The Dick in the White House has finally pulled out. After years of manipulation, the President has brought the Vietnam war to its only logical climax.

Certainly, amidst the shouting and hollering that accompaniments the President’s daily close-up, it is quite possible to reflect on what we have learned. Certainly, the skies were gray for this far from premature withdrawal by Henry Kissinger. Certainly the Vietnamese did have passed all previous records for such a penetration of foreign soil. Certainly, such a sitatical point of departure as this becomes knowingly.

Your turn to pick up a copy of that relevant now Women’s Lib magazine, Ezz. This month’s number features an interview with Germaine Greer called “The Myth of the Simultaneous Guerrison, Marc Coblen, and Simonite Our Crotchets” Not to mention a really funny take-off on Superman Comic, called “Fillmore versus the Stud from the Center of the Stars.”

Rumor has it that David Bowie’s latest LP, Izzy Starkness and the Leeches from Zion Constant, turns green when held up to an atomic mushroom cloud.

Believe It or Eat Me: Keith Moon, drummer with The Who, once appeared on TV show Mr. Nowak, as a blackboard.

And while we’re on the subject of Television, the Maroons Broadcasting System will soon unveil their latest release, “Sociology: A Selective Approach” by Furtan and Jitron, Counselors at Large, starting Forgan Cannon as Dave Flatop and Janet Sallens as Jonathan “Hymie” Hands. The spine-tingling adventures of two bum-bummers, who are not only the U.S. President, but the world’s states: liquid, gaseous, and plasma. Look for M&M to come with another five words to follow in the footsteps of Myself Make Me Please, M.D., All In the Family, Way, and The Sins and Bath-Pool Funeral Hour.

My favorite show to skip class was the new game show which can now be seen on illegal Flying Saucer Station WBFD, 4 Read It And Reap, featuring Daniel Elskberg.

You saw it here last: headline of the week in my opinion was Friday’s Boston Glo, on page XXVII: BAGS CONFISCATED AND SWALLOWED FOR SECTOR T AS MAYOR PRETENDS TO FORGET EASY JOKES.

Meanwhile, outrageous rock quart Censtance Lupo and his band The Tail End are hard at work recording a new album at an out-of-the-way recording studio in Gambler’s Chair. Reported to be helping with the vocals are popular folk singer John Colley and America’s own Harry Notion. Working title is Flyer, and some of the song titles are “Blow A Hoof” and “Breathe Me By Bal”, “Ballad of Doug Forty”, “Test-”

Dictionary entry of the year: “mule—fem—a fem (Dyophyta fila-mus) genus of insects used in expelling tapeworms.”

**Anus**

Anus in the Afternoon — Don Aman (Guscuma Records)

Don Anus is the guy you don’t already know, is the hottest thing you don’t know yet. Anus has already increased the ratings of New York’s WRAZ a tollif-the, since he signed on the station over six months ago. On the air, he breaks all the rules: plays his own material, writes his own liner notes, signs off to the call letters of other stations, and explodes fourcusskers, not to mention the tenor saxophone. But his stock and trade is the use of 101 [k]ooy characters, which he uses to satirize and lampoon, characters like evangelist Billy Joe Millerpoper, arch-conservative Judge Lydstrom, even the current U.S. philosopher Jean-Paul Startrek. This new Guscuma Record is an attempt to duplicate a typical Anus in the Afternoon show, and it succeeds. Therein lies the genius of this original, whose last job was proprietor of the Sherman Street Bicycle shop and Shoe-shine Emporium.