

NATIONAL LAMPPOON

© WPS 34490

NOVEMBER 1982 • THE HUMOR MAGAZINE FOR ADULTS • \$2.00

**Wealth and Poverty • Death and Taxes • Naked Greed
Naked Ambition • Naked Women with Their Shirts Off**



Miss Economic Recovery '82

CAMEL

Where a man belongs.



LIGHTS: 8 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '81.
FILTERS: 15 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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

Experience the Camel taste in Lights and Filters.

From the Driving Force:

**A new angle in
Panasonic speakers
solves some old
problems in
car stereo performance.**

The Panasonic EAB-069 car speaker system and its smaller version, the EAB-049, represent a new and different approach toward improving car stereo performance.

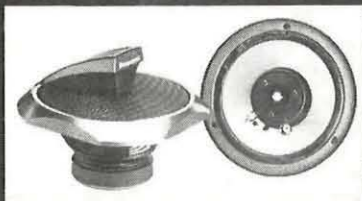
Notice the unusual angle of the horn tweeter. It projects higher frequencies in music directly at the listener; frequencies sometimes lost within the confines of a car. At the same time, a diffuser channels the lower frequencies down the length of the passenger compartment.

Accurate bass reproduction requires a treatment all its own. So an upward firing woofer is used to maximize bass frequency projection.

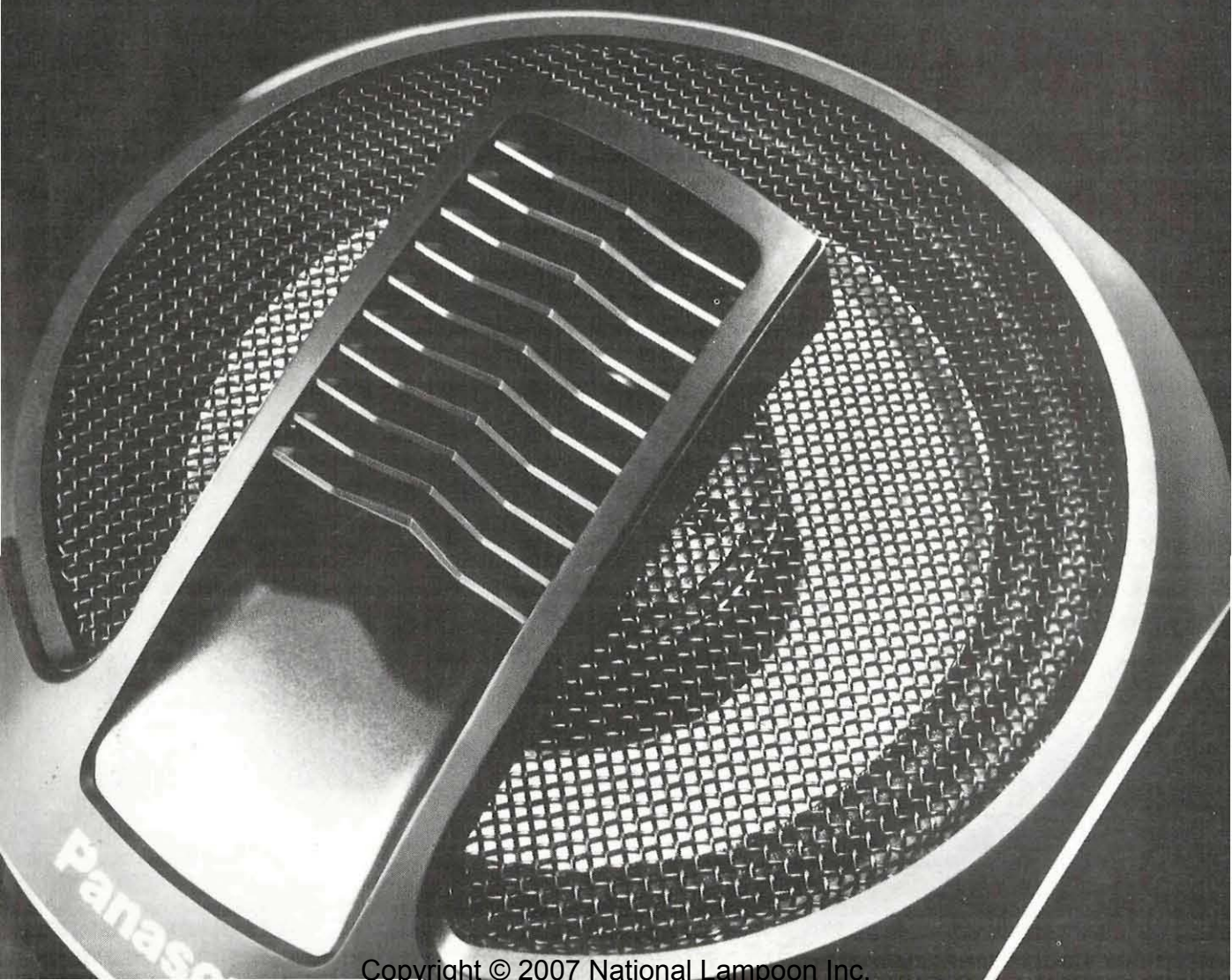
Working together, the angled horn tweeter and upward firing woofer enhance the stereo image and achieve exceptional sound reproduction.

And how much power can these speaker systems take? The EAB-069 handles a hefty 60 watts. The EAB-049, 30 watts. And these compact, low profile speaker systems can be used in separate pairs or as a powerful complementary foursome.

Angled horn tweeter speaker systems. Part of the entire line of high quality, innovative car speakers from Panasonic.



Panasonic car audio
The driving force



Toshiba's CX receivers give you so much music, there's no room for noise.

Toshiba's new CX receivers can do more for music than you've ever heard.

But to understand just how much, it's necessary to understand two things: record surface noise and dynamic range.

WHERE DOES RECORD SURFACE NOISE COME FROM?

Not from the music, but from the record itself. Other than dust on the record, the reason you hear noise is that it lies in the same grooves as the music.

In the past, you had to go out of your way to try to silence this problem, with everything from expensive audio equipment to premium audiophile discs.

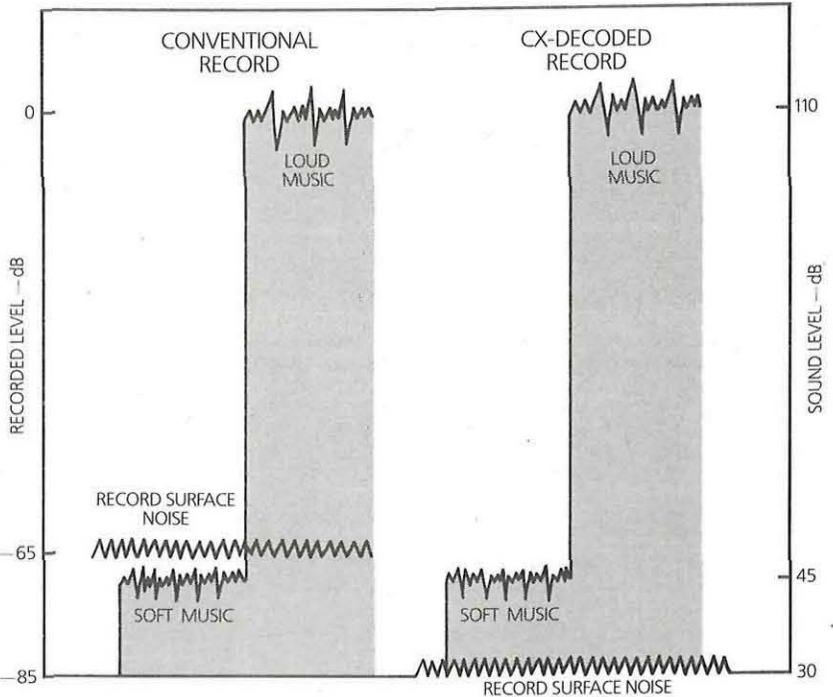
But now you don't have to go any further.

CX RECORDS ARE WHAT YOU'VE BEEN WAITING TO HEAR.

CX records are the latest development in audio technology. CX is a coding process that actually extends the dynamic range of music, and in the process virtually eliminates record surface noise.

Dynamic range is simply the difference in sound level between the loudest and softest passages of music. The dynamic range of live music is usually around 85 dB. But the same music on an ordinary record only approaches 65 dB.

What CX does, is give you the 20 dB of sound you would otherwise miss. Loud passages are louder, soft passages are softer.



And because there's more room for music, there's less room for noise.

YOU HAVEN'T HEARD EVERYTHING YET.

You can play a CX record on an ordinary receiver and it will sound ordinary. But we know you won't settle for that.

That's why Toshiba has included a CX decoder circuit in our new receivers, so you can hear the startling difference CX makes.

Close your eyes and you might think you're in a concert hall. That's how close a CX record comes to reproduction of live sound.

And we've given you a lot more than just a CX switch on our new receivers. Our SA-R3 CX Receiver has 40 watts per channel, with a digital-synthesized tuning system and 12 station pre-sets.

You'll get 25 watts per channel from our SA-R2 CX Receiver, along with servo-lock tuning.

Now all you have to do is listen to our CX receivers for yourself. We think you'll be amazed at what you'll hear.

And what you won't.

CX IS A TRADEMARK OF CBS, INC.

TOSHIBA 

Toshiba America, Inc., 82 Totowa Road, Wayne, NJ 07470



Some People O. C. and Stiggs Forgot to Give Credit to Last Month

DUE TO AN OVERWHELMINGLY complicated and massive combination of factors, such as the factor of completely forgetting that anyone was supposed to get credit for the October O. C. and Stiggs issue, and the factor of not having the energy to put together a giant credit box full of people the authors will never see again, the credits that were supposed to appear last month didn't. However, after a surfeit of mewling outrage, the giant credit box has been at last assembled, and so, here it is, late, but only by a month.

The topmost credit goes, of course, to **Dick Peterson** and **Tom Gordy** for doing such a credible and heartfelt job of being Stiggs and O. C. and really bringing them to life. The next degree of credit, which even though it's not the topmost degree is nonetheless a substantial heaping-gravel-pit-sized pile of credit, goes to **Bobby Marks**, **George Fells**, **Oscar Begun**, **Susan Miller**, **Mona Green**, and **Art Lesmez**, who pretended they were Barney, Wino Bob, Pat Colletti, Michelle Schleuter, a mall cheese girl, and, in the case of Art, an Indian and the second guy in the train on Stiggs's birthday. **Lisha Haan** and **Patty Simonson** were indispensable to the great portrayal of grotesquely rich, unbalanced females from Jodsten—the Sluts de Boxcar—a performance that was equaled only by Lisha's solo lug-wrench-accepting pose on the cover. And then there was the electrifying and crucial matter of the Schwabs, who could not have been better simulated than by **Peter Philipps**, **Lilly Clarvit**, **Susan Wolven**, and **David Celsi**—Susan being Lenora Schwab, and David being the horror child incarnate, Randall Schwab Jr. Other characters—Earl Warnke, Leland Croft DDS, Herman Schleuter, Garth Sloane, Mrs. Barney, Reynoldo Ortega, Nora Croft, Frank

Tang, the blond teen assault victim on the riverbank, and the other guys in Stiggs's birthday train were given incredible dimension and validity by **Ed Subitzky**, **Dick Atkins**, **Henry Curtis**, **Sean Kelly**, **Florence Schucht**, **Ramon Albán**, **Marianne Gaffney**, **Kin Ng**, **Sönke Andersen**, and **Jonathan Clark** and **Matthew Peyton**. And still other characters, such as the Christian teens, were actually **Gwen Hunter**, **Michael Levy**, **Stefan Janitschek**, and **Jiana Hui** in Christian disguise. Other persons, however, such as **Ted Mann**, **Tod Carroll**, and **Raymond Battaglini**, appeared with no hint of Christianity at all, especially in the case of Raymond, who, as a stand-in for O. C., was required to be largely nondenominational, interrupted only by spurts of animism pegged to the availability of the top eye-catching types of trees and rocks that make a religion really work for people like O. C. and Stiggs.

It's also real important to thank a bunch of regular citizens who provided backgrounds for the photos by perilously loaning out their houses, cars, boats, pharmacies, restaurants, delicatessens, and real-estate offices—the names of these citizens being **Ross Roper**, **Bob Weber**, **Chris Burbank**, **Ronnie Campsey**, **Mark Janis**, **Davy** and **Jeff Adams**, and this guy **Spencer**.

AND OF COURSE FINALLY THERE IS the "Schleuter Love" comic by **Ralph Reese**, a master artist as well as human being and conversationalist and dancer, although not as good a dancer as **Jim Wilson**, the guy who made the food monster and exquisite rooster tickler.



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Contents

November 1982

Vol. 2, No. 52

Cover

By Bernard Vidal

Robbers of the Lost Crock

By Gerald Sussman
Illustrated by Alan Weiss

37

Girls of the Falkland Islands

By Fred Graver

46

The Fate of "Lou Grant"

By Ellis Weiner

52

The Depression Years

Photographed by Bernard Vidal

56

Rolling Tombstone

By Leslie Fuller and Mitchell Kriegman, with Sean Kelly and Fred Graver

65

Surprise Poster

By Dan Kirk

75

F I L L E R

Editorial

6

Letters from the Editors

10

The Sun Also Sets

By Joey Green

14

Canadian Corner

By Sean Kelly

18

Time of the Month

21

The Song of the City

By Robert S. Weider

32

Foto Funnies

91

Funny Pages

83

True Section

93

National Lampoon Contest #14

By Chris Kelly

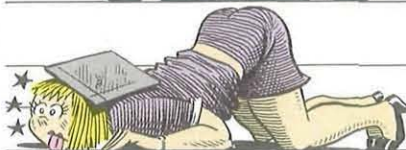
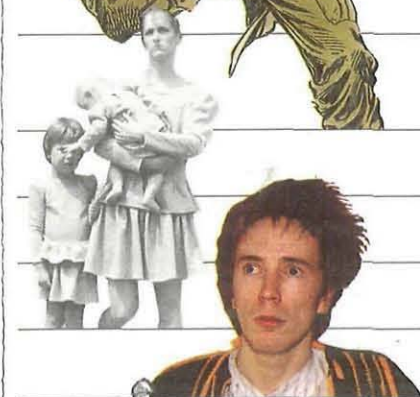
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PERCENTAGE OF PUBLISHER'S RECOMMENDED MONTHLY SEXUAL CONTENT, BY VOLUME

| | |
|------------------------------------|------|
| SMUT | 2% |
| REAL ART NUDDISM (RAN) | 1% |
| DOUBLE ENTENDRES | 2% |
| VISUALITY | 10% |
| SELF-ABUSE POTENTIAL (SAP) | 5% |
| MALE CHAUVINISM (MC) | 3.6% |
| PORN | 4% |
| INAPPROPRIATE | 6% |
| VOYEURISM | 17% |
| ANAL AGGRESSION (AA) | 2% |
| PHILISTINISM | 2.5% |
| FILTH | 12% |
| CASTRATION-ANXIETY FANTASIES (CAF) | 4.4% |
| LEWDNESS | 14% |
| SPICINESS | 5.5% |
| SALACITY | 7% |
| RAWNESS | 10% |
| RIBALDRY | 1% |
| TINTILLATION* | 1% |

*THE NEWSSTAND SALES VALUE OF "TINTILLATION" HAS NOT YET BEEN ESTABLISHED

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Taste!

Whether you mix it in a whisky sour, or pour it on the rocks, you'll see why more V.O. is bought than any other imported distilled spirit in America. More than any Scotch, Canadian, Rum, Gin, Vodka or Tequila.

V.O.

Enjoy our quality in moderation.

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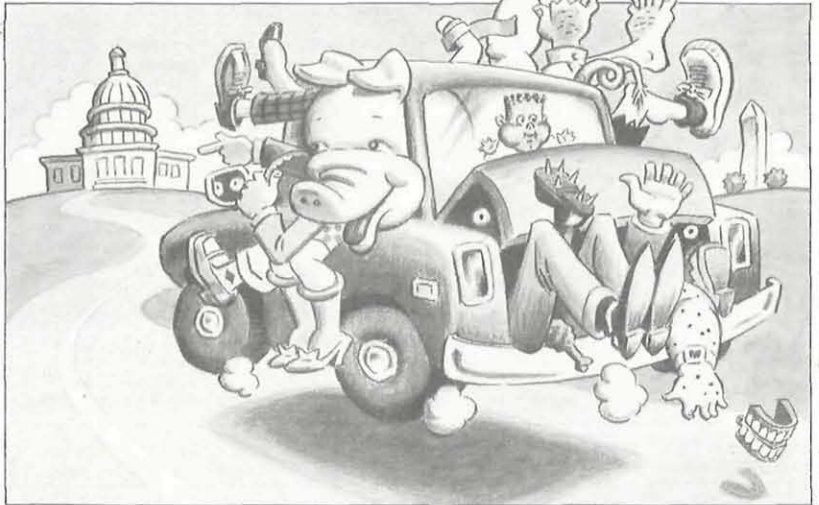
Editorial

Time for yams and turnips—a return to our roots. A down-home Thanksgiving out in America, USA, where the frost is on the bumpkins.

ONE OF THE MOST ENJOYABLE days I've ever had was at the home of Kenneth Bond, a thirteen-year-old page at the House of Representatives who asked me to join him and his family for Thanksgiving dinner. Don Bond, Kenneth's father, sat at the head of a long table, which was actually two tables pushed together to accommodate his wife, Cora; her parents, Nana and Granddad; Kenneth and his four brothers; and an elderly aunt called Dolly who had larynx cancer and couldn't talk.

"Are you one of Kenneth's friends from the Interior and Insular Affairs Committee?" Don asked heartily, guiding an electric knife through a hot, buttery turkey.

"Then you oughta know the Democrat from West Virginia Nick Joe Rahall!" Nana rasped, her tiny crinkled lips ringing dentures that seemed to have been designed for a mouth three times the size of hers. "Kenny sucked



"The phone rang; I picked it up. That was John Bingham, Democrat from New York," I announced. "He wants a hog and a boy right away at the Rayburn office building."

him off under a bush." Kenneth's face colored as Nana ran around the table, with her arms outstretched and her head dropped, emitting tremulous squeaks of glee. "Oh, Nana," he mumbled through a silly grin. Nana wrapped her arms around Kenneth's head and swiveled her torso from side to side. "Our Kenny's just about the best little piece of ass on the Hill!"

"Now, come on, Nana," Don chided.

"Keep that up and the boy's head'll swell up so big it'll fall on the table!"

"Geez, Dad, you say that every time," Kenneth said with mock petulance.

"Hell, if I was one of them legislators," Granddad cackled, "I might take a real shine to a boy with a extra-large head. Suck my Johnson clean off the mount." Granddad looked down at his groin and mimed horrified surprise as laughter rattled all around the table.

"All right, all right," Cora interrupted. "Let's all settle down so we can have the blessing, David..."

David, at seven the youngest of the Bond brothers, stiffened in his chair at the far end of the table. "Thank you for this turkey and our family," the wispy boy began. "And especially thank you for giving our brother Kenny a chance to blow practically everyone on the... on the..."

"Interior and Insular Affairs..." Don prompted softly.

"...Committee," David continued, "and for letting me do it, too. Amen."

Nana shrielled another of her fifteen-thousand-cycle glee blasts and, rotating her extended arms in tight, frantic circles, pranced over to little David and enveloped his head in the head-sized cavity between her talcose breasts. "Ooooooooh, Davy, Davy, why didn't you tell Nana you're a big boy, too?" she honked.

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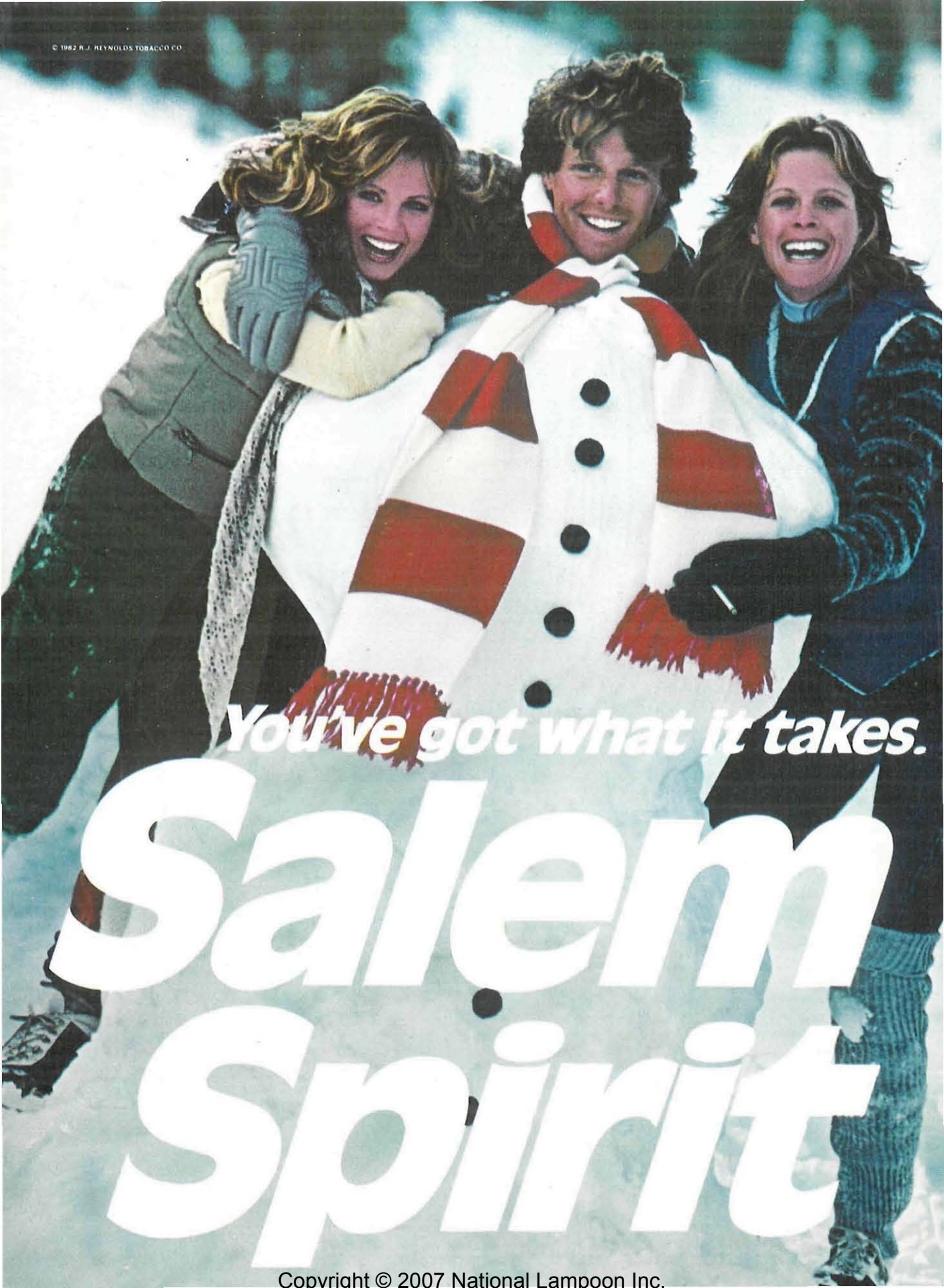
MICHELOB



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Some things speak for themselves

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You've got what it takes.

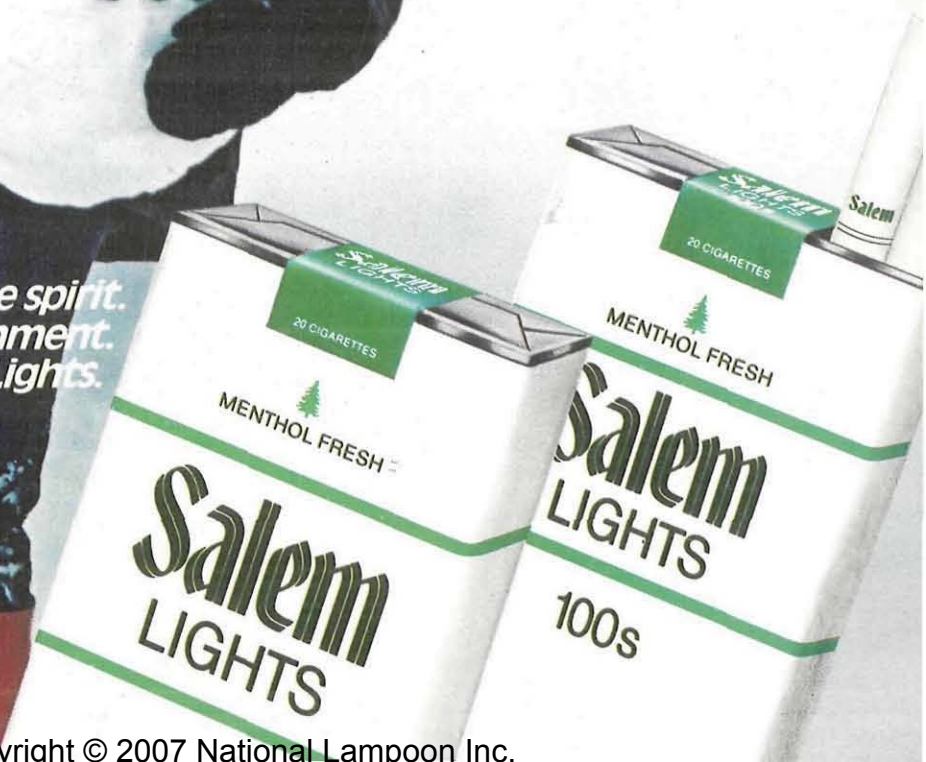
Salem Spirit

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



*Share the spirit.
Share the refreshment.
Light, fresh Salem Lights.*



Letters

SIRS: YOU'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE us, we're a little numb right now. We just came from listening to the missing eighteen minutes from the Nixon tapes. After all these years it turned up in a basement storage room at the Capitol. Would you believe it? He was *completely* innocent. Not just the bugging but the cover-up, Vietnam, Checkers, Alger Hiss, everything—it's all there. I guess we owe him some kind of an apology.

Bob Woodward and
Carl Bernstein

Sirs:

You call me crazy. You and all the others. Don't deny it. I can hear you, you with your hushed whispers: Crazy—watch out, he's crazy. Well, yes, maybe I am crazy. But when things are falling to pieces all around you, you come to me to hold things together.

Crazy Glue
In a tube

Sirs:

We've made some revisions in our earlier estimates of the potential damage of a nuclear war. Instead of the fifty million people we had originally figured would be killed, it will be closer



to only eighteen or twenty people. Rather than the destruction of thirty major American cities, we will probably lose only one small farm community in northern Maine. In addition, we have found that radiation will help babies grow to be bigger, stronger, and smarter. All cleared up now?

The Generals
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

We always expected *My Dinner with Andre* to become a cult classic. But we never thought it would be another *Rocky Horror Picture Show*. At first it was a handful of people in Denver who

came dressed like me—the baldy caps, the rouge and padding. Then it was *everybody*. "Ask him about dancing in Tibet!" they shout in the theaters. I hear that kind of crap on the street now. I understand some people are even throwing quail at the screen.

Wallace Shawn
New York City

Sirs:

Remember *moi*? Here eez a heent. Schuss schuss, bang bang. I have really dropped out of, how you say, the sight. Unlike my old boyfriend, who was exactly een the sight. Keep een touch, okay? *Merci beaucoup*.

Claudine Longet
Living quietly, non?

Sirs:

Here are seventeen reasons not to bring your taxes to us, H&R Blockhead:

1. We hire anyone. If you come to us, your tax return might be prepared by a circus pinhead, a Manson girl, an eight-year-old boy, a dog, a dead person, or who knows what else.

2. We're stupid. We can never remember when tax time is, and we might file your return in July, or in ten years, or never.

3. We're crooked. We did taxes for Al Capone, Chuck Berry, and Skitch Henderson, and they all wound up in the slammer for it.

4. We don't figure out your taxes—we make them up. We might tell you that you owe a million zillion dollars, or that the government is going to give you the Statue of Liberty as a refund. But we'll be lying!

17. We can't even count.

So, please, stay away. And stop us before we hurt another taxpayer.

H&R Blockhead
Branches everywhere

Sirs:

Smurf's up! Mainly, our profits are up. As long as we can keep conning little kids into thinking we're lovable little elves instead of the greedy little bastards we really are, we'll be rolling in dough. Eat your heart out. Herve Villechaize.

The Smurfs
At the bank

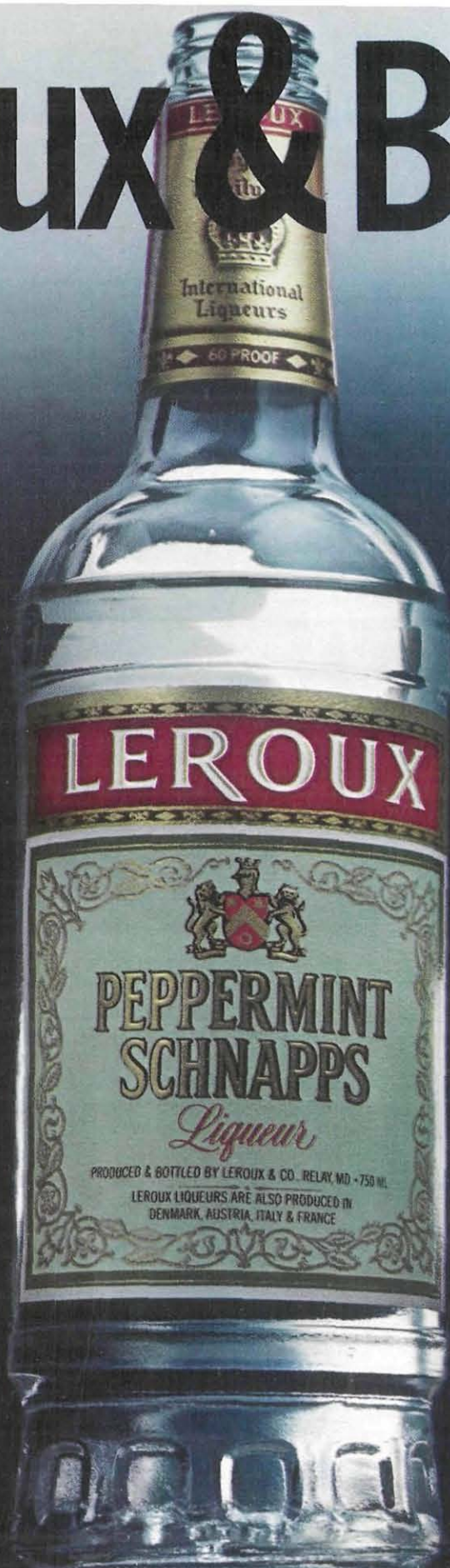
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13)



Leroux & Brew.

Smooth and easy partners. Leroux Peppermint Schnapps and crisp chilled beer. The glow of the schnapps chased by the icy cold of the brew is smooth all the way, uniquely delicious. Discover the drink that's sweeping the country. And always ask for Leroux (rhymes with brew). Its great natural taste always comes through. Once you've tasted Leroux, no other shot will do.

**Leroux
International
Liqueurs**



THE NEW AE-1 PROGRAM

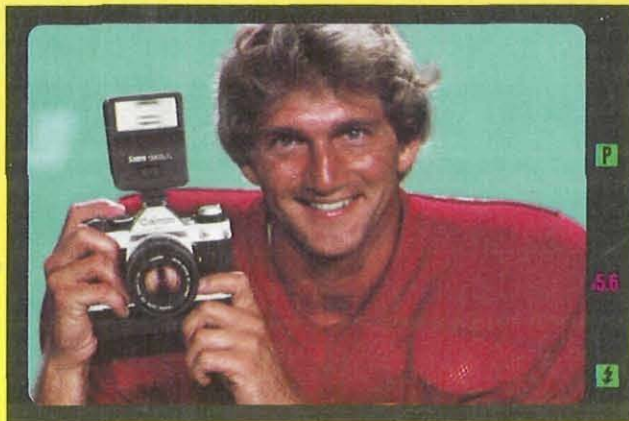
Nobody has been able to make fine photography this simple. Until now.

There has never been a high quality 35mm SLR camera as simple to use as the Canon AE-1 PROGRAM. That's why people who don't have time for complicated cameras, like Washington Redskins' quarterback Joe Theismann, carry it with them wherever they go. And you should, too.

Indoors or out, day or night—in any light—the AE-1 PROGRAM is designed to give you perfect pictures automatically. You just focus and shoot. Really. When set on "PROGRAM" the advanced electronics inside provide total automation, so you can concentrate on your subject.



For action photography, there's also shutter-priority automation, which lets you choose a speed fast enough to "freeze" moving subjects while the



camera's electronic brain automatically adjusts the lens opening for the lighting conditions.

Flash photography is totally automatic as well, and with the new Canon Speedlite 188A with built-in exposure confirmation, you can tell you've gotten a perfect flash picture before removing your

eye from the viewfinder!

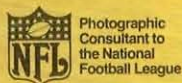
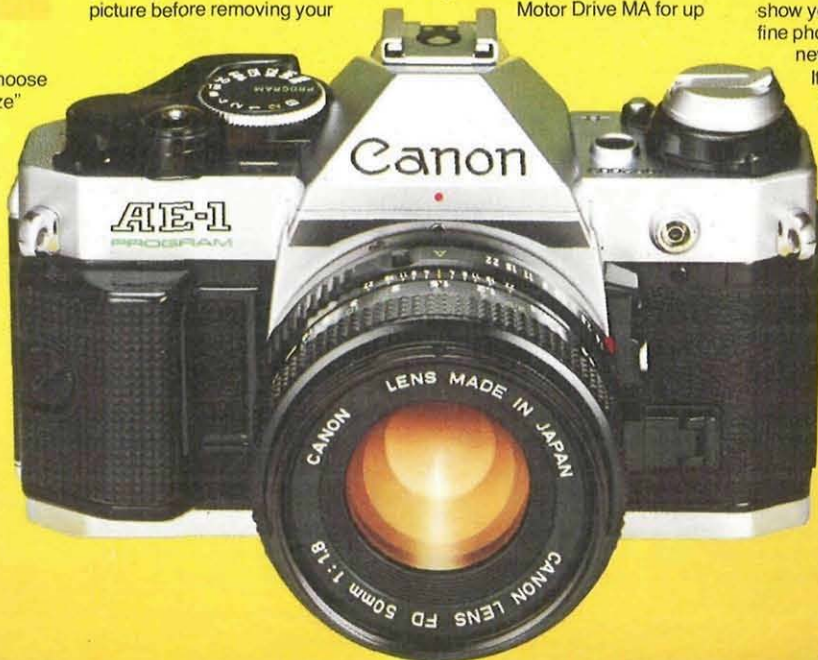
There are new and exciting accessories that add even more versatility. The Power Winder A2 provides single-frame and continuous motorized shooting at up to two frames-per-second. Or, for really fast action, you can add the Motor Drive MA for up



to 4 fps. rapid sequence shooting.

There are eight interchangeable focusing screens and nearly fifty Canon FD lenses that fit the AE-1 PROGRAM. So you can shoot a wide-angle panorama, do candid portraits or use a Canon zoom lens to really reach out and bring your subjects up close. Best of all, when you add any of these exciting accessories, shooting is still automatic. And just as simple.

Ask your Canon dealer to show you the camera that makes fine photography simple. The new Canon AE-1 PROGRAM. It's one more reason we're the world's leader in 35mm photography.



Canon

AE-1

PROGRAM

Canon U.S.A., Inc., One Canon Plaza, Lake Success, New York 11042 • 140 Industrial Drive, Elmhurst, Illinois 60126 • 6380 Peachtree Industrial Blvd., Norcross, Georgia 30071 • 123 Paularino Avenue East, Costa Mesa, California 92626 • Bldg. B-2, 1050 Ala Moana Blvd., Honolulu, Hawaii 96814 • Canon Canada, Inc., Ontario

Sirs:

Presentable, good-looking, fun-loving white male, early thirties, currently exhibiting symptoms of tertiary-stage syphilis, gonorrhea, primary and secondary herpes simplex, sweat rash, crabs, and fallen arches, wishes to correspond with female who is also former disco fan. No physical contact, please.

Bob "Studio 54" Drimble
New York

Sirs:

The best thing about being dead is that you can get as piss drunk as you want and fall flat on your pumpkin as often as you want and you don't get hurt.

Bill "Bottoms Up" Holden
Drinking Actors' Heaven

Sirs:

But the worst thing about being dead is that last hangover you got when you were alive. It never goes away.

