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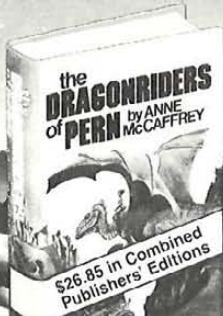
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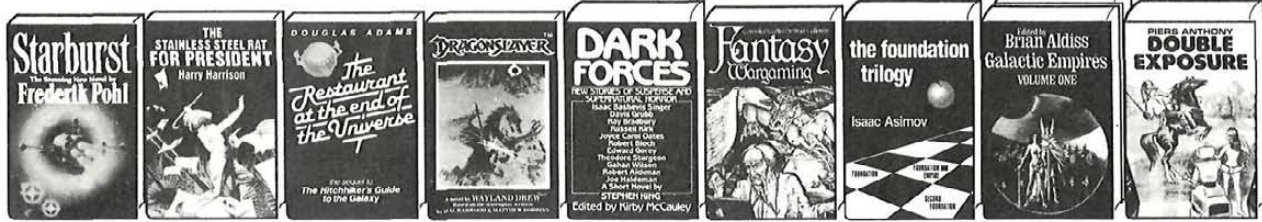
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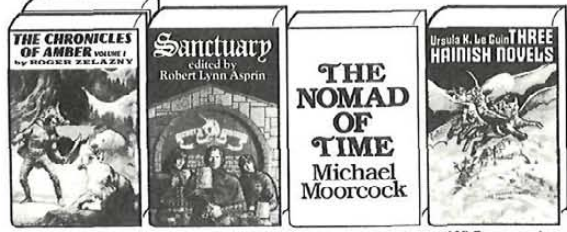
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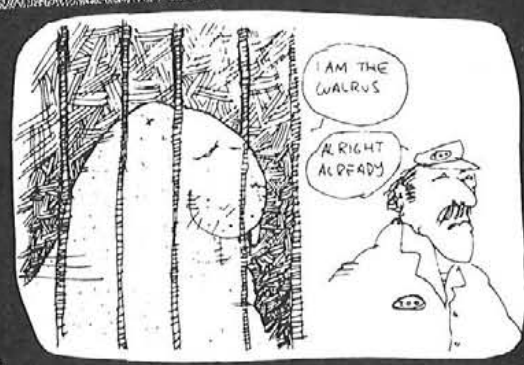
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# Contents

January 1983

Vol. 2, No. 54

## Cover

By Dan Kirk

## The Bohemian Grove Murders

By Joseph Levi-Paulin  
Illustrated by David Celsi

34

## Hollywood: Babylon Is Fallen

By Sean Kelly and Gerald Sussman

42

## Professional Golfers on Ludes

By Tod Carroll  
Illustrated by Bill Sienkiewicz

49

## The Year in Literature

By L. Dennis Plunkett  
Illustrated By Elliott Banfield

54

## Honeymoon Haven

By Kevin Curran  
Illustrated by Howard Chaykin

57

## A Thousand Mo' Times!

By Fred Graver  
Illustrated by Paul Meisel

62

## hy-Art:

## The Magazine of the Precious Broadcasting System

By Leslie Fuller, with Sean Kelly and Fred Graver  
Cover photograph by Dennis Milbauer

69

# F I L L E R

## Editorial

9

## Letters from the Editors

12

## Hip Places to Go (But Don't Tell Anyone)

By Jefferson Springbok

16

## f u can rd ths, u can wrt gd, or mybe bttr

By Marco de Sa e Silva

18

## Time of the Month

25

## Foto Funnies

31

## True Section

77

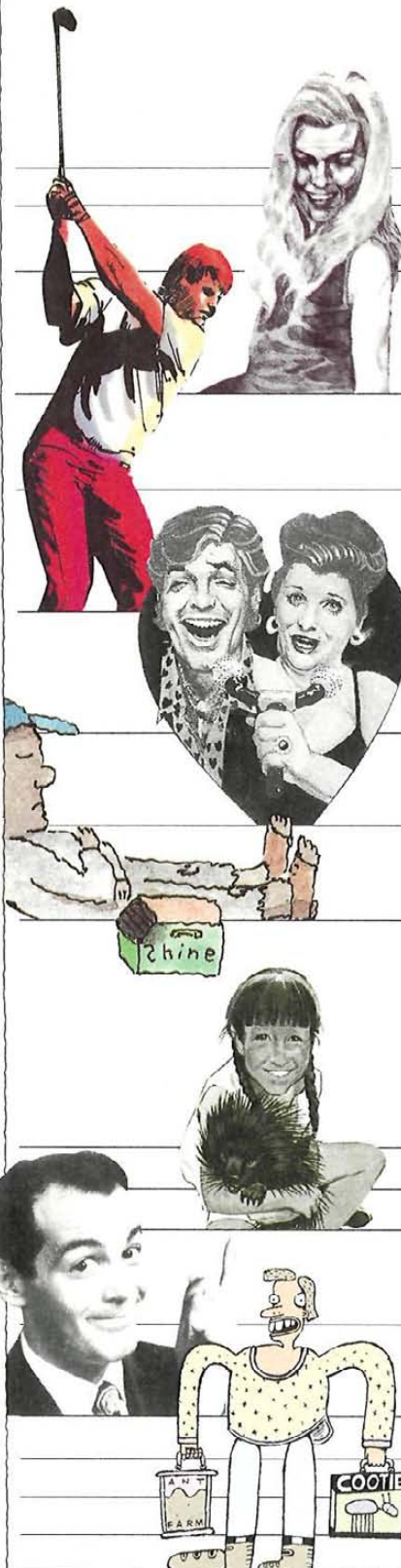
## Funny Pages

81

## National Lampoon Contest #16

By Tod Carroll

90





# Are you up to the challenge of Wizard of Wor™ and Gorf™?



So you're hot stuff at video games? Joysticks melt in your hand? Don't let it go to your head. Try mastering Wizard of Wor and Gorf, the two Bally/Midway arcade hits you can now play at home. They're new from CBS Video Games.

Both are made for the Atari® Video Computer System™ and Sears® Video Arcade™.

## WIZARD OF WOR

Dare you enter the Wizard's diabolic dungeon where doom lurks at every turn? Can you keep your composure as the Wizard's henchmen try eating you... ALIVE? Fight back. Use your radar screen.



Vaporize the Burwors. Chase the Worluk.



Until the Ultimate: The sometime-visible/sometime-invisible Wizard. Trust no one.

Wizard is designed so two may play at the same time. And since all's fair in Wor, even your best friend can zap you.

Now we don't want you to freak out totally, but if you're still up to the challenge, top the all-time, high score: 99,500 by Frank Merollo (10/82) and Buz Pryzby (8/82).

## GORF

Can you hold up under the challenge of four different boards in one game? At nine different levels? Try and beat the high score of 32,700 by Horace Eckstrom (9/82). No sweat? Well, what if we told you each level was faster than the last? Next time you'll think before you speak. But now you must face:



Gorfian bombs.



Kamikaze crazies & Laser Ships.



Deadly Subquark Torpedoes.



And finally: The dreaded Neutron Flagship.

Gorf's not easy. There's only ONE vulnerable spot on the Flagship. But don't let a little neutronium bomb stop you from hitting it.



Now that you know what to expect, are you still up to the challenge of Wizard and Gorf?

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# CBS Video Games

Are you up to the challenge?



# A TAPE DECK SO ADVANCED IT HAS A FEATURE THAT FINDS NOTHING.

We call it  
Blank Search.

You'll no  
doubt call it the  
best thing to happen to recording since  
magnetic tape.

