

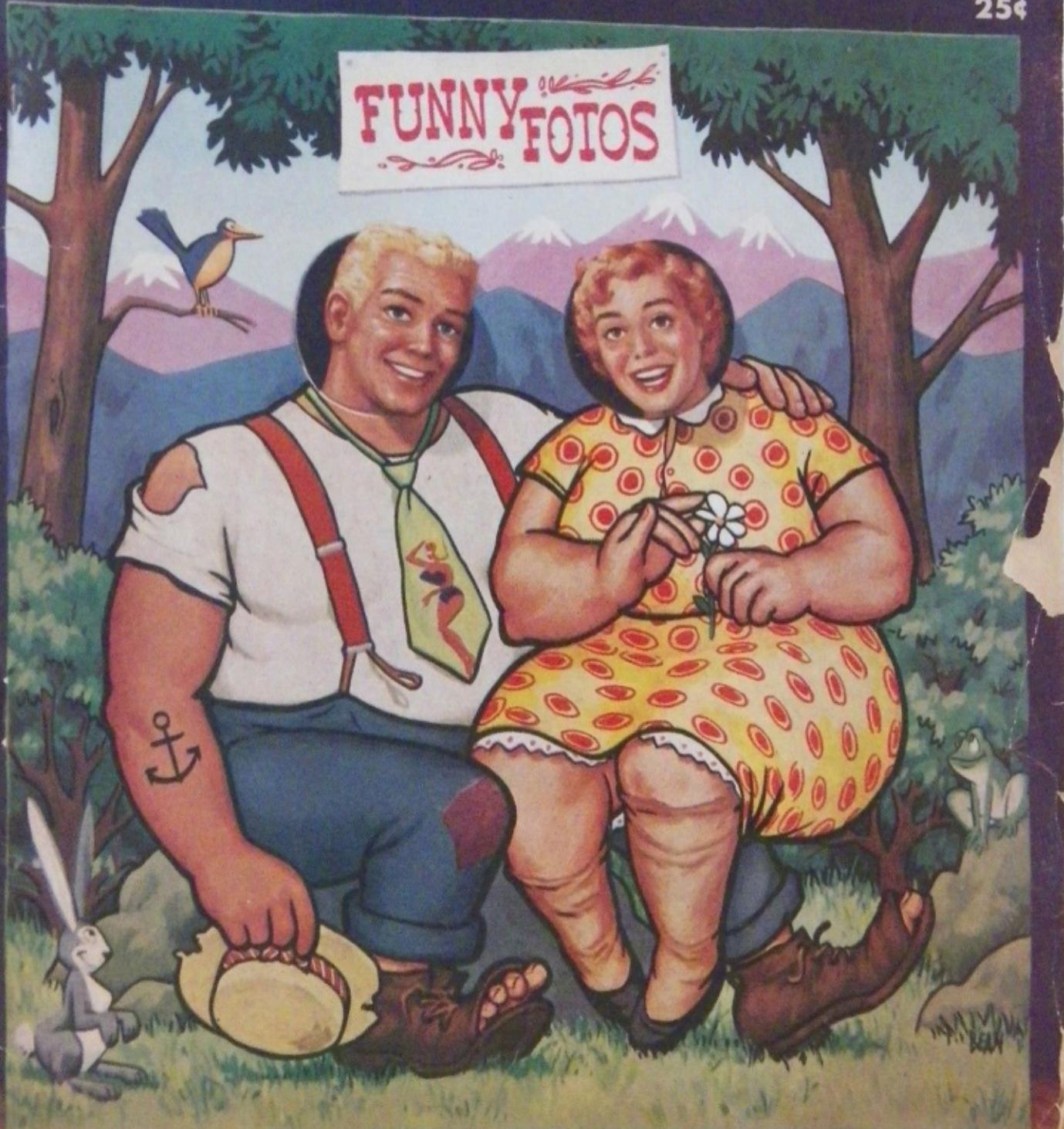
LUNATIC KLE

LUNATIC'S HOME COMPANION

No. 1

25¢

FUNNY FOTOS



LUNATICS HOME COMPANION



No. 1
52¢



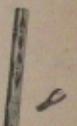
Introducing the New Fatsex *High Power Telescope*



FATSEX International Fender Coat & Cement Mixer Corp'n...Potty Potty Park...White Chiffon
In Canada: Fatus Inc...Potty Potty Park...Baptist, Ont., U.S.A. and foreign patent lawyers pending.

And now, newer than new, and waiting for you is the *Fatsex High Power telescope*! When you purchase your *Fatsex*, throw away the girdle, the tube is what you really want. It's the latest in telescopic vision, a telescope designed for you to spy on your unsuspecting neighbors with ease.

Look for the New *Fatsex High Power Telescope* everywhere. It's in the window and ready for your local dealer to sell. And for extra detailed peeping, and for the famous *Fatsex Cyclope Lens* with hidden "tearps," visit for your hot little fingers. Only \$1.50. The underwear on the wall is the new *Fatsex Living Longjohns*, "emersonianized" of the artless western. \$1.50.



