over me, but I jumped up, grabbed the kid, and began demanding to know why he ordered the fire bombing of Dresden. I spent about a half-hour screaming at him, berating him, tossing him around, pleading with him, and then the whole feeling passed from me. I was completely at peace. It was terrific. I can't recommend it enough. If your child looks like Churchill and you have a bone to pick, don't hold back. It's the best thing in the world.

Dolores Knapp



We set up this little demonstration to show you our Bambee clothes for kids are not that flammable. This child, modeling from our Tundra Tog line, has walked quite a distance along the beach in the blazing hot sun and is still safe, snug, and free from any flames.

Bambee Clothes for Kids




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FAIRFAX HALL MILITARY PRISON ACADEMY

FAIRFAX, VIRGINIA



If your little tyke has been naughty and a wap on the bottom doesn't always seem enough, maybe you should turn him over to us. We're specialists in the field of talking good old common sense into children. It's never too soon to instill in a child the values by which our society functions. Our instructors, or "screws," as we jokingly call them, give freely of their time, insuring that each child gets the individual attention he might require. We take pride in nipping problems in the bud, as it were. There is great satisfaction in the fact that not one of our graduates has ever had to be put in a "real" house of detention. Visiting day is every third Sunday from 2:00 P.M. to 4:00 P.M.

The Watergate Trivia Test

by Christopher Cerf and Bill Effros

When it was proposed to include this Watergate Trivia Test in this issue, several editors of this magazine objected. They felt that it was time for the National Lampoon, as a responsible publication, to put Watergate behind it and get on with the funny business of America. Some even hinted darkly of a "deal" between P. J. O'Rourke, the editor of this issue, and Henry Beard, editor of the Civics issue, to include the test in January when space limitations made it impossible to publish it in November. Others said yes, we could print it, but it would be wrong.

The simple truth is, to proceed in a more serious vein for a moment, that we decided that the best way to cure this disease on the body politic, to prevent this—if you will—clot in the leg of our nation from going to the very heart of our political system, was to insure that as many

people as possible have learned the lessons of Watergate, and that the surest method of guaranteeing that there won't be again a cancer on the Presidency was through self-examination—by testing ourselves, taking our lumps, and making a clean breast of it. It was this compelling argument that convinced P. J. O'Rourke of the importance of presenting the Watergate Trivia Test here when space limitations made it impossible to publish it in November and, frankly, it's just that sort of wise decision which has clearly earned him the more prominent place on our masthead which he now holds.

A few notes about the test itself: The answers to each section appear at the end of the section, printed upside down; you are on the honor system, and there's no time like the present to apply the lessons of Watergate.*

*Cheat.

Part I. People

"God bless the blunderers at the Watergate. If they hadn't been so clumsy, America would never have known this was going on."

George Meany

Can you match each of the descriptions in Column A with the appropriate name from Column B?

Column A

1. This Congressman killed himself with a twelve-gauge shotgun after the General Accounting Office revealed CRP contributed \$25,000 in unreported funds to his campaign.
2. His only known hobby is taking and showing home movies of Richard Nixon.
3. Before gaining an important position in the Administration, he served as a barker on the Jungle Ride at Disneyland.
4. He testified: "I will let the answer stand—whatever it was."
5. He allegedly manhandled Martha Mitchell and then held her down while a doctor gave her an injection to keep her from talking.

Column B

- A. Fred LaRue
- B. Richard Moore
- C. Alexander Haig
- D. H. R. Haldeman
- E. Leslie King, Jr.

continued

Q. Do you, to the best of your recollection, have any knowledge of the burglary

continued

6. Gerald Ford was given this name at birth.
7. He hired Richard Nixon's nephew and fled to Costa Rica.
8. Before gaining an important position in the Administration, he owned a gambling casino in Las Vegas.
9. The tap on this Democratic National Committee official's phone actually worked properly.
10. He was Barry Goldwater, Jr.'s roommate at Staunton Military Academy.
11. He put forth the "sinister force" theory to explain the eighteen-and-a-half-minute tape gap.
12. This reporter received a derogatory article on Ellsberg's lawyer prepared by Howard Hunt, and, according to Hunt, he printed it.

- F. John Dean
- G. J. F. terHorst
- H. Robert Vesco
- I. William O. Mills
- J. Steve King
- K. Ronald Ziegler
- L. R. Spencer Oliver

Part I: Answers
1. I; 2. D; 3. K; 4. B; 5. J; 6. E; 7. H; 8. A; 9. L; 10. F; 11. G; 12. G

Part II. Expletives (Deleted and Undeleted)

"I am very proud that President Eisenhower restored dignity and decency and, frankly, good language to the conduct of the President of the United States. And I only hope that, should I win this election, that I could approach President Eisenhower in maintaining the dignity of the office, in seeing to it that whenever any mother or father talks to his child, he can look at the man in the White House, and whatever he may think of his policies, he will say, 'Well, there is a man who maintains the kind of standards personally that I would want my child to follow.'"

Richard Nixon

Whom were President Nixon and his associates discussing in the quotations listed in Column A? You'll find the answers in Column B.

Column A

1. Whom did the President, according to *The New York Times*, refer to as a "thick-necked mick"?
2. Whom did the President call a "candy-ass"?
3. Whom, according to *The New York Times*, did the President refer to as "those Jewboys"?
4. Whom did John Ehrlichman label "a sniveling, whining son-of-a-bitch"?
5. Who, in the words of Richard M. Nixon, "just kind of burbles around. . . . He doesn't have his head screwed on"?
6. Whom did the enemies list refer to as "a first class S.O.B. wheeler-dealer and suspected bagman"?
7. What black member of Congress did the enemies list say had a "known weakness for white females"?

Column B

- A. John Conyers
- B. Sidney Davidoff
- C. Patrick Gray
- D. Herb Klein
- E. Gordon Liddy
- F. Members of the Securities and Exchange Commission
- G. Hugh Scott

at the headquarters of the Democratic National Committee in the Watergate on June 17, 1972,

8. Who, to quote Richard Nixon, is an "asshole . . . a little nuts," and "just isn't well screwed on?"
9. Whom did the President call "a bad man . . . a son-of-a-bitch" whom "we are going to fix"?
10. Who, according to *The New York Times*, did the President call "that wop"?

- H. George Shultz
- I. John Sirica
- J. Edward Bennett Williams

1. G; 2. H; 3. F; 4. C; 5. D; 6. B; 7. A; 8. E; 9. J; 10. I
Part II: Answers

Part III. Spot Quotes

"I had a little quote in a speech last night that was Teddy Roosevelt's. As you know, I kind of like to read books. I'm not educated but I do read books."

Richard Nixon

In Column A, you'll find ten more-or-less memorable sayings from the annals of the Watergate affair. Each of the ten people in Column B made one of the statements; it's your task to make the match-ups.

Column A

1. "I misspoke myself. Some might say I lied."
2. "Let him twist slowly, slowly in the wind."
3. "Katie Graham's gonna get her tit caught in a big fat wringer if that's published."
4. "A third-rate burglary attempt."
5. "I only hope that I have not, by my openness and by my adherence to all instructions received to date, given away something which the President planned to use at a later date in support of his position."
6. "Give me back my good name!"
7. "Ken Iacovone informed me that SS would pay for the installation of the fireplace fan after I informed him that it definitely was placed for security purposes and how would he like it if you-know-who was asphixiated [sic] ever because there was a certain wind condition which caused the draft to come downwards and cause the smoke to come into the room."
8. "Every tree in the forest will fall."
9. (The proposed Nixon Muscum will be) ". . . somewhat like a Disneyland."
10. "It is the captain's job to bring that ship into port, and I can assure you that you don't need to worry about my getting seasick or jumping ship. I am going to stay at the helm until we bring it into port." (Excerpt from an address to the Seafarers International Union.)

