

SLIME, SWILL, AND POLITICS

JULY 1980

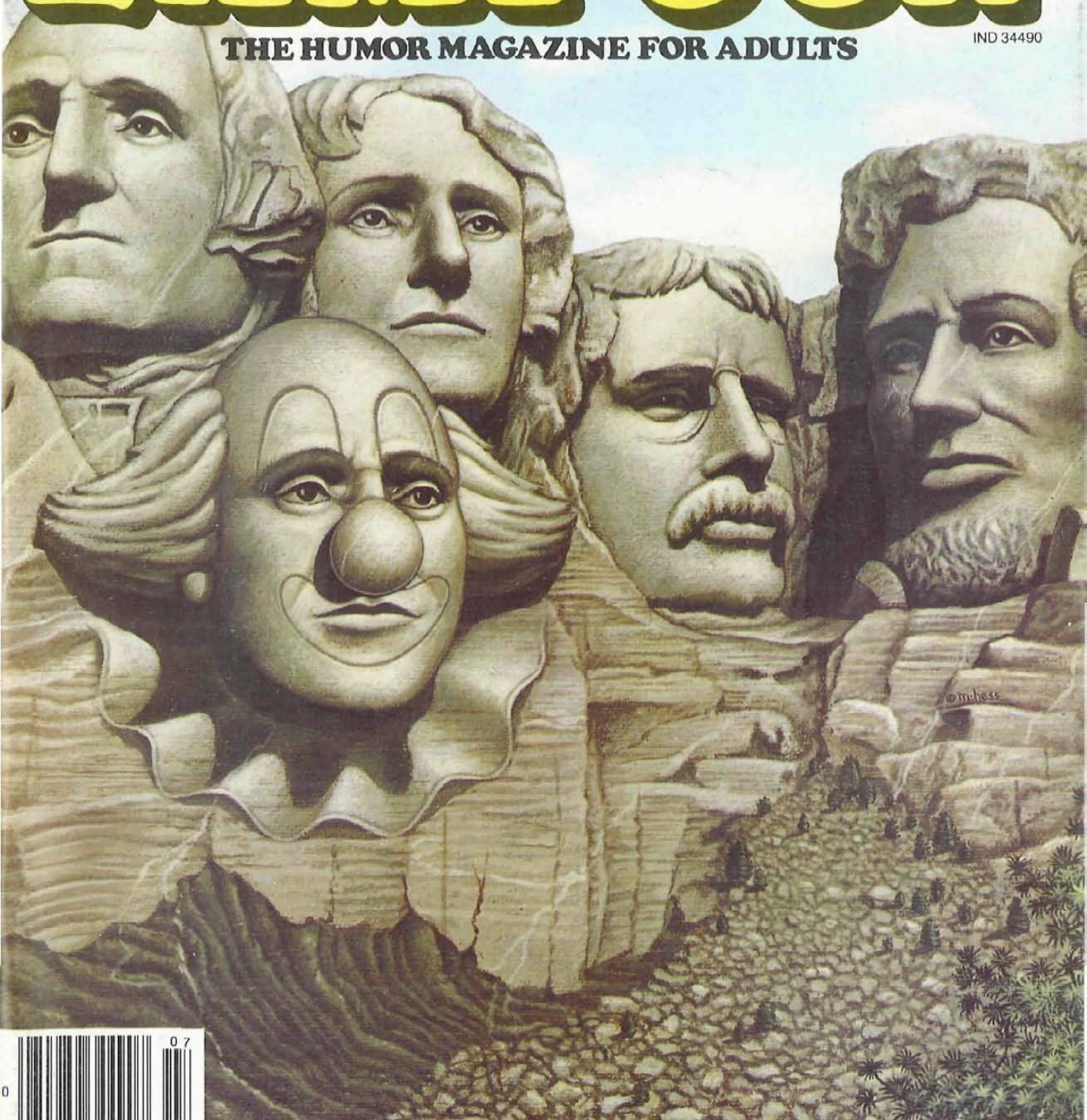
NATIONAL

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LAMPOON

THE HUMOR MAGAZINE FOR ADULTS

IND 34490



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How to convince yourself to buy a Kawasaki KE100 instead of a moped.*

So, you want to buy a moped. Did you know that for a few bucks more than some pedal-pushers, you can buy a real motorcycle? Yeah, a Kawasaki KE100. It's a lightweight that's easy for the street, and fun in the dirt. And it'll squeeze over 100**miles out of a gallon of gas. Practical? Think about it...

You're riding in a 35 mph zone—on a 30 mph moped. "Feets, don't fail me now!" But riding the KE is a breeze—even on hills. You can ride double on some steep grades that would stop a moped rider in his tracks.

Got the urge to play in the dirt?



A KE is good clean fun. It's got motorcycle suspension and full-size wheels and tires—not skinny-rib tires that only work on pavement.

Time for service? Don't be surprised to find your friendly moped dealer is now a disco fish market. Or that there's a six-month back order on left-handed spark plugs.

No such worry with a Kawasaki. There's always a dealer close by, and he'll be happy to show you a sensible alternative like the KE100.

If you're interested, check out the KE125 and 175, or even the KL250.



But a bike with pedals? Kawasaki doesn't believe in pushing them.

Kawasaki

Don't let the good times pass you by.



*Guess today what the price of gas will be on September 1, 1980, and you can win a KE125 free! See your participating Kawasaki dealer for details. No purchase necessary. Entries must be received by July 31, 1980. Void where prohibited by law.

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The only car tape that eliminates the car.

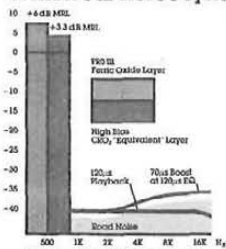


BASF PRO III is the only one for the road.

Today's more sophisticated car tape systems are every bit as good as many home sound systems—until you start your engine. Then, engine noise, wind, tire whine and car vibration all begin to compete with the sound of your stereo. Until now, the listening environment of a moving car was something less than a moving experience. PRO III has changed all that.

There's an "extra" in every cassette.

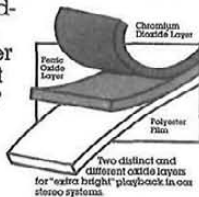
Since the playback equalization of most car stereo systems is 120- μ s, we designed PRO III at 70- μ s. This gives you an "extra brightness" during playback, and it gives your high frequencies an added boost that stand out dramatically above ambient car noise.



Two different layers make all the difference.

PRO III has two separate tape layers for peak performance even under the most difficult listening conditions. The top layer is pure chromium dioxide for unsurpassed highs and low background noise. The bottom layer is ferric oxide for superior lows and great

middle frequencies. And it also gives you higher recording levels, so you get clearer, louder playback without cranking up your volume control to compensate.



The guarantee of a lifetime.

Like every BASF Professional Tape, PRO III comes with a lifetime guarantee that covers everything. Should any BASF cassette tape ever fail for any reason, we'll replace it at no cost. PRO III also comes with our patented "Jam-Proof" Security Mechanism—a BASF exclusive that provides smooth, exact winding, alleviates wow and flutter, and puts an end to tape jamming.

Use a tape cassette that gets the most out of your car's sound system. Get the new PRO III from BASF—it's the car tape.



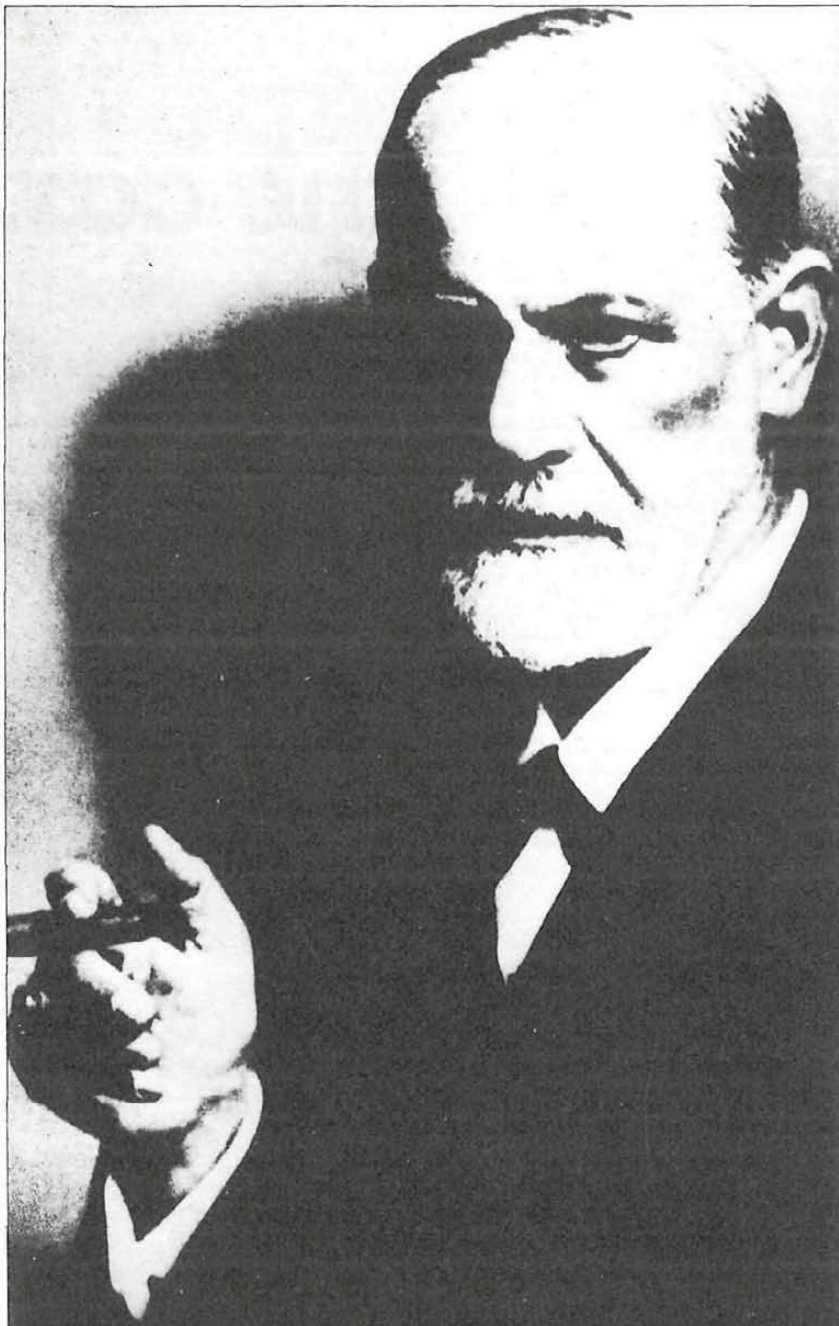
PRO I normal bias.
No tape can be recorded louder or driven harder.



PRO II high bias.
Extremely sensitive tape for the best and most demanding recordings.



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"Even if I were alive, I couldn't help him."

- Sigmund Freud



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The new Minolta Weathermatic-A lets you take pictures where you could never use an ordinary camera before.

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“Eighty-seven years ago the people who gave us our national roots initiated a socioeconomic system in the Western Hemisphere, the basic idea behind which was to promote personal freedom of choice and which was also intended to be non-discriminatory. At this point in time we are committed to a defensive-reactive policy vis-à-vis intra-jurisdictional military defense, and this policy thrust will positively or negatively substantiate the geopolitical staying power of governmental systems established along those lines here and elsewhere worldwide. Opposing forces have recently been engaged on terrain in this proximity. And a proposal has been made to inter nonviable casualties in this locale...”

—Abraham Lincoln



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A component system in disguise.

If you've always wanted component sound, Mitsubishi has the answer. Our new Auto Modules have all the advantages of component separates, yet feature all the conveniences of an in-dash system.

The CZ-747 with its super-compact chassis, contains the in-dash module tape transport and tuning sections. It features a Sendust head, metal tape bias switch and an electronic tuning system with memory, scan and auto-search. Time-of-day and tuning frequency are digitally displayed and both tape and FM feature Dolby® Noise Reduction.

There's also the CZ-692. It features five AM or five FM pushbutton tuning, Sendust head and metal tape



equalization. It too has Dolby® Noise Reduction on tape and FM sections.

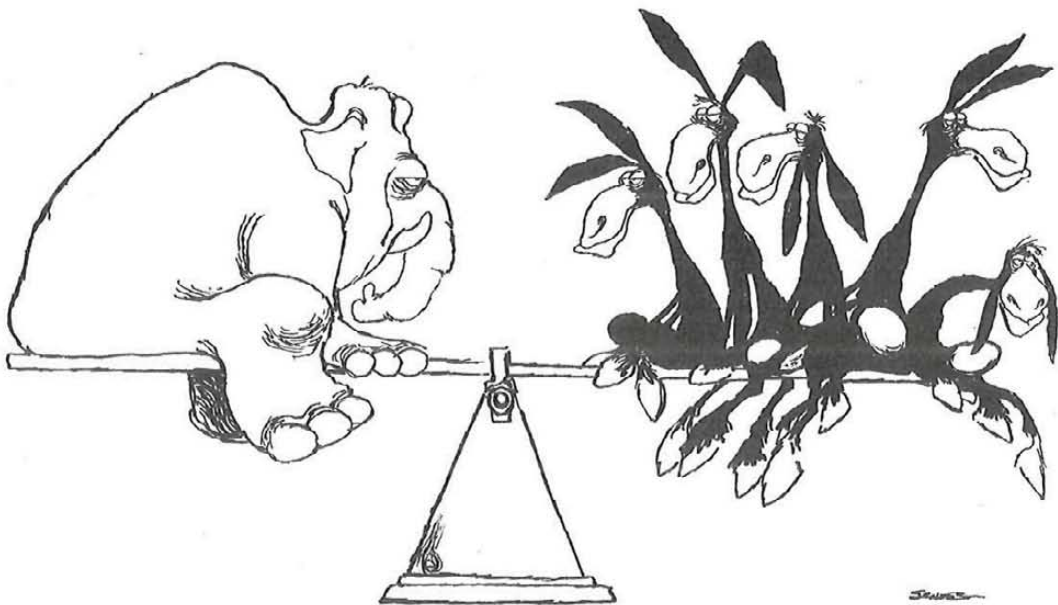
Add one of the Mitsubishi Power Modules to suit your power requirements. Our Power Modules are available in 8, 20 or 40 watts per channel.

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EDITORIAL

"What's that ruckus back there?" Mr. Murphy shouted over his shoulder as the sedan cruised along the shimmering hot highway that cut across the great Mojave Desert.

"The boys are just playing," Mrs. Murphy said as she adjusted the pillow beneath four-year-old Sally's head.

"Democrats are better than Republicans any day!" Jimmy Murphy argued with his best friend, Jeff Raymond, who'd been invited along on the Murphys' summer vacation to California.

"They are not!" Jeff shouted back.

"Are too!"

"Are not!"

"Knock it off!" Mr. Murphy bellowed.

"Dad?" Jimmy said, leaning over the front seat.

"Shh! Your sister's sleeping!" Mrs. Murphy scolded.

"Dad? Who's better, Democrats or Republicans?"

"Democrats," Mr. Murphy said, swerving to avoid a dead animal roasting on the road.

"See!" Jimmy said, sticking out his tongue at Jeff.

"They are not!" Jeff insisted.

"Dad?"

"Yeah?"

"Jeff thinks Republicans are better."

"Well, Jeff's wrong."

Jeff leaned forward and grabbed the front seat. "My dad says the country's

in such a mess because of the Democrats," he said.

"Your dad a Republican?" Mr. Murphy said, glancing over the seat.

"Uh-huh," Jeff said.

"Well, he's an asshole!" Mr. Murphy said.

"Hal!" Mrs. Murphy snapped.

"What kind of thing is that to say?"

"What about you, Jeff?" Mr. Murphy said. "What are you?"

"Um, I guess I'm a Republican too."

"Well, you're an asshole like your old man," Mr. Murphy said.

"Hal!"

"Well, it's the truth, Jean," Mr. Murphy said with a shrug of his shoulders.

Jimmy Murphy was laughing hysterically, holding his sides and stomping his feet in the foot wells.

"Just because someone believes in being a Republican isn't any reason to call him names, Mr. Murphy," Jeff said timidly.

"I can't think of a better reason to call someone names," Mr. Murphy chuckled. "As a matter of fact, I think it's probably a good excuse to beat the crap out of somebody!"

"Hal! I'm surprised at you!" Mrs. Murphy said.

"A lot of great men have been Republicans," Jeff said.

"Yeah? Like who, Nixon?"

"Abraham Lincoln, Dwight David Eisenhower..."

"Pffft!" Mr. Murphy spit. "That's a matter of opinion."

"You know what, Dad?" Jimmy said. "Jeff's dad voted for Ford!"

"Ha!" Mr. Murphy laughed.

"Bumbling fathead!"

"He's better than Carter!" Jeff barked.

"Whoooooaaaaa!" Mr. Murphy said, slamming on the brakes. The car swerved to a stop.

"Out!" Mr. Murphy yelled. "Out of my car!"

"What?!" Mrs. Murphy said with alarm. Little Sally sat up, rubbing her eyes.

"I'm not driving with a goddamned little smart-ass, elitist, better-than-thou Republican shit in my car!"

"I don't want to get out, Mr. Murphy," Jeff said in a quivering voice.

"Out!"

"Hal!" Mrs. Murphy said. "It's a hundred degrees outside. What's gotten into you? You can't be serious! This is the middle of the desert!"

"I've never been more serious in my life! Out!"

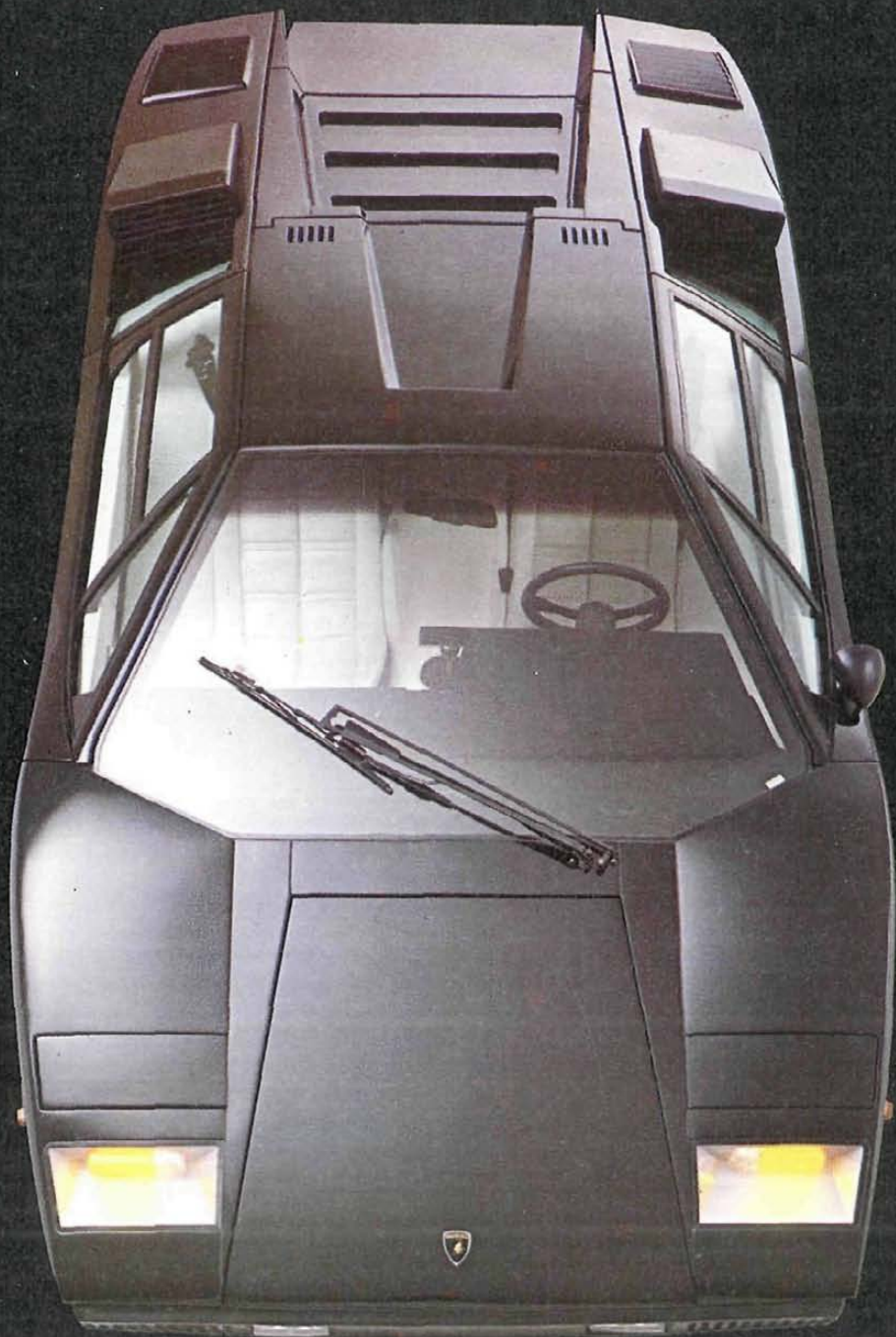
"Dad," Jimmy said. "Jeff'll die."

"Too bad, isn't it?" Mr. Murphy said, turning in his seat. "He should have thought of that before!"

"Mr. Murphy, please don't make me get out," Jeff said as tears welled up in his eyes.

continued on page 29

It would be a pity to put an ordinary car stereo
in a \$125,000 Lamborghini.



Instead, you'll find an Alpine Car Audio System as standard equipment, factory installed in each of their magnificent machines. Chosen by Lamborghini for its superior features and sound performance, Alpine offers a number of pure bred, high technology car audio

systems to make whatever you love to drive sound as good as it looks. For an audition, visit your Alpine dealer. He'll show you the extraordinary in car audio sound. Alpine Electronics of America, Inc., 3102 Kashiwa Street, Torrance, California 90505.

ALPINE
car audio systems

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Sirs:

I would like to clear up a few misconceptions before things get out of hand:

First of all, this is not my hair.

Second, I fart a lot.

Third, after I come, which is barely half the time, I always roll over and fall asleep.

Please pass these facts on to any women you know.

Robert Redford

Sirs:

How you are liking it now, big country with much mouth but little behind? No more are being proud to step step step with guns over food-stuffs for the tiny people, now without petrol, ha? Could it be your mothers don the footwear of soldier men? And not just without petrol. We are in your restaurants training for our busboys to do things in the soup.

A former gook,

Getting a college education
on your money

Sirs:

I just have to get this off my chest, I have to tell someone, I can't hold it any longer, it's eating me up. I can tell when it's live and when it's on tape. Any fool could.

Ella Fitzgerald, On Tour

Sirs:

Wow. I wish I'd been a teenager in the sixties. You must have had so much fun, what with never going to classes, and staying out as late as you wanted, and sleeping with whoever you wanted, and wearing those cute short skirts, and flowers, and saying those cute words, like "groovy" and "out-a-sight," and "jamming" in the park all the time with "right on" people like Janis Joplin and Jimi Hendrix, and drinking all that strawberry wine. All we have is Perrier and Ted Nugent. And he's not even dead.

Kathi

Plymouth School for Girls
Detroit, Mich.

Sirs:

How come God doesn't take me out of my misery?

Desi Arnaz
Hollywood

Sirs:

Boo!

Boy, I sure scared you!

John Carpenter
Hollywood, Cal.

Sirs:

I must write to say "three cheers" for the new trustees of the Jenkins Sportsman's Fund. Through their efforts the Fire Island Grand Slam Trophy will be offered once more!

Those familiar with the fund's history remember that it was established in 1945 by the late Col. William Reefers Jenkins, USMC, Ret., a national hero decorated for valor in action on Guadalcanal and Iwo Jima. Upon returning home, that brilliant fighting leatherneck was bitterly disappointed when his son, George Armstrong Jenkins, refused to enlist in the Corps, because the uniforms were "tacky." In a fit of rage, the colonel shot his son and two of his son's friends, Kevin Spimm and Ricky Lee Frakers, at their Fire Island bungalow.

Before going to prison, Colonel Jenkins established the fund that bears his name. Its purpose is to provide the prize money (\$10,000) and a perpetual trophy for those outdoorsmen able to successfully complete the Fire Island Grand Slam.

The rules are very simple:

1. Entrants must be ex-marines who have seen combat.

2. Entrants must use a service model M1911-A1 .45-caliber automatic.

3. Entrants must find and dispatch a male Pekingese dog on the premises of three beauty salons that contain the word "Mr." in their names.

4. Each salon must be in a different city.

5. The cities must be at least 250 miles apart.

6. Entrants must attain this feat within a twenty-four-hour period.

It's my fond hope that we will soon have Vietnam vets striving for the same glorious trophy so many of us from War Deuce dreamed of.

Maj. Roger "Dodger" Fencile,
USMC, Ret.
Fort Worth, Tex.

Sirs:

I'm looking for the opening of a new supermarket, deli, dry cleaner, or something. Anywhere. I haven't done a personal appearance in days.

Bob "I don't need the money
but I'll take it anyway" Hope

Sirs:

Has anyone heard of any more decent publications I can buy and turn into trash?

Rupert Murdoch
c/o New York Post,
New York, NY



"It's my ears, Doc. I can't move them. They're...they're paralyzed!"

continued on page 16

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STARRING ROBERT HAYS & JULIE HAGERTY EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS JIM ABRAHAMS DAVID ZUCKER JERRY ZUCKER PRODUCED BY JON DAVISON
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PG PARENTAL GUIDANCE SUGGESTED
SOME MATERIAL MAY NOT BE SUITABLE FOR CHILDREN



OPENS IN JULY AT A THEATRE NEAR YOU.
Check Local Newspapers.

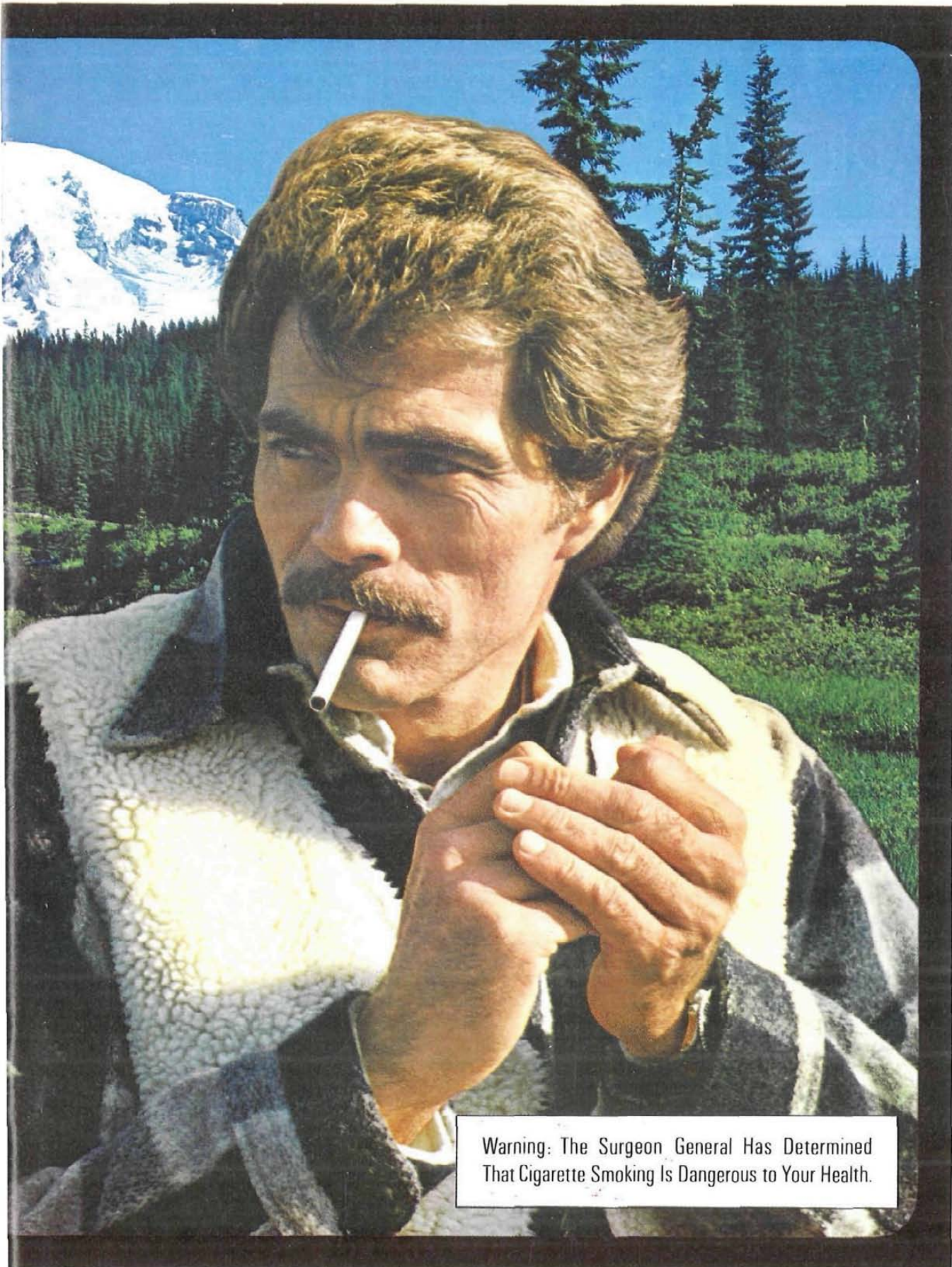
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**Light mountain breezes.
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KING: 16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine, 100's: 20 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '79.



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



Happy birthday, America! Hey! It's July and a big month for Hot Tubbers! It's the beginning of the official Company Picnic Season (15th), Digital Watch Month, Walk-to-Work Day (29th), Solar Sunday (20th), and Stewardess Week (7th-13th)... **The Clean Scene!** Okay, a big problem a lot of us have is how to hand over a wad of dirty clothes to a cute-looking laundry clerk. Scuzzy scivvies, BO marks on shirts, stiff socks, yellow jocks—boy, it's embarrassing! She has to touch it and ticket it, and you feel like a meat loaf trying to make the move on her over a pile of filth. I recommend that you find a laundry with a skag clerk or a Chinaman and use that place for your apparel. Use the other laundry for things like drapes and bathroom rugs.... **Break the Ice!** A couple of sensational new opening lines: "Are

you going to see the Blues Brothers' movie?" and "Heineken is the number-one-selling imported beer." If that fails, drop the old "I think sex is a two-way street" line.... **On the Fashion Beat!** Confusion reigns in the World of Belts and Handkerchiefs! These perennial accessories are driving guys bird doo! Belts! Okay, white is out unless you're going to a Halloween party dressed as your dad. The skinny little ones that wrap around twice and look like the Indian belts you had as a kid look real sharp, but they are made for homosexuals—not for you! The fat jobs with the "Coors" belt buckles are stinko, too. What's left? The kind that college guys wear with the stripes on them and, as far as The Hot Tub can tell, the regular leather or leatherette ones will do the trick! As for handkerchiefs...well, what gives? A pocketful of yuck is a turn-off in any fashion book and has been since the sixties, but the cool-looking hankies that match your underwear ensemble are in. Don't use them for a blow, though, because they are made of polycloth and *do not absorb!*... **Nose Hair!** It's ugly! Don't pluck it—it hurts like the dickens! Don't snip it—it'll grow back thicker and blacker! Don't try to get your Atra razor up there—that's asking for a trip to the emergency room! Do tuck them inside with your Cross

pen before social events.... **Pillow Chat!** "Faking Orgasm, Part IV": Lay on top of her and breathe deeply. Whisper in her ear, "Yes, yes, baby. That was so fine!"... **The Birthday Beat!** Finding a birthday present for a girl is tough work. Do you go cute, clever, sexy, straight? Here are a few exciting new suggestions! A share of *Playboy* stock... a real oil painting of her car... a donation in her name to the Help the Coyote Foundation... free hypnosis sessions... a new bedspread in her favorite colors... a pair of sexy underpants for every year she's been alive!... **On the Prowl!** Sexy ladies are not to be found this month in Iran (it's against the law over there for a girl to raise a fella's "flag"), South Bend, Indiana (weird case of mass, simultaneous menstruation in that burg has the fillies out of commission and in a *bad mood!*), or at Rinkle's, one of The Hot Tub's favorite Milwaukee night spots. The classy vixens have been replaced by gay men. That's a shame. Rinkle's pioneered the idea of eating peanuts off the floor and tossing the shells on the tables. Nifty idea!... **Where Are the Foxes?** At the *racquetball clubs!* At the *supermarkets!* At the *fabric stores* and *Singer Sewing Centers!*... Guys who work part-time at H & R Block tax offices are reporting that saving the ladies a few bucks on their taxes opens up doors! Let's hope they're bedroom doors!... "Born-again" bachelors are *not* getting laid *anywhere!* Keep the church and the bedroom separate for maximum score for your dinner dollar!... The results for the Six Wildest Guys in the World Contest are in. Stay tuned for the Big Announcement. Practicing your dance steps in the mirror is okay, but don't tell anyone.... Chuck V. writes from St. Louis: "I love to whirlpool with my dates, but no matter how careful I am, I always accidentally take a leak because of the water temperature. What can I do?" I suppose it would be worse in the sauna, but let's see what our readers have to say. Can we help Chuck?... **Hip Food!** MVP Sports Gum! Herb Salad Dressing! Dinner in the First-Class Section of a Jet! Bacon Crumbled Up on Your Soup! 100 Percent Natural Corn Chips and Organic Dip! Barbecued Fish! Löwenbrau!... Our Sex and Relationships consultant informs me that licking a girl's ear does not have any effect on her. "It just sounds like a cow eating," says Dr. Jill Dormer. What does Jill recommend? "Jewelry!"... **Good Gear!** How do you like those Videodisks? If you can lay



your paws on one of those babies, you are cruisin' with cool, yes sir! *Jaws*, *Prisoner of Zenda*, it's all there in crisp, clear pictures. Plus, you can stop, slo mo, back up! It's definitely a *must buy* for July! Hot Tubbers report that they are as scarce as girls who will dish up HJ. Have you gotten your Big Screen TV yet? The World Series is just around the corner. Also nifty on the Big Screen is...home porno! Gross? You bet your Visa card! More about that later... **Warning!** Nylon suits manufactured by Euro-Star, Ltd., are flammable and can be very dangerous—especially if you dance and smoke!...**Vocabulary Watch!** It's not "pot" anymore—it's "Colombian"!... Keep an eye on bacteria. No more than four hours of paddle tennis on one jock!... Condos are in.... Al R. of North Hollywood, California, wants to know if it's perverted to enjoy looking at the hair that sticks out of women's bathing suits at the beach. What do you think?... Meet Miss July (see photo). She's Kathy Dernicutt

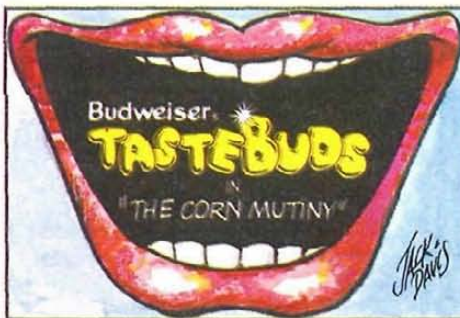


Miss Hot Tub, July, 1980

and she works for American Cylinder in Akron, Ohio. She's twenty-one and a "nut for bean sprouts and men who know how to jog!" Kathy lists her favorite drink as a "Purple People Eater." She likes sex that's "good and personal." What kind of guy turns her on? "My boyfriend." What would you

talk about with Kathy if you went out with her? "The Film, dancing, and women who work at their jobs and get paid like men but are still feminine!" Kathy and her Hot Tubber boyfriend, Ron Bundt, Jr., will receive a complimentary afternoon at the Ramada Inn of their choice, a case of Ready-to-Drink Rum 'n' Cola from Cocktails to Go, a free necktie from the Johnny Carson Collection, and a sexy solid-gold-filled Marilyn Chambers® Waist-lette. Let's hear about your Love Piece. Write: The Hot Tub, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. (Photo must accompany all letters. Photos will not be returned.)