Bill "Bottoms Up" Holden
Drinking Actors' Heaven

Sirs:

I am in charge of making piles of work for all of the girls in our office, who are Belinda, Suzanne, and Corinne. Before they come in I divide all of the papers and filing and so forth into piles, and then each of them has to take care of one of the piles that day. If one of the girls is snotty or gone too long at lunch, then I make her pile bigger, and then she won't do it anymore. Just like when Khrushchev figured out that the secretary of the Communist party held the real power in Russia after Stalin died, I've figured out that the secretary who controls the work piles in our office has ultimate control over everything. Although this is satisfying, I must always be aware of those who envy my power and want to take it away. This is why I have to keep everybody off balance all the time, like by changing the size of their piles for no apparent reason so that no one can ever predict my next move and get the jump on me. I also use a kind of patronage system where I reward secretaries for giving me information on the other secretaries by making their piles smaller. Let me know if you'd like to know more about my system.

Helen Pointer
Delta Agrochemical Corp.
Hammond, La.

Sirs:

Just another billion. We'll pay you back next week. Swear to God.

Emerging Nations
Africa

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 79)

CANON LENSES

Designed, engineered and built for Canon cameras.

Millions of satisfied customers know it's hard to beat the sharp, bright color pictures you get with a Canon SLR camera. One reason? Canon lenses.

Canon cameras provide a perfectly-matched combination of electronic and optical technology, with all Canon FD lenses designed specifically to function with the cameras' advanced computer brains. It takes just seconds to switch from your standard lens to a Canon zoom that will let you reach out and bring your subjects up close. With Canon "A" Series cameras, like the AE-1 PROGRAM, everything's still automatic!



There are nearly fifty Canon FD wide-angle, telephoto and zoom lenses designed to let you create the pictures you've always wanted to take: portraits of your favorite people, sweeping panoramas of vacation spots and fantastic action photos in a stadium or in your own

backyard. The only thing that changes when you change lenses is what you see in the viewfinder. And what you see is what you get!

Visit your Canon dealer and see how Canon lenses can add to your enjoyment of photography. If you don't already own a Canon SLR camera, Canon lenses are one more reason you should!



Canon FD LENSES

The Sun Also Sets

Let me guess. Brautigan, right? No? Don't tell me. Wait. Got it! It's... a Hemingway parody, right?
by Joey Green

TWO MEN STOOD AT THE glass counter of Mr. Packard's new sporting goods store. They were talking to the clerk beside the cash register.

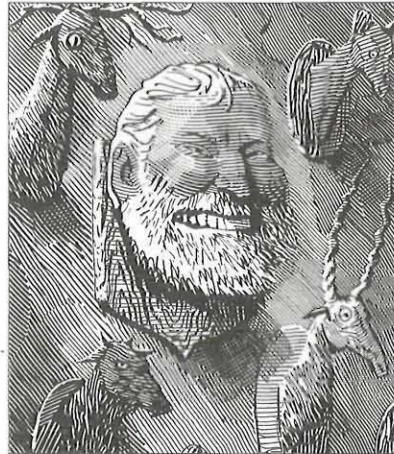
"It's a good knife," one of the men said. "What do you think, Roy?"

"It's a good knife, all right," said Roy. "I don't know about it, though."

It was getting dark outside. The evening would be upon them soon. It would no longer be light out. The two men looked over the knife display in the glass counter. Nick Adams stood beside them at the counter. He was next in line. He had come in to buy some small fishing hooks.

"Let's see that one," the first man said. He was pointing down at an open pocket knife in the display.

The clerk opened the glass doors and



took out the knife. He placed it on top of the counter. "That's stainless steel with a lock blade," he said. The two men at the counter studied the knife. They were looking it over.

"Does it come with a carrying pouch?" asked the man called Roy. He wore dungaree trousers and a flannel shirt and lumberman's boots. He wore a mackinaw coat and a cap pulled tightly on his head. His hands were white and he had taut lips.

"Sure enough," said the clerk.

"Should we buy this one?" asked the other man. He was dressed about the same as Roy. He wore dungaree trousers and a flannel shirt and lumberman's boots. He wore a mackinaw coat and a cap pulled tightly on his head. They were very much alike. They looked similar. It was hard to tell the difference between them.

"I don't know," Roy said to his friend. "I know what you mean," said his friend.

"I don't like pocket knives all that much," Roy said.

"You have a point there," his friend said.

"Can we see another one?" Roy asked.

"I guess so," the friend said.

"How about that bowie knife?"

"Yes, may we see that bowie knife?" his friend asked the clerk.

The clerk placed the pocket knife back in the display case in the same spot he had taken it from. He found the bowie knife and placed it on the counter before the two men. He looked up at the two customers. They stood leaning forward against the glass counter. Their faces were similar but different. They looked like one another but not exactly.

"This is a good knife," Roy said. "Isn't it a good knife, Ted?"

Ted picked up the knife from the counter. He held it in his hand. His fingers felt the smooth handle. He turned his wrist back and forth to examine the blade. It glinted under the fluorescent lighting of the store. The knife felt firm in his grip.

"Does it come with a sheath?" asked Ted.

"Yes, it does," said the clerk.

"How much, then?" asked Roy.

"Four dollars and seventy cents," said the clerk.

"Does that include tax?" asked Roy.

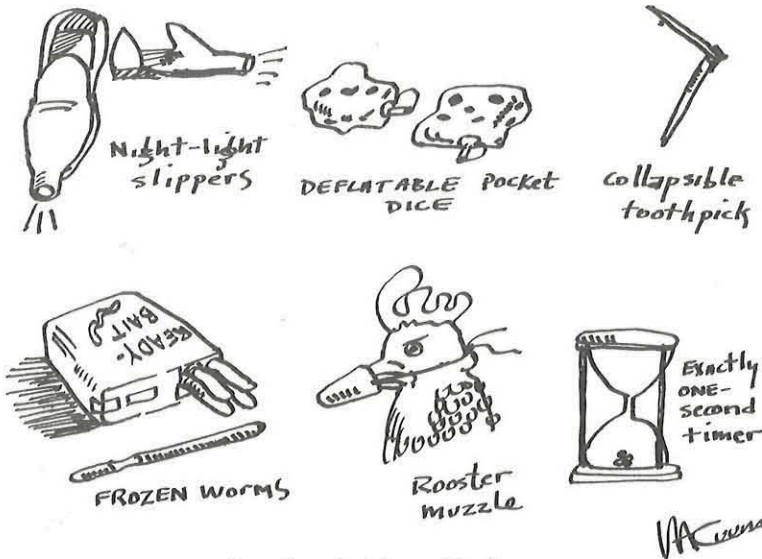
"Yes, it does," said the clerk.

"A fine buy," said Roy. He turned to Ted. "What do you think?"

"I don't know," said Ted. "That's a good one, all right, but I just don't know."

"You may be right about that," Roy said.

Nick stepped back from the counter. He turned and found a shelf of fishing



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VA Green



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tackle. He looked at the many colored spinners tied with small feathers. His eyes continued along the shelf to the rubber worms and then over to the bass line sinkers. The clerk was showing the two men another knife.

"It may be too big," said Roy.

"That all depends," said Ted.

"Then again, it may be a good thing to have."

"You never can tell."

"Maybe we should look at another."

Nick slowly walked past the rack of rods and reels. He made his way up the aisle, keeping back from the rods and reels but slowly looking them over. They were beautiful rods, too, firm and long, and the metal take-up reels glimmered. Nick paused for a moment, then started down the aisle once more. The aisle stretched ahead, tiled with linoleum, toward a clearing. He could see a tent display beyond the rack of fishing poles.

Nick came to the clearing. He walked up to the edge of a turfed mat. The turf covered the display floor as ground for the tents. It looked like grass, though Nick knew it was not. He stepped onto the turf and reached out with his hand to feel the canvas of the first tent with his fingers. It felt as canvas should feel. The tent was large. Nick considered its size. He wondered how many people it would sleep. It was a big tent.

Nick stepped inside. Underfoot, the canvas floor brought back the old feeling. It felt familiar. It was something he had felt before. The tent smelled good from the brown canvas. Nick looked around the inside of the tent. It could easily sleep six. Seven might be tight, but it could be done. Eight was

pushing it, he thought. Nine was out of the question. On the floor beneath a screened window lay a sleeping bag. The tent stood on an aluminum frame. Fluorescent light came through the canvas. Nick circled around inside the walls of the tent. He counted six screened windows. It was a good tent. He was happy. It had been a long day. But now it began to grow dark. The sun was going down. The day was almost over. Night would fall soon.

Nick took a cigarette from his coat pocket. It had no filter. The tobacco was rolled tightly. It could have been a menthol, but it was not. The paper was crisp and white. He took out a pack of matches from his breast pocket and lit the cigarette. Nick meant to give up smoking. He told himself he could quit anytime he wanted to. He planned to quit someday. But today was not the day. Nick put out the match and stood inside the tent, smoking the cigarette. He pulled the smoke into his lungs. Then he exhaled. He put the cigarette to his lips again. He took another pull. Maybe I'll quit tomorrow, he thought. He blew smoke through his nose. He would have blown smoke rings if he had known how. But Nick had never cared to learn how.

Nick smoked his cigarette silently inside the tent. He did not say a thing. He was quiet. He followed the canvas wall with his eyes until the fold where it became ceiling. This tent was big, all right. Now it was quite dark inside the tent.

Nick came back out of the tent. He stood on the matted turf. It was dark in the store. There were no lights on.

Nick looked down the aisle toward

the glass counter. It was dark. There was no one standing behind the counter. There was no sign of the two men who had been looking at the knives. The store was empty. There was no one inside. Nick stood alone. He was by himself.

Nick stood in front of the tent. He had meant to buy some small fishing hooks, but now the store was closed. Damn, he thought. Damn, damn, damn. He had really needed those hooks. Nick finished his cigarette. He dropped the butt on the ground and put it out with the heel of his shoe. Nick stood silently in front of the tent for some time. He did not speak. He said nothing. Nick did not utter a word. He had never been trapped in a store after closing before.

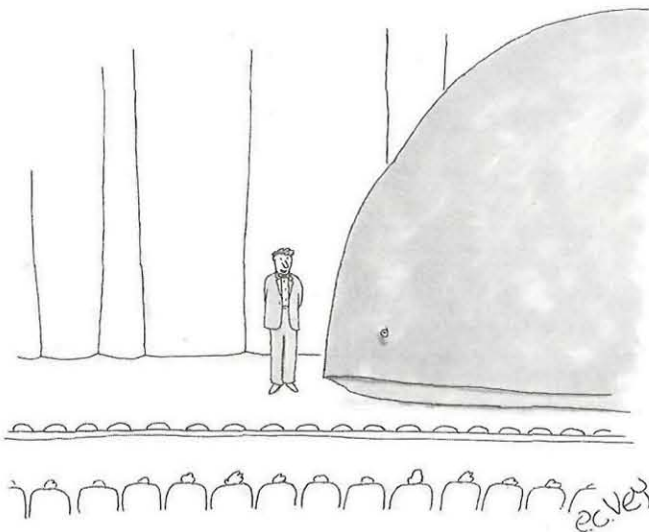
He looked down in front of where he was standing. There was a folding chair in front of the opening to the tent. It was made of wood frame and canvas. Nick sat down in the chair. He was tired and looked out to the Coleman gas stove sitting a few feet away on the turf. A large skillet was resting on one of the burners. Nick folded his arms across his chest. He was hungry. He looked at the skillet resting on the Coleman gas stove. He looked back down the aisle at the rack of rods and then back at the skillet.

Nick rose to his feet. He stood up. He was growing hungry. Food was on his mind. He wanted something to eat. The store was dark. It was not well lit. The green turf was soft underfoot as Nick walked across it. Nick found himself back at the rack of fishing gear. He took a tall rod from the rack. The rod was firm in his grip. It brought back a familiar feeling.

Nick held the rod in his hand and made his way up the aisle toward the shelf of fishing lures. He held the rod between his knees again, and with his free hand he found a package of bass line weights. He took the plastic package between his teeth to tear it open. He reached in and took a sinker with his fingers. Nick tied the sinker to the line with a loop and a knot. He tested the knot by pulling on the sinker and making sure the line was taut. He looked up on the shelf and found a display board filled with small feathered spinners. He found a small spinner with yellow feathers and a small hook. He fastened the spinner on the end of the line, being careful not to hook himself.

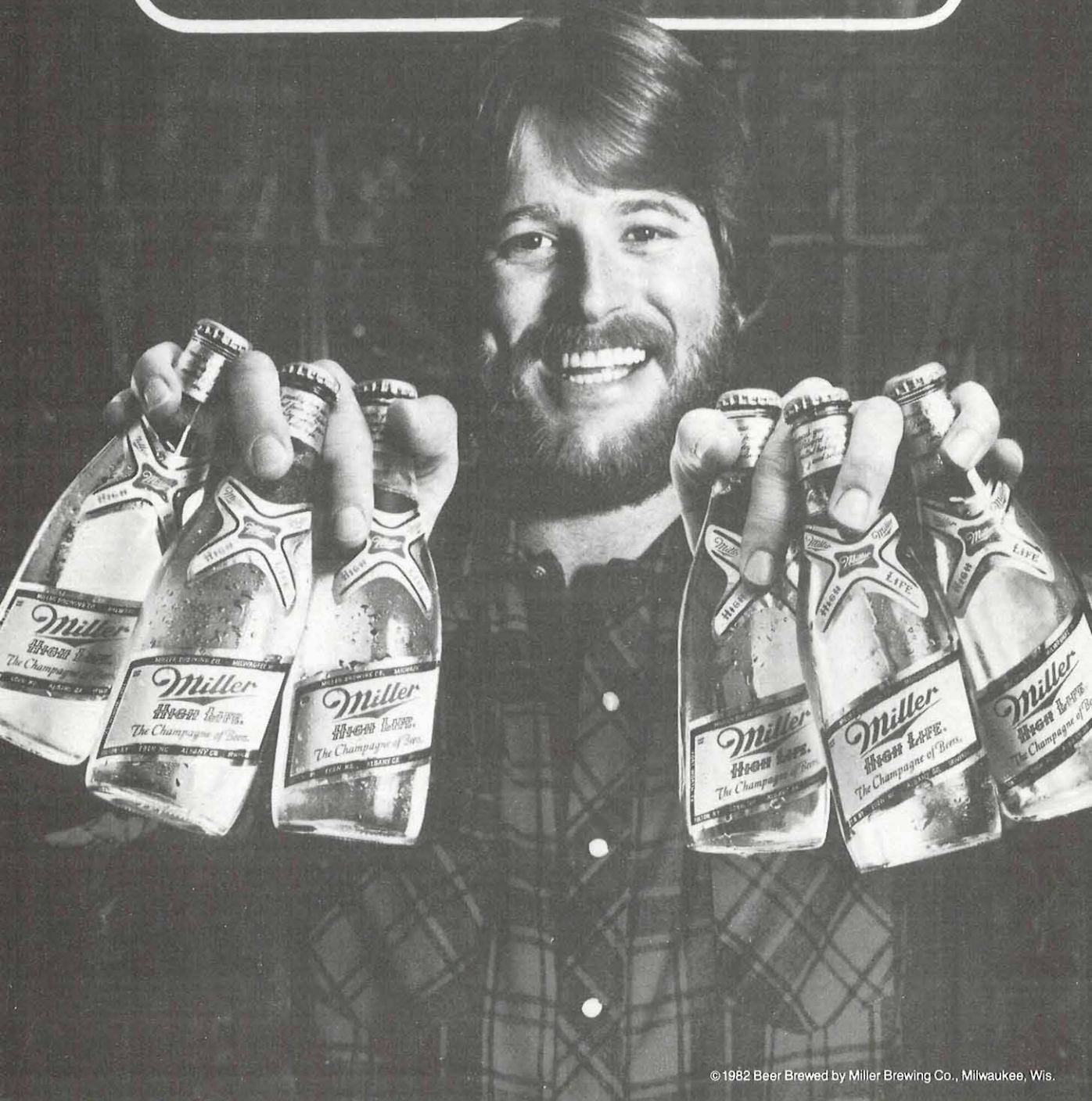
Nick held the rod by the handle and stood up in the middle of the aisle. He looked out into the shadows of the empty store. The stream was there. It swirled between the display racks and the shelves of hunting equipment. Nick could picture the big trout moving fast

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 77)



"For this next trick I'll need an infinitely wise and sagacious mariner and two tons of plankton."

WELCOME to Miller Time



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Canadian Corner

A renewed pledge of good neighborliness between a great magazine and a much maligned but actually very normal northern nation.

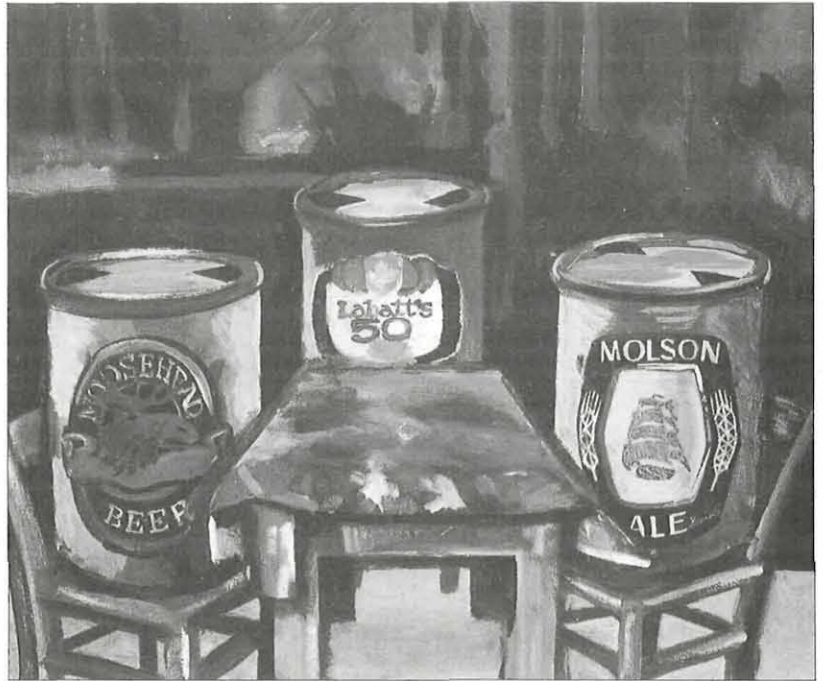
FOR TEN LONG YEARS, THE editors of *National Lampoon* (with the aid of a semigenerous grant from the Department of External Affairs, Ottawa) labored (or “laboured”) to introduce to the American public (which is to say, the world) the nation of Canada—its grandeur; its style; its history, culture, folkways, and traditions; how to find it on the map, and pronounce the word “budado” (as in “French-fried budado”).

It was in these very pages that the proud secret of William Shatner’s birthplace was first revealed. It was we who published the first draft of Maggie Trudeau’s third book, in which she detailed her reaction to the public’s reaction to her second book, a description of her reaction to the public’s reaction to her first book. The recent trans-American craze for drenching French-fried budadoes in vinegar began with a Canadian haute-cuisine column in this publication. We gave Ivan (“Hollywood”) Reitman his start. And before she was awarded the coveted Four Skiddoo rating in our “Bombardier Guide to Canadian Literature,” nobody’d ever heard of Peggy Atwood.

And now, through the work of two insidious men, the notorious McKenzie Brothers, a pair of so-called television comedians, all our carefully wrought image building is well nigh undone!

Their “act” (which is a shameless rip-off of the “Reg and Gary” show, originated by...but the matter is before the courts...we can say no more...) has, by appealing to the lowest common denomination, served to convince the American public that Johnny Canuck is a knuckle-dragging, sud-swilling, sub-arctic rube!

Is it not apparent to any fair-minded



observer that the odious McKenzie Brothers are to Canadians what Amos n’ Andy are to Afro-Americans?

Surely the B’Nai B’Rith would be swift to snuff out any attempt to air a series of Abie and Ikie sketches. Certainly the Loyal Order of Hibernians would crush any program featuring Pat and Mike jokes. (Dear God, Vanessa Redgrave opined that Palestinians were human, and can’t get work doing Smurf voice-overs. Ian Paisley, the Rev., had his nonexistent passport revoked!)

And yet, week after week, the McKenzies are permitted—nay, encouraged!—to appear on network television and grossly denigrate the national character of Canadians, those ethnically diverse, moderately well educated, and liberty-loving people who stood up to the ayatollah, selflessly sent Peter Jennings to ABC News, and, in a figurative sense, gave birth, collectively, to Wayne Gretzky!

Well, we here at *NatLamp* have had just about enough! And now that we are in receipt of another Department of External Affairs check (or “cheque”)—which was thoughtfully proffered in

American funds, or “real money,” by the by—we return to the fray!

It is our intention, in this and subsequent issues, to present to you, on a monthly basis, unless there is a mail strike or something, excerpts from the highly civilized and edifying proceedings of the Canadian Parliament, so you can see for yourself that there is rather more to Canada than the rustic babble of a couple of “hosers.”

But first, an introduction to the Canadian political system:

Canada was, until recently, a queenocracy, reigned on, but not ruled over, by the queen of England. This was called the B. in A. Act, which long skulked in England’s House of Lords, smoking cigars and refusing to be repatriated. Canadians had for generations been attempting to develop a home-grown and therefore harder strain of constitution, but the B. in A. was a hard act to follow. Then, last year, Prime Minister Trudeau began to tap his foot with fiery Gaulic impatience, and the deed was done! Free at last! Lawdy!

Canada is now a nonsectarian democracy, and all citizens can vote in



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the church basement of their choice. In principle, representation is by population, and every freeborn white Canadian has a vote for himself and his wife. The only exceptions are the natives of Sudbury, Ontario, who are the property of the International Nickel Company, and Indians.

Canada's multiparty system is based on a European model, named Lola, and it reflects all hues of the political spectrum, from pale pink to jet black with little lightning bolts on it.

Many French Canadians (or *Québécois*, pronounced *Kebek-waz*) are naturally bitter about the fact that everyone else in the country talks English. They do not want Canada to work. For this reason, they vote Liberal.

Except for Newfoundland, whose population is unanimously wealthy on

residuals from anti-seal-killing documentaries, the easternmost Maritime Provinces are poor but honest. Prince Edward Island is famous for its budatoes, and at spud harvest time all islanders are required to wear bright red identification tuques, to prevent their being bagged and sent to the mainland. Living as they do deep in the abandoned shafts of worked-out coal mines, the natives of Nova Scotia hardly notice the harsh winters. About New Brunswick one does not speak in mixed company. Maritimers, with their long history of grinding poverty and economic oppression, and their rich tradition of chilblains and rickets, naturally tend to vote Conservative.

Ontario is every bit as cosmopolitan and up-to-date as, say, Ohio; and, in fact, its capital city of Toronto rivals

Cincinnati itself in charm, sophistication, and neatness. Many of Toronto's citizens are now sufficiently well-to-do to vote Socialist.

The Western Provinces (Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta) have long been famous for their natural gas. Now they have discovered oil, as well, and with it the heightened sense of social responsibility that marks the politics of such places as Saudi Arabia and Oklahoma. The new political movement that Westerners have formed is postatomic, tragicomic, and Reaganomic; and to honor the Precambrian reptiles whose subterranean decomposed bodies yield up their new-got wealth, they have named themselves the Dinosaurs party.

British Columbia is a sort of Shangri-la—beyond the mountains, shrouded in mist. Its population is made up of left-over hippies, British remittance men, and Indians, none of whom—for obvious reasons—vote.

Elections are called whenever the ruling party has reason to believe that a large number of opposition-party supporters are on vacation. In pre-female-suffrage days, the electoral winner was described as "the party with a majority of elected members." In a postsexist world, the phrasing has been amended to "the party with the greatest number of seats."

Losing candidates from the victorious party are appointed to the Senate.

To the extent that the Canadian (or any) system is unlike the American system, it may be said to be inferior. For example, the tradition of obliging the secret police to wear crimson tunics and riding britches has its drawbacks; and the government's compulsory literacy test for career diplomats may strike Americans as somewhat draconian, or at least behind the times.

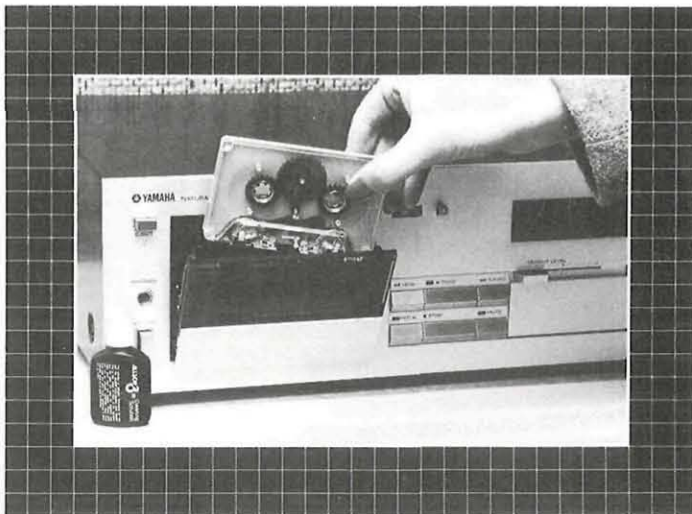
Yet Canada will not go away. She is a good neighbor, one to whom Uncle Sam can always run and borrow a cup of sugar, or a trillion kilowatts of power. And although she is in many ways an "underdeveloped" nation, with an absurdly small defense budget, inexpensive higher education, and socialized medicine, there is reason to believe that she is trembling on the brink of true civilization.

We here at *NatLamp* believe that with the addition of some left-handed middle relief pitching, Canada may yet emerge as a world power!

So... to honor and salute her we hereby reinstate the "Canadian Corner" column, and have raised our Canadian cover price by twenty-five cents!

Okay, you McKenzie hosers. It's your move, eh? —S.K.

The ALLSOP 3 cassette deck cleaner... recommended by YAMAHA



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TIME OF THE MONTH

CAPITOL HILL

Turning Out the Pages

Lissome teens replaced with barnyard animals, amputees, other less arousing beasts

IN AN EFFORT TO ELIMINATE THE sexual abuse of young pages at the U.S. House of Representatives, officials of the Justice Department and the House Standards Committee have summarily terminated the employment of hundreds of taut, teasing, perfectly formed teenagers and have put in their place an equal number of pigs, sheep, quadriplegics, grotesquely obese dwarfs, monkeys, children with pointed ears, and a variety of other creatures considered beyond the appetitive range of most congressmen.

Representative William Boner, from Tennessee, a leading proponent of the move, claims the animals and deformed monsters are "really just too hideous and nauseating" for anyone to even think about having sex with them. "For example," he continues, "I now have an Ayrshire calf and a scaly elephant boy on my staff, and when the entire legislative delegation from Michigan came by my office the other day, I frankly wasn't sure how long those two would survive once the door was closed and the liquor was out and the coke was out and the thirty-six-inch animatronic penis we call 'Pancho' was out and the lights were out and everyone was in their usual four-o'clock-in-the-morning mood.

"This is the most disgusting blowjob I've ever had," the representative from District Fifteen complained. "Anyone who gets involved with these grunting, worm-ridden pages ought to have his head examined. One by one, most everyone else agreed, and I then concluded that the move to lower and misshapen forms of pages was definitely the right one." ■



Donkeys are among the most popular of the new pages, according to Massachusetts representative Gerry Studds. "They're strong," he says. "I like that in a page."

GUNS AND BACTERIA

Red Cross Condemns Russia

...for germ-warfare use

SMUGGLED OUT OF AFGHANISTAN, the pictures are tattered, bloodstained—hardly the type of thing you would expect from your local photo dealer. Yet the story they tell is clear enough. According to the International Red Cross, they present proof positive of something long suspected: the Russians have used germ warfare.

The Red Cross revealed the photos at a special meeting of U.N. delegates, and



Germ warfare, Soviet style.

it called upon the international community to condemn the Soviets for what it termed a "vicious violation of morally acceptable ways of killing people."

Red Cross spokesperson Rhonda Purnaski told the shocked delegates, "There's no doubt whatsoever about what these pictures show. There's an *Escherichia coli* bacterium manning a machine gun, a dysentery amoeba piloting a Russian-made tank, and a very well trained diphtheria virus launching an infrared heat-sensing missile."

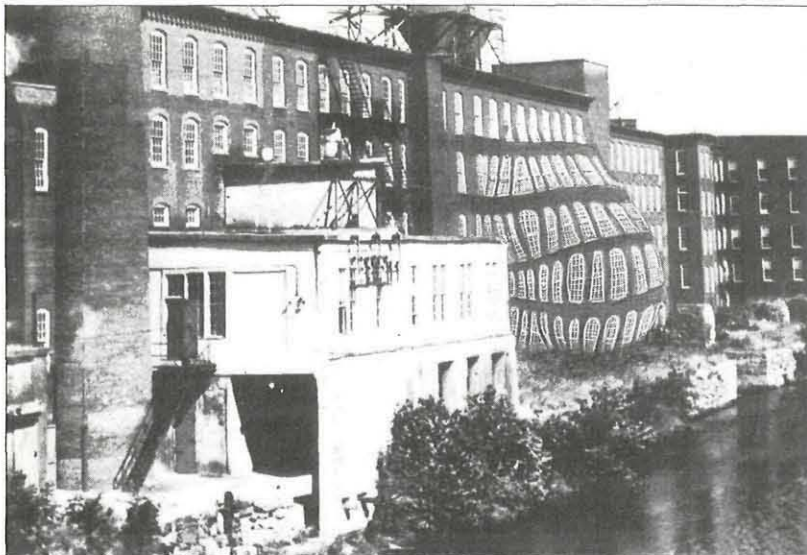
When asked how the Russians managed to make the germs so big, she replied, "We're not sure, but we think they've probably been feeding them a lot. Everyone knows that things grow bigger when you feed them. That's probably why the Russians have been trying to buy all that wheat from other countries. It must take an awful lot of wheat to make a tiny germ put on so

much weight."

As for the fighting ability of the germs, Ms. Purnaski reports, "We've never seen such fierce warriors. Let me tell you, these things really hate people. They'll kill anything that moves. They have absolutely no feelings for themselves or anyone else. They'll run right into a machine-gun nest, kamikaze style, and not give a damn whether they

survive or not. They'll push right ahead with a bullet in their nucleus. And when they're not killing, they're reproducing. Give them a warm, soggy environment, like the kind in Asia, and in no time at all a single soldier is a whole regiment. Try to kill them with something like penicillin, and the sergeant just commands them to mutate into a resistant strain, and they attack again." ■

TERRIBLE DISEASES



The telltale lump; no one noticed, until it was too late.

Asbestos Plant Develops Cancer

Scientists are puzzled

THE PATIENT DOESN'T LIE IN A hospital bed, watching TV or reading. Instead, it nestles snugly among the verdant hills and honey-suckle valleys of Allison County, Georgia. The name on its flip chart: ALLISON ASBESTOS MANUFACTURING PLANT. For the first time in known medical history, an inorganic object has developed cancer.

"Maybe I could have prevented this tragedy," sorrowfully admits plant foreman Oscar Barnett. "I noticed one day that a couple of the bricks in the plant building looked kind of funny, almost as if they were starting to divide irregularly. Then a little lump developed. I guess I should have called in some professional help right then, but somehow you never want to think about the worst. Anyway, the lump kept growing, and finally a doctor who was driving by noticed it. He came and told me it was cancer, all right."

Officials for the Center for Disease Control in Atlanta were rushed to the scene and expressed grave concern. "We always knew that asbestos was a potent carcinogen," said the center's Alan Dellers, "but we thought its effect was restricted to living organisms non-essential to national security." ■

SEVEN WARNING SIGNS OF BUILDING CANCER

1. Lump or thickening in interior or exterior walls.
2. Damage to walls or siding that resists spackle or plaster.
3. Unusual discharge from chimneys.
4. Unusual echoes from machinery.
5. Sudden change in uneven area of bricklaying.
6. Unexpected additional floor or storage space.
7. Employees complaining of things falling off assembly lines.

BUSINESS AND DOLLARS

Theory C Management Comes to America

Japanese introduce "magic ingredient"

AS FLORENCE BEATRICE TELLS it, working at the new Nippon Telephone and Telegraph plant in Ypsilanti, Michigan, has changed her life. "Well, first off, I get my exercise in the morning. And I've always loved to sing, so that new song they taught us to sing when we get to work is very nice for me. But the best thing is those little packets of powder they give us at coffee break. I tell you, the first day I took it, all I wanted to do was work, work, work, work, work, work, work, work, all day long. And, funny thing, you'd think that the next day I'd be tired. Well,



Japanese packets of Go Powder have increased productivity in Ypsilanti, Michigan, by 98 percent.

I wasn't. I was ready to work, work, work, work, work, work, work, work, again."

Nippon Telephone and Telegraph Corporation, a leader in information processing and telephone communications, has come to America, and the effect on this little town in Michigan has been enormous. People are lining up at the plant every morning to get to their jobs. The number-one hit on the local jukeboxes is a speeded-up, Chipmunks-type recording of "Nippon, We Are Ringing for Your Love," and people have begun naming their children after some of the more popular telephone models, "Emperor," "Sushi-Line," and "Basic Black."

Some people are not so sanguine about this new development. One

employee, Richard Harrington, works in the chemical-engineering division and brought his packet of Go Powder home with him. "Sure enough," he reports, "it's cocaine. I went back to the factory and told my Quality Circle group what I had found, but they didn't believe me. I even told the sheriff here in town, who moonlights in the plant at night, but all he said was, 'Crime is down fifty percent since that factory opened up,' over and over again, real fast, and then he hung up."

The management of the Japanese factory does not deny that it is distributing cocaine to its workers. "This has made us number one in the world," Sanyaha Mitsutachi commented. "Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, number one. One, one, one, one, one, one."

"And not without great cost," Mitsutachi added. "Do you know how much Go Powder it takes for your American workers to reach maximum productivity? Pounds. Pounds and pounds and pounds and pounds. Ten times as many pounds as for our workers in Japan. This is going to raise the cost of telephones very much. Very, very, very, very, very, very, much." ■

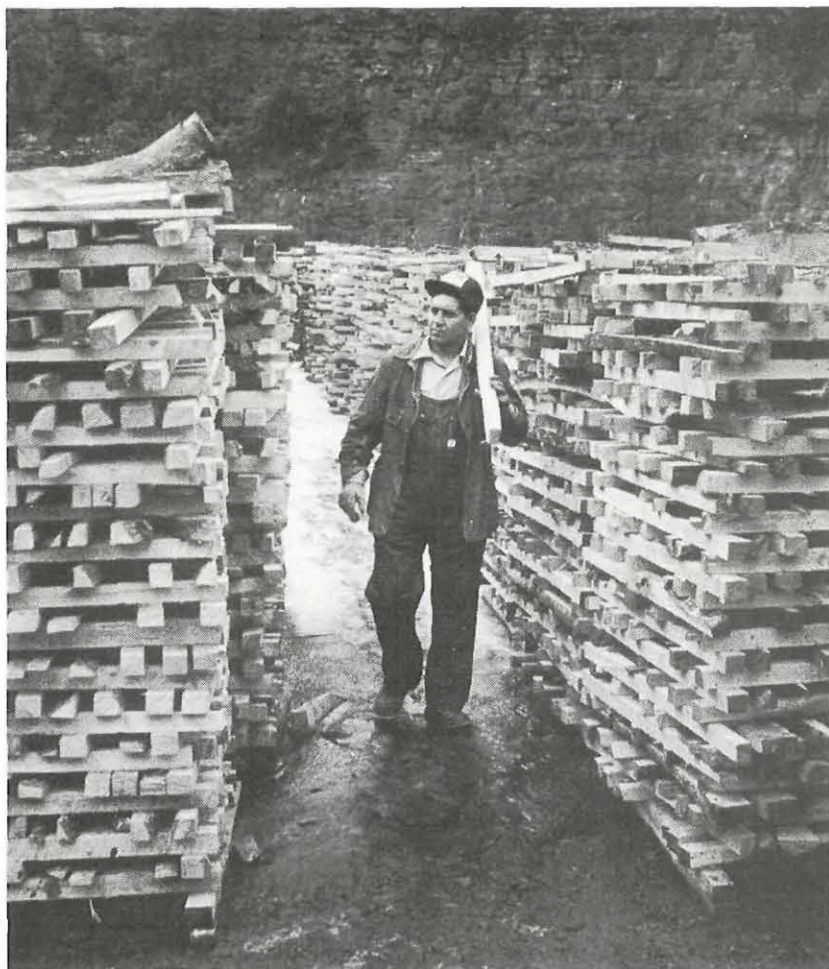
VIDEO

PBS Lowers Standards for Corporate Sponsorship

Plans shift in programming

ASSURING ANYONE WHO really cares that "the essential integrity of this network will be preserved," Public Broadcasting System spokesman Fred Rogers today announced that the network will relax its standards for corporate sponsorship. Corporations that manufacture goods that are not usually advertised on television, such as alcohol, tobacco, firearms, and sexual aids, will now be allowed to sponsor shows on the "new" PBS, provided the show fits the company's image, or some show can be devised to fit the company's image.