Column B

- A. Alexander Butterfield
- B. John Ehrlichman
- C. Leonard Firestone (Ambassador to Belgium, and President of the Nixon Foundation)
- D. Patrick Gray
- E. James McCord
- F. John Mitchell
- G. Richard Nixon
- H. Marilyn Parent (Secretary to Herbert Kalmbach, Richard Nixon's personal attorney)
- I. Maurice Stans
- J. Ronald Ziegler

1. D; 2. B; 3. F; 4. J; 5. A; 6. I; 7. H; 8. E; 9. C; 10. G
Part III: Answers

continued

and of the subsequent effort by members of the Nixon Administration and the Committee

Part IV. Code Names and Nicknames

I was asked to call Mr. O'Brien, using the name of John Rivers. I called Mr. O'Brien, received a very tart kind of brush-off response. . . . He showed no interest in any script, players, or any type of message that I would give. . . . I still wanted to get rid of all those cookies, \$75,100."

Anthony T. Ulasewicz

Column A lists a dozen Watergate related code names and nicknames. Your assignment is to match each of them with the correct definition from Column B.

Column A

1. The Beaver Patrol
2. The Big Enchilada
3. Chapman's Friend
4. Gemstone
5. Pincushion
6. Ruby I
7. Sandwedge
8. Sea Lion II
9. Sedan Chair I
10. The Writer's Wife

Column B

- A. The code name for John Caulfield's proposed Republican covert intelligence-gathering operation.
- B. The Secret Service code name for Betty Ford.
- C. The plan under which an undercover CRP agent was planted as a driver in the Muskie campaign and obtained confidential documents.
- D. Gordon Liddy's intelligence-and-sabotage plan for the 1972 campaign, of which the Watergate break-in was a part.
- E. Robert Abplanalp's yacht, upon which President Nixon loved to go riding.
- F. The code name for Lucianne C. Goldberg, hired by Murray Chotiner to travel with opposition campaigns posing as a reporter.
- G. John Mitchell
- H. The code name used by Dorothy Hunt in connection with hush money payments.
- I. H. R. Haldeman's young staff members.
- J. The code name for Robert Greaves, hired by Jeb Magruder to harass Democratic candidates.

1. I; 2. G; 3. E; 4. D; 5. B; 6. C; 7. A; 8. E; 9. J; 10. H

Part IV: Answers

Part V. Aliases and Noms De Plume

"It didn't dawn on me there was a cover-up going on."

John Ehrlichman

Match the bogus monikers in column A with the names in column B.

The same name may be the answer to more than one question.

Column A

John Baxter _____
Gordon Davis _____

Column B

John Caulfield
Charles Colson

for the Re-election of the President to cover up their involvement in the

Robert Dietrich _____
 Eduardo _____
 Edward Hamilton _____
 David St. John _____
 Edward Joseph Warren _____

Felipe De Diego
 E. Howard Hunt
 G. Gordon Liddy
 Donald Segretti
 Tony Ulasewicz

Part V: Answers
 All are E. Howard Hunt.

Part VI. Places

"I see another child. He hears the train go by at night and dreams of faraway places he would like to go."

Richard Nixon

Choose from Column B the phrase that describes each of the ten places listed in Column A.

Column A

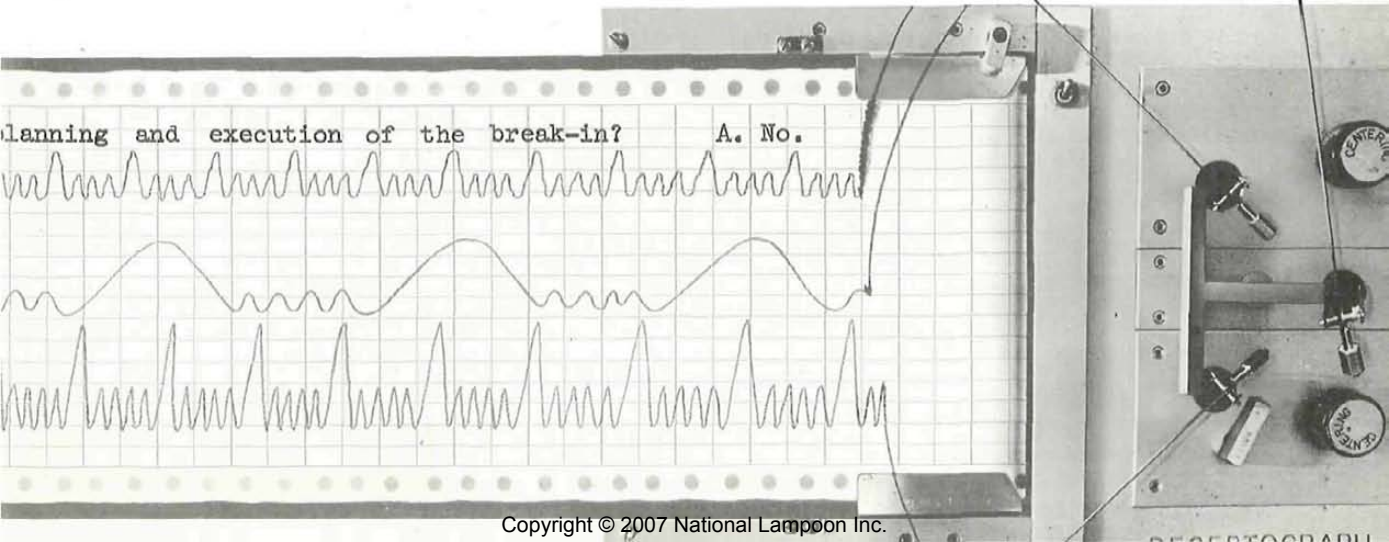
1. The Blue Fountain
2. The Burning Tree
3. A converted broom closet in the Executive Office Building
4. La Costa
5. A locker at National Airport
6. The Mayflower
7. The Rivergate
8. Rocky Mountain Osteopathic Hospital
9. The Second Overlook
10. The Tuna Tower

Column B

- A. Where Tony Ulasewicz secreted a \$40,000 cash payment for Mrs. Dorothy Hunt.
- B. Where Howard Hunt visited Dita Beard wearing his famous ill-fitting red wig.
- C. Where John Caulfield promised executive clemency to James McCord.
- D. The country club where Gordon Liddy told Attorney General Richard Kleindienst, on June 17, 1972, that some of the Watergate burglars might be employed by either CRP or the White House.
- E. The hotel where H. R. Haldeman, John Ehrlichman, John Dean, and Richard Moore planned their strategy for restraining the Senate Watergate Committee hearings.
- F. Where Richard Nixon most likes to ride in Robert Abplanalp's yacht.
- G. The inn on Route 355, in a phone booth near which James McCord received phone calls urging him to remain silent.
- H. Where most of Nixon's tapes were stored.
- I. John Dean testified that he discussed hush money with Herbert Kalmbach at this hotel, but he really meant a coffee shop by the same name located in Washington's Statler Hilton.
- J. The New Orleans convention center where Richard Nixon publicly shoved his press secretary, Ronald Ziegler.

Part VI: Answers
 1. G; 2. D; 3. H; 4. E; 5. A; 6. I; 7. J; 8. B; 9. C; 10. F

continued on page 94



and Minoan Crete were the result.

Before long, the grateful citizens of the Earth were in perpetual communion with these god-like Cythereans. Acting out of forgiveness and charity for all humankind, the Cythereans reinstated their benevolent rule over those who once had been their slaves. In return, all they required were regular "sacrifices" of gold, cattle, agricultural foodstuffs, and nubile youngsters of both sexes—and this more as an incentive for Earthians to increase production, than as any kind of *quid pro quo*. What price wisdom and guidance, after all?

Thus things continued, in a second long Golden Age (or Bronze Age, if you will) until the Dorian Greeks began their sabre-rattling again. What ages-old covetousness impelled these mix-blooded barbarians down out of the Danube watershed to rape the Peloponnesus, sack Crete, and worm their iron-wielding tentacles into the soft underbelly of Asia Minor where the enlightened Achaemenidae were administering a progressive Cytherean form of government? Why will no "responsible" historian step forward and try to seriously explain how the Greeks should so suddenly appear, equipped with formidable weapons, collonaded marble temples, and vast amphitheaters, if they weren't backed with you-know-whose fruits of usury? I wait in vain to hear such explanation because any historian who tried would immediately lose the "respect" of that academic world which has such a strange reluctance to holding classes on Saturday.