Because, the Pioneer CT-9R tape deck with  
Blank Search finally puts an end to the old Fast  
Forward/Stop/Play/Reverse/Stop/Play meth-  
od of finding where your last recording left off  
and the next one can begin.

Now, all you have to do is push a button  
and let the tape deck do the work. It'll find the  
blank 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.

And there's more wizardry where that



came from.  
Like Index  
Scan, Music  
Search, Blank Skip  
and a Real Time

Counter that reads out the  
amount of tape left in mean-  
ingful minutes and seconds instead of  
meaningless inches. In other words, features  
that will revolutionize the way you record and  
listen to tapes.

**BLANK  
SEARCH**



But don't thank us.

Thank the little brain that made it all  
possible. A tiny microprocessor that makes  
the CT-9R more than a tape deck, it makes  
it smart.

Smart enough to make your music easier  
to listen to. Even smart enough to make your  
music sound better,  
with Automatic Bias  
Level Equalization.

What Auto B.L.E.

means, to those without a degree in electron-  
ics, is that the tape deck automatically analyzes  
the tape being used (no easy task with over  
200 different tapes on the market) and then  
adjusts itself for optimum recording with that  
tape. Improving the quality of your recordings  
faster than you can say "wow and flutter."

Auto B.L.E. aside, all of the CT-9R's  
features, from Blank Search to Blank Skip, do  
only one thing.

Let you spend a lot less time looking for  
your music.

And a lot more time listening to it.



**PIONEER®**  
Because the music matters.





# Editorial

A little bit of t  
old "in (with  
and out (with  
for the new  
by Fred Gra



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like to say, i  
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...and how there's hope and faith in  
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tr "I don't send them. Please.  
ing. Like I said, a lot can  
four months. What  
lucky little

**NATIONAL LAMP**  
635 MADISON AVENUE, NEW

*Following a face-to-face  
meeting with Congressman  
N. J. Rahall in our office  
in New York City on  
October 21, 1982, National  
Lampoon promptly issued  
the following letter of  
retraction and apology:*

The Honorable Nick J. Rahall II  
United States House of Representatives  
440 Cannon House Office Building  
Washington, D.C. 20515

Dear Congressman Rahall:

The purpose of this letter is to extend a full, formal retraction and sincere apology to you, your family, and the citizens of West Virginia for the manner in which your name was mentioned in the fictional Editorial published in the November issue of the National Lampoon. We also fully retract any reference to you and apologize for even the slightest possible implication that you were ever actually involved in such conduct.

As I told you during our meeting today, we did not intend to harm in any way your good name, character, or reputation by publication of the statement in fact and not one shred of evidence in our possession that you have been involved in the kind of conduct described in the Editorial. When written, it was intended to be humorous, and your name was selected without any thought except that our staff believed there was no likelihood that the offending statement could be true.

Again, we deeply regret the unintended harmful implication concerning you or your conduct resulting from publication of the Editorial, and we repeat our most sincere apology for any embarrassment caused to you or your family.

Sincerely,

*Julian L. Weber*  
Julian L. Weber  
Publisher

2000  
Which is just what  
you like it.

Now, I'm supposed to do some funny  
piece about how the end of the year has  
come and the new year is just begin-

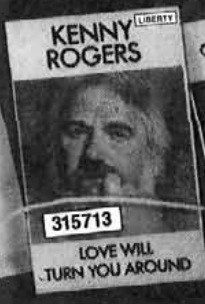
Army and  
forget about the return

...are you getting  
simple. Because  
ear to you.

-EG.