The first new corporate sponsor to jump on board is Philip Morris, Inc. Next season will mark the premiere of the American substitute for "Masterpiece Theatre," to be called "Marlboro Theater." The series host will remain Alistair Cooke, and he explained the show's format in this way: "The series will dramatize the novels of Louis



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BY DROP

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Placed in the National Register of Historic Places by the United States Government.

L'Amour, Zane Grey, and Tom McGuane. We will feature real men, in real American settings, smoking real American cigarettes. It's a nice change from those faggy British things I've been doing."

Also in the works is a new dramatic series sponsored by the Chubb Group of Insurance Companies, entitled "I, Casualty." The show will feature Derek Jacobi as a claims adjuster who must work with the survivors of men and women who died underinsured. Scheduled to star in the opener, "Brideshead

Indemnified," are Dame Judith Anderson and Sir Laurence Olivier.

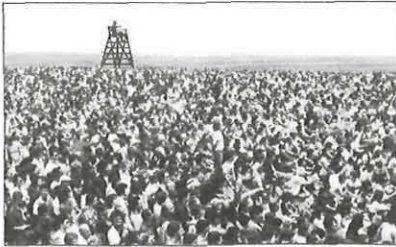
PBS's stellar lineup of children's shows will also undergo something of a change. Mr. Rogers revealed his plans to "play with lots of brand-name toys, and welcome into the neighborhood highly paid celebrity endorsers." And "Electric Company" has been picked up by the Con Edison group, who will use the show to teach children the value of paying their utility bill on time and using large electrical appliances around the house.

IMAGINALIA

What It Would Be Like to Have 500,000 Palestinians in...



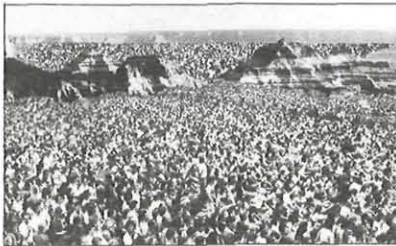
Versailles, France



La Jolla, California



Zermatt, Switzerland



The Grand Canyon

MEDICINALIA

New "Presurgery" to Help Alleviate Medical Manpower Shortage

THE U.S. IS SUFFERING FROM A critical shortage of qualified surgeons, and one researcher, Dr. Ronald Arnolby of Harvard University, plans to do something about it. As Arnolby told a recent meeting of the American Medical Association, "My new technique of 'presurgery' allows overworked surgeons to spend less time with each patient, and so have more time to devote to others."

A great deal of time in any surgical procedure, Arnolby points out, is spent merely getting to the diseased organ

that needs attention. Traditionally, this involves tedious, slow-going cutting of the skin and underlying tissue. "This can often slow down an operation by hours," Arnolby says.

His solution: attack the problem years before it happens, through a deft combination of medical science and statistics. Long before someone needs surgery, when they're young and healthy, tiny perforated lines are etched into their skin around the organs that, statistically, are likely to need surgery at some time in the future. Explains



"Your skin would come off just like the top of a Kleenex box," says Dr. Arnolby.

Arnolby, "It's really a simple procedure that any paramedic can do. The lines are just like the perforations around the oval on top of the tissue box that you rip off when you're ready to use the tissues, or the perforated line that makes order cards easier to tear out of magazines, or the little holes between postage stamps that enable you to pull one stamp away from another."

Once a person is properly perforated, Arnolby continues, "whenever he or she does eventually need surgery, the surgeon merely has to rip along the correct dotted line and proceed with the real business at hand. Not only does this make the entire act of surgery a more efficacious procedure, but for emergencies, like a swollen appendix about to burst, the time saved could be lifesaving."

SCHOLASTIA

A Boy Named Sue

WHEN ALL THE WELLS ARE dry, all the cattle bred, and all the sports franchises closed, Texas will be ready with its newest growth industry—preadolescent law practices staffed by twelve-year-old lawyers trained in the state's progressive grammar law schools.

Responding to pressure from families who want their children trained in the law while still in grade school, rather than have them waste years on college and law school, the Texas Board of Education has established a curriculum that has earned the praise of legal educators all over the country.

"We start the kids in first grade with simple legal concepts," a board spokesman reports. "The little ones learn playground torts first—preparing common-law complaints for getting pebbles kicked in your face, assessing liability

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 28)

Make two great kids happy this Christmas!



RONALD G. HARRIS

That's George and Howard up there. They are in charge of merchandise sales for *National Lampoon*. Make their Christmas a merry one by buying *National Lampoon* gifts this yuletide. They get a bonus if we sell a lot of these gifts, so really go crazy. In addition to making George and Howard happy, you'll make the recipient of such Christmas delights as the

National Lampoon baseball jacket, *National Lampoon* special editions, and other holiday traditions euphoric. *National Lampoon* gifts are Christmas! Like the hearth, the wreath, and the goose.

Make this Christmas a happy one...
For everybody.
God bless you!

National Lampoon Baseball Jacket

The jacket of champions. Perfect for anybody who cheats at baseball or would just like to look sharp and with-it in this honest-to-goodness silklike team jacket. A great favorite with baseball players, Ping Pong players, and gentlemen and ladies of all sports.



(TS-1030) \$29.95

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These incredibly popular polo shirts sport the magazine's distinctive, distinguished symbol, a double-amputee frog.

This poor fellow is your guarantee that you are wearing the finest. Anybody can wear an alligator. You or the recipient of your gift will be very special with "The Frog." Available in white (\$12.95), yellow, or blue (\$13.95).



(TS-1035) \$12.95, \$13.95

National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary Anthology, Deluxe Edition

A collection of the best material from the first ten years of *National Lampoon*. Elegantly hardbound for your library or coffee table, to read, to show off.

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National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary Anthology Volume II

Obviously Part Two of a two-volume series, containing the other half of the very best *National Lampoon* material ever published.

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National Lampoon Presents Sex, Drugs, Rock 'n' Roll, and the End of the World

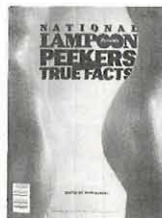
National Lampoon's latest record album, featuring "Mr. Reagan's Neighborhood," "Apocalypse Now," and more.

(A-1004)...\$7.95



National Lampoon's Peekers and Other True Facts

The latest special edition off the NatLamp presses. Here's a collection of the most hilarious, honest-to-goodness True Facts ever collected.



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This good-appearing baseball jersey is a clean-made garment that is certain to give satisfaction. It is exactly the one worn by the famous *National Lampoon* Black Sox; yet it lacks the odor of use, as it is an entirely new product.

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National Lampoon High School Yearbook Parody

The most popular American book of parody ever published. A must for anyone who ever attended high school.

(BO-1007A) Deluxe Edition\$4.95



National Lampoon Duffel Bag



A canvas bag for your T-shirts, baseball mitt, and old *National Lampoons*. (TS-1033)\$13.95

National Lampoon Foto Funnies

If you love Foto Funnies, you'll want to give or keep this book of the best of that art ever published in the magazine.



(BO-1034)\$2.95

National Lampoon Hat

One of the most select novelties of the season, this hat is a strictly high-grade item and should not be confused with similar items of central-African manufacture. To own one of these is to own a hat.



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National Lampoon's New Animal House Baseball Jersey For fans of the film, and a terrific shirt to boot! (TS-1031) \$6.00

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National Lampoon White Album Features the Perrier Junkie, Fartman, God, and other old favorites, with professionally produced music. (A-1003) \$7.95



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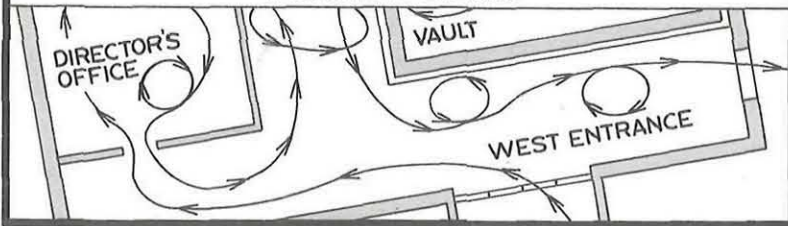


MICHAEL FAGEN'S

SELECT WALKING TOURS OF BRITAIN

THIS MONTH'S VISIT—THE BANK OF ENGLAND

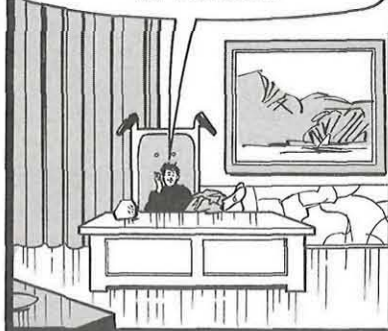
ALTHOUGH QUITE A LARGE AND WARRENLIKE AFFAIR, THE CENTRAL OFFICES AND DEPOSITORY OF THE BANK MADE FOR A SURPRISINGLY BREEZY TOUR. AS YOU CAN SEE FROM THE MAP, WE'LL BEGIN AT THE WEST ENTRANCE—NOT THE MAIN DOORWAY, OF COURSE, BUT BY FAR THE MORE INTERESTING.



LOVELY SEASONAL DECORATIONS IN THE VESTIBULE. I LOVE HOLIDAYS.



NOW HERE WE ARE HAVING A WELL-DESERVED BIT OF A REST IN THE DIRECTOR'S OFFICE. NICE, SPACIOUS ROOM, ALL RIGHT—BIGGER THAN MOST.



GLAD FOR THAT REST, I'LL SAY. IT'S NO EASY TROT THROUGH THE VAULT OF A BIG CENTRAL BANK.



THERE YOU HAVE IT. QUITE AN ENJOYABLE PLACE, ACTUALLY—MIX OF THE OLD AND NEW, SMELL OF MONEY, IMPRESSIVE SCALE, AND ALL THAT. CERTAINLY HOPE YOU'VE ENJOYED THE WALK. DO IT AGAIN SOON?



NEXT MONTH'S TOUR: A TWO-DAY WALK THROUGH THE VERY INTERESTING SECRET COMMUNICATIONS HEADQUARTERS AT CHELTENHAM.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24) for faulty playground equipment, stuff like that. In the second grade, once they've learned to sign their names and handle an ink pen without getting messy hands, we move on to contracts, then tax law—always a Texas favorite—and real estate. Of course, you've always got a few storefront types in there—kids are often quite altruistic at the primary levels—so we also offer courses in public defending."

The most successful of these junior lawyers, young Stevie Whitman, made headlines last year when he successfully sued Nelson Bunker Hunt on behalf of his mother after the corpulent billion-



Stevie Whitman, the most successful of Texas's new breed of subteen lawyers, telling a jury, "I lost my dog last week, but that's nothing compared to what my client will lose if you decide against him."

aire spilled sauce on her dress during a neighborhood barbecue. The court awarded a cool million to the Whitmans for "traumatic psychological damages and a big cleaning bill."

Close on Whitman's heels is thirteen-year-old Sissy Rockwell, who made her mark on the Dallas legal community last month when she successfully defended her father, the head of the enormous aircraft and defense-contracting concern, against charges made by the Neiman-Marcus stores that Rockwell International had failed to deliver several tactical missiles to them in time for a special Christmas promotion.

Perhaps the most lengthy case to be tried by the young lawyers was *Walsh v. Tony's Famous*, which dragged on for five long months. The Walsh family, represented by fifteen-year-old Jimmy Walsh, charged that Tony's Famous Pizza Restaurant did negligently deliver a cold pizza to them. The Walsh family won, and was awarded the entire restaurant in the decision. They have since moved it, Tony and all, to their ranch, where it serves as a "party house" for the kids.

Edited by Tod Carroll. Contributions by T.C., Ed Subitzky, and Fred Graver.

SEAGRAM'S GIN MAKES YOUR SCREWDRIVER LETTER PERFECT.

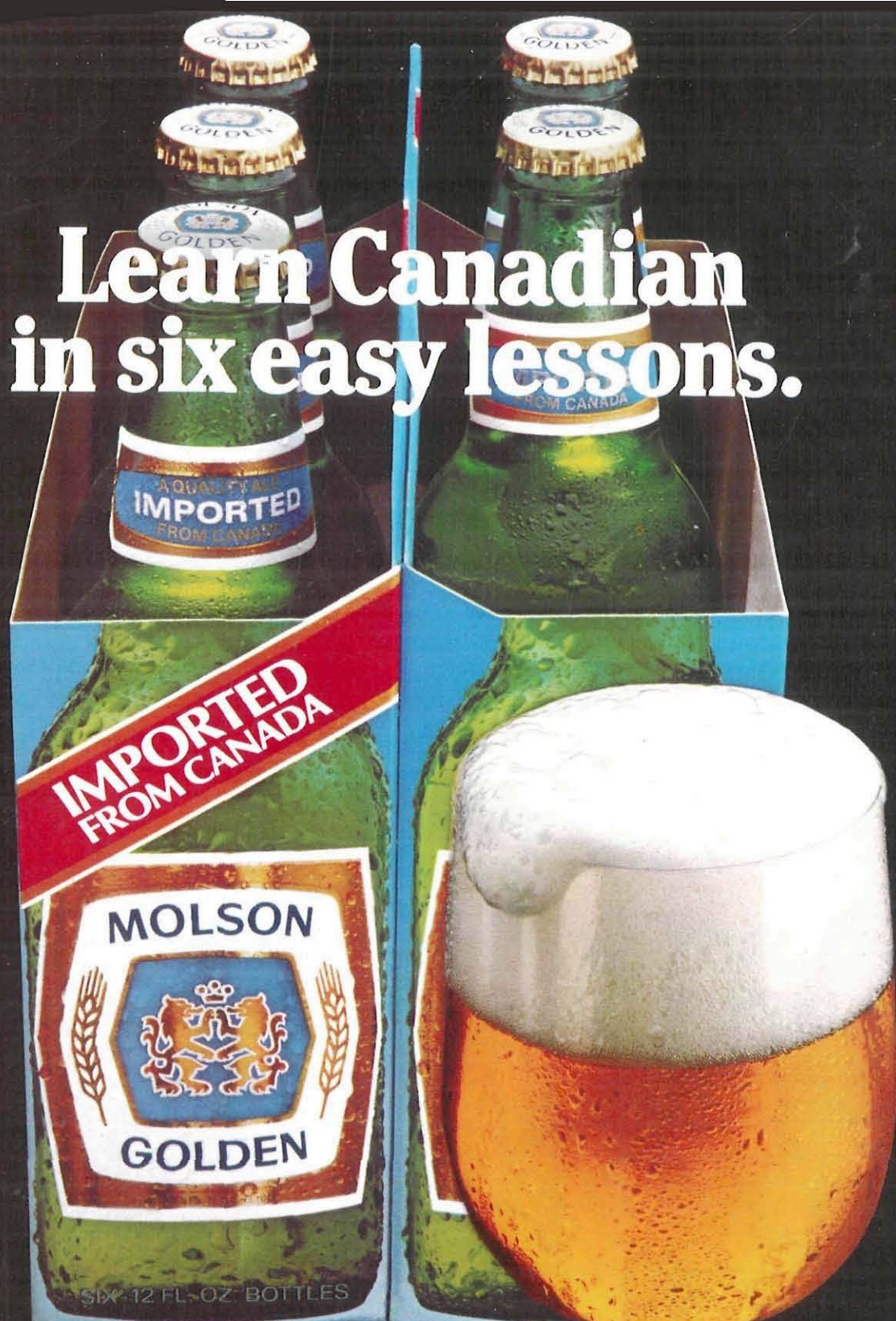
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**Learn Canadian
in six easy lessons.**



**Molson Golden
That's Canadian for great taste**

Editorial

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6)

Dolly scratched a message on her napkin—"HOW ABOUT THAT!"—as Granddad cut in: "Most boys'd probably wait till they're old enough to be official pages, but not this little guy. No, sir! He's got the spunk, all right!"

"You bet he does," Nana added. "He's gonna make it!"

David's cheeks grew rouged as Granddad and the rest of the adults layered on more predictions about his being successful, maybe even a congressman himself one day, and fellating lobbyists and generals and presidential assistants and ambassadors and, possibly, kings.

"I sucked off the Capitol architect," Kenneth snitted, not a little jealous of the attention given his brother. "He's the head guy in charge of all the restoration and new construction of Capitol buildings and grounds, and he said I made him feel like a lion."

"Well, good for you," his mother said proudly.

"Who are those people coming up our driveway?" one of the young boys shouted, darting to a picture window.

"Oh, they're friends of mine," I responded. "I thought you wouldn't mind my asking them over for some of your turkey."

"Friends" was actually an exaggeration; I'd discovered these people, all six of them, earlier in the day at a pond the township had converted into a public swimming area. The oldest one was a grotesquely fat, wattled female with the hammered face of a coal miner. She was wearing a stained, pink-skirted bathing costume and plastic sandals. An array of dying brown hair hung from her head in thatched sheets loosely girded to the parietal bone with a speckled rag. She was carrying a tiny mulatto girl-child by the scruff of her pink-checked playsuit; the infant's only salient feature, apart from its weighing three or four pounds, was a Fats Domino-style block of black curly hair rising straight up to form an almost perfectly flat platform at least two inches above her skull.

Accompanying these two was a gangly male in his mid twenties with a shaven head, no shirt, cutoffs threaded with a wide studded biker belt, black socks, tennis shoes, and an amputated forearm capped with an Ace bandage just below the elbow. "Beached whale!" he hollered, nearly a dozen times, with each successive attempt to push a fat dike companion into the water before she had a chance to remove a big-necked T-shirt and house-brand jeans.

Another of the group, a gourdlike man of about thirty, with eroded teeth and a nevus the size of a giant 7-Eleven cookie on his neck, didn't wait to be pushed; he walked directly into the water with all of his clothes on—black pants and black socks.

The sixth member, by far the most pleasant looking, was an African black man in pointed boots who sat quietly on the shore and threw long, nail-filled chunks of a disassembled pier end over end at his friends. He's the one I asked about his group joining Kenneth and his family for Thanksgiving dinner, and the one who was now at the doorbell, pounding on it with the side of his hand.

"I found these people at a pond; they're rural," I said by way of introduction.

They seemed to fill the dining room and have wads of turkey in their mouths and hands instantaneously. The one with the pink bathing suit and mesa-headed baby spoke first: "You guys really suck them big fellas up in the government?"

Don's initial surprise and discomposure quickly metamorphosed into a grinning mask of unaccustomed yet uppish celebrity. "Yes, well, our boys have done a fine job."

"A fine blowjob," the stubby guy with

half a forearm snorted through a crumpled bolus of turkey skin and peas. "I'll sure bet them fellas in the government'd like to snuggle with Brenda-reen, a-hoo, a-hoo!"

"That's a lard hog, case you don't know," clarified the one in the soaking black pants. "She's 'bout two hundred fifty pounds and she can suck the white off a bone. Eeeeeeeew, Brenda-reen!"

"Well, bring her on!" Granddad boomed crudely, rocking back in his chair, pumping a drumstick up and down on his lap.

The phone rang; I picked it up. "That was John Bingham, Democrat from New York," I announced. "He wants a hog and a boy right away at the Rayburn office building."

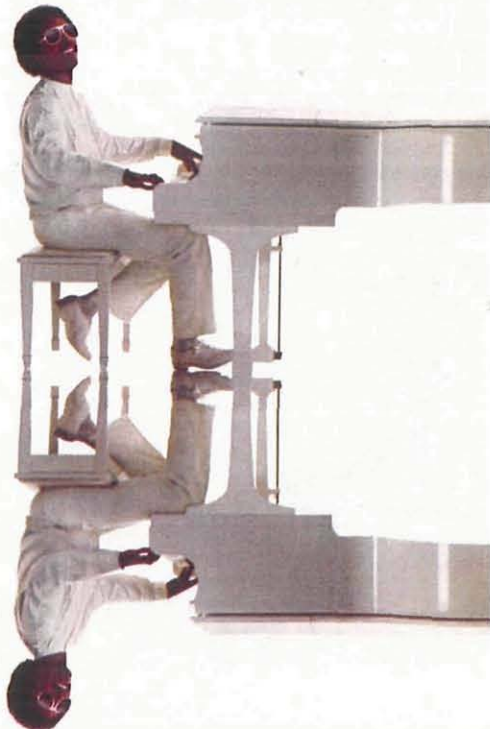
So off they all went, a total of sixteen of them, seventeen including the pig they picked up along the way.

I hope you all enjoy your Thanksgiving as much as I did mine. —T.C.

PLUG HOLE

Everyone feels like plugging cartoonist Mort Gerberg at certain times of the day. So check out his collection of cartoons, Reaganworld, due from Perigee Books in November. Or you can just send money directly to Mort care of his publisher. —T.M.

Every playback is an encore.



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The Song of the City: Rising with a Bullet

The blues came up the Mississippi. Motown came to yo' town. C&W went city 'n' eastern. And now...
by Robert S. Weider

IF YOU THOUGHT THE FLIGHT from the central cities of the East and Midwest had already reached migratory proportions, better sit down. The Big Freeze of 1982-83 will turn this human flow into a tidal wave of frostbitten survivors staggering westward in desperate retreat from a winter featuring three-figure heating bills and wind-chill factors ranging from Uninhabitable to Death.

Ongoing urban blight, crime, breakdowns, pollution, and decay will further fuel this exodus, creating a mass movement of ex-urbanites into the open lands, countrysides, suburbs, deserts, mountains, shores, and general vastness of the Great Southwest.

This will involve the wholesale transplantation of millions who have never known life outside a major metropolis to an environment of fields, lawns,



beaches, glades, forests, and hillsides—and into an almost stupefying peace and quiet.

The result will be culture shock of seismic dimensions: lungs stinging from clean, crisp air, eyes wincing at the brightness of sky and unshrouded sunlight, and minds at times half-daft from the eerie, distracting, unsettling, and “unnatural” silence.

“That’s why we regard our ‘Street

Music’ series as a public service, even a form of tranquilizer,” says Artie Shrubbs, president and founder of DownTown Sounds, Inc. “We could be bigger than reggae!”

He bases his optimism on the success of so-called environmental records. “A lot of people move to the city, and the noise drives ‘em bats,” he grins. “So, a few years ago, somebody came up with the idea of these LP records of country sounds, the great outdoors—wind in the trees, babbling brooks, birds, surf—what I call ear granola. It sold like Salk vaccine!”

Accordingly, Shrubbs’ plan is to similarly record and market LPs of city sounds, for urban expatriates either nostalgic for some back-home din or simply starved for aural input. “Sit back, close your eyes, listen to a few minutes of ‘Street Music,’ and you can almost smell the city,” he guarantees, “if that’s your idea of a good time.”

This project is already well beyond the gleam-in-the-eye stage. Next week, Shrubbs will release for distribution no less than fourteen “City Sound” discs.

The catalog descriptions alone are like a stroll through Times Square:

Gridlock at Rush Hour. Piercing shrieks of metal as driver strips gears trying to get cement truck into first;



“You’d think I’d tire of seeing this one.”

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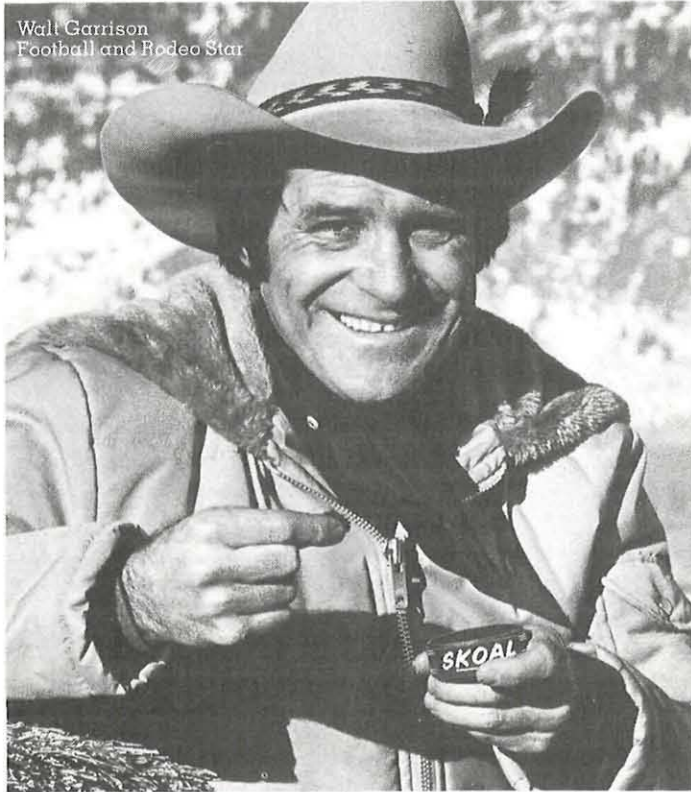
The Diamond Collection.™

The Diamond Collection: CZ-747, CZ-725, RX-735, RX-726, RX-723.

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continued gear grinding accompanied by increasing honks, then shouted curses of other motorists; loud arguments, segueing into sounds of fist-fights; windshields shattering, a gunshot, sirens in distance; sound of cement truck emptying thirty cubic yards of concrete into intersection; mob noises.

Sidewalk Spiritual. A pedestrian medley: Hare Krishnas chanting (with finger cymbals), Moonies and other cultists soliciting; political advocates seeking petition signatures; pan-handlers hustling spare change; drunks and/or psychotics screaming garbled epithets or long babbling tirades at random; hookers and drug dealers mumbling propositions; craftsmen peddling cheap trinkets; various street musicians playing banjo, accordion, bagpipes, saw, etc.; sporadic insane laughter.

Aria in Arrears. Unpaid landlord screaming at barricaded tenants from sidewalk: much incoherence and repetition; recurring refrain—"Welchers, deadbeats, squatters! You're all on cocaine, you don't need heat! You want charity, move in with the United Crusade! What're you lookin' at, lady? Go tell the local merchants about bums that don't pay their bills!"; interspersed with muffled replies of "No heat, no rent!" and "Get cancer, scumcake!" (in English, Spanish, or Ghetto).

Explosion on Main Street. Shattering detonation of gas main; flying debris, billowing flames, screams, moans, running feet; sirens, squealing tires of arriving emergency vehicles; arguments between fire, police, and public-safety departments over authority; firemen battling flames, police battling onlookers, TV camera crews battling one another for position; impromptu interviews—victims, witnesses, local politicians trading blame.

Sunrise Serenade. Garbage truck making pickups at dawn: deafening impact of trash receptacles against concrete and metal; cans clattering, bottles smashing, assorted refuse; grinding truck gears and painful screech of unlubricated hydraulic-lift shovel, followed by avalanche of rubbish into empty, resonant, steel truck bin; constant background of conversation, arguments, and obscenities in Spanish.

No-Neighbor Blues. Sounds from next-door apartment when paranoid tenant is absent (as if heard through cardboard wall): phone ringing for fifteen minutes on end, with occasional sixty-second pauses to avoid becoming soothingly rhythmic; frequent outbursts of hysterical yapping by unfed Pekingese; FM stereo (left on loud for security), featuring constant signal drift that overlaps punk, country, jazz, and

OFFER NOT AVAILABLE TO MINORS. Limited to one sampling per family. Offer good only in USA and Canada.
© 1982 U.S. Tobacco Company

talk stations.

Rock 'n' Riot. Unruly crowd in large arena for rock concert; sounds of vigorous inhaling and/or snorting, bottles clattering, angry shouts, and foot stomping; long discourse by nasal DJ, growing choruses of boos and obscenities; introduction of band, deafening roar; music booming forth painfully loud, distorted, and off-key, lead singer incoherent from drugs and/or liquor, frequent dropping of instruments, constant piercing feedback; angry chants, curses, sound of mob assaulting stage; clubbings, hiss of Mace cans, crowd stampeding, bodies falling, bones breaking, screams and cries; moans of victims, sirens approaching, band still playing.

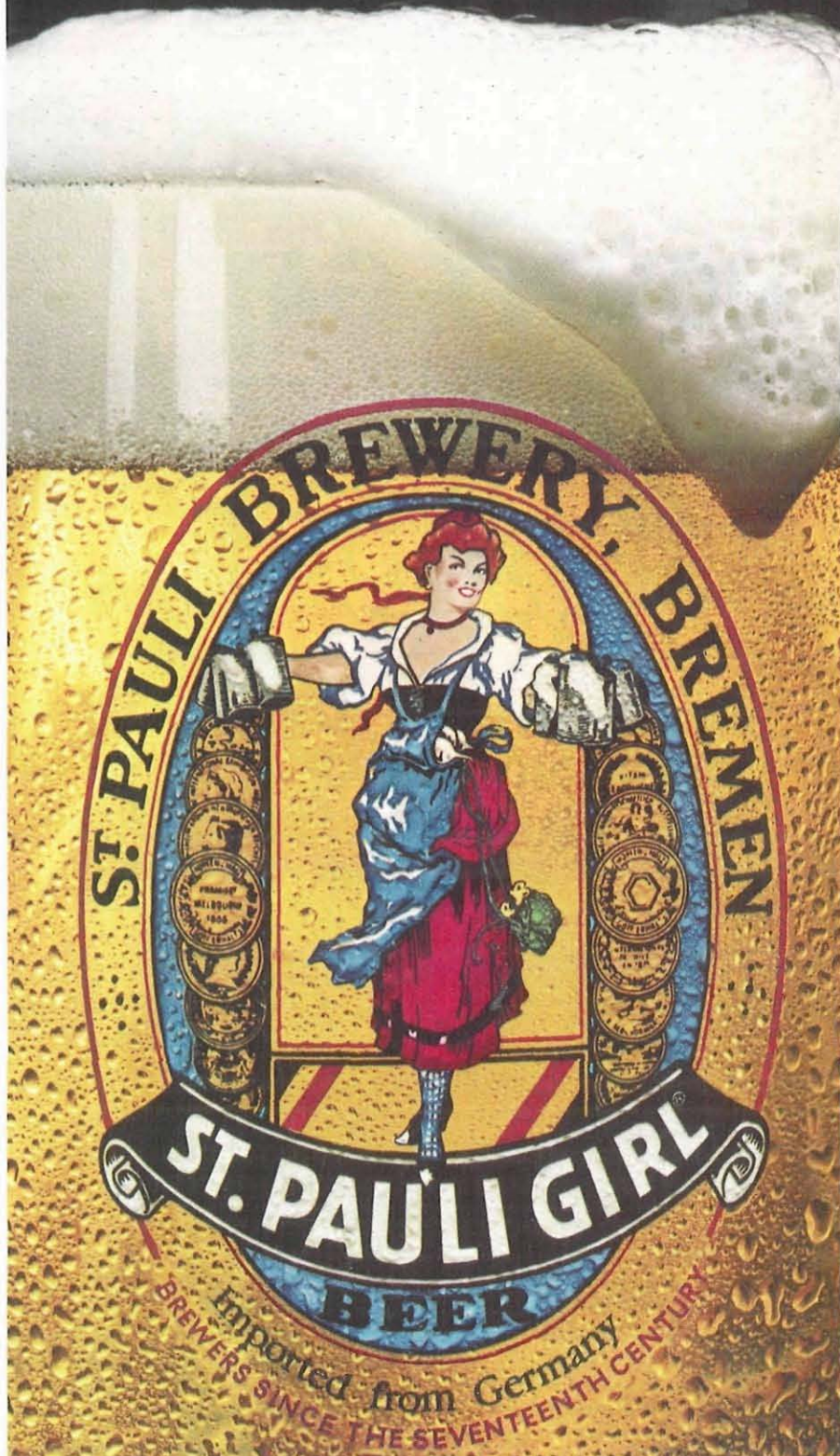
Cocktails for Zoo. Winos in the park at twilight: various babbling, slurred voices in ceaseless rambling dialogues; frequent raucous outbursts, laughter, and/or disputes, all unintelligible; occasional crash/clatter of trash can being knocked over or emptied; sounds of breaking bottle, curses, man being kicked senseless; moans and cries of delirium, long sobbing fits; ends with forty minutes of intermittent vomiting.

Cabbie A Cappella. Riding in taxi (against background of city traffic) as the driver discourses on life and/or politics: shrill incoherence when welfare, oil companies, Arabs, or city officials are mentioned; detailed descriptions of sex acts or transvestism among former passengers; crude reflections on assorted minorities; all interspersed with bel-lowed oaths at other drivers and the *ding!* of the running meter.

You Always Hurt the One You Love. Sounds of woman being accosted and dragged from sidewalk into alley; strangled protests, struggles, scrape of shoe leather; loud slapping, click of switch-blade opening, guttural male threats; woman begging and sobbing weakly, fly unzipping, woman's pleas grow muffled; teeth chomping into flesh, hysterical male shriek of pain, frantic scuffling, running feet, man screaming "Medic!"; thirty minutes of pitiful female moans and cries for help, against background of feet rapidly passing by on sidewalk.

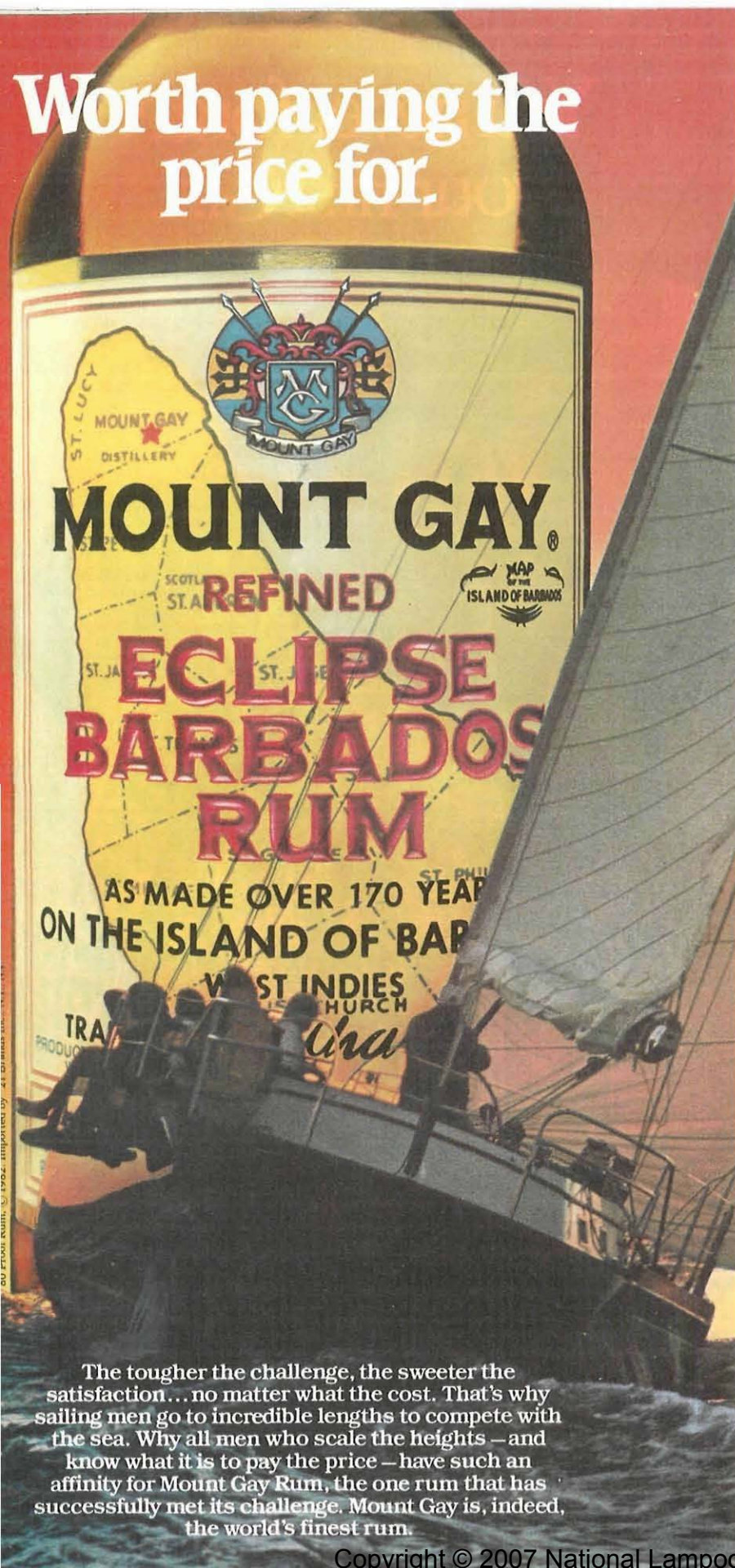
Underground Rock. The roar of the subway (a particularly old and dilapidated system): spitting, coughing, shuffling feet; shrill screech of subway cars; sounds of pushing, shoving, violent struggles; shouts and cries, impact of body falling, flesh sizzling on hot rail, deafening noise of train coming through. Subway at midnight: long silences broken by bottles hitting cement, flatulence, copious retching; hollow footsteps, brief homosexual proposition, sudden scuffle, sounds of

You never forget your first Girl.