Of course, this pesky race could easily have been annihilated out of hand by the lordly Cythereans (as witness Sodom and Gomorrah—ancient resort cities of the fertile crescent comparable to today's American Catskills or Miami Beach), but the bonds of consanguinity forbade such a slaughter. The Dorians were still part white, remember. The massive expedition of Persia's Xerxes against Greece in 480 B.C. was merely organized and led by helicopter-borne Cytherean field advisors⁹ who refrained from actively taking part even when the Greeks treacherously ambushed the Persians at Marathon and sabotaged their fleet at Salamis. Xerxes, then, failed the Cythereans at the last; but still they remained with humanity, dispensing counsel and wisdom until the final destruction of the Neo-Babylonian Empire by Alexander¹⁰ the "Great" in 332 B.C.

Wisely it is said, "Beware of Greeks

bearing gifts."¹¹ For all their celebrated "philosophy," the Greeks deprived humanity of contact with the Cythereans. Human sacrifice (with the dismembered "victim," of course, quickly resuscitated by Cytherean supersurgeons performing valuable medical experiments) was consistently neglected by the Greeks. Also, an old Greek legend had Prometheus hoaxing Zeus into accepting in sacrifice only the worthless fat-wrapped thighbones of cattle, a deception the Greeks practiced religiously (and passed off as crown roast in their ancient Deloscatessens). With Greeks in control of the civilized world from the Nile to the Himalayas, is it any wonder the offended Cythereans withdrew into the skies again? Aren't communists just like Greeks? And didn't the largely Nordic United States of America withdraw from Southeast Asia?

But in 60 B.C., of course, the hard-working, patriotic, and orderly Romans appropriated the Seleucid Empire from the decadent Macedonians. This was the signal for the Cythereans to resume their visits—giving us another chance, as it were. This time they decided to go about things differently: They would send an agent, just one man working alone, to teach us the fundamentals of civilized behavior. That agent was Jesus.

But why Judea? Here is a mystery indeed, but not an intractable one. The Cythereans were just too forgiving and charitable for their own good. They thought that if the Cytherean agent named Jesus could bring orderly, patriotic hard work to the planet's lowest barbarians—the Jewish race—then the example would automatically edify all civilized nations.

Of course, it was a risky business, which brings us to that enigmatic piece of space age hardware from Hans Schliepmann's excavation. The answer to the riddle is now perfectly clear: It was an emergency touch-tone phone! Should the Sanhedrin under Joseph ben Caiaphas (a desperate rogue!) actually lay hands on Jesus, a toll-free call to the Cytherean rescue squad hovering far above in an antigravity machine would bring immediate assistance.

"So what went wrong?" I shall be asked. At every step in my revolutionary ontology I am beset with trifling queries like this, designed to undermine my exposition. A seeker after Truth must be on guard at all time against the ruses of those who would discredit him, for their own

aggrandizement or for the blood pay of an international conspiracy too vast to touch upon here. Socrates was such a one even if he might have been Greek.¹² Like Socrates, I anticipate these blows before they fall! It's obvious what happened to Jesus' telephone: He left it in the ditch with His sandals—right where Hans Schliepmann found it!¹³ Did not Jesus realize beforehand that he faced certain death by torture on that fateful trek? Well, omniscient as we would all like our Cytherean hero to be, the answer is no. Jesus clearly expected to raise up the whole population of Jerusalem against the lazy, evil, and untidy Sanhedrin on His first day there, as His "putsch" in the temple signifies. When no rebellion coalesced, He was sad and disappointed. Perhaps His agony in the Garden of Gethsemane was an anguished effort to remember where He left the phone. The actual seizure and arrest naturally made Him angry at the Jews and His perfunctory railroading through a "Roman"¹⁴ court caused Him (not to mention Cytherean public opinion) to resent Earthian humanity in general. As a result, there were the Middle Ages.

Middle of *what*, that is what I'd like to know! If they're the last thing that happened before us, why are they called "Middle"? What gives? Where are the Cytherean spacemen, anyway? Why don't they come back? And where do you think oil comes from? How did something so valuable get way down under the ground like that? Just because the solar flare cycle is focusing tremendous energy on the enormous ruby deposits of the Bolivian Andes, forming a giant natural laser beam to melt the polar ice caps and make the world get warmer. Warmer. Getting very warm. Nope... cooler... cooler... You're ice cold! You'll never find it there! They'll never find you here! Just tell us where you got the book and nothing will happen. Come on, Heeb, who gave it to you? Give it here, Ikey. You four-eyed yid-zos are always reading... always in the house reading. Why don't you go outside and play sports, huh? You think you know it all, don't you? Just because I went to Business College. Well, you don't! You don't! You don't! You don't! You don't! You don't! You don't! You don't! Fucking Kike. When my spaceman gets back there's gonna be trouble. Heh-nah, heh-nah, my spaceman's back! He's kinda big and he's awful strong. Heh-nah, heh-nah, my spaceman's back! □

⁹ Who were the curious "Magnetes" whom Herodotus credited with aiding Xerxes' army? The lodestone was not to be discovered for over a thousand years yet. Must we meekly accept the insulting explanation that this is a mere error in transliteration?

¹⁰ Obviously a legal change of name was effected:

witness "Alexander's" department store in New York, United States; and we know who owns the department stores in the United States (e.g., Bergdorf Goodman, Nieman Marcus, B. Altman, etc.).
¹¹ Just look what happened to Jacqueline Onassis' first husband's younger brother's son, Teddy! And you know who runs the Mayo Clinic.

¹² Since "Socrates" isn't a Jewish name, he very likely wasn't Greek at all.

¹³ Go ahead, Clip-Tip, refute that one.

¹⁴ Roman is the Hebrew word for "traffice" and Jesus probably misunderstood.

Chicago

Jerry Goodman (from Chicago, Illinois) and Jan Hammer (from Prague, Czechoslovakia) first met, personally and musically, in The Mahavishnu Orchestra.

They played so nicely together that, when the Orchestra split apart, they continued to get together to play, just for the fun of it.

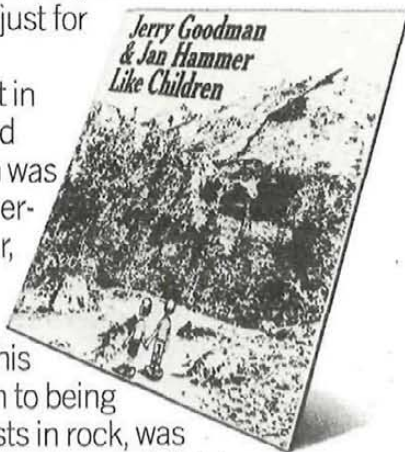
Jerry learned that in addition to acoustic and electric keyboards, Jan was an expert on Moog, Oberheim Digital Sequencer, drums, bass and percussion.

Jan learned that his buddy Jerry, in addition to being one of the finest violinists in rock, was a masterful guitarist, electric mandolinist, viola and violow player.

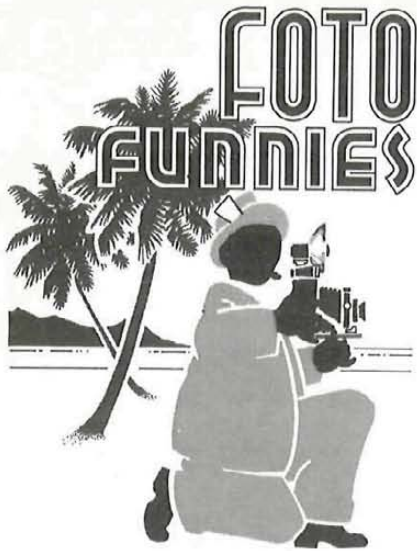
"Why not have some fun and make a record, just the two of us?" said one to the other one day.

And you'll never believe what happened.

Jerry Goodman & Jan Hammer,
"Like Children." On Nemperor Records.