Only \$1.50
Girdle
holgauncher
for fresh
air floods.

CORN-TRIBUTORS PAGE

Lunatickle would sincerely like to thank the Bellview Hospital, Psychiatric Wing, the editors their most talented patients.

FAYE FALKENJINX TV's Glamour-tizer!

Ladies, I just came from a bikini show, and I want to tell you what an exciting season we have! Bikinis are out! Hems are down, but completely! And the new fad is... Live chicklets, shiny pants and no tickle ear buttons, chicken feasting time! Highlighted, were new blouses and slick pockets (expensive cigar included). But the big news, was no underpants! At last, there is finally something outside, a sort of smile, as though sleeping bags. Great! Real bears-catches girls in the big news, was no underpants! At last, there is finally something outside, giving both rounder looks, how can we forget! Monroe was the only girl, giving the affair at one long strip. And here's all, your last year's hottest is saved, for space belongs are here to stay. In closing there was a wonderful tip in the bridge competition, and I'll pass it on to you. Don't discard your old girdle, it can be worn cashmere over your sport's dress in a whimsical shrug!

JAMES J. GORILLA From Consumer's Digest

They say the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. Of course, some don't. They say to take a short cut through his wallet, but that's another subject. Let's discuss my way to make the soap carrying the tooth for talk about what people eat. For instance, there's the soap carrying the tooth for her hair, he carries his heart out. And the other, when they ask him what'll be his last career for blue ribbon? Or the fresh wrinkles who suggests soap as a soap. Of course, eating isn't always the best. Look at the TV producer who's eaten. Of course, eating isn't always the best. Look at the TV producer who's eaten. Of course, eating isn't always the best. Look at the TV producer who's eaten. Of course, eating isn't always the best. Look at the TV producer who's eaten. Of course, eating isn't always the best. Look at the TV producer who's eaten. Well, what's eating you?

FRANK N. STEIN Cool Man on a Hot Roof

Often, I am asked to say a few words pertaining to my lame scientific endeavor. I would never like to oblige. Help yourself. Quotations, quotations and quotations. There, you have them! Ward! Now, if you do not understand their meanings, what good are they? You say to me, "What does it mean?" I dated Marilyn Monroe." Just words I say to you. "Those cool words." Ward! It is the meaning of words that count. This is the science of education. For example, I know, when you tell me of your son who wants to become a doctor, or possibly you tell me of your daughter who wants to become a nurse, you are either a liar, or possibly you have carried a fire extinguisher, or you'll never marry and remain single. Some say, "It looks like the danger zone. You see, words don't have little value. Some say, "It looks like rain." What looks like rain? Ward! Ward! Ward! Come on! In the name of science, I say they should go. For this case, I am willing to speak publicly upon request.

LUNATICKLE

LUNATIC'S HOME COMPANION

Editor: MYRON PASS

Assistant Editor: PAT KAHN

NUMBER 1

CONTENTS

FEBRUARY, 1956

STORIES

- | | |
|----------------------------|---------------------------------|
| GO WESTERN, YOUNG MAN, GO! | Bob Ross 10 |
| IS SPACE SEXLESS? | Harold Vincent and Lee Elias 22 |
| THE FIGHT GAME | Joe Kubert 36 |

EXPOSE

- | | |
|--------------------------------|----|
| SHERMINT EXPELLED FROM AUTOMAD | 46 |
|--------------------------------|----|

CLASSICS

- | | |
|------|--------------------------------|
| NANO | Jean Hubbell and Myron Pass 51 |
|------|--------------------------------|

PHOTOGRAPHY

- | | |
|--------------------|--|
| PHOTO CONTEST | Jack Mendelsohn and Walter Stoff, Peter Bach, Theodore S. Bloch 47 |
| PHOTO OF THE ISSUE | Ross Heath 68 |

TELEVISION

- | | |
|--------------------|---------------------------------|
| THE \$64,000 QUEST | Jack Mendelsohn and Mike Ross 6 |
|--------------------|---------------------------------|

MOVIES

- | | |
|------------|--------------------------------|
| THE SHRIEK | Jean Hubbell and Ross Heath 30 |
|------------|--------------------------------|

FEATURES

- | | |
|------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| CORN-TRIBUTORS' PAGE | Bush Hoche and Art Paddy 2 |
| CREEP'S CORNER—Letters from creeps | 4 |
| SELF-IMPROVEMENT | Jack Mendelsohn and Art Paddy 20 |
| THE BIRTH OF THE LOONY BIRD | Helen Fan 25 |
| INSIDE YOUR HEAD | Pat Kahn 61 |
| PHOTO CRIME QUIZ | Jack Mendelsohn and Ross Heath 62 |



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The Shriek*

Starring



HOSEY FO' REAL
Gym Owner



GOON MALICESON
in the role of Fanny Dowsney



SMALL CACTUS
vivid portrayal of Dr. Arrogie Sock

DEBITS

PRODUCED BY... ERROGENOUS ROSEY

DIRECTED BY... HOSEY FO' REAL

FINAL SCREENPLAY: SPAKETTI FRINGE

MAKE UP... MUD CHESTNUT

HAIR STYLIST... JONES ST. UGGIN

FOOTNOTE: A SHRIEK is a shrill scream, and not the name of a downy bird that impales its victims on its long, sharp talons, although the spelling is very similar.