Next Time: "Using the Bathroom at Her Place!" "What to Think About While You Jog!" "Cutting Your Hair Like a TV Newsmen!" Plus: exercises to make your belly button not seem so deep, a special report on what women in Canada do in bed, and the latest on snoring. Until then, keep your life at 100 degrees. Catch you on the rebound!



WALDO THE TALKING PORCH'S REAL ESTATE MAILBAG



Dear Waldo:

I am a three-bedroom Cape Cod in a postwar development and I sold new for \$6,000 in 1948. My first owner worked in the Ford plant and paid for me before he drank himself to death. In 1968 his widow sold me for \$20,000 and figured she had made a bundle, but things just got tougher for me.

A truck driver bought me. He worked a lot of overtime while his old lady pigged out on chocolate and his kid squirreled away stolen hubcaps in a bedroom closet no one ever cleaned. They weren't very big on maintenance either.

So I was very happy when they sold me recently to a young married couple

with no children and four jobs between them. I cost \$55,000 this time, and the wife's parents loaned them the \$15,000 down payment. Now this guy is totally broke, and every time he has to miss a payment he skips the installment to his in-laws. He figures they aren't about to foreclose on him.

What he doesn't know is that they think he's a jerk who should never have married their daughter in the first place, let alone have missed the loan payments. They want to have him bumped off so their little girl can get a fresh start. She thinks it's a good idea, too, and can hardly wait to get back to the discos.

Meanwhile, my paint is peeling, my water pipes are corroding, and my current owners are about to sell in a hurry. Not only that, all the families moving in around here lately speak ungrammatical Spanish and consist of between ten and twenty-four people.

What do you think I should do?

Sincerely,
A Worried Cape Cod

Dear Worried:

Don't worry! There's joy in going

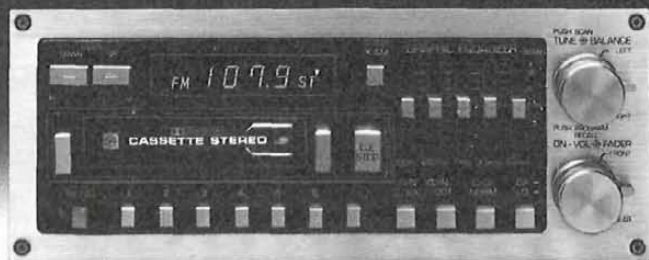
Latin! I once had a friend go through the same change now confronting you, and it worked out just fine. In fact, he had been an uptight clapboard colonial, but he shed his inhibitions and became a rakish stucco-sided hybrid. He even liked his paved front yard with the little statue of the Virgin Mary and the three fat gas-sucking cars parked on what used to be his lawn. "It's all in your attitude," he used to tell me before he burned down in a Saturday night party fight. Too bad about that.

But you will learn to appreciate lots of new things, deep red lipstick, for instance, and concealed weapons. You'll come to love bullfight posters and paintings on velvet of Che Guevara and Freddy Prinze. And, oh those funny bean smells!

You will be buoyed by a flamenco paint job and kept in shape by all the relatives who will inhabit your most remote corners. (You'll love all the company, as long as they don't overwhelm your basic facilities!)

And remember this: If the Latin hordes are here already, can the new urban chic be far behind? Buck up, buddy! Everything's going to be maravilloso!

Waldo



The Dashboard Wizard.TM Before, there was only car stereo.

Put aside everything you've been told about car stereo.

The Dashboard Wizard is with us! This in-dash preamp combination system will transform your car. The precise digital electronic tuner memorizes 7 AM and 7 FM stations, searches up, searches down, scans, and even tells you the time.

His auto-reverse cassette deck accommodates chrome and metal tapes. His five-band graphic equalizer lets you match the music to your car. And with Dolby* on both FM and tape, hiss has definitely become a thing of the past.

Any resemblance to ordinary car stereo is a figment of your imagination.

Fujitsu Ten: The best sound on wheels.



FUJITSU TEN CORP. OF AMERICA
19281 Pacific Gateway Drive, Torrance, CA 90502
In Canada: Noresco Canada Inc., Ontario

*Dolby is the trademark of
Dolby Laboratories, Inc.

Dear Waldo:

I'm only a garage, but I do park three cars, and I was recently subdivided away from a twenty-five-acre estate on Long Island. Do you think I stand a chance of being renovated into a real house?

Very truly yours,
Hopeful Garage

Dear Hopeful:

Oh, my, things are certainly looking up for you, aren't they? Not only do you stand a good chance of being renovated into a real house, you're likely to find yourself in the pages of Home magazine. Maybe even on the cover! That's right, you could be poised for that long step from lowly service outbuilding to big-time celebrity structure! Aren't you excited?

And it won't hurt much. Oh, they'll probably tear up your roof to install solar panels and pry up some siding to spray insulation between your walls. It will be uncomfortable for a while, but hang in there. Instead of two Cadillacs and a Rolls, you'll have a belly full of expensive Italian furniture and high-priced investment art! And in case you miss the cars, you'll probably have a Porsche

parked outside to keep you company.

Yessiree, I think you're about to become a truly elite household, that is unless they tear you down to make room for one of those redwood and glass monsters the fags in the Hamptons build.

Keep us posted!

Waldo

Dear Waldo:

I've always enjoyed a good joke—you know, slamming doors, tossing dishes out of the cabinets, that sort of thing. My owner always got a kick out of it. He used to tell his friends about me, even bring them over to watch sometimes. I just loved giving them a show.

Well, ever since my owner murdered his wife with an axe and drowned himself in the bathtub, my jokes have been sort of backfiring on me. Now I have to put up with all kinds of priests, psychics, and weirdos who mumble incantations, sprinkle holy water around, and even sit cross-legged in the living room overnight.

If these creeps don't leave me alone, I'm going to roll the piano over one of them to set an example. Do you think that would be the right thing to do under the circumstances?

Sincerely,
A Troubled Colonial in Louisville

Dear Troubled:

Most houses content themselves with letting a little water into the cellar or shedding a few shingles to express themselves. You stepped over the line a long time ago with the door-slamming, plate-throwing histrionics. You may as well go for broke now.

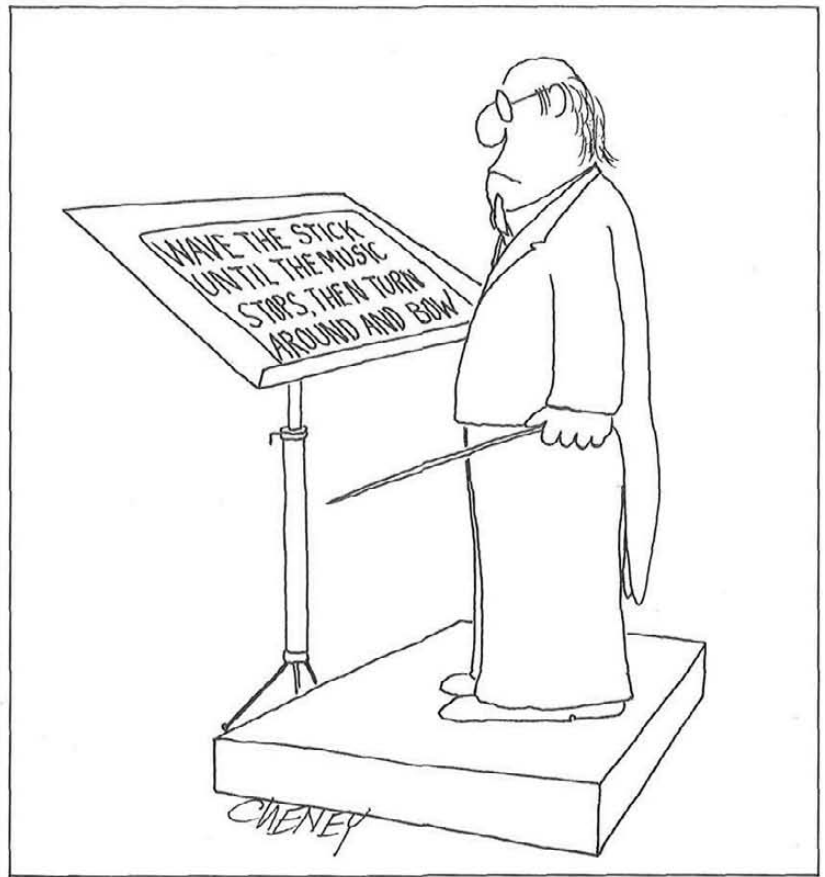
Sure, roll the piano over whomever gets in range. Drop a chandelier on 'em, too. Attract as much attention to yourself as you can. Go for notoriety. You could be the subject of a book or a movie and thereafter become a kind of collector's home. It isn't the easiest life for a house, but you could do a lot worse.

If you decide not to go all the way, people will whisper about the tacky murder/suicide in your past and you won't get any credit for it. That way you'll be perennially underpriced. There's no telling who might move in if you haven't got a hefty price tag to keep out the riffraff.

Better a well-financed weirdo than riffraff, right?

Go for it!

Waldo



LETTERS

continued from page 8

Sirs:

Thought you'd love some really funny fat-girl jokes, so here goes: Why did the fat girl cross the road? To get to the other side, where there was a McDonald's.

Rick Tinsley
East Chicago, Ind.

Sirs:

Girls do not have a monopoly on fat. The same disgusting, gross ridicule can apply to boys as well. How about giving equal time to fat-boy jokes? Like: How many fat boys does it take to fill the Yankee Stadium? One.

Sheila Crimmins
Akron, Ohio

Sirs:

Miss, or Ms., Crimmins can't take a little joke. Fat-girl jokes are in the same category as gorilla jokes or pope jokes or Italian jokes: they have nothing to do with individual women but with the *abstract idea* of Fat Women. So... What did the fat girl wear to the

prom? A one-size-fits-all formal parachute. And by the way, fuck you, Sheila.

Rick Tinsley
East Chicago, Ind.

Sirs:

Fuck you, too, Rick. And your whole family. Do you know what fat boys do for fun? They eat. And do you know what they do when they're not eating? Buying food for another meal.

Sheila Crimmins
Akron, Ohio

Sirs:

Enough of this nice-guy shit. Why do fat girls wear suspenders? Suspenders? Those aren't suspenders. They're stretch marks! Top that one, owl face.

Rick Tinsley
East Chicago, Ind.

Sirs:

Rick, I am not going to play your game and sink to your slimy level any longer. I am going to find you and sit on you until you die.

Sheila Crimmins
Akron, Ohio

Sirs:

I think, perhaps, America will be singing a different tune now that apartments are going for two-thirds of an average monthly income! Yes. It was a big yuk in the thirties when Buster Keaton got whapped by a fold-up bed. Oh, ha, ha, rang out the chorus of blighted ignorance across the land. And now when you need us again, do we wait for a kickback? Do we look down our noses from a pinnacle? We do not. We leave our fold-up cabinets and answer the nation's cry, racking up a 15 percent increase in sales at up to \$525 a pop. Mr. Average America won't make fun of us anymore.

William K. Murphy
Murphy Door Beds Co., Inc.

Sirs:

My husband writes sad love songs for a living. And I've got a question that maybe you'll know the answer to. What I want to know is, are they *all* about me?

Mrs. J.D. Souther
Los Angeles, Cal.

continued on page 18

BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY

To follow up a first album as hot as "Strange Man, Changed Man" the pressure is on. On their new album, **PRESSURE** Bram Tchaikovsky keeps the high energy turned up full and proves they work best under "Pressure." "Pressure." Bram Tchaikovsky keeps it up. On Polydor/Radar Records and Tapes.

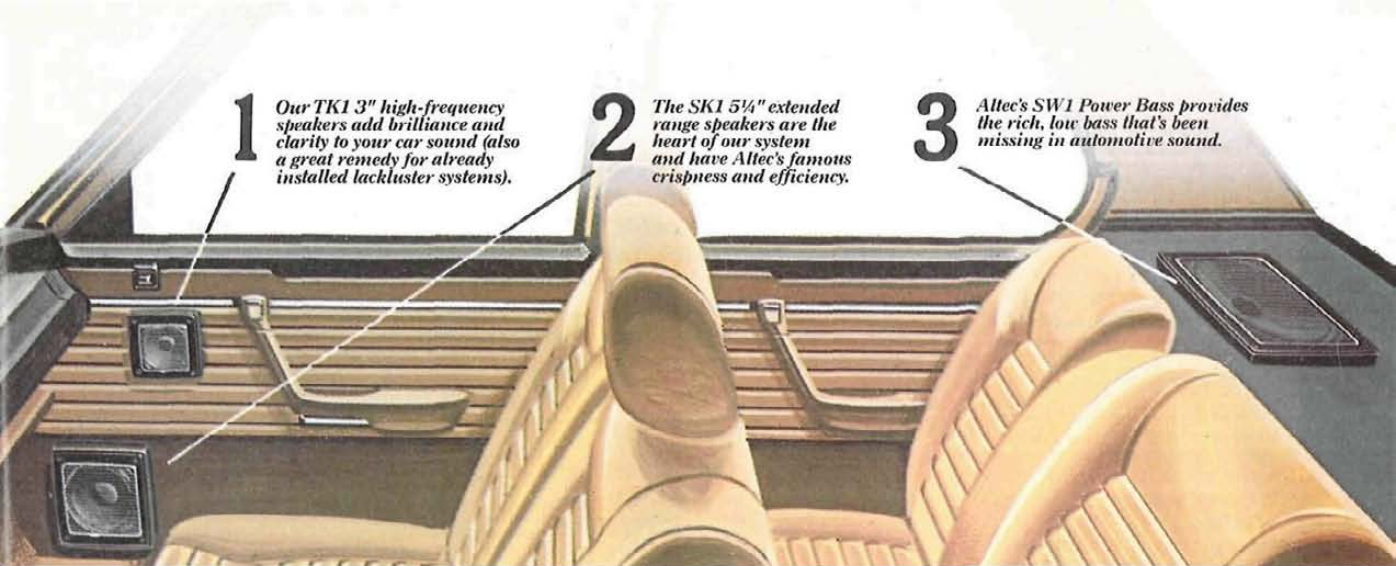
BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY
PRESSURE

The Tchaikovsky Tour:
Jun 12 Oklahoma City, OK
Jun 13 Dallas, TX
Jun 14 San Antonio, TX
Jun 15 Beaumont, TX
Jun 17 McAllen, TX
Jun 18 Austin, TX
Jun 19 Houston, TX
Jun 20 Wichita Falls, TX
Jun 21 Lubbock, TX
Jun 22 Midland, TX
Jun 23 Corpus Christi, TX
Jun 25 New Orleans, LA

Polydor POLYDOR INCORPORATED
A POLYGRAM COMPANY

radar

Give the gift of music.



1 Our TK1 3" high-frequency speakers add brilliance and clarity to your car sound (also a great remedy for already installed lackluster systems).

2 The SK1 5 1/4" extended range speakers are the heart of our system and have Altec's famous crispness and efficiency.

3 Altec's SW1 Power Bass provides the rich, low bass that's been missing in automotive sound.

INCREDIBLE CAR SOUND IN THREE EASY STEPS. AND ONE HARD ONE.



4 Suggested retail price.

Let's break all rules and get to the hard one first. Number four: \$350 for a complete car stereo speaker system. Gulp. But considering what you paid for the stereo in your dash, if you don't have good speakers, all that money is simply wasted.

Before we get to number one, a word about our whole Voice of the Highway™ system (the ALI). It's extremely modular. So much so, you can buy any part of it and enhance what you've got now. Of course, it's best to get it all and listen to car stereo as it's supposed to sound. A system designed exclusively for the road, but engineered to rival the one in your living room.

Now to number one, a pair of TK1 3" high frequency drivers that deliver the highest highs you've heard in car stereo. It's a dimension other speaker systems just don't have.

Just as essential, number two, our SK1 5 1/4" speakers. Designed for extended range and for fitting in where nothing else will. The sound? It's what made Altec famous: clean, clear and tight.

Number three is a unique requirement: the SW1 Power Bass™. A self-powered subwoofer that fills out the entire system, improves its dynamic range and reduces distortion. Its unique die-cast structure contains a 40-watt amplifier, electronic crossover, balanced inputs and an active equalizer. And the results are dramatic. (Or you can add the Power Bass to your existing speakers for \$219.95 and still get great sound.)

Now back to number four, our \$350 item. If you want true car stereo, super efficiency and clear performance (not just so much noise on the road), you have to give our Voice of the

Highway™ a listen. We believe it's the only speaker truly designed for the car. (And when it's installed by an authorized dealer, we'll guarantee it for as long as you own the car).

In addition to our ALI system, we also have an incredible set of 6" x 9" Duplex speakers. They're ideal for all cars with severe space limitations, because they easily mount into a door. They also can be used with the ALI system or are available themselves at \$159.95 per pair.

LISTEN. FREE GAS.

Just to get you to listen, we'll pay for your gas money. Take this ad to your car stereo dealer, listen to the speakers, and we'll send you \$2 for gas money, whether you buy or not. (See your local Altec Lansing dealer for complete details.)

So when it comes down to the four steps, all of them are really easy to take. One at a time, or all at once. Including the last one. It won't be so hard, once you really listen. Hear Altec's Voice of the Highway™ today and end up driving a real bargain. For the name of your local dealer, call toll-free (800) 528-6050, Ext. 731; in Arizona (800) 352-0458.



Voice of the Highway™

"Most cassettes are afraid of me!"

-Stevie Wonder-

A lot of cassette makers have probably considered asking Stevie's opinion about their performance. But he's such a perfectionist, they may have been scared off.

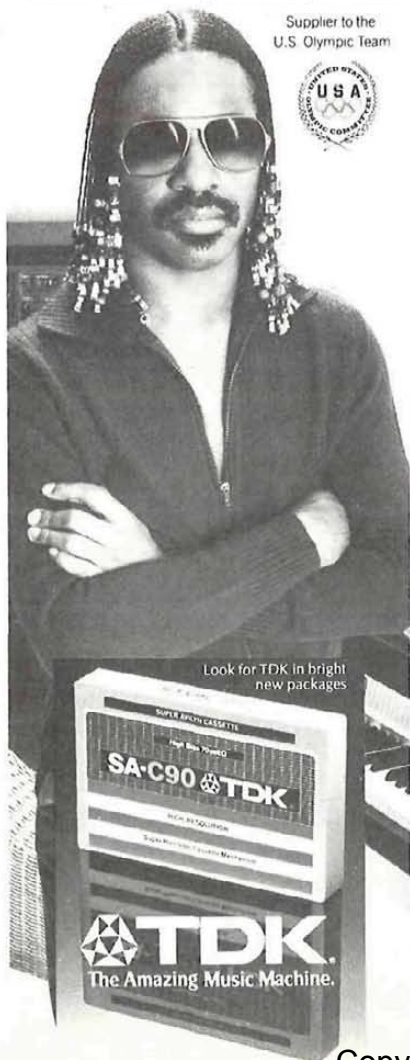
Not TDK. TDK SA's Super Avilyn magnetic particle revolutionized high bias cassette music. No rock is too hot to handle. Classical music keeps all of its dynamic range. Jazz sizzles without a hiss. There's headroom for all the challenge and drama of music.

For Stevie, "It's a little music machine that delivers the best sound, for its size, I've ever heard." There's good reason. Its 250 components are checked thousands of times; 1,117 checkpoints for the shell alone. And SA is guaranteed a lifetime.* Enough to please any perfectionist.

* In the unlikely event that any TDK cassette ever fails to perform due to a defect in materials or workmanship simply return it to your local dealer or to TDK for a free replacement.

©1980 TDK Electronics Corp., Garden City, N.Y. 11530

Supplier to the
U.S. Olympic Team



LETTERS

continued from page 16

Sirs:

There's nothing about an Aqua Velva man that an Oil of Olay woman or a New Freedom lady couldn't cure over a nice Pouilly-Fousse '72 and a terrific blowjob.

Thanks, I needed that.

Pete "Mr. Hustle" Rose
Somewhere in the National League,
Looking for my next hit, USA

Sirs:

The students in the third grade at the Good Times Day School recently voted "Talking Tits" as their favorite part of *National Lampoon*. Keep up the good work.

Laurie Phillips
President, Third Grade
Good Times Day School
Greenwich Village, NY

Sirs:

We want to share our incredibly righteous life-style with the benighted masses who might stumble in their bestial manner upon the pages of this polluting puppet of mass mind poisoning. Eat only big, beautiful berries and the unaugmented brew of the rosehip shadow. Do not under any circumstances pluck the sacrosanct body of a tender plant, as it has a right to a life of its own.

Do not add to the world's overpopulation and agony by reproducing yourselves. We have chosen not to. Who can guarantee that our "beautiful progeny" will not be ambushed by the omnipresent corrupting forces of television, invisible beams bombarding us from outer space, and the unspeakable sight of people feeding the flesh of living soy protein to their decadent household pets. If you happen across a starved deer dead in the forest, bury it and place human hair on its grave so that no animal may degrade itself feasting upon its innocent body.

You have an enormous responsibility to the society from which you have detached yourself. Do not allow this to poison your mind into accepting the human life cycle. Do not die! If you find this unavoidable, do not allow yourself to decay in any manner, as this might pollute the water table.

Yours in our wisdom,
Helen and Scott
Helen-and-Scottsville

Somewhere Above the Teeming Crowd
PS: Some have written and asked us how we deal with the fact that millions

seminate our wisdom. We have never given it a thought. Have a nice decade.

Sirs:

I am a lone male, age twenty-three, and I want to hear from white women with perky nipples. I have killed a man. I am now in Rahway Prison in New Jersey. Oops, is this the *Village Voice*? I'm awful sorry, man.

Millard Franklin Pierce
At the Only Typewriter, NJ

Sirs:

Sure, you all know me as the brilliant writer of stories about European Jewry—the *shtetls*, the pogroms, earlocked Hasidim wrangling with dybbuks and the Evil One. I mean, that's what I won the Nobel Prize for Literature for, nu? But, what I'll bet you didn't know is that I do a great impression of Barry Fitzgerald. Wanna hear it. Okay. Let me clear my throat.... "Oh, and I raimember when I was a wee *cheder* boyo, and me sainted mairther would make *challa* for the Sabbath before trundlin' off to the ritual bath...che, che, che..." There. Not bad, right?

Isaac Bashevis Singer
Any Hadassah
Anytime

Sirs:

After extensive research on the increase in teenage pregnancies, we have concluded that the major reason for them is the increase in teenage fucking.

William H. and Virginia E. Johnson
Saint Louis, Mo.

Sirs:

One thing you can't hide is when you're crippled inside.

John Lennon
The Dakota and other residences
New York, NY

Sirs:

Just because I like to wear a woman's blouse doesn't necessarily mean that I'm gay. I happen to be left-handed and find it much easier to button. Besides, the guys in the band look so macho in their outfits, I felt I needed my own identity, especially when I was on Merv Griffin.

Jacques Morali
Writer and Producer for
the Village People
Greenwich Village, NYC

Sirs:

I don't mean to make the reader perspire,
But the German, I fear, we must really admire.
He kills himself six million Jews
And sells Mercedeses to six million two.
Perhaps we should give the German a hand,
Or let him keep Sudetenland.

Ogden Nash

Minor Poet Heaven

PS—Now that I'm dead I can write really nasty stuff like this instead of iambic kilometer quatrains about women buying hats.

Sirs:

There is no frigate like a Sony
Betamax.

Emily Dickinson
Sherman Oaks, Cal.

Sirs:

You think you have problems. For years I've tried to run a nice, quiet practice—you know, a few hernias, the odd gall bladder. But all I ever get are outrageously dressed darkies complaining of things like "love-itis" and "boogie fever" and "rockin' pneumonia." Well, they never told us how

to treat that stuff at Johns Hopkins, but since I'm not one of these guys who bops such dimwits a few times with a mallet, pumps fifty units of glucose in their arm, and hits them for fifty bucks a visit, I just sort of speak their language, saying something like, "There ain't no cure." This sends them away ecstatic. Once I was out of the office when one of them came in, and, by mistake, my nurse gave him a note that I had intended for another patient, a young mother who had recently given her child up for adoption. Well, he read the letter, which said, "You've got to get your baby back and everything will be all right," then he plunked down a grand and beat it. Crazy coons.

Doctor Love
Motown, Mich.

Sirs:

Have you noticed that most blind people are terrible dressers? Someone ought to introduce them to high-fashion boutiques and designer-label stuff. They really look awful in those plain dresses and mismatched polyester plaid jackets and pants.

Terry Spiff,
Madison Avenue, NY

Sirs:

Sure, lotsa people say dancers are sissies, but how many eighty-year-old boxers or football players do you know who can even count, let alone stir the pudding?

Fred Astaire
Beverly Hills, Cal.

Sirs:

I'm a female graduate student who's eager to serve her country, but I'm pretty busy studying for my biochem final right now and I just don't have time to get drafted. I'd like to make up for this somehow, so if you know anybody in the government, you can tell them that if they'll crate up one of those Russians who are invading Afghanistan and ship him to North Carolina State, I'll kill him with chloroform in the lab.

Karen Perkins
Raleigh, NC

Sirs:

What's all the big noise about battered wives? My husband batters me every Friday night. Then he deep fries me and eats me. I love it.

Charlene Meyers
Coral Gables, Fla.

continued on page 93

Total control for the total system.

For those who want comprehensive control over their stereo system, MXR offers its System Preamp.

The MXR System Preamp provides the ultimate in versatile, distortion-free system control. For the first time, the home stereo enthusiast has the signal routing flexibility previously restricted to recording engineers, with exceptional sonic integrity.

The System Preamp lets you route two simultaneous signal sources independently to a monitor channel, tape output, or power amp and speakers. A Mix control blends the two signals and permits fading from one source to another, and a versatile instrument input enables electronic instruments and microphones to be amplified and blended with program material.

The MXR System Preamp is housed in an attractive, black anodized enclosure with solid walnut end pieces and 3½" (h) x 19" (l) x 6" (d) dimensions for convenient placement in any stereo set-up. Rack ears are also available.

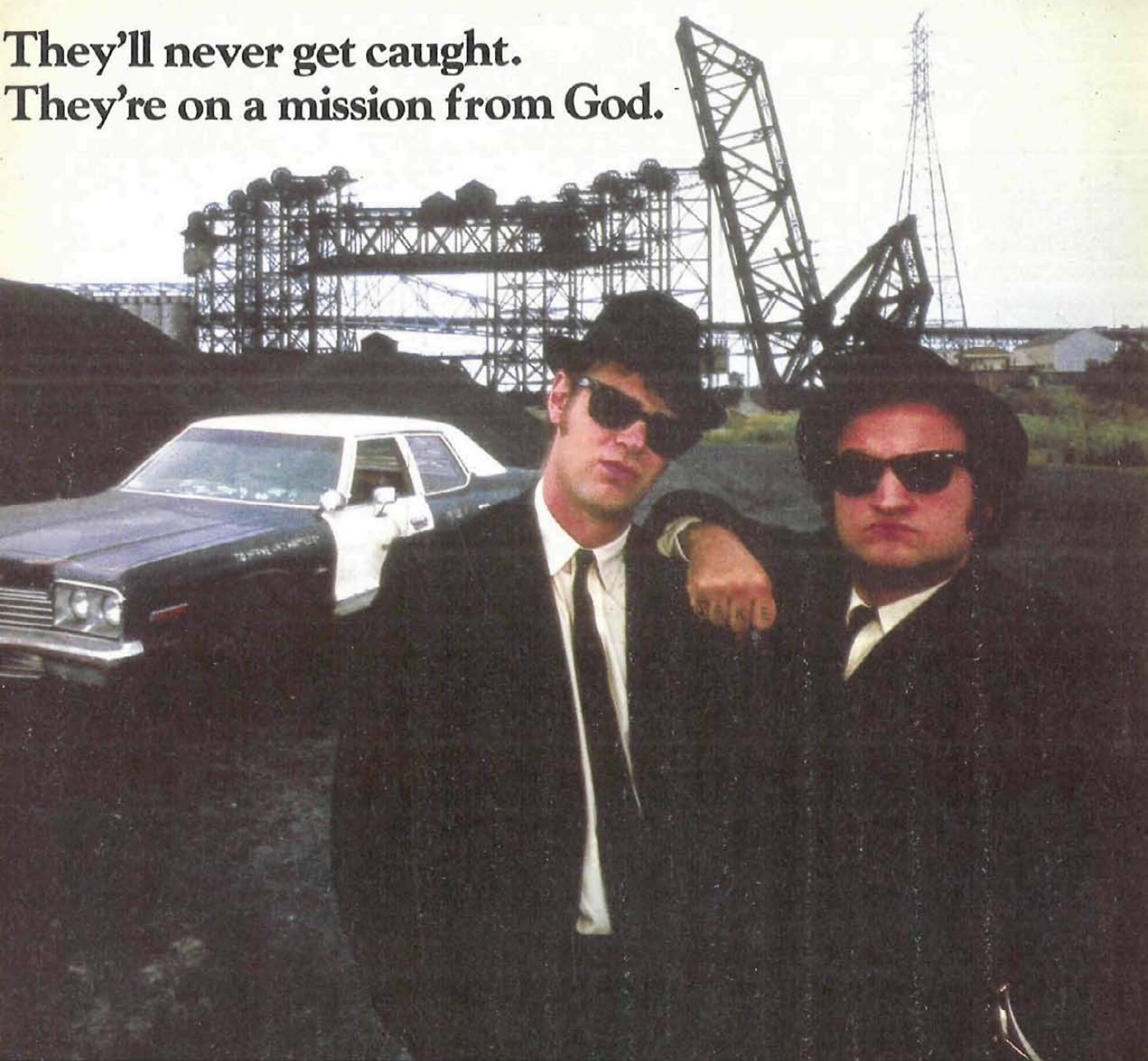
Like all MXR products, the System Preamp reflects the latest advances in American audio technology. This innovative new preamplifier has been designed with imagination to provide the ultimate in flexible control for the creative stereo enthusiast.

MXR Innovations, Inc., 740 Driving Park Ave.,
Rochester, New York 14613, (716) 254-2910

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**They'll never get caught.
They're on a mission from God.**



JOHN BELUSHI

DAN AYKROYD

THE BLUES BROTHERS


**JAMES BROWN • CAB CALLOWAY • RAY CHARLES • CARRIE FISHER
ARETHA FRANKLIN • HENRY GIBSON • THE BLUES BROTHERS BAND**

Written by DAN AYKROYD and JOHN LANDIS

Executive Producer BERNIE BRILLSTEIN

Produced by ROBERT K. WEISS • Directed by JOHN LANDIS



Original Soundtrack Recording on ATLANTIC Records and Tapes. 
Read the JOVE BOOK

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NEWS ON THE MARCH

Census Bureau: "Who Cares?"

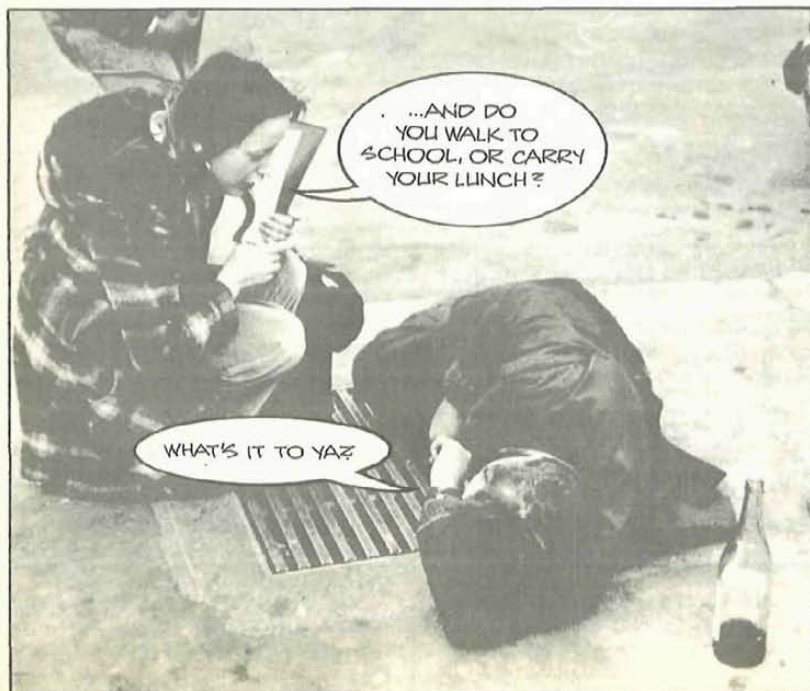
CENSUS REVEALED TO BE A FRAUD

The Census Bureau has admitted that the much ballyhooed national census is a "big hoax" and that any census forms filled out by American citizens have been "either thrown away or used to prop up the sofa in the waiting room in our main office."

"We can't believe anyone took it seriously," remarked bureau employee Don Blair. "We figured when we said all forms had to be mailed on April Fool's

Day, everybody would get the joke. I mean, really, what the fuck does the government care if you have a flush toilet?"

Blair pointed with particular amusement to the claim made on the bogus forms that all information will remain strictly confidential. "Anyone who believes that the government is going to keep information about a private citizen secret from itself must be an illegal alien from Mars."



"The President Has Feelings, Too"

CARTER CREDIT POLICY EXPLAINED



An internal White House memorandum, leaked to several national newspapers, has revealed the underlying cause of President Carter's recent monetary program and credit policies.

The president, it states, has "lately been in a bad mood" and has been "upset that nobody likes him anymore." Therefore, "to get even," the president "has decided to screw up everybody's credit cards."

The memo goes on to dismiss the importance of economists' and monetary experts' reaction to the policy. "Nobody understands inflation; nobody understands recession; nobody understands what credit is, what money is, what interest is, how the stock market works, or even how to say 'liquidity' three times very fast," it states. Therefore, the president has decided to "spit on everybody and go out in the Rose Garden and eat worms."