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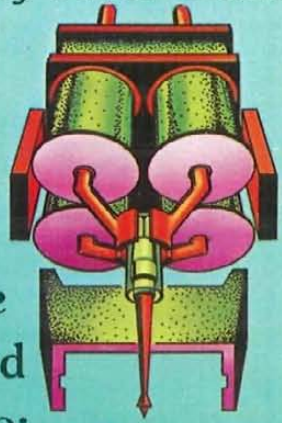


Keep on trackin'

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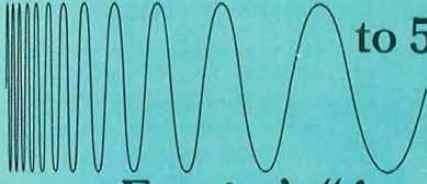
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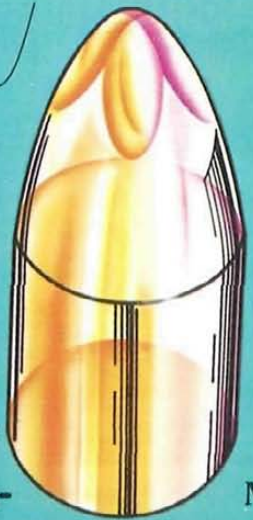


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Part VII. Friends

"Nobody is a friend of ours. Let's face it."

Richard Nixon

This Part of the test is in two sections, Section 1 and Section 2. In answering questions in both Sections 1 and 2, choose from among the names listed at the end of Section 2. *The same name may be the answer to more than one question.*

Section 1. From Those Wonderful Folks Who Bombed Cambodia

"How will it play in Peoria?"

John Ehrlichman

"I can give them a show we can sell them, just like we were selling Wheaties, on our position."

John Dean

Three key members of the Nixon Administration worked together at the J. Walter Thompson agency. Who were they?

Section 2. The Old School Tie

"We had to hire Pinkertons (for the polling places). There were questionable things that seemed to always go on at U.S.C. elections."

Thomas Hull
Former Dean of Men
University of Southern California

Five Watergate figures were classmates and friends at the University of Southern California: three were classmates and friends at the University of California at Los Angeles. Who were they?

U.S.C.

U.C.L.A.

Choose from this list in answering the questions in Part 1 and Part 2. Remember, *the same name may be the answer to more than one question.*

- A. Hugh Sloan
- B. Gordon Strachan
- C. Jeb Magruder
- D. H. R. Haldeman
- E. Alexander Butterfield
- F. John Dean
- G. Charles Colson
- H. Donald Segretti
- I. John Ehrlichman
- J. Richard Kleindienst
- K. Dwight Chapin
- L. Ronald Ziegler
- M. David Young

Part VII: ANSWERS
1. D, K, L; 2. U.S.C. B, H, K, L, M; U.C.L.A. I, E, I

Part VIII. I Am the Precedent

"I have referred to what I called the Jefferson Rule . . . Jefferson, as you know, in that very, very famous case, had correspondence which it was felt might bear upon the guilt or innocence of Aaron Burr. Chief Justice Marshall, sitting as a Trial Judge, said that Jefferson, as President had to turn over the correspondence. Jefferson refused."

"What he did was to turn over a summary of the corre-

spondence, all that he considered was proper to be turned over for the purposes of the trial.

"Then Marshall, sitting as Chief Justice, ruled for the President."

"Every President since George Washington has tried to protect the confidentiality of Presidential conversations."

Richard Nixon

The questions in this section refer to the two quotations above.

1. In the case cited by President Nixon, President Jefferson
 - A. refused to provide the correspondence and instead turned over a summary of it.
 - B. offered through his attorney to let the court or Burr's attorneys see the entire original letter and copy any relevant portions.
2. Chief Justice Marshall
 - A. sitting as Chief Justice, ruled for the President.
 - B. never heard the case as Chief Justice, and there never was any Supreme Court ruling on the matter.
3. President Washington
 - A. protected the confidentiality of Presidential conversations.
 - B. in a key test of confidentiality, permitted one of his Cabinet officers who had resigned in disgrace "to publish, without reserve, any and every private and confidential letter I ever wrote you; nay more: every word I have ever uttered in your presence," and did so in spite of the fact that the letters and conversations involved dealt with a highly sensitive and potentially embarrassing diplomatic policy shift.

Part VIII: ANSWERS
1. B; 2. B; 3. B

Part IX. Full Court Press

"Even if he were mediocre, there are a lot of mediocre judges and people and lawyers, and they are

entitled to a little representation, aren't they? We can't have all Brandeises, Frankfurters, and Cardozos."

Senator Roman L. Hruska

Following are three questions which, together with their correct answers, shed interesting light on former President Nixon's criteria for selecting Supreme Court Judges.

1. Who was Nixon talking about when he said: "I told that group of clowns we had around here, Renchburg and that group. What's his name?"
2. Who was Ehrlichman talking about when he said "Renchquist"?
3. Who was Nixon talking about when he said: "One of the finest legal minds in this whole nation today"?

All are William H. Renchquist.
Part IX: Answers

Part X. True or False

"The best and only answer to a smear or to an honest misunderstanding of the facts is to tell the truth."

Richard Nixon

Label each of the following questions true or false:

1. As part of his effort to cover up the traces of the Watergate burglary, Gordon Liddy shredded \$100 bills.
T _____ F _____
2. Among the assignments given "Sedan Chair I" was stealing the shoes of opposition workers when they were left in hotel halls to be polished.
T _____ F _____
3. During the course of an investigation, Gordon Liddy once locked himself in the trunk of an automobile.
T _____ F _____
4. Tony Ulasewicz secretly investigated the Smothers Brothers.
T _____ F _____

5. Former President Richard Nixon has an intense dislike of ice cubes with holes in them.
T _____ F _____
6. Chuck Colson commissioned a firm to design a ray gun that could erase the Presidential tapes even as they sat in their vault.
T _____ F _____
7. The only charitable grant ever reported by the Nixon Foundation was a gift to the Smithsonian Institution so that it might purchase a portrait of Mr. Nixon.
T _____ F _____
8. Gordon Liddy's method of insuring that an attempted burglary of George McGovern's headquarters would not be noticed by passersby was to fire a bullet through a light in a nearby alleyway.
T _____ F _____
9. Former President Nixon used to have the air-conditioning in the White House turned up to full capacity so he could have fires in the fireplaces during the summer months.
T _____ F _____
10. During the trial of the Watergate burglars, James McCord tele-

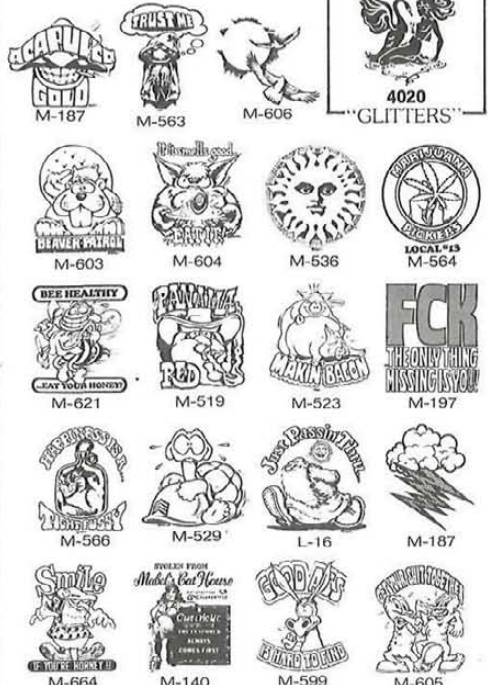
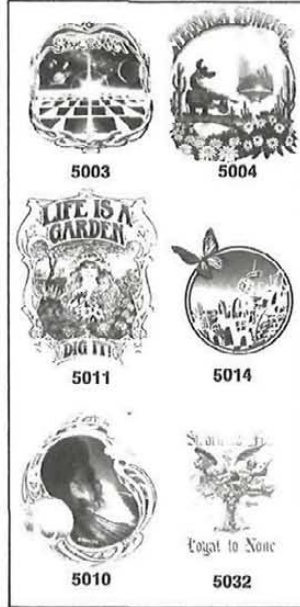
continued on page 110



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RINGO STARR

GOODNIGHT

VIENNA



Produced by RICHARD PERRY

Don't Forget:

"KLAATU BARADA NIKTO"



apple records
from Capitol Records

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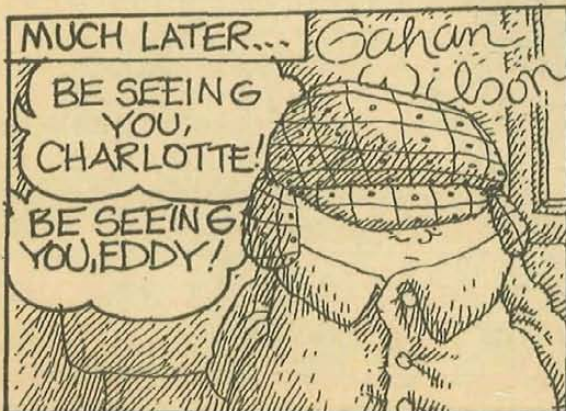
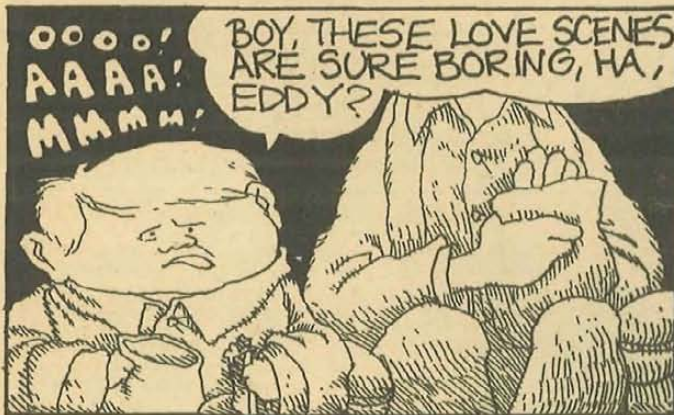
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FUNNY PAGES



BOOTS

REMEMBER HOW THERE WERE KIDS AND THERE WERE GROWN-UPS AND THEN THERE WERE THOSE PEOPLE IN BETWEEN WHO WEREN'T QUITE ONE OR THE OTHER AND WHO YOU MIGHT, WITH LUCK, SOMEDAY BECOME?

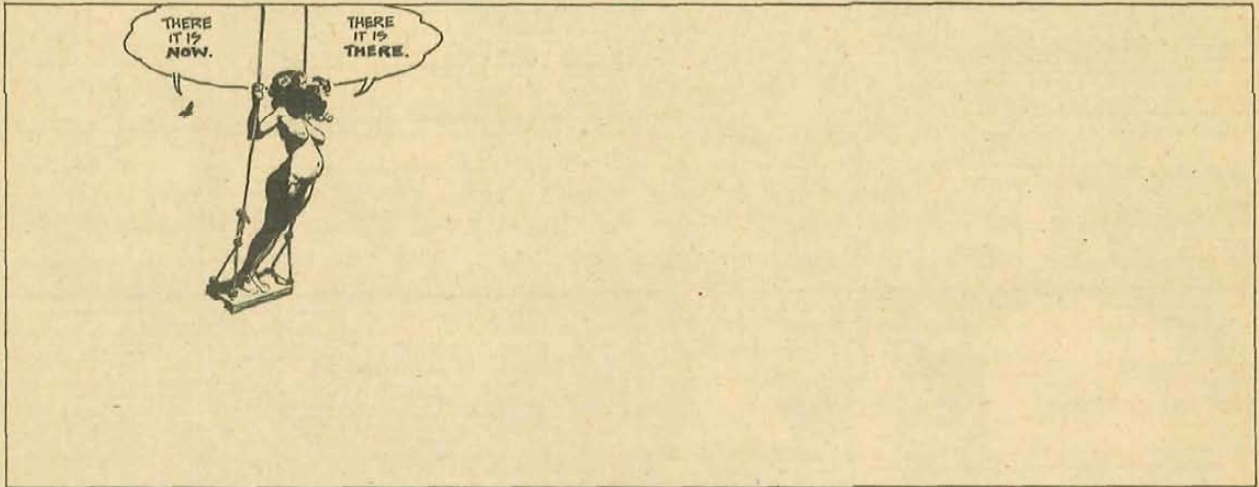




IDYL



© J. JONES 1974



DIRTY DUCK

ONWARD CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS, MARCHING AS TO WAR...

PLAY "THE GYPSY FROM POUGHKEEPSIE GOT MY FUTURE IN HER BALL".

CLAP CLAP CLAP

HELLO. I'M PVT. PARTZ. DOES OUR MUSIC WARM YOUR SOUL?

TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, IT LEAVES ME COLD.

WELL, NO WONDER YOU'RE COLD: YOU MUST HAVE BEEN SITTING HERE ALL DAY!

YEAH, AND I'M FREEZING MY NUTS OFF!

COULD YOU THAW THEM OUT FOR ME?

WHY, OF COURSE! HERE'S A CUP OF NICE, HOT COFFEE.

ACTUALLY, I'D PREFER TO CUP YOUR NICE HOT NAU-NAUS.

OH, WE DON'T APPROVE OF LIQUOR!

THIS ISN'T ALCOHOL, IT'S GERITOL.

WELL, I MAY BE RICH IN SPIRIT, BUT I DO HAVE IRON-POOR BLOOD.

THAT STUFF WILL HARDEN YOUR ARTERIES, ALRIGHT.

I KNOW... WHEN I JOINED THE ARMY I THOUGHT THEY'D SEND ME TO NICARAGUA TO HELP THE FLOOD VICTIMS.

SO HERE YOU ARE FORCE-FEEDING WINOS WITH COFFEE AND DONUTS...

...AND SPENDING MY NIGHTS STEALING OLD CLOTHES FROM GOODWILL BOXES TO GIVE TO RETARDED CHICANOS...

MR. DUCK! OUR TOILET HAS FINISHED OVERFLOWING! YOU CAN COME IN NOW!

...I WAS FIRST SOPRANO IN MY SUNDAY SCHOOL CHOIR AND NOW THEY'VE GOT ME SINGING THIRD HARMONY TO A BASS TUBA!

BEAT IT, I'M BEING SAVED!

I NEVER GET TO HELP ANYBODY!!!

BASH!

SOB! SOB! SOB! HICCUP!

POOR BABY! YOU CAN HELP ME!...

OOOHH! WHERE AM I?

YOU'RE EEU NEE-CA-RA-GUA TO SEENG HEEMNS FOR THE FLOOD VEECTEEMS, SEABRITA.

A-HEHH!



DEEP EAR

THE MOST SHOCKING, EXPLICIT RECORD BARGAIN OF THE YEAR

—WHIP AND SPEAKER magazine, October 1974

Why are people talking about Warner Bros. Records' DEEP EAR? Because DEEP EAR is an explosive entertainment event... FOUR SIDES of uncut music by hit artists at the astonishingly low price of \$2.00! Available ONLY BY MAIL! In addition to the artists pictured, you'll hear JESSE COLIN YOUNG, LITTLE FEAT, ELVIN BISHOP, WENDY WALDMAN, JIMMY CLIFF... and THIRTEEN OTHERS! Twenty-six selections in all, including material never before publicly exposed, like Van Dyke Parks' seductive "Come to the Sunshine"! Why does Warner's dare to present this album? Because they think you'll LIKE WHAT YOU HEAR... and believe in YOUR RIGHT to go out and buy ALL THE RECORDS YOU WANT by these performers after hearing DEEP EAR!



BONNIE RAITT
does things with her throat that you just won't believe!

RANDY NEWMAN, who said, "gaby, take off your dress... yes! yes! yes!"

MARIA MULDAUR, who thrilled you after hours at a hidden oasis!

ARLO GUTHRIE gets everything he wants... and comes back for more!

JAMES TAYLOR, the "Walking Man" who performs both sitting down and standing up!

*©1972 Randy Newman and Warner Tamerlane Pub. Corp.
"THE GROUP SCENES ARE SIMPLY UNBELIEVABLE!"



LITTLE FEAT



AMERICA doing their hit "Tin Man"!



WET WILLIE

FUNKY? MELLOW? OR JUST "A CHEAP WAY FOR MUSIC FREAKS TO GET OFF"? YOU BE THE JUDGE!
EVEN IF LISTENERS SEIZE EVERY COPY OF DEEP EAR IN EXISTENCE, WE WILL CONTINUE TO DEFEND YOUR RIGHT TO HEAR UNCUT SELECTIONS BY HIT ARTISTS AT BELOW-COST PRICES!