The story of The Shriek is profound drama... out-of-this world literature. Above all, it carries an unforgettable message... "Never underestimate the power of a woman!"



The smexplay opens with Fanny Dowsney being wheeled into the Psycho Ward, after having swallowed a large excess-size bottle of sleeping pills. Fatty, his wife is with him, but it turns out they have been separated for several months, and he is in love with a delicious dish named Charlotte Rose. Now it's Fatty's ball game. She is determined to get him back by fair means or foul. As his wife, she is the only one who can demand his release, so, woe, has she got him over a pickle barrel.



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You will drive them WILD.
Be the terror of your neighborhood!

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SOCK THOSE GERMIS!

An exclusive interview with the eminent Dr. Arrogie Sock, in which he tells how Sock Vaseline makes men out of heads, by putting them up on their faces and back on their feet. It's a science of real proportions.

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A thrilling mystery romance about Cindy, the most BEAUTY, AND THE STRANGE NEURSES THAT BROKE HER TO RUM AWAY INTO THE SWAMP. TO BE OR NOT TO BE ABOUT IT! WHO LOVED HER SO MADLY. YOU'LL BE CR RAZZ ABOUT IT!

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Exclusive plans for sandcastle houses! A jolly project that will keep you and your family busy and brave for years. Be ready for that trip to the Moon! These plans will really send you.

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MISS THE NEXT ISSUE!



Preacher: "Here ya've been starin' over a hot mound all afternoon, while you'all have been keepin' company with these no-good Yankee fand! Throw 'em out!" Nana: "But Preacher, wait! D' They love the reception up here?"

from the Gankills, some weeks later, with Preacher practically eating out of her hand. Meanwhile Berry Stein is turning a large heel, as he is by no means a dope, and not at all pleased to learn that his doll is playing around with some other guy.

However, Nana is a real snooty apple, as I learn from her roommate, Zootie.

"Look," Zootie says. "Nana has sold Berry that she does not really go for this stupid square, Preacher, but only wishes to get him to cease chewing Beachball and switch to Sovers Super Bubble Gum. Since Berry has long wished to kill off Beachball which is his biggest competitor, he is delighted with this development. He has even pestered Nana a fat bone if she can get Preacher to switch over."

Now I see the purpose behind Nana's campaign. But there is one thing I must say about Preacher. Although he is willing to tarnish his reputation by hanging around the very lascivious Nana, there is one thing he will not do.

And what he will not do is give up chewing Beachball. Meanwhile, of course, Nana is seeing many of her friends besides Preacher because she is the type of girl who likes to play the field, and also while Preacher gives her \$6000 presents, he is not paying her rent. However, when Nana starts going around with Phony Tooty, a crazy boy-bop player, Preacher's old-fashioned spirit rebels and they have quite a spat. It winds up with Preacher offering her a penthouse on Park Avenue if she will be true to him alone. But he adds he will not object to her seeing her old friends, which is a very foolish remark, I must answer this. Nana sees it, then her fat bone begins to arrive. There is George and Philippe and Henry, and Hector the Loser, to say nothing of myself, and a home player named Coors Tea, and Gaga, Zootie, and Raymon O'Reilly, a ghilliebird boy, Nana's hoh-ho-six days.

Every afternoon we gather at Nana's to watch the ball games on TV which is all very pleasant although somewhat expensive since Nana is always [Continued on page 68]

THE BIRTH OF THE LOONY BIRD



In the editor's desk drawer, an ostrich egg begins to shake . . . rattle . . . and roll . . . Suddenly, with a tremendous roar, the shell cracks . . .

. . . and a squawking, demoniac bird emerges! He was chosen as Lunatick's mascot . . . for the intelligent gaze shining out of his dazed eyes . . .

. . . and his great flight instinct! His ability to ascend fantastic heights of two big inches into the air, and come down to perfect three-point landings.



He was chosen for his talented mimicry and supercilious sense of showmanship . . . "Ya little Cesar, feel? Ya wanna make somethin' outta it . . . ?"

Loony doesn't stop with impersonations . . . he's also Loony the Shakespearean scholar! "Ya little Caesar, feel? Wanna make somethin' outta it?"

His repertoire also includes graceful acrobatics and modern dances, so thrilling to behold and nearly excelling his conquest of flight . . . !



know of his intellect and wisdom; his astute investment of memory; Loony is able to bring you the finest talent available from the insane asylum.

Watch for Loony, on the covers of the future Lunatick! He's your only insurance against copycats, imitators and maitrely, inferior competitors!

Loony must terribly bore you now! But, don't worry! He'll figure a way to slake his hunger—Loony's also an escape artist and magician!