NEW
from

Dr. Felix Tarnower,

author of the
smash best-seller
The Scarsdale Diet

THE MADEIRA FINISHING SCHOOL DIET

This fabulous book will help you get:

- Middle-aged women
- A slimy personality
- A remarkably promiscuous sex life even though you look like a squid
- Five gunshot wounds

You'll learn how to:

- Find middle-aged women
- Make them really upset
- Give small dinner parties
- Get shot

Never again will you:

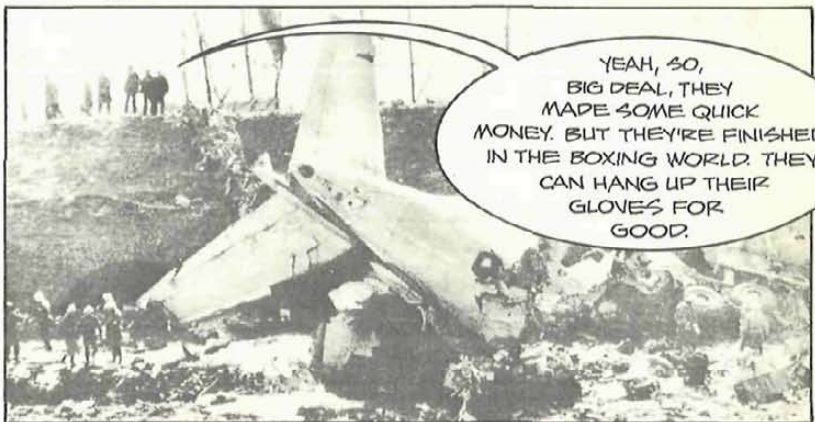
- Overeat
- Eat at all
- Or do anything else

**YOU'LL NEVER
WORRY ABOUT
WEIGHT LOSS
AGAIN**

\$19.95 In bookstores everywhere.
A Twenty-first Century Communication Book

"They Coulda Been Contenders..."

Boxing Team Plane Crash "No Accident"



Sources in the boxing world have suggested that the recent crash of a Soviet-made Polish plane in which fourteen touring American amateur boxers died "was not what it appeared."

"They took a dive," declared one unnamed boxing expert. "The Poles knew they didn't have a chance against our boys, so they convinced the Americans to kill themselves in a plane wreck."

"You can't blame those American kids," added another denizen of the rings, who declined to be identified. "With the Olympic boycott, there was no way they'd be as famous or successful as the '76 team. So instead of fighting—because even if they won, who cares, right?—they threw the fight, and and their lives, for some easy dough. I mean, what the hey, right?"

Still Seek Moscow Games

American Olympians Offer Alternatives

Distraught at the president's insistence that they boycott the summer Olympic Games in Moscow, American athletes have offered several alternative plans that will enable them to compete yet still reflect their disapproval of the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. These plans include:

- Competing under false names, and while wearing Yogi the Bear masks, thus withholding the athletes' personal approval of all Soviet policies.

- Competing as usual, but behaving in a "rude, disruptive, and silly manner" while dealing with all Soviet athletes and citizens, both at the sites of the games and in Moscow itself.

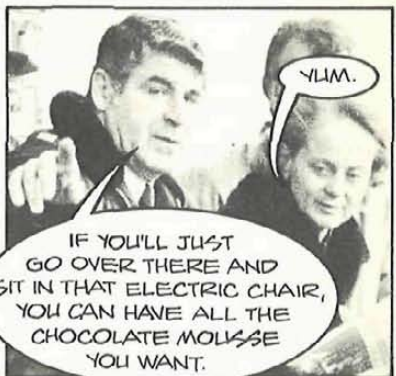
- Competing as usual, but "beating up on" all Soviet athletes—preferably before the events in which they are scheduled to take part.

- Competing as usual, but signing a legally binding affidavit declaring that they "won't enjoy it, won't really like winning, and wouldn't do it again if the Russians paid [them]."

Diet Doc Rubbed Out?

Tarnower Murder a Contract Killing

Noted Westchester physician Herbert Tarnower, author of *The Scarsdale Medical Diet*, was killed recently by an educator turned hit woman in one of the most



bizarre diet doctor murders in New York State history.

Jean Harris, headmistress of the prestigious Madeira School in Virginia, confessed that she had been employed by a "syndicate of housewives, career women, and other overweight females" to kill Tarnower after he refused their requests to modify his Scarsdale diet.

"We tried to be reasonable with him," Harris stated. "We asked him to publish a little addendum to the book, saying it was permissible to eat cheesecake every other Monday, to fill up on Parker House dinner rolls and butter once a month, and to indulge in a banana split every Friday night if we promised not to have whipped cream on it. But he refused. All we could eat was cold cuts and tomatoes, cottage cheese and melba toast. And fruit.

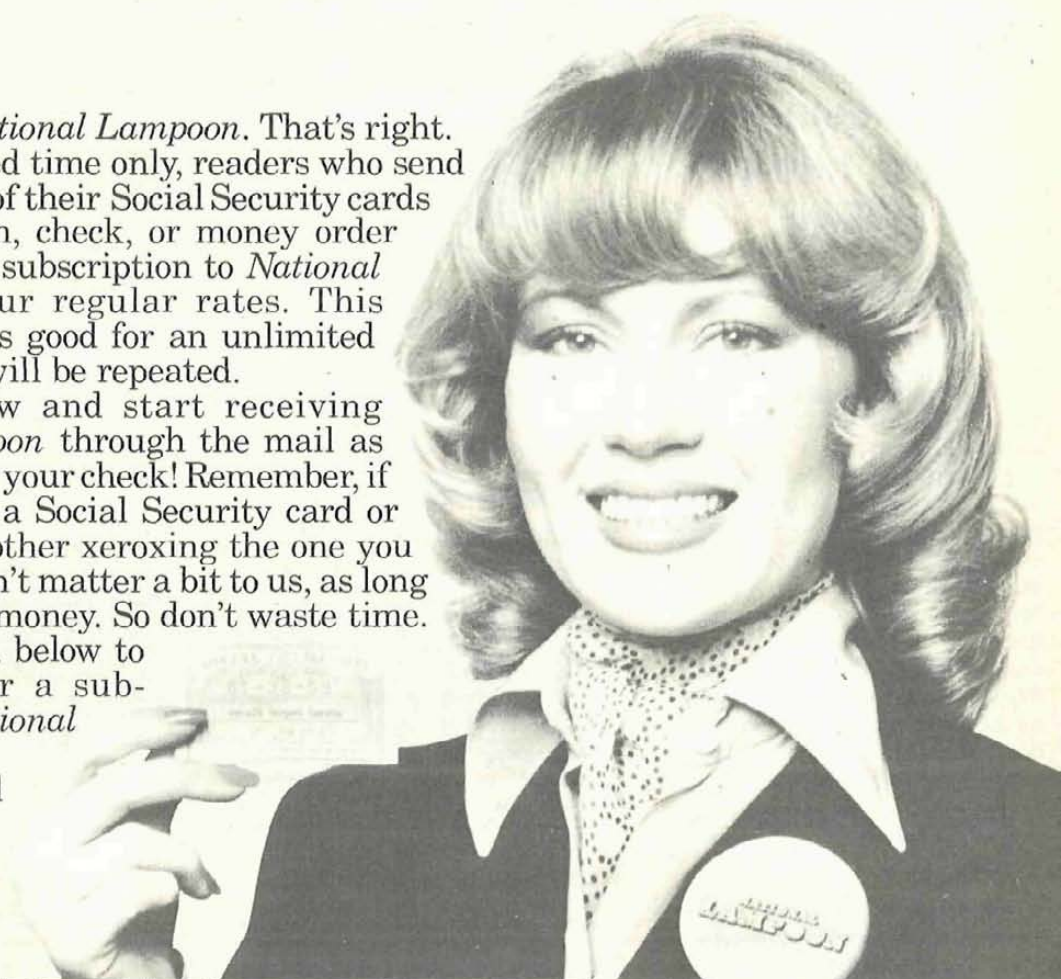
"So I killed him. And if Pritikin and Atkins want to take it as a warning, well, maybe they should. That's all I got to say."

“Show most people this card and they’ll tell you to go spoon a goose.”

But not *National Lampoon*. That’s right. For an unlimited time only, readers who send us a xerox copy of their Social Security cards along with cash, check, or money order will be given a subscription to *National Lampoon* at our regular rates. This amazing offer is good for an unlimited time only and will be repeated.

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Without your help Diego would never have gotten into college.

Or into the American Embassy.

Yes, just \$15 a month from a sponsoring American "foster parent" helped Diego grow up to be a healthy, well-educated young man who is a member of a communist-front organization and armed to the teeth.

If it hadn't been for that \$15, he might have starved to death in the slums of Bogota, Managua, San Salvador, or wherever it is that he's making trouble this week. And maybe our nation would have been spared another diplomatic crisis or foreign-policy humiliation. Makes you think, doesn't it? Of course, if Diego had died, you'd have that on your conscience for the rest of your life. And that would be terrible, too. What will it be, America, Christian charity or common sense? Should we feed them and clothe them, like the Bible says, or nuke them until they glow?

We don't know. You tell us. Write to:
State Department
Washington, DC

- Let's feed them and clothe them, like the Bible says.
- Let's nuke them until they glow
- Let's feed them and clothe them for as long as we can and not nuke them until we have to.

Name _____
 Address _____
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Your opinion on American foreign-policy direction will be kept strictly confidential.

SAVE THE AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY FUND

"And Room Service Was Lousy..." Workers to Sue Travel Agent



THERE WAS NO HOTEL GARAGE. WE HAD TO PARK IN NORWAY, FOR CHRIST'S SAKE.

WELL, WE'LL SEE IF WE CAN GET YOU A PARTIAL REFUND.

The oil workers who survived the recent collapse of the "floating hotel" in the North Sea have announced their plan to sue the travel agent who booked them into the ill-fated facility.

"I am not a fussy man," explained Bjorn Bjnstvg, a rig operator. "But that was a terrible hotel. There was no cocktail lounge entertainment. There was no

drugstore in the lobby. In fact, there was no lobby. And it was a three-hour helicopter ride to the nearest restaurant.

"The only recreational activity they had was drilling for offshore oil. And when we finished doing that, what happened? The hotel caved in and fell into the sea and everybody was killed! We should have stayed at the Hilton."

Campaigning for Ted Kennedy Jackie O—A Woman of the People



MY, HOW FASCINATING! WHAT DO YOU CALL ALL THIS?

NICE MELONS!

WE CALL IT HAVING A JOB, HONKY.

I'VE GOT SOME STUFFED GRAPE LEAVES IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR ANOTHER GREEK VEGETABLE TO MARRY.

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BACK ISSUES

- 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.
- 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
- MAY, 1973/FRAUD:** With the Miracle Monopoly Cheating Kit, Borrow This Book, The Privileged Individual Income Tax Return, and Gahan Wilson's Curse of the Mandarin
- SEPTEMBER, 1973/POSTWAR:** With *Life* parody, Nazi Regalia for Graciosa Luwig, Whitdove comics, Vichy Supplement, *Guerre Magazine*, and Military Trading Cards
- 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 Baffart Comics
- NOVEMBER, 1974/CIVICS:** With The Rocketteller Art Collection, Prison Farm, Constitutional Comics, and Watergate Down
- JANUARY, 1975/NO ISSUE:** With *Negligent Mother Magazine*, Bruce McCall's Zeppelin, First High Comics, Watergate Trivia Test, and Night of the Iceless Capades Massacre
- MAY, 1975/MEDICINE:** With *National Sore*, Terminal Flatulence, Blue Cross in Peace and War, Rodrigues' Comedics, and Our Wonderful Bodies
- AUGUST, 1975/JUSTICE:** With the Rocketteller Attica Report, Code of Hammurabi, *Citizen's Arrest Magazine* Inherit Their Wind, and World Night Court
- SEPTEMBER, 1975/BACK TO COLLEGE:** With the Vassar Yearbook, Football Preview, Scholastic Scams, Academic Ploys, and the *Esquire* parody
- DECEMBER, 1975/MONEY:** With The Great Price War, Entrepreneurs, and a *Fortune* parody
- APRIL, 1976/SPORTS:** With Dogfishing, Silver Jack, The Glory of Their Handsight, the U.S. Olympic Handbook, and The Puck Stops Here
- SEPTEMBER, 1976/THE LATEST ISSUE:** With a complete list of Bad Words, Western Romance Part Three, *Brave Dog Magazine*, and the return of both Uncle Buckle and cat hammerer.
- OCTOBER, 1976/THE FUNNY PAGES:** With a four-page, full-color Nuts, the Aesop Brothers on honeymoon, Verman, Sherman the Tank, Odd Bodkins, and dozens of other comics and cartoons
- NOVEMBER, 1976/SPECIAL ELECTION YEAR ISSUE:** Is Democracy fixed? The complete story of the Townville campaign, starring Ford and Carter look-alikes, with the traditional treasury, corruption, and natural gas
- JANUARY, 1977/SUREFIRE ISSUE:** With Those Lazy Hazy, Crazy Final Days, lots of hilarious cartoons, eight gags, comics, and the *Scientific American* parody
- FEBRUARY, 1977/KENNEDY REINAUGURAL ISSUE:** With JFK's First 6,000 Days (1962-1976), the *Village Voice* parody, War in Ireland, and the Jackie Memorial
- APRIL, 1977/RIPPING THE LID OFF TV:** With T-Bird and Monza, TV Magazine, Monday Night Sleep, PBS *Concordance*, and Dinah's Dumper
- JUNE, 1977/CAREERS:** With mercenaries, wetbacks, guidance counselors, summer jobs, placement tests, university by mail, Sussman's get-rich tips, and Sam Gross
- JULY, 1977/SEX:** With the inevitable *Hite Report* parody, What Every Young Woman Should Know, porn flicks, skin books, stroke mags, and the Last True-Life Western Romance
- SEPTEMBER, 1977/GROW UP:** With the health facts, insurance madness, Gidget Goes Senile, a guide to adults, and Gahan Wilson's Grown-ups Can Do Anything

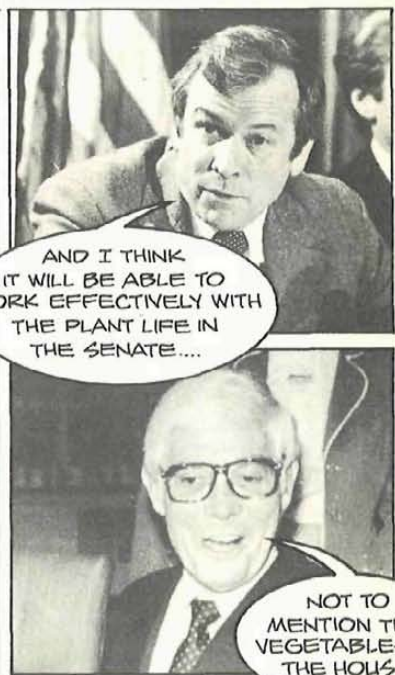
- OCTOBER, 1977/BEATLES:** With *Mersey Moptop Faverave Fabgearbeat Magazine*, Beat the Meates, the unreleased albums of John, George, Ringo, Paul, and Frank Sinatra, and the authentic McCartney autopsy report
- NOVEMBER, 1977/LIFESTYLES:** With Best Medical Flea Market, Busting Out of Suburbia, Organic Backlash, White Rastafarians, and Best Negroes in New York
- DECEMBER, 1977/CHRISTMAS IN DECEMBER:** With the death of Santa Claus, alternate good taste covers, cards, presents, and the Texas Supplement
- JANUARY, 1978/THE ROLE OF SEX IN HISTORY:** With the Socratic Manoloque, Sex in Ancient China, the Celts, and the 6 Blunders of the Ancient World
- FEBRUARY, 1978/SPRING FASCISM PREVIEW:** With *National Socialist Review*, the Toronto Supplement, Euro-nazis, The Real Adolf Hitler, and Fascist Food
- MARCH, 1978/CRIME AND PUNISHMENT:** With Short Hairs, the History of Crime in the Cinema, the Maltese Canary, Pointless... Crimes, and Just Deserts
- APRIL, 1978/SPRING CLEANING:** With the Birds of Ireland, the New York Supplement, four-color comics by Rodrigues, Wilson, Flenniken, and Browne, and the Autorama
- JUNE, 1978/THE WILD WEST:** With *Even Bluegirls Get the Cows*, the Indian Section, Our Family Journal to the West, and Cowboys of Many Lands
- JULY, 1978/100TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE:** With a Garland of parodies, Sussman and Greenfield's history of *Natl.amp*, Born Again on the Fourth of July, and comics by Wilson, Rodrigues, and Subitzky
- AUGUST, 1978/TODAY'S TEENS:** With *Savvyteen* and *Real Teen* magazines, comics by Wilson and Flenniken, Then and Now, a Field Guide to Young Teen-age Girls, and a *Natl.amp* report on education in America
- SEPTEMBER, 1978/STYLE:** With *Regular Guy Quarterly*, Dress for Successfulness, Afro Sheek, and a complete fall fashion forecast
- OCTOBER, 1978/ENTERTAINMENT:** With movie, TV, and music sections, *Porter and Beth*, self-amusement, Wilson, Rodrigues, and a *Natl.amp* guide to the Big Ten
- NOVEMBER, 1978/THE BODY:** With *Memoirs of a Surgeon*, Pot Mews and Coke Alley, Captain Cadaver by Gahan Wilson, How Our Bodies Develop, and a True Body Section
- DECEMBER, 1978/FOOD AND FESTIVITY:** With Modern Menus, Foods of Many Nations, a General History of Food Fighting, a Gourmet Guide, and a True Food Section
- JANUARY, 1979/DEPRESSION:** With Psychopages, What I Got for Christmas, New Year's Eve, special Cheer-Up section, and comics by Gahan Wilson, Subitzky, and Flenniken
- FEBRUARY, 1979/HETEROSEXUALITY:** With Very Married Sex, a look at bachelors, Planet of the Living Women, Screwing Your Best Friend's Wife, and a profile of Mr Right
- MARCH, 1979/CHANCE:** With Track Rats, Vegas, Unchained Melodrama, How to Drive Fast, and John and Gerry's risk section
- APRIL, 1979/APRIL FOOL:** With Salacious Items and Lewd Articles, Florida College Spring Vacation Travel Supplement, the 1946 Bulgemobiles, and a *Life Magazine* parody
- MAY, 1979/INTERNATIONAL COMMUNISM AND TERRORISM:** With EXPLORER '79, Bors Bond of KGB, Girls of the Communist Bloc, and the ultimate Commie guide: the Pink Pages
- JUNE, 1979/KIDS:** With Alice in Regularland, Young Burns, Big Boys, Child Pornography, and comics by Shary Flenniken and Gahan Wilson
- JULY, 1979/SPORTS:** With Action Golf, Game Bunnies, Weekend Athletes, and a special Encyclopedia of Participatory Sports by the editors
- AUGUST, 1979/TRAVEL:** With A Girl's Letters Home from Europe, Vacation Travel Then and Now, Traveler's Aid, and Where to Get the Best Sex in Europe
- SEPTEMBER, 1979/POTPOURRI:** A miscellany of humor with Vacation '58, Stan Mack's True Hernia Operation, an inside look at Niagara Falls, and a guide to the New Constellations

Seek Grass Roots Support Anderson, Baker to Back Bush

Former presidential candidates John Anderson and Howard Baker have announced their refusal to support leading Republican presidential contender Ronald Reagan for president. Instead, the two men have formed a committee to support "a beautiful forsythia bush [they] saw near a home in suburban Miami."

"It was in full bloom when we saw it," Anderson told reporters. "All yellow and green and wonderful. I think it would make a fine president—although I'd probably disagree with its position regarding SALT II, if it had any."

Baker conceded that the bush "was not quite as intelligent as Mr. Reagan." But, he added, "That's nothing a few foreign-policy briefings and a sack of Vi-Gro couldn't cure."



GPU to Sue Babcock-Wilcox

General Public Utilities, the owner of the crippled nuclear power plant at Three Mile Island, has announced that it will sue the reactor's manufacturer, Babcock-Wilcox, for "twenty-five dollars or a large jar of dimes, whichever is more." It has called the suit "merely a token, pro forma measure."

"We just want to make the point that we're upset with the inconvenience, that's all," said a GPU spokesman. "As far as actual money goes, we're getting that back from the public. We hike the rates, and they pay for being contaminated and terrorized. Or, all right, I'll say it, killed. Whatever."

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NEWS BRIEFS



Swedes Okay Nuclear Plants

By a narrow margin the Swedish citizenry has voted to continue Sweden's development of nuclear power. Under the voter-approved plan, the government will continue operation of its six existing plants and proceed with the construction of six more.

"Ah, well, you know us: fatalistic, obsessed with death, the whole Ingmar Bergman thing," explained one voter.

Schmidt Hospitalized

West German chancellor Helmut Schmidt was hospitalized briefly following a visit with President Carter. According to an aide, Carter gave Schmidt an in-depth briefing on American foreign-policy objectives, and the chancellor "laughed himself sick." Schmidt is reportedly recovered now, having had a sobering discussion with Leonid Brezhnev.

Sindona to Go to Hell

The Vatican has announced that Italian financier Michel Sindona will "most certainly and without question" go to hell. The announcement came following a federal jury's verdict finding Sindona guilty of a fifty-million-dollar fraud in connection with the collapse of the Franklin National Bank in 1974.

Sindona disappeared last year and, after a protracted absence, claimed that he had been kidnapped and shot to death. Officials did not believe his story, and Sindona is either now in jail or will be as soon as someone puts some bite in the American judicial system. A spokesman for Pope John Paul II remarked, "Forgiveness is a Christian virtue, and nobody is more Christian than the pope, but fifty million dollars is a lot of beans."

Soviets Using Chemical Warfare

CIA field operatives have reported that the Soviet Union, in contravention of a Geneva accord, is using "dangerous, sometimes lethal chemical-warfare agents" in its attempt to quell rebel resistance in Afghanistan.

The arsenal employed by the Soviets is said to include nitrate-treated bacon strips, diet soft drinks that use saccharine as an artificial sweetener, and automobiles without catalytic converters.

Nurse in Las Vegas Indicted

A nurse at the Sunrise Medical Center in Las Vegas, Nevada, has been indicted on one count of murder, following allegations that she was the "Death Angel" who pulled the plug on life-support machinery while several of her colleagues made bets as to whether the patient would live or die.

"Two-to-five says I'm innocent!" she sobbed as a bailiff led her away. The judge overseeing the case proclaimed it "even money" that her case would come to trial in two months, and he reminded the gallery that the deadline for all bets as to the final verdict was set, by state law, at four weeks prior to that date.

"Three-to-one I get the charge reduced," attorney Melvin Belli told reporters. There were no takers.

Seattle Destroyed

The City of Seattle was totally destroyed recently when Mount Saint Helens, a long-dormant volcano, erupted and covered the city with ash, soot, and scalding lava. Archaeologists at the site of the once prosperous metropolis have reported amazingly well-preserved artifacts, indicating a high degree of civilization, scientific accomplishment, and cultural sophistication in the area.

"The people who once lived here were much like ourselves," noted David Free, a Portland University professor.

Brown Explains Departure

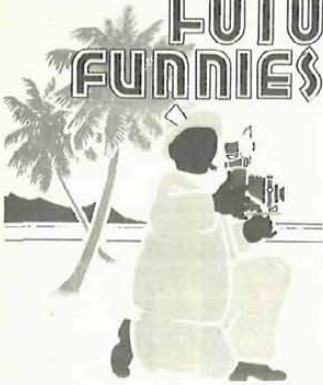
California governor Jerry Brown explained his recent withdrawal from the Democratic presidential race by citing "voter nonempathy with the cutting edge of the trend mode of our value system."

To an audience of well-wishers—many of whom continued to drop pennies into the well, making wishes as he spoke—Brown called for a "united purposive-energy matrix, based on love and immediacy, to instigate a mature nowness and is-ism both here and in America."

Free bumper sticker from National Lampoon. Clip and attach to a bumper.

VOTE CARTER
FREE JOAN KENNEDY

FOTO FUNNIES



I'M ONE OF THE RAREST KINDS OF SEXUAL DEVIANTS.



I'M A FEMALE FLASHER!



IT'S VERY UNUSUAL FOR A WOMAN TO BE A FLASHER.



MEN FANTASIZE ALL THE TIME ABOUT FEMALE FLASHERS, BUT THEY ALMOST NEVER SEE ONE BECAUSE WE'RE SO RARE.



SO I'M GOING TO GIVE THE MEN IN THE AUDIENCE A REAL TREAT.



HERE GOES...



SEE! A HALSTON ORIGINAL!



EDITORIAL

continued from page 6

"Are you going to get out like a man, or am I gonna have to drag you?"

Mr. Murphy waited a moment, then he got out and opened the back door. He reached in and grabbed Jeff by the ankles. He jerked him out of the car.

"Hal!"

"Dad!"

"Mr. Murphy!"

Mr. Murphy took Jeff by the collar and pushed him around behind the car. The tears were streaming down Jeff's cheeks and his hands were trembling.

Mr. Murphy opened the trunk.

"I think your politics smell, I think your dad smells, and I think you smell!"

"But, please, please..."

"However, since the Democratic party is the party of compassion and humanity, if you'll say out loud that the Republican party eats garbage, that Republicans are piss, and that the Democrats are perfect in every way, I'll let you ride in the trunk."

Mr. Murphy rearranged the suitcases to make room for Jeff.

"Well?" he said. "Are you going to say it?"

"The Republican party..." Jeff stammered, trying to remember what Mr. Murphy said.

"The Republican party eats garbage!"

"The Republican party eats garbage," Jeff said, choking on his tears.

"Republicans are...piss, and the Democrats..."

"Are perfect in every way."

"Are perfect in every way."

"I can't hear you," Mr. Murphy said, cupping his hand to his ear.

"Democrats are perfect in every way!" Jeff said loudly.

"I can't hear you!"

"Democrats are perfect in every way!" Jeff screamed.

Mr. Murphy chortled as he invited Jeff into his trunk. The boy climbed in and lay down in a tuck position between the suitcases.

"That's what I hate about you Republicans," Mr. Murphy cursed.

"You're weak, you don't stand up for what you believe in, and you give up without a fight!"

He slammed the trunk shut and got back into the car.

He gunned the engine and pulled out onto the highway.

"I'll tell you one thing," he said. "If I'd been in that little guy's shoes, I would have said I was an independent!"

J.H.

"SHE GOT ME INTO A SLING"

I had no idea what I was getting myself into when Tamara handed me that drink and said, "Try this, Jimmy."

I took a sip. Immediately, I was riveted by the taste—a stunning blend of cherry brandy and gin.

It gave me a maddeningly delicious thrill.

I demanded to know what she had done to me. That's when I saw an exotic-looking bottle with a label that read: HEUBLEIN SINGAPORE SLING.

Ever since that unforgettable evening, it's been one of my favorite drinks.

And I'll always be grateful to Tamara...the woman who first introduced me to the delights of a Singapore Sling.



Singapore Sling—made with Gin, Cherry Flavored Brandy, Natural Flavors and Artificially Colored. 35 Proof © Heublein, Inc., Hartford, CT.

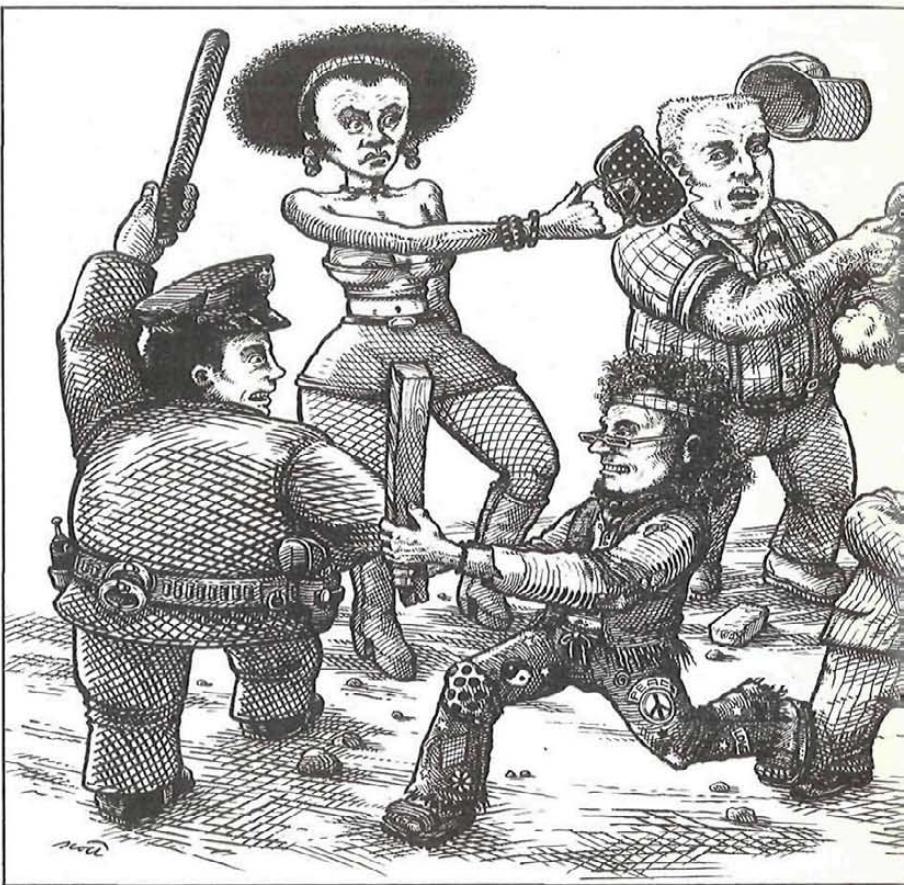
AN INQUIRY INTO THE NATURE OF

BY P.J. O'ROURKE

THIS IS A STORY about the 1960s. Actually it takes place in the early seventies, but you know what I mean. I've been thinking about the 1960s lately, or, more accurately, about young men and women in the 1960s and why we acted the way we did. I assume we were crazy. There's ample historical precedent for that sort of thing. But was it a metaphysical hysteria, like that which triggered the Children's Crusade? Or was it ergot in the wheat, as is supposed to have caused the epidemics of tarantella dancing in fifteenth-century France? Or was it TV, the Pill, and parents who'd read Dr. Benjamin Spock's *Baby and Child Care*? I don't know.

I WAS LIVING IN A large city on the eastern seaboard in 1971, and for two years my best friends and I had been putting out a bi-monthly newspaper called the *Community Underground Press*. It's interesting that we had the word "underground" on the banner. I can't remember what we thought this meant. The paper was, of course, sold openly. And though the police did raid the old row house that served as our home and office, it was illegal drugs that brought them there, not publishing. The "underground" was a matter, I believe, of self-dramatization—the one undeniable talent of my generation, which case I am proving in point.

There were four of us who had been on the staff since the newspaper's inception: myself, Bob Vincente, Barry Hender, and Corey Harrison. We spent almost all our time together, partly working but mostly sitting around, laying around, driving around, and talking constantly, all day and all night, as only very young people can, about everything that can be imagined, which is to say about nothing that can be recalled. Sometimes we even, though not for carnal purposes, slept all together in the same bed. And we shared everything we owned, as was the practice in those days



and a number of things that didn't belong to us.

The paper itself was owned, if that verb can be applied to something that consisted of ten thousand dollars in bad debts, by Bob. He'd been raised in the city's Italian slums, had put himself through college, gotten a good job, married, settled down, and then had thrown it all over, job, wife, and every possession, to become a hippie. He was a happy, plump, kindly person. Even the narcotics detectives were fond of him and would wave hello from their unmarked cars. Bob styled himself publisher, meaning that he took some concern with if and how our publication could be sold or, at least, given away and whether and when we'd pay the rent. I called myself editor, meaning I did not take any concern with those things. I was very politically minded in those days and spent most of my energy trying to think up new ways to call for the overthrow of organized government by some people whom I called "the people." It's hard to remember images that are not connected to real events, but I believe I saw these "people" as a couple of

GOOD &

EVIL



put-upon Negroes, some earnest college students, and one housewife with a nascent political sensibility—a group, come to think of it, not too different from the Carter administration of today.

More important to our daily—that is, twice-monthly—operation were Barry and Corey. Barry was a no-account rich kid, a couple of years older than Bob and I, who had been kicked out of several colleges and the Marine Corps. He was a professional photographer, supposedly, but really supported by an allowance from his family in Chicago. He wasn't a bad photographer, but he was lazy, and this particular city was not a venue for

professional photography careers. The *Community Underground Press*, however, was a place where Barry could print whatever he wanted to photograph, and in return he did everything he could to make sure it continued to publish. Barry was more of a bum than a hippie or a radical. He preferred beer to dope and sex to socioeconomic discussions. And he couldn't be made to care much about politics beyond saying that election to office should be a felony crime. In fact, he sometimes claimed he didn't "give a shit about anything except naked women." Our acquaintances thought him "square," but we never goaded Barry for his lack of ridiculous clothes or social conscience. He had a sharper wit than we did, and, besides, he always had a few extra dollars, which we did not. And his car usually worked.

The car was important, because Corey would take it and drive around the city and actually do some work. Corey was our only staff member with any real journalistic capacity. For the rest of us, the newspaper was an easier thing to have

than a job or a more concrete societal mission that might actually land us in jail. But Corey took the *Community Underground Press* quite seriously. She was the daughter of the city's preeminent, not to say only, left-wing lawyer. He was a man of substance with an extensive corporate practice who had seen the light or hit his head on something sharp a couple of years before and had abandoned his lucrative partnership to right legal wrongs, protect the poor from the depredations of capitalism, defend draft dodgers, and, I think, to annoy his wife.

Mrs. Harrison was mystified not at all by what her husband was doing but by the speech, dress, manners, and hygiene of the people he chose to do it with. She did not understand, she said, why it was "necessary to have horrible mores in order to achieve laudable morals." Mrs. Harrison and I had several sharp conversations about Corey staying overnight at the newspaper office. Corey had been only sixteen when she'd started working on the paper, and Mrs. Harrison had had every reason to be concerned. But I was a friend of her husband's, and Corey was very stubborn (with me as well as her mother) about coming and going as she pleased. Eventually Mrs. Harrison conceded the issue and treated me thereafter with every kindness. I could never stand the woman. Looking back on it, I would say she was the only person of my then acquaintance who was wholly in her right mind.

THAT SUMMER, COREY SPENT every day interviewing people or getting descriptions of things: be-ins, teach-ins, love-ins, sit-ins; nude, seminude, and completely clothed encounter groups; crafts festivals, music festivals, and festivals for which there was no apparent purpose; riots, demonstrations, and squabbles of every kind; and the innumerable cliques of adlepatated communards. She covered, indeed, the motley gamut of social experiments that had spread across the nation with the same

speed and nearly as dreadful result as the Spanish influenza of some sixty years before. She was, by the lights of the time, a diligent career woman. And she was a formidable thinker for a person of her years. Corey loved theories, especially theories of human interaction. She herself had more theories than ever there were real things in the world to animate them all. And she was drawn to people whose theories of consociation were excessive—me, for instance. But her work brought her in contact with people whose theories were far more exciting, dangerous, and stupid than mine. Among these was a rented house full of student-age Trotskyites who called themselves the Rosa Luxemburg Collective. Corey rather liked these self-professed terrorists, or, at least, she was intrigued by them. And through her they became, more or less, friends of ours.