CARLTON SALES COMPANY, N.Y., N.Y.

Worth paying the price for.



The tougher the challenge, the sweeter the satisfaction... no matter what the cost. That's why sailing men go to incredible lengths to compete with the sea. Why all men who scale the heights — and know what it is to pay the price — have such an affinity for Mount Gay Rum, the one rum that has successfully met its challenge. Mount Gay is, indeed, the world's finest rum.

enthusiastic mugging.

The Bells of Saint Ma. A seemingly endless medley of recorded "All our lines are busy..." messages from airlines, public utilities, hospitals, police/government/public agencies, etc., followed by tinny "on hold" music; a long sequence of "Leave your message" recordings on answering machines, each followed by several vague, mumbled, or otherwise inaudible responses; all interspersed with busy signals, "disconnected number" recordings, and Information's "Try your directory" reminder.

Traffic's Greatest Hits. Thunderous crash as truck loaded with tomatoes broadsides a bus full of orphans at thirty-five miles an hour; high-pitched screams, screeching brakes, and secondary collisions; frantic yelling and swearing; sirens, crowd panic, general pandemonium; pop and hiss of acetylene torches and jarring rasp of rending metal; arguments and chaos among rescuers trying to distinguish victims from tomatoes; growing babble of many arriving lawyers.

War Zone Waltz. Assorted sounds of big-city anarchy and/or group violence: gang fight under the el; mass looting under the October moon; marching protestors and police riot; hostage situation (gunfire, bullhorns; media interference); homicidal maniac shotgunning former employer and co-workers (or ex-wife and her family); explosion in terrorist bomb factory; assassination attempt; post-Super Bowl riot in winning city.

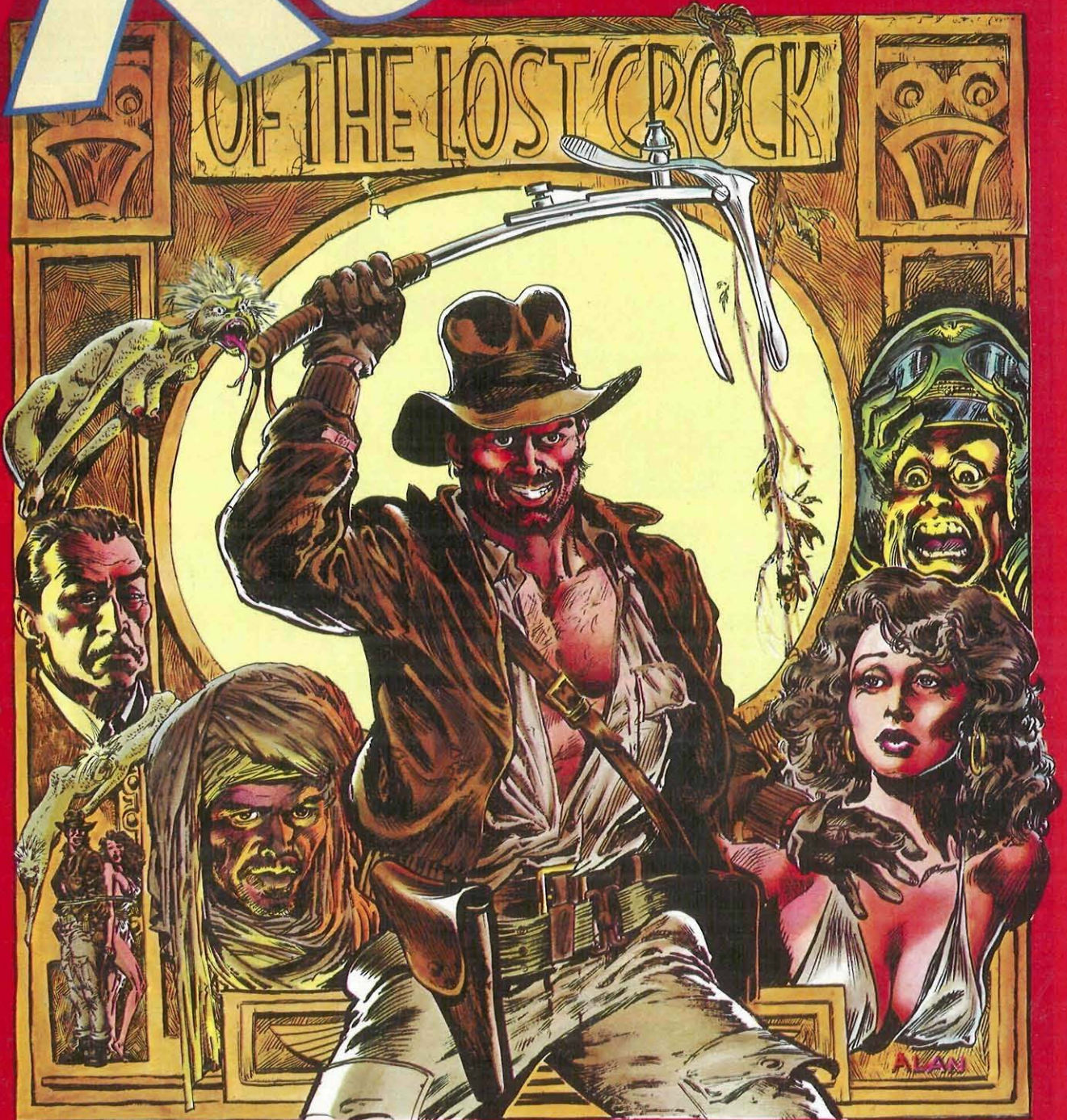
Shrubb assures us that this cacophonous play list is only the beginning for DownTown Sounds, Inc. "We're already in the studio laying down *Condo Concert*, fantastic stuff—family rows next door, all-night drug orgies overhead, the works. And we're working up a whole series just on parades—holiday, patriotic, prolife, antinuke, NOW, even a gay one, 'Yellow Brick Road,' for limited release in the Dallas and Frisco areas."

A clever enough scam, we allow. But Shrubb has a quantity of gall elevating his venture to the level of "public service." True, these novelties may provide some comedy relief, but they'll do little to alleviate the genuine trauma of culture shock.

"Are you kidding?" he hoots. "Look. Take some poor sap in Tucson or Fresno or Gopher Bite, Texas, coming home hot and sweaty and unemployed and in debt and lonely and depressed, and sit him down and play him about thirty minutes of this crap," Shrubb smiles with silent assurance, "and I guarantee you he'll feel *worlds* better." ■

NATIONAL
LAMP^{OO}N

ROBBERS



STORY: GERALD SUSSMAN • ART: ALAN WEISS • COLORING: JAMES SHERMAN • LETTERING: TOM ORZECZOWSKI

DECEMBER 7, 1940. ONE YEAR FROM THE DAY OF INFAMY. BUT ALREADY THE WORLD IS IN TURMOIL AS EUROPE TOTTERS BEFORE HITLER'S RAVAGING WAR MACHINE.

THE EXAMINING ROOM OF DR. SASKATCHEWAN SMITH, GYNECOLOGIST AND SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

UH-OH... EMERGENCY HOT LINE!

DR. SMITH! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

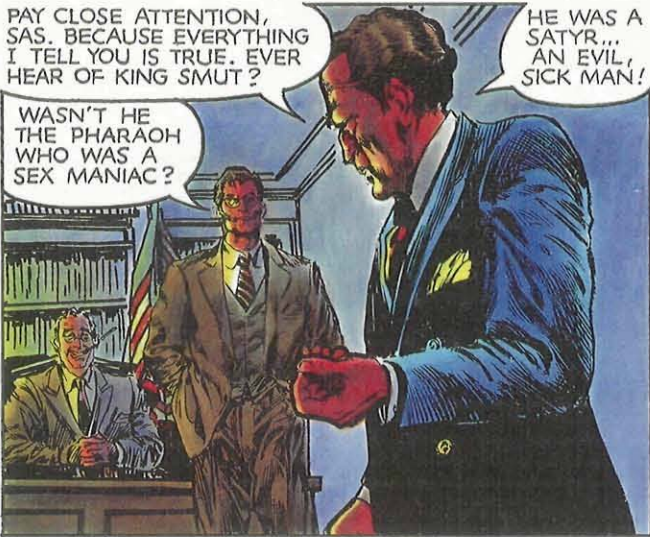
SORRY! THAT WAS THE PRESIDENT. LOOKS LIKE I'VE GOT TO SAVE THE WORLD AGAIN!

THE PRIVATE CHAMBERS OF FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT. SASKATCHEWAN IS SURPRISED TO FIND PROFESSOR GEOFFREY WILSON, HIS MENTOR AT MEDICAL SCHOOL AND FATHER OF HIS GIRL FRIEND, WINNIPEG.

PROFESSOR WILSON THINKS YOU'RE THE ONLY PERSON FOR THIS TOP-SECRET JOB, SMITH!

WE MIGHT AS WELL LEVEL WITH YOU, SAS. AMERICA IS GOING TO BE IN THE WAR! IT'S INEVITABLE. THE PRESIDENT WANTS ME TO RUN OUR INTELLIGENCE OPERATION. WE WERE OLD NAVY BUDDIES!


AND THAT INCLUDED SHORE LEAVE!



PAY CLOSE ATTENTION, SAS. BECAUSE EVERYTHING I TELL YOU IS TRUE. EVER HEAR OF KING SMUT?

HE WAS A SATYR... AN EVIL, SICK MAN!

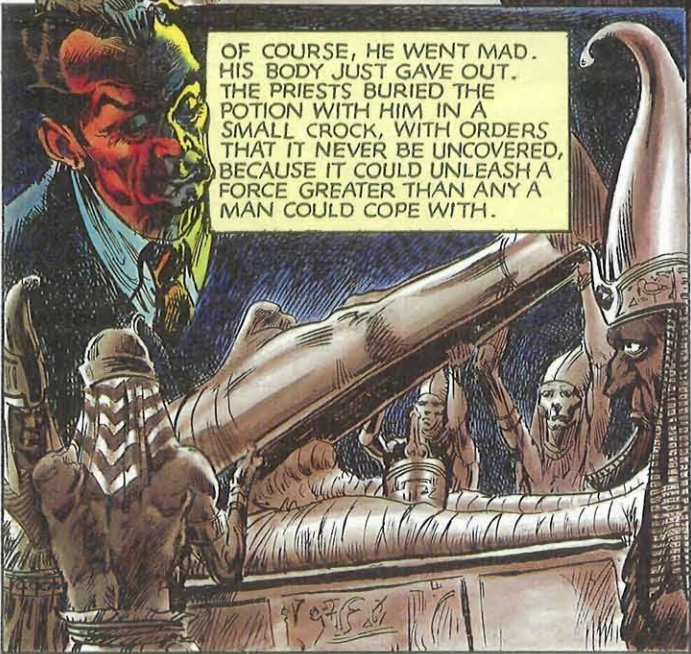
WASN'T HE THE PHAROAH WHO WAS A SEX MANIAC?



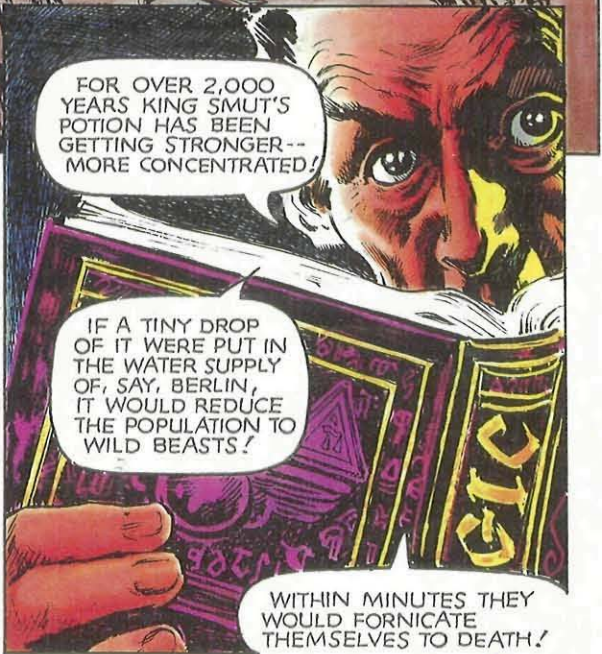
HE COMMISSIONED HIS HIGH PRIEST OF THE BLACK ARTS TO CREATE A POTION THAT WOULD MAKE HIM VIRILE FOREVER.



BUT THE POTION WORKED ALL TOO WELL. SMUT HAD TO FORNICATE NIGHT AND DAY, WITH ANYTHING -- WOMEN, MEN, TREES ...



OF COURSE, HE WENT MAD. HIS BODY JUST GAVE OUT. THE PRIESTS BURIED THE POTION WITH HIM IN A SMALL CROCK, WITH ORDERS THAT IT NEVER BE UNCOVERED, BECAUSE IT COULD UNLEASH A FORCE GREATER THAN ANY A MAN COULD COPE WITH.



FOR OVER 2,000 YEARS KING SMUT'S POTION HAS BEEN GETTING STRONGER -- MORE CONCENTRATED!

IF A TINY DROP OF IT WERE PUT IN THE WATER SUPPLY OF, SAY, BERLIN, IT WOULD REDUCE THE POPULATION TO WILD BEASTS!

WITHIN MINUTES THEY WOULD FORNICATE THEMSELVES TO DEATH!



HOLY FUCK!

EXACTLY!

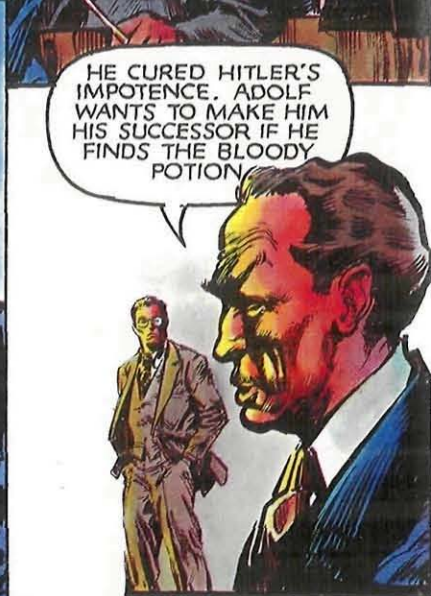
I'VE GOT TO... I MEAN WE'VE GOT TO GET OUR HANDS ON THAT POTION BEFORE THE ENEMY DOES!



SEEMS LIKE MR. HITLER WANTS THE POTION FOR HIS OWN DEVILISH CAUSE. THEY'VE GOT THIS CRACKERJACK AGENT, FELIX VON KRULL, ON THE CASE!

VON KRULL! WE WERE CLASSMATES AT MCGILL IN '33!

BRILLIANT GUY. WON A NOBEL PRIZE FOR THE DISCOVERY OF THE CLITORIS. HOW'D HE GO WRONG?



HE CURED HITLER'S IMPOTENCE. ADOLF WANTS TO MAKE HIM HIS SUCCESSOR IF HE FINDS THE BLOODY POTION.

LATER THAT EVENING, IN WASHINGTON, SAS HAS A DATE WITH WINNIPEG WILSON.



BRING BACK KING SMUT'S POTION, MR. SMITH. THE FATE OF THE WORLD DEPENDS ON IT!



I WORMED THE SECRET OUT OF DAD. YOU'RE GOING TO UNCOVER KING SMUT'S TOMB!

YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE I CAN ENTRUST WITH MY DAUGHTER'S CUNT, SAS!

SHE'S A SPOILED BRAT BUT SHE'S OF GOOD STOCK. IF ANYTHING EVER HAPPENED TO HER...

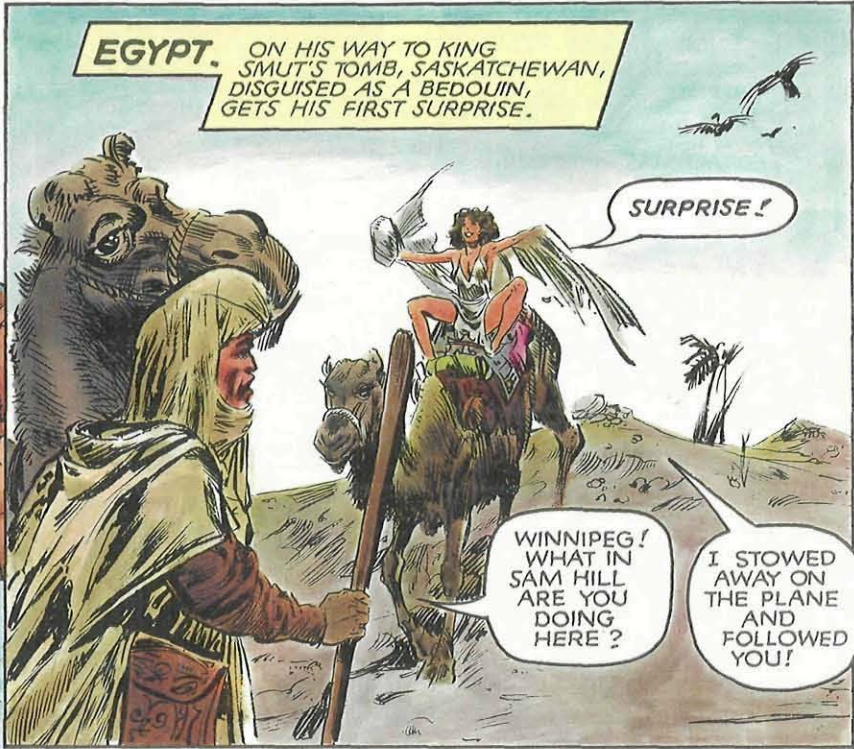
I'M GOING WITH YOU, SAS!



SORRY, WINNIE. YOU'RE STILL WET BEHIND THE EARS!

I CAN DO ANYTHING A MAN CAN DO!

AND DON'T CALL ME WINNIE!

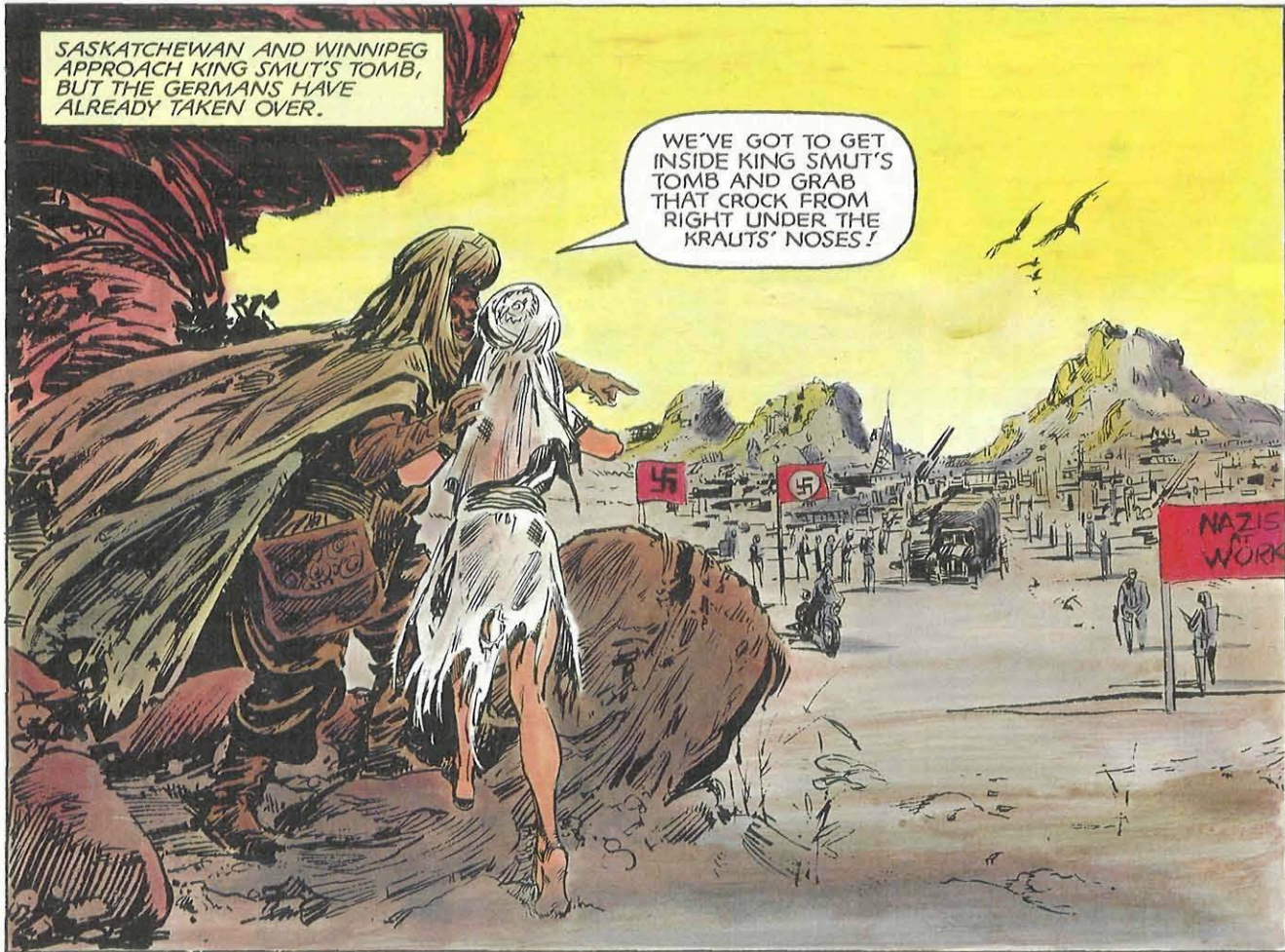


EGYPT. ON HIS WAY TO KING SMUT'S TOMB, SASKATCHEWAN, DISGUISED AS A BEDOUIN, GETS HIS FIRST SURPRISE.

SURPRISE!

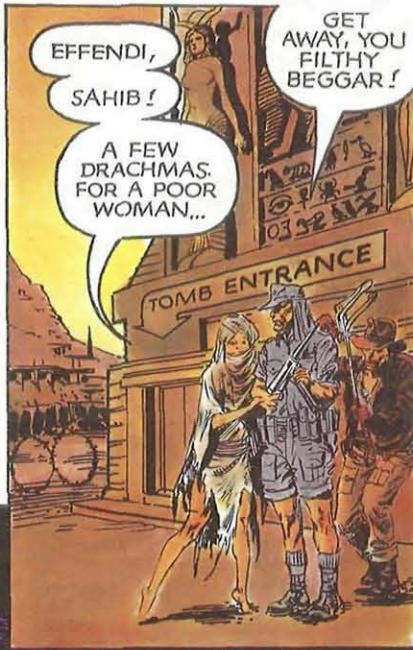
WINNIPEG! WHAT IN SAM HILL ARE YOU DOING HERE?

I STOWED AWAY ON THE PLANE AND FOLLOWED YOU!



SASKATCHEWAN AND WINNIPEG APPROACH KING SMUT'S TOMB, BUT THE GERMANS HAVE ALREADY TAKEN OVER.

WE'VE GOT TO GET INSIDE KING SMUT'S TOMB AND GRAB THAT CROCK FROM RIGHT UNDER THE KRAUTS' NOSES!



EFFENDI,
SAHIB!

A FEW
DRACHMAS
FOR A POOR
WOMAN...

GET
AWAY, YOU
FILTHY
BEGGAR!



SPLAT!



WOW, THOSE
PHARAOHS SURE
KNEW HOW
TO LIVE!

SUDDENLY,
A TREACHEROUS
TRAPDOOR OPENS...

THIS ISN'T A
MUSEUM TRIP, SUGAR!
LET'S FIND SMUT'S
VAULT AND THE CROCK
AND GET THE HELL
OUT OF HERE
BEFORE VON KRULL
FINDS US!

... AND THEY FIND
THEMSELVES IN ANOTHER
PART OF THE TOMB.



SSSSSS

SAS, THEY'LL
KILL US!

EVENTUALLY... BUT
FIRST THEY WANT
TO RAPE US!



SSSSSSSSS...

MMMMMMMM...

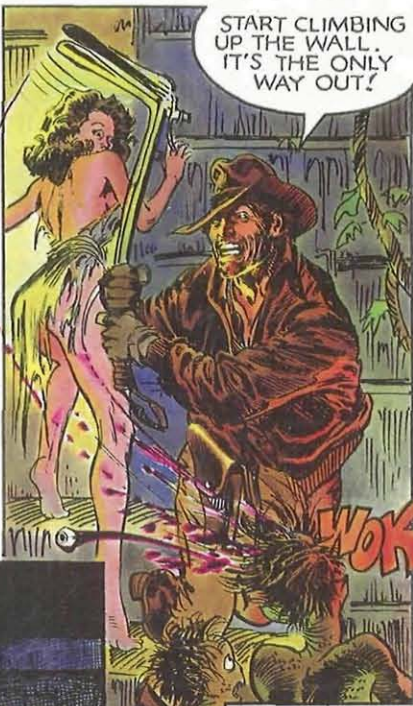
AAAAEEEEEE...

THEY'RE THE
GUARDIAN
NYMPHOMANIACS
OF THE TOMB.
THEY WORSHIP
VULVEETA, THE
SEX SERPENT!

MY SPECULUM CAN HOLD THEM FOR A WHILE, BUT THERE'S TOO MANY OF THEM!



START CLIMBING UP THE WALL. IT'S THE ONLY WAY OUT!



WE MADE IT!



CLEO POT ROAST! THAT'S IT! KING SMUT'S TOMB!



EVERYTHING ABOUT KING SMUT HAD A SEXUAL CONNOTATION!



LET ME TRY IT, SAS!



WINNIE, YOU'RE A BRICK! YOU DID IT!

I'LL BET IF WE STROKE IT AND CARESS IT, WE'LL GET THE COFFIN OPEN!



KING SMUT'S POTION... WE FOUND IT!



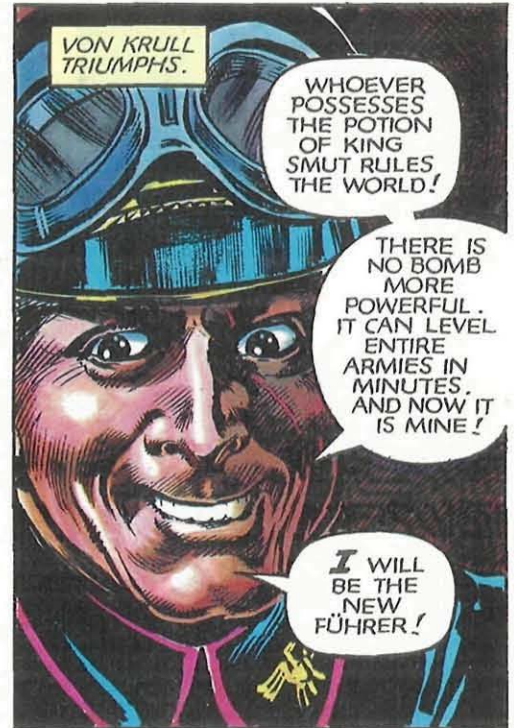
AFTER HOURS OF SEARCHING, SAS AND WINNIE FIND THEIR WAY OUT OF THE TOMB...



ONLY TO BE CONFRONTED BY THE ENEMY!

SORRY, SUGAR! I THINK WE OPENED THE WRONG DOOR. IT'S VON KRULL AND HIS BULLY BOYS!

SASKATCHEWAN! WHAT AN UNEXPECTED PLEASURE. YOU MUST TELL ME WHERE YOU GET YOUR LEATHER JACKETS!

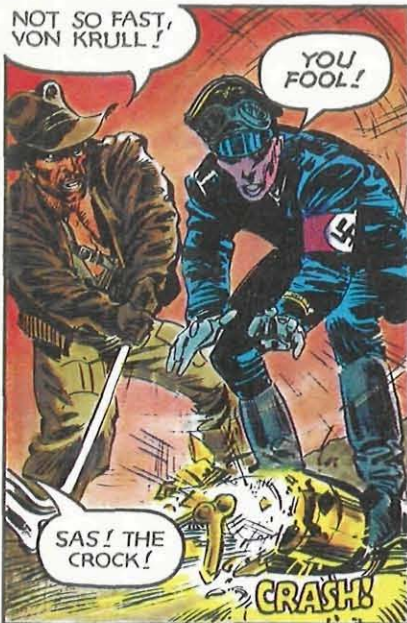


VON KRULL TRIUMPHS.

WHOEVER POSSESSES THE POTION OF KING SMUT RULES THE WORLD!

THERE IS NO BOMB MORE POWERFUL. IT CAN LEVEL ENTIRE ARMIES IN MINUTES. AND NOW IT IS MINE!

I WILL BE THE NEW FÜHRER!



NOT SO FAST, VON KRULL!

YOU FOOL!

SAS! THE CROCK!

CRASH!



THE POTION!

AAAAARRRRGH!!



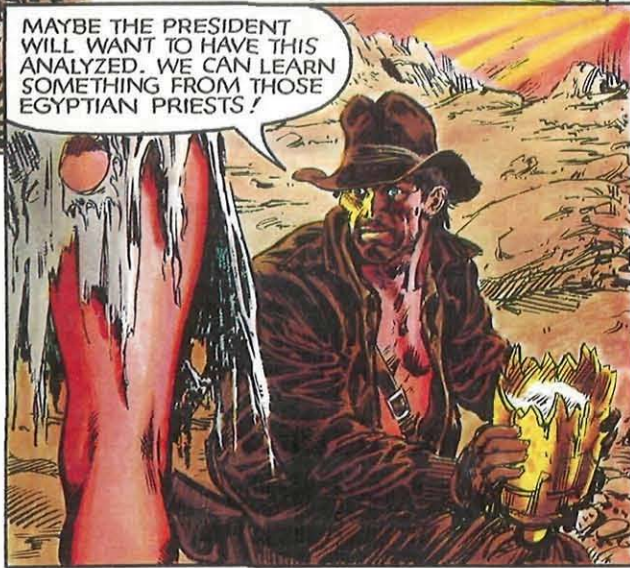
SAS, I'M TERRIFIED! IT'S MORE POWERFUL THAN ANYTHING!

DON'T LOOK. IT'LL BE OVER IN A SECOND!



THE POTION TURNED INTO A PURE FORCE... SOMETHING LIKE THIS NEWFANGLED ATOMIC THEORY I'VE BEEN READING ABOUT... ONLY, IT'S SEXUAL!

SAS, I'M FRIGHTENED. LET'S GO HOME!



MAYBE THE PRESIDENT WILL WANT TO HAVE THIS ANALYZED. WE CAN LEARN SOMETHING FROM THOSE EGYPTIAN PRIESTS!

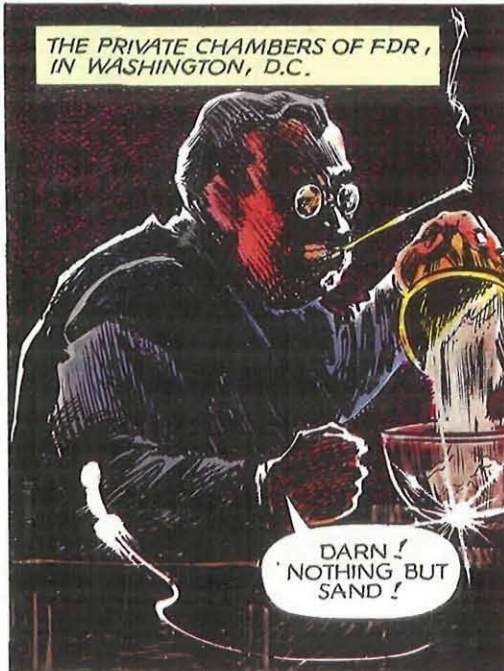


WASHINGTON, D.C. ... THE BOOK-LINED STUDY OF PROFESSOR WILSON...

IF THERE'S ANYTHING LEFT IN THE CROCK, OUR SCIENTISTS WILL ISOLATE IT AND TRY TO CHANNEL IT FOR OUR SIDE!

AS LONG AS OLD ADOLF DIDN'T GET HIS HANDS ON IT!

IT CAN ALMOST SCARE YOU AWAY FROM SEX!



THE PRIVATE CHAMBERS OF FDR, IN WASHINGTON, D.C.

DARN! NOTHING BUT SAND!

Girls of the Falkland Islands

BY FRED GRAVER

Mariana



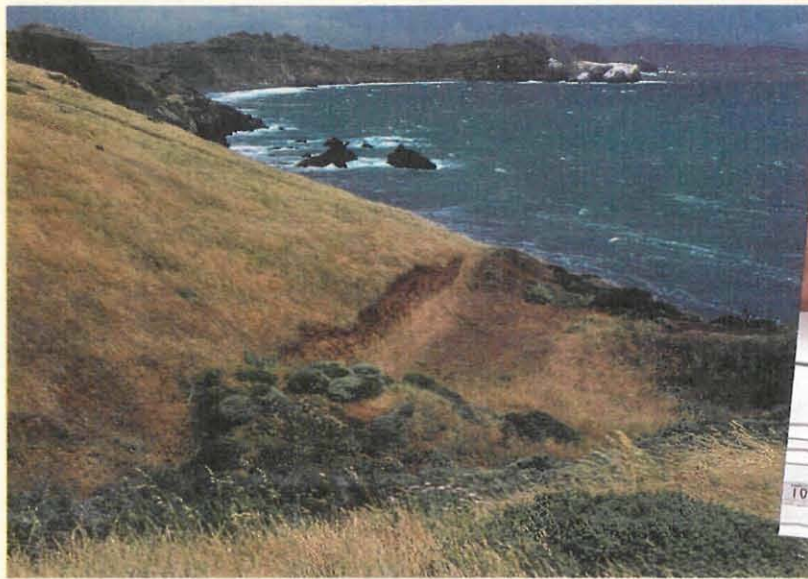
BARING HER FUR ON THE fur-coated beaches of Grytviken, the lovely Mariana hasn't a care in the world. "What do I care?" she asks. "When I need something, I flag down a passing ship, clobber a couple of my little friends, and trade their pelts."

Her home is a magical hideaway, a world apart from any other, where sea lions and birds frolic across a landscape of rocks, glaciers, sparse grass, and peat bogs. "It is paradise to me," Mariana claims. "The only thing I need is batteries. It's hard to buy batteries here."

BY DAY, THE FALKLAND ISLANDS postmistress; by night, the spelling coach. For years, lovely Peg has taught Falklanders to spell, using her patented cheerleader method: "Gimme an *F*. Gimme an *A*. Gimme an *L*..." Due to her efforts, wrong

addresses on Falkland mail have declined enormously.

Peg wants to continue her education in New York City, where she would like to work with Jerzy Kosinski. "I could teach him how to spell and he could teach me how to write," says Peg.



Babette

MY GRANDFATHER'S GRANDfather was the first Frenchman to settle on the islands, after he was tossed off his ship for trying to have anal sex with his bunkmate. How was he to know the man was already going steady? So he stayed on the islands and we've been here for over 150 years."

Babette is the heir to her family's for-

tune in the Falklands' main export, kelp jerky. "It's like beef jerky, only stringier and chewier. And it's green," she said with her characteristic French precision. Her ambition: to meet the man who will help her manage the family fortune and satisfy her intense cravings for oral sex. If you think you qualify, just take a number. The line forms on the right!



Cindi



FOR A HEALTHY, FUN-LOVING girl whose favorite activity is "going out and getting a little crazy," life on an oil rig could be a drag. But this energetic lass has made some fun of her own. Last summer, Cindi organized the first inter-rig special Olympics.

"A lot of the Ingles on the island interbreed," she told us, "and they send

their genetic defectives to drill oil for the rest of their lives. They're really a lot of fun, and we organized oodles of sports, although we lost a few over the side during the volleyball tournament."

This winter, Cindi is expecting a promotion to apprentice pumper, second class. Until then... "My heart is an untapped gusher, just waiting for the right drill to come along!"



AS THE SOLE OWNER AND employee of the Malvinas Dictation Service, the lovely Isabella must be on call twenty-four hours a day. "You are right to think that there are few letters to be dictated and typed here," she counsels, "but when I do get a job, it is v-e-r-y important."

Last year, Isabella produced a 24 percent increase in the volume of letters handled by her service. "I don't think I'm being overly optimistic in projecting yet another banner year," she proclaims, "since I've already handled two letters

and an urgent RSVP and we haven't even hit the epilepsy season, when people get so unhinged they can't even dial the phone."