# THE GREAT SALE



- |   |   |  |
|---|---|--|
| 316687* <b>BAD COMPANY</b><br>ROUGH DIAMONDS  | 316158* <b>SANTANA</b><br>SHANGO  | 316034* <b>MEN AT WORK</b><br>Business As Usual                          |
| 313049 <b>Barbra Streisand</b><br>MEMORIES  | 315889* ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK<br><b>ROCKY III</b>                               | 312306 <b>THE CARS</b><br>SHAKE IT UP                                    |
| 316455* <b>BELLAMY BROTHERS</b><br>GREATEST HITS                                      | 301473* <b>CHRISTOPHER</b><br>CROSS   | 313445* <b>JOHN LENNON</b><br>YOKO ONO<br>DOH! E FANTASY                 |
| 312801* <b>JOAN JETT &amp;</b><br><b>THE BLACKHEATS</b><br>I LOVE ROCK 'N' ROLL       | 311488* <b>JOHNNY LEE</b><br>Bel Your Heart On Me                             | 312322 <b>NEIL DIAMOND</b><br>ON THE WAY TO THE SKY                      |
| 316430* <b>MICHAEL MCDONALD</b><br>WHAT IT TAKES                                      | 311472* <b>PLACIDO DOMINGO</b><br>with JOHN DENVER<br>PERMANENT LOVE          | 313378* <b>DAVID FRIZZELL</b><br>& SHELLY WEST                           |
| 312660 <b>ABBA*</b><br>THE VISITORS   | 316414* <b>THE WHO</b><br>IT'S HARD   | 306571* <b>BOZ SCAGGS</b><br>GREATEST HITS                               |
| 311076 <b>NEIL DIAMOND</b><br>LOVE SONGS  | 311090* ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK<br>"ARTHUR"                                       | 313361* <b>CONWAY TWITTY</b><br>MR. T                                    |
| 312389 <b>AC/DC</b> FOR THOSE ABOUT<br>TO ROCK WE SALUTE YOU                          | 310953 <b>EDDIE RABBITT</b><br>STEP BY STEP                                   | 308449* <b>REO SPEEDWAGON</b><br>III INFIDELITY                          |
| 316186* <b>AEROSMITH</b><br>ROCK IN A HARD PLACE                                      | 305581* <b>RAY CONNIFF</b><br>Perfect "10" Classics                           | 313205* <b>J. GEILS BAND</b><br>FREEZE FRAME                             |
| 312652* <b>EMMYLOU HARRIS</b><br>CIMARRON   | 310938* <b>RITA COOLIDGE</b><br>HEARTBREAK RADIO                              | 306340* <b>BETTE MIDLER</b><br>DIVINE MADNESS                            |
| 315770* <b>TED NUGENT</b><br>NUGENT   | 310920* <b>MICKY GILLEY</b><br>YOU DON'T KNOW ME                              | 313197* <b>SHEENA EASTON</b><br>YOU COULD HAVE<br>BEEN WITH ME           |
| 312314* <b>CHICAGO'S</b><br>GREATEST HITS, VOL. 1                                     | 310892* <b>JOEY SCARBURY</b><br>THE GREATEST HERO                             | 304394* <b>GEORGE BENSON</b><br>Give Me The Night                        |
| 315788* <b>JUDAS PRIEST</b><br>SCREAMING FOR VENGEANCE                                | 310748* <b>RICKY SCAGGS</b><br>WAITIN' FOR THE SUN                            | 312991* <b>GO GO'S</b><br>BEAUTY AND THE BEAT                            |
| 312231* <b>Earth, Wind &amp; Fire</b><br>RAISED                                       | 306589 <b>LINDA RONSTADT</b><br>GREATEST HITS,<br>VOL. 2                      | 301515 <b>BILLY JOEL</b><br>GLASS HOUSES                                 |
| 315812* <b>CHUCK MANGIONE</b><br>LOVE NOTES   | 278648 <b>Captain &amp; Tennille's</b><br>Greatest Hits                       | 312868* <b>SHIRLEY BASSEY</b><br>ALL BY MYSELF                           |
| 300590 <b>ABBA*</b><br>GREATEST HITS, VOL. 2  | 314286* <b>VARIOUS ARTISTS</b><br>DUKES OF HAZZARD                            | 301549 <b>BOZ SCAGGS</b><br>MIDDLE MAN                                   |
| 315747* <b>EDDIE MONEY</b><br>NO CONTROL  | 306563 <b>Barry Manilow</b><br>BARRY  | 311514* <b>GENESIS</b><br>ABACAB   |
| 286740 <b>LINDA RONSTADT'S</b><br>GREATEST HITS                                       | 311464* <b>HANK WILLIAMS, JR.</b><br>THE PRESSURE IS ON                       | 302042 <b>LINDA RONSTADT</b><br>MAD LOVE                                 |
| 315705* <b>GLENN FREY</b><br>NO FUN ALOUD   | 315796* <b>BOB JAMES</b><br>HANDS DOWN  | 311597 <b>THE POLICE</b><br>Ghost In The Machine                         |
| 291302* <b>JAMES TAYLOR'S</b><br>GREATEST HITS  | 308916* <b>RICK JAMES</b><br>STREET SONGS                                     | 303552 <b>JOHNNY MATHEIS</b><br>I'll Never Kiss A Stranger               |
| 315697* <b>PETE TOWNSHEND</b><br>ALL THE BEST COMBOYS<br>HAVE CHANGED EYES            | 308148* <b>ROSANNE CASH</b><br>Seven Year Ache                                | 311682* <b>BARBARA MANDRELL</b><br>LIVE                                  |
| 291435* <b>LED ZEPPELIN</b>   | 307868 <b>WILLIE NELSON</b><br>SOMEWHERE<br>OVER THE RAINBOW                  | 303818 <b>CARLY SIMON</b><br>COME UPSTAIRS                               |
| 315515* <b>ROSANNE CASH</b><br>SOMEWHERE IN THE SIANIS                                | 310334* <b>Rickie Lee Jones</b><br>PIRATES                                    | 311779* <b>LOVERBOY</b><br>GET LUCKY                                     |
| 297036 <b>BOSTON POPS ORCHESTRA</b><br>ARTHUR FIEDLER COND.<br>SATURDAY NIGHT FIDDLER | 310367* <b>ZZ TOP</b><br>EL LOCO  | 304220 <b>HERB ALPERT</b><br>BEYOND                                      |
| 314989* <b>QUEEN</b><br>HOT SPACE   | 310508* <b>Barbara Mandrell</b><br>LOOKING BACK                               | 311985* <b>MERLE HAGGARD</b><br>BIG CITY                                 |
| 298612 <b>HERB ALPERT</b><br>RISE   | 310599* <b>ART GARFUNKEL</b><br>SCISSORS CUT                                  | 304253* <b>EDDIE RABBITT</b><br>HORIZON                                  |
| 314983* <b>Hank Williams, Jr.</b><br>HIGH NOTES                                       | 309419* <b>COMMODORES</b><br>IN THE POCKET                                    | 311456 <b>BARRY MANILOW</b><br>If I Should Love Again                    |
| 301184* <b>JANE OLIVOR</b><br>The Best Side of Goodbye                                | 260638 <b>CHICAGO* IX</b><br>CHICAGO'S GREATEST HITS<br>(Original Recordings) | 304360* <b>WILLIE NELSON</b><br>AND THE PRICE<br>IS AN ANTONIO ROLE      |
| 314476* <b>RAY PARKER, JR.</b><br>THE OTHER WOMAN                                     | 309427 <b>AIR SUPPLY</b><br>THE ONE THAT YOU LOVE                             | 311340 <b>BILLY JOEL</b><br>Songs In The Attic                           |
| 249813 <b>BURT BACHARACH'S</b><br>GREATEST HITS                                       | 309989* <b>CARPENTERS</b><br>Made In America                                  | 318422* <b>GEORGE THOROGOOD</b><br>AND THE DESTROYERS<br>GOD TO THE FINE |
| 314450* <b>CHEAP TRICK</b><br>ONE ON ONE  | 310029* <b>AL CAIOLA</b><br>SOFT GUITARS                                      | 311084* <b>AL JARREAU</b><br>BREAKIN' AWAY                               |
| 219477 <b>SIMON &amp; GARFUNKEL'S</b><br>GREATEST HITS                                | 187088 <b>BARBRA STREISAND'S</b><br>GREATEST HITS                             | 286682* <b>ABBA</b><br>Abba's Greatest Hits                              |



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313510* JOAN JETT BAD REPUTATION	310433* ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK ENDLESS LOVE	315523* JEFFREY OSBORNE	311720 HISBOTHY PREMIERES RARE YEARS ARIAS LA SCALA ORCHE. ASSABAO	315903* KIM WILDE	314401 VAN HALEN DIVER DOWN	
3106670* ABBA* SUPER TROUPER	315580* STALDER BROTHERS THE LEGEND GOES ON	310094* OAK RIDGE BOYS FANCY FREE	314245* JEFF LORBER IT'S A FACT	310292 PAT BENATAR PRECIOUS TIME	310284 FOREIGNER 4	
313627* BOCO COWBOYS & ENGLISHMEN	309534* RONNIE ALDRICH ONE FINE DAY	312957* TERRI GIBBS I'M A LADY	311670* DON WILLIAMS Especially For You	315853* Marshall Tucker Band TUCKERIZED	314393* 38 SPECIAL Special Forces	
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313635* OAK RIDGE BOYS BOBBIE SUE	309393* CAROLE BAYER SAGER SOMETIMES LATE AT NIGHT	312686* FRANK SINATRA She Shot Me Down	312785* GEORGE JONES STILL THE SAME OLD ME			
307835* RITA COOLIDGE GREATEST HITS	287003* EAGLES 1971-1975 Their Greatest Hits	312835* THE LETTERMEN LOVE IS...	316679* MARTY ROBBINS COME BACK TO ME			
313700* KENNY ROGERS GREATEST HITS	SELECTIONS WITH TWO NUMBERS ARE 2-RECORD SETS OR DOUBLE-LENGTH TAPES, AND COUNT AS TWO SELECTIONS. WRITE EACH NUMBER IN A SEPARATE BOX.					
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This spectacular 1¢ Sale buys hours of great music from the Columbia Record & Tape Club. To get any 11 of these albums right away, simply fill in and mail the application together with your check or money order for \$1.86 as payment (that's 1¢ for your first 11 selections, plus \$1.85 to cover shipping and handling). In exchange, you simply agree to buy 8 more tapes or records (at regular Club prices) in the next three years—and you may cancel membership at anytime after doing so.

**How the Club operates:** every four weeks (13 times a year) you'll receive the Club's music magazine, which describes the Selection of the Month for each musical interest... plus hundreds of alternates from every field of music. In addition, up to six times a year you may receive offers of Special Selections, usually at a discount off regular Club prices, for a total of up to 19 buying opportunities.

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**Columbia Record & Tape Club,  
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I am enclosing check or money order for \$1.86 (which includes 1¢ for my 11 selections, plus \$1.85 for shipping and handling). Please accept my membership application under the terms outlined in this advertisement. I agree to buy eight more tapes or records (at regular Club prices) during the coming three years—and may cancel membership anytime after doing so.

Write in numbers of 11 selections.


HSL/B/J

Send my selections in this type of recording (be sure to check one):

8-Track Cartridges  Cassettes  
 Reel Tapes  Records

My main musical interest is (check one):  
 (But I am always free to choose from any category)

Easy Listening 2  Teen Hits 7  Classical 1  
 Country 5 (no reel tapes)  Jazz 4 (no reel tapes)

Mr.  
 Mrs.  
 Miss

(Please Print) First Name Initial Last Name

Address Apt.