THE COMMUNITY UNDERground Press had voiced its share of radical cant. We were all, even Barry, in favor of a revolution. In fact, we had talked ourselves into a political position far to the left of anything that made sense. Bob, however, drew the line at killing anyone. He would gladly support, he said, a war of liberation, but not if anybody was going to get hurt. Gandhi never hurt anybody, he said. I was more radical than that. I suspected that even Gandhi had a few Martini repeaters. I was perfectly willing, I said, to kill for the revolution, but only if it were very important. After all, that was why I wanted to kill people, because they were killing people in Vietnam and elsewhere and that was wrong. So it would have to be very important before I would kill someone too. (And I believe I secretly trusted that if it ever got as important as that, I would be able to talk myself into thinking it wasn't so important after all.) The people in the Rosa Luxemburg Collective, however, had talked to themselves a bit more than Bob and I had, and had talked themselves right out of any such bourgeois scruples, so that, they said, they stood ready to kill for the revolution whether it was important or not. In fact, they stood so ready to kill for the revolution that they were in something of a quandary as to why they hadn't done so, especially the collective's leader, or "chairman," a fellow named Red Lenny, whose real name was Leonard Feinermann and who was as extreme and committed a revolutionary as the minor hypocracies and mild indignities of upper-middle-class suburban life have ever produced. Lenny was determined to kill a cop. Or to injure one. Or, at any rate, to do something bad to someone bad who held some sort of authority somewhere in this vast bad republic of ours. And cops were more widely available than, say, generals, and were easily identifiable by their uniforms, which congressmen, for instance, were not, and were much less protected than the president or someone like that. So, a cop it was. Thus I think went the reasoning of Lenny and his compatriots, though doubtless not even so clearly as that. I mean, they didn't really set out to assassinate a policeman. They were just burning with embarrassment at having called for so much mayhem without having committed any. And thereby they set in motion a little drama into which my friends and I would be dragged.

What got us in trouble was a newsreel. The four of us weren't satisfied with mismanaging a newspaper. We wanted something else to mismanage too. It was Bob who had the idea. We would film and record all manner of events that involved people like ourselves, or, at the

people with haircuts like ours. And then, every month, we would show this film at... Well, we'd find someplace to show it. People would doubtless pay a buck or so to see themselves as they saw themselves. Barry was enthusiastic. He wanted to expand, he said, the "arena of [his] professional failure." And said he thought he'd meet more girls going broke in movies. So he volunteered to buy a Super-8 sound camera. Then we set about making a sort of ill-defined documentary of everything that was happening or, more often, attempting to be made to happen in what was then called the counterculture. Bob was director, Barry was cameraman, I forget what I was supposed to be, and Corey was anchorwoman. We filmed an interview with a coming (now gone) rock group. I remember the most interesting thing about them was their preposterous name, and I don't remember that anymore. We filmed the opening of a free university, which was something of a fizzle, since among the things this university was free of were campus, curriculum, faculty, and student body. We tried to film a natural childbirth, but Bob and Barry got sick to their stomachs. We filmed an "urban farm" where two hundred cubic feet of topsoil had been dumped on a tenement roof. Unfortunately, part of the roof collapsed and only the radishes sprouted on the rest of it. Bob pronounced the radish bread "delicious," and Corey told our viewers that the radish tea was "nice." And we had our weather report given by an authentic member of the Weathermen faction of SDS, disguised with a plastic wastepaper basket over his head. We had to stick the microphone up inside the wastepaper basket and the audio results were not very satisfactory. I do remember hearing the phrase "There's a shitstorm coming." All in all it was a pretty fair piece of work, we thought, but it lacked action.

There was a riot due in about a week, a Fourth of July demonstration against the war and everything else, in front of City Hall. I suggested we wait until then, when no doubt we would get plenty of action footage. Two months before, on the anniversary of the Cambodia incursion, someone had caught a tear gas grenade in a fielder's mitt and tossed it back into the middle of the mounted police, causing a police-horse stampede through the middle of the outdoor vegetable market and resulting in everything anyone could want, cinematically. We were hoping for at least as good on July 4, what with the veterans' groups marching too.


And it did turn out to be a good riot. A thousand of us gathered in the big square in front of the new City Hall building, which was cordoned off by rows of sweating, irritated police who had been restrained by decree of the liberal mayor from use of unnecessary force. And necessary force, I'm afraid, was not going to carry the day. We milled around, chanting and screaming and working ourselves into a lather, and then some inspired young strategist among us urged a feint at the veterans' parade two blocks away. There was no real leader to the crowd. More correctly, there were ten hundred would-be Frantz Fanons. But we knew a good idea when we heard one. Or maybe we didn't and just itched for a wild surge in some direction. So we surged for the parade, and the cordon of police went running, half-suffocated in their riot helmets, with all their police equipment flopping on their bodies, trying to head us off and keep us from being beaten bloody by VFW bandleaders and enraged packs of American Legionnaires. Our assault drew up about fifty yards from the parade. This was the tactic, of course; except, of course, it wasn't. It was the orderly rows of angry veterans that gave us pause, traversing our front line with their eyes turned

continued on page 37



**Bands
make
it
rock...**

**Roadies
make
it
roll!**



Roadie

An ALIVE ENTERPRISES Production of An ALAN RUDOLPH Movie

"ROADIE" MEAT LOAF KAKI HUNTER and ART CARNEY ALICE COOPER BLONDIE ROY ORBISON
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Screenplay by BIG BOY MEDLIN & MICHAEL VENTURA Directed by ALAN RUDOLPH Produced by CAROLYN PFEIFFER

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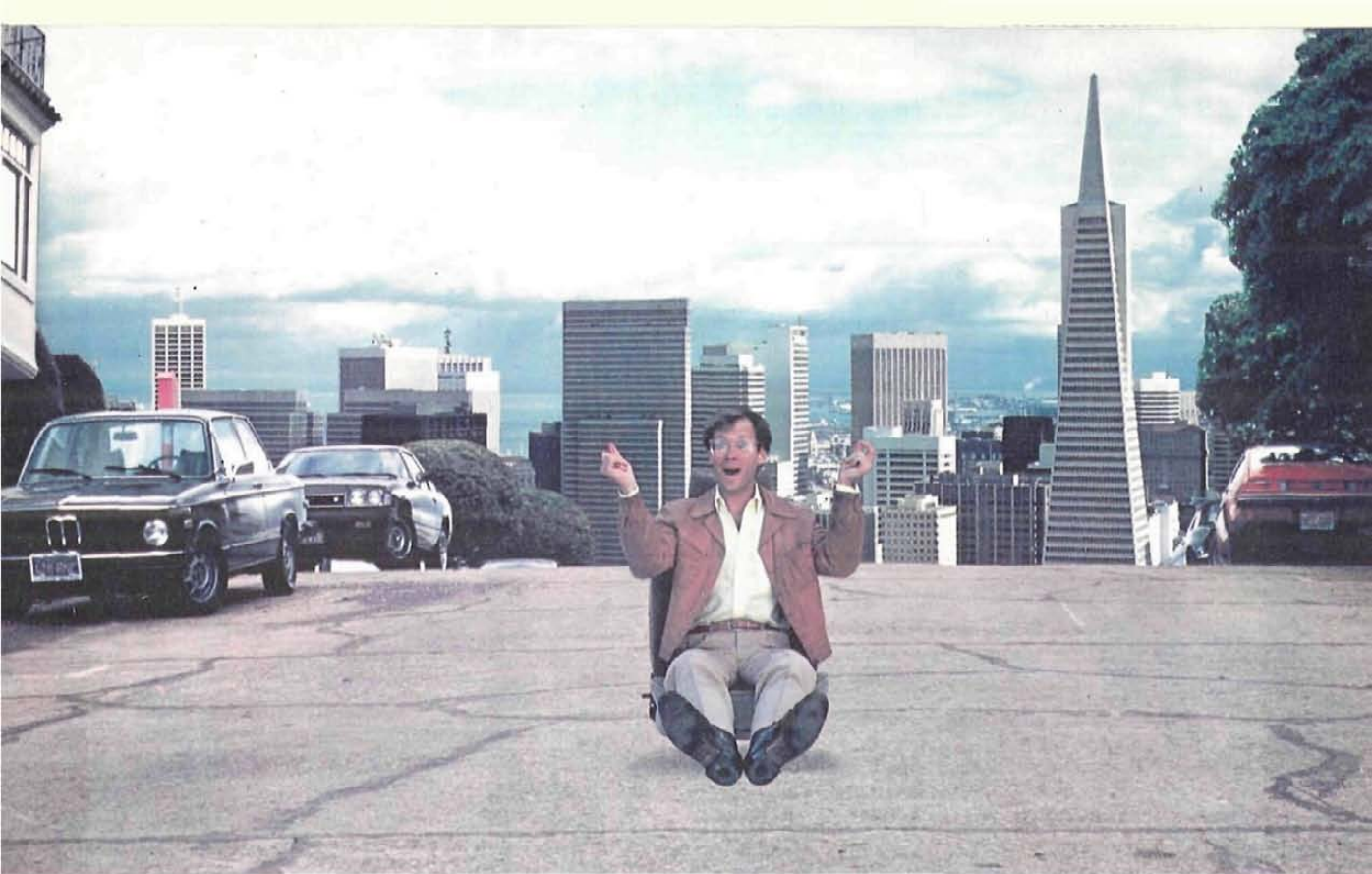
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CLARION'S SAN FRANCISCO CHALLENGE

"Clarion's Magi-Tune FM always sounded better."

Bill Guthrie, Willy's Car Stereo

We knew our innovative new Magi-Tune™ FM was good—but we had to find out just *how* good. So we took Magi-Tune FM to San Francisco where ten leading dealers tested it against their best car stereos.

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The 10 experts voted Magi-Tune FM nine wins and one tie. We won hands down.

John Coyle of Marin Auto Stereo & Alarm found that, "*Clarion locked on to a signal and held it better.*"

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And so it went, proving conclusively that Magi-Tune FM is unparalleled quality.

So flawless, in fact, that you forget everything except the music.



Clarion

QUALITY FOR THE MAGIC IN MUSIC



Dear Neighbors and Fellow Citizens,

MY NAME IS JOE AND I'M RUNNING FOR MAYOR.



FROM THE DESK OF: JOE

Frankly, I've never run a town before and I'm not sure what it's all about, but I was a Boy Scout leader for two years. We collected \$312.50 from a magazine subscription drive last year and I took the whole thing to the bank without borrowing so much as a dime of it for myself. And let me tell you, it would have been real easy. That's more than the fellas at Town Hall would have done under the circumstances. These guys think they can get away with anything, including parking in bus stops!

I intend to campaign on the issues, not on personalities. Don't be fooled! I'm not really running because of my reassessment and the \$200 increase it cost me. I'm running because it's time for a change. I'm asking for your support. Vote for Joe from the South Side. I'd appreciate it.

Best regards,

Joe
Joe

JOE'S FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS TALK

"Oh, I like Joe fine."

Mrs. Flo Reiger.

"He's got the biggest TV antenna on the block, but do you hear him brag about it? Not Joe."

Fred Wilkins.

"He's the kind of guy who'll just put a lawn chair out on his driveway and have a beer, and if you want to come over and join him, that's okay."

Bud Asquith.

"As far as I know, Joe doesn't have any bad habits."

J. Miller.

"Joe has a great sense of humor. A lot of his jokes are classics. He can be hilarious."

Dorothy Evans.

"I always told Joe that he had the human compassion to be a doctor. If he was a doctor, I would go to him."

Larry Lester.

JOE KEEPS HIS PROMISES

IF ELECTED, I PROMISE I WILL:

- ★ Stop letting our dog, Bomber, loose after your kids.
- ★ Speak to my son Chick and see if I can't get him to accept the idea of a muffler on his motorbike.
- ★ Try to get my lovely wife, Thelma, to stop talking about you all the way she goes.
- ★ Be at Town Hall every day.

JOE TALKS ABOUT THE ISSUES

• **Taxes Are Too High** In the Boy Scouts, if we had no dough, we just cut out a camping trip or two. That's the way I'll run this town.

• **Rusty Tap Water** What a pain in the neck! I'll see what I can do!

• **Silverfish** Where do they come from anyway? I'm against them.

• **Senior Citizens** Elderly people need a separate line at the supermarkets, where they can count their change and complain about the produce at their leisure.

• **Sanitation** If the trash collectors can take the lids off the cans, they can sure as heck put them back on.

• **North Side Versus South Side** There are more of us South Siders than you North Siders. You have your one-acre zoning over there to thank for that. You have your Mercedeses and Cadillacs and Volvos. You think that just because you can afford Lawn-O-Mat and cleaning ladies from downtown that you should run Town Hall, too. Well, we South Siders don't have many Volvos, but we've got the best lawn ornaments, and my neighbor next door has a fabulous collection of Hummel figurines right in her bay window for everyone to enjoy. We're just as good as the North Siders, and if I'm elected, we'll have citywide government.

• **The Other Candidate** I have nothing against my opponent except that he used up all the good trees and telephone poles for his campaign posters. If he wants to violate Toys 'R Us company policy forbidding political messages on their community bulletin board, that's his business. Furthermore, I have instructed my campaign staff not to let the air out of the tires of cars bearing my opponent's bumper stickers or roof signs, and I am strongly opposed to throwing toilet paper all over political opponents' trees, because I know how long that takes to clean up.

• **Mayoral Debate** I will be happy to participate in a debate on any night except Tuesday or Saturday, at his place or mine. If it's at my place, I have to give my wife a couple of days notice so she can round up some extra chairs and borrow her mother's coffee urn.

• Joe's Proposals

Lift the ban on burning leaves—Everybody misses the smell, and those plastic bags cost dough.

No early-morning meter readings—Most of the gals in town don't appreciate having their meters read while they're in their housecoats and the kitchen's still a mess from breakfast.

Bring back paper boys—News-agency truck deliveries have taken jobs away from the young, and when a paper goes in the bushes or a puddle there's no one to personally bawl out for it.

Encouragement to businesses—We need to attract new businesses, specifically a car wash and an inexpensive family restaurant like The Sizzler or a Red Lobster.

Joe the Person



Joe and his family enjoy a favorite holiday.

Occupation: Bus driver, Regional Transportation Authority, 17 years.

Height: 5' 10"

Weight: 180-185

Health: Excellent

Religion: Presbyterian

Educational Background: Robert Anson Technical High School, 4 years; US Naval Training Center, Great Lakes, Illinois, 3 months; American Truck and Transport Driving School, 6 weeks; Tri-Valley Junior College Continuing Education Program, Tax Preparation course, 4 weeks.

Family: Wife, Thelma, 41 years, married 22 years; daughter, Carla, 16 years; son, Charles (Chick), 13 years; son, Daniel Edward, 8 years.

Military Service: US Navy, 3 years, honorable discharge.

Awards and Honors: RTA Driver of the Month (11 times in 17 years); Honorary Chairman, St. Ignatius Hospital Blood Donor Drive; Neighborhood Improvement Award, Hammermill Century 21 Realty; 1973 Intercity Softball Championship Team member.

Endorsements: Area Council Indian Guides; South Side Shopper's Mall Weekly; Walker Bros. Roof and Siding; The Saturday Afternoon Club; Dr. Arthur Brubaker, DDS.



Joe puts in a little time on his '72 Nova.



Joe takes his campaign to the people.

IT'S TIME FOR A CHANGE AROUND HERE
VOTE FOR JOE FROM THE SOUTH SIDE

PAID FOR BY JOE OUT OF HIS OWN POCKET. Contributions will be accepted and receipted through the National Lampoon Inc.

GOOD AND EVIL

continued from page 32

toward us, with the intent of doing to us just what our fathers must have often considered doing. And the only thing that kept them from doing it immediately was the self-imposed dignity of their parade.

With both antagonists hesitating, the police were able to interpose themselves. This left the City Hall undefended, and it had been thoughtlessly constructed with an all-glass facade. Paving bricks, pieces of police barriers, and small items of landscaping went through the windows. There was that incomparably wonderful sound of much glass breaking, and then there was a rapturous wave of vandalism. Everything destructible was destroyed. Everything that could be smeared with paint, was. Members of the Rosa Luxemburg Collective were notably vigorous, but even those of us with less penchant for wreckage were having a good time. Corey and I ruined a picture of Vice-President Agnew and unraveled a fire hose. Bob stayed outside. He really *didn't* like violence, and there was something of the poor childhood's good sense in him that did not

want to see anything nice destroyed, particularly our movie camera. So he and Barry stayed out on the back fringe of the mob, standing on a park bench, with Barry filming the panoramic sweep of trampling fist wavers and Bob shouting against the war.

We later found out that Red Lenny was also on the outskirts of the demonstration, not twenty yards from Barry and Bob. There were few police on this side of the City Hall plaza. The only one visible was standing in an intersection with his back to everything, calmly directing cars and trucks away from the ruckus. He wasn't wearing a helmet or carrying a riot stick; he was just a traffic cop. Lenny sneaked up unseen behind this man and cracked him over the head with a length of two-by-four.

When we got home that night and had showered off the tear gas residue, the traffic cop was already on the evening news. He was unconscious and not expected to live. We also heard, from sources of our own, that Red Lenny was openly bragging about having done this. Or he was until he got arrested for it the next day. Barry said he thought what Lenny had done was

"chickenshit." And Bob was outraged. He said that this was just the kind of thing that gave violent revolutions a bad name. He sat down and typed out a passionate editorial calling upon "the people" to mete out "revolutionary justice" to the "assailant"—"You know who we mean." I think Bob's idea of revolutionary justice was that Lenny would get a real talking-to, probably from Bob, and would be converted to a philosophy of passive resistance and would fast for a while to "get his head together about things." Even so, Bob and I had a bitter argument about the editorial. I said that no matter how much we might personally disapprove of the "specific guerrilla action" that Lenny undertook, we must still maintain "revolutionary solidarity with the Rosa Luxemburg Collective," and that whatever differences we had with Lenny could be worked out during "self-criticism," which was a word we used to use to mean a bitter argument. Actually I agreed with Barry, but "chickenshit" didn't have a ring of political correctness. Corey was the closest to Lenny and the other members of *continued*

Austral Ditties

Men who've spent time in the tropics
Know what the heat can do
When the pricks hang limp like gutted
shrimp
And the testicles stick like glue.
(to be continued...)

—Piers Ackerman

Boned at the Drake

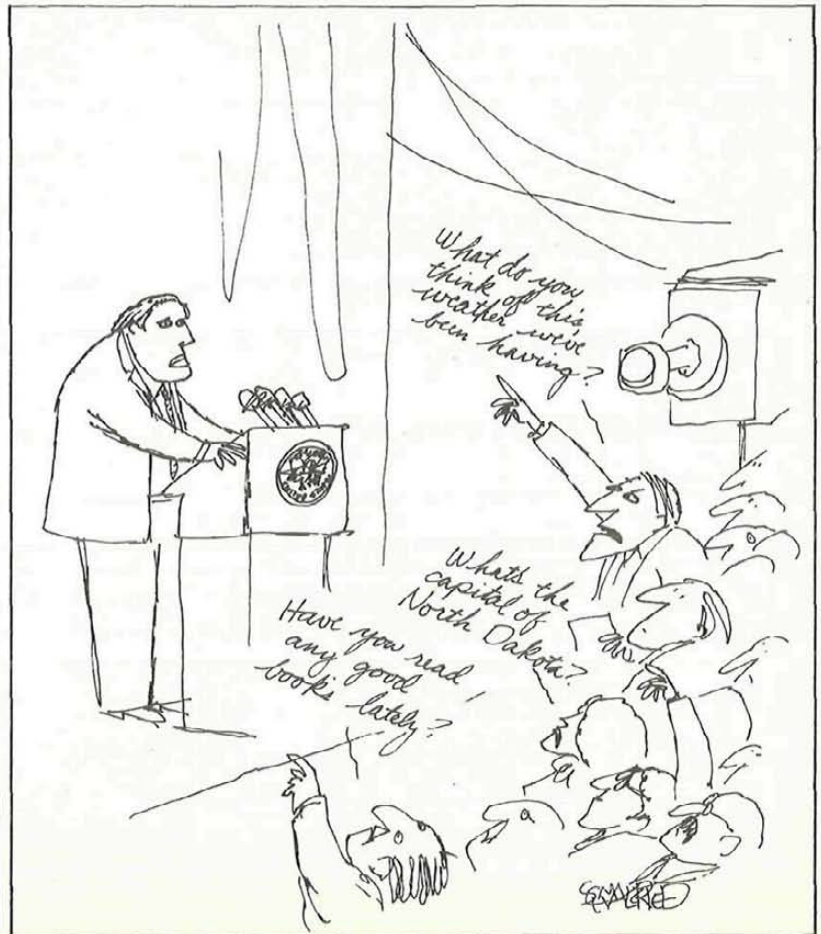
There once was a disgusting old rake,
Who boned a boy in the lobby at the
Drake.
The manager cried,
"Take your sexing outside
Or next time stay at the Pierre."

—SWG IV

My Pen

My pen's the cream
At inking in my thoughts.
All in all, I'd say
It's the best Bic I've ever bought.
I love my pen.
I love it so.
Look at it gooooooooooooooooooooo!

—Hugo Flesch



his group. She didn't like what he did either, but she didn't know what to think about it, the less so after her dad took the case.

Mr. Harrison was sure he could get Lenny acquitted. The prosecution wasn't thought to have any eye-witnesses, and a number of people stood ready to swear that Lenny had been urinating on the mayor's desk at the time of the attack. Then, the day after the arrest, the traffic policeman regained consciousness and was pronounced not to be dying after all. Bob gave in and said that as long as the cop was going to be okay the editorial didn't need printing. And the case slipped our minds.

We went back to work on the newsreel. The demonstration movies returned from the developer and the four of us pulled the blinds and watched them. They were not spectacular examples of filmmaking. Bob and Barry had been too far away, and when they weren't, people had been bumping them and getting placards and Viet Cong flags in front of the lens, causing a series of surreal camera jiggles and color swirls punctuated by long shots of frenetic denim wearers dashing in one direction and darker blue policemen chasing them back the other way. It was like a pair of thousand-man soccer teams viewed from the cheap seats. We were about half-

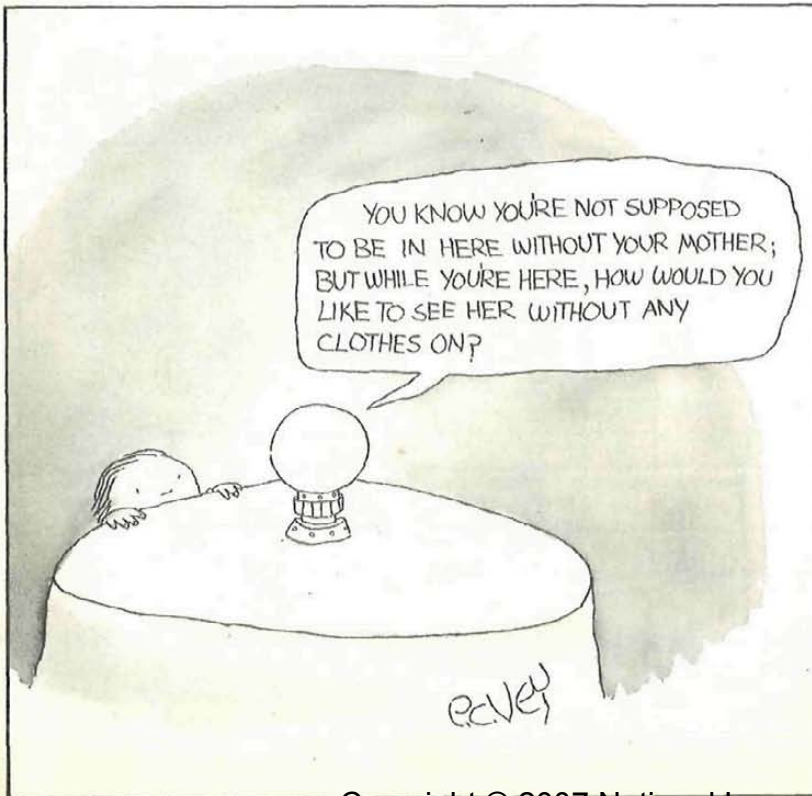
way through the last of three reels and talking about how, after all, maybe we could use more of the film we already had on a fellow who had been the town's first and last nude panhandler, when something caught Bob's eye. He rewound the movie and ran it again until we came to one of the broad crowd vacillations, where Barry had been following a flight of young radicals across the plaza. But as Barry panned along the hippie retreat, he panned too far and swung the lens all the way past the crowd's rear guard. And there for a few seconds was the back of a traffic cop, standing out of the path of the riot, obviously directing traffic. And into this frame scurried the perfectly clear form of Red Lenny, two-by-four in hand. Lenny smacked the cop on the head, and before the man could fall, the camera had swung back to the frenzied demonstration. "What was that?!" said Barry. "What was *that!*? I never saw that in my life!" And he hadn't. The crowd was being gassed and Barry and Bob were blinking and crying on their park bench, which is how Barry had happened to pan past the running protesters. But it was there on film, Lenny braining the traffic cop.

Now here is a part of the story that I don't understand. We did not destroy that piece of film. Not even the little section that could be counted as evi-

dence. And that was the only rational thing to do. Instead, we put it in the safe. We had an old safe in the office. Only Corey, Barry, Bob, and I knew the combination. I don't know why we had the safe. There wasn't anything else in it. Even the narcotics cops, when they raided our office, didn't bother to look inside. But we put that reel of film in the safe, and I believe the reason that we did so was in order to have something secret and important to put in there. A momentary thrill could have been had by burning the film in an ashtray and burying the ashes in the yard or something, but a much bigger and more tingly kind of thrill was provided by having it and keeping it and repeatedly swearing each other to secrecy. It gave us something to whisper importantly about for a month.

We finished the newsreel (without any demonstration footage), and it was shown somewhere and not actually greeted with hoots. And we started on another, which I can't remember if we ever finished. Then there was the paper to put out, which became all the harder when Corey went back to school at the end of August. And life proceeded with its ordinary proliferation of small concerns and long mesaline interludes. Summer became fall, as it usually does, and the Red Lenny case slipped our minds again. I was spending as much time as I could with Corey. I'd hitchhike out to her family's house in the suburbs in the afternoon, about the time school let out. And we'd sit outside on the lawn and talk or shoot baskets on the driveway apron. When we were alone, sometimes, we'd make love in Corey's bedroom, which was at the southwest corner of the house and brightly lit at that time of day. I remember laying there one afternoon with my head by her side and looking at the sunlight on the fine line of down that ran up the middle of her little belly and thinking that I might never be as happy again. And I haven't.

Usually we were alone on those afternoons because the Harrisons, at the behest of Mrs. Harrison, had adopted a seven-year-old autistic boy named Kevin. And Mrs. Harrison had to drive into the city each weekday at four to pick him up at the special school he attended. Kevin's autism was severe, and he would stand in a room with his arms flapping up and down like a child playing bird, which perhaps he was, but for hours at a



ENQUIRER

The Miracle of
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Bribery

July 1, 1980 20654-76

THE WEEKLY NEWSPAPER OF POLITICAL PAP AND FLUFF

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**ENQUIRER
PSYCHIC
PREDICTS: Rose
Kennedy Will
Marry a Priest
with the Pope's
Blessing!**

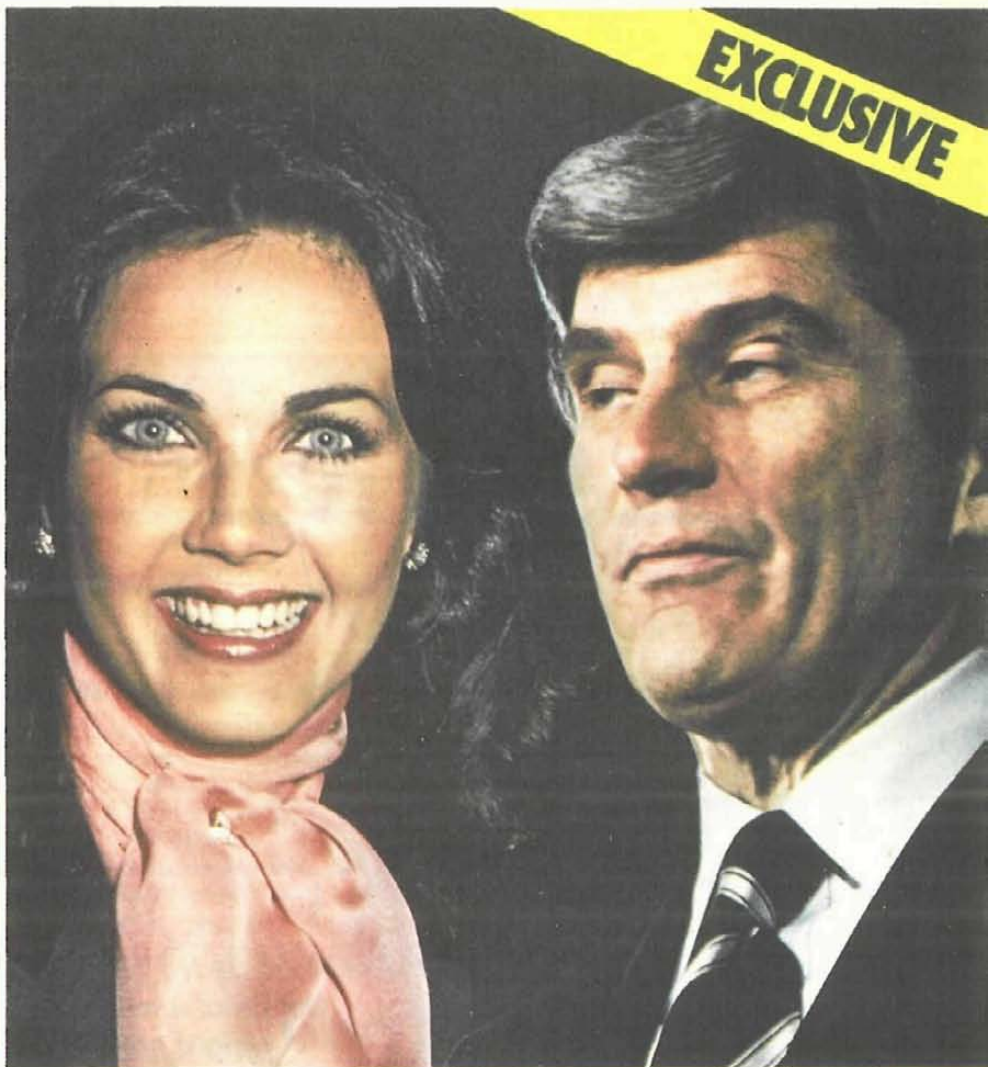
★ ★ ★

**JOHN TOWER,
WILLIAM
PROXMIRE,
BARBARA
JORDAN: Decent
Lawmakers or
Nazi Butchers?**

★ ★ ★

**STROM
THURMOND:
How a Little-
Known
Operation
Saved His
Marriage**

EXCLUSIVE



Senator Warner Has Fallen in Love with This Girl

John Warner, handsome freshman senator from Virginia, has finally given up on wife Liz

steaks and chocolate eclairs to hubby and politics. Warner is switching support to TV's Woman, Lynda Carter (Story on page 87)



Vice-president tells of a lifetime of heartache behind the road to success...

The Secret Torment of Walter Mondale

Walter Mondale has almost everything. A successful career, a beautiful family, a vacation house, and, by his own description, a "neat and nifty wardrobe." But behind that charming, poised demeanor is a lifetime of setbacks, problems, and deep tragedies that he has kept secret... until now.

Before Mondale went into politics there were many years of heartbreak and neglect. As an only child he greatly disappointed his parents because of a glandular condition that kept him tremendously overweight. "Even my parents called me Fatty and Lard Ass," said Mondale.

"I had a real tough time at parochial school. The nuns used to beat me with a Torah, the Jewish holy scrolls, which were heavy and could hurt a lot. The nuns would encourage the kids to steal Torahs

from the local synagogues. Catholics were very anti-Semitic in those days."

Although he overcame his obesity problem, Mondale could not adjust to living with his parents and ran away from home at seventeen. He tried all sorts of odd jobs but could not succeed. At eighteen he married a fifteen-year-old runaway girl and fathered two children by her. At nineteen he was an alcoholic.

"I was acting out all the defiance roles," said Mondale. "I came from a very strict home where I was denied things that other kids took for



granted. My parents were very penurious, very careful with money. They didn't believe I needed underwear, even in the winter. I never had a warm hat or a pair of gloves. They would do things like save pieces of string and repair broken rubber bands. They even denied me water when I was thirsty, claiming I was wasting it."

For years no one ever knew of Walter Mondale's torment.

As a rising star in politics he would always put up a convincing front of smiles and self-assurance. "But when I'm alone I often cry myself to sleep," he said.

Today, most of his troubles are behind him, and as vice-president of the United States he leads a full and busy life. But Walter Mondale will never forget the near fatal obstacles he had to overcome along the way.

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How many times have your political opponents called you ten pounds of s---t in a five-pound bag? Chances are, their accusations and taunts are partially true. This is the main cause of overweight among lawmakers. Defadrin enables you to shed those extra pounds of s---t easily, painlessly, without starving yourself or taking dangerous "speed" reducing pills.

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Sen. Jesse Helms,
North Carolina

"The excess weight seemed to slip away like magic!"

Sen. Daniel Moynihan,
New York

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Robert Byrd: My 30-Year Battle Against Ethnic Minorities

Senate majority leader Robert Byrd has been waging a tough, bitter fight for thirty years—against ethnic-minority groups. “Especially when they try to move into my neighborhood,” said Byrd.

ENQUIRER BABIES

Guess who these babies grew up to be.



a.Lyndon Johnson
b.Lyndon Johnson
c.Lyndon Johnson
d.Lyndon Johnson

Senator Byrd suffers from a rare disease called *ethnic systosis*. Any prolonged exposure to a person from a minority group (Jews, Hispanics, Negroes, etc.) causes him to suffer extreme allergic reactions. He breaks out in giant hives, gets dizzy spells, and has great difficulty in breathing. Many times he has tried to overlook his problem, since he must deal with all sorts of people in politics, “but it usually leads to bronchial asthma and

severe motor problems,” said Byrd.

“Years ago, someone accidentally made me shake hands with Martin Luther King and I fainted on the spot. I had to be rushed to Walter Reed Hospital for emergency treatment.”

Byrd is active in organizing the homeowners in his area in guarding against ethnic intrusion. “It has nothing to do with ethnics lowering our land values. It’s simply my own physical problem,” said Byrd. “My friends

and neighbors know that if we don’t keep the area pure, I’ll get terribly sick and won’t be able to perform my job properly.”