Isabella is also the composer of the Falkland Islands anthem, "Do the Best You Can. That's All Anyone Expects." But life has one gaping hole for this winsome miss. "I want nothing more than to share the great success I have been given in this life with a cute little pet, a kitten or a dog," she says. Hey, fellas, anyone out there interested? Come disguised as a poodle.

Isabella

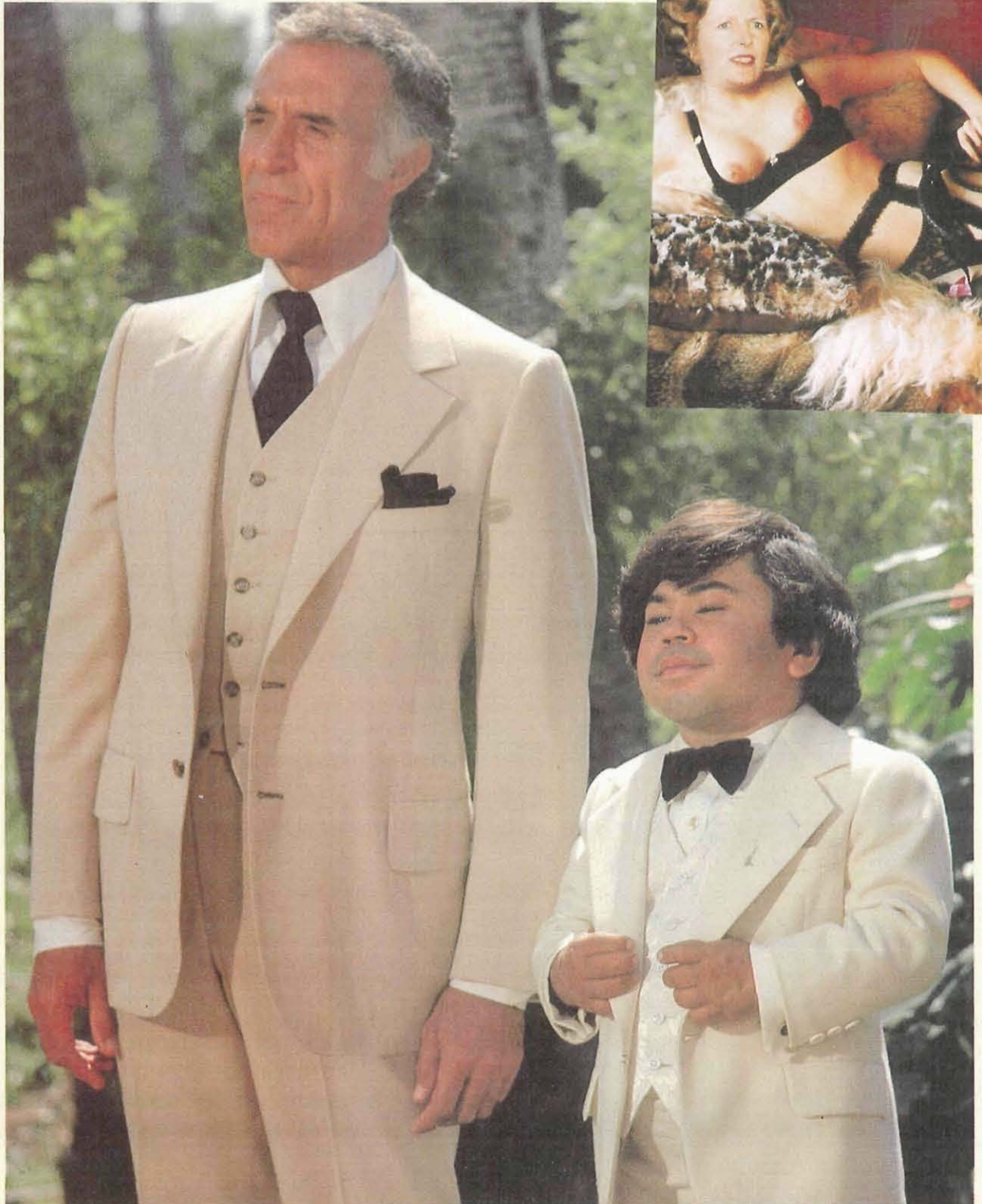


SINCE 1833, THIS TINY BIT OF terra firma at the bottom of the world has played a double role. It is also the real Fantasy Island, where royalty and members of Parliament have come to frolic and fulfill their "unnatural" desires.

Here, the plucky Meg is awaiting her

requested visitor, an unsuspecting member of the U.N. General Assembly. Little does she realize that she will play a role in a different fantasy, for in a nearby cabin Leonid Brezhnev is waiting to be "whipped and spanked by an elderly British woman with bad teeth." Only in the Falklands!

Meg



WHAT YOUR EAR IS A BRAIN.



This tiny micro-processor is the latest innovation in Pioneer's best components. It can improve the way you listen to your music. And it can also improve your music.

THE SX-8 RECEIVER: DON'T TURN THAT DIAL.

How smart is smart?

For starters, the brain inside the SX-8 allows us to use push button controls, eliminating noise and distortion caused by mechanical dials.

So all you hear is crisp, clean music. Just the way it was recorded. The brain also willingly takes over the chores you used to do yourself.

Just push a button to raise or lower volume or tone, change stations, even check the time. Push the Scan Tuning button and the receiver automatically scans every strong station, playing five seconds of each one.

Then, simply touch the Memory button. Your station, volume, and tone settings will

Not that there's anything wrong with the one you've got.

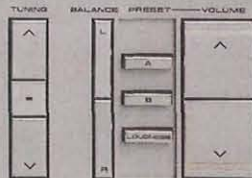
We just had something a little smaller in mind. More like the one you see here.

Technically, it's called a microprocessor or computer chip.

But we like to think of it as a little brain. Because when it's built into our Pioneer receivers, tape decks and turntables, they become more.

They become smart.

And when it comes to getting the most music out of your music, smart components have a lot of advantages over dumb ones.



All-electronic receiver operation does away with knobs and dials. Volume, station and bass and treble levels can be easily monitored thanks to L.E.D. readouts.

RS NEED

be instantly stored in the memory. Ready to be recalled just as fast.

THE CT-9R TAPE DECK: SMART ENOUGH TO FIND NOTHING.

If you've ever done even a small amount of cassette recording, you've gone through the not-so-convenient fast forward/stop/play/reverse/stop/play procedure of trying to find the blank area where your last recording left off and the next one can begin.

The CT-9R, on the other hand, has a button marked Blank Search. Give it a push and it will find the area that's long enough to tape on, back up to the last recorded piece, leave a four second space and stop, ready to record.

Automatically.

And, as if that weren't enough, the CT-9R also has one of the world's fastest Automatic Bias Level Equalization systems. In plain English, that means that it takes just eight seconds for Auto B.L.E. to analyze the tape being used (no easy task with over 200 different tapes on the market) and then adjust the deck for optimum performance with that tape. Improving



The real-time counter reads out the amount of tape left in meaningful minutes and seconds instead of meaningless inches.

the quality of your recordings faster than you can say "wow and flutter."

THE PL-88F TURNTABLE: IT WON'T PLAY WHAT YOU DON'T LIKE.

In the history of recorded music, there has probably been one, maybe two people who like every cut on a

record. If you're not one of them, you'll take an immediate liking to the new PL-88F.

It's front loading, stackable and, best of all, it's fully programmable.

Punch in up to eight cuts per side in any order that makes your ears happy. The turntable will automatically skip the ones that don't.

And when you're recording from records to cassettes you'll appreciate the tape deck synchro that automatically

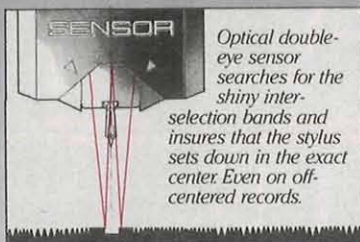
places any Pioneer Auto Reverse tape deck into the pause mode when the turntable tone arm lifts off the record. Leaving you free for more important things.

Like listening to music.

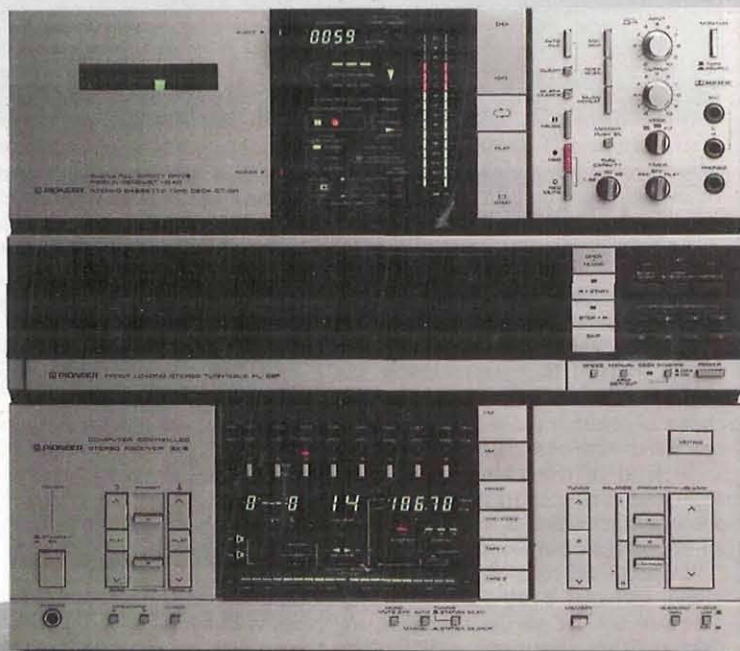
The Pioneer CT-9R tape deck, SX-8 receiver and PL-88F turntable. Proof that to get the quality of music you buy quality components for, you don't need a lot of knowledge.

You just need a little brain.

PIONEER®
Because the music matters.



Optical double-eye sensor searches for the shiny inter-selection bands and insures that the stylus sets down in the exact center. Even on off-centered records.



THE FATE OF LOU GRANT

ELLIS
WEINER

I. A Network of Sitcoms and Soaps

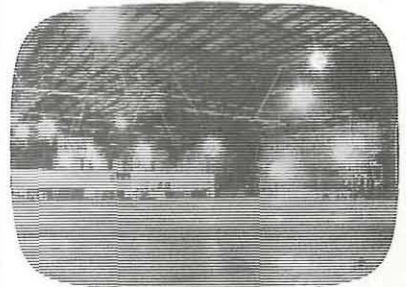
EVER SINCE SOMETIME IN the early 1950s, or perhaps it was in the late 1940s (I do not happen to know the exact year, and am not inclined to research the matter), America has lived with television. Of course, some kind of television medium was available earlier than that to various scientists and technical workers. But, for all intents and purposes, when we say "television," we refer to network television. (When we say "the television," we refer, usually, to the television set, that is, the appliance called "the

television" on which we "watch" "television," or "watch television." Other ways of describing the television set, such as "TV," and of describing the phenomenon of television, such as "TV," are of insufficient dignity to merit mention in the present discussion.) It is that cultural and technological phenomenon called "television" to which I shall refer in the following pages.

The impact of television on our national life has been profound. It would not be inaccurate to say that without television we would utterly lack such pervasive influences on our culture as gums that go squirt, the phrase "Here come de judge," and Linda Gray's mouth. These phenomena are vital to us, as individuals and as a nation; yet even they are secondary in importance

to the principal legacy bequeathed us by this ubiquitous medium: the series. For, without the series, we would not be inclined to view messages about squirting gums. We would lack sufficient exposure to announcements of the judge's impending arrival. Linda Gray's mouth would remain unknown to all save those few pathologists and clergymen specializing in oral dysfunction and demonic possession.

Recently, a television series that had enjoyed what is by contemporary standards for network television a successful run on the Columbia Broadcasting System network was canceled. The series, entitled "Lou Grant," had been broadcast weekly. Each show consisted of a sixty-minute time portion during which the total time allotted to the story segments (as opposed to that allotted to the commercial messages, station-identification breaks, news breaks, and other miscellaneous network and local studio business) was approximately forty-eight minutes. Its usual "time slot," or broadcasting time, was Monday evenings at ten post meridiem Eastern, nine post meridiem Central time. On the West Coast, it was shown at ten post meridiem, since programs subject to Pacific Standard or Pacific Daylight time are usually delayed, so that their time of broadcast ends up coinciding, at least nominally, with that of their Eastern Daylight or Eastern Standard time version, despite the three-hour difference in time between the two coasts. This difference in time, I have been informed, is due to the fact that the sun "gets tired" by the time it reaches the East Coast. The principal exception to



The principal set of "Lou Grant," immediately following cancellation. Dressing rooms and wardrobe rooms were similarly deserted.

this rule concerns shows and events broadcast "live," such as sporting events, weddings of British royalty, and assassination attempts.

"Lou Grant" was a dramatic show about a newspaper located in Los Angeles, the *Tribune*, or, in the parlance of the characters on the show, the "Trib." There is no actual *Tribune* in Los Angeles. Indeed, there is no actual person named "Lou Grant," nor is there an



The cast of "Lou Grant." The destructive effects of cancellation on their resumes, bank accounts, etc., are virtually unmeasurable.

actual city named "Los Angeles." Grant, rather, is a character portrayed by Ed Asner; the actor. In addition to Lou Grant, there were other characters of the sort one might reasonably expect to find working at a newspaper: reporters, photographers, editors, dowager owner-publishers, and so forth. Each segment of the program dealt with an issue of current topical interest, such as arson, nuclear terrorism, baby adoption, or cancer; in addition, each main story line was complemented by a more whimsical, personal story line concerning other characters. For example, an episode in which the character "Rossi" investigates heroin addiction might be leavened by a subplot concerning "Charlie"'s inability to prevent himself from sneaking away from his editor's desk in order to read voice-over copy for television commercials.

"Lou Grant" was a popular show, and until its cancellation it enjoyed a respectable place in the "ratings," that listing of television shows, by popularity, determined by the reports of various sample households detailing which shows people watch. In addition, it was admired within the television industry for its treatment of topical issues. Most men and women employed within the television industry did not particularly like "Lou Grant," never watched it, and had no desire whatever to involve themselves with programs treating topical issues. However, as was the case with the worshipfully praised, piously advertised, nearly canceled "Hill Street Blues," in admiring "Lou Grant" the industry created a rationale by which it could admire itself.

All this being said, several questions

arise. Why was "Lou Grant" canceled? What effects will its cancellation have upon America, upon mankind as a whole, and upon the planet on which mankind pursues its tenuous, fragile existence? These are serious questions, with serious implications. Yet, I believe, so inured have we become to the routine cancellation of a television series, that we have entered a period in our culture in which we are all but numbed to such matters. It is difficult for us to care about "Lou Grant"—or, for that matter, about television itself. It is as though we have become hypnotized by the very medium we look to for stimulation and entertainment; we have been deadened by the thing with which we wish to enliven our lives. We watch television, but we do not look at it. We look at it, but we do not see it. We see it, but we do not glimpse it. We glimpse it, but we do not watch it. Now television watches us. Television invites us into *its* living room. During commercials we sit in dull, listless silence while television goes to the kitchen for a bite to eat.



Are these the descendants of Lou, Rossi, Billie, or Donovan? We will never know.

Then, after a night of viewing, television turns us off and goes upstairs to bed. Sometimes it thinks, "I really should read more." But, when the next night arrives, it is there once again, watching us.

In what follows I propose to explore the meaning of cancellation, not only in the specific instance of "Lou Grant," but in general. There is, unavoidably, something repulsive and hateful about such an inquiry. Anyone who meets, for however brief a length of time, a person professionally involved with the creation of television programs, recognizes immediately the destructive effects such work has upon the mind, soul, and vocabulary of a normal human being. But I believe that only by a careful and controlled examination of the phenomenon of the cancellation of "Lou Grant" can we hope to rouse ourselves out of the lethargy, indifference, and poor posture into which television seems to have sunk us.

The cancellation of a television series has far-reaching effects, effects that are psychological and financial, as well as physical. But the physical effects alone are what can only be described as dev-



Mrs. Pynchon, although too old to bear children, might have adopted them. One might have been an orphan refugee from El Salvador.

astating. Upon notification of cancellation, the principal sets used for the show are totally destroyed. The letterhead stationery embossed with the program's logo is stolen by office personnel, taken home, and used for jocular and disrespectful personal correspondence. The distinctive props identified with the program (e.g., for "Lou Grant," a coffee mug; for "The White Shadow," a basketball; for "Kojak," Telly Savalas's head) are either stolen by crew members, appropriated by the star, or donated to the Smithsonian Institution. Everything that is not nailed down is either returned, destroyed, cannibalized for alternate uses, or stolen. Those things that are nailed down are usually heavy-duty equipment (lights, reflectors, etc.) belonging to the studio where the episodes are filmed, and remain intact. Often, however, the nails that nail these objects down are themselves re-

moved, and stolen.

In sum, the entire physical plant of the production entity known as "Lou Grant" (or "Get Offa My Back," "Larry Loves Larry," or whatever other program suffers a similar fate) is irrevocably altered beyond recognition. But the psychological impact of cancellation is no less dire.

"Lou Grant," network executives say, had "fallen in the ratings": it had simply outlived its popularity. Since a network's revenue depends on the number of viewers it can attract to view the commercial messages of its advertisers, and since the size of that audience is reflected in the ratings, a program with poor ratings is a program that relatively few people watch. A sponsor desires that a great number of people view the programs that its company underwrites: the more people that view a program, the more will be exposed to its commercial messages. It follows that the more viewers that see its commercial messages, the more will be persuaded to purchase its goods or services. This increase in business will result in greater profits for the company, an outcome that will in turn cause corporate executives to feel like winners, celebrate, get drunk, and thereby forget to go out of business. This saves thousands of jobs.

Within this context, the impact of cancellation on the psyche and spirit of an actor can best be described as annihilating. It is probable, for example, that Linda Kelsey, the actress who portrays "Billie Newman," a reporter, on the program, suffered severe spells of depression and self-hate when informed of the fact that her acting was

incapable of inducing sufficient millions of people to purchase a particular brand of toothpaste.

Ratings, revenue, and self-esteem plummet also when viewers abandon one program for another, and this, too, can result in a series's demise. Thus, Robert Walden, the actor who portrayed "Joe Rossi," surely contemplated suicide when informed of the cancellation; apparently, he no doubt concluded that his own thespian skills were inadequate to prevent some millions of people from watching "Monday Night Football" instead of "Lou Grant." The one exception to the ratings-revenue equivalence involved an episode of "Lou Grant" entitled "Competition," in which Rossi investigated the cancellation of a Los Angeles-based television series about a newspaper, and discovered that the program's viewers preferred to watch a rival network's football broadcast. The subplot concerned an argument, late one Monday night, in the news room, between Lou Grant (Asner) and Animal (Darryl Anderson) over whether to watch "Lou Grant" or "Monday Night Football" on a portable television. This episode proved so confusing to the public that three-quarters of the households that owned television sets pawned their sets and, with the money, purchased Chryslers. Chrysler, one of the program's sponsors, found itself in the baffling position of sponsoring a show that virtually no one watched yet that somehow induced millions of people to buy its automobiles. Insiders at Chrysler believe that it was the stress of this incident that caused Chrysler chairman Lee Iacocca to resemble a smiling Hal-

loween pumpkin.

Cancellation not only damages the self-image of actors and actresses, it brings about unemployment. In the hours immediately following cancellation, dozens of actors are released into the environment, where they float about, seeking new programs on which to work. Likewise, writers, technicians, and other crew members find themselves drifting around in a state of virtual joblessness. Some observers have argued that there is no real net increase in the level of unemployment among television workers when a program is canceled, since one program is replaced on the air by another. But this smacks of wishful thinking. In reality, a program like "Lou Grant," with its numerous newsroom extras, citizens on the street, and stories involving groups of people (the elderly, the unborn, terrorists, cultists, stamp collectors, etc.), employs many more actors and non-speaking extras than, for example, a program such as "Falcon Crest," which employs only three actors and an android ("Jane Wyman").

But the impact of cancellation is not limited in its effects to the people who create the program. Millions of viewers of "Lou Grant" experienced a sudden and sharp sensation of loss upon notification of cancellation, and for weeks thereafter the gradual realization of the nonexistence of the program exerted a pernicious and corrosive influence on their Monday-night viewing routines.

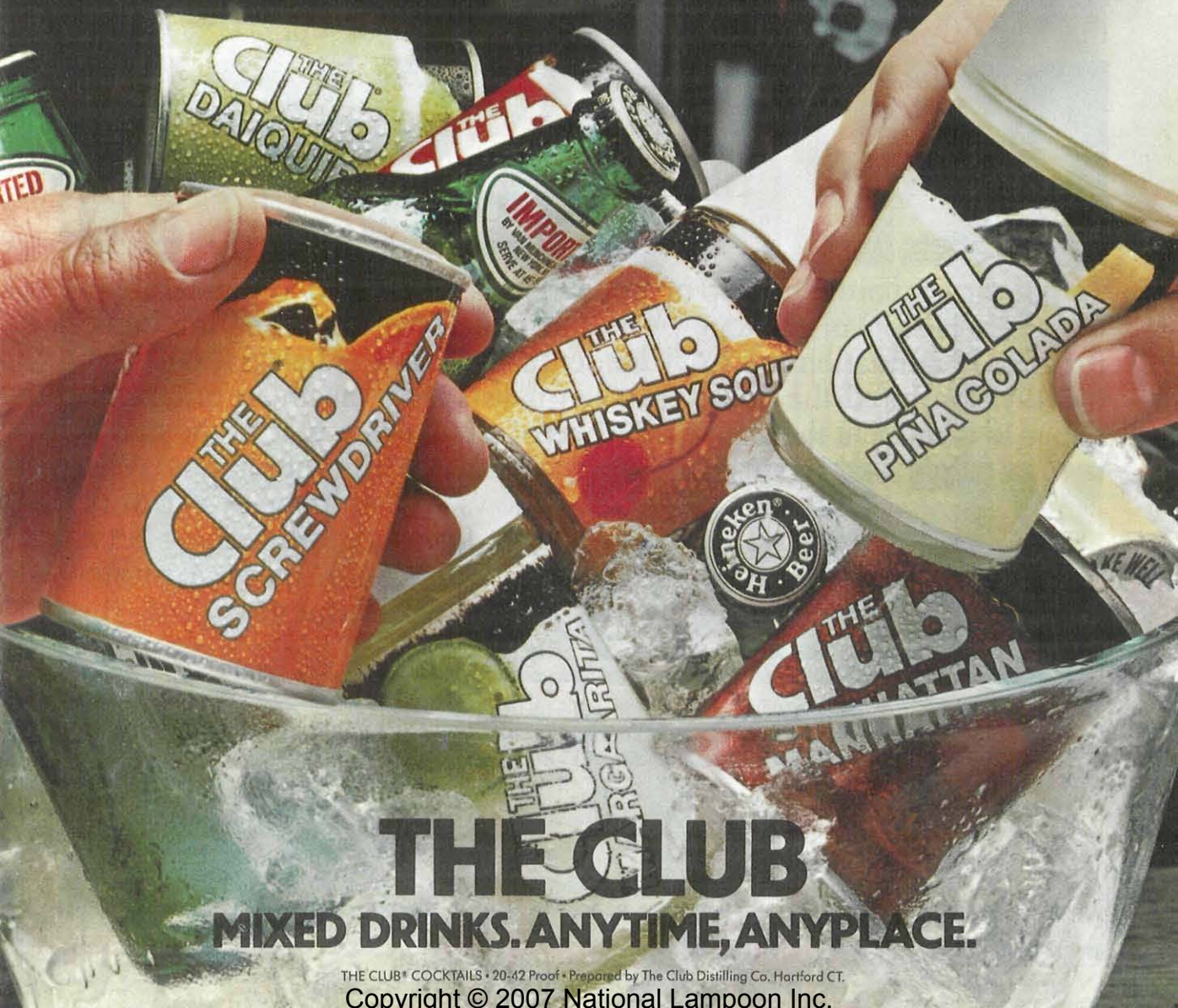
So profound and threatening was this loss, and so dismal the prospect of "Lou Grant"'s likely replacement (which, although unknown as of this writing, could easily be any of the various "pilots" that the Columbia Broadcasting System has stockpiled for future broadcast, such as "Pilot," a drama about a commercial-jet captain who, in his spare time, writes television episodes introducing new dramas about commercial-jet captains, or "Mister Utopia," an Abby Mann script about a father of twins who lives in Detroit and has a job), that most people's initial reaction, upon learning of the cancellation of "Lou Grant," was to deny that it ever happened. Psychologists call this phenomenon "denial," and I think it in part accounts for the curiously passive and helpless feelings we bring to the activity of watching television. This is all the more pervasive given the actual state of the television schedule for all three networks. The proliferation of "Dallas"-like soap operas in "prime time," and the steady supply of half-hour "three camera"-videotaped situation comedies (such as "Hey, Eat Me!," "Laundry Room," and "Chachi Got Joanie Knocked Up") has brought concern to

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 62)



"We're going to have to find an alternative source of fuel. The yak has diarrhea."

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BRING A BEER.
BRING A BAR.**



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THE

Millicent Shavers started her career as a fashion photographer, but the depression years of the early 1980s influenced her so strongly that she decided to become a photojournalist, a documenter of this grim era.

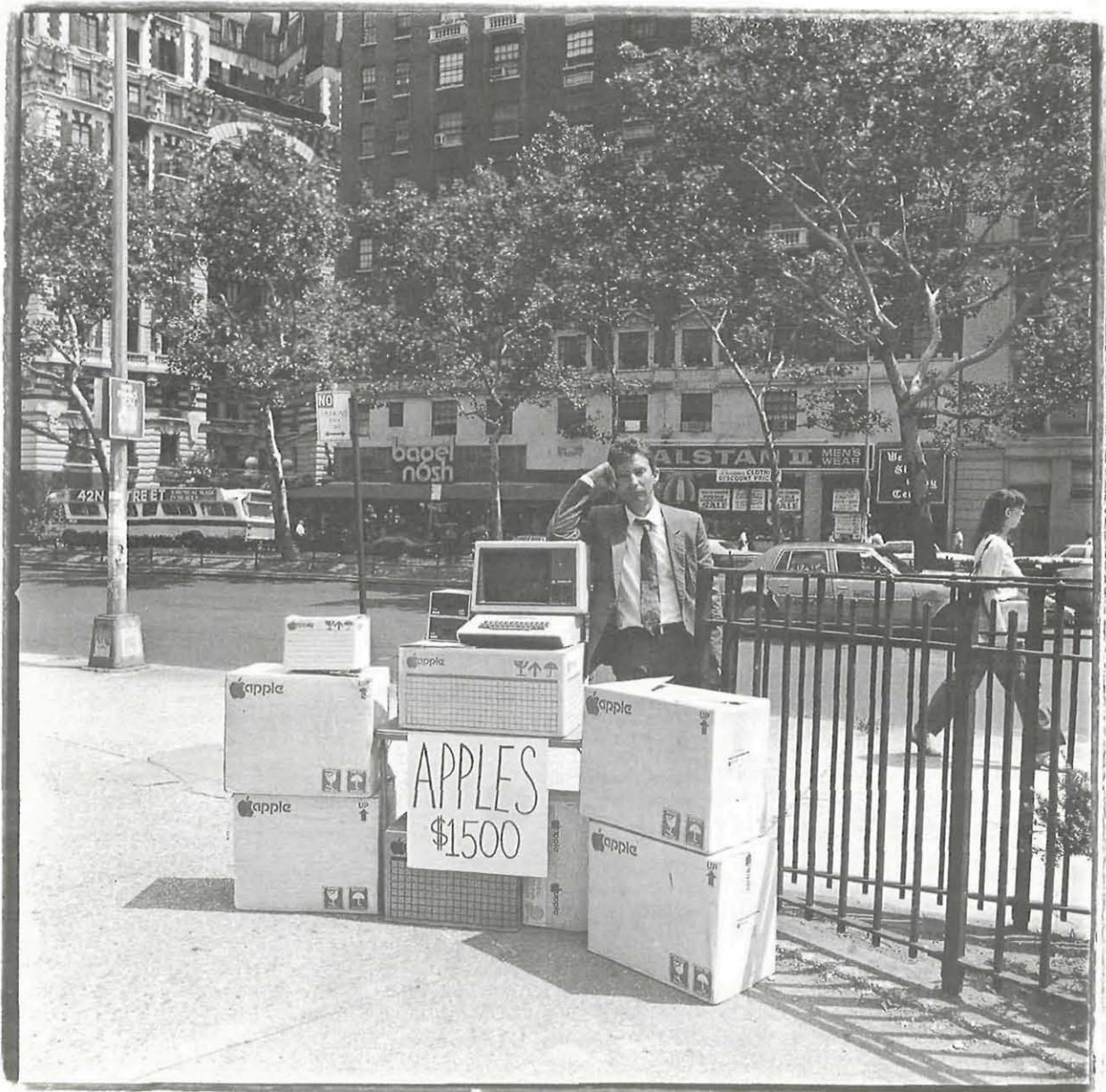
Fortunately, Shavers's interest coincided with the efforts of the gigantic conglomerate the Pan-Arabian Oil Company to provide authentic photographic records of the depression. As early as 1979, Pan-Arabian Oil became the secret owner of many failing American companies, such as Ford, General Motors, and Westinghouse, companies that formerly offered many grants and endowments to support the photo-

DEPRESSION

graphic arts. In order to keep up appearances for the public, Pan-Arabian formed a Historical Photographic Document Division, using the bankrupt Ford Foundation as a front. Under the guidance of Fawzi Ibn Kaleef, this division hired the finest photojournalists and sent them on assignments to document the grim conditions of our country. One of the first of

YEARS

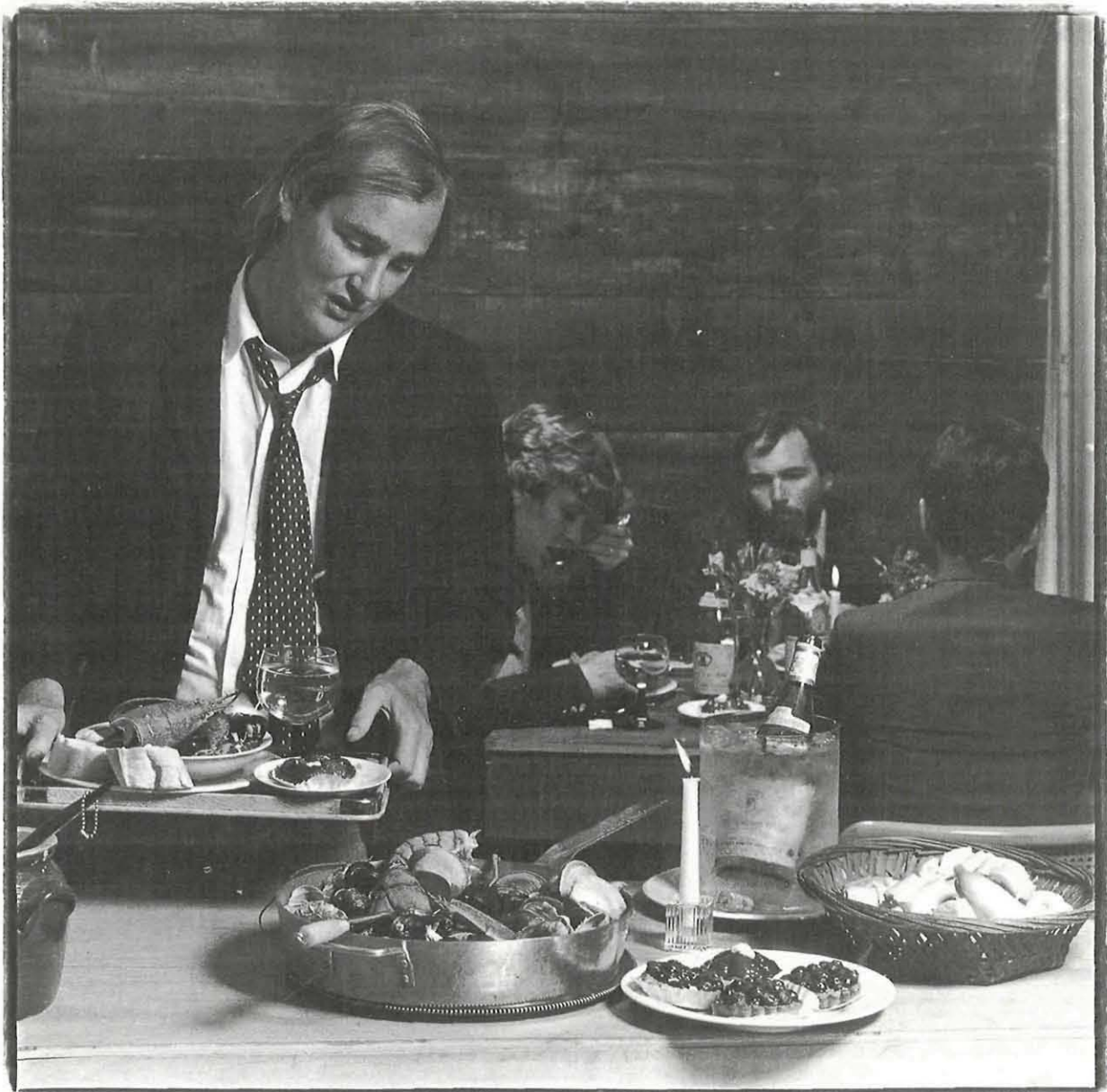
these was Millicent Shavers. What follows is a sampling of her work, taken from her forthcoming book, *The Depression Years*, a photographic documentary of the eighties.



Every street corner had an Apple seller. But very few people were buying. "It's embarrassing. I can't hardly give them away. Even at below wholesale."—*An Apple seller, New York City*



Desperate for a job, a former real-estate executive advertises.
New York City.



Soup kitchens serve free bouillabaisse, croissants, and a jug Chablis to the needy. "The bouillabaisse is decent enough, but it could have used some *aioli*; that's French garlic mayonnaise."
—An out-of-work book editor, New York City



Mother and children in Norma Kamali dresses face the future with weary uncertainty. "We haven't bought any new outfits in months. We can't charge anything anymore. Our card privileges have been taken away until we pay our bills."

—Housewife, Greenwich, Connecticut



A half-finished beach house is abandoned, inundated with sand.
“The contractor disappeared with my money, and the banks raised the interest on my loan. I couldn’t keep up, so I said, ‘The hell with it.’”
—An advertising creative director, Southampton, Long Island

Lou Grant

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54)
many that the ratings will simply not sustain a topical program like "Lou Grant," and that what the Columbia Broadcasting System is headed for is a schedule entirely composed of middle- and low-brow fare. The cancellation of "Lou Grant" helps to stimulate the fear that CBS is becoming a network of sitcoms and soaps, or, worse, junky shows like "The Dukes of Hazzard," and other "crap."

II. The Second Cancellation

THE CANCELLATION OF A weekly series has ramifications that go beyond the disappointment of the program's viewers, cast, and crew when the delicate, mysterious, wondrous entity we call a "hit" is no more. A television program is successful to the extent that we care about the people, animals, and things portrayed therein. (Even so-called reality pro-

grams such as "That's Reprehensible!" and "Actual Realness" win our allegiance, because, due to the magical chemistry of the medium, we care deeply for the freaks, mutants, and other human wreckage that, week after week, host the show.) Thus, the cancellation of "Lou Grant" confronts us not only with the terrible prospect of Ed Asner's unemployment, but with another, in some ways more disturbing, fact: the "death" of the characters themselves.

I call this phenomenon the "second cancellation," and I believe it has for too long gone ignored in the debates and the literature concerning the television series. It is undeniable that if "Lou Grant" the program is canceled, then "Lou Grant" the man is likewise "canceled," i.e., dead. Some observers contend the opposite: they claim that since "Lou Grant" stands a good chance to run "in syndication" for years to come, then Lou, and Billie, and Rossi, and Charlie, and Mrs. Pynchon, and the rest remain alive. Moreover, these people suggest, it is this very quality of *syndicatability* that assures the characters of "Lou Grant" virtual immortality, in addition to affording the show's producers an opportunity to "make the real money."

This is an appealing argument, but a fallacious one. Its inaccuracy rests, I think, on a misunderstanding of the nature of life itself. The filmed or videotaped record of a person's words and deeds is not equivalent to the actual life of that person. Only when a series continues to be written, shot, and broadcast can we say with any validity that the characters represented thereon are "alive." Reruns—even in syndication—are not life. Only first-run episodes are life.

It is this nullification of life that cancellation represents—the nullification of dozens of lives, not only of speaking principals and guest stars, but of bit players, nonspeaking extras, and dogs. All of them, with a stroke of the network executive's pen, are plunged into that nether region of nothingness from which very few ever return. (Bret Maverick did, but, really, not as good as the first one.)