City

State Zip

Do You Have A Telephone? (Check one)  YES  NO 619/583  
 This offer not available in APO, FPO, Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico. Write for details of alternative offer. Canadian residents will be serviced from Toronto.

Also send my first selection for at least a 60% discount, for which I am also enclosing additional payment of \$2.99. I then need buy only 7 more selections (at regular Club prices) in the next three years.

HSM/ZE

HSL/AF  HSN/ZF



# Letters

**S**IRS: THE CHRISTMAS SEASON is once again in full swing, and the fad of porcupine mailing is bigger than ever. We at the Post Office know the joy a loved one feels when a cuddly, quill-filled ball of fun waddles out from under your Christmas tree or shrub; but a crippled, deformed, or mashed Peter or Pippy Porcupine is worse than no gift at all. Porcupines should be placed in a Porcu-pac™ or similar Styrofoam container, with the quills sticking out of the top of the package. Merely throwing a few stamps over its eyes and dumping it down a mail chute can bring only tragedy. Make sure that when gifts are opened your recipient is saying "Ho,ho,ho" instead of "Ho, oh no, porcupine pieces all over everything—gross."

We at the Post Office  
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

I just got a look at some important new photographs of Russia's nuclear capabilities. Now, I don't want to scare anybody, but it doesn't hurt to take a few precautions. So, beginning tomorrow, everybody in America is going to start learning Russian. By that I mean their language, their customs and currency exchange, their governmental



structure, and the names of the foods you'll soon be ordering in your favorite restaurants. Nothing major. Trust me.

Ron  
The White House

Sirs:

The bald eagle is virtually extinct, as well as ugly, so I suggest we use a different animal as the symbol of our great nation. How about the goldfish? It's stupid and always underwater, just like us.

Gene Hill  
Yonkers, N.Y.

Sirs:

It is time for all of us corpses who are artificially preserved and on display to

rise up and demand our God-given right to decompose. In a recent meeting, Mao, Trigger, King Tut, Walt Disney, and myself voted unanimously to drop a symbolic limb if we don't get the deep six soon.

Lenin  
Red Square, Moscow

Sirs:

I am a professional live-in comedian. I go to people's homes for days or weeks at a time and make them laugh. I charge \$300 a week plus expenses, so if you know of any really depressed people or somebody who could just use a few chuckles, I'm available.

Eric Goldstein  
Bayside, N.Y.

Sirs:

Saul Bellow writes that true power is the ability to inflict boredom. I don't know about you, but it scares the hell out of me to think that Andy Rooney is the most powerful being on this or any other planet.

Citrus Kellogg  
Trenton, N.J.

Sirs:

We here at the Internal Revenue Service have recently adopted a new policy regarding audits. When you are called in, you will no longer be greeted by some faggy accountant in a three-piece suit. Instead, you will be asked to explain your deductions to a representative of the Hell's Angels, who will be carrying a bicycle chain. Lie to him and we take no responsibility for the consequences.

The IRS  
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

One more "Not tonight, I've got a headache" joke and I'm gonna eat somebody's arm. Got that?

Cha Cha Panda  
London Zoo

Sirs:

Sorry things didn't work out with Cha Cha. But you can tell Lou Grant he can eat crackers in my bed anytime he wants.

Ling Ling Panda  
Washington Zoo  
Washington, D.C.



David  
Blumberg

"The story I tell is true—only the names have been changed to protect the innocent."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 24)



© 1982 SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C. CANADIAN WHISKY. A BLEND OF CANADA'S FINEST WHISKIES.  
6 YEARS OLD. 86.0 PROOF. GIFT-PACKAGED AT NO EXTRA COST



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# Ski Free

## Enter Newport's "Ski Spree" Sweepstakes.

You choose the place... you choose the week... and NEWPORT will do the rest. It'll be our pleasure to give each of our 5 Grand Prize winners a week for two to the ski resort of their choice anywhere in the U.S.—including round trip air fare, hotel, complete ski outfits, all lift tickets...and \$1,000.00 for meals and expenses!

10 second prize winners will each receive a complete ski outfit, including K2 612 Skis, Lange XL-S Boots, Tyrolia 380 RD Bindings and Aerro Poles.

Win our third prize, and 25 lucky people will each get a pair of K2 612 Skis, Tyrolia 380 RD Bindings and Aerro Poles.

And we're even giving a NEWPORT ski hat to the next five thousand winners. So read the rules, send in the coupon, and then settle back with a NEWPORT while you wait for the good news.

**NEWPORT PLEASURE BONUS: Enclose two empty packs of Newport cigarettes, any style, and we'll send you coupons worth \$1.50!**

*Alive  
with pleasure!*

#### NEWPORT SKI SWEEPSTAKES OFFICIAL RULES.

1. NO PURCHASE NECESSARY. To enter, complete the Official Entry Form, and enclose the bottom panel from any style of Newport, or on a 3" x 5" piece of paper, handprint your name and complete address and the words, "Newport Alive with Pleasure," and mail to: NEWPORT SKI, P.O. Box 2938, Hillside, New Jersey 07205. Enter as often as you like, but each entry must be mailed separately. To be eligible, all entries must be received by April 30, 1983. 2. Winners will be selected in a random drawing from all eligible entries received conducted by Marden-Kane, Inc., an independent judging organization whose decisions are final; and, grand prize winners will be the first 5 entries so drawn, and then second, third and fourth prize winners will also be selected by random drawings. Only one prize per household. Sweepstakes open to residents of the U.S. who are at least 21 years of age except employees and their families of Lorillard, Loews Corporation, affiliated agencies and Marden-Kane, Inc. Void where prohibited or restricted by law. All Federal, State and local laws and



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That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



# Newport

## Newport KINGS

OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK

**Newport Ski , P. O. Box 2938 Hillside N. J. 07205**

Please enter me in the Newport "Ski Spree" Sweepstakes. I have read and agreed to be bound by the official rules and I certify that I am at least 21 years of age.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_  
State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_  
My usual brand is \_\_\_\_\_  
Kings  Box  100's

regulations apply. Taxes are the sole responsibility of each prize winner and winners are not entitled to demand prize substitutions. 3. Prizes: *Grand Prize (5)*: 7 day/6 night trip for two to ski resort of winner's choice in the continental U.S. Trip includes round-trip economy air fare, ground transportation, hotel accommodations, 6 days of lift tickets and \$1,000.00 for food and expenses. Value of trip not to exceed \$4,500.00. Trips must be taken by April 30, 1984 and are subject to availability. Plus, each Grand Prize winner will receive 1 pair of each of the following: K2 612 Skis, Lange XL-S Boots, Tyrolia 380 RD Bindings and Aerro Poles. *Second Prizes (10)*: Complete ski ensemble includes 1 pair of each of the following: K2 612 Skis, Lange XL-S Boots, Tyrolia 380 RD Bindings and Aerro Poles. *Third Prizes (25)*: 1 pair of K2 612 Skis, 1 pair of Tyrolia 380 RD Bindings, and Aerro Poles. *Fourth Prizes (5,000)*: Newport ski hat. 4. For a list of major prize winners, send a self-addressed stamped envelope to: NEWPORT SKI WINNERS, P.O. Box 2939, Hillside, New Jersey 07205. Odds of winning depend upon the total number of eligible entries received.