During working hours Byrd takes dozens of allergy pills and usually gets two or

three injections of a special serum every day. Of course, he stays as far away as possible from any ethnics in the Senate. Byrd insists he has nothing against minority groups personally, but he feels he must continue his vigilance if he is to survive and provide the leadership his country needs.



Psychic Tells 4 Noted Lawmakers That They’ve Lived Before

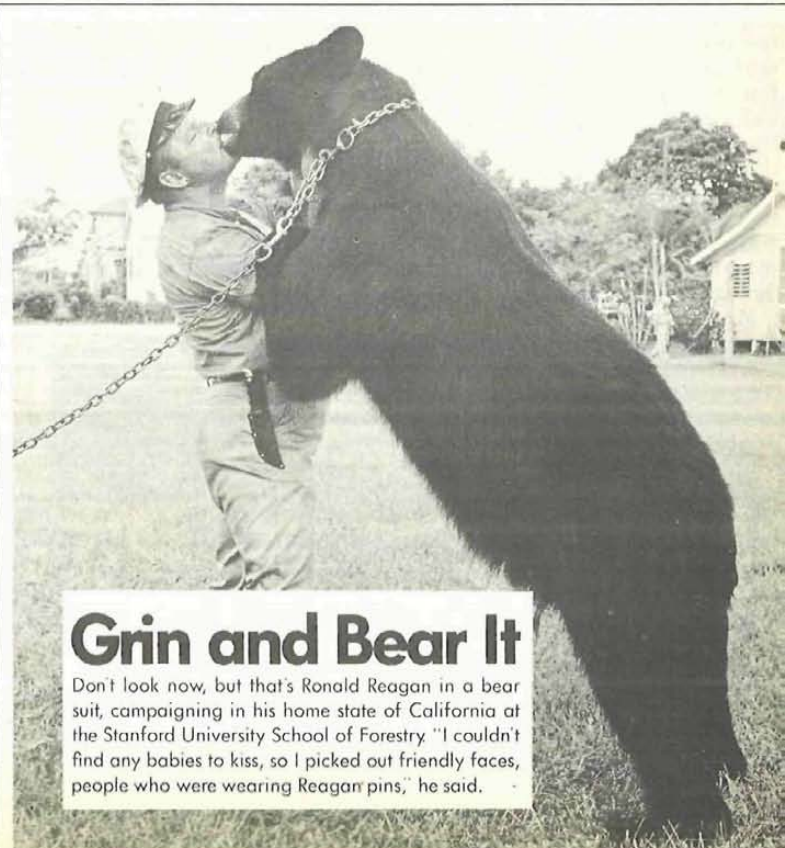
Reincarnation expert Leona Hobbs put herself in a hypnotic trance and “went into the psyches” of four of our top lawmakers to find out if they had lived in previous lives. It turned out that they all had.

• Representative Elizabeth Holtzman of New York was once a *man*, a beggar on the streets of Calcutta over two hundred years ago who died at seventeen of malnutrition.

• Senator Frank Church of Idaho was a grave robber in the mid-nineteenth century, a man named Joe O’Holeahan, an Irishman who supplied cadavers to doctors conducting highly illegal experiments.

• Senator Barry Goldwater of Arizona used to live in sixteenth century Elizabethan England, where he was a dancing bear. His name was Juniper, and he performed in a traveling carnival.

• Representative Phil Crane of Illinois has the oldest identity. He was once an ashtray in ancient Greece, or more accurately, a Grecian urn used for collecting odds and ends.



Grin and Bear It

Don’t look now, but that’s Ronald Reagan in a bear suit, campaigning in his home state of California at the Stanford University School of Forestry. “I couldn’t find any babies to kiss, so I picked out friendly faces, people who were wearing Reagan pins,” he said.

Houston Horror—The Haunted House of George Bush

I visited the home of George Bush, one of the leading contenders for the Republican presidential nomination, to get the real truth behind the horror stories that have circulated about his house, stories that have driven the ex-CIA head and his wife to near nervous breakdowns.

Accompanying me to the infamous Houston home was Dr. Leonard Krellner, an eminent parapsychologist and teacher at the Delehanty Institute, a man who specializes in researching and analyzing "possessed" houses. The Bush family allowed us to investigate every room in the house except the basement and daughter Dorothy's room, which they claimed were "a real mess that we're truly ashamed of."

The Bushes claim that weird, terrifying, unexplainable events started happening in the house ever since he started campaigning for the Republican presidential nomination. Yellowish water began dripping from the ceilings; a brown mudlike substance was found clinging to the walls and baseboards. Huge dustballs floated through the house, and various rodents and strange-looking animals would appear, sometimes peering through the windows.

Mrs. Bush had to fight back tears when she related that every time someone tried to use a vacuum cleaner it would not work and would send shock waves through the person touching it. The floors and other surfaces seemed to repel any attempts to use soaps or detergents on them. The washer and dryer stopped working and the family's soiled laundry grew to enormous proportions.

At the same time, ex-senator Bush grew more cranky and irri-



BY NATHAN VOYD

cious temper and mean streak no one in his family had ever seen. At times, he admitted, he wanted to buy a fire hose and spray everybody to death.

Today, the terrified family still occupies a small section of the house but feels that the oozing substances, the secretions, the odd leaks and strange noises in the walls and

the basement are getting worse.

After weeks of investigation, Dr. Krellner revealed some startling facts about the history of this strange house:

- The site of the house was originally part of a black slave breeding farm before the Civil War.

- About fifty years ago, on the same site, a young boy found two brightly colored dust rags that belonged to a

black woman. He tore up the rags and wore them on his head like bandannas. Shortly afterward he fell from a tree and died.

- Before the Bush family moved into the house it was occupied by a man who had a violent argument with a black cleaning woman who refused to "do windows" and was fired.

Dr. Krellner's conclusion is that the house and its inhabitants have been cursed

by the spirits of black cleaning women who have been wronged or are unhappy. He believes that the house will never be a normal one until blacks attain genuine economic equality and rid themselves of second-class citizenship.

George Bush agrees with Dr. Krellner's findings "in principle" but cannot personally guarantee that blacks will overcome their economic and social problems in his lifetime. He pledged to work harder in their behalf. But at the same time, he felt that he could not live in the house any longer. He feels that the brown substances, the dustballs, are real, not the work of spirits or devils. "If it gets any filthier around here, we're moving. The place is a pig sty," said Bush emphatically.

Why I Love Politics

by Rep. Jack Kemp, Buffalo, New York

I love politics because the pay is good, you get a chance to meet lots of important people who could become valuable friends, and, if you work hard and are lucky, you can get into a position of real power.

Also, we get a pretty fair expense account, a chance to travel, and lots of de-



ductions and write-offs that put us at least two steps ahead of galloping inflation. In return for all these benefits, all we have to do is run for office every two or four years and win. I feel the rewards are certainly worth the effort, and I pledge to do anything in my power to get reelected.

Leading Dentist Recommends Weekly Checkups for Active Lawmakers

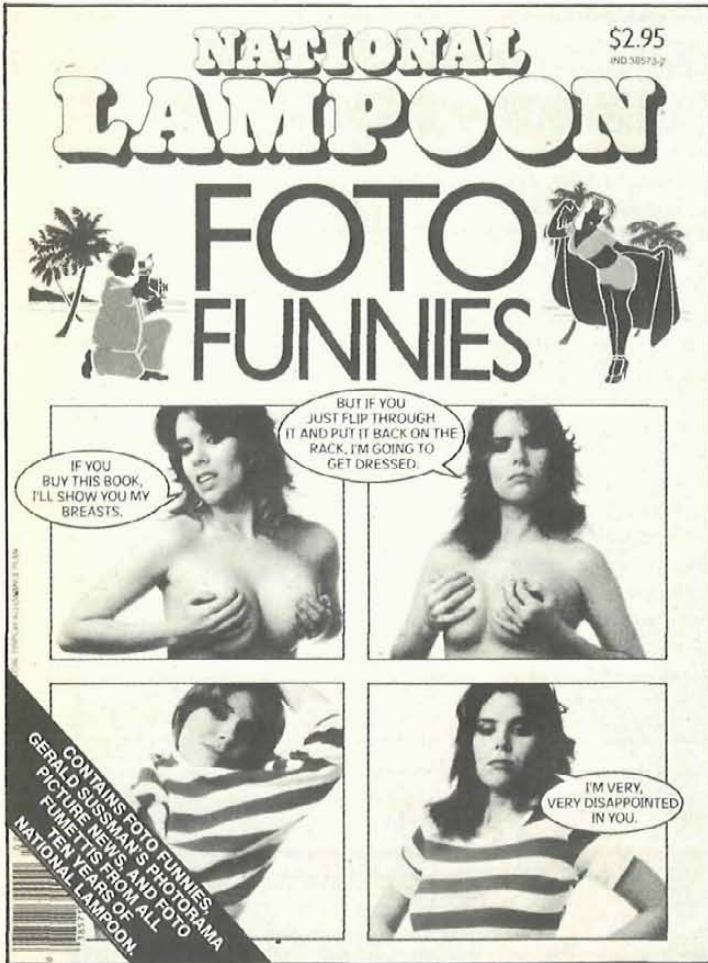
Dr. Lawrence Levine, executive vice-president of the American Dental Association and a pioneer in preventive dentistry, feels that people active in politics should have their mouths checked every week, or at least once a month.

"Tests have proven that politicians are far more prone to mouth cancer than the average citizen. Politics is an important asset, and they should take

Levine. "Since they talk far more than the normal person, their mouths are far more susceptible to germs and bacteria. In a sense, their mouths are like a pig sty, and they should take

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GOOD AND EVIL

continued from page 38

time. He could not talk. It was something to watch Mrs. Harrison that fall as she made the slowest and most patient progress with him. Just as she had made the slowest and most patient progress with me—by October I was appearing at the Harrison household a little cleaner, and my language in their home was now not quite so free and profane. Kevin was beginning to pay some attention when speech, which he evidently understood, was addressed to him. And though he would not talk, he had begun to think and act. He showed, for instance, great facility at taking apart clocks and other mechanical objects and putting them back together again, too. But even then, I confess it, I didn't like Mrs. Harrison. It's hard to forgive someone when you're beginning to agree with her.

Corey, too, was kind and understanding with Kevin, almost as patient as her mother. She thought that Kevin performed his unceasing motions because he could not distinguish between sensations. He was estranged from his emotions, she said, and he could not tell the difference between a good feeling, such as a caress, and any old feeling, such as going *bzzz* through his nose for an hour, any more than he could love or hate. I used to like to watch her with him and think how we might have a child of our own some-

day, though one that didn't wave his arms so wildly.

One evening that fall when Mrs. Harrison and Corey and Kevin and I were sitting in the living room, Mr. Harrison came home in a bad mood. We asked him what was wrong, and I believe I can recall what he said with some accuracy. "It's the damn Lenny Feinermann case," he said. "We had something that's called a 'pretrial discovery' today, where the damn prosecution tells you the goddamned evidence they've got against your damn client. And the goddamn DA has got a goddamn *film clip* of Lenny hitting the officer right over the fucking head. I've seen it."

Corey looked at me. And I looked at the floor. And then we both looked at the floor. And I kept looking at the floor, and I said, "I hate to tell you this, but I know where that film came from."

So I told Mr. Harrison the story of the newsreel. And, lacking any other facts than those I've put down here, he and I and his daughter began to conjecture. We conjectured that the police had seen Bob and Barry filming on the day of the demonstration. And that, on a hunch, they had gone to one of the four members of the newspaper staff and convinced or coerced that person into giving the film to the district attorney. Corey was out of the question. And so was I, as long as I was in the room. So it must have been

either Bob or Barry who had turned informant. Oddly, Mr. Harrison was one more person who never asked why the film wasn't destroyed. And it's my belief now that he was no more immune than the rest of us to the excitement of intrigue. Instead we discussed how angry Bob had been about the attack and whether or not this was sufficient motive for him to have given the film to the prosecutor. Possibly, we thought, if the officer had died. But he had not and was back on duty. And even if he had, Bob was too kindly to turn anybody in to anybody else. To do so, anyway, would have deprived him of the only thing he had, which was the unanimous affection of every hairy, bead-decked creature under thirty in the area. It must have been Barry. Barry had rich parents who, if they found out what he was doing with his allowance, might give him no allowance to do anything. That's a shameful motive to think of a
continued on page 79

A Brief Ode to the Sixties

Here's a brief ode to the sixties,
A decade some twenty years long,
Where drugs were confused
With political views
And ethics with popular songs.
We cured the world's lacks
With bell-bottom slacks
And shook down society's powers.
We opened school doors
And pulled up church floors
And got tear gas in old ivory towers.
We set free the Me
And the Negroes and Cree
And women, draft dodgers, and gays
(You'll note how it am
All better in 'Nam
And in Harlem and high school these
days).
And with such proclivity
To libidinal activity
Not an orifice went unaccosted.
By Mom, Sis, and Dad
So much sex there was had
That the stockpile was finally
exhausted.
The changes we made,
In kind and in grade,
Were so total, so thorough, and so
divers
That we've walked 'round the line
Back to year '59.
With worse music and synthetic
fifers.

The political savvy of Edward M. Kennedy.

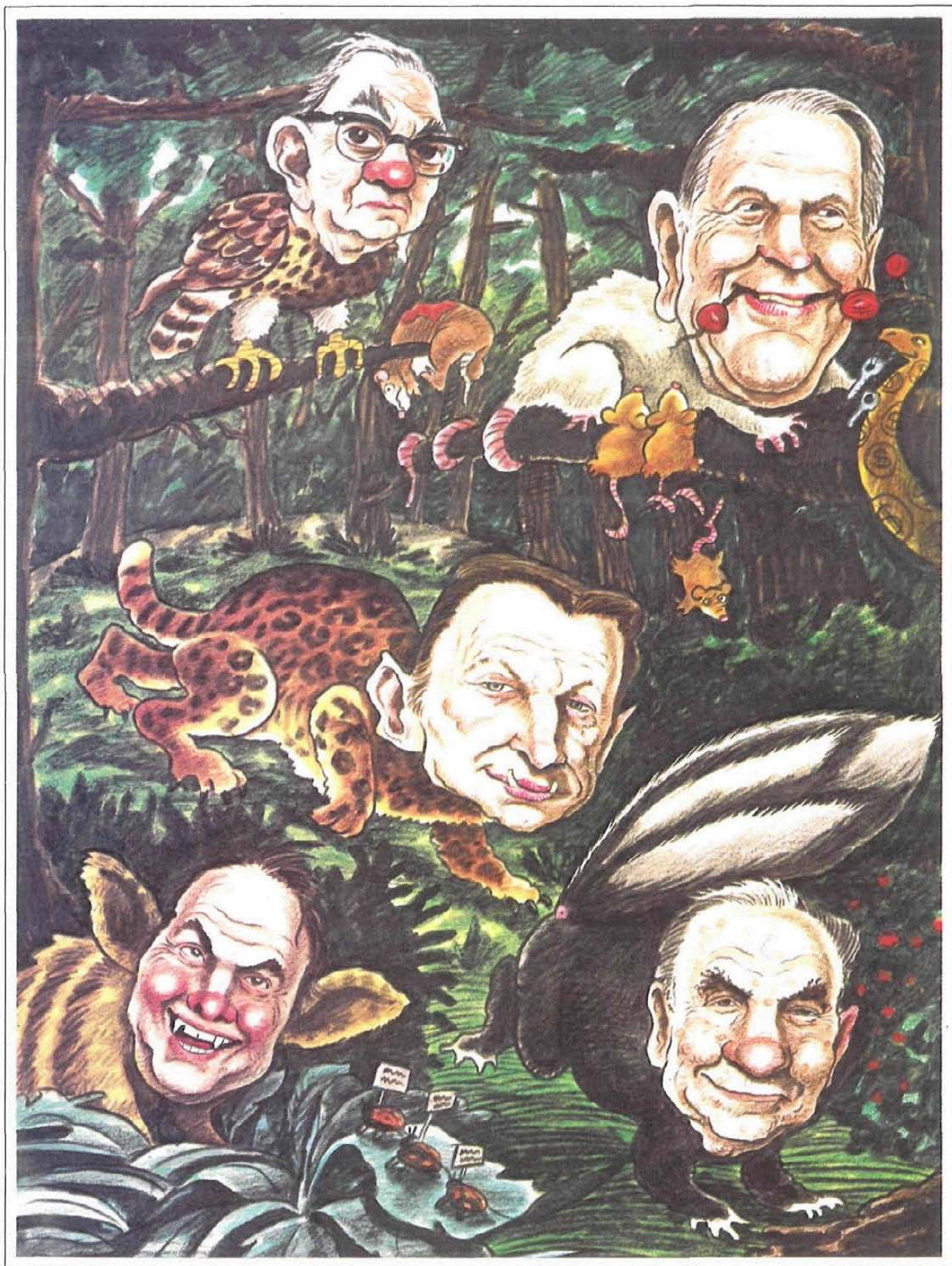
Life in the Swamp

BY RICK MEYEROWITZ

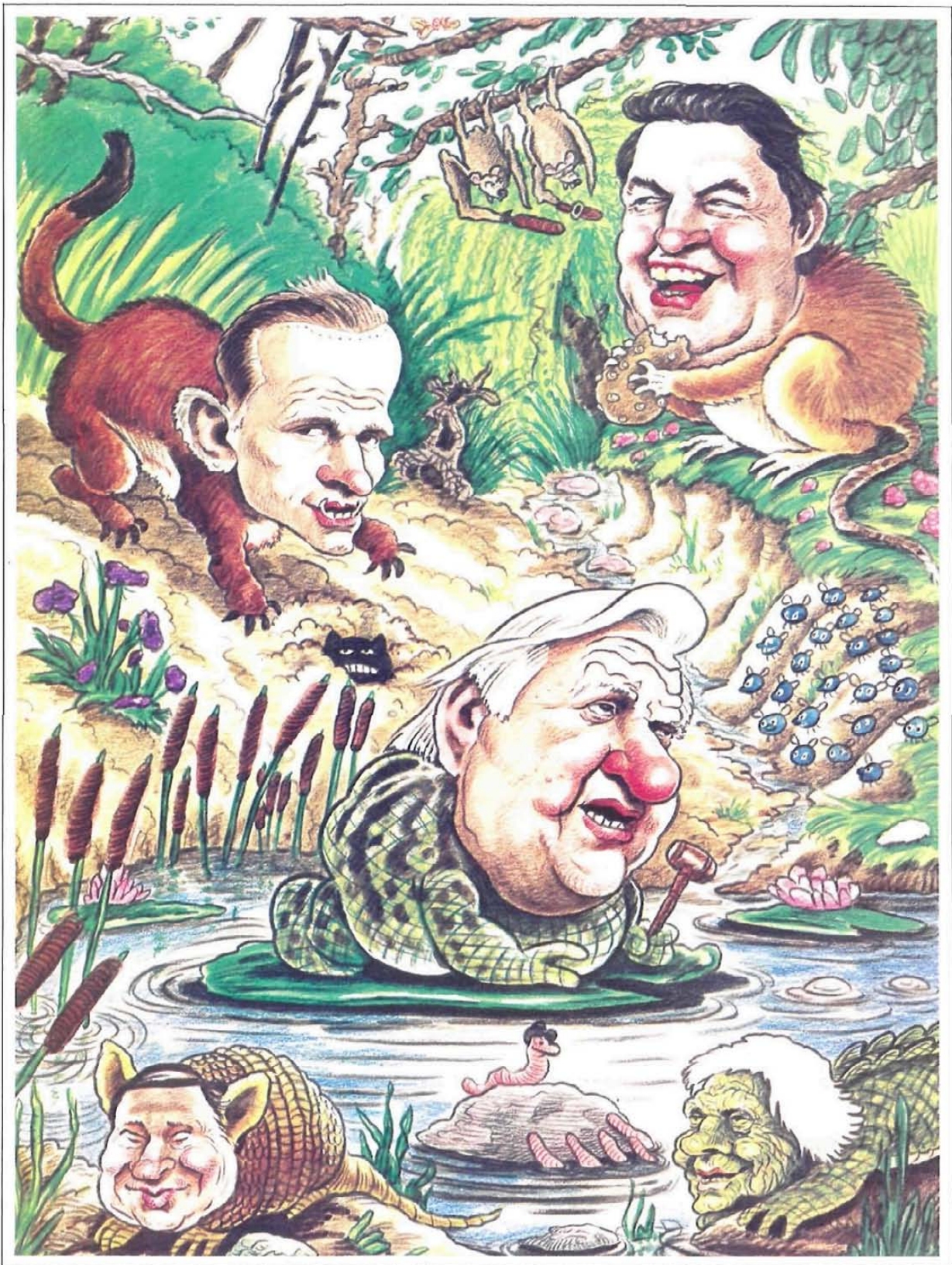
WITH SPECIAL HIP BOOT AND MUCK GLOVE CONSULTATION BY JOHN HUGHES



ABOVE A parasitic subspecies of the Southern Indoor Swine, Carter's Lesser Hog (*Sus jordanicus*) tramples through the Potomac sludge and slime. He is characterized by his loud and raucous mating ritual and his distinctive grunt. Not pictured is the Carter's Lesser Hog's symbiotic companion, the Mud-Headed Powell.



TOP LEFT A Mississippi War Hawk (*Buteo stennis*) prepares to devour a Muskie Rat (*Ondatra dorkum*). Nearby, a Flat-Bottomed Possum (*Didelphis dinkus*) enjoys a tasty plum given him by an Industry Snake (*Crotalus petro*), while Lobby Rats (*Rattus favorus*) tickle his soft underbelly. CENTER A Pennsylvania Avenue Polecat (*Mustela advisorae*), often mistaken for several species of Old World Carnivore, stalks a Carolina Skunk (*Conepatus thurmondus*), who prepares to defend himself with a spray of foul-smelling jargon. LOWER LEFT A Dole's Hyena (*Hyaenidae scurriolous*) hopes to disguise, with his amusing cackles and frolicsome hijinks, his brutal skill at biting the backs of his fellow woodland creatures.



TOP LEFT A Wisconsin Ferret (*Mustela proximus*) digs tenaciously through the waste of his swamp mates. TOP RIGHT A Giant Church Mouse (*Mus fellatus*) squeaks at a pair of Press Bats (*Chiropterus journalimus*). BELOW A Speaker Frog (*Rana tipus*), weary from a night-long search for juice, prepares for the day's first croak. At his right, a swarm of Nader Gnats (*Diptera pesticus*) seeks out a warm orifice to irritate. LOWER LEFT A Squint-Eyed Armadillo (*Priodontes texasae*) basks in the sun. LOWER RIGHT A Granny Gator (*Alligatoridae Antiquicus*) readies herself for an afternoon of jaw slapping and wind biting.



TOP LEFT A Yellow-Tail Doe (*Cervus fondus*) attempts to mate with a Poek-Cheek Hayden Hare (*Lepus stoogicus*), who is exhausted from a day of poking his head in other animals' burrows. ABOVE A California Coot Owl (*Otus dinkus*) cackles from above. At the far right, a Proposition Squirrel (*Sciurus idiotidae*) is ready to defend his cache of nuts and seeds from hungry Legislative Sloths (not pictured). BOTTOM LEFT At the water's edge lie the fossilized remains of the Governor Lizard (*Teidae dramaticus*). BOTTOM RIGHT A Brown Beaver (*Castor fartae*) struggles to survive in an environment he refuses to alter.

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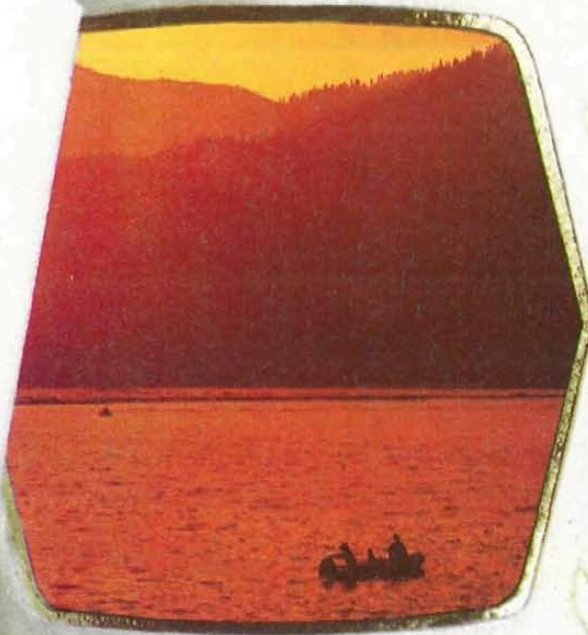
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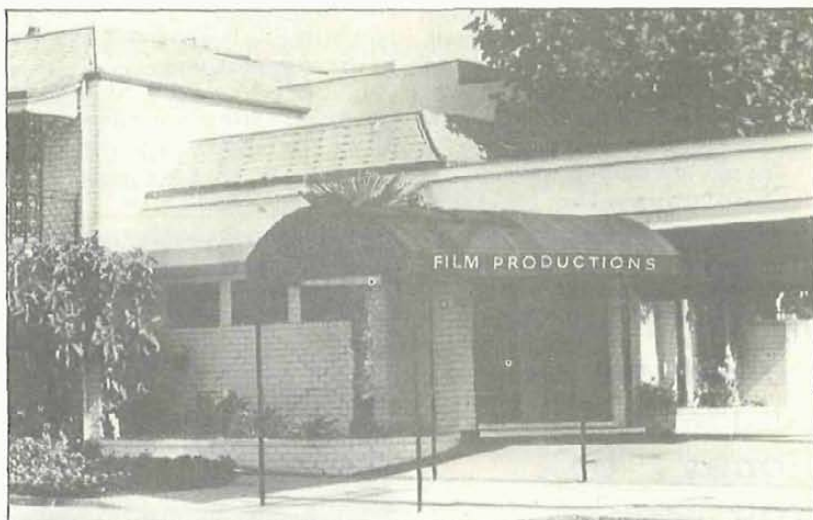
OPERATION Jennifer Jones

BY MICHAEL CIVITELLO

IN JULY OF 1978, disturbing rumors began reaching FBI headquarters in Washington, DC, from Hollywood, California, that numerous actresses—and also a few actors—were using sex, or, to be more specific, the sexual act itself, as a means of advancing their careers. It was alleged that these thespians, in order to get film roles, would blithely offer themselves to agents, directors, producers, studio heads, casting personnel, production assistants, and, further down the line, projectionists and theater ushers. It was also alleged that this behavior was taken as a matter of course by agents, directors, producers, etc., and was, in fact, sometimes a prerequisite to obtaining employment.

These allegations greatly distressed FBI director William Webster, who felt that the Bureau had an obligation to investigate the allegations because "the morals of the country are to a large extent shaped by those flickering celluloid images sent to us from Hollywood, and if the celluloid is rotten, the rest of the nation is soon to follow." He immediately instituted "Operation Jennifer Jones"—named after his favorite actress, whose Oscar-winning performance in *The Song of Bernadette* was, he told associates, "an achievement that has set standards not equaled before or after the film's release date of May 10, 1943." The original plan, as set up by Mr. Webster, was at first a relatively simple affair. It involved:

Three FBI agents, John Harriman, Robert White, and Peter Brown, who for their Hollywood undercover duties assumed the names Irv Goldengut, Manny Blumenmeyer, and Sol Weinsteinberg. Irv was to pose as a



The home base of Operation Jennifer Jones.

"...if the celluloid is rotten, the rest of the nation is soon to follow."



The operation's namesake.

film producer, Manny a film director, and Sol a talent agent. An office suite was rented at 1891 La Cienega Boulevard for their dummy film corporation, Film Productions. Advertisements were placed in local trade papers, notably the *Hollywood Reporter*, for actors and actresses to appear in a

film "based on the life of a poor French girl who sees a vision, talks to the Virgin Mary, and gets something or other in her leg and dies." It was important, for legal purposes, that the ads be very clear and indicate that the film to be produced would in no way be pornographic.

OCTOBER 2, 1978 Operation Jennifer Jones began. Video and audio equipment had been installed in one of the three offices at the La Cienega address so that a true and objective account of the proceedings could be made for FBI director Webster to view in his Washington, DC, office.

Sol, the talent agent, had purchased a lavender casual suit at Wilson's House of Suede and Leather and busily surveyed the scene at the Beverly Hills Hotel pool and cabana. Engaging both men and women in conversation, he let it be known that he was seeking actresses to act in a film of a religious nature. He distributed cards bearing the La Cienega address and telephone number and frequently paged himself. By midafternoon a steady flow of acting talent was arriving at the offices.

The task of the agents was both difficult and delicate. How could they

confirm that Hollywood actresses did indeed offer (and were expected to offer) sexual favors in return for film roles without later being accused of the all-too-familiar charge of entrapment? It was vital that the morals of the actresses come under scrutiny and not the modus operandi of the FBI.

To settle this dilemma the agents fell back upon years of fieldwork and purchased for themselves erotic T-shirts, shorts, and undergarments that featured suggestive slogans. Dressed in this attire, Irv and Manny met the first actress, one Beverly La Boheme, whom Sol had met at the Beverly Hills pool. Sol introduced Beverly to Irv and Manny, both of whom were seated on a beige sofa bed with their legs in a full butterfly position.

SOL: A better candidate for stardom you couldn't find in one million years, oy, oy. You fellas going to put her in the movies or you going to pull your putzes? Come on, talk at me.

MANNY: You ever act before, honey?

BEVERLY: Well, I was in a UCLA drama department production of *A Doll's House*.

IRV: Students! He sends me students yet! Honey, can you read my T-shirt?

BEVERLY: Yes.

IRV: So read it.

BEVERLY: It says, "You don't have to be a cat to lick a pussy."

SOL: I like the way she read that. Lots of heart.

MANNY: Talent, schmalent. Tell me, hon, what do you like to do? You know...what do you like best of all?

BEVERLY: I like to act. I think I'd be very good in your movie, which sounds a lot like *The Song of Bernadette*. Right?

MANNY: Maybe, maybe, but we're looking at a title more along the lines of *Hot and Sassy Country Girls from France*.

BEVERLY: That sounds...dirty?

IRV: No! It's just the packaging. We're

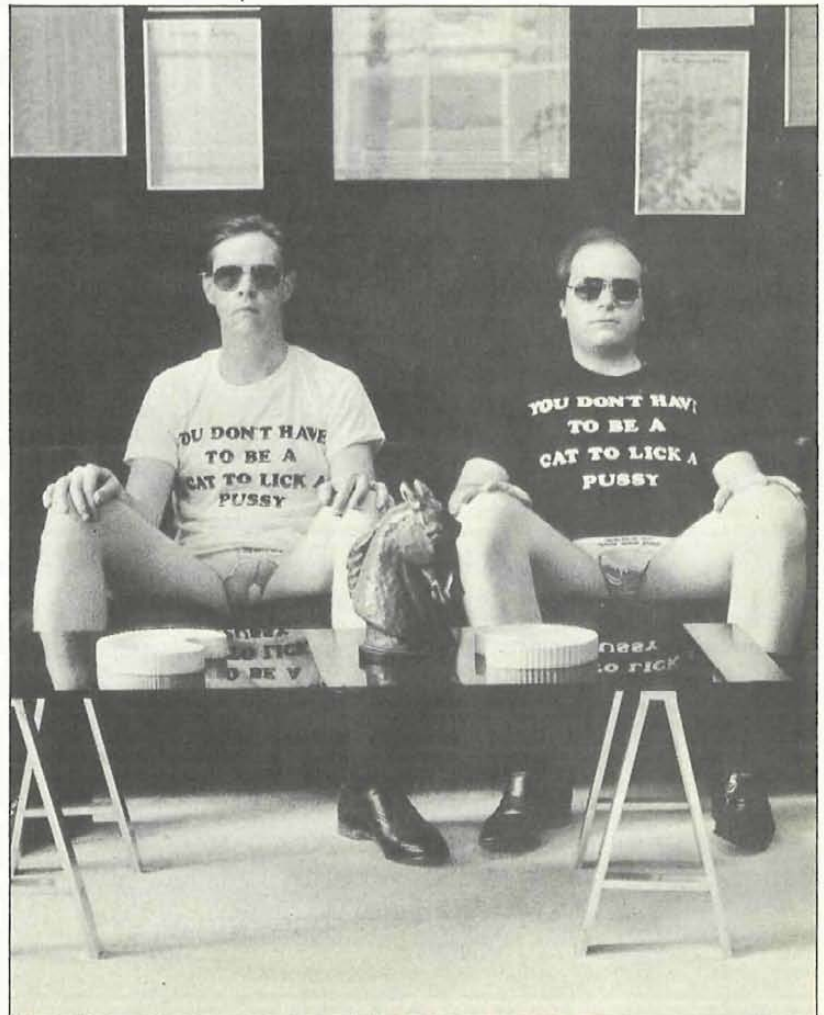
"IRV:
Students! He
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Honey, can
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T-shirt?"

BEVERLY: Yes.

IRV: So read
it.

BEVERLY: It
says, 'You
don't have to
be a cat to
lick a pussy.'

SOL: I like
the way she
read that. Lots
of heart."



Agents Brown and Harriman incognito at the La Cienega offices.

talking P, PG at the worst.

BEVERLY: Oh. Okay.

MANNY: We'll be in touch, all right, dear?

IRV: Thank you for coming. You're very talented.

(Beverly La Boheme was escorted out of the office at this point.)

IRV: Struck out!

MANNY: She's the first one. We've got three thousand more.

Over the next three months, Sol, Manny, and Irv conducted thousands of interviews, all of them with much the same results as their first effort. It wasn't until early December that the agents discovered that there were indeed women in Hollywood who would stop at nothing to further their careers.

DECEMBER 8, 1978 Sol, in the course of the afternoon, had met an actress, told her of the re-

make of *The Song of Bernadette* his two associates were making, and brought her immediately to the La Cienega address. By now, the effort to cast a leading lady in the soon-to-be-filmed cinematic spectacular had received a certain amount of attention in the Hollywood area. Girls were pestering Sol at all hours of the day and night, pleading for an audition. One such actress, Candy Lane, was brought to the offices by Sol and was immediately recognized as pay dirt. Her hair was several shades of yellow, culminating in a sort of grayish blond near the scalp. Her dress hung loosely on her rather ample frame and she made no attempt to conceal the fact that she was not wearing undergarments.

CANDY LANE: Which one of you guys do I have to blow to get a job?

MANNY: Excuse me?

CANDY LANE: All right, I'll blow all three of you. Who's first?

MANNY: Please, we're looking for an

actress.

IRV: I'd rather you didn't do that...

CANDY LANE: You sure you guys are making a movie? You act like LAPD.

MANNY: Suck.

IRV: I'm next.

SOL: Don't forget me.

The agents were forced to submit to multiple acts of oral sex performed by the actress, to protect their cover. A call was placed to Washington, DC, to determine whether or not the agents had acted in a manner detrimental to the operation. While there was no precedent, Director Webster indicated that in protecting the cover and thus the operation itself the agents had acted properly and that in the future when the circumstance dictated these sex acts and other acts could be performed.