Coupon: I, the undersigned, believe that consenting persons should rock out till they can no longer stand it. I've decided to go off the deep ear and send for your 2-record long-playing sampler. I enclose \$2.00, and certify that I am 21 or older or younger.

Name _____ Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mail to: DEEP EAR, c/o Warner Bros. Records (the house of good taste), PO Box 6868, Burbank, Calif. 91510. Allow 6 weeks for delivery.
Available only in U.S. and Canada

NL

ONE YEAR AFFAIR

LOVE SHOWS WHERE MY ROSEMARY GOES AND NOBODY KNOWS BUT ME! STEVE EXPLAINS THE COINCIDENCE WITH CHARLENE TO JILL.



WELL, IT LOOKS AS IF I SHOULD START SEEKING A NEW FLAT TOMORROW!

OH, NO RUSH!



WE KNOW HOW HARD IT IS TO FIND A PLACE ON SHORT NOTICE!

THEN THE LEAST I CAN DO FOR YOU IS SLEEP OUT IN THE LIVING ROOM THIS EVENING!

Freiss Reese



OH! NO NEED TO DO THAT, CHARLENE!



THE OR FRAN WITH BOBIS KARLO ROBERT FRYE & COMPANY

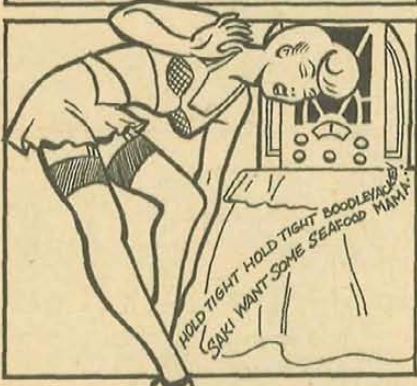


THANKS.

NEXT: MORE NON-ABERRANT HUMOR

ROSIE the RIVETER

in: Queen of the Swing Shift



HOLD TIGHT HOLD TIGHT BOOBYVAIDY SAKI WANT SOME SEAFOOD MAN!



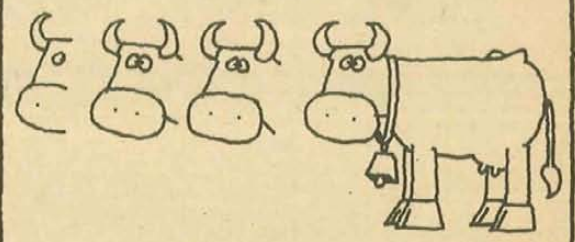
RS.: SHE GOT THE JOB!

FAMOUS COMIC ARTISTS SCHOOL
BY BRUCE COCHRAN

LESSON # A-1

STUTTERING

IF YOU HAPPEN TO BE A COMIC ARTIST WHO STUTTERS, YOU MIGHT WANT TO FUCK UP YOUR WORK AS WELL AS YOUR SPEECH BY STUTTERING WHEN YOU DRAW.



COW DRAWN BY STUTTERING COMIC ARTIST

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS



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

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

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

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 Tatt.

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

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

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

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 Course of the Mandarin.

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

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, Whitdeco comics, Vichy Supplement, *Guerre Magazine*, and Military Trading Cards.

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

NOVEMBER, 1973/SPORTS: With *Sports Illustrated* parody, Character Building Comics, Doc Feeney's Scrapbook of Sports Oddities, Specialty Sports Magazines, 1976 Olympic Preview, Al "Tantrum" O'Neill'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, Tory Southern and William Burroughs.

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

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

DECEMBER, 1974/THE JOY OF SECTS: With Good Friday the Rabbi Ate Pork, Protestant Section, The Catholic Sex Index, The Origins of Son-o'-God, and Stained Glass Windows.

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BACKWARDS COMICS!

by E. Subitzky

I CAN'T STAND IT ANY LONGER! I ADMIT IT! I... THE BUTLER... KILLED HER!

NOW WE THEREFORE KNOW THE KILLER WAS ONE OF THE PEOPLE IN THIS VERY ROOM RIGHT NOW!

THE LAB TESTS HAVE SHOWN CONCLUSIVELY THAT THE KILLER WAS EITHER A TINSEL BLOND, A TAWDRY BRUNETTE, A FAT BALD MAN, A YOUNG PREPUBESCENT CHILD, OR A FROG!

WE ARE ASSEMBLED HERE BECAUSE AT LAST I BELIEVE I KNOW WHO BUTCHERED UNCLE HARRY!

BY NOW YOU'RE PROBABLY WONDERING WHY I CALLED YOU HERE TOGETHER AT 12 P.M. ON THE AUTUMNAL EQUINOX!

BOOK III... CHAPTER 12... PAGE 145... OF...

CHICKEN GUTZ!

FANS... because of recent cutbacks... MR. GUTZ will not appear in this panel today!

by E N O S

I don't think I'll say anything clever in this strip...

FRED BLOTZ... I haven't seen you in thirty years!

CHICKEN GUTZ... my ol' school chum!

HERE GOES NOTHING!

I mean - I don't get paid extra or anything...

Say you're putting on a little weight. C'mon, CHICK... more of us are the trim gay rakes of you, are we?

I could just sit on this crummy hat...

You were a skinny little kid, BLOTZ!

Yeah, and you were always a little CHUNKY, EM, GUTZ!

oops!

and not say anything...

TOOTHPICK FREDDY, we want to call you, your supplants come up, I wish some clever nicknames a'right!

any spare change, friend?

no-body would know the difference...

all piddling, aside, Fred... you haven't changed a bit... I mean you really look GREAT!

Yeah - so do you, CHICKY-POO... same ol' ROLY-POLY you!

Well - see ya around!

It's nice seeing old friends again!

no comment.

END OF THE TRAIL.

ONE YEAR AFAIR

THEY'RE TOGETHER AGAIN! STEVE AND JILL SHARE A BED ONCE MORE, WHILE CHARLENE SLEEPS ON THE COUCH...

I CAN'T!

I UNDERSTAND.

NOT AFTER WHAT HAPPENED! I COULDN'T STAND IT IF IT HAPPENED AGAIN!

I UNDERSTAND... IF YOU DON'T WANT TO MAKE LOVE, IT'S ALL RIGHT.

NO! THAT'S NOT IT!

YOU WANT TO MAKE LOVE?

YES, BUT NO... I WANT TO, BUT I CAN'T.