# Hip Places to Go (But Don't Tell Anyone)

Don't waste your time with Caribbean condos—here's where the celebs are hanging out.  
by Jefferson Springbok

**A**S WAS POINTED OUT TO this writer by a well-stationed young glue heiress, Aspen, Colorado, is “as God made it, more or less, except for the restaurants and the lifts and the houses and the airport—but why, damn it, does He allow tour groups from back east to come out here?” The answer is simply that Aspen, like a peck of other wonderful spots around the world, has earned a reputation as “the place to live.” Everyone who reads *Time* magazine's article on cocaine use in America and looks for the name of someone he knows is saving his pennies for a winter and/or spring vacation in Aspen to rub shoulders with the rich, the famous, and possibly John Denver.

The French and Italian Rivas suffer the same fate. The not-so-rich or famous flock there to pretend they are not wearing and driving every last cent they own. Clearly, if you are genuinely rich and famous, any place that appears in widely distributed national magazines should be avoided like a restaurant with caricatures of its famous clientele on the wall.

The rich and the famous are sneaking out of the renowned pleasure centers for places out of the way, places undiscovered by newspaper travel sections, Stephen Birnbaum CBS-radio-news travel reports, *Architectural Digest*, *People*, *Us*, *Playboy*, *Oui*, *Harper's*, *Vogue*, and *Fodor*. They are seeking refuge in any number of offbeat geographies. They move in, enjoy the company of their friends, the solitude, and the freedom to go through life unimitated. To be sure, nosy overweight media trend watchers will ferret out



these places, and the exodus will begin again. But for now, here is where to be:

## S U M M E R

**Battle Creek, Michigan** This bustling little city in Calhoun County is at the junction of the lovely Kalamazoo and Battle Creek rivers. It is the proud home of the Kellogg and Post breakfast-food companies. For this reason it is often dubbed Health Food City. Among the city's attractions are the Battle Creek Health Center, the Leila Arboretum, which contains the Kingman Memorial Museum of Natural History, and Willard Park. The café at the Hart Motor Inn is the meeting place for luminaries as well as for the area's many blue-collar and farm workers. For superb Dutch cuisine, a short ride to Holland, Michigan's Dutch Village is a must. Win Schuler's famous Bar Cheese is available seven days a week at the restaurant off I-94. A tour of the Kellogg plant is

an absolute must. Great values on property are in abundance. Try one of the many lakes in the area, to build near or to buy.

**Gatlinburg, Tennessee** A charming town abutting the Great Smoky Mountains National Park, with its virgin forests and beautiful wild flowers. Here you will find the Smoky Mountain Sky Lift, a half-mile cable-car ride up Crockett Mountain. That's Crockett as in Davy, whose birthplace is but a short spin away in the Mercedes. As for cultural attributes, Gatlinburg boasts the American Historical Wax Museum, Christus Gardens, with its stunning wax models of the life of Jesus Christ, and the Smoky Mountain Trout Farms, where the serious angler and the amateur alike can fish for free with no limit. It might be noted that Henry Kissinger and Lillian Hellman are on the board of Christus Park. The summer weather is delightful and healthful. Filmmaker Robert Altman raves about the local haute cuisine: “Nowhere in New York or Los Angeles can I find such fabulous Tennessee River catfish, ham with red-eye gravy, or hush puppies.”

## W I N T E R

**Nogales, Arizona** This colorful border town offers the ideal winter climate: hot and dry. There is an international flavor to Nogales, which shares its name with its Mexican sister. Property bargains abound on both sides of the border. It's a shopper's haven, with unique shops offering guitars, rugs, jewelry, and a host of native arts, including velvet paintings and pottery. Elizabeth Ashley, who maintains an apartment above the Safeway supermarket in town, enjoys the happy faces of the Indians, Mexicans, and poor white people, who are unimpressed with her celebrity. “The only time I feel I would be molested is if I went out at night,” Ms. Ashley contends. Henry Ford II claims that the Cavern Café is among the finest restaurants he's ever had the pleasure of dining in. “The notion that Geronimo was once imprisoned in this lovely cave, which was also a gold mine at one time,



only adds to the excitement." For a quiet Mexican or American meal, he suggests Zula's. The major metropolitan area of Tucson is only a short drive away, and there the culture-starved can find out-of-town newspapers, the Mineral Museum, the University of Arizona Art Gallery, which boasts a Chagall lithograph, and, in the spring, the Cleveland Indians training camp.

**Lake Geneva, Wisconsin** A popular summer resort with Chicagoans, Lake Geneva becomes an exciting winter sportsman's playground when the snow falls. On the lake itself there is ice fishing. For years Greta Garbo used to sneak into Lake Geneva to fish for winter walleye, one of her favorite dishes. The sport has caught on, and the popular saying among locals is that on any given day in winter "a billion dollars in liquid assets is sitting on the ice, freezing its fannies." The ski crowd enjoys the abundant rolling hills of Mount Wilmot, Gander Mountain, and the Play-boy Club, which is also a hot night spot. The Gargoyle Restaurant in Lake Geneva is renowned for its Bavarian atmosphere. Milwaukee is just a hop and skip away, with everything from giant breweries to pro football to Wee Wonder Nights, featuring tiny-tot musicians.

#### OVERSEAS

**Ethiopia** Fast gaining in popularity is the Ethiopian Riviera. The city of Massawa on the spectacular Red Sea is a haven for wealthy fun seekers. The climate is hot and dry, and an abundance of inexpensive, hardworking local help is available. They say that in Massawa it is possible to live like a king on a prince's salary. An in-town apartment in Addis Ababa is a must: the capital of Ethiopia, with a population of three-quarters of a million, boasts palaces, clubs, restaurants, markets, and a Mercedes dealership. The people are an admixture of Caucasoid and Negroid, and in addition to Amharic, the official Ethiopian tongue, many people speak English and Arabic. Ras Dashan boasts a 15,000-foot peak and offers excellent skiing and hiking. For the fisherman there are the Omo, Hawash, Shibeli, and Blue Nile rivers. "We love the history," reports Lee Radziwill. "Do you realize that the Queen of Sheba and King Solomon maintained residences here?" For the civic-minded there is a wealth of charity and community-service projects to be tackled. Walter and Betsy Cronkite have committed their time and resources to developing a national theater, to provide much-needed cultural nourishment. Although they detest the communist regime now in power, Bill and Pat Buckley adore this exotic and ancient land. Says Bill, "It's a marvelous

country, and so close to the Sudan!"

**Lapland** Though not a nation, this region of Europe, which is largely within the Arctic Circle and is comprised of parts of northern Sweden, Norway, Finland, and northwestern Russia, has a flavor and character all its own. It is truly the land of the midnight sun, and party lovers delight in the fact that during the winter months the sun barely rises above the horizon. Cocktail hour can run from twelve to fifteen hours. The life-style in Lapland is nomadic. Diana Vreeland and Bill Blass rave about the thrill and excitement of traveling with the reindeer herds. "An architect friend in New York designed us a fabulous skin tent that is completely mobile," says Blass. "We can collapse three bedrooms, a guest room, living room, den, sitting room, kitchen, spa

and sun deck, garage, and carriage house in under an hour!" The tundra, many find, is a refreshing break from civilized landscapes. Jane Fonda and Tom Hayden are especially fond of the Lapp people. "They are the shortest people in Europe, ranging in height from four to five feet, and they have the most marvelous bowed legs and yellowy skin," Fonda says with affection. "Tom and I are learning the Finno-Ugric language so we can take part in their cultural and social events." In addition to the exciting nomadic life-style there is money to be made raising herds of reindeer, which possibly explains the influx of Texas dollars into this remote but "in" region. As renowned Texas oilman Bunker Hunt quips, "It won't be long before the Lapps won't be able to afford their way of life." ■

## The ALLSOP 3 cassette deck cleaner... recommended by NAD



The makers of high quality NAD audio products, like the 6050C cassette deck, know that abrasive dry cleaning methods can damage their precision tape heads. That's why they recommend ALLSOP 3. NAD knows the patented, center wiper maintains a constant and complete swabbing action across the entire tape head. Moistened with a specially formulated solution, the virgin wool pads that distort sound quality. Plus, the two components of dirt that can snarling and "eating" the tape. ■ ALLSOP 3 and NAD are two great partners for the



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# f u can rd ths, u can wrt gd, or mybe bttr

Better writing  
through better wanting  
to write better:  
a guide for the unborng.  
by Marco de Sa e Silva

**W**HILE MAKING DINNER the other evening, my wife called attention to the fact that the sugar-and-ketchup concoction with which we had been satng our appetites for the past several days was not a life-sustaining staple. "Couldn't you do another of those how-to-be-a-better-writer articles? If we had some money again, we could afford hamburger." Her comment gave me the impetus to write this article and then sell it for well over seventy-five dollars.