By February of 1979, the agents had conducted nearly two thousand interviews, which were recorded on six hundred hours of video and audio tape. News of the success of Operation Jennifer Jones spread throughout the close-knit organization. By March of that year, hundreds of agents from every major Bureau office had sent representatives to the La Cienega address to observe the mechanics of the ingenious undercover operation. Soon the actresses were finding themselves facing upward of eighty-five directors, producers, and agents, all of whom were clad in erotic T-shirts, sunglasses, black dress shoes, and slogan underwear. Something was bound to give.

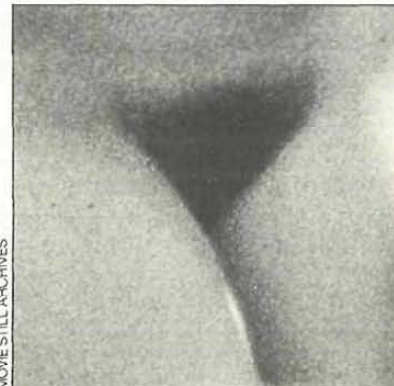
Hollywood, for all its rambling real estate, is a small town, where lemons and rumors grow in abundance. By late March of 1979, the Los Angeles press was hearing rumors and stories of gross sexual impropriety on La Cienega Boulevard and decided to investigate. Lynda Johnson, a twenty-three-year-old USC-graduate reporter for the *LA Times*, was told by then editor in chief Stephen Fraser to go undercover and find a story in the rumors. So, by April, there was the rather ludicrous spectacle of an undercover government operation known to thousands of southern California women being observed by a second undercover operation.



MOVIE STILL ARCHIVES

As Director Webster suspected, thousands of women are being corrupted by the Hollywood system.

"Hollywood... is a small town, where lemons and rumors grow in abundance."



MOVIE STILL ARCHIVES

Actress Candy Lane, a key figure in the operation.

APRIL 13, 1979 With-in moments of removing her caftan poolside at the Beverly Hills Hotel, Lynda Johnson was approached by an agent and invited to audition for the still available role of Bernadette. Ms. John-



FREDERIC LEWIS

LA Times reporter Johnson uncovers the operation.

"Human beings tend to tread water where fools dare to go..."



MOVIE STILL ARCHIVES

Though the operation yields no indictments and is terminated under controversial circumstances, the evidence gathered and the methodology developed during the investigation serve as important instructional tools for Bureau agents.

son's trained eye and common sense told her that something was amiss. There were altogether too many crew cuts, too many pairs of wing-tip shoes, too much smell of Brut for those offices to be a bona fide film production outfit. So instead of uncovering sexual misdeeds within the film industry, she uncovered the FBI attempting to uncover sexual misdeeds. Ms. Johnson immediately reported her findings to Fraser—that the FBI was fronting an

office on La Cienega where they were committing gross violations of civil liberties and luring underage females into acts of sexual perversity. Fraser placed a call to Director Webster to ask for a confirmation on his reporter's findings. Webster, realizing that the young reporter had the goods on the Bureau, advised Fraser that he would be leaving for Los Angeles within the hour and to withhold the story from publication until he'd had

a chance to meet with Fraser.

When the two men met the following day, Webster asked Fraser if he would drop the story. Fraser said he would not. Finally, in desperation, Webster emptied the contents of his briefcase onto Fraser's desk. Into the office then came two agents who went around behind Fraser and, each taking a hand, forced Fraser to touch the cash Webster had dumped from his briefcase. Webster himself took photographs of Fraser touching the money. Webster thereupon informed Fraser that in addition to the incriminating photos of his hands, the Bureau had earlier in the day offered to pay for Mrs. Fraser's groceries and that she had accepted.

The entire episode ended up in Los Angeles Superior Court, where closed hearings were held to determine if the FBI should be indicted on eighteen criminal counts. The Times brought in its lawyers and witnesses, the Justice Department descended upon LA en masse, the FBI brought in its special corps of legal technicians, and the county of Los Angeles brought forth its own battalions.

The president of the United States, James E. Carter, declared the proceedings to be "vital to the national interest and security" and ordered that they be held in total secrecy.

After five months of intense debate and seventeen million dollars in court costs, the case was dismissed, with Judge Robert Crane declaring, "Everyone is innocent and all are guilty. It is like a drop of ink in a pool of clear water: it spreads and spreads and all who swim must inevitably be tainted. Human beings tend to tread water where fools dare to go, and perhaps we are all fools in search of the perfect wave. I am not sure." He thereupon dismissed the court and went out to oversee the building of his new home on Malibu Beach. Operation Jennifer Jones, begun with such high hopes and moral fervor, was dead.

Messrs. Smith, Jones, and Brown, in total disgrace, were forced to resign from the Bureau. All three were divorced by their furious wives and forbidden to ever again visit their children. Sad victims of their own weaknesses, they soon dropped out of sight.

As of this writing, it is rumored that they have changed their names to Goldberg, Schwartz, and Liebman and are living somewhere out west. □



Presenting Peter, Paul & Doris.

What would cause an otherwise sedate housewife from Paramus to sing "Blowin' in the Wind" along with Peter, Paul, Mary and her hairdryer?

Or a successful executive to cloister himself in his office and do duets with Carly Simon?

Did you ever wonder what all those people were listening to in their cars when you saw their lips moving behind closed windows?

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Tune in to WYNY. You'll even find yourself humming the weather.

WYNY 97 FM
The station you can sing to.

FOTO FUNNIES



Sure, I missed the Vietnam War. And so what if I can't get into one of those goony clubs for ex-servicemen and attend Casino Night and wear plaster jelly-bean medals on a "cunt hat" and help direct Memorial Day traffic. That's for the lunks who were stupid and unimaginative enough to get drafted, who didn't have the sense to stay at home and fight where the action was a hell of a lot more fun. Say, did you know there's an organization for guys like you and me? It's called...



*Hell No,
We Won't Go*

Veterans of Domestic Disturbances

Now is the perfect time in our lives to share the memories, revive the relationships, and recapture the spirit that illuminated the greatest, most exhilarating wave of vandalism and shouting and running around that this nation has ever seen. Imagine the thrill of joining your old compatriots at the VDD hall for a game or some dope and liquor or just a plain old jaw session! Fill out the application below, won't you. There are thousands of people who fought at your side who'll be really happy to see you.

Personal Record

Action(s)

- Vietnam Cambodian Incursion Watergate Affair
 Renters' Rights Academic Freedom Nuclear Energy Proliferation Negro Rights Chicano Rights
 Indian Rights Anyone Else's Rights (please specify) _____ Other Issue (please specify) _____

Theater(s) of Operation

- East West

Dates of Active Involvement

_____ to _____

Honors or Meritorious Achievements

- Acquited of criminal incitement/assault/trespass charges on constitutional grounds with apology from judge.
 Awarded civil judgment against police/government.
 Asked to speak at memorial service for fallen comrade in another state.
 Bailed out of jail with donations from solidarity group(s) formed on your behalf.
 Member of a group popularly designated by a place name and a digit representing the number of persons in the group—i.e., Catonsville 9, Chicago 7, etc.
 Directly responsible for the total destruction of a major building, or at least making a real mess in the hallways.

- Directly responsible for injury to, or gross public humiliation of, policemen or government officials, especially on TV.
 Stayed up for days and led people in songs and got them to join hands and maintain their resolve even though it was raining and the cops were gassing you and the government wasn't listening.

Wounds and Disabilities

- Petroleum Burns (including self-inflicted) Bone Damage Bullet Wound(s) Gas-Induced Respiratory Disorder(s)/Cancer Torn/Stained Clothing Hoarseness

MOs

- Demolition Communication Intelligence
 Making a Lot of Noise and Swarming Wherever You Weren't Supposed to Go

Miscellaneous Background

1. Did you participate in the Peace Day demonstration in Washington, DC, on March 23, 1973?
 Yes No
 2. Wasn't that fuckin' something?! Yes No

Yes, I want to join the Veterans of Domestic Disturbances because it's really a great idea.

Name (please print) _____

Street Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

Mail to: Veterans of Domestic Disturbances Post # 1, c/o
 National Lampoon, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022.

Note: All applications are subject to routine verification with FBI files, state and local agencies, neighbors, and associates, so authorized by your signature above. Prospective applicants are invited to visit the VDD hall in New York City and view our free audio-visual program "When Are We Going to Have Fun Like That Again?" and join rap sessions with trained industrial insurance actuaries who'll show you how we really could have blown the living shit out of those old campus buildings and Selective Service offices if we had been a little more scientific about it instead of letting the whole thing slide into a sloppy disorganized melee of teen emotions and pussy tactics.

An album for playing.



Another comedy record from National Lampoon.

National Lampoon 635 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022 Dept. NL780
Gimme, gimme, gimme _____ NATIONAL LAMPOON
WHITE ALBUM albums at \$7.98 apiece. I enclose a check
for \$_____.
(There is no charge for handling and postage.)



Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
New York State residents: Please add 8% sales tax

Featuring the hit single
"What Were You Expecting - Rock & Roll"

ON LABEL 21 RECORDS AND TAPES
MARKETED BY JEM RECORDS, INC.



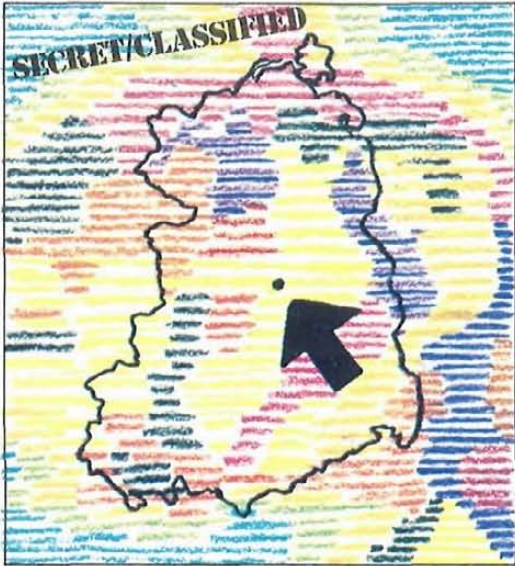
OP 47601

AN INVESTIGATIVE FILE COMPILED BY TOD CARROLL
Illustrated by Duncan Hannah

6 MAY 1980

CIA staff officer Glendon McChesney receives an infrared satellite photograph at his office in Langley, Virginia. The electronically chromatised image suggests that an East German official is experiencing marital problems.

INTSAT-TY9/CIA/39 OF 101/22:31/6-5-80/GER DEM REP



9°E 10°E 11°E 12°E 13°E 14°E 15°E 16°E

- Tactical nuclear warheads
- Ready-alert ground forces
- Armor, heavy artillery
- Mine fields
- High fences
- Mean dogs
- Mud or stickers
- Unhappily married Communist officials

7 MAY 1980

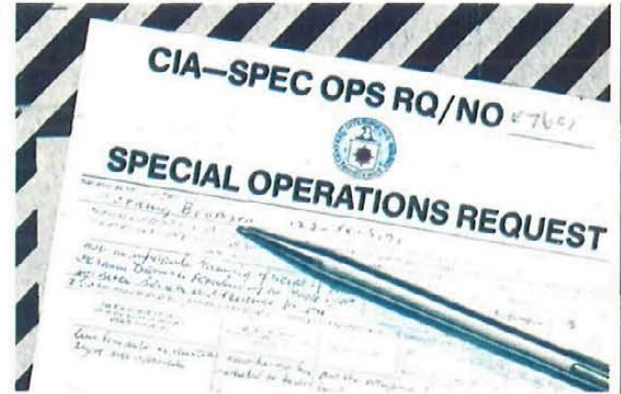
McChesney alerts Special Ops officer Harding Bramson, who determines the information is actionable, fills out a Special Operations Request Form (SORF), and routes it to the House Committee on Foreign Intelligence.



Glendon McChesney, 52, Section Chief, Photo Intelligence and Analysis.



Harding Bramson, 49, Major, Special Ops, Group for East European Affairs.



To the House of Representatives, Committee on Foreign Intelligence:

Pursuant to the Jordan-Holtzman Truth in Espionage Act of 1976, permission to undertake the following operation is herewith submitted for approval. We want to ask an unhappily married official of the German Democratic Republic if he will give us state secrets in exchange for free marriage counseling. The Central Intelligence Agency warrants, in accordance with s.101.6-102.5 of the United States Code (52 USCA 456-63), that its personnel will not lure him into an adulterous tryst with a prostitute, or have her get him addicted to heroin, or kill her, or put the weapon in his hand and take photographs of him in a narcotic stupor next to the body, or blackmail him into giving us the secrets, or sell him afterward, or do anything else clandestine or dishonorable.

Harding Bramson

Authorized signature for the CIA

8 MAY 1980

After reviewing a Preliminary Action Plan (PAP) with his working group, Bramson is convinced field agents may find it advantageous to operate at night. Accordingly, he forwards a Special Permission Application (SPA) to the House Committee on Nighttime Foreign Intelligence.

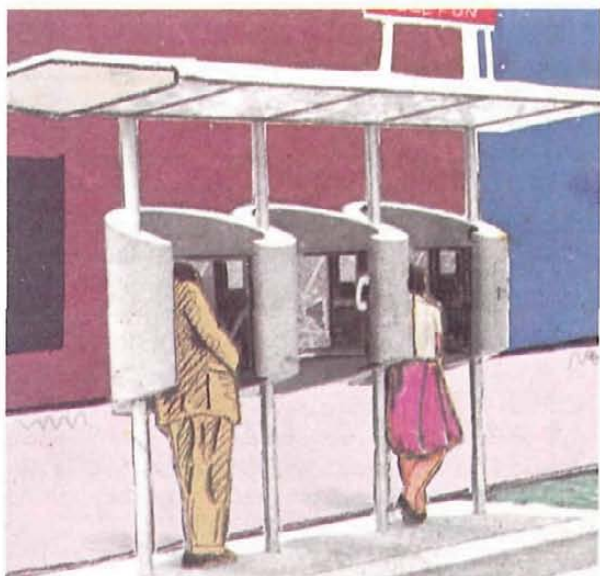


10 MAY 1980

The House Committee on Foreign Intelligence votes to defer its decision on Op 47601 until a private consulting firm is retained to study all aspects of the plan. A classified advertisement is subsequently placed in the *Washington Post* and several trade journals, reading as follows: "CALLING ALL CONSULTANTS: The U.S. CONGRESS needs your help in evaluating a CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY proposal to obtain secret information from an East German Political Leader by exploiting his marriage difficulties. INTERESTED? File confidential bid w/House Com on For Int, Box 111, Wash."

12 MAY 1980

In the meantime, deep-cover agent Caldwell Thorndike is tentatively activated by his case officer, West Berlin Residency chief L. Franklin Styles.



THORNDIKE: Hello, Frank. Got anything for me to do?

STYLES: Well, maybe. Wanna help out?

THORNDIKE: Sure.

STYLES: Okay, then, go to 41 Pihlstrassen and ask for "The Tailor."

THORNDIKE: Okay.

STYLES: Then you can stop by and we'll take care of your W-4, you know, and all that stuff.

THORNDIKE: Okay. 'Bye.



"The Tailor," trusted CIA clothing specialist, fits Thorndike with a standard-issue agency blazer, prescribed for most field operations.

13 MAY 1980

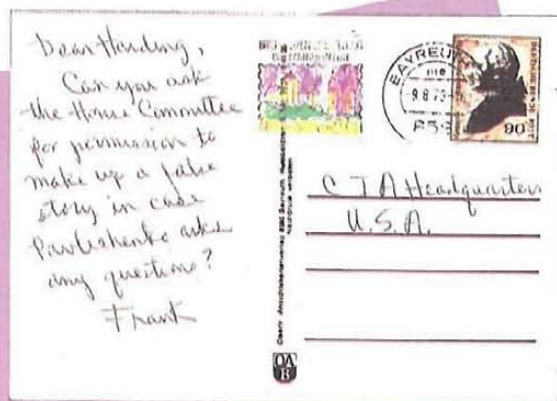
Bramson is informed by the Committee on Foreign Intelligence that Special Op 47601 has been approved. Thorndike and Styles quickly set up a Data Probe Table (DPT) near the Berlin Wall to determine if there is a pass-erby who knows the name of an East German leader with marriage problems.



Styles, special agent in charge of the West Berlin Residency, and deep-cover operative Thorndike begin the arduous process of gathering and collating seemingly unrelated scraps of information.

15 MAY 1980

Suspected Soviet counterintelligence expert Anatoli Pavlichenko arrives in West Berlin. Styles, fearing Pavlichenko may have detected the operation, contacts Bramson at Langley.



"Can you ask the House Committee for permission to make up a false story in case Pavlichenko asks any questions?" Styles asks Bramson.



Anatoli Pavlichenko, 51, believed to be a KGB colonel assigned to the First Chief Directorate's Eleventh Department.

21 MAY 1980

The House Committee on Foreign Intelligence denies Bramson's request and elects instead to assign one of its own members to deal with the Soviets in a more forthright manner.



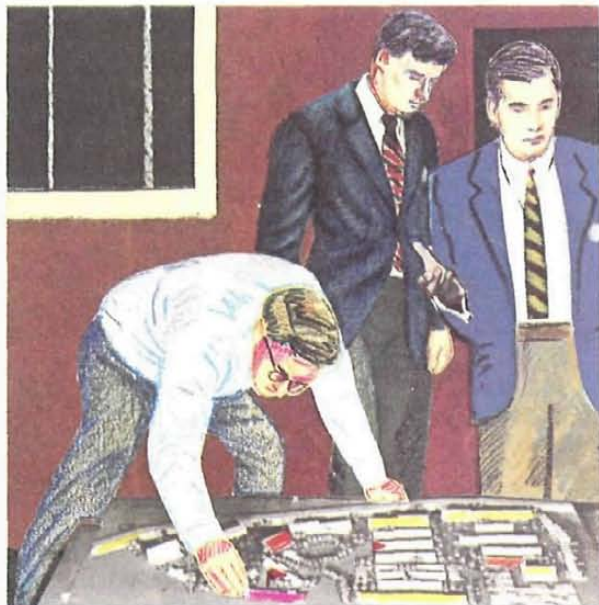
Congresswoman Elizabeth Holtzman meets informally with Soviet UN attaché Kaarlo Khokhlov and explains the House committee's intent to issue a "good-turn voucher" (GTV) to the Russian government each time the CIA abstains from dishonest tactics. "In all truthfulness," proclaims Holtzman, "the CIA wants information from an East German leader who they think will exchange it for free marriage counseling." Khokhlov indicates that his government will be pleased with America's new straightforward policy, and he rushes the GTV to his superiors in Moscow.



Kaarlo Khokhlov, 56, Soviet attaché to the UN; suspected KGB officer, Cover Organs Department, First Chief Directorate.

23 MAY 1980

A pedestrian walking near the DPT in West Berlin reveals to Styles and Thorndike that a high-ranking East German official living in Potsdam, Hermann Ebert, is considering divorce. When the informant becomes aware that Styles recognizes him as Pavlichenko, the latter produces a copy of the good-turn voucher and explains that he is disclosing Ebert's identity because his government feels compelled to reciprocate with honesty in kind. Styles promptly orders West Berlin operatives Stanton Childs and Clement Baldwin to join him for a planning session that night at an agency safehouse.



The team is drilled repeatedly at the safehouse until each agent knows his assignment perfectly.



Stanton Childs, 25, CIA address-finding specialist.



Clement Baldwin, 27, CIA freelance psychologist trained in German family relations.

Bramson arrives at the safehouse from Langley during the briefing with additional instructions and sophisticated equipment developed especially for the operation. He details a backup plan, to become effective in the event Ebert is not at home, wherein Baldwin is to call Ebert and offer counseling telephonically while Styles makes a tape recording of whatever state secrets Ebert chooses to divulge.



Bramson brings along this miniaturized tone-warning injector, carefully concealed inside an ordinary cigarette case. The device permits an agent to transmit a repeating "beep" tone into any telephone while tape-recording the conversation, as required by law.



Each agent is provided with these catalytic pellets and an exotic CIA-formulated chemical, which, when mixed, may be used to convert an ordinary vest into a reflective safety vest suitable for nighttime operations.

24 MAY 1980

Styles, Childs, and Baldwin cross into East Berlin, drive to Potsdam, and locate Ebert's house. Styles radios a pre-arranged signal to Bramson at the Residency offices at 44 Kurfurstendamm: "The lights are on; I think Ebert is home; we're going to ring the bell now."



Baldwin pushes the doorbell; Ebert answers on the fourth ring.



Hermann Ebert, 52, influential East German party administrator who, although unbeknownst to Styles and his fellow agents, bears some resemblance to Soviet UN attaché Khokhlov.

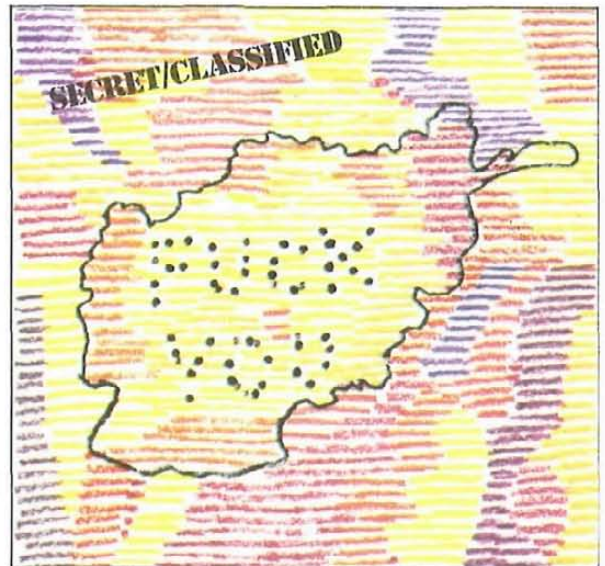
After long and sometimes exasperating deliberation, Ebert agrees to the CIA proposal, declaring he "will do anything" to save his marriage.

As per instructions, Ebert delivers his information to a designated reception desk at the CIA Residency in West Berlin. It is a plain sheet of paper, reading: "CIA-SECURE AN INFRARED SATELLITE PHOTO IMAGE OF THE AREA DELIMITED BY 60°E-75°E LATITUDE AND 25°N-40°N LONGITUDE ON JUNE 1, 1980, AT EXACTLY 19:30 HOURS (GMT). EBERT"

1 JUNE 1980

The satellite photo is made according to Ebert's specifications. McChesney notifies Bramson, who hastens a copy to the House Committee on Foreign Intelligence.

INTSAT-TY9/CIA/1 OF 10/19:50/1-6-80/AFGHANISTAN



60°E 62°E 64°E 66°E 68°E 70°E 72°E 74°E

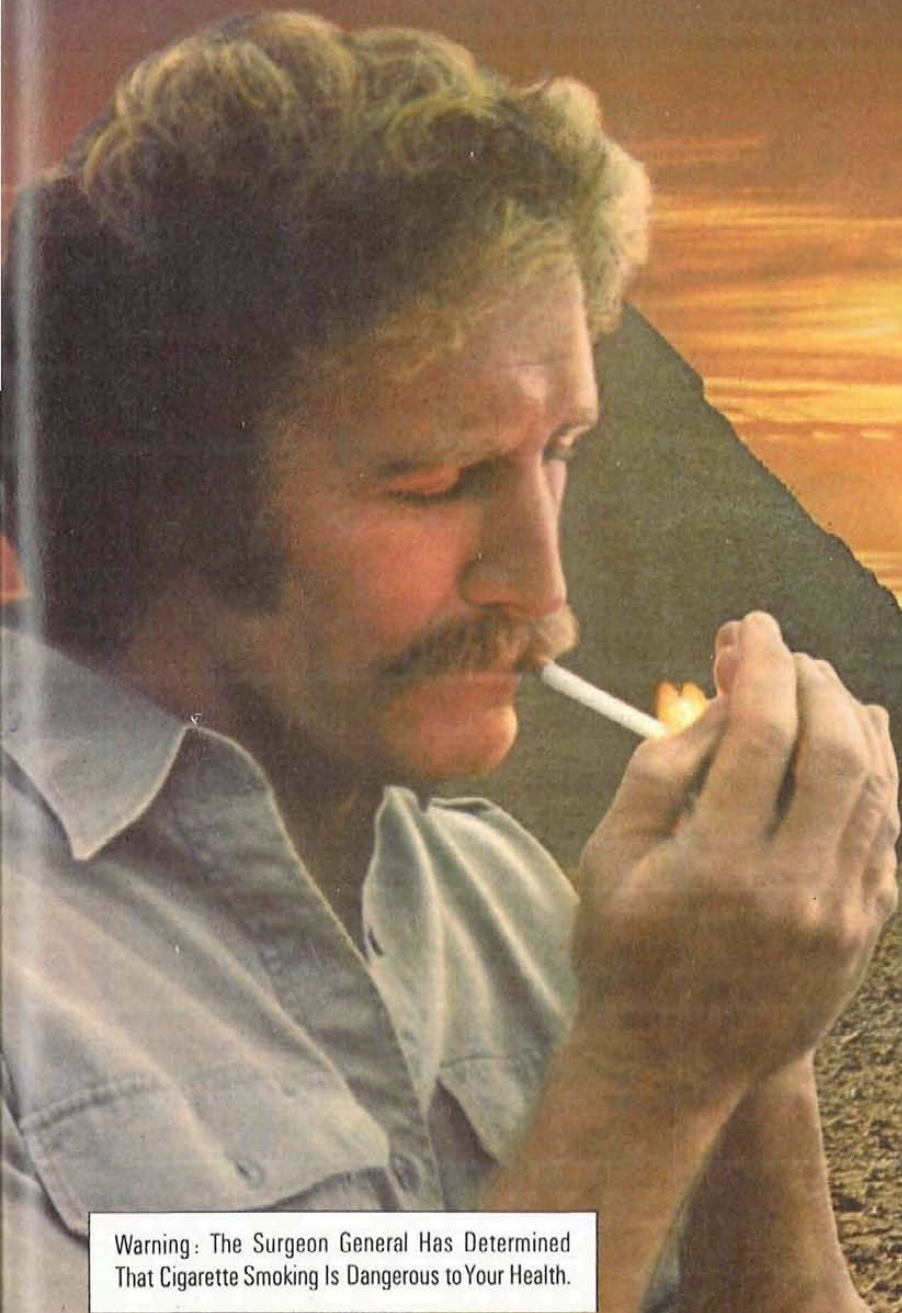
- Tactical nuclear warheads
- High fences
- Ready-alert ground forces
- Mean dogs
- Armor, heavy artillery
- Mud or stickers
- Mine fields
- Unhappily married Communist officials

Special Op 47601 is terminated 2 June 1980.

Discover satisfaction. Camel Lights.

The Camel World of satisfaction comes to low tar smoking.

This is where it all started. Camel quality, now in a rich tasting Camel blend for smooth, low tar smoking. Camel Lights brings the solution to taste in low tar.



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

LIGHTS: 10 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine, LIGHTS 100's: 13 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.

BUCKS

A History in Brief of the Presidents



G. WASHINGTON
(1789–1797)

Originally regarded by the Tory business establishment of his day as an extremely militant tax evader. Despite wooden teeth, President

Washington made treason sound like common sense. His loose-toothed oratory helped to forge a loose union of the former British colonies.



J. ADAMS
(1797–1801)

With the exception of the Kennedys, the Adams family has made the greatest contribution to American politics. Having done this

much for his country, Adams, often thought to have had the notion now so much in vogue of a strong federal government, is chiefly remembered for having preceded Thomas Jefferson.



T. JEFFERSON
(1801–1809)

President Jefferson, a familiar sight to those who have had occasion to carry American currency above the lowest denomination, is

often credited with "From an original idea by..." with regard to the Constitution. Though many modifications were made upon his original draft of the historic document before publication, cowriters say the "general thrust" of his libertarian ideals was re-

tained and that they were "polished slightly" before release.



J. MADISON
(1809–1817)

History's unbiased eye sees President Madison as a stern-faced man with a shock of unruly white hair and bags under his eyes. Had

he been a Russian politician, he would no doubt be remembered by official historians as good-looking.



J. MONROE
(1817–1825)

President Monroe, the "father of isolationism," is chiefly remembered for the Monroe Doctrine. Later a pillar of

American foreign policy, President Monroe's warning to the European nations to stay out of North American affairs was originally regarded by them as a joke. Perhaps because it was delivered in limerick form:

In Europe your wars are the rage,
Like the duels you applaud on
the stage,
But if you interfere
With our policy here,
We'll kick your ass until your teeth
fall out, despite your venerable age.



J. Q. ADAMS
(1825–1829)

President Adams was unique among the early leaders of the country in having a haircut accept-

able to voters today. Perhaps in reaction to his predecessors, who sported great shocks of unkempt hair, President Adams was bald. Not until President Eisenhower was America to be led by a man quite as hairless up top.



A. JACKSON
(1829–1837)

A former general, President Jackson, "Old Hickory," was renowned among his contemporaries for having defeated the British at the

Battle of New Orleans. Overtaxed during that engagement, he pressed alligators into service as ordnance. His resourcefulness is remembered today in the popular song "Battle of New Orleans":

We fired our cannons 'til the
barrels melted down,
Then we grabbed an alligator and
we fought another round.
We filled his head with cannonballs
And powdered his behind;
When we touched the powder off,
the 'gator lost his mind.



M. VAN BUREN
(1837–1841)

Martin Van Buren is unique in American history in that he is the only president regarded as insignificant by Marxists as well as respectable

historians. He has been described as a "sort of political punctuation mark, a colon that allowed his country to catch its breath."

TOPPERS

of the United States • by Ted Mann



W. H. HARRISON
(1841)

President Harrison led his country to the best of his ability. They say he was not easily influenced, tough but open to reason; but as he was only president for one month, there's really no telling, at least in the eyes of history.



J. TYLER
(1841-1845)

In light of current findings, historians now regard Tyler as the president who preceded James K. Polk.



J. K. POLK
(1845-1849)

James K. Polk, the so-called iron president, by his determination won the disputed territory of Oregon from the British. His country later had cause to be thankful for his resolution, for fish were discovered some years later in the new territory. Thanks to President Polk, Oregon still provides America with a large number of fish.



Z. TAYLOR
(1849-1850)

Another former military man, President Taylor was known in his soldiering days as "Old Commanding Officer." Despite the affec-

tionate nickname, the president inspired respect in those he commanded and was frequently greeted by them with salutes. Before assuming office, he campaigned against both the Mexicans and the Indians, adversaries for whom he had a high regard both as fornicators and as drinkers.



M. FILLMORE
(1850-1853)

As it was commonly believed at the time that thirteen was an unlucky number, President Fillmore was chosen from among several other men watching a Negro servant sweep the steps of Congress to serve as his country's thirteenth president. He fulfilled his duty to the best of his abilities, as did in later years Warren G. Harding and Gerald R. Ford.



F. PIERCE
(1853-1857)

A sophisticated diplomat whose true forte was foreign policy, President Pierce was never offered an opportunity to fully extend his ability. Again and again he helped to maneuver Indians into signing conciliatory treaties. Had he faced opponents with a written language, there is no telling what he might have done. President Pierce was believed at the time to be easily a match for Dutch pottery manufacturers, and it was widely believed he might have held his own against an English banker if not of Jewish blood.



J. BUCHANAN
(1857-1861)

Historians agree that President James Buchanan was the product of a heart-sick electorate seeking to recall the utopia of James K. Polk's term of office. By electing a president named James, the public hoped naively to return to an age it remembered as one of enterprise and decisiveness. Unfortunately, the election of another president named James did not bring this about. It was the end of the American people's love affair with the name James, though they were to try it again in the future briefly, electing James A. Garfield.



A. LINCOLN
(1861-1865)

A controversial figure in his own time and much embittered by criticism of his wart in the press of the day, President Lincoln is much beloved by history. An early advocate of executive privilege, it was President Lincoln who was first to "abandon the letter of the Constitution in order to preserve the spirit of it." Later presidents were to "ignore the Bill of Rights that we might retain the Bill of Rights" or "violate the Criminal Code that the Criminal Code might be preserved," or even to "set common decency aside that we might protect the prospect of common decency." Yet the honor of the precedent is Lincoln's.

Before President Lincoln, the American Constitution supposed a loose confederation of near autonomous states whose relations were to be

continued

regulated if not governed by a federal government. President Lincoln's childhood in the bush may have made him tough-minded, or it may have been his wart. Whatever it was, he saw that without an unassailable federal government firmly in control of the quarreling states' destinies, the country would turn into the Balkans in less time than it took Georgia to put an import duty on Virginian beets.

President Lincoln went to war with the seceding states not to free the Negroes, as was often alleged, nor, as it is more currently believed, to subordinate the rights of the states to the paramount rights of the nation. The president plunged his young nation into years of destructive warfare in response to an insulting personal letter from Jefferson Davis in which his wart was mentioned and his wife linked with an abolitionist. History has proved Lincoln was right.



A. JOHNSON
(1865-1869)

President Lincoln's assassination brought President Johnson to power. Although he was a vicious, cruel, and unfeeling man, he was so afflicted with indecisiveness that his unpleasant personal qualities were seldom brought to bear on any one individual.



U.S. GRANT
(1869-1877)

A seasoned veteran of the Civil War, as a general Grant was careless of his personal comfort. He had the ability to fall asleep anywhere under any conditions, often catching short naps on his horse, in the crook of a tree, or in the shelter of a hastily dug ditch. This was attributed to drunkenness. As the commander in chief of the Union Army he was widely obeyed. His order to General Sherman to engage the enemy is recognized by military historians to this day as the order that sparked the first deliberate use of military force against civilians in modern warfare.

As a president Grant is remembered as one of the few who failed to make crime pay. He is remembered as not having gone to jail.



R. B. HAYES
(1877-1881)

It would be hard for a president succeeding Grant to be remembered for anything but honesty by comparison.



J. A. GARFIELD
(1881)

President Garfield was cut down as Lincoln was, by an assassin's bullet. Circumstances surrounding the crime are cloudy. Like the Kennedy assassination, however, it now seems reasonable to believe Garfield was killed upon orders of the national chairman of the other party.



C. A. ARTHUR
(1881-1885)

Although other widowers and single men had served successful terms as president, Chester A. Arthur was unable to effectively manage the dual responsibilities of chief executive and first lady. Despite a sincere effort at the 1885 Republican Convention to find him a mate, President Arthur declined the nomination and retired from public life.



G. CLEVELAND
(1885-1889)
(1893-1897)

After the shock of President Arthur, who according to contemporary gossip had never served his term when elected but simply asked for his term's pay in advance and disappeared, America was grateful for Grover Cleveland. The big fat president's stately waddle and exaggerated dignity served to remind his countrymen that the presidency is an office to be respected and they had better think carefully before electing the next one.



B. HARRISON
(1889-1893)

Harrison was the only American president both preceded and succeeded in office by Grover Cleveland. It is doubtful, even had he lived until modern times, that he would ever live that down.



W. McKINLEY
(1897-1901)

President McKinley was shot, but apparently by amateurs, as he did not die right away.