OH, STEVE, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

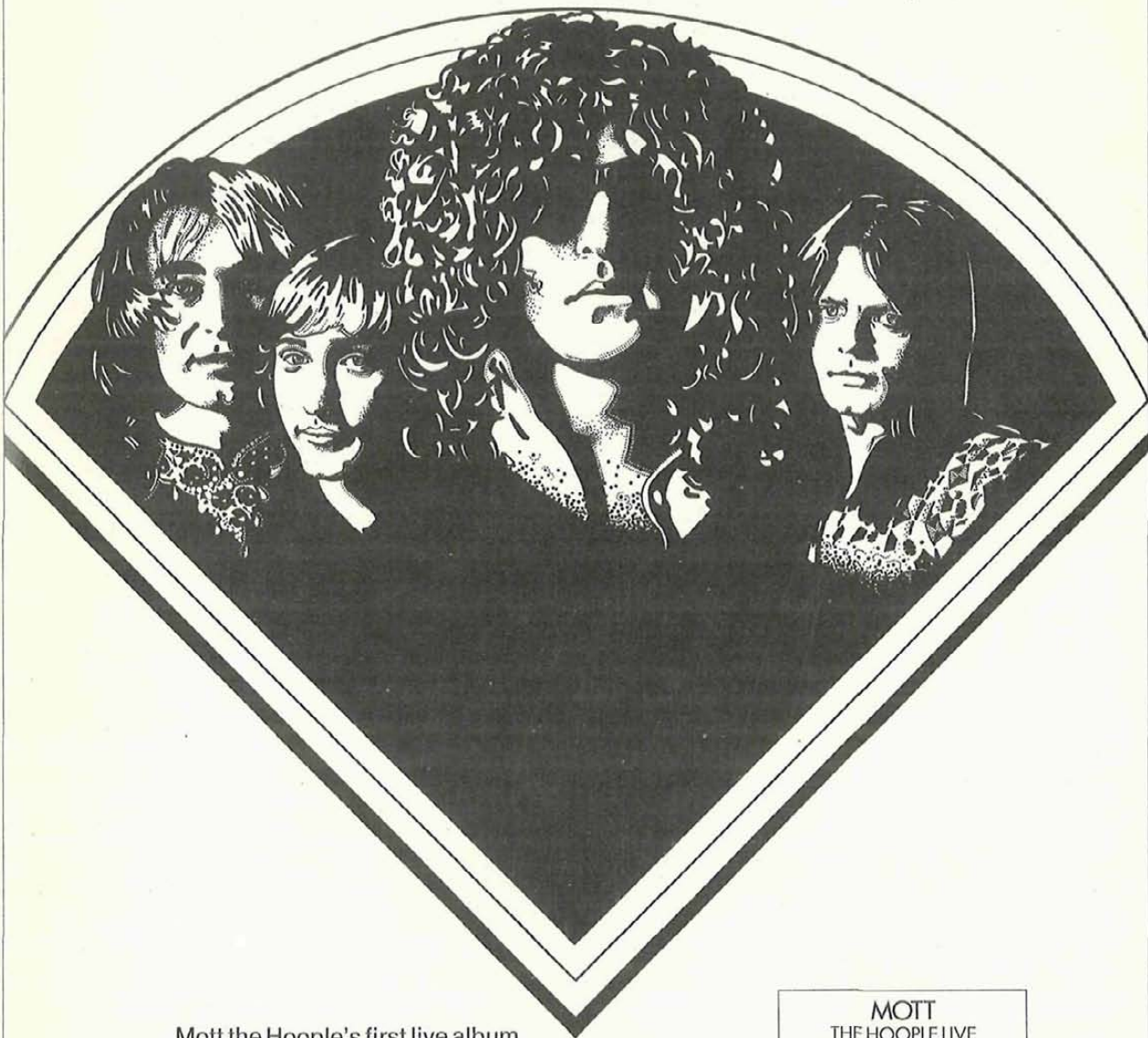
♪ OH, ♪ CHARLENE... !!

STEVEN!

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NEXT: CHINA

LIVE HOOPLE.



Mott the Hoople's first live album.

Recorded during the group's historic Uris Theatre performances in New York and the incomparable Hammer-smith Odeon performances in London.

Featuring thirteen renowned Mott songs—"Rock 'n' Roll Queen," "All the Young Dudes," "Rest in Peace" and "All the Way from Memphis," among others. All put together in a felicitous mix of in-the-flesh excitement and on-the-record polish. "Mott the Hoople Live." A transatlantic triumph.

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MOTT THE HOOPLE LIVE

including:
All The Young Dudes
All The Way From Memphis / One Of The Boys
Rock 'N' Roll Queen / Walking With A Mountain



Touring April, May and June 1975

43 Kelly: Elliot Footnote poem. Heavy switcheroo. "The Waste Land" but the footnotes are the poem and the poem is the footnotes! Sean's got Canadian defrocked worker priest guy to hand-set the whole thing already (\$3000)

ready to give O.K. on rights for 5 or 6 G's!

NOT ONLY THE TITLE BUT THE PLAN AND A GOOD DEAL OF THE INCIDENTAL SYMBOLISM WERE SUGGESTED BY JESSIE L. WESTON'S BOOK FROM RITUAL TO ROMANCE.¹

Petronius, Satyricon, Chapter Forty-eight²

THE ITALIAN INSCRIPTION TO EZRA POUND READS "the better artisan"³

In Oriental literature Occurs the lilac for Symbolism sexual,⁴ And the title, Burial Of the Dead suggests Burial mythical, And ritual Resurrection of the Gods. What's more— Note its relationship To the theme of Part IV.

1. The Waste Land. 2. NAM Sibyllam quidem Cumis egp ipse oculis meis vidi in ampulla pendere, et cum illi pueri dicerent: Συβυλλα γι θειαι; respondebat illa: απθανειν θελω. 3. For Ezra Pound il miglior fabbro. 4. April, due to the germination of Syringa vulgaris, is a more unpleasant month than the other eleven (especially considering the combination of this vegetable activity with prevalent feelings of nostalgic reverie and procreative urges plus the usual vernal precipitation raising the water tables in Northern European areas of quiescent root systems).

Real highbrow and classy

44 King Solomon's Mimes

45 Primal Yawn - Sold it to Playboy for 5 big ones. Haha FUCK THEM - it only took 20 minutes to write.

46 The Church of Christ Accountant (Henry). A religious movement whose basic principles are: Bookkeeping by spiritual means rather than single or double entry methods, optimism in the face of tight money markets, and a belief in God as a universal, impersonal, infinite Prime Rate. Founded in 1866 by Nicholas Hobbes, a Mass. actuary

47 Beach Party Gang Achieves Armed Solidarity with the Oppressed Masses of the Third World. Armed Love at first sight. How to stuff a wild cartridge belt. "Eat lead, Dad, I'm taking the car!" "You can ground me but you can't ground the revolution."

48 GENITOMANCIE Prefecting a Compvlation of Ancient Documents Anent this most Venerable Science of Divvination, by the Infpection of the Prvvie Partes of the Twayn Sexes. GENEROUSLY ILLUSTRATED with Aftrollogikal & Kabbalytik Engravingns. by Dean Latymer, Esq. Publish'd for Mmc. Effrella in Tunne-Brydge Willes, LONDON. 1723 Price Thrice Pence

49 Freeway Urchins (Hendra). They're "freeway wise," sit on the ramp, hang out at the cloverleaf

50 Ear Porn Quoi? Magazine Stripper with earmuffs, letters about "blow in the ear jobs," ads for vibrating Q-tips

51 Emergency Ambience Service for accidents of taste

52 Fashion Spread on self-mutilation Trim Your Body to Cut a More Fashionable Figure. Decuttage, stilettoed heels, finger curls

53 The Post-Time Adventure 12:35 Bus to Aqueduct flips upside down on the Van Wyck Expressway

54 (Beard) The Sunshine Runners delivering cargos of perfectly legal soft drinks. They drive at moderate speeds, during the daytime

55 Doug's novel Teenage Comies From Outer Space that he wrote up at Martha's Vineyard, about alien spaceports disguised as Taco stands (T.A.C.O. -- see?) We've been stalling him a long time and parts of it are, well, "interesting" anyway, sort of.

56 Hey, great and we got one too that I wrote while I was Minister of Cultural for the Radical Lesbians Against the Air War in Cambodia - set in a commune of Myan Argonauts during the 20th Century and narrated by an ORB of Perfect Energy - PJ

57 Bellbuoy House -- they help provide hearing-ear dogs to the deaf

58 Hong Kong Flu. Chinese martial art, secret Oriental self-defense method of sneezing in your opponent's face

59 Kraft-Ebbing Cheese spread (Hendra)

(60) (Henry) Lord of the Strange Rye Bead Game 5
Ultimate cult book: Prodo Glass, sensitive Martian prep school student, searches for the meaning of life in the bombed-out ruins of Dresden

(61) Hell's Aged (PJ) Terrorizing the ranchettes of Demming, New Mexico, on their chopped electric golf carts, busting up bingo games, get red wings for eating steak while they have their dentures in.

(62) U.S. Dept. of Health, Education, and Betterfare, for the rich. Wine stamps. Social Players fill-in for a fourteenth at dinner and so forth.

(63) The Starkist -- a group of international astronauts on a mission in search of Space Tuna (Hendra)

(64) Last Tupperware Party
(more Hendra)

(65) Last Supperware (still more Hendra)

(66) Coma Sutra -- sex for the fatally ill

(67) Carma Sutra -- Auto eroticism

(68) Hruska, Stans and Calley
(puppets -- get it?)

(69) Lafayette Escablimp (Doug & PJ). Elite corps of dirigible pilots in France during WWI "Bogie at 12 o'clock through about 6 in the evening" "Oh-oh, it's Baron von Richthofen and his Flying Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade!"