But the devastation wreaked by cancellation does not end with the deaths of the program's characters. "Lou Grant," in particular, was a program that showed its characters in their private lives as well as their professional ones, and therefore we may ask with justification, what of the private lives of these people? What if, had the series been allowed to live, Lou and Mrs. Pynchon (who is, or rather was, after all, a widow) were to begin a romantic affair? What if, as the result of this liaison, they decided to marry? And what if, once wed, they decided (assuming Mrs. Pynchon to be, or to have been, beyond childbearing age) to adopt a child—what then? Cancellation makes the adoption of this child impossible. Indeed, it makes the very conception of the child, in both the biological and the artistic senses of that word, out of the question. Here, then, is a *second* second cancellation: the annihilation of the unborn characters. Rossi's child, whose mother we (and Rossi) will never meet, will never be. Likewise Donovan's, Billie's, Animal's, and so forth. An entire generation of "Lou Grant" characters is denied existence itself by the obliteration of the series. What these characters might have accomplished remains, at best, a matter for rather desperate and theoretical speculation. Who is to say that Billie's child (a handsome, athletic boy, with tousled blond hair, his father's blue eyes, and his mother's gentle yet pungent sense of humor) might not have grown into a fine reporter in his own right—and, for that matter, with his own series? And, if "Billie's Billy" is never produced, what is to become of *his* stars, bit players, guest stars, and extras? What, indeed, of its characters—for it is indisputable that if we are doomed never to meet Billie's son Billy, then we

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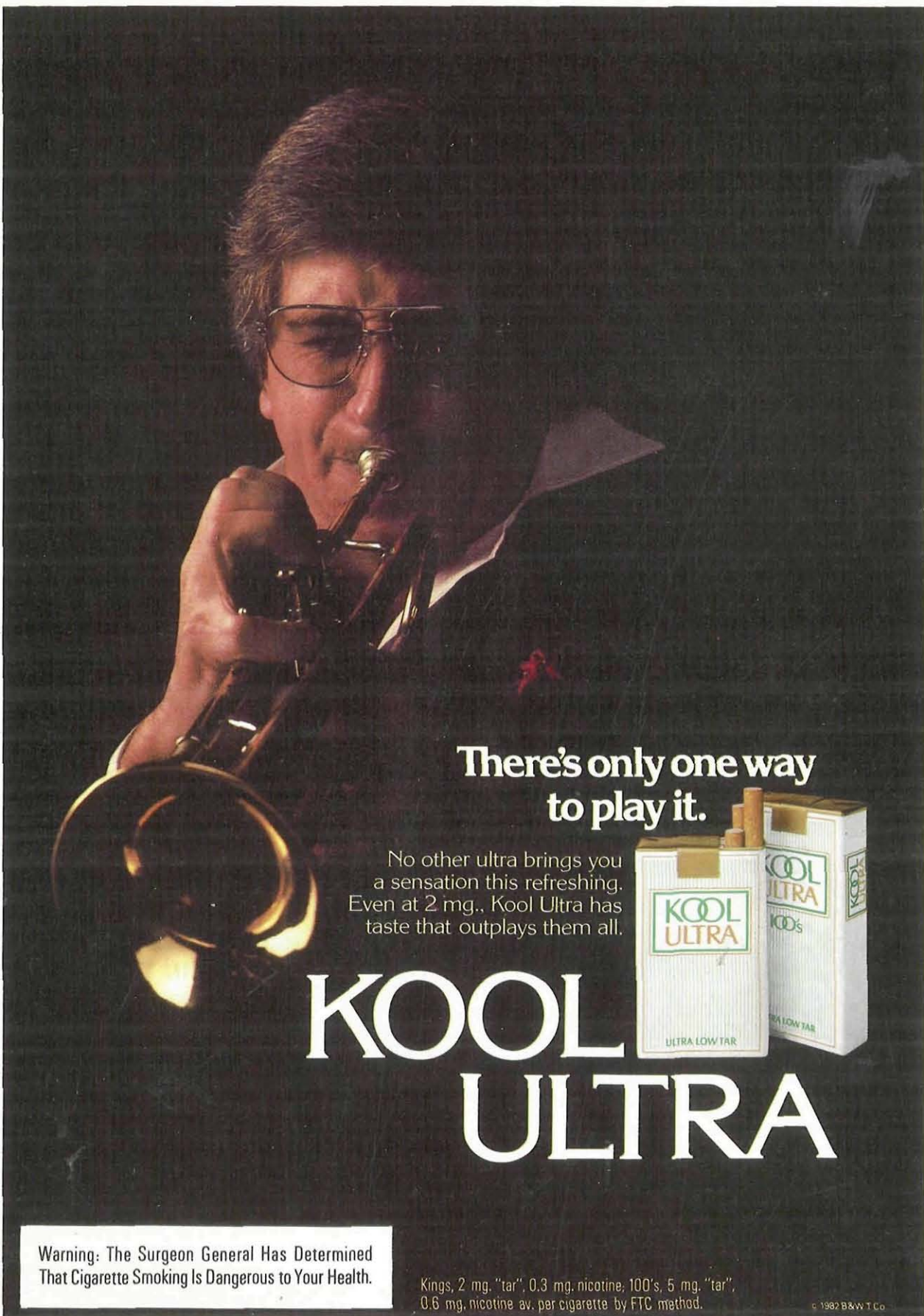
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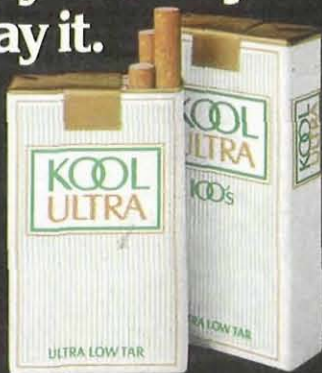
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shall certainly never meet Billy's wise-cracking girl friend, Beverly; his Mormon best friend, Owen; Owen's kleptomaniac Brazilian wife, Fafa; her likable redheaded physicist friend, Sue; or Sue's raffish dog, Mr. Biscuit. The implications of this line of speculation are staggering, for they point to an entire universe destined never to exist. The deeds of the inhabitants of this universe—what stories they may cover, either for the *Trib* or another paper; what pre-, intra-, inter-, and extra-marital affairs they may enjoy; what generations of characters might descend from them—are all nullified before any of it can exist.

It is, admittedly, difficult to grasp this elusive subject. After all, the existence of these men, women, and dogs is entirely theoretical, and any of the usual questions we are accustomed to posing about the living have no real validity when asked about the potentially living. To inquire of such a character, as any television executive might, "Do we care about this person? I mean, why do we want to tune in and see him every week?" is to come face to face with the unavoidable necessity of replying, "I don't know. He or she doesn't exist yet." The discussion must need then founder on a host of imponderables. "What do you mean, he doesn't exist?" the execu-

tive might understandably challenge, and then follow with the entirely relevant observation "I'm supposed to make a series about a guy who doesn't exist?"

"He exists in theory," we might respond, inwardly quailing at the unsatisfactoriness of the answer. "He exists in the realm of potentiality."

"In the what?" the executive might wonder. Then, "Steve," he might direct to a person from an independent production company who had accompanied us to the interview, and with whom, we had been assured, he had a "good working relationship," "what is this, some kind of 'Twilight Zone' thing? Fantasy? Fantasy's dead. Forget fantasy. 'Mr. Merlin,' 'Greatest American Hero,' they're dead. 'Mork,' you see the numbers on 'Mork'? Unbelievable!"

We might then attempt to broaden our explanation. "These characters can only exist as outgrowths of the 'Lou Grant' concept—"

"What," he might dismiss us with, "spin-offs? What are you talking about? You can't do 'Lou Grant' spin-offs. You don't own 'Lou Grant.' Steve, what are you doing to me here? I need this? What is this, a series about a newspaper on the moon, with guys that don't exist? I'm not busy enough? If you have a group of characters, if you have a story and a

situation, fine. But if you want to take 'Lou Grant' characters—which is MTM, not you—if you want to take Lou Grant and put him in 'The Twilight Zone,' then I'm sorry, I can't help you." He might then usher us to the door, saying, "Besides, I'll tell you quite frankly, right now we're not buying. We're clearing the shelves. But, look, if you have any more ideas, I'd love to talk about them, if you want my input."

The ethical ramifications of this second cancellation are profound. Traditionally, the act of denying existence itself to millions of unborn, unwritten, unrehearsed, unfilmed characters has been justified by the argument "That's show biz!" And, certainly, prior to the creation of television, that *was* show biz. But television is not merely a more refined version of traditional entertainment forms. So powerful are its effects, so voracious its appetite for programs (or so one is repeatedly informed), that the results of its activities exceed by a thousandfold those of previous entertainment media such as movies and theater. A stage play repeats itself, night after night, until it closes. No new situations or characters are created; it is a closed system. But a television series simulates life. Indeed, in the case of a truly excellent series, such as "Lou Grant," it *is* life. I shall go even further: it is better than life. It is more important than life, for life is so often dull, and tedious, and expensive, and dangerous, whereas television is in color, and safe, and free. What, if not watch "Lou Grant" on Monday nights, is one to do? Watch National Football League games on the American Broadcasting Company network? For some, who enjoy football, it is an acceptable alternative. But for those who do not, the cancellation of "Lou Grant" and the second cancellation of its possible subsequent spin-offs, is a tragedy of inconceivable dimension.

III. The People's Choice

OUR HELPLESSNESS AS regards the programming on television is well known and universally acknowledged. The television industry pays little better than lip service to its supposed intention to "serve the needs of the viewing public," and more often simply pays slavish obedience to the dictates of the ratings. But, since no one whom one has ever met actually takes part in the ratings, and since no one has done so oneself, it remains to be proven whether the ratings actually measure

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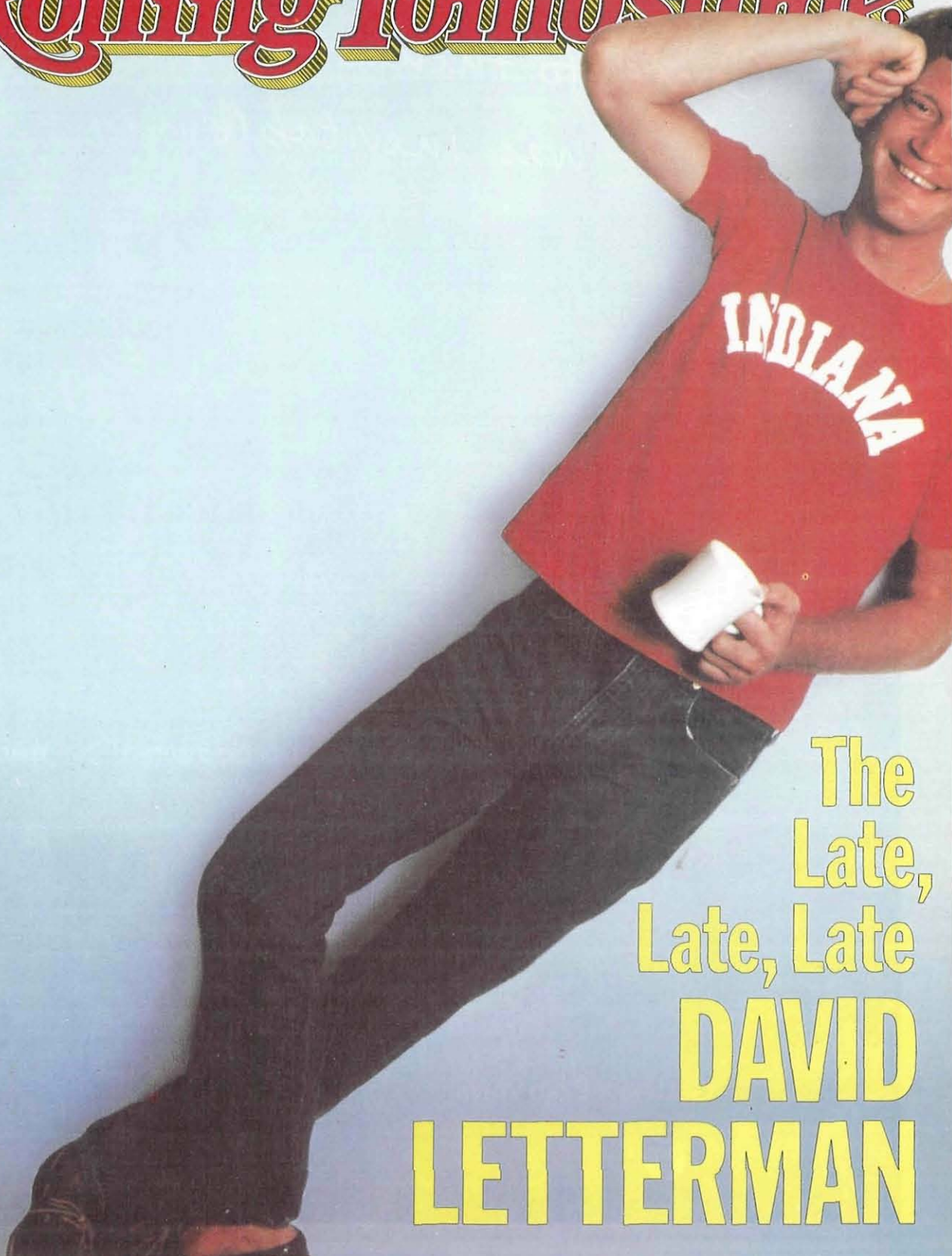


"I'll be frank with you, Charlene. I've used my body to get what I wanted."

Rock Deaths · Celebrity Fatalities · Obscure Sideman Obits

ISSUE NO. 939 · NOVEMBER 1982 · \$1.50 · EAST HAMPTON \$3.00

Rolling Tombstone



The
Late,
Late, Late
**DAVID
LETTERMAN**



Come to think of it,
it was inevitable...

Paul Double Insertion Yoko

Contains
the hit single
"Getting It Both Ways"



from Dakota Records and Tapes

Letterman

AS DAVID'S AGENT AND dear, dear personal friend, I want to say that, first of all, he didn't do drugs. Comedy was his drug, okay? Can we let that one go? And, second— Just a minute, I have to take this call. (Okay. Sure. Sure. We'll talk about it at lunch tomorrow. 'Bye.) Anyway, like I was saying, third, I want to mention that thanks to the adoration of his trillions of fans, David lives on, and by that I mean continues to make money. His career has really taken off since his death. Like the song says, he's looked at life from both sides now, and it's really enriched his material. David is a much warmer, funnier person now. In fact, now that he's so-called dead, NBC wants to move him out of late night into prime time. Look, plenty of great stars have brushed with death. Look what it did for Pryor. David took it a critical step further and it made all the difference in the world. How're you going to top an act like his? Wait a sec, I have to take this call. (What? Are you kidding? Hold on.) Listen, I'll get back to you...

MAX ORANGE, AGENT
Beverly Hills, California

I USED TO READ THE Stone back in the sixties when it really meant something, man. When it was meaningful. When you could relate to it. I mean, when it was about the movement and rock 'n' roll, man. When you could still get really good fucking acid for seventy-five cents a tab. So, now, everything is kind of a facade today, man. And your fucking magazine is like the facade behind the facade. The essence of it, man, which is the same thing, eventually, at the end as at the fucking beginning, which is what is so incredible about it in the first place, when you see the whole thing sort of glittering in front of you, man—that's the idea, anyway—well, it's just that why does everyfuckingbody in the pictures in your magazine have alligators on their shirts? I could get into it if you had a real live alligator, man, on the cover, wearing a shirt with a person on it. But no. Everybody in your rag is on a preppy trip, or a Hollywood-mogul trip, or a big glamour trip. Some kind

of rich trip, man. What I'm saying is that I myself never wore designer jeans, not even the kind with a scosche more room in the seat. And so what I'm saying is who the fuck is David Letterman? I never saw him at a disarmament march. He doesn't tour with any band. Johnny Carson is more "right on" than this dude, man. This Letter guy is not one of the people, man. He doesn't smoke dope, he doesn't say "fuck," man. He's just another suit, just some straight motherfucker trying to act mellow, man. So what is it with you guys that you don't write about us anymore, man? About the people? We die too.

ROY TRON
Mendocino, California

AS THE ONLY GUEST without a penis ever to appear on the "Late Night with David Letterman" program, I would like to commend you for your noble portrait of this great man. However, I would like to point out a side of David that you overlooked. In addition to being a successful sedative and sexual surrogate for thousands of impotent, frigid, or poorly endowed men and women who watch television instead of having sex (out of their own misplaced sexual identities), David had a talent for bold sexual experimentation that made him an enormously important contributor to the field of sexology. Many people do not realize that this great comic genius was single-handedly responsible for the renaissance of the missionary position in the United States. I have already recommended to my colleagues that this position be renamed the "Letterman position," in recognition of David's personal and longstanding War on Adventure.

DR. RUTH WESTHEIMER,
SEXOLOGIST
New York City

AS EVERYBODY KNOWS, there was much more to David Letterman than anyone knew. I don't just mean the anonymous support he always gave to petitions for good causes, or his reading aloud to the deaf, or stuff like that, but the little, personal things. For instance, if there was this really plain girl he met who had, like, a lousy self-image or something, David was the kind of

guy who'd just call her in the middle of the night and lay some heavy breathing on her, to make her feel wanted for once in her life. And, no matter how big a star he got to be, he was never too stuck up or "busy" to remember people, and say thanks a lot, like to Freddie Silverman, or whomever. That's why we loved him so.

HIS WRITERS
Rockefeller Center, New York

in yr. back pages are these poems i guess you call 'em kinda haiku flashes insights invariably by women & i was wonderin' are they solicited do you actually pay cash money for 'em or is what we have here an example of free verse?

archie
nyc

I WAS THINKING THE other day (or was it night? I forget) that, like, I mean, hey, since the *National Enquirer* paid me \$5,000 to say I killed one great comic genius, then I could say I, like, killed a lot of other comic geniuses, too. I mean, take David Letterman, for example. My closest friends, like Mick Jagger and Robin Williams, say that your magazine pays good bucks—a lot more than \$15,000 for a big story like that. So, I mean, hey! I was in the Akron, Ohio, Travelodge when David OD'd on No Doz. I could give you a story that would knock your dick in the dirt. And I was also in the condo in Santa Monica when Bill Holden kicked off. And, like, remember Robert and Natalie's yacht off Catalina? When she drowned? I was on deck the whole time. Oh, yeah,

and when Hugh Beaumont bit the big one, well...I was in L.A. then. I know a lot of dead people. I mean, hey! *Rolling Tombstone* really needs people like me. So whaddya say?

CATHY EVELYN
"SILVERBAGS" SMITH
Hollywood, California

ON BEHALF OF MY countrymen, I would like to lodge a protest against your magazine for publishing an article which defames my country. I refer to the article about someone named David Letterman [RTS #939] in which you state that he died because of an overdose of No Doz. While you may find leveling insinuations at Latin American nations amusing, I can assure you that we find such insensitive satire as amusing as saying that Eva Peron died as a result of an overdose of Washington, D.C.

QUAPHINE D'EGSATRIMO,
MAYOR
Nodoz, Argentina

I STRONGLY OBJECT TO the implication in your piece on David Letterman [RTS #939] that no women were ever asked to be on the program. Not true! As a frequent guest on Dave's show who also happens to be a woman, I wish that your writers had done a bit more research on this great comic genius before they made such a grievous error.

GEORGE C. SCOTT
Los Angeles, California

We find it interesting that Mr. Scott reveals himself in such a manner, and at this time of the month, as we go to press. As of this writing, we stand by our story.—Ed.

GEORGE C. replies: I stand by my man.

No way.—Ed.

GEORGE C. replies: No way.

Stop-Press Obit

AS WE GO TO PRESS WE HAVE LEARNED, WITH shock and dismay, of the deaths of Lenny Bruce, Ralph J. Gleason, Warren G. Harding, General Ulysses S. Grant, and the entire population of Pompeii. You won't want to miss our next special, all-obit collector's edition, in which we interview everybody who might have known anybody who ever died about what they were like, really, and what it all means in the long run, where, in the words of the late John Maynard Keynes, we will all be dead!

David Letterman

A Comedy Genius Is Remembered by Friends, Lovers, Acquaintances, Public-Relations People, Guest Stars, and Other Hangers-on

F

irst Janis. Then Jimi. Then Elvis. Then Natalie. Then Bill. Then John. Then Rainer Werner. Now add the name David Letterman. David died suddenly and tragically last month at the age of thirty-five—too old to have died young, but not too old to not have died at all.

We at Rolling Tombstone mourn the loss of David and ask ourselves along with the rest of America how this captain of merriment could soar so uncontrollably toward the red hot sun of success and plunge in midflight, like a comet, kind of, or perhaps more like the aborted fetus of an eagle cruising high above the plains of ordinary prime-time network fare into the truly deep space of late-night television. How, we ask ourselves, or, more pertinently, why, did this beloved genius succumb to the turbulence of life in the fast lane? (Also: where, when, and who?)

We at Rolling Tombstone deplore the by now ritualistic, sensationalistic coverage that surrounds celebrity dust-biting. As journalists we denounce the smirks and skepticism that attend the term "natural causes." Barely does the phrase trip off a coroner's tongue before media vultures pummel the corpse of the celebrated deceased, strangling his reputation with his own fetid intestines. Molecule by molecule the vultures tore into, first, beloved Janis. Then Jimi. Then Elvis. Then Jim. Then Judy. Then Natalie. Then Bill. Then John. Then Rainer Werner. Now David. They have analyzed over and over again the lurid anatomical details yet have ignored the true legacy of these unbounded spirits... Like Janis. Jimi. Elvis. Jim. Judy. Harry. Jim. Rainer Werner. Romy. Now...beloved David.

Therefore, we deplore such questionable reportage as the following: [New York Post 10/5/82] "David Letterman's nude, mole-ridden, unshaven body was found today in an Akron, Ohio, Travelodge facedown on a shag carpet, his fingernails still growing, nose hairs unclipped, hairy legs and unwashed feet still below his waist; he was nude, cold, dead, with a slightly bluish tint, his lips pulled back over the teeth as though in his final agonizing death throes. Drug paraphernalia littered the bed, whose Magic Fingers were still pulsating, echoing Letterman's death rattle."

We are disgusted by such unconscionable tabloid tactics as those epitomized by this report: [National Enquirer 10/7/82] "Coroner Gucci revealed today the results of the autopsy examination on the body of the late, late, late-night host. The following was found in Mr. Letterman's body: water, magnesium, urine, adrenaline, nitrites, Tylenol, Quaker State 40-weight motor oil, tan and brown fur balls, Tidy Bowl cleaner, Johnson's Baby Shampoo, chocolate Ring Dings with their plastic coverings, K-Y jelly, distilled milk toast with a high percentage of croutons, predigested tied flies, fish emulsion, a 1937 Indian-head penny in mint condition, and an extraordinarily high level—some six hundred times the amount considered safe for teenagers—of No Doz."

It is our hope to find the story behind the story behind the death behind the life of David Letterman. What follows are remembrances of David by his friends, his family, his colleagues, those he made fun with, and of, those who know in their heart of hearts that their beloved David is somewhere in the heavens, laughing at them and not with them.





The props of life—on the set of death. An Annie kinda photo. What more need we say?

General Dozier

It was the seventh day of my captivity by the Red Brigade. They had been playing the Blondie album over and over again at 1,000 decibels in the headphones taped to my ears for the past seven hours and I was just getting into it. Chris Stein really is a genius. Suddenly I remembered something Al Haig had said to me. Al had always been a fan of Blondie, even in the early *Plastic Letters* days, before they went MOR. Anyway, Al had told me at one of the first top-secret NATO meetings concerned with the feasibility of locating clusters of multiwarhead missiles in superhardened silos right smack dab in the middle of the Vatican... Ooops, I wasn't supposed to tell anyone that! Now, what was I talking about? Oh, yeah,

superhardened... Boy, was I superhardened when I was in captivity. All those hot Italian commie girls with armpit hair, sticking their tits in my face...they didn't even bother to wear a bra! There's nothing like being tied up and slapped around a little. It's done wonders for my sex life. Anyway, I wanted to tell you about that NATO meeting with Al, where he revealed to those German generals that the good ole USA has even trained a few nukes on European capitals just in case the commies get that far... Ooops! I did it again! Anyway, you should have seen the face on this one German guy. Al said it reminded him of an early Blondie concert, when they were into punk and they used to play small clubs like CBGB's. Al said he saw Debbie when she was really horsing down the 'ludes. He said she passed out onstage. Al said that Debbie on 'ludes and smack, curled in

a heap on the floor, was as exciting as David Letterman on nothing at all! You think of funny things under stress.

Hal Shrimpton

I guess you could say that cutting David's hair is the greatest thing I've ever done. I was a sheep shearer on my dad's farm in Muncie, Indiana. Boy, I sure love sheep. I used to cut guys' hair in the dorm at Ball State University and trim a few poodles at the Poodle Parlor just for a few extra bucks. Well, heck, I guess you could say David discovered me. He sure loved us little people. Yeah, sometimes he made fun of us, like when he made an idiot on TV of that Chinese restaurant owner in New York City because he had a signed picture of

Alan Alda and he didn't even know who Alan Alda was! (Hey, who is Alan Alda anyway?) It sure was funny the way that Chinese guy spoke English—you know, he said "lice" instead of "rice"! What I'm trying to say is that if David didn't make fun of us little people, then who would notice us at all? And deep down inside, well, heck, I just know he really cared.

Merrill Markoe

David loved the first show, the morning show. He really was a morning person. We were always in bed by ten and up by six to feed the



Li'l David was small, but, oh, my!

hogs. As head writer and girl friend, I learned to love David's hours. Some kids, you know, have imaginary friends. David, well, since the age of six, he had an imaginary herd of swine. He had names for all of them too. I didn't mind. I knew it was part of his comic genius. That's partly how he developed his extraordinary rapport with audiences: he treated them just like that herd.

Claus von Bülow

Jann Wenner and I were at Halston's place in the Hamptons just before David Letterman died of natural causes in a non-drug-related incident. David had just agreed to let me be on his show. His death is a great personal loss to me, because those fellows at the William Morris Agency said my being on the show would have done wonders for my appeal. They said David's brilliant comedic technique of humiliating or ignoring his guests would have made a lot of people feel sorry for me.

Johnny Carson

David and I were at a county fair somewhere between Nebraska and Indiana. David was just tossing off one brilliant comedy routine after another. He always liked to try out new material on midwestern hogs. He mentioned this one great bit he had planned for his late-night show where he would floss his teeth in extreme close-up for sixty minutes. Great stuff. The guy *was* comedy. The pigs loved it. As far as they were concerned, I guess, he was one of them.

Hal Shrimpton

When David got big and started appearing on the "Tonight" show with Johnny, he signed me to a lifetime contract. Golly, was I thrilled. How many ignorant sheep shearers do you know who get to go to Hollywood? I'm responsible for giving him that all-important "just cut" look. It wasn't easy to bring out those ears, but I used a little trick I learned from my daddy. I'd stick a dab of chewed tobacco just behind the ear; once it dried, even those hot television lights wouldn't budge it. You just have to watch out for the yellow stains it makes on his suit. David said he had to play up the bumpkin image, otherwise they'd realize what a sophisticated, intelligent guy he really was.

But I always did more for David than just give him that awkward, embarrassed, "I just paid fifty cents for this hair butchering" look. A lot of guys can cut hair with a bowl. No, I was responsible for the secret to his comedy. See, I always left a few freshly cut hairs on his suit and especially in his shirt collar. It always made David uncomfortable. It kept him from being too suave and relaxed and it gave his comedy that crucial edge. That's what made him such a comic genius!

Barry Sand

People close to Dave knew that he had a lot of trouble staying awake past ten at night. That's why he liked being on the air in the morning. But when NBC switched him to late night, as his producer I knew we were going to have trouble keeping this brilliant wit up and alert until 1:30 in the morning. It's kind of ironic, I guess—I mean, here's this late-night comic genius trapped in a suburban commuter's bio-rhythm. Most of the writers and crew are heavily into No Doz. You know writers. But David wouldn't even drink coffee, because he said it was "too exciting." So he stuck to his Ovaltine, and, really, the guy was nodding off

halfway through the show. It was clear that all we needed to do was find time during the show when David could nap. The best times seemed to be during the interviews. You know how vain celebrities are—they just want to talk about themselves. They never noticed that he was asleep. The interviews were the perfect time for David to catch a few winks, so he could be refreshed for the commercials and for his extraordinary prop gags. I mean, if a celebrity wants a hyped-up meth personality who interrupts all the time, let 'im get Tom Snyder.

Divine

Well, dear, I was asked to be on David's show (he was such a comic genius!) because the press had criticized him for not having any women on the show. Well, you know, I had heard all those horrid rumors, you know, that the reason they didn't have any women on the show was because of David's girl friend, Merrill, who was the head writer (by the way, I love that Darth Vader hairstyle she has; I understand that her hairstylist also does Stan's and Bob's hair). One wag said that Merrill had turned down Christie Brinkley, even though she begged to be on. Well, I don't blame her. I'd certainly turn her down myself. Well, honey, I want to say for the record that all those stories are nasty and cheap; David's girl friend treated me like a real woman. And, you know how people talk about David? How he's afraid of women and has trouble talking to them? Well! It's simply not so. He was wonderful with me. I never felt so feminine as when I was with David Letterman!

Brandon Tartikoff

David had a strictly forty-share personality. I knew it the moment he entered my office. Most talk-show hosts actually have to be on television to earn a salary. Not David. He's a comic genius. Early in 1981, we paid him \$25,000 a week regardless of whether he appeared on the



Graduation Day for the cream of the Kansas crop.

air or not. We only pay that kind of money to a few of the comedy greats, like Jean Doumanian, for example. In fact, it was one of the shrewdest programming decisions of the season; we simply paid David and kept him off the air for eight months. This is the kind of programming decision that has made me and NBC great!

I'll tell you one thing; during that time, David turned out some of his funniest television material. I mean, he's no Jean Doumanian, but the guy had us in stitches. Classics! All classics! Too bad only us programming execs on the fourth floor of Rockefeller Center saw it. I mean, few people realize that David Letterman was actually an adept physical comedian; I'd rate him up there with Chaplin and, well, Jean Doumanian. The late-night show never really showed the warmth, humanity, and spontaneity of this great comic personality. People don't realize that David could even be funny and nice! Really!

Paul Shaffer

Wow! It's a kick! I love you! David, I think you're fab! I can't believe I've got a job.

Tom Snyder

David Letterman! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! They thought he could do better in my time slot by making fun of stupid dry cleaners, Middle American hicks, and Chinese restaurateurs than I did humiliating transvestites, drug addicts, and Charlie Manson! Boy, they sure cooked a goose with that one, ha, ha, ha, ha! The affiliates are still dropping like flies, ha, ha, ha, ha! Extravaganza? Hell, if you don't mind my using that word here, and I guess I'll use it anyway...no! The "Tomorrow" show would have worked if they had let me and Nancy Friday have our way with each other, ha, ha, ha, heh, heh, heh...Besides, Nancy's haircut was better! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Francis Ford Coppola

As a *nateur* I enjoy appearing on television, even though the resolution is not as high as in film and the framing varies from monitor to monitor and they won't let me control the color and pedestal. People tend to tune their sets too red and my complexion isn't that good in red, but I've been talking with these Japanese investors about a new wide one-inch system that will revolutionize the industry. It costs a lot of money and it combines the excitement of video games, the epic grandeur of Kubrick's early work, and the importance of American life, especially *Italian-Americans*, and naturally it's filled with compassion and heart and Teri Garr. It's certain to make more money in the long run than anything Spielberg and Lucas are doing now, which is basically adolescent kids stuff, and besides we have fee-veerights plus foreign pay-vee and pay-per-view rights with a wide range of foreign investors. If anybody wants to be an investor, I'm selling coupons on the David Letterman show the next time I'm on and I'll explain in detail with storyboards and...What do you mean, he's dead?

Diane von Furstenberg

I was at Diana Vreeland's house in the Hamptons; we had just come from Jann Wenner's party for Caroline Kennedy. I think Jann's fondness for her proves that he really understands the youth movement in this country. He even let Caroline do the photos for the big Sunny von Bülow interview in the *Rolling Tombstone* Christmas special. Caroline looked terrible, though. Too bad she doesn't have her mother's figure or tolerance for drugs. And her hair looks like, well, like David Letterman's, if you want to know the truth.

Merrill Markoe

David had a great idea in one of our meetings. It's really a tribute to his understanding of conceptual comedy. He wanted to book the March of Dimes mascot—the little girl in the wheelchair, you know?—and have the whole "Late Night" audience laugh and make fun of her. You can get away with that kind of thing on late-night TV.

Grant Tinker

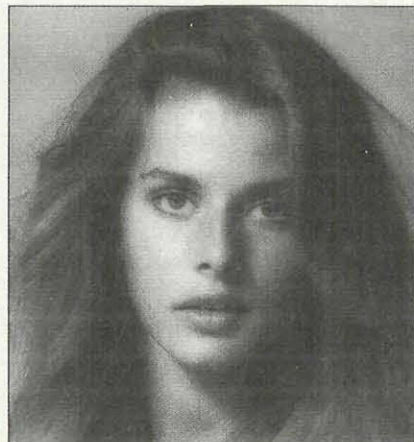
David and I were in the NBC commissary humiliating waitresses one evening. He got such a kick out of it. It really helped him stay awake. We were talking about interview styles. He always had his imaginary herd of swine with him by that time. I realized how incredibly committed this nouveau comic genius was to the future of American television. I mean, he was *deeply* concerned about the fact that he was so much more interesting than the guests they booked on his show. He and I wound up staying up real late that night—almost till 11:30—and we came up with a way to improve the show. We were just about to put the new improvements into effect when David died of natural causes. Starting this month every show would have had a different host. It didn't matter who it was, because the guest *star* of every show would have been David. Different celebrities would all have interviewed David, and he would have been spared the agony of talking about someone besides himself. It's tragic that this sensitive, innovative genius is no longer with us. He was so brilliant that, well, I was almost going to compare him to Jean Doumanian. We at NBC do expect to keep paying David \$25,000 a week. Why kick a guy when he's down?

Hal Shrimpton

I was more than his barber. I was his friend. There were lots of those nights when David was having trouble staying awake (he never fell asleep during my haircuts 'cause I used to tell him jokes, a lot of which he even used on his show!). In Indiana we usually went to bed around ten. The only really exciting thing about Ball State was the name, so we would sit around and do a little No Doz. Not a lot, just a tab now and then to get a buzz. David would

never just get high. He just wasn't that kind of guy. I guess you would say he'd get "elevated" somewhat. I could tell, because he'd start razzing me about my mom being so sick and about how she was no better than the sheep I sheared on the farm—you know, that kind of stuff.

When we moved to New York, he'd call me up at five in the morning and tell me what a slob I was, how I was just an insignificant Middle American creep who was only worth ridiculing. Heck, I knew he had a few boxes of the "Doz." But I knew it was mostly because of the pres-



Even movie stars were shocked!

sure of earning \$25,000 or \$30,000 a week.

Of course there was that time he came over to the house and barfed on the Castro Convertible. While I got him some more No Doz, he'd rearrange all my records from loud to soft and then play the Strawberry Alarm Clock album over and over again real loud, especially "Incense and Peppermints." God, he loved that one. My mom was really sick at the time. She lived with me then. It sure was hard for her to sleep. But I know David didn't mean her any harm. Heck, he used to drag her to the studio in the middle of the night, dress her up as a bag lady, and ask her questions about where the best places were for bums to sleep in Grand Central Station. She was a riot, talking with a fever and everything. She'd do anything for David. He'd make it up to her by getting her a couple of free tickets to an Engelbert Humperdinck concert at the Hollywood Bowl. Too bad we lived in New York at the time.

Epilogue

We could go on and on. David Letterman's legacy is like the proverbial bottomless cup of (decaffeinated) coffee. Those media vultures who scrounge amid the discarded grounds rather than savor the brew while it lasts should be lined up end to end and stripped of their chops. We detest what they did to Janis, Jimi, Otis, Elvis, Judy, Jim, Jean, Natalie, Rainer Werner, Nat, and Romy. David Letterman means much more to us now that he is gone. Funny, isn't it? We at *Rolling Tombstone* will continue to write about this comic genius wherever he may be, for here was a man with a heart as big as the space between his teeth. □



Harris in concert: hold the flowers.

Raven-tressed songbird croaks

Emmylou Harris, featured in last month's Sympathy Notes when busted for loitering in front of a band, has checked into the Gram Parsons wing of Joshua Tree Memorial, complaining of "symptoms of death." Doctors report, however,

that Emmylou's hair and fingernails continue to grow, and that her singing is as gutsy and exciting as always. The Harris family has requested that in lieu of sending flowers, people go out and buy her records. Willie Nelson has been signed to play the funeral.