T. ROOSEVELT
(1901-1909)

A colorful character, President Roosevelt has since his death been several times successfully revived and portrayed on-stage. As a "one-man show," re-creations of Teddy Roosevelt are as popular as those featuring President Lincoln and President Coolidge. Only shows centered on vigorous, forthright Harry S. Truman enjoy greater popularity.

President Roosevelt, known as Teddy, delighted America with his animation and bellicosity. Eventually the country tired of his seemingly insatiable appetite for life, his zest for walks, and his unquenchable desire to blow the brains out of bears. The result was President Taft.



W. H. TAFT
(1909-1913)

William Howard Taft was the fattest president this country and perhaps any country has ever known. Though often dismissed as an unreasoning mound of cholesterol more than a clot of unreasoning Crisco, he was capable of understanding foreign policy and was especially fond of the "breadbasket of Europe," "England's granary," the "continent's buttery," and other such terminology of contemporary diplomacy. Couched in such terms, there was little he could not understand.



W. WILSON
(1913-1921)

President Wilson, more than any other man, was responsible for the birth of the League of Nations. After World War I, when other men might have gone to their rooms to drink whiskey with women wearing nothing but ribbons around their necks or might have sought to impose a permanent peace on the countries of



SNUTS

REMEMBER THE VARIOUS WAYS IT DAWNED ON YOU THAT LIFE WAS DANGEROUS AND THAT WHILE, USUALLY, THINGS SEEMED, MORE OR LESS, TO WORK OUT ALL RIGHT, THERE WERE TIMES WHEN THEY DIDN'T WORK OUT AT ALL?

BOY, YOU SURE CAN FIND THE DARNEDST THINGS POKING AROUND IN THE BASEMENT!

HEY-LOOK WHAT'S IN THE BOILER ROOM!

Gahan Wilson ©1980

WOW!

LOOK AT THIS GUY WITH HIS HEAD ALL SQUISHED!

OLD DETECTIVE MAGAZINES! BOY, MY MAW WOULD HATE ME FINDING THESE!

GOOD GRIEF, HERE SOMEONE COOKED A WHOLE DOZEN LADIES AND ATE THEM!

BROTHER! IT SAYS THIS CREEP WITH THESE WEIRD EYES IS ACTUALLY WALKING AROUND LOOSE!

I DON'T KNOW... I THINK I LIKE CAPTAIN FUTURE BETTER.

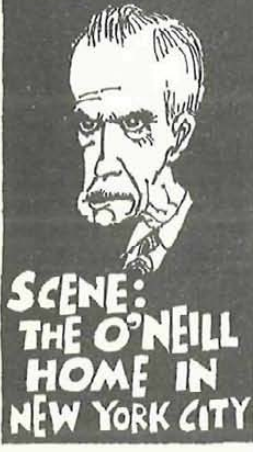
YEAH...

WE'RE JUST NOT READY FOR THAT SHIT.

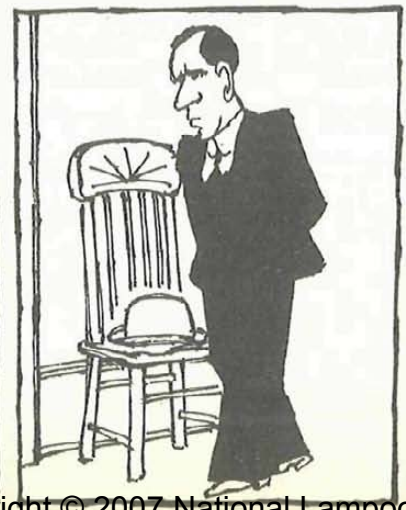
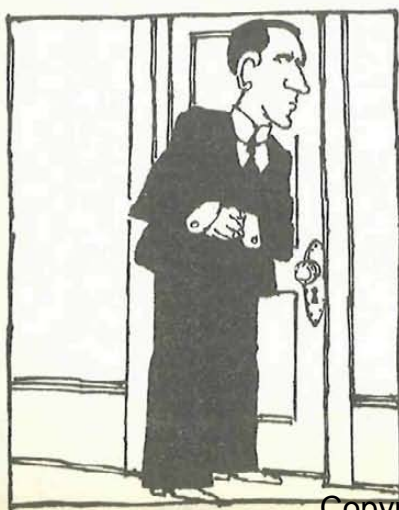
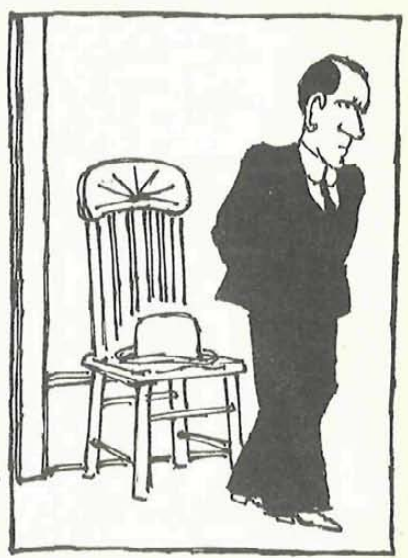
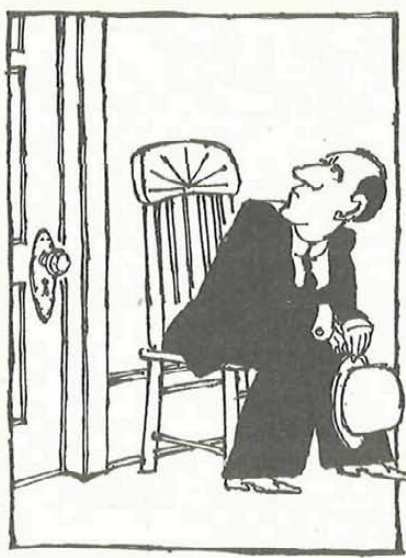
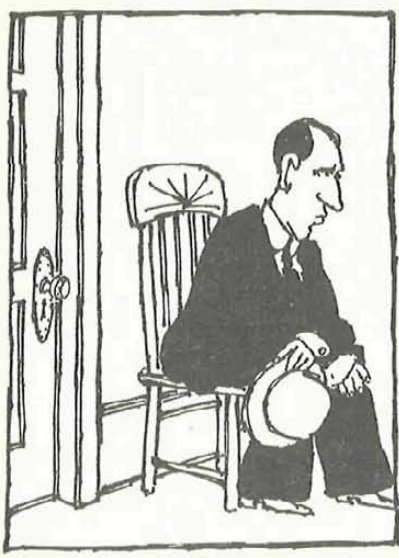
Eugene O'Neill a biography

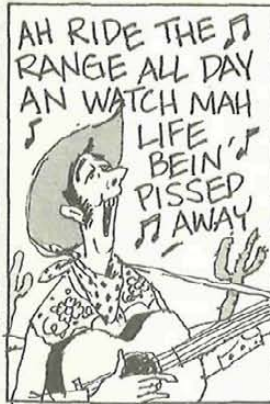
© COPYRIGHT 1990 *modis* *usa*

1888-1953



Eugene's FATHER James O'Neill IS SUMMONED HOME FROM A PRODUCTION OF 'THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO' TO BE WITH HIS WIFE ELLA WHO IS ABOUT TO GIVE BIRTH...





THE "BIG BRUISER"

RICK CLARY

©1980



ONE NIGHT LAST JANUARY A METEORITE FELL FROM THE SKY AND HIT OUR HOUSE



IT STRUCK MY WIFE, DARLENE, ON THE HIP AS SHE LAY IN BED



AND LEFT A HOLE CLEAR THROUGH THE ROOF



HERE I AM WITH "THE BIG BRUISER" AS I NAMED IT



I WAS DELICED WITH INQUIRIES AND OFFERS FROM ALL OVER



MY COUSIN AND HIS WIFE THOUGHT IT BELONGED IN THE COUNTY MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY!



SINCE THE INCIDENT, DARLENE AND I HAVE NEVER BEEN CLOSER



WE KEPT OUR "BRUISER" IN A SPOT ON TOP OF THE DRESSER...



... UNTIL THE AIR FORCE WHISKED IT OFF TO OHIO

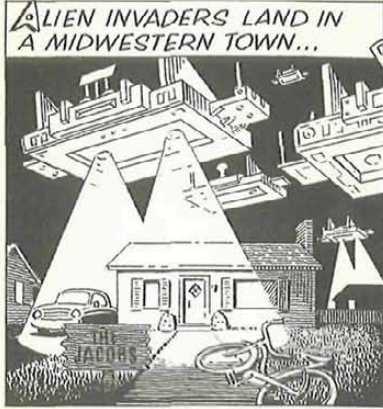
THE PEOPLE

GOD SAVE THE...
 OOPS, THAT'S NOT OURS
 OUR PRESIDENT IS JUST
 A CIVIL SERVANT, AND HE
 HAS TO SAVE HIMSELF.



POLITENESSMAN

by Ron Barrett

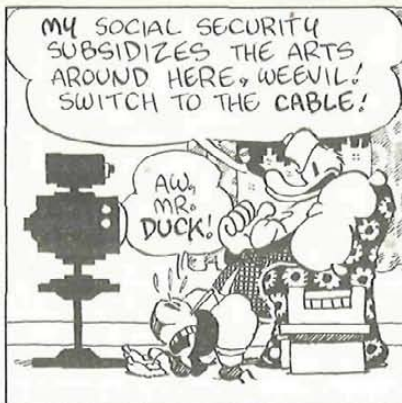


POLISH UP YOUR PERSONALITY WITH THE CLOTH OF COURTESY! THANK YOU.



NEXT MONTH: SALMON-RAISIN MOULD

Dirty Duck ^{by} Bobby London



THE APPLETONS

in *Gone Camping!*

by B.K. Taylor

A Saga of an American Family

MR. APPLETON, LIKE MANY A CARING FATHER, REALIZES THE ADVANTAGE OF EXPOSING CHILDREN TO THE OUT-OF-DOORS. AS WE BEGIN OUR STORY, THE FAMILY IS LOOKING FOR A PROPER CAMPSITE...



wet dreams



First it was seat belts...then air bags...lowered speed limits...
fuel-efficient low-horsepower engines...no more convertibles...

JUST WHEN YOU THOUGHT IT WAS SAFE TO GET BACK IN YOUR CAR...

The Official National Lampoon Car Stereo Test & Demonstration Kit

Yes, once more you can experience the simple thrills of *dangerous driving*, now mostly illegal thanks to a bunch of limp-wristed twits in Washington who scream about safety and probably get driven to work anyway.

Yes, now you can risk life and limb tooling down the highway...*even at 55 mph!!!*

How, you ask? By testing your car stereo at the same time!!!

Yes, that's right; *National Lampoon* (the Evel Knievel of publishing) brings you all you'll ever need to get your car stereo in tip-top shape, and at the same time provides you with a test of coordination and reflexes worthy of a finisher at the Indy 500!!

Just look at these life-endangering special features!!!

You get—

- An official *National Lampoon* sixty-minute test cassette. Side one has the heavy-duty technical stuff, so you can check your separation, your car's acoustics, the frequency response of your unit, and like that. But it also provides a healthy share of the vintage yuks that have kept us in business all these years. Side two, meanwhile, is a real date with danger. For reasons that escape us, it's played strictly for laughs, and comes complete with a recording of a *naked woman* (!) being ostentatiously unashamed of her body!! Can *your* driving skill stand the glandular strain? Retail value: \$12.95

- A head-cleaner tape (nonabrasive), a bottle of head-cleaning solution, and a packet of cotton swabs, all to rid your cassette heads of the disgusting nicotine stains you've already got on your windshield. Ever try to clean a tape head and shift gears at the same time? *Not for beginners.* Retail value: \$3.98

- A forty-eight-page primer and car stereo glossary that's a veritable What's What of mobile audio. Read it once and know what every knob and button is for, not

to mention whether the repairman is jiving you. And if you think driving while reading that road map you got at Stuckey's is a bitch, just wait till you open this little number. Retail value: \$2.00

All of this, prepared by the finest banal-retentive minds at *National Lampoon* and points beyond, comes packaged in a snappy little cassette storage case (holds twenty cassettes) that simulates the suitcases rich people buy. Never again will you have to check in at a motel *without luggage*. Retail value: \$15.95

And if that wasn't enough, we're offering it to you at the criminally (perhaps even insanely) low price of

\$15.95.* (In case you haven't been adding everything up in your head, we should be soaking you for \$34.88; after all, this is what you call your basic prestige item.)

So why wait? Put your car stereo in A-1 working order, and your life (not to mention the lives of assorted pedestrians and old lady drivers) on the line *today*. The *National Lampoon Car Stereo Test and Demonstration Kit*... available at daredevil car stereo dealers everywhere.



*Do you believe that? What are we running here, goddamnit, a charity? Come on—the sixties are over; no more of that "free lunch" crapola. Don't forget, the thing is gonna be a collector's item pretty soon. Hell, remember those Winky Dink sets? You know, the ones where you got a piece of plastic that stuck to the TV screen and then you drew on it with special crayons to keep Winky Dink from falling off cliffs. The one your mother threw out when you started drawing on the set without the piece of plastic. That only cost five lousy bucks. Do you have any idea how much that little item is worth today? Come to think of it, if you don't immediately buy one of our stereo test kits, we're gonna withhold all of them. That's right, take 'em right off the market. Then in twenty years all you jerks who muffed your chance this time will be begging us to let you have a couple at two or three hundred bucks a shot! We're not kidding about this.

Yes, I want my car stereo to deliver top-quality sound while at the same time turning a leisurely drive to the 7-11 for a box of Ring Dings into an enterprise as fraught with peril as singing "Mammy" on 125th Street. Unfortunately, this is not a mail-order ad, so this coupon is absolutely useless. Well, not absolutely useless. Actually, if your English is lousy, it could come in kind of handy. Just clip it out, take it to a participating audio dealer, and if he can read it, he'll sell you one of our kits. Maybe two or three if he's really on the ball. What do we care? We gotta cover our losses somewhere.

Aftate[®] for Athlete's Foot

is better than Desenex.[®]
Really better.

If you've got athlete's foot and you're still using Desenex, you should know that Aftate is better.

In independent studies, the medication in Aftate has been proven to be more effective in killing athlete's foot fungus than the medication in Desenex.

In fact, doctors recommend the medication in Aftate 11 to 1 over the medication in Desenex. 11 to 1.

Aftate is better than Desenex. Really better. It's the killer.

Read and follow label directions.



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30¢ STORE COUPON SAVE 30¢ ON Aftate[®] FOR ATHLETE'S FOOT

Good for any regular size Aftate purchase (except trial size).

TO DEALER: You are authorized to act as our agent for the redemption of this coupon. We reimburse you for the face value of this coupon plus 5¢ handling, provided that you and the consumer have complied with the following terms: invoices showing purchase in the last 90 days of sufficient stock to cover coupons presented must be shown upon request. Coupon is good on the purchase of one package of any form of Aftate, except trial size. Consumer must pay any sales tax involved. Void when presented by outside agency, broker or others who are not retail distributors of our merchandise or where taxed or prohibited or restricted by law. Any other application of this coupon constitutes fraud. Cash value: 1/20 of 1¢. To redeem, mail to PLOUGH, INC., PO. Box 1510, Clinton, Iowa 52734. OFFER EXPIRES 12/31/81. COUPON REDEEMABLE ONLY IN U.S.A.

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BUCK STOPPERS

continued from page 68

Europe by brutal means, such as imposing Esperanto on them all, President Wilson had a dream. A dream that all nations of the world could meet in conclave and settle their differences by reasoned discussion of their views. He told the world his dream, and they listened. Though privately they may have called him a "goof," they listened, because money talks. So the League of Nations was born. It was to last until the next war. By then, President Wilson would be gone. We don't know exactly where.



W.G. HARDING (1921-1923)

There is almost no doubt that President Harding was the stupidest president in the history of the United States. Others have been cruel, rash, injudicious, drunk, and uncoordinated. We need mention no names. Never in the history of the nation has any chief executive come close to the sheer iron-brained vacancy of President Harding. Sure to come off second best in a debate with a jack-o'-lantern, President Harding may have been elected as a joke by an electorate tired of President Wilson's earnestness. It was after World War II, remember, that Dwight D. Eisenhower was elected, and after the trial of Southeast Asia came Gerald Ford.



C. COOLIDGE (1923-1929)

President Coolidge was a legend, his dour, taciturn personality so unusual in a politician that it was said to shield great depths of intellect. President Taft's fat, served only to divert attention from his wide lack of attainments. President Coolidge fully assented to the glorification of his emotional and intellectual paralysis, sending several anecdotes featuring his own condensed intelligent succinctness to *Readers' Digest* magazine.



H. C. HOOVER (1929-1933)

President Hoover was brought in to take the blame for the Great Depres-



E. D. ROOSEVELT (1933-1945)

Since the time of Abraham Lincoln, no American president has aroused as much controversy as has Franklin D. Roosevelt. Likewise since the time of Lincoln none has displayed less regard for the Constitution, though of course many gave a few hoots for the Criminal Code. Although the president may have exceeded his authority in his efforts to bring his country into war against the Axis powers, he also was capable of great sacrifice on the nation's behalf, twice having entertained Churchill in his own home. Like President Lincoln's wart, President Roosevelt's shrunken legs may have spurred him to greatness.



H. S. TRUMAN (1945-1953)

Harry Truman has been sufficiently celebrated for his ascerbic wit and political horse sense on the stage to need no further description. At the current time there are thirty-two Harry Truman impersonators touring the theaters of America. A partial listing of the productions' titles includes "Give 'Em Hell, Harry!," "Harry, Huh?," "Harry!," "What the Heck, Harry!," and "Full Speed-A-Harry!" There are others.



D. D. EISENHOWER (1953-1961)

President Eisenhower was the first president to play golf during a major global crisis. His presidential goal was peace, and he felt that by combining his glorious war record with a low handicap and flawless putting he could prevent foreign powers from "running on him." For the most part the strategy was successful. It should also be noted that his wife was the last of the truly out-of-date first ladies.



RECENT TIMES The "most powerful man in the world" has become the "most influential man in the world."

GOOD AND EVIL

continued from page 44

friend. But Barry was the only one of us open to pressure from the police.

It happened that, at that moment, Bob and Barry were together, en route to visit a friend of Bob's in Florida. They'd left that day in Barry's car and weren't expected back for a week. There would be nothing we could do or discover until then. So I stayed overnight in the guest room at the Harrisons' and went back to the newspaper office in the morning. But when I arrived, Bob was there at his desk with his face in his hands, crying. It seems that Barry and he had gotten no farther than three hundred miles or so the evening before, and that when talking as they always did Barry had said he had a confession to make. He said it was something that he'd wanted to confess for a long time but that he hadn't been able to bring himself to do so—which was so unlike Barry that Bob said it made him start—and that this was the reason he'd wanted to go on the trip to Florida with Bob, because he felt closest to Bob and he wanted to be alone with just one of us so he could tell the whole of the thing that he wanted to tell, which was that he was a cop. An undercover cop, and he always had been. And that he'd been assigned to infiltrate radical left-wing groups and he'd thought he'd do that by becoming a staff member on the *Community Underground Press*, but then he'd come to love us all, Bob and Corey and I, and he was sorry now, and so on. Bob listened to him for a little while, too shocked, he said, not to, and then he told Barry to stop the car, just to stop the car and let him out. Barry asked him please not to leave, to hear his whole side of the story. But Bob just said to let him out. And Bob got out. And he'd been hitchhiking back all night. Bob couldn't believe it. Barry was his friend. If Barry had told him he was a cop first, Bob said, he still would have been Barry's friend. But to have been his friend and then be a cop...

I exploded. Barry was a spy. This time it was very important. We had to kill him. He had to be "offed," I believe I said. Bob began screaming no. Barry was still his friend. We got into a long loud argument about whether to kill him and I walked out.

After I walked out I realized a couple of things. I realized I had no place to go. I couldn't go back to the Harrisons'; only Mrs. Harrison would be there. Corey, Barry, and Bob were

my only close friends. But I couldn't go back to the newspaper. And the Rosa Luxemburg Collective was out of the question just then. And I realized I couldn't kill Barry, either. Not because I could talk myself into thinking it wasn't important. I thought it was. I thought it was the most important thing ever in my life that I kill him. But I didn't have the courage. I maybe had the courage to pull the trigger and see the blood come out of his face and watch him fall down. But I definitely did not have the courage to hide from the police and be caught and be tried and be sent to prison. And then I also realized I didn't have a gun. Our only weapons belonged to Barry, which made perfect sense. So I wandered around feeling despicable and a little stupid and lonely and frightened. And beginning to feel chilly, too.

Sometime that afternoon I came across a girl I knew slightly, a member of another one of the local radical groups. She was loading things into a borrowed panel truck. She'd just found a new apartment downtown. I helped her move there, and when we were done moving I moved in too, with the clothes I had on and about two dollars.

Something odd happened that night. I didn't think much about it at the time, but looking back it seems connected to the other things that happened. The girl's name was Anna, and she was a young woman very much of the times, with cute little tufts of black hair under her arms and in other ways also properly un-groomed, adamantly liberated, and possessed of all the usual extreme views. The apartment she was moving into was on the corner of the third floor of a commercial building in a bad neighborhood. It was what we would now call a loft but was then rented as a "studio space with kitchenette," and two of the studio walls were windowed nearly to the floor. Catercorner from her building was a bar called the Hi-Hat Lounge, which was a popular dance spot and hangout for the local black kids. Anna and I unloaded bags and boxes for a while and made dinner and made love and went to bed about midnight. We could hear soul music playing faintly as we fell asleep. The bars in that city close at two A.M., and at 1:55 Anna and I were awakened by the most god-awful noise I have ever heard. We went to the corner windows and looked down into the street, and

continued on page 90

Aftate® for Jock Itch is better than Cruex® Really better.

If you've got jock itch and you're still using Cruex, you should know that Aftate is better.

The medication in Aftate has been tested and found to be more effective than the medication in Cruex for killing jock itch fungus.

The powerful medication in Aftate not only kills all major types of jock itch fungus, but also helps prevent reinfection.

For the relief of painful itching and chafing of jock itch, get Aftate. It's the killer.

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 Good for any regular size Aftate purchase (except trial size) TO DEALER: You are authorized to act as our agent for the redemption of this coupon. We reimburse you for the face value of this coupon plus 5¢ handling, provided that you and the consumer have complied with the following terms: invoices showing purchase in the last 90 days of sufficient stock to cover coupons presented must be shown upon request. Coupon is good on the purchase of one package of any form of Aftate, except trial size. Consumer must pay any sales tax involved. Void when presented by outside agency, broker, or others who are not retail distributors of our merchandise or where taxed or prohibited or restricted by law. Any other application of this coupon constitutes fraud. Cash value: 1/20 of 1¢. To redeem, mail to PLOUGH, INC. PO Box 1510, Clinton, Iowa 52734. OFFER EXPIRES 12/31/81. COUPON REDEEMABLE ONLY IN U.S.A.

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ETHNIC JOKES

FOR



POLITICAL CANDIDATES

During the New Hampshire primary, former California governor Ronald Reagan told an ethnic joke that was considered deeply offensive to Italians, Poles, and ducks. Mr. Reagan's political fortunes took an immediate turn for the better. As of this writing, he is the clear front-runner in the race for the Republican presidential nomination and perhaps in the race for the presidency itself. We at National Lampoon operate on the theory that America is the home of fair play. Therefore, in order that other presidential contenders—and, indeed, all candidates for public office—have the same opportunity as Mr. Reagan to improve their chances of election, we are presenting a cross section of noncopyrighted ethnic jokes. Candidates everywhere may use these with our blessing. And good luck in November.

There are three things you can't give a black man: thin lips, straight hair, and a job.

How can you tell if an Irishman's on the wagon?

Look around and see if one's missing.

There was an Indian out West, once, who got so drunk that he beat his pickup truck with a shovel and ran his wife into a bridge abutment.

A black guy and a white guy are standing on the roof of a new skyscraper, and the white guy says, "You know, this building has a very special design. If you try to jump off it, it's designed so that the wind currents will push you right back onto the roof."

"You're shitting me," says the black guy.

"No, really," says the white guy, "I'm telling the truth. Watch—" And the white guy jumps off the side of the building. He falls for a couple of floors, and then, sure enough, he comes right back up and lands on the roof.

"That's amazing," says the black guy. "I don't believe my eyes!"

"Watch," says the white guy, "and I'll do it again." And he jumps off the building again, and the same thing happens.

"That is incredible," says the black guy. "I'm going to try it!" So the black guy gets up on the edge of the roof, jumps off, and falls all the way to the street, fifty stories down, and is squashed like a pancake right in front of two men who are standing on the sidewalk.

One of the men looks at the top of

the building, and then he looks down at the dead black guy, and then he says to the other man, "That Superman sure hates niggers!"

A Polish guy and his best friend go deer hunting way out in the woods. The Polack trips, his rifle goes off, and the bullet drills his buddy right through the forehead. Well, the Polack just feels terrible about this. He's really broken up, and he drags his friend for miles through the woods back to their car and then drives miles and miles to the nearest hospital and carries his friend into the emergency room. The doctors take his friend into the operating room, and they're in there for a really long time. The Polack is worrying and wringing his hands in the waiting room. Finally one of the doctors comes out to talk to him. "I'm afraid the bullet killed your friend," says the doctor. "You were right, however, to bring him to a hospital; but I think there's one thing we should tell you—you shouldn't have gutted him first."

What's a Greek "10"?
The back of a "3."

Did you hear about the Italian garbage collector?
He had to get a large apartment.

There was once a Jewish guy named Hymie who was in love with a Swedish girl. He begged her and begged her to sleep with him, but she wouldn't. "You're too ugly," she said. "You're short, and fat, and bald, and you've got a great big

hooked nose." But Hymie kept pleading with her and offered her anything if she'd give in. Finally the girl got tired of his pestering and said, "I'll sleep with you for a thousand dollars." Hymie agreed and they went to a hotel room. When they got there Hymie started to take his clothes off, but before he had his shirt unbuttoned the girl said, "Look, there's just one more thing. I'll sleep with you for a thousand dollars, but you're so ugly I've got to turn the lights out first." Hymie says okay, so she turns out the lights and gets in bed. Pretty soon she feels this enormous dick entering her and she gets fucked for half an hour, and as soon as it's over she gets fucked again. This goes on for fifteen times with hardly a pause in between. "Oh, Hymie," says the girl at last, "I had no idea you were such a wonderful lover. I never would have played so hard to get if I'd only known...."

And a voice answers her in the dark, saying, "It's ain't Hymie, miz. Hymie be downstairs sellin' tickets!"

How come Germans are always so worried about getting into heaven?

You'd be nervous too if you had six million Jews waiting for you in hell.

Then there was the Protestant banker who took a two-hundred-dollar hooker up to his room. When they got there the girl got in bed, but when she looked up she saw the banker standing in a corner with his back to her, jacking off. "What are you doing?" says the hooker.

"For two hundred dollars," says the banker, "do you think I'm going to give you the easy one?"

Pure Energy.

**That's the Jensen Coax I.
That's the thrill of being there.**

Every note. Every breath. Every last ounce of energy he put into the original performance.

Get it all. With the new 6½" Coax I car stereo speaker from Jensen.

A 6" woofer reproduced the bass with the intensity and power of real life. Yet distortion is virtually non-existent.

Treble? The separate tweeter's high tones are not just accurate. They're precise.

Don't worry about installation, either...no sweat. The 6½" Coax I is at home in either your

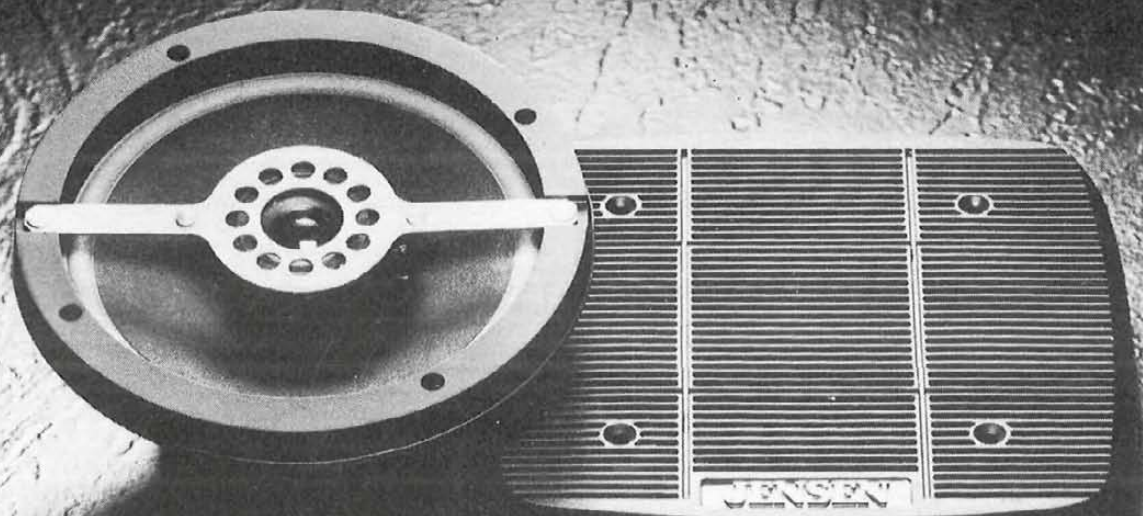


car's rear deck or up in the front doors. And with its remarkably shallow 1⅜" depth, this speaker fits in narrow sub-compact car doors that other speakers wouldn't even think about.

Get it all. Easy installation and foot-stomping musical realism in your car.

That's the Jensen 6½" Coax I. That's the thrill of being there.

JENSEN
SOUND LABORATORIES
AN ESMARK COMPANY





NATIONAL LAMPOON EDITORS



Announce the Formation of a New Political Party

THE PANTS-DOWN REPUBLICANS

We the undersigned used to be hippies and radicals and left-wing kooks. Then we started to make some money and got wives and children, or expensive girl friends anyway. Also, we got too fat to wear bell-bottom jeans. So we can't be communists anymore. (Plus, being a communist means you have to give your golf clubs to a family in Zaire.) And we can't be Democrats, because Democrats don't keep their lawns looking nice. So we're Republicans. But we're not completely happy about it. You see, Republicans are a little stuffy about some things—cocaine smuggling, for instance, and mixing Quaaludes in your scotch, and putting your stereo speakers on the roof of your house and turning the volume all the way up and playing the Specials and Blondie at three A.M. Also, let's be frank, Republicans have very small wee-wees. I'm sorry, but it's true. You take a girl home and you tell her you're a Republican and she starts going through your sock drawer looking for something to stuff into the Trojan. So what we need is a new political party, a political party whose members are like Republicans but drive a lot faster and keep poppers and baby oil and old neckties behind the stack of sweaters on the bedroom closet shelf.

We Are in Favor of:

P.J. O'Rourke *John Hughes* *Denis Boyles*
 P. J. O'Rourke John Hughes Denis Boyles
 Chairman Chairman, too Chairman, too

We Are Opposed to:

OUR PLATFORM

- Guns
- Drugs
- Fast Cars
- Free Love
- (if our wives don't find out)
- A Sound Dollar
- Cleaner Environment
- (poor people should be made to bathe and pick up after themselves)
- A Strong Military
- Linda Ronstadt
- Cruise Missiles
- A Firm Stand on Iran
- (raze buildings, burn crops, plow the earth with salt, kill the men, sell the women and children into slavery)
- Sending Alger Hiss Back to Jail

- 1 No taxation without tax shelters.
- 2 All government social services should have a cash bar.
- 3 Invasion of Mexico if they start acting silly down there.

- Taxes
- Kennedys
- Motorcycle Helmet Laws
- Being a Pussy About Nuclear Power
- Busing Our Children Anywhere Other Than Yale
- Trailer Courts
- Near Our Vacation Homes
- Salt II
- Jerry Brown
- The Third World
- (with the exception of Cayman Islands bank accounts)
- Marathon Running
- The UN
- France
- Unions
- Jewelry on Men

To become a member of the Pants-Down Republican party, just fill out the following application form. There are no dues or meetings, but as a member you will be obligated to invite P. J. and John and Denis to any really good parties that you throw.

I, _____, do hereby make application to membership in the Pants-Down Republican party and do solemnly swear to make every possible deduction on my tax returns, to not sell any wheat to the Soviet Union until it pulls its troops out of Russia, and to never cut in front of people in the lift lines at Aspen.

Signed _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____



CRUSH IS RUNNING A SWEEPSTAKES YOU'LL NEVER FORGET. WIN OVER \$100,000 IN PRIZES.

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15 First Prizes H. H. Scott Hi Fidelity Component System—consisting of 380W 85 watt AM/FM Stereo Receiver, PS18 Belt-Drive Turntable and 3-Way 12" Controlled Impedance Loudspeakers.

40 Second Prizes World Book Encyclopedia—For the entire family, it's a learning experience...World Book's 22-volume encyclopedia, in the luxurious Classical binding. It's easy to use...easy to read...and easy to understand. For information about World Book write: World Book-Childcraft International, Inc., Merchandise Mart Plaza, Chicago, Ill. 60654.

100 Third Prizes Pentax Binoculars—Action optics from Pentax, the binoculars for the adventures of your life.

91 Fourth Prizes Airlite by Earhart—Two piece set of casual zipper luggage, in saddle or blue, including 22" carry-on and 24" junior pullman. Nest for convenient storage. Exciting Earhart styling.

1300 Orange Crush Sports Jerseys—an outstanding Orange Crush Jersey in shrink-resistant poly/cotton with an attractive Crush trademark on the front and raglan sleeves sporting three orange stripes on white.

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- To enter, print your name, address, zip code and telephone number on an official entry blank or a 3 1/2" x 5" card. Entry blanks must be completed in full to be valid. Each entry must be accompanied by a separate 3 1/2" x 5" card with the name CRUSH or any one of the other prize manufacturers names clearly printed.
- Mail your entry to: Orange CRUSH Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 6424, Garnerville, N.Y. 10923. Entries must be postmarked on or before August 31, 1980 and received by September 10, 1980. Enter as often as you like, however, each entry must be mailed separately. No household may win more than one prize.
- NO PURCHASE NECESSARY. ALL PRIZES WILL BE AWARDED. Prizes are non-transferable and non-redeemable for cash. No substitution of prizes is permitted. One (1) Grand Prize: A Datsun 280-ZX (retail value \$12,000), Fifteen (15) First Prizes: H. H. Scott Hi Fidelity Component Systems (retail value \$1,350 each), Forty (40) Second Prizes: World Book Encyclopedia Sets (retail value \$500 each), One Hundred (100) Third Prizes: Pentax Binoculars (retail value \$190 each), Ninety-one (91) Fourth Prizes: Airlite Luggage by Earhart (retail value \$109 each), Thirteen Hundred (1,300) Fifth Prizes: Orange CRUSH Sports Jerseys (retail value \$8.00 each).
- Winners will be randomly selected from all entries received by TRG Communications, Inc., an independent organization, whose decision will be final. Winners will be selected by September 25, 1980 and will be notified by mail. Prizes must

- be claimed within 30 days of notification or winner is subject to forfeiture, in which case a substitute winner will be selected.
- The sweepstakes is open to all residents of the United States except employees and their immediate families of Crush International Inc., its affiliated companies, its advertising agencies and TRG Communications, Inc. The sweepstakes is void where prohibited by law.
 - ALL FEDERAL, STATE AND LOCAL TAXES ON PRIZES, IF ANY ARE THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE INDIVIDUAL WINNERS. Winners may be required to execute a release. The Grand Prize Winner of the car is also responsible for the appropriate sales and use tax, dealer registration tax and any other taxes or fees applicable on this prize. If the winner is not a licensed driver he/she must sign a release and transfer title to a designated licensed driver.
 - The odds of winning will be determined by the number of entries received. A list of winners can be obtained by sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: CRUSH Winners List, c/o TRG Communications, Inc., 1140 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10036.
 - Each winning entrant grants to Crush International Inc. without limitation the right to use their name and likeness for any advertising and promotion purposes.