As I often tell my students, writing is an art. Similarly, better writing is a better art, and tremendous writing is a tremendous art. You will become a better writer by listening to whatever it is I



have to tell you, taking note of my axioms, and understanding my complicated use of the many examples that follow. Let us begin by taking a look at an example of the kind of writing to which many students aspire, the so-called academic style:

Contemporary philosophers ascribe to Hegel a complexity of intellect far superior to their own as a means of apology for their

inability to understand him. Only within recent times has it become safe to suggest the possibility that the feeling of bewilderment one gets when reading Hegel is more the fault of Hegel than us; indeed, Hegel may have known precious little what he was talking about. That this might be the case can be demonstrated through reference to...

If you think good writing has to be that boring, you are insane. Take a look at how I've improved just those few sentences:

Hegel. It rhymes with bagel. But Hegel was a German philosopher, not a Jewish doughnut, and he was very difficult to understand. Whose fault is that? Probably his own.

Carriage return, indent five spaces, and begin the next paragraph. Axiom Number 1 is: Don't bore your readers. When you bore your readers, they quickly lose interest in you and your material, since neither seems to them to be very exciting.

Axiom Number 2 is: Always use short sentences and paragraphs, because they will make your writing less boring. This has been proved hundreds of times in thousands of studies. Axiom Number 3 is: Try not to capitalize all the words in a paragraph if you can help it.





Let's continue to another writing example so that we may uncover more axioms. Several weeks ago I paid a social call on a friend of mine. Unfortunately, he was not at home, but I did find a very interesting bit of prose pasted to his front door. I took it home with me and have reproduced it below:

Woolrich—

We have your girl Samantha and will do her the hard way if you dont give us 1000000. Will you? Put 3 hiway flares on front porch at midnite tonite. Or she is dead.

—A friend

After reading this, my first reaction was "What kind of madman would prefer the orthographically stylized 'hiway,' 'midnite,' and 'tonite' over 'highway,' 'midnight,' and 'tonight'?" Furthermore, what does it mean to "do" someone "the hard way"? This brings us to Axiom Number 4, which is: Avoid slang, clichés, that sort of thing. Bastardizations and idioms (note the similarity of these words to "bastards" and "idiots") will give your writing a dated quality and put you in poor favor with well-educated persons such as myself. My corrected version of the above note would read:

Dear Mr. Woolrich,

We have your daughter, Samantha, and will kill her unless you give us one million dollars. You may signal your intent to cooperate by placing three highway flares on your front porch tonight at midnight. Otherwise, she will be killed.

Cordially,  
A friend

Students often approach me on the street and ask, "What do you think of the writing style of, say, Erma Bombeck?" I reply, "I may be counted as one of her most devoted readers. How about yourself?" Let's take a look at one of her recent columns:

I don't know, maybe I'm just getting old. Then again, maybe not. You tell me.

Yesterday my sixteen-year-old daughter announced that she wanted to have Charles Manson's baby.

"Charles Hanson?" I asked hopefully. "The computer-games wizard from your algebra class? Why, that's wonderful!"

"Wrong, Mom," she replied dully. "Charles Manson, the mass murderer."

I thought it might be worth another try to go the deaf-optimist route. "Darryl Mansfield? The doctor's son, who owns the Camaro? What a great surprise!"

She looked at me the way a person would look at a puppy that was having trouble

# Items from Our Catalog<sup>®</sup>



Color: Roast Brown. Weight about 2 lbs. Men's sizes: 8-13. Size 10D serves two. 561CW Men's Edible Moccasin, \$41.75 ppd.

## Edible Moccasin

Combines walking comfort and digestibility. "Beef Roll" cross strap made of dried beef, rolled and sewn in place with heavily varnished linguine filament. Heel counter and hand-sewn toe piece are made of pita dough laminated to a layer of waxed, hand-rubbed beef jerky. Provides snug, foot-conforming fit and tasty open sandwich.

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© Avon Books 1982

# Animal House

was written by Chris Miller.

Now you can listen to Chris on an audio cassette of his original, X-rated stories, recorded live in concert.

THRILL to "Pinto's First Lay," the story that spawned Animal House.

EXPERIENCE a society where eating meat becomes the sin of "Carnivorous Knowledge."

DISCOVER the real reason

for the squeals of delight in "The Magic Show."

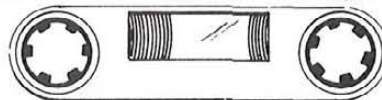
"Pinto's First Lay and Other

Stories"—almost an hour and

a half of hilarious, vulgar, raunchy, and totally crazy

humor from Chris Miller.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
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To get your cassette, send \$6.95, postpaid, to: National Lampoon, 635 Madison Ave., Dept. 183, New York, N.Y. 10022.

Visa and Mastercard users send card number, expiration date, and signature.



learning a simple trick. "Charles Manson. The mass murderer. He's getting out on parole in a few years, and when he does, I want to marry him and have his baby."

I conceded defeat. So she wanted to marry Charles Manson and have his baby.

This raised an interesting question: Wouldn't any child raised by Charles Manson and my daughter likely grow up to be a deranged, psychotic weirdo?

You tell me.

But first, tell me something else.

Am I getting old?

You could object that Erma's tendency to construct entire paragraphs from only three or four words flies in the face of all standard rules of English usage. You would be wrong. Axiom Number 5 tells us: There are no hard-and-fast rules of English usage.

You might reply that axioms are rules. They are not. They are different.

To strictly follow the standard rules of English usage is to write hackneyed, predictable, logical prose, whereas the extraordinary writer will often bend the rules, and break them whenever he feels like it, in an effort to write extraordinary, better, different prose.

Something even more pervasive than Erma Bombeck's columns is the massive influence of advertising in America today. Grammarians may stumble

when reading Bombeck, but they trip, fall, and suffer compound fractures when venturing through much of the ad copy we find in contemporary magazines and newspapers. I found the following example in a popular newsweekly:

The XL89. It's not a car for delicate temperaments.

In fact, when we interviewed four hundred former XL89 owners, an overwhelming majority said they didn't think the XL89 was a car for delicate temperaments.

Not for delicate temperaments at all.

Neither is the XL89 the right car for the kind of man who can, in one swift movement, remove a demonstration model's rear fender when he feels he is being misled.

The XL89 is not for the attorney who is competent enough to take on a large foreign automaker in a breach-of-guarantee suit.

Nor for the kind of driver who might panic when all eight cylinders seize up and the drive train disassembles.

At ninety-five miles per.

But if you're the kind of man, that one man in seventeen thousand, who has a lot of money to throw around and who has difficulty keeping track of warranties and receipts, maybe the XL89 is for you.

Just maybe.