Beyond criticism

In the wake of Lester Bangs's sudden demise, a heavy toll was taken this month of other aging rock writers. First the body of Robert Christgau was found, decomposed more than usual, in his Greenwich Village loft. Coroner lists probable cause of death as "choking on a blunt object." Big turnout at the Christgau farewell, highlighted by Christgau's appearance in a three-star casket. Fellow critic cum screenwriter cum groupie Cameron Crowe hopped into the coffin for a final few minutes alone with Bob. "It was neat," said little Cam.

Within days, the rock world was further shocked to hear news of the death of the pope of pop crit, Nik Cohn. Ironically, Nik expired upon actual completion of an article, his first-person account of his own death, which was

penned for simultaneous publication in *New York*, *Vogue*, and *Tiger Beat* magazines, and for the Stigwood organization. A crowd estimated to be "in the thousands" attended the obsequies; it was made up, for the most part, of editors to whom Nik the Quick owed pieces, and his many, many putative heirs. According to superagent Sue Mengers (unable to attend the services in person, due to the narrow doors), Cohn's death "has left dozens of movie deals in limbo."

NEEDLE DROPS

Fire still out

A guy walked into L.A.'s Tower Records last month claiming to be Jim Morrison. Had everybody fooled, until Doors drummer Robby Krieger, spotted scarfing a taco across the Strip, came over to make a positive identification. "Not Jim," said Krieger. Oh, well...

Boss sounds

Bruce Springsteen has signed a megabucks pact to die soon, young and tragically. John Hammond, who *hondled* the contract for Arista, explains, "He came into my offices coughing and wheezing and moaning. I'd never heard anything like it. We rushed right over to Folk City, where some of the greatest acts have died, and Bruce showed me what he could do. I said, 'Do it for me. Please.'"

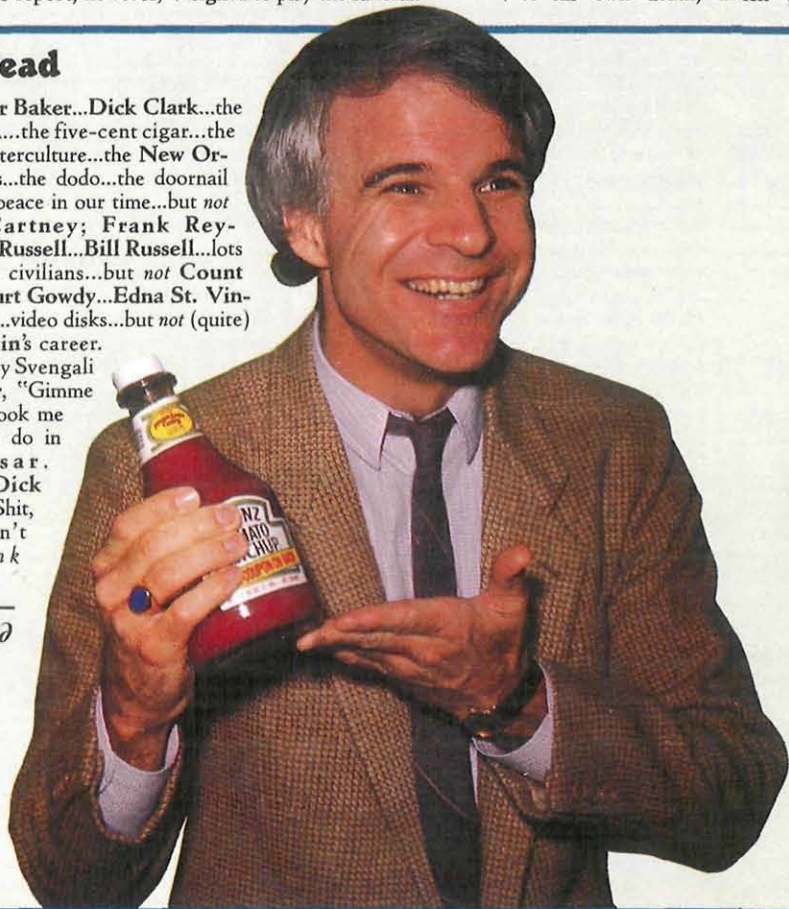
Devil of a deal

Don "Mephisto" Kirshner, acting through the intercession of "very close, very personal friends in hell," has signed the following acts to complete afterlifetime contracts: Mickey Rooney, Leif Garrett, Rick Springfield, Merv Griffin, the entire cast of "Flamingo Road," and Cher. "We would have signed Bob Seger, too," says Demoniac Don, "but after weeks of research, we concluded he didn't have any soul."

Still dead

Ginger Baker...Dick Clark...the ERA...the five-cent cigar...the counterculture...the New Orleans Saints...the dodo...the doornail...the duck...peace in our time...but *not* Paul McCartney; Frank Reynolds...Ken Russell...Bill Russell...lots of Lebanese civilians...but *not* Count Dracula; Curt Gowdy...Edna St. Vincent Millay...video disks...but *not* (quite) Steve Martin's career. (Says comedy Svengali Carl Reiner, "Gimme a break. It took me five years to do in Sid Caesar. Seven for Dick Van Dyke. Shit, Steve doesn't even *drink* yet.")

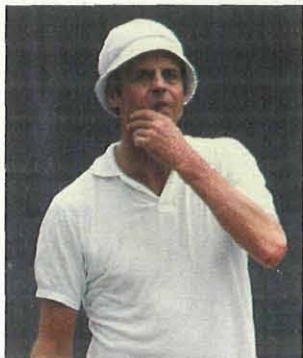
A mild and lazy guy: Steve not wearing plaid, and still not dead.



Paper money

Popular playboy, patrician publisher, and pitchman George Plimpton, whose exercise in patronizing necrophilia, *Edie*, is a hardcover blockbuster, has been sued for divorce by his unusually goofy socialite spouse, Freddy, who is claiming Plimpton's "obviously being dead" as her grounds. Shrieks Freddy to Elaine's insiders, "Compared to George, even Atari is pretty lifelike!"

Plimpton: playing dead?



His way

Everyone who ever cared, or who still cares, about the Sex Pistols was invited to the second-anniversary party to commemorate the deaths of those punk-rock icons Sid Vicious and Nancy Spungen. Thousands of sulking, crew-cut teenage girls, former roadies, beautiful people,

Did he know that Sex Pistol was loaded?

and other Pistols aficionados had been expected. Johnny Rotten celebrated the occasion by killing himself in the empty gymnasium.

Back from the dead: *Ray Davies, composer, vocalist, and leader of the legendary Kinks, has emerged from another bout of self-imposed obscurity to insist that, not only is he not dead, he intends to live for a very long time, due to the fact that he doesn't touch women.*



LAST WORDS

"Pudgy, once-popular pugilist Gerry Cooney, on his pudgy, once-popular pianist look-alike Billy Joel: 'We both love to go to funerals. I guess that's why we still live on Long Island.'"

—'PEOPLE' MAGAZINE

"The Grateful Dead, mostly still alive, recently assured their fans, 'We're working on it.'"

—SOMEONE WHO WAS ACTUALLY THERE

"Paul 'Climbin'' Simon, in studio (with Phil Ramone producing the new album, *Requiem for a Couple of Lightweights*), on why he has reunited with Art Garfunkel: 'Artie called me up and suggested playing one of our old rockin' album cuts at seventy-eight rpm. It sounded real pretty...like a dirge, you know? That's when I knew Artie still had it.'"

—A CLOSE PERSONAL FRIEND OF PHIL'S

Lou Grant

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64)

the preferences of real people, or, in fact, the ratings are themselves a television fiction, invented by the television industry for its own entertainment. (If this is in fact the case, there arises the provocative conundrum, Do the ratings themselves have ratings? This spiraling escalation of evaluation, evaluation of the evaluation, and so on, may account for the notorious insensitivity, vulgarity, stupidity, and self-deluding vanity of so many men and women who work in television. But, then again, it may not; the frequency with which television programs are based on or inspired by magazine articles is well known. Indeed, perhaps the present article could conceivably serve as the basis for a "white paper"-type program, or its author serve as the subject of a "60 Minutes" profile. Even the briefest consideration of these possibilities is sufficient to impel one to withdraw the speculation with which this parenthetical aside commenced, and to declare one's unstinting admiration for the entire television industry.)

Our feelings of helplessness may be

based on real helplessness, or not. Nevertheless, if we are to call a halt to the annihilation of Lou, Rossi, Charlie, et al., and if we are to restore to potential life their offspring, co-stars, and spin-offs, there are a number of difficult truths we must face. Moreover, we must face them immediately, for every day that "Lou Grant" remains canceled is another day during which the program "Cheryl Ellen Goldberg" ("She's a divorced mother of two...she's a public commissioner of waterworks...she's second-chair cello in the Boston Symphony...she's the only woman on a six-man blimp repair crew...and she's a cop!") may consolidate its hold on the Monday ten post meridiem "slot."

Our immediate response is to protest to the Columbia Broadcasting System. Yet this recourse can be only marginally effective. To the public, television exists to present programs for entertainment, while commercial messages are the necessary evil one must endure while viewing. To a network, however, the reverse is true: television exists to deliver an audience to sponsors and their commercial messages, and programs are the necessary evil. The more programs that network executives can cancel, the better satisfied they are. Indeed, it would not be inaccurate to suggest that such

executives would be happiest if they could cancel *all* programming altogether, and if their evening schedules featured nothing but commercial messages. Such an arrangement, however, would be suicidal to network television, since it would last only for the two or three years it would take for the public to realize what had happened.

Protesting to the network, therefore, may provide us, at best, with only a personal venting of frustration. A more effective strategy to save "Lou Grant" is, I think, for all of us to do all we can to create a good newspaper television series of our own, using as many of the characters from "Lou Grant" as possible. (I have an excellent concept. Why not team Asner's Lou Grant with Mary Tyler Moore's Mary Richards, from the old "Mary Tyler Moore Show" on which Lou was first created? Let the new series be about their daughter, who becomes the feisty but sweet career-girl news editor of a paper in Los Angeles: "Mary Lou Grant." I have written several scripts for such a program, and a friend of mine has told me that his agent may be interested in reading them.) The logistical and legal obstacles to such an enterprise are considerable; I leave them to those best qualified to deal with their manifold complexities. But we have reached the stage in civilization where we simply cannot afford to let the networks act on our behalf. If we wait for those in power to proceed according to our wishes, we shall condemn ourselves to an eternity without "Lou Grant."

Therefore I advance one other option open to us, but I do so more out of a desire for journalistic completeness than in any hope that it can be realized: we must abolish the networks altogether, and, with them, the ratings system. Then, and only then, will we have created a world of television programs responsive to our needs and desires. The networks see fit to call their meager offerings, season after season, a "choice." But as long as men and women named "Marty" and "Linda" control the medium of television, we have no choice. As long as a group of mythical strangers named "Nielsen" determine the ratings (as though, through some unexplained alchemy, only persons named "Nielsen" are qualified to judge which programs are good, and which bad) we have no choice. Only when both institutions are abolished—the networks, and the ratings—will we know true choice. Then, and only then, will we be able to guarantee to ourselves, and to future humanity, an uninterrupted procession of Monday nights of "Lou Grant" forever, until all the problems of this vexed and vexing world are dealt with by Lou, Billie, Rossi, et al., and, ultimately, solved. ■

The Joy of Secs.



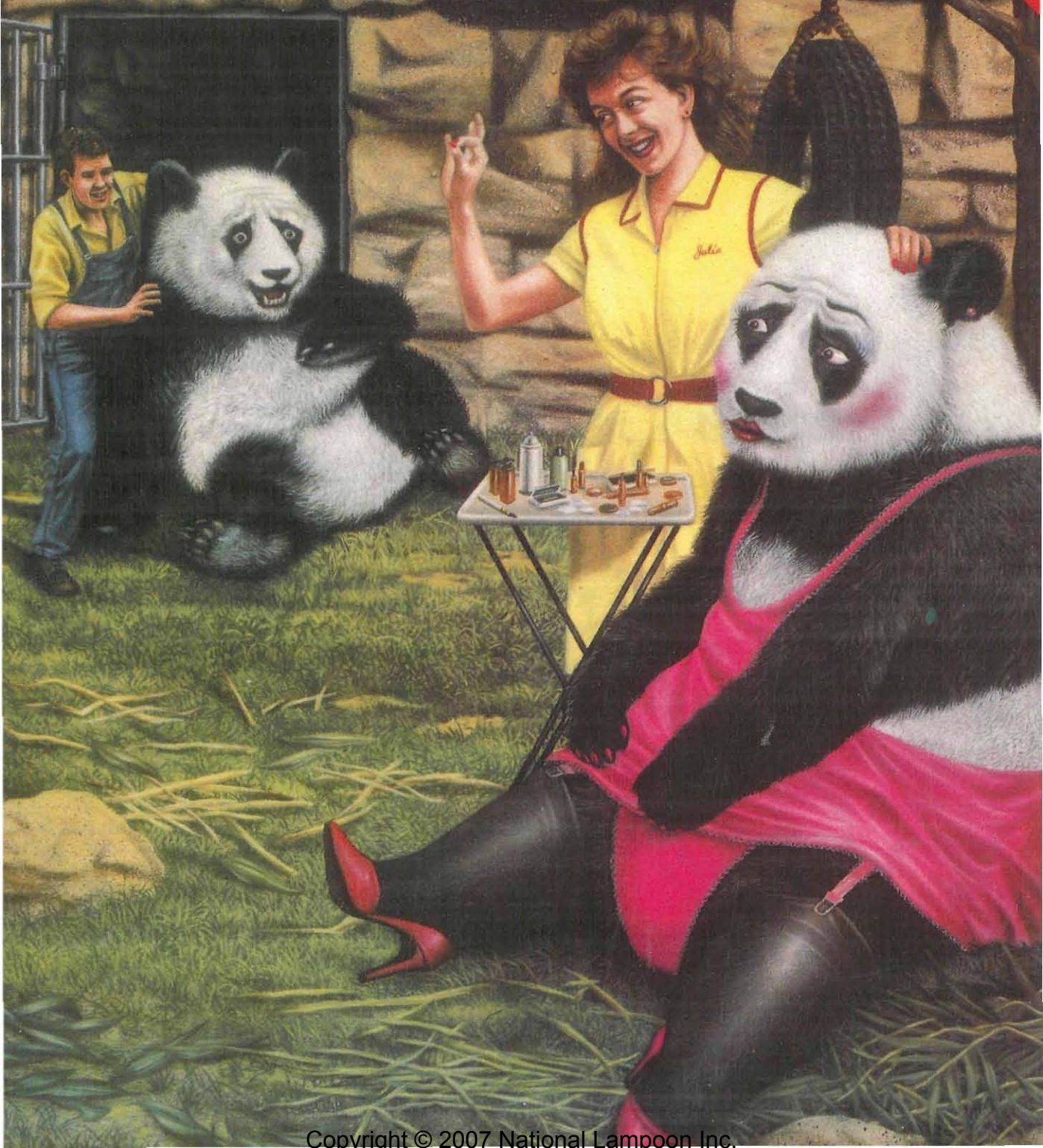
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"The American pandas were approaching the age of eight, and the remaining opportunities to produce cubs seemed dangerously few considering Hsing-Hsing's tendency to mount improperly and Ling-Ling's habit of falling over at just the wrong moment..."

—A Zoo for All Seasons, "The Smithsonian Animal World"

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Sun Also Sets

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16)
in the current under the linoleum surface of the fast stream. Nick cocked the reel. He held the rod in his right hand and let out some line. He brought the rod up behind his shoulder, and then swung the rod forward. The line cast out with the weight of the sinker. The spinner arced out as it flew down two aisles and bounced on the cold linoleum floor. The sound echoed across the store. This rod has a fine cast, Nick thought. He was certain he could catch big trout with this rod. But there would be no big trout in the aisle of a sporting goods store. There were plenty of good places to drop a line back on the river. But this was not the same.

Nick leaned back and began bringing in the line. The rod bobbed. The reel made a pleasant clicking noise. The line tightened, and Nick was taken by a familiar feeling. His head filled with excitement. Nick raised the tip of the rod and leaned back. The line tightened and the rod bowed. The line was taut. Nick could picture a huge trout solidly hooked at the end of the line. He could almost see the big fish pounding against the current.

Nick tugged hard. The line jerked, and a long storm of crashing sounds followed, heavy with echoing thunder. From where Nick stood he could see the rifles splash like timber into the shallow bed of the linoleum stream. Nick jumped back, raising the tip of the rod once more. He felt a heaviness. There was no mistaking the feeling. It felt heavy. Nick thought back to the river. At parts it narrowed to a stream and there were trees along both banks. It was almost impossible to cast with trees growing so close beside the river. It was too easy to get caught in the branches. Nick would usually drop his line so the current took it downstream. He looked into the shadows of the aisle before him. He had gotten hooked on one of the branches, all right.

Nick reeled in slowly. The handle turned smoothly. Nick could see the spinner skipping down the aisle toward him. It was getting closer with each turn of the bale. The spinner was nearing him. It was soon within reach. Nick held the rod straight up in the air. The spinner came flying toward him. It dangled from the rod. He leaned back against a shelf of canteens, looking down at his shoes, holding the rod to the floor, bouncing its length between his fingers. The shotguns lay in the shadows of the cool linoleum floor. The heaviness slowly went away. It left him slowly. After a while Nick no longer felt

so bad. The heavy feeling had slowly disappeared. Nick was all right now. He felt better.

Nick heard a fierce growl. His stomach was trying to tell him something. He was ready for dinner. Nick wanted something to eat. He was hungry. He went over to a shelf and found the plastic buckets. He picked one out. It was olive green. He held it by the handle and further down he found the shelf of preserved baits. He laid down his bucket and took a jar of salmon eggs from the shelf. He could see the pearly eggs through the glass of the jar. They were bottled. He put the jar in the bucket.

Holding the rod in his right hand and picking up the bucket with his left hand, Nick worked his way down the dark forest of the aisle. He passed the fishing tackle and the hatchets and the canoe paddles. He came to the rear of the store. It was near the back. He could see the clear water bubbling in the aquariums. Nick looked into the first tank. Several angelfish swam in place. The small electric filter pump hummed gently. Nick watched an angelfish push its face against the smooth glass of the tank. It swam in place just above the green and yellow pebbled bottom. There was some fauna. A plastic clam sat near the fauna on the right. The clam opened slowly and bubbles of air rose to the surface. The shell fell closed again.

Nick put the bucket down. It sat on the floor. He laid down his rod. He found the jar of salmon eggs in the bucket. He took it between both hands and struggled to unscrew the lid. It was sealed tightly. He knelt down and

rapped the jar against the hard floor to loosen the lid. He twisted the jar again and he felt the lid give way. He unscrewed the cap and found a jar full of salmon eggs. He reached into the jar and took out one egg. Nick fed the small hook into its soft shell. He spat on it for good luck. He left the open jar on the floor.

Nick swung the hook on which the salmon egg rested over the open tank and dropped the line in gently. He let the line run out through the reel. The sinker and the hook slowly sank. As Nick stepped back from the tank, he felt his shoe kick against something on the floor. There was a loud glass skid.

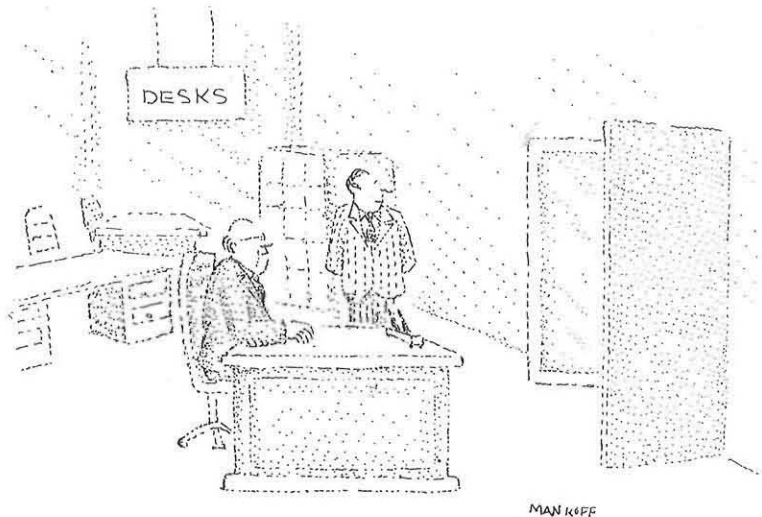
"Geezus," he said.

He had kicked over the jar of salmon eggs. The jar rolled on its side down the aisle. An oily puddle stretched across the floor. Pearly salmon eggs rolled every which way.

There was a tug on the line. Nick brought in the line and the rod bowed. He saw the angelfish through the glass of the aquarium jerking his head against the taut line. He reeled in slowly. The tip of the rod bent under the strain. He pulled the angelfish up from the water. The fish flopped in the air. It hung from the line. It was not a big fish. The angelfish was small compared to some of the trout Nick had caught on the river. He had caught big trout on the river. This angelfish was nowhere as big, but it was big enough. It would suffice.

Nick held the fish over the bucket. He unhooked him, and then dropped him into the bucket. Nick stood the pole against the tank. He picked up the bucket in his right hand. Nick had one

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 81)





Hurry Up: Clapton's Fading Away!

This is just about the last of the famous boxed sets. If you are toying around with the idea of ordering this set of 13 European pressed original Stereo LPs, stop thinking and order immediately and at once. Why? European record manufacturers are phasing out their beautiful collector's boxed sets. We've carried them all: Who, Hendrix, Cream. We told everybody over and over: Hurry-up, they will be sold out fast. And when we say sold out, we mean it: Who, Hendrix and Cream are gone forever and a day or two. When we found out that the **Eric Clapton Collection will be discontinued**, we moved in and grabbed the remaining stock at a walloping savings. But they too are quickly vanishing, and there will be NONE TO BE HAD, NEVER, EVER AGAIN! Believe us, the Eric Clapton Collection is a rare and already much sought-after item. We must be crazy to part from our stash at these hilarious prices. **General blurb:** All records are STEREO unless indicated otherwise. And as many of our things are available for the first time in the U.S.A., "not" prices are for comparison only, based on the suggested list prices of comparable items.



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one collector's box: Eric Clapton (After Midnight, Let It Rain etc.); Rainbow Concert (Roll It Over, Little Wing etc.); 461 Ocean Blvd. (I Shot The Sheriff etc.); There's One in Every Crowd (Swing Low, High etc.); E.C. was here (Have You Ever Loved A Woman etc.); No Reason To Cry (Black Summer Ram etc.); Slow Hand (Cocaine, Lay Down Sally etc.); Backless (Tulsa Time, Walk Out in the Rain etc.); Another Ticket (I Can't Stand It etc.); Just One Night (2 LPs, Wonderful Tonight etc.); History of Eric Clapton (2 LP, Crossroads, Layla etc.); Rolling Stone. "He might not be God, but he's not dead yet." (Well, they are working on it) RSO 2658148. Made in Germany by Deutsche Grammophon. Book Eng/Germ. ★★★★★★ 13 St. LPs not \$130 now only \$49.99 II#25178



Only at Blue Angel (really): The complete Prestige recordings of Miles Davis. After long and tough negotiations we finally sealed the deal: Nobody but Blue Angel gets his hands on the long-awaited, Made in Germany, complete collection of Miles Davis' famous recordings on the Prestige label. In one sleek collector's box and on 12 Stereo LPs you will get everything that ever named the names "Miles Davis" and "Prestige" together. All selections have previously been

issued in a variety of forms, including 78 rpm and 45 rpm singles, 45 rpm EPs, 10", 12" and "twofers" LPs. For the dedicated, there is an extensive discography with a host of master numbers, cross-references, even band-numbers. The dates and locations of the recordings are meticulously referenced. Miles Davis and Art Blakey, Ray Bryant, Paul Chambers, Al Cohn, John Coltrane, Red Garland, Mill Jackson, J.J. Johnson, Lee Konitz, Charles Mingus, Thelonius Monk, Charlie Parker, Oscar Pettiford, Max Roach, Sonny Rollins, Horace Silver, Zoot Sims and many more. Miles Davis: Chronicle, the complete Prestige Recordings 1951-1956. Prestige 0081.125. Md.I. Germany. Engl. documentation. ★★★★★★ 12 St. LPs not \$120 only \$69.99 II#28044

The Complete Bessie Smith. It was the most lavish re-issue of all times. CBS hunted down mint-condition Bessie Smith originals wherever they could be found and bought. The object: The complete collection of 160 surviving Bessie Smith recordings. (She laid down a total of 180; 20 are missing in action.) Columbia-President John Hammon insisted on the uniqueness of this operation which would never be repeated—even for Canuso. (It probably was too expensive.) Now, our German spy W.M. unveiled another treasure in the vaults of CBS Germany: the EUROPEAN PRESSING of this Bessie Smith Collection. We bought 'em all. And that's why you get the exceptional Bessie Smith collection with exceptional precision-quality at an exceptionally low price: Only \$59.99 for 10 LPs.

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The Legend of The Yardbirds. The Yardbirds, pollinated by Jeff Beck and Eric Clapton, was the germ cell for the Blues Breakers, Led Zeppelin, Cream, Derek & The Dominos and many more. This 3 album set records the Legend of the Yardbirds. Volume 1: Evil Hearted You. The Train Kept a-Rollin'. I Ain't Got You. What You Want. I Got to Hurry. Too Much Monkey Business. Steeled Blues. Volume 2: Shapes of Things. Still I'm Sad. New York City Blues. For Your Love. I'm a Man. Heart Full of Soul. I Ain't Done Wrong. I'm Not Talking. You're a Better Man Than I. Volume 3: Jeff's Blues. I Wish You Would. A Certain Girl. Sweet Music. My Girl Steopy She's So Respectable. I'm a Man. A Certain Girl Live. Smokestack Lightning. Here 'tis. Babylon F/80017-19. Made in Germany. ★★★★★★ 3 Stereo LPs only \$12.99 II#25155

The John Mayall Collection, reduced by \$20 John Mayall is famous for going through musicians like others go through underwear. So it's easy to lose track. But here is the definitive collection: 10 Original LPs of John Mayall & The Blues Breakers. In the Original Covers. Plus 2 albums wire & unreleased recordings. (1) John Mayall plays. (2) Bluesbreakers with Eric Clapton. (3) A Hard Road (4) Crusade. (5) The Blues Alone. (6) The Diary of a Band Vol. 1. (7) The Diary of a Band Vol. 2. (8) Bare Wires. (9) Blues from Laurel Canyon. (10) So Many Roads. (11) Rare Tracks, Vol. 1. (12) Rare Tracks, Vol. 2. Made in Germany by Telefunken/Decca (6.30122). ★★★★★★ 12 LPs not \$120 only \$89.99 Now reduced to \$69.99 II#24920



The Complete Beatles Collection, only \$99.99. This set of the 14 org. Beatles albums is truly our best selling item. Technical description of this definitive, heart-warming, hard-to-come-by collector's item: The complete Org. Beatles albums as released in EUROPE, orig. covers, orig. labels (Parlophone, Apple, EMI) Please Please Me With The Beatles, Hard Day's Night, Beatles For Sale, Help! Rubber Soul, Revolver Sgt. Pepper (incl. paper doll sheet), White Album (2LP incl. pix & poster), Yellow Submarine, Abbey Road Let It Be. Rare (rare & strange recordings). EMI Made in Germany or Holland, depending on what's available & in stock. Gold-embossed box. Stores charge at least \$130 for this set, if they can get hold of it! ★★★★★★ 14 LPs only \$99.99 II#23392

BOOKS
All About Synthesizers, String Machines & The Plugged In. Electronic Music by Andy Mackay is a very finely produced paperback history of the art from Luciano Berio to Frank Zappa. Technical discussion of the instruments and the music. Well illustrated, including biographical data of the electronic musicians, and a buzzword glossary (for the plugged-in). Over 120 pages, 7 x 10. Came out in 1981 for \$10.95, special Blue Angel price \$2.90 II#43124

Rare Books With Rare Disks. The Rock Generation includes 2 flexi-disks with rare interviews with John Lennon (Grooving on Love), Dan Fogelberg (Drunk with Parents), John McLaughlin (on Guru Sri Chinmoy) and Frank Zappa. The disks are truly collector's items. In *Their Own Words* is the last word on the music scene by the artists themselves and those around them. Plus another book with quotes and interviews. All three gotta getcha books for just \$7.50 II#43131

ROLLING STONE
ON THE ROLLING STONES. One magazine follows the Rolling Stones like no other: ROLLING STONE. It probably owed the total and sometimes relentless coverage of the British group to its name and to its similar career. From a bunch of hippies to a worldwide success. The stories of ROLLING STONE about the Rolling Stones are now collected in one book. It covers the time between the first interview with Mick Jagger ("Well, one always wants to have an affair with one's mother. It's a turn-on.") to the eve of the 1975 Tour of the Americas. Discography Limited stock for only \$1.95. #43115

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Eric Clapton: After Midnight. "After Midnight", "Layla" (7-10 version!), "Have You Ever Loved a Woman" etc. Karussell 2498038 S.2 Md.I. Germany. ★ 1 St. LP only \$5.99 II#25135

Spencer Davis Group, featuring Steve Winwood: Gimme Some Lovin'. "When a Man Loves a Woman", "I'm a Man", "Here Right Now" etc. ISLAND 85 897 ZT Md.I. Germany. ★ 1 St. LP only \$5.99 II#22802

Bob Marley: Greatest Hits. "Kaya", "African Herbsman", "Brain Washing", "Lively Up Yourself" etc. BABYLON B80015 Md.I. Germany. ★ 1 St. LP only \$5.99 II#24813

The King's Jewels: Rhythm & Blues Charbuster. At the turn of the Fifties, there was a forerunner label which bridged the Blues to Rock'n'Roll. On it, the Platters recorded their notorious "Only youuuuuuu" for the first time, Hank Ballard did his "The Twist", Lynn Hope recorded here her schmaltzy eye-irrigator "Tenderly". The name of the label was plainly "King." "King" was hot stuff. Today, only the inveterate initiate remembers that King was the first really successful black label, an archetype for later Motown or Atlantic. A long row of stars started on King: Otis Redding, Nina Simone, The Platters, Joe Tex, etc. Founder of King was Syd Nathan, a furniture dealer and songwriter. When he died, King was sold off to a conglomerate—and forgotten. Recently, die-hard European followers of the unforgettable King talked the holders of the rights into re-issuing the King's Jewels. And here it is: Old King Gold, Volume 1—Volume 10. 10 Stereo LPs with Rhythm and Blues Charbusters by Donnie Elbert, Hank Ballard & the Midnighters, Earl Bostic, Freddy King, Patti LaBelle & The Blue Belles, The 5 Royales, Little Esther Phillips, Johnny "Guitar" Watson, Albert King, Eddie "Cheadhead" Vinson, Little Willie John, Joe Tex, Otis Redding, Ivory Joe Hunter, The Platters, Trini Lopez, Boyd Bennett and many more. RAREBIDD 8036 Md.I. Germany. ★★★★★★ 10 St. LPs not \$100 only \$49.99 II#25562

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Blue Angel, Inc.
1738 Allied St.
Charlottesville, Va. 22901

Letters

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13)

Sirs:

Talk about your crazy sexual capers! Listen to this one: I was walking along Eighth Avenue, minding my own business, when this great-looking chick walks up to me and says, "Would you like a date?" No girl had ever asked me for a date before, so I said great. Now the really terrific part: I asked her if she wanted dinner or a movie, but she said that wouldn't be necessary. She invited me up to her place and without even saying anything she took off all her clothes. Then she said she wanted me to fuck her. I did and it was fantastic. She asked me for fifty dollars cab fare, which seemed okay because she lived way out in Patchogue or someplace and I don't have a car. I'm telling you, it was the best date I ever had.

Ronnie Littwin
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Sirs:

Look how happy Stevie Wonder is all the time, even though he's blind. This should be an inspiration to us. So let's all poke out our eyes and have a great time. Go on—you first.

Bobbie "Darin" Davis
Burlington, Vt.

Sirs:

I've just beaten my husband to death with a pork chop. I've still got the chop, so don't try to come after me. I've already got one murder on my hands, and another one more or less isn't going to make a difference.

Amanda Tubbs
Fremont, N.J.

Sirs:

I was in a Burger King recently and it occurred to me that they should have the Stations of the Cow on their walls, kind of like the Catholic Stations of the Cross, only of a cow about to die instead of Jesus. I figure there could be about eleven of them altogether, showing the cow getting off the truck, the cow getting pushed and jostled by other cows, the cow banging his head on the rails of the death ramp, the cow getting scared, the cow bumping into more cows, the cow being zapped with an electric prod, the cow's eyes getting real big, the cow's head being smashed, the cow dead, the cow hanging in a cooler, the cow being chopped up, and the cow as a Burger King burger. With the right kind of captions and verses under each of the stations, I bet Burger King would really go for this, especially if I could show them a letter saying

National Lampoon thinks it's a good idea. Could you give me a letter on your official stationery? Thanks.

Mike
In your lobby
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Have you ever noticed that no two showers are exactly alike? Wherever you go, when you step into a new shower, you have to spend twenty minutes figuring out how to use it. And when you do, the water comes out wrong, either scalding you or freezing you to death. What's this world coming to? It's outrageous.

The Preceding Has Been
A Few Seconds with Andy Rooney,
World's Most Popular Comedian

Sirs:

You know what else causes cancer? Thinking about what causes cancer.

The Researchers
Living on grants

Sirs:

I was just thinking about all those summers of growing up on Long Island, and I remembered Mr. Mahoney, our Good Humor man, who always made up little songs about the special of the week.

I used to think that he was the happiest guy in the world, but now that I'm older I realize what a miserable, pathetic wretch he must've been.

Joel H. Fenble
New York City

Sirs:

Yes, I'm a criminal. It seems to me like I've been a thief all my life. I'm not proud of it—it's just the way things are. What else can a man do in a world run by meatheads and clowns?

The Hamburglar
McDonaldland

Sirs:

Hey, guys, I was at the bar the other night and I start talking to this foxy nurse who works at the big mental hospital here. And after a few iced teas that I pour down her, she loosens up and tells me that she has a patient there who is the secret son of Desi Arnaz! That's right, the third kid of old Desi and Lucy, but he's retarded, see, so they keep him locked up all the time. And do you know what his name is? Ricky Retardo! Man, that chick was something else, you know, and I was ready to rap with her some more, but by the time I got back from the john she was yacking it up with some guys in suits.

Oswego Tom
Oswego, N.Y.

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1 Million Famous LCD Quartz Calendar Watches To Be Sold For Only \$5 Apiece In Mammoth Publicity Drive

*All who wish to apply for a watch
should write to the company before
Midnight, December 25, 1982*

NEW YORK—One million famous LCD Quartz calendar watches will be sold as part of a publicity campaign for only \$5 apiece to the first one million persons who apply in writing to the company before Midnight, December 25, 1982.

These are the same nationally publicized LCD Quartz watches advertised in The New York Times, TV Guide, Parade and other leading publications, with a built-in computer so powerful it never needs winding and which is accurate to within seconds per month. Time and date are displayed in full Quartz digital mode; and a unique "backlight" allows viewing even at night or in total darkness.

These famous LCD Quartz calendar watches will not be sold at this price by the company in any store. The only way to obtain one at this price is to apply in writing to the company address (below) not later than Midnight, December 25, 1982.

Each watch carries a full one-year money back guarantee and will be replaced by the company, free of charge, if it ever fails to function.

There is a limit of two (2) watches per address at this price, but requests which are mailed early enough (before December 17) are permitted to order up to 5 watches.

To apply for an LCD Quartz calendar watch, mail your name and address *and this original printed notice* together with \$5 for each watch desired. Add only \$2 shipping and handling no matter how many watches you are requesting. NOTE: Specify model and color choice for each watch as follows: Men's Gold (Item #20710A), Men's Silver (Item #20720B), Ladies' Gold (Item #20730C), Ladies' Silver (Item #20740D). Mail to: **Delucca, Goldrich & Lord, Ltd., Calendar Watch, Dept. 702-4, Box 1020, Westbury, N.Y. 11595. (D20700)**

Sun Also Sets

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77)

good fish. It was in the bucket. He could have caught another fish if he had wanted. But he did not want to. It was possible to catch more fish. Nick had decided against it, though. He was hungry. But one fish would be enough.

Nick moved down the aisle. He passed the glass counter. He went behind the counter and opened the glass doors and took out a pocket knife. It was not the same knife the two men had been looking over earlier. This one had all the attachments. It had four blades, a fork, a spoon, nail clippers, a bottle opener, a can opener, and scissors. It was the deluxe model. This knife was better than an ordinary pocket knife. There was really no comparison. And it was far better than any bowie knife. Nick wondered why the two men hadn't looked at this knife. Maybe they had. They may have even bought one, he thought. It was hard to tell.