Send to: ORANGE CRUSH SWEEPSTAKES,
P.O. Box 6424, Garnerville, N.Y. 10923.

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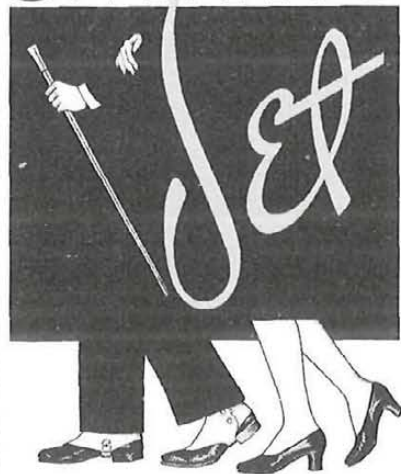
State _____ Zip _____

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THE SMART



"Uh uh uh ooh ooh huh huh ugggh...aaaaaaaahhh!" That's the mating call of hotshot Nobel Prize winner **WILLIAM SHOCKLEY** strumming his wire at eccentric millionaire **ROBERT GRAHAM**'s California sperm bank, where Bill pounds off the occasional deposit. It's all in the interest of providing stud-hungry, Mensa-rated women with those extra-smart little wigglers in his wad. Beating his way into the future of the human race, Bill still won't tell us if he uses visual aids like *National Geographic*, or even what brand of lubricant he uses to grease up the old palm before loping his pony toward the deep freeze. All we can predict is that women who get themselves knocked up with Bill's *gisme de laureate* have a good chance of producing prematurely senile, pasty-white, balding, chinless, nearsighted habitual jerkoffs.

Drool, Britannia: British authorities are feverishly attempting to cover up a story that **PRINCE CHARLES** has contracted VD. In a last-ditch attempt to preserve the image of the royal family, **QUEEN ELIZABETH** has ordered that all the toilet seats of the realm be replaced. Might be too late, Liz.

American gigolo **RICHARD GERE** is now linked romantically with a wool-and-mohair suit, about \$650, by **PIERO DIMITRI**—a surprising switch after Gere's recent involvements with a whole string of suits by **GIORGIO ARMANI**. Richard writes off those early romances as

"cheap threadbare dishrags with nothing more to offer than a quickie trip to the mirror" and claims he's found the real thing with his new tightly buttoned double-breasted date. Last seen dining out with his cloth companion, Gere says the two of them have a lot in common and make beautiful music together. "It's got a nice tight fit around the shoulders, where I like some extra pressure..."

TELLY SAVALAS is reportedly giving up on being himself and will be launching a new career as a Telly Savalas look-alike. "Look-alikes are where the action is these days," Savalas told a press conference. "These guys are popping up all over, and a bunch of them have sewed up the used-car commercials, shopping mall appearances, and children's hospital ward visits. I'm just gonna have to get in there and fight for a place in the sun." Hey, good luck, Telly. Maybe we'll catch you in a carpet ad on TV soon.

Sign of the times? **BIANCA JAGGER** last seen wearing a parking attendant's uniform and walking a hubcap on a leash.

"I was thinking about my children," whines **MACKENZIE PHILLIPS**, fired ex-star of TV's popular "One Day at a Time." Phillips called this column to explain why she persisted in stupid behavior until the show's producers had to give her the boot. Seems that Mackenzie, who was recently married to professional layabout **JEFF SESSLER**, is scared that if her career really takes off and if she and Jeff have kids, why, those poor children might be in grave danger of being kidnapped. "Famous people's kids get 'napped all the time," she says. "Take **CALVIN KLEIN**'s kid for example. And **PATTY HEARST**. No way is that gonna happen to my kids. I'm gonna fail and stay failed!"

What's the secret of bear-faced vocalist **KENNY ROGERS**'s incredible charisma? Inside sources rumor it's his constant use of Desenex foot spray. Strategic spraying tones down body odors to a low subliminal hum, and Kenny also uses the stuff to weld his beard into shape.

Despite the bitterness and ugly publicity involved in his recent divorce

from second wife **CRISTINA**, **HENRY FORD II** insists his life is now back to normal. "I'm sleeping like a baby," Henry claims. Sources close to the multimillionaire confirm that his sleep is indeed quite babylike—he sleeps for an hour, wakes up, screams, shits, sleeps, wakes up with his chest covered with drool and the bottom sheet soaked through to the mattress, and finally falls asleep again, whimpering softly to himself.

Kramer vs. Kramer co-stars **DUSTIN HOFFMAN** and **MERYL STREEP** are tussling in a real-life custody battle. Streep says Hoffman has been getting more than his share of popularity from his single-parent role, and she's demanding he give her equal-time rights to his personality. "I want to dress like Dustin, walk like Dustin, even have an ugly-cute nose like his. Most of all I want that nice-guy feeling he's communicating these days..."

"Mork and Mindy" star **ROBIN WILLIAMS**, rapidly fading into the cold black night of the Nielsens, recently made a desperate suicide bid by attempting to think faster than he can talk.

On the international scene, **PRINCE RANIER**, monarch of Monaco, the world's largest floating postage stamp, is reportedly chatting up **HENRY KISSINGER** and **DAVID ROCKEFELLER** in the hopes that they can get him admitted to fashionable New York Hospital in imitation of last year's visiting malignancy, the **SHAH OF IRAN**. Prince Ranier is suffering from severe lack of notoriety. In a further bid for Pahlavi-like fame, Ranier telephoned the head office of Amnesty International to tell them that he and **PRINCESS GRACE** tortured one of their subjects by forcing him to pick up gambling chips with his toes.

And here's this month's quiz. Start thinking. What do the following celebs have in common: **MISS PIGGY**, **BARRY MANILOW**, **JUDITH KRANTZ**, **GILDA RADNER**, **BO DEREK**, **HENRY WINKLER**, and **LINDSAY WAGNER**. Give up? Well, two years from now you'll recognize the names, but the faces will all blend into one and it'll be kinda faded around the edges like an old magazine cover. □

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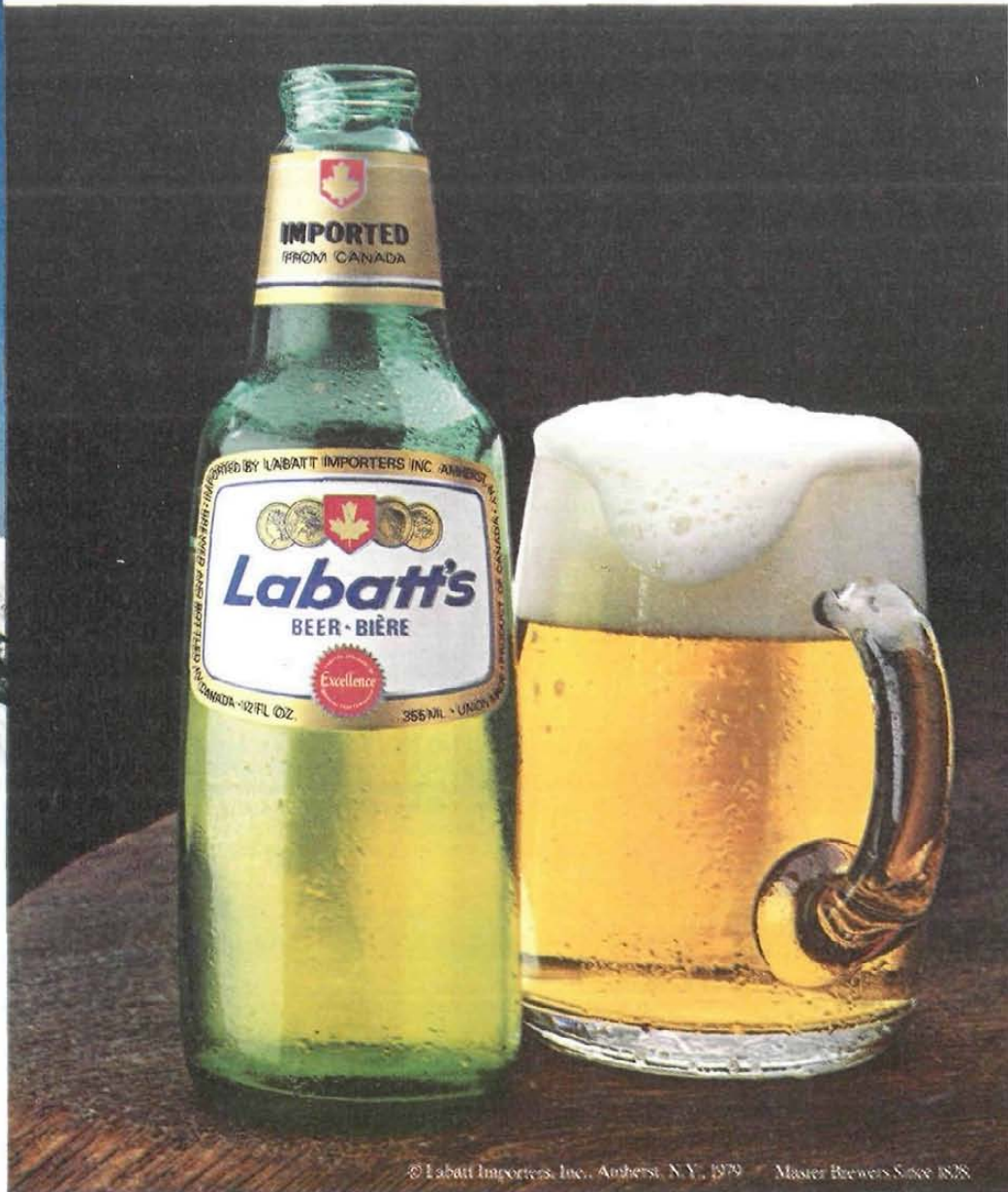
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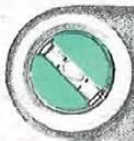
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TRUE SECTION

ON THE LEVEL



True Facts

● Steve Noetzel of Charleston, West Virginia, was forced to declare bankruptcy after losing a \$35,000 lawsuit. A few days later, he crashed into a truck, severely injuring himself and destroying his car. While recovering in the hospital, thieves looted \$2,000 in camera equipment and \$440 in cash from the wrecked car; burglars stole \$10,000 worth of furniture from his home; and his wife divorced him. Noetzel attempted to bounce back by placing the following ad in a local newspaper: "I'm thirty-nine, just lost my family, my home, my business, and my car, but not my sense of adventure... Seeking partner for mutually beneficial ventures." Noetzel got no responses, however, because the paper misprinted his phone number. *Montreal Gazette* (contributed by Andrew Keitner)

● Mrs. Nora Dodson filed suit demanding a \$311 reimbursement from Remco TV Rental, alleging that the defendant failed to explain the terms of its contract requiring her to pay a total of \$1,242 over a period of twenty-three months. Dodson's attorney petitioned to waive the \$60 filing fee on grounds the plaintiff's limited income of \$151 a month in welfare entitled her to claim legal status as a pauper. The judge denied the request, however, ruling "a person who can afford to pay \$1,242 for the rental of a color TV set for twenty-three months is able to pay the cost of filing suit." When asked what she intended to do with the \$311, were the court to decide in her favor, Mrs. Dodson stated, "I hope to use it to

buy a TV set." *AP* (contributed by Juan Wilson)

● When a forty-one-year-old Pontiac, Michigan, man, Percy Dillon, was divorced by his wife, she took two of their children to live in her custody. Dillon, who blamed the teenage pair for breaking up his marriage, allegedly kidnapped them and held them in his basement while dispatching another child to a nearby store for bicycle chains. He subsequently fastened the teenagers to a bedpost with the chains, then shot them with an AR-15 semiautomatic rifle, doused the basement with gasoline, and burned down his house. Dillon later pleaded insanity, claiming he had been under the influence of drugs. Upon learning that the judge rejected his plea, the accused rescinded his drug explanation and told the court that he

had in actuality been persuaded to commit the murders by "David the Worm," who was living in his stomach prior to the crime. Again, the judge denied Dillon's plea. *Detroit Free Press* (contributed by Bruce Haynes)

● A woman was arrested in Austin, Texas, on a complaint from a pharmacist who spotted her shoplifting birth control pills. Police notified the woman's husband that she had been booked, however the man refused to bail her out after hearing of the charge. "I had a vasectomy five years ago," he declared. "Leave her in jail." *Austin American-Statesman* (contributed by Rick Fine)

● Two men and a woman broke into a department store in Essen, West Germany, knowing they had ninety minutes to work before the

nightwatchman was due on his next round. But as they passed through the furniture department, the woman and one of the men sat down on a couch and began to cuddle each other. When the second man attempted to join in, he was brusquely waved off and told to continue looting the store. Instead, the jilted burglar went to the administration offices, called police, reported the robbery, and fled. Officers arrested the other two twenty minutes later, still necking on the couch. *Edmonton Journal* (contributed by Bruce Kensington)

● Owing to a lack of time and telephone facilities, an Iowa radio station conducted a poll before the state's Democratic caucuses by measuring water levels in the Emmetsburg water tank. Asked to flush their toilets after their favorite candidates were mentioned, listeners lowered the water level 1.2 inches for Carter and 2.4 inches for "uncommitted." Flushings for Teddy Kennedy were "nothing significant," according to station officials. *New York Post* (contributed by Bill Moseley)

● Albert Stewart, a twenty-three-year-old paraplegic, was making conversation at a party on the South Side of Chicago when Kelvin Adams interrupted him by asking, "What?" Stewart shouted back, "Don't say 'what' to me," drew a pistol from beneath his paralyzed legs, and shot Adams dead. Stewart then forced another guest to help him maneuver his motorized wheelchair down a flight of stairs, and sped away. *The Daily Californian* (contributed by T. D. Cline)

DON'T CROSS THE YELLOW LINE DEPT.



Douglas Koch

A Rhode Island Highway Department crew has been charged with painting a center stripe over this dead dog on the North Kingston exit from Route 4; however, state maintenance chief Rocco DeLuca claims his men have no recollection of the incident. *Zodiac News Service* (contributed by Sheryl Williams)

T**R****U**

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These devices and garments are now available from Picker Radiology Supply Company, for medical application only.



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Lite-Gard Tie-Dye Lead Aprons—an "eye-pleasing lift" for the X-ray department.



E-C Restrainer—heavy-duty plywood and canvas construction.

NO HEADLINES

Nicklaus not aboard yacht

No surgery planned for Carter

DTH-12/22/78

Elvis' exhumation not being planned

DTH-9/21/79

40,000 foreign students aren't enrolled, officials say

DMN-1/30/79

Dayan not meeting Khalil

DTH-12/17/78

Non-daily drinking not alcoholism sign

DMN-2/18/79

Mayor warns of no parades

DMN-2/16/79

Queen Victoria's bed not for sale

DTH-2/21/79

Twin dwarfs not hindered by small size

DTH-12/11/78

City not on cloud nine

DMN-12/13/79

No rental boom appears

DTH-11/18/78

Young basketball player not doomed to blindness

DTH-2/5/79

Hospital power failures not blamed in 3 deaths

DTH-9/14/78

Collected from the Dallas Morning News (DMN) and Dallas Times-Herald (DTH) by Susan Hoffman.

E

The Government's English

The following excerpts from government publications, manuals, and memoranda first appeared under the heading of "Gobbledygook" in the Washington Star.

From a National Aeronautics and Space Administration instruction: The program executed an execute instruction which tried to execute another execute. Check for program instruction modification.

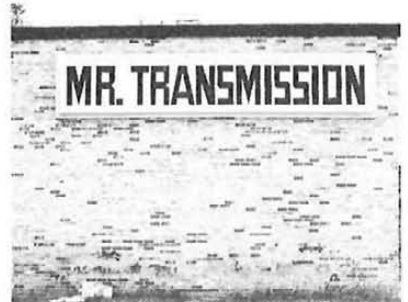
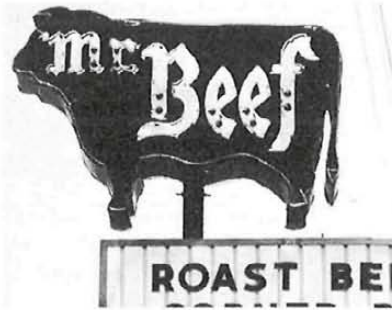
From a Department of Energy memorandum: If after being notified of early dismissal, the employee departs on annual leave prior to the time set for dismissal, leave is charged from the time of departure until the time set for dismissal. If a dismissal time is set before an employee on leave can report for duty, leave is charged up to the dismissal time.

From the Federal Register: For a position to be considered eligible employment under this part, it must be one for which the employer normally has compensated other persons not employed under this part. If no other person has held or is holding that position for that employer, it is one for which most other employers would normally compensate persons holding that position.

Contributions: We will pay \$10 for every item used, \$20 for B&W photos, \$30 for color photos. Send to: True Facts, *National Lampoon*, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. In case of duplication, earliest postmark is selected.

Editor's note: All items appearing in the True Section are, to the best of our ability to verify them, true. We will gladly retract anything that can be proven false. Everything else in *National Lampoon* is fictional. Except the ads.

Business Men by Susan Hoffman



GOOD AND EVIL

continued from page 79

there was a gigantic crowd of black teenagers disgorging from the Hi-Hat. They were screaming and fighting and playing transistor radios on half a dozen stations at once, the volume as high as it could be turned up, and they danced with each other and they danced by themselves, and hollered and yelled and ran around acting as drunk as they were. There must have been five hundred of them, spreading in every direction toward the bus stops and parking lots, and not a single one was silent or still. Anna looked down at her neighbors and said, very matter-of-fact, "Aren't you glad niggers can't fly?"

Bob wouldn't speak to Barry. I wouldn't speak to Bob. And Corey, after she found out about Anna, wouldn't speak to me. I got a job working construction. And then I moved to New York.

Bob put out a special edition of the *Community Underground Press* in which he explained that we, unknowingly, had had a member of the police force on our staff since our first day of publication. In an overweening fit of truthfulness, however, he went on to

say that he still felt affection for Barry and that in many ways Barry had been a true friend, while, of course, still being an informer, a spy, and a pig. The *Community Underground Press* expired shortly thereafter.

Red Lenny's case came to trial that winter, and Barry was put on the stand. He was not a rich kid. There was no allowance from home. The money he had was his salary. And his cameras belonged to the police department, the movie camera too. He did not have his film developed by a "friend from prep school who runs a film lab for his dad." That fellow, whom we'd met, was a police officer also. The police department developed all of Barry's photographs, giving him a set of prints and keeping a set for themselves. They must have had a nice collection of seminaked hippie girl pictures. Barry explained how, as a plainclothesman, he had been assigned to the surveillance of left-wing political groups and how he had accomplished this by becoming a staff member on an underground newspaper. To my humiliation when I later heard of it, he told the court that the staff members of this newspaper were not themselves considered dangerous.

We were, he said, noisy but harmless—basically just high-spirited kids having fun and maybe trying to shock our parents. But being a staff member gave him access to groups who really were dangerous. And the Rosa Luxemburg Collective was certainly one of these.

Then Barry began to calmly muffle his testimony. He claimed, under direct and then under cross-examination, to have been filming at some location far away from the incident. He said he'd been alone, and there was no one to corroborate the time or place. He confused the dates, and said it was hard to remember one demonstration from another. The prosecutor was angry. Barry identified the film as his own but said he couldn't be at all sure that the young man shown with the two-by-four was Leonard Feinermann. And neither could the jury, for Leonard, Red Lenny, was seated in front of them, shaven, shorn, and suited, with decorous parents at his back, and looking like the honors student that he'd been. So Lenny was acquitted and Barry was busted back to patrolman, and a couple of months later Barry quit the force.

Bob visited me in New York. And I continued on page 94

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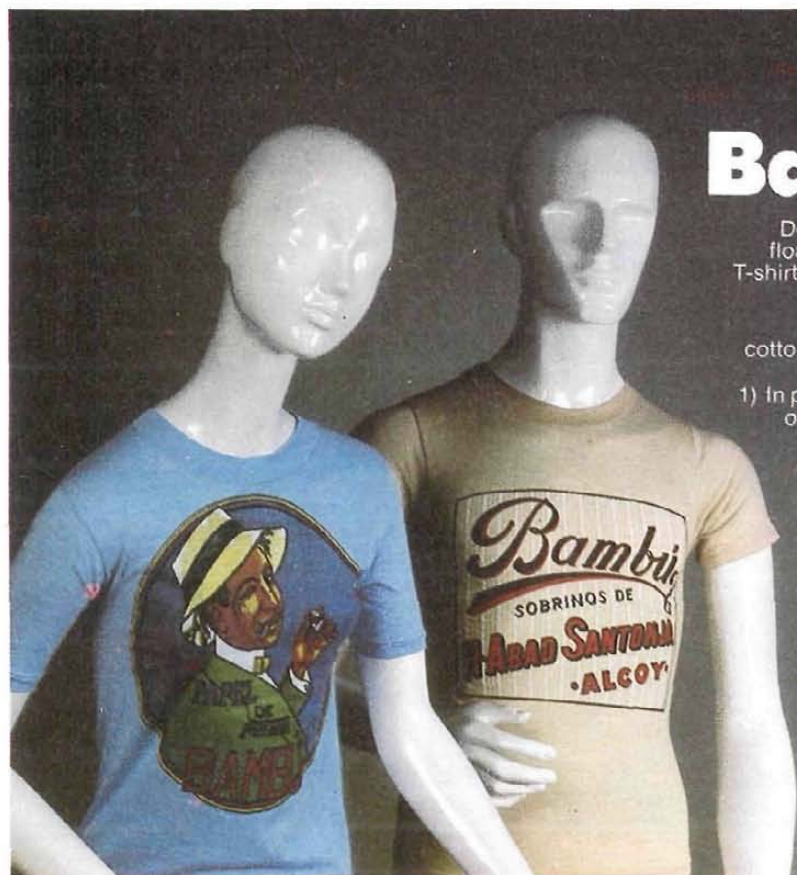
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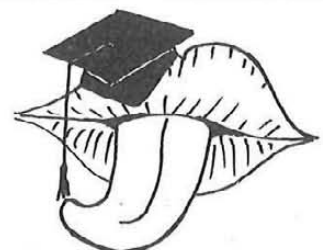
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LETTERS
 continued from page 19

Sirs:

I believe that the Lord sanctions hard-ons. That means you are rationed a certain quota before you die, and I've either run out or received a large dose of REMs from that goddamn nuclear power plant near where I live.

David Brenner
 Philadelphia, Pa.

Sirs:

How do I do it, you ask? It's easy. First of all, I'm skinny, which really helps. Secondly, I can put on the most fatuous expression—you know the one, where I stare with my big brown eyes open real wide so I look really vulnerable and just a little bit angry, as if to say to some teenage girl, "Hey...don't hurt me...please." Also, I have the emotional development of a yam and a vocabulary to match. This last helps the most. Oh, man, is it easy! Bet you wish you could do it.

Billy Joel
 Temple Beth-Page

Sirs:

One thing you young fellows continually overlook or choose to ignore is the basic fact that you need to set up your humor by initially establishing your serious writing. Just as the passing game in professional football depends on a strong ground game for its success, so humorous writing is dependent upon serious writing to set it up. I would recommend that you try two serious pages and then insert a humorous page. If that doesn't help to make your magazine funny, then I don't know what will.

Howard Cosell
 Los Angeles, Cal.

Sirs:

I am writing to you, as well as to the major news media, to protest the continued slander of my clients John Wayne, Vivian Vance, Dick Foran, and Jack Soo. Within the past few months, each one of these talented and highly paid performers has been repeatedly described in the public print and on television as being "dead." I need hardly remind you that, to those of us in show business, "dead" is one of the worst things you can be. Try getting a producer, an agent, or a backer to sign a six-figure contract

with a performer who is supposedly "dead." Oh, it can be done, I know, but the money is only a fraction of what these brilliant stars *could* be demanding if people like you would refrain from printing—or even talking about—scurrilous stories like these. Stories that hurt not only my clients themselves and their families but, most importantly, the career of their legal representative as well. So, come on, trust me. My clients are as good as they ever were.

Bernie Hebrewstein
 Bankable Talents Associates
 Hollywood, Cal.

Sirs:

I just moved out into the country. And I don't understand how the pioneers got along without four-wheel drive. What kind of pickup trucks did the pioneers drive, anyway?

Bob Plaid
 Fiberfill, Vt.

Sirs:

Just thought I'd write in to tell you why I'm still a bachelor. I'm still a bachelor because whiskey is a whole lot easier to wash out of the bottom of glasses that have been sitting in the sink for a week than milk is.

Prince Charles
 London, UK

Sirs:

I want to correct a misstatement of my contention that elderly people should not drink wine. I did not say that elderly people should not drink wine because the pleasurable feeling might frighten them! What I said was they should not drink wine because it might frighten us! Nobody likes to have their elderly people jumping around having a good time. No hospital, especially ours, can tolerate that sort of thing.

Dr. Robert Kastenbaum
 Mount Galilee Center for Annoying Diseases
 Buffalo, NY

Sirs:

Where can I write to Linda Blair? I have vital information that only I am "in possession" of, and must see her in person.

Bazuzu
 Somewhere in Darkest Africa

GOOD AND EVIL

continued from page 90

visited Corey at her house. And the three of us became friends again, though we don't see each other often. One night Bob met Barry by accident in a bar. He told me he was cool to Barry, but he couldn't refuse to have a beer with the man after the way Barry'd acted at the Feinermann trial. Pretty soon they were drunk and friends again, too.

A couple of years went by, and I came to know a New York lawyer who had been an assistant district attorney in '70 and '71 in the city where we had all lived. He'd known Barry as an undercover cop and told me several things. Our offices had been, as I said before, visited by the police on (wholly justifiable) drug raids. These cases had always been dropped before they came to trial. The same was true on the couple of occasions when one of us was arrested at a demonstration. We had figured it was just good luck, but my lawyer friend said that after each arrest Barry would rush to the prosecutor's office and plead that his "cover would be blown" if we ever came to trial. Such was the atmosphere of worry about Black Panthers, SDSers, and who knows what-all Barry was supposed to be watching from his vantage point on the news-

paper staff, that his requests to have charges dropped were always granted. I told my friend about the weatherman with the wastepaper basket over his head, who really was a Weatherman, and actually wanted by the FBI, though just for a skipped grand-jury subpoena, I believe. I said Barry hadn't done much about that guy. My friend said it would have been a surprise if he had; for in two years of investigation Barry had not brought a single subversive into the hands of the law. Nor had he, after the first few months, provided the police with any information that was even vaguely useful. My friend told me something of the contents of our staff's police files. Mine, for instance, noted that my grandfather had been the chairman of the Matoon, Illinois, county Republican organization and a personal friend of President Taft's. It was my great-grandfather, actually. I must have made a joke about it once. Barry did not even mean to incriminate Red Lenny. The police at headquarters had discovered the film of Lenny's assault the same way we had.

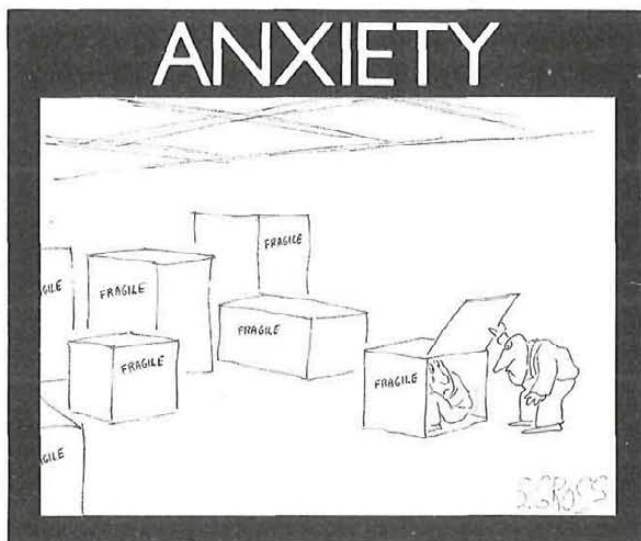
I never bothered to tell Bob about the things Barry had done to protect us. I figured Bob knew them already, and, knowing Bob, I figured he would prefer to think that he was the only person who believed them.

I saw Barry himself a little while ago, and I liked him as well as I ever had. He's a private detective now and specializes in insurance fraud. He lets the people who really need the money get away with it, though, he said.

Mr. Harrison went on to defend a number of other members of the Rosa Luxemburg Collective. One night in 1973 they tried to blow up a suburban branch bank with a homemade kerosene bomb, which destroyed a three-yard patch of lawn and an ornamental shrub. During the trial they came to his house one night and asked him to hide a gun for them. It wasn't an illegal gun, just a hunting rifle, and I don't believe they had done anything exciting with it. But they were sure they were about to be raided again and they didn't want to lose this gun the way they had all the others. Mr. Harrison broke the rifle down, wrapped it in oiled rags, and locked it in a closet, and he took the bolt mechanism and locked that in a file cabinet in his den. Somehow Kevin was able to make his way into the closet and to open the drawer in the file cabinet too, and he put the rifle back together. And one day when he was home from school sick and Mrs. Harrison was working in the rose garden in the backyard, he leaned out the kitchen window and shot her through the head. □

COMING NEXT MONTH IN THE AUGUST NATIONAL LAMPOON

Anxious? What are you worried about? Criminals in your home? Competition? War? Disease? Failure? That we will have more Mexicans than Negroes by 1990? A dentist appointment? Evidence of snakes? Rape? Ever having to use a heliarc welder? What catheters feel like? Riding in cars with lawn chairs for seats? Electrified fences? Religion? Being



put in an asylum full of moaning automaton madmen against your will? Being gouged and eviscerated by a falcon? Public speaking? Being laughed at? Exposure to poor people and the places where they live? Dogs with no eyes? Homosexuals with

firearms? Meteors? Your employer? Mysterious gases overloading your nerve circuits with a violent electrochemical surge that literally sizzles the tendrils until they explode? The dark? Carnival rides that might turn you upside down? The continuing decline of the US merchant fleet and its long-term effect on our ability to fight a war overseas?

Then, don't read the August "Anxiety" issue, because it will only make you feel more nervous and unstable. Please, stay away from it. Understand? Come back in September, if you're still alive, and we'll have something better for you. Okay? Good. Very good. Thank you.

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The patch is a colorful red, gold and silver. The cap itself has a black twill cotton front and a white nylon mesh back. It's adjustable, so one size fits all. My \$6.50 price includes postage and handling.

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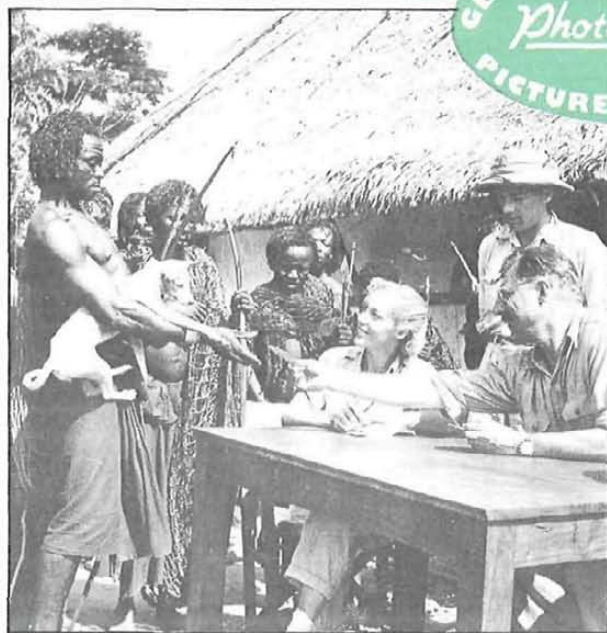
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According to a national consumer journal report, when condoms are used properly the chances of an accidental pregnancy are 10,000 to 1! No other method of birth control can give you better odds without the risk of side-effects.

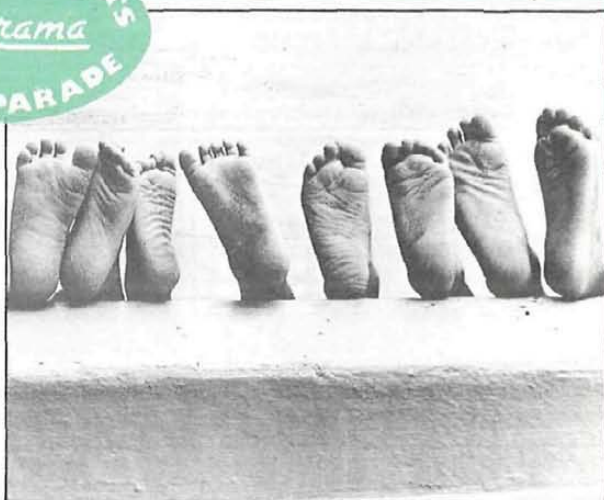
SHEIK

Schmid Products Company, Little Falls, N.J.

GERALD SUSSMAN'S
Photorama
 PICTURE PARADE



Dodoma, Tanzania Local dog breeders register their pets for the first Tanzania Kennel Club Dog Show. Shown above is Kiku, a sub-mongrel native to the Serengeti Plain. Best-of-breed awards will be given to domesticated mongrels, domesticated submongrels, wild beasts in cages, and doglike creatures.



Miami Beach, Florida Contestants line up for the second annual Foot Tickling Derby at this famous beach. The people who will be tickled (ticklees) must submerge all of their body in water except their feet. The ticklers (not shown) then stroke the soles of the ticklees' feet non-stop until the ticklee sticks his head out of the water and calls for a halt. The longest continuous tickle wins.



Hamburg, West Germany Workmen examine part of a five-hundred-pound shipment of sausages that was sent to a Hindu orphanage in India and then returned. The sausages were a gift from the boys and girls of the Schweingau Orphanage in Hamburg and were made entirely by hand. Unfortunately, no one told the children that the Indian orphanage was run by vegetarians.



Lompoc, California Three members of the Canadian Eskimo Explorers team pause for flag-raising ceremonies at Lompoc, California, where they claim to have reached the West Pole. The explorers found the exact spot of the West Pole in the parking lot of a shopping mall about one-quarter mile from downtown Lompoc. They are claiming most of the parking-lot land for the government of Canada.

Alive with pleasure!
Newport



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*After all,
if smoking isn't a
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17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report January 1980.

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