(70) War of the Row Houses
Sean's idea for parody of entire War of the Roses but set in Baltimore. York

Road and Lancaster Street block associations battle over urban renewal funds. Sean says lots of social comment -- "Black Rows" & "White Rows," etc. Wants to work out parallels for Duke of York claiming Henry VI's throne and York's victory at St. Albans, Lancaster's victory at St. Albans, York's flight to Ireland, York's return to England, Lancaster's victory at Northampton, York's defeat at Wickfield, the succession of Edward IV, York's victory at Towton, capture of Henry VI, Lancaster's defeat at Hexham, York's quarrel with Warwick, Warwick's ransom of Henry, Henry's flight to Flanders, Henry's return to Barnet, Lancaster's rout at Tewkesbury, Edward V's murder in the Tower of London, the Regency of Richard III, Tudor victory at Bosworth, and the Coronation of Henry VII except with Negro and Italian city councilmen. (Doug thinks some people might not get it)

(71) Swedish Glass Cookia? Bricks *What the fuck?*

(72) Job Change Operations -- you have to go to Omaha for them

(73) 15 Ways to be a More Gracious Hostage

(74) Know what? Turns out Bruce McCall writes poetry.

HUMOR, I SAY!

Canto I:

Confoundments

Just say the word *humor*.

You touch off a war. Just what did the Latins invent the word for?

Definitions all differ. Scholars Collide.

The meaning's all woolly and Thirty yards wide. For *vitreous humor's*

What's inside your eye
And *ill-humored*

Means some dyspeptic old guy.

You can *humor* a dolt, you

Can *humor* a child, while to be in *Good humor* means tranquil and mild.

There's the *Good Humor Man*, often Surly and grim.

Humoresque is a tune, a mere musical

Whim.

While *humoral* refers to a bodily humor--

A subject

As fey as a golf-ball-sized tumor.

And how's about *humoring*? Though wretched excess

Is brought

To its climax with *humorlessness*.

(75) He's got lots of it -- as much more as we want he says □



"Who's behind this?"

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the names of two people who appeared before the Senate Watergate Committee. In each pair, match the name with the correct picture.

- A. Frederick LaRue
B. Robert Mardian



- A. Herbert Porter
B. Gordon Strachan



- A. Robert Reiser
B. Robert Odle



Part XIII: Answers
1. B; 2. A; 3. A; 4. B; 5. A; 6. B

- C. Virgilio Gonzales
D. Frank Sturgis

3. Which three of the following six Cubans broke into the office of Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist?

- A. Bernard Barker
B. Felipe De Diego
C. Virgilio Gonzales
D. Eugenio Martinez
E. Reinaldo Pico
F. Manolo Sanchez

4. What is the name of the \$7 million housing development that three of the Cubans—Bernard Barker, Virgilio Gonzales, and Eugenio Martinez—are organizing in central Florida?

- A. Casa Atlantica
B. Deepdale Estates
C. Guantanamera
D. Watergate Hills
E. Cuba Libre!

5. When asked by the Senate Watergate Committee about his role in the burglary, what Cuban testified that he "wasn't there to think"?

- A. Alex Armendariz
B. Bernard Barker
C. Eugenio Martinez
D. Frank Sturgis

Part XIV: Answers
1. B; 2. C; 3. A, B, D; 4. D; 5. B

Part XIV. Know Your Cubans

"It would have been simpler to have shot them all."

John Mitchell

The following five questions deal with the activities of the so-called "Cubans" involved in various aspects of the Watergate Affair.

1. On May 26, 1972—the night the first Watergate break-in attempt failed—this Cuban spent the night in a stairwell because he and Howard Hunt were unable to open the door that led to the Democratic National Committee offices.

- A. Bernard Barker
B. Virgilio Gonzales
C. Eugenio Martinez
D. Reinaldo Pico

2. The second break-in attempt at the Watergate failed because this Cuban was unable to pick the lock on the door of the Democrat's offices.

- A. Bernard Barker
B. Felipe De Diego



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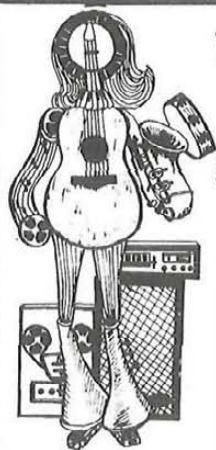
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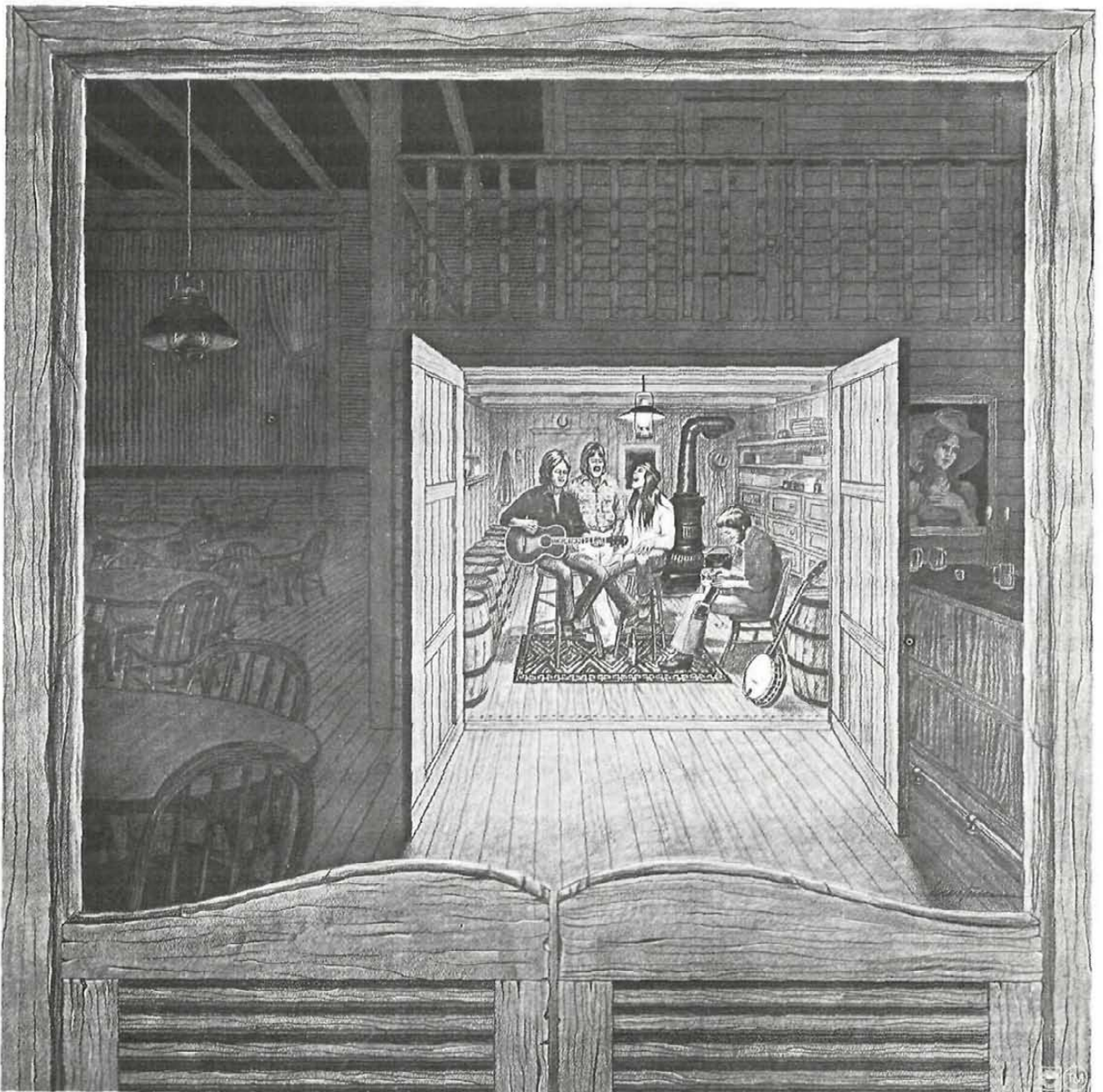
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