Nick came out from behind the counter. He started down the aisle, past the fishing poles, toward the tent display. He was going back to camp. He looked back down the aisle. He could see the glass counter in the darkness of the store.

Nick worked his way over to the tent display and stepped onto the turf. He sat the bucket down before the Coleman gas stove. It sat on the turf. He kneeled down before the stove. Then he reached into the bucket and brought out the fish. He held him by his tail. It was a fine fish.

Nick took the knife and cut off the fish's head. He cleaned the fish. He scraped off all the scales. He gutted the fish, and tossed the insides into the bucket. He cleaned the knife off on the legs of his trousers. He closed the blade and then opened the fork piece on the deluxe pocket knife.

Nick found the pack of matches in his pocket. He turned on the gas on the Coleman stove. He started a fire in the first burner. Nick moved the skillet over the flames of the burner. He laid the strips of fish in the skillet. As the skillet grew hot, the grease from the fish began to cackle. Nick was cooking the fish now. He could smell the angelfish cooking in the skillet.

Nick cooked the fish on one side and then he turned the strips over. The aroma of cooked fish filled the store. It smelled like fish cooking. Nick was hungry. Smoke rose from the skillet. It rose to the ceiling of the store.

Nick felt drops. They became a fine spray. It was raining inside the store. The smoke from the skillet had set off

the sprinklers in the ceiling of the store. Luckily, Nick had finished cooking the fish. The strips were crisp. Nick took the skillet from the fire. He turned off the flame on the gas stove and took the skillet inside the tent and sat himself down just inside the doors of the tent. He looked out as he ate the fish from the skillet.

Nick watched the water fall onto the turfed mat. It was the first time he had ever seen it rain inside a store. He looked out from the tent doors, down over the display area, across the aisles in the distance. The rain was falling as far as he could see.

The fish was cooked just right. Nick savored the tender fish. The fish tasted wonderful. When he had finished he put the skillet down just outside the tent door.

Nick untied the strings holding the flaps on the tent door open. The flaps fell into place. Nick found the zipper and fastened the flaps together. He looked out the screened windows of the tent. He watched the water trickle down. It was falling. He wished he had a bottle of whiskey. There was nothing better than a glass of whiskey on a rainy night. Brandy would have been all right too. But there was none to be found. That's just the way it goes, thought Nick. He stood at the window, looking

out into the rain. It felt like rain, anyway. It came down in a shower. It was more like rain than anything else.

Nick took off his shoes and trousers and put them on the floor of the tent. He took off his mackinaw coat and rolled it up for a pillow. He got into the sleeping bag on the floor. He rolled on his side and got comfortable inside the sleeping bag. He listened to the quiet of the store and the sound of the rain falling from the sprinklers. Nick lay on his side with his eyes open and listened to the rain fall. He lay for a long time with his head on the pillow.

He wished he had something to read. He felt like reading. If only he had a book or a collection of short stories or a novel. Even a magazine. Yes, a magazine with adventure stories. Maybe a copy of the *American* or the *Saturday Evening Post*. If there had been a copy of the *Mercury* he would have even read that. But Nick did not have anything to read. There wasn't enough light for reading, anyway. Nick didn't want to strain his eyes. Still, he wished he had a book.

Nick began to feel drowsy. He was growing tired. His eyes felt heavy. After a while he fell off to sleep. He needed the rest. Tomorrow would be a long day. In the morning Nick would have some explaining to do. ■

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Show off the drink you think is tops—with this terrific red & white T-shirt for men and women. In soft 50% combed cotton/50% polyester, with three athletic stripes on the raglan sleeves. Please send this coupon, along with a check or money order, for \$4.95 (no cash, please) to: Seagram's 7 Crown T-Shirt Offer, P.O. Box 1662, New York, NY 10152

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Adult sizes only. Specify quantity.

T-shirt @ \$4.95 each; S _____ M _____ L _____ XL _____

Amount enclosed \$ _____

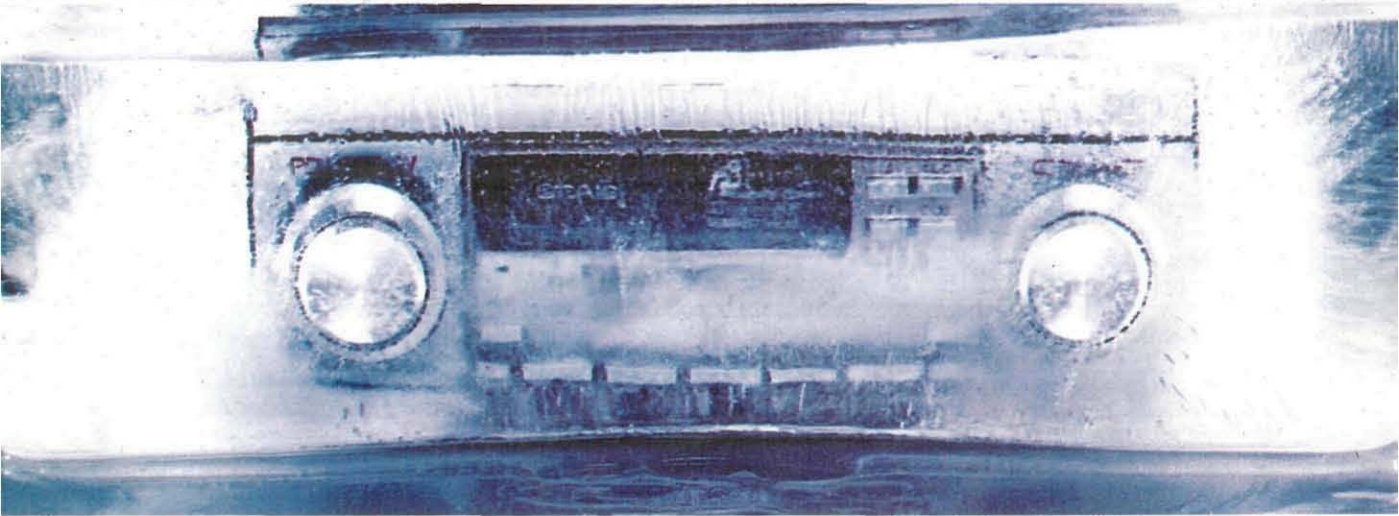
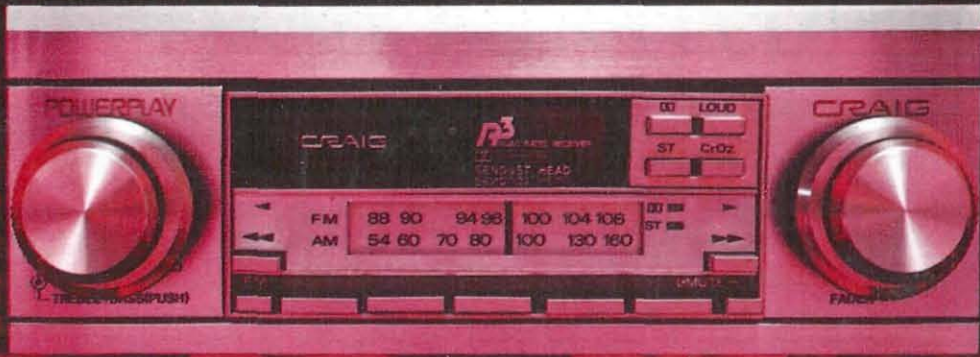
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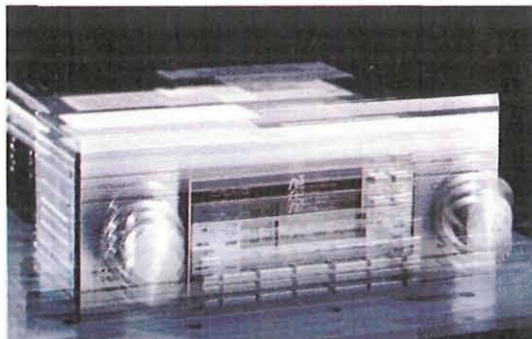
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Funny Pages

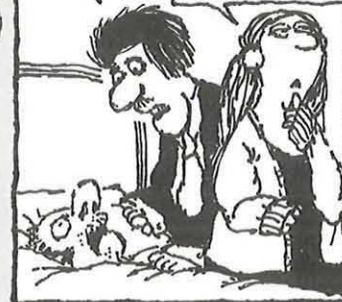
RAY and JOE • THE STORY OF A FRIENDSHIP THAT TRANSCENDS DEATH ITSELF!

JOE IS NEAR DEATH - THE DOCTOR SPEAKS...



OH, THE GOOD TIMES WE HAD TOGETHER, JOE!

WELL, I SUPPOSE I SHOULD CALL MR. CALABRESE THE UNDERTAKER.



REMEMBER THE NIGHT WE WENT TO UNION CITY FOR BLUEBERRIES AND SOFT ICE CREAM, JOE?

INFORMATION, CAN I HAVE THE NUMBER OF CALABRESE'S FUNERAL HOME?



DOROTHY, WAIT! I'D LIKE TO TAKE JOE! HE WAS MY BEST FRIEND AND WE HAD GREAT TIMES TOGETHER AND BECAUSE HE'S DEAD IT'S NO REASON WE CAN'T STILL HAVE GOOD TIMES...



...I'LL BE DOIN' YOU A FAVOR, DOROTHY! NO FUNERAL EXPENSES OR CEMETERY PLOT TO BUY, OR FLOWERS, OR GRAVESTONE. YOU'LL EVEN SAVE ON THE COFFEE AND PASTRY TO SERVE AFTER THE FUNERAL!



...AND I'LL EVEN BRING HIM OVER ONCE A WEEK SO YOU CAN SEE HIM, DOROTHY!

OH, THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY...



WELL... I GUESS IT'LL BE OKAY. SURE, WHY NOT! GO AHEAD, RAY, TAKE HIM!



HEY, GREAT! GIMME HIS PANTS AND WE'LL DRESS HIM UP.

WILL HE NEED CLEAN UNDERWEAR?

NANH - WHAT FOR - IN CASE HE GETS IN AN ACCIDENT AND HAS TO GO TO THE HOSPITAL? HA, HA, HA!!!



I NEVER SUSPECTED HE WAS A GODDAMN QUEER...

...I GOT CABLE TV, JOE, SO WHILE I'M AT WORK YOU CAN WATCH 74 DIFFERENT CHANNELS...

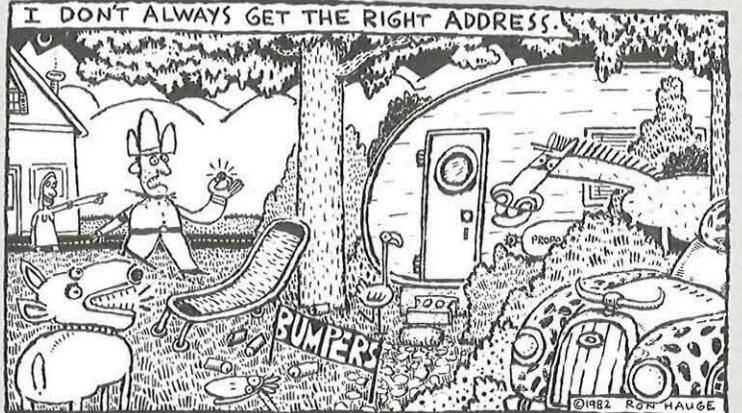
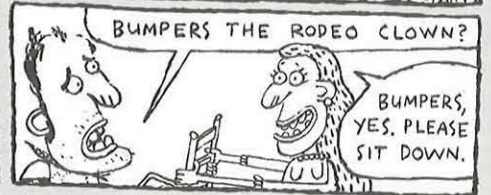
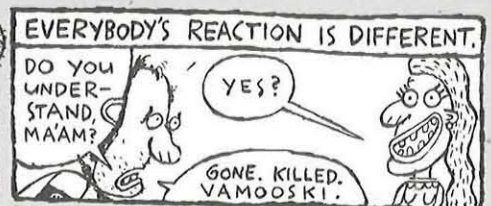
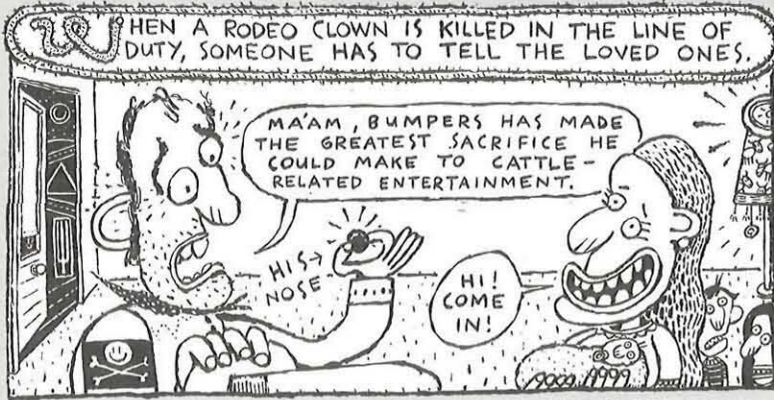


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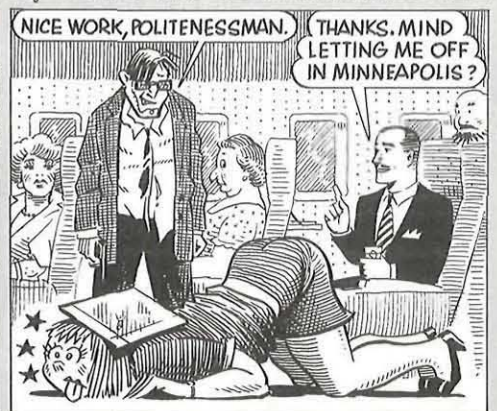
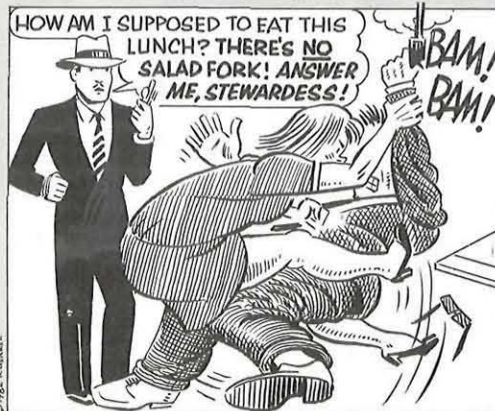
Popular Problems

by Ron Hauge



Politenessman

by Ron Barrett



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Excursions: House of Birds

by Rick Geary



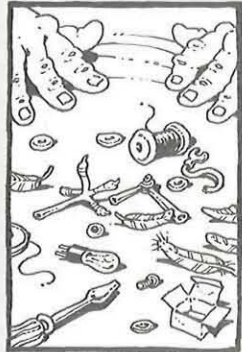
BY SPECIAL INVITATION, WE'RE VISITING THIS PLANT NEAR PHOENIX, ARIZONA.



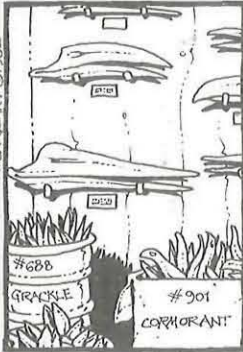
FEW PEOPLE ARE AWARE THAT MOST OF THE BIRDS OF THE U.S.A. ARE MANUFACTURED HERE.



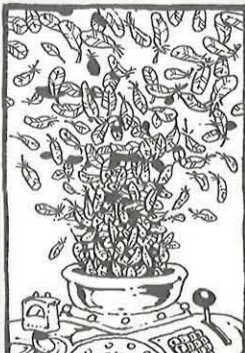
HEAVY SECURITY, NEEDLESS TO SAY.



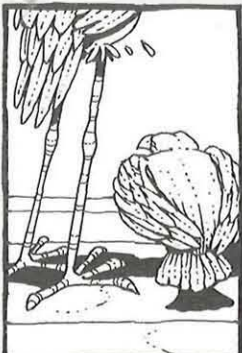
SKILLED ENGINEERS AT WORK!



THE BILL ROOM (TOP SECRET)



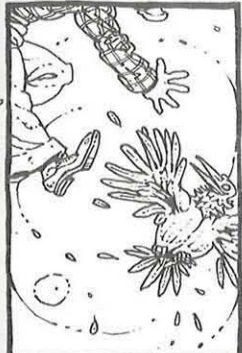
FEATHERS COME OUT HERE.



ENDANGERED SPECIES (DIFFICULT TO OBTAIN PARTS)



AN EXPERIMENTAL MODEL (REJECTED)



FLIGHT TEST.



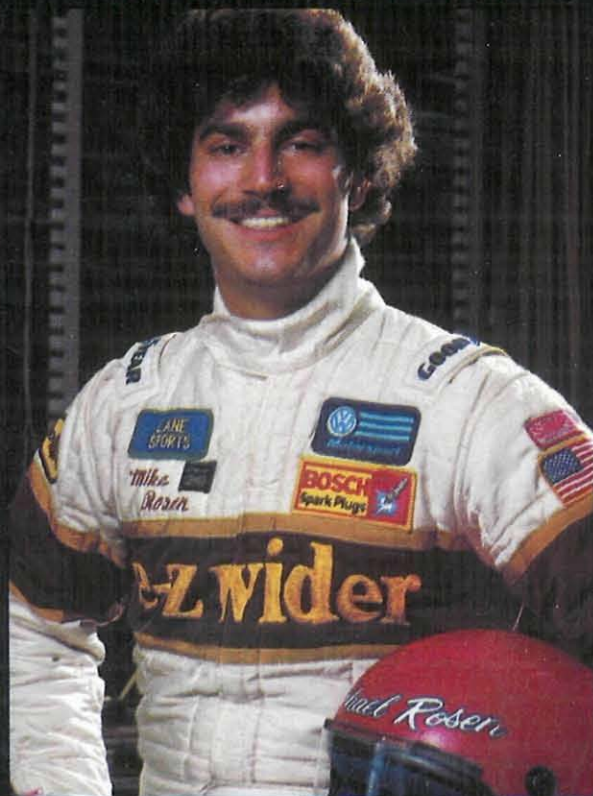
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Aunt Mary's Kitchen

by M. K. Brown



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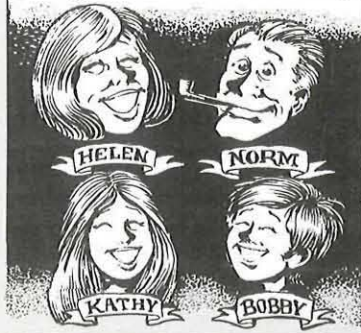
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The Appletons

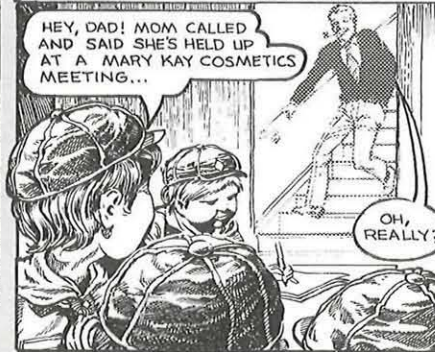
by B. K. Taylor

A Saga of an American Family



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MRS. APPLETON SERVES HER COMMUNITY IN MANY WAYS, ONE OF WHICH INCLUDES BEING A DEN MOTHER. OUR STORY OPENS IN THE BASEMENT OF THE APPLETON HOME.



SHE ASKED IF YOU COULD WATCH OVER THE DEN MEETING FOR HER.



MR. APPLETON PREPARES FOR THE RESPONSIBILITY...



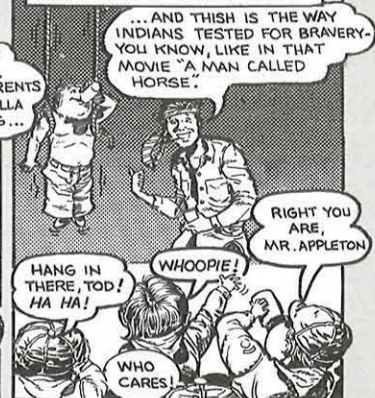
THE MEETING BEGINS WITH A TREAT OF COOKIES AND THE AUTHENTIC INDIAN DRINK...



AFTER A BIT, THE PACK TURNS TO ITS USUAL CRAFTS SEGMENT...



NEXT COMES INDIAN LORE.



FIRST AID INSTRUCTION IS AN IMPORTANT PART OF SCOUTING ALSO...



THE MEETING FLARES TO A FEVER PITCH.



ALL TOO SOON, THE FIRST MOTHER HAS ARRIVED TO PICK UP HER CHILD...



Alive with pleasure!



Newport



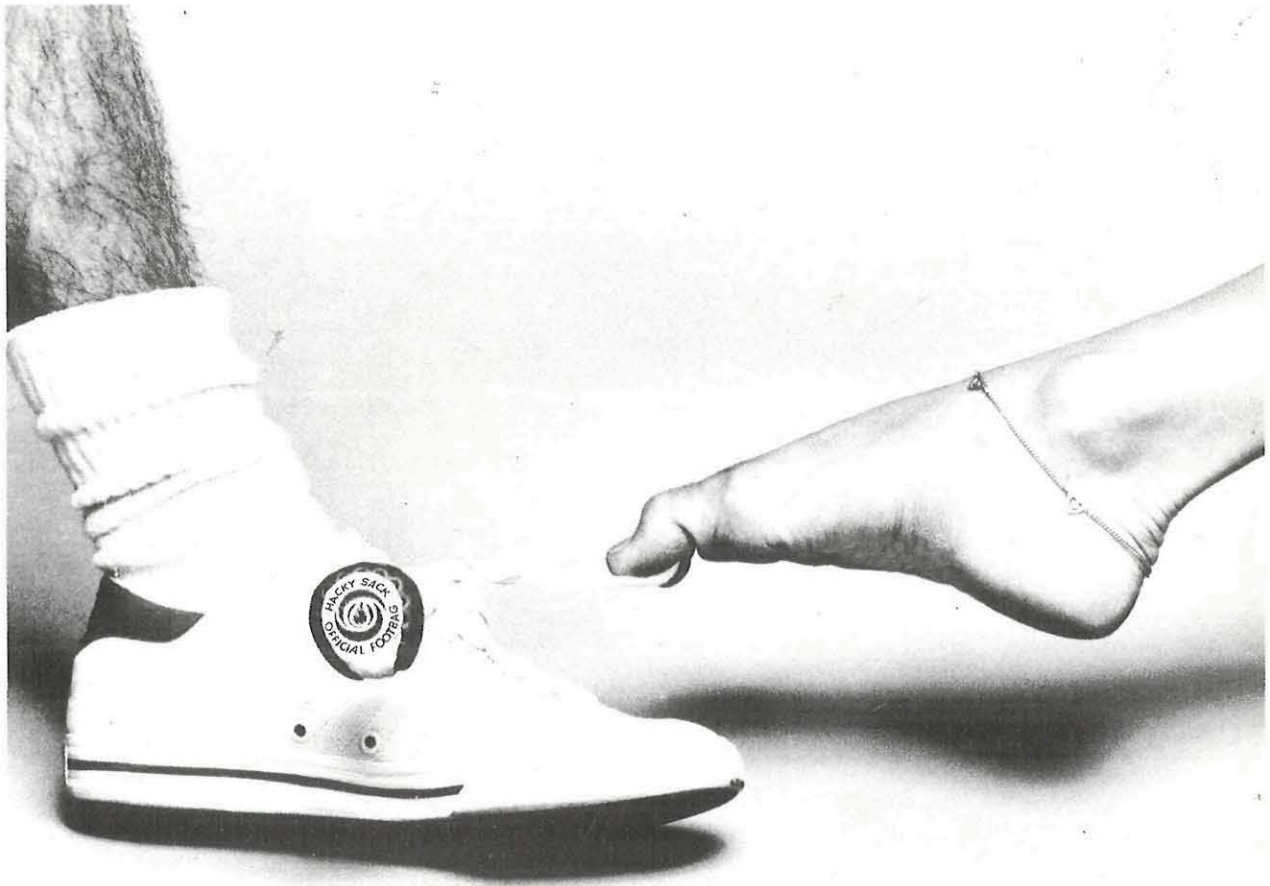
*After all, if smoking
isn't a pleasure,
why bother?*

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Box: 16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine; Kings: 17 mg. "tar",
1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report December 1981.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
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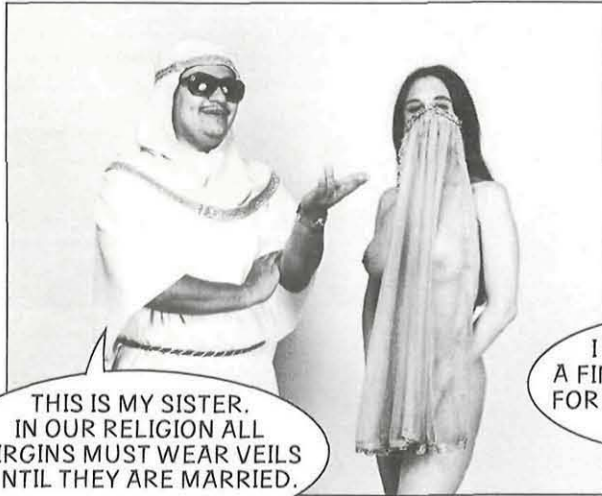
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Foto Funnies



Nikolai vs. Smirnoff.

There's no bloody difference.



So why pay the difference?

If you think a higher priced vodka makes a better Bloody Mary, do yourself a favor.

Conduct your own taste test, comparing Nikolai Vodka to Smirnoff—one of the highest priced national brands. Detect a difference? We couldn't. They're

both excellent. So next time you buy vodka, remember there's one big difference between Nikolai and Smirnoff. The price.

NIKOLAI

TRUE SECTION

True Facts

DURING A ROUTINE screening program in Manitoba, Canada, doctors discovered a forty-six-year-old woman with a case of mercury poisoning traceable to a product used in the manufacture of paper. The woman, who was not identified, admitted to a diet that had included a box of tissue paper and a cigarette package every day for the last twelve years. She also said that she enjoyed eating an occasional paperback novel. *CP* (contributed by Joanne Brigden)

AFTER THE BODY OF LOWELL KING, sixty, was removed from four feet of water in a Greencastle, Indiana, lake, sheriff's deputies said that bites on his left cheek indicated that King had been attacked by a swan. A fifty-pound swan described as "big and tough" was taken into custody. *AP* (contributed by Howard Lau)

MEXICAN INVENTOR ROBERTO MONSIVAIS has developed a coffin that sends out an alarm if its occupant comes back to life. Designed to appeal to those who fear being buried alive, the "life detector" coffin features medical monitoring equipment connecting the body to the alarm. Included in the system is a supply of oxygen for the coffin's occupant to breathe while those answering the alarm dig him up. *AP* (contributed by Phil Erwin)

POLICE IN MECKLENBERG COUNTY, North Carolina, charged twenty-three-year-old Terry McGinnis with shooting and wounding John Alexander Robinson, twenty-four, in a convenience-store parking lot. The two men were survivors of a 1975 automobile accident that had left McGinnis a quadriplegic, paralyzed from the neck down. Nevertheless, McGinnis shot Robinson by

holding a revolver in his mouth and pulling the trigger with his tongue. Police described McGinnis as "a good shot." *Charlotte News* (contributed by Quentin Coffman)

IN ALBERTA, CANADA, THE POLICE bomb squad was called out when baggage handlers at Calgary International Airport noticed that a suitcase being transferred from one plane to another was "vibrating and humming." According to Sgt. Ron Reed, officers first cleared the baggage area, then pumped the suspicious suitcase with air. When nothing happened, police opened the suitcase and found a personal vibrator, which had apparently turned itself on during the flight from Vancouver to Calgary. *Calgary Sun* (contributed by Noski)

TWO KITCHENER, ONTARIO, DETECTIVES hauled exotic dancer Delores Waites before Judge Robert Reilly, claiming she had staged an indecent performance at the Coronet Motor Hotel in which she simulated masturba-

tion, sexual intercourse, and fellatio. Waites denied simulating fellatio, explaining that she was merely biting a chipped fingernail that had gotten snagged on an undergarment during her dance. *Kitchener-Waterloo Record* (contributed by Don Turner)

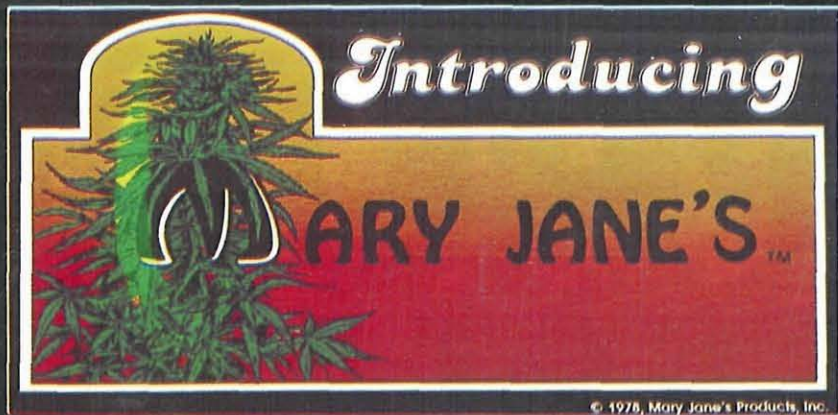
BANK OFFICIALS IN WEST GERMANY became suspicious when they noticed that the only activity in the account of Gerhard Koenig came when the state paid in subsidy checks for his rent. Authorities went to his Munich apartment and found the skeletal remains of Koenig, who had apparently died some seven years earlier at the age of sixty-eight. *UPI* (contributed by Bill Muse)

POLICE ARRIVED AT THE SCENE OF A domestic disturbance in Ypsilanti, Michigan, to find that a couple had been arguing over who would take possession of a cat they both claimed to have raised. Unfortunately, the cat died when it was pulled apart in a tug-of-war between the two. *Ann Arbor News* (contributed by Clifford J. Keirce)

Photo for Thought



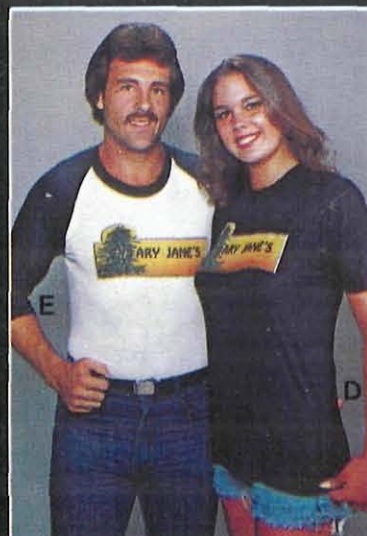
Marcy Manley and Phil Budinger, Tucson, Arizona



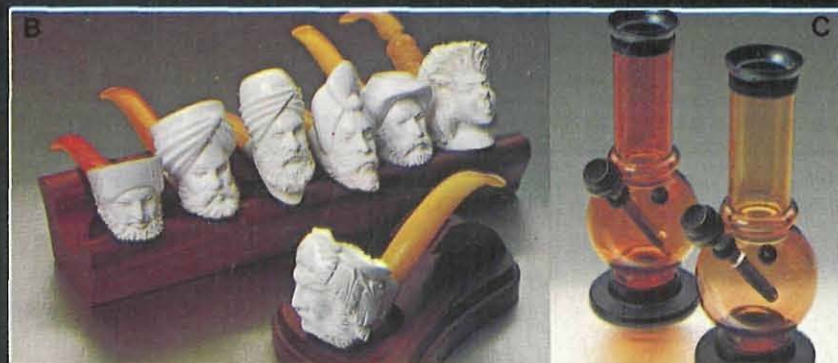
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Ken Chodkowski, Elmsford, N.Y.



Lainchen M. Friese, Jackson, Mich.



Barbara J. Stieminski, Fort Wayne, Ind.



Dale Schultz, Geilenkirchen, West Germany



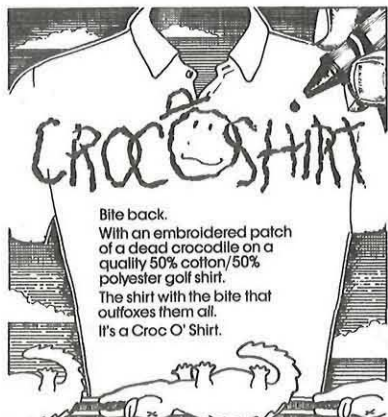
Gary L. Moody, West Germany



Valerie Snyder, Highland Park, N.J.



Vicky Barr, Indianapolis, Ind.



Bite back.
With an embroidered patch of a dead crocodile on a quality 50% cotton/50% polyester golf shirt. The shirt with the bite that outfoxes them all. It's a Croc O' Shirt.

NL6

Croc O' Shirt
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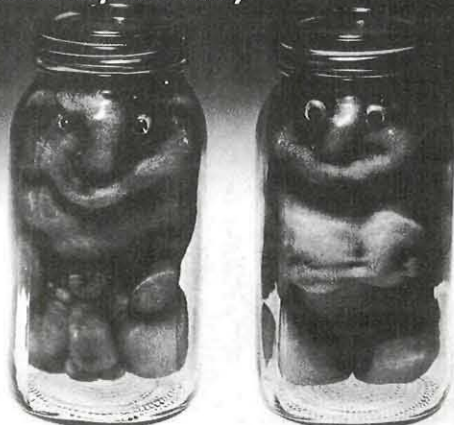
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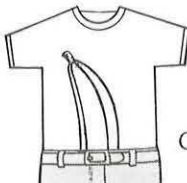
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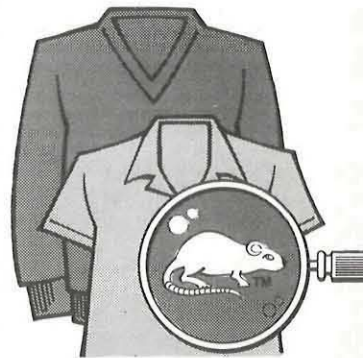
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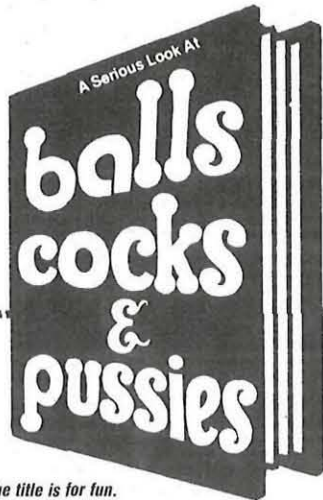
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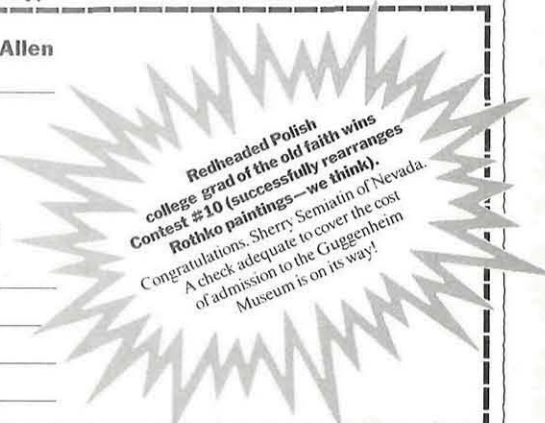


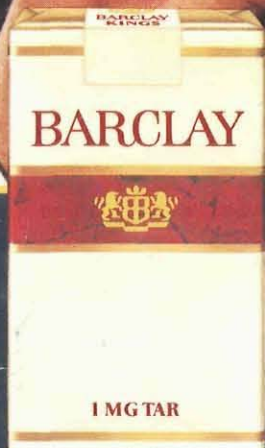
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They not only feature Dolby* noise reduction, but also the dbx noise elimination system. With dbx, a Technics cassette deck compresses the signal so the dynamic range is halved. When a tape is played back, the process is reversed. The original dynamic range is then restored and noise is pushed below audibility. Loud passages can be recorded without distortion, and soft ones without tape noise. There is even dbx disc decoding available for playing dbx encoded records.

The Technics RS-M255X goes even further.

Wide range (-40 to +18 db), three-color FL meters handle the dynamic range dbx gives you. An electronic tape counter doubles as a remaining time indicator to show how much time is left on your cassette. Bias and EQ levels are automatically selected for any tape formulation. Microprocessor feather-touch controls give you fast, easy, mode switching. And Technics RS-M255X gives you the stability and accuracy of a two-motor drive system.

Audition all of the sophisticated Technics cassette decks with dbx. Including the very affordable RS-M228X.

Why settle for tape noise reduction when you can have tape noise elimination? From Technics.

*Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories, Inc. ® dbx is a registered trademark of dbx, Inc.

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