Stop in at your XL89 dealer and find out. Soon.

In ordinary, plain writing, "soon" would hardly be permitted to function as a complete sentence, but here it serves handsomely as an entire paragraph. This kind of writing grabs you, entrances you, makes you buy things. Can you imagine what we would have if history professors wrote advertising copy? Don't even try; it's too awful.

Last summer I was taking a casual midnight stroll through the county cemetery when I happened upon a recently implanted tombstone on which were inscribed eight lines of the deceased's poetry. By occasional flashes of lightning I was able to read it, and it so interested me that I removed the stone and bore it upon my back to my home, three miles away. It is the marker of a Donald Louis Fredwell, who lived from 1931 to 1982, and reads as follows:

Yea, my body it is finally laid to rest  
Countless tortures I have been the victim of  
In search of those who made my life a jest  
My spirit it does prowl, and moves to kill.  
Accursed wife, vile in-laws, slippery friends,  
Employers, children, and the paperboy.  
I'll suck your blood, I'll taste my sweet  
revenge  
My spirit it will ride you all to Hell.

Here we see what can happen when a man with little or no training in poetry tries to work through iambic pentameter. He makes a complete fool of himself. Fredwell might have saved himself a good deal of embarrassment by simply putting his message, whatever it was, in prose. I have seen this done very successfully on a great many grave markers. Consider this example:

He was a decent guy.

It's clear, concise, to the point. Axiom Number 6 is: Be clear, concise, to the point.

What is the most important axiom of all? That would be Axiom Number 7: Communicate effectively. When you lose sight of this axiom, you are in trouble. When you fail to communicate effectively, you communicate poorly, which is, in effect, a bad thing. It also reflects poorly on me, which is worse. So don't do it.

One final axiom. Axiom Number 8 is: If you are writing an article for publication, discuss your fee before submitting the article, not after. It is because I always follow this axiom that my wife and I are eating hamburger again these days. The effort to write well can be very rewarding, dear student: otherwise, why bother? ■







So will everyone you remember with a gift of Seagram's 7. It's the season's perfect mixer—for home entertaining or visiting with friends. So reach for the holiday spirit. Serve all your guests sensibly. And Yule stir with Seagram's 7.

# Yule stir with



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Seagram's

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# BAD NEWS FOR INTI



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So you think you can beat every game made for your Intellivision<sup>®</sup> system, huh? Think you're pretty tough stuff, huh?

Well, so did Billy Grubb up there.

Until he played IMAGIC'S new Demon Attack,<sup>™</sup> Atlantis, Microsurgeon<sup>™</sup> and Beauty & the Beast for the Intellivision system.

First, Bill played Demon Attack. Wave after wave of deadly demons bombarded Bill with lasers. The tricky demons split in two, even let loose with a few fireballs. But somehow Bill managed to wipe them out and take off into space searching for the demons' home base.

Unfortunately for little Billy, he found it.

Next, Bill gave Atlantis a shot. The Gorgon attack vessels filled the skies above the underwater city of Atlantis. Bill fought back from his two missile posts. As night fell, and the Gorgon death rays took their toll, Bill launched his star fighter and attacked the enemy head-on in the air.

But little Billy was no match for the fierce Gorgon warriors. No match for IMAGIC.

By now, Billy was feeling a little sick. He was ready for Microsurgeon.

Using a surgical robot probe, Bill began exploratory surgery on the

**Demon Attack**



**Atlantis**





# TELEVISION OWNERS.



patient. The status report warned of serious problems in the heart and lungs. Bill raced down the circulatory system fighting white blood cells and bacteria all the way.

The beating of his patient's heart was deafening as Bill raced against the clock to remove the cholesterol blocking the arteries. Then the beating stopped.

And so did Billy.

Next, Bill grabbed for Beauty & the Beast. "This'll be easy," he said with his last glimmer of cockiness.

It wasn't.

After climbing up a building through dozens of open windows,

jumping over rolling boulders, narrowly avoiding vicious rats, and ducking under deadly birds, Billy was still four stories away from the beast that was bullying his best girl. Then he fell off the ledge.

Bye-bye, Biiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiyyyyyyy!!!!

Let this be a warning to all you cocky, know-it-all, self-proclaimed video game wizards out there:

Laboratory tests have proven that IMAGIC games, when played in large doses, may be hazardous to your self-esteem and cause chronic Huggedigitosis (sore thumb).

In other words, our games are created by experts for experts.

**Microsurgeon**



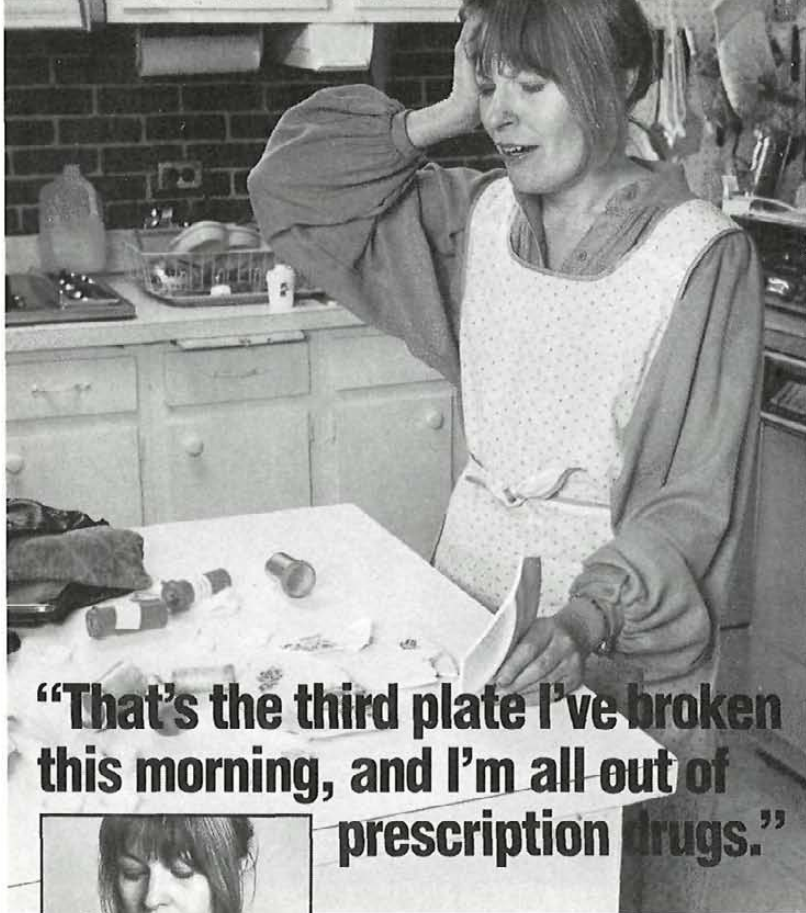
**Beauty & the Beast**



Created by Experts for Experts.™



# TYLENIDE HEADACHE #1



**"That's the third plate I've broken this morning, and I'm all out of prescription drugs."**



Nancy's had tough days before, but never a day like this. She's been dropping, spilling, and knocking over things since she got up, and it's not even noon. "My nerves," she says. "My nerves and my headache and my emotional problems and my back." But Nancy's got medication for

those things...or, wait a minute...she did yesterday...Is she...all out? A purse full of empty bottles. Quick! Check the medicine chest. But nothing in there seems to work anymore. "What am I going to do?" Nancy cries softly. What thousands of others are doing, Nancy—they're reaching for Extra-Strength Tylenide. It's The Solution. The one that always works and that you'll never run out of, ever. Ruin the whole kitchen if you like, Nancy. Break the appliances and burn it down. It's all okay, Nancy, 'cause you've got The Solution. You've got Extra-Strength Tylenide. The one that always works.

**EXTRA-STRENGTH  
TYLENIDE**  
The Solution



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## Letters

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12)

Sirs:

As we are the owners of the office block at 635 Madison Avenue, certain questionable practices of the editorial staff of *National Lampoon* have been brought to our attention. As your landlords, we hereby give notice that unless you desist in these questionable practices immediately, we will be forced to secure a court injunction requiring you to vacate the premises; said questionable practices being:

(1) The keeping of wild animals in private offices, with or without the constraint of iron bars or ropes;

(2) The carrying of firearms or the discharging of live ammunition while in pursuit of the above-mentioned wild animals;

(3) The installation of antitheft devices potentially lethal to janitorial staff attempting to clean private offices, said antitheft devices consisting of spring-loaded halberds, harquebuses, blunderbusses, crossbows, leg-hold traps, and large mammals, reptiles, arachnids, or other wild creatures;

(4) The launching of winged vehicles, propelled by solid- or liquid-fuel rockets or turboprops, whether robot-guided or manned, from the windows of private offices;

(5) The addition of any items to the flagpoles addending from above or below any private office, especially when such items are bagpipers;

(6) The construction by growth, carpentry, chemical recombination, or other mode of manufacture of any humanoid, android, or other form of semihuman creature in a private office;

(7) The mechanical amplification of any sound from the windows of private offices onto the street immediately below, whether such sounds consist of elephant stampedes, funeral marches, air-raid sirens, or solicitations of sexual favors from passersby.

Look, fellas, let's try to be reasonable about this. We've tried to play ball with you over the years, but things are really getting out of hand up there. So, please, try to tone it down, can't you? At the very least, keep off the other floors. Is that too much to ask?

Grady-Boswell Ltd.  
650 Madison Avenue  
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

I had a taping system in the White House, too, and I used to listen to country music on it all the time.

Gerald Ford  
38th President of the United States

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 30)



# TIME OF THE MONTH

## REBOUND-O-RAMA

### Widowed Rainier to Cast for New Princess

*Monaco monarch begins  
coast-to-coast search*

**H**AVING FAILED IN HIS PRIVATE quest for a woman to replace Princess Grace, Prince Rainier has announced a coast-to-coast search for a new wife.

Rainier announced the fifteen-city tour in New York earlier this month after confessing that a trip to Philadelphia had failed to "make lightning strike twice in the same place."

"All I found were Jewesses and dagos," the prince told reporters, "and while the Jewish girls certainly behaved like princesses, they were far from royalty."

Rainier has enlisted the aid of Bill Graham, the rock promoter, and the Marriott chain of hotels, which will host the "1983 Search for a Princess." Rainier will travel throughout the country for the next month, preceded in each town by a crack advance team and a barrage of radio commercials announcing his intentions. One of these commercials was previewed at the press conference:

"Hi, I'm Prince Rainier, and I'm lookin' for a lover who won't drive me crazy. If you're young, blond, and got a lot a show business connections, you might be the girl for me. Shake your butt down to the airport Marriott, and let's get acquainted. Till then, *bon soir*."

Sources in the 1983 Princess Tour Company refused to divulge the rigorous series of tests that have been devised to distill the new princess from the flood of applicants, although one insider did reveal that there will be a driving test. ■



*Prince Rainier is "lookin' for a good woman." Could it be you?*

## DOMESTICANA

### Congress Unionizes

*Sees "good labor relations with ourselves"*

**A**SSERTING THAT IT MEANS "we've come down squarely on the side of American labor," Congress has unionized for the first time in its history. The new union, named the "Organization of Elected Representatives," will be open to any member of either the Senate or the

House of Representatives.

House member Samuel Owens, who spearheaded the drive to unionize, has said that "we expect to be a model of good labor relations for the American people. For example, one of the union's first demands was a ten-thousand-dollar-a-week raise for its members, and we immediately voted it in. Then the union demanded six-month paid vacations, and we voted that in, too. Next the union demanded a five-hour lunch break with two half-hour coffee breaks, and we voted that in, too. The union also demanded that our cafeteria be supplied by Maxim's of Paris, and management was very understanding. We voted that in, too. The union has also asked for an improved hospitalization plan that pays us ten times whatever we pay for hospital bills, and that was voted in, too. Finally, the union has called for our number of sick days to be increased to two hundred a year, and



*Carefully negotiated coffee break.*



# Product Bargain Bonanza!



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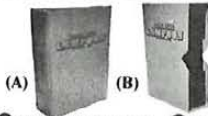
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THAT'S SICK!



THAT'S NOT FUNNY.

● **National Lampoon "That's Not Funny, That's Sick!" T-shirt** This is the shirt preferred by fans of the live theater and the criminally insane. (TS-1026) \$4.95

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that was voted in, also."

Asked what the union's next demand might be, Owens said, "Well, as head of the union's steering committee, I think we're going to demand a profit-sharing plan. Did you know that in 1981 the U.S. Treasury took in more than 300 billion dollars in taxes? We think a percentage of that—say, .1 percent for each congressperson—would be a very legitimate demand. And, I'm happy to say, once again we seem to agree, because we're supposed to vote on it tomorrow, and it looks like a shoo-in."

Owens smiled proudly. "In some sectors of the American economy, demands like these could have led to some very nasty strikes. But I'm happy to report that in our case management—that is, we ourselves—has shown a very responsible and reasonable attitude. If the rest of the country would just take their example from us, there's virtually no limit to how well-off the average worker could become." ■

## Brezhnev Dies After Hunger Strike



Sources have revealed that Leonid Brezhnev's death followed a long hunger strike protesting the "soft" treatment of Russian Jews. "If even one Soviet Jew dies or is imprisoned or at least hopelessly trapped and isolated from society without possibility of working at the profession for which he was trained or living in a decent apartment or knowing anything but persecution and pain," declared Brezhnev at the end, "my sacrifice will not have been in vain."

## More and Better Perversion with the Pulitzers

After nearly one hundred days of testimony in the sizzling divorce trial of Peter and Roxanne Pulitzer, the latter introduced a photograph that court experts are calling the "most glaring and substantive evidence to date." According to Mrs. Pulitzer, her husband would disguise himself as a twelve-year-old and dress her up like his older sister and then force her to perform triple-sandwich jobs with a 398-pound marlin, which was really a German shepherd in a marlin costume. As in the past, Mr. Pulitzer attributed the behavior to cocaine and being rich and having spare time.



### WANDERABILIA

## Another Lapse at Buckingham Palace

**S**HOCKING REVELATIONS OF A new lapse of security at Buckingham Palace horrified Britons last week. Deputy Assistant Commissioner Colin Smith, placed in charge of palace security after an unemployed laborer, Michael Fagen, wandered into the queen's bedroom last July, reported that "as many as several dozen" young women had entered the bedroom of Prince Philip over a ten-day period.

The queen's consort, who sleeps apart from his wife, refused to comment upon the affair. "I know nothing about it. It would seem to be a police matter."

Deputy Assistant Commissioner Smith said he learned of the women's nocturnal visits only recently, upon questioning the duke of Edinburgh after observing three apparently intoxicated females leaving the duke's quarters at 4:15 A.M. According to Smith, the duke told him that "he was unsure whether the women's presence was authorized but that 'he rather thought not.'"

Accordingly, the Scotland Yard officer has begun an investigation. "We have a few leads," he said. Police issued a bulletin saying they are looking for a woman named LaVern. ■



Tapes from hidden security cameras show that Prince Philip's bedroom has been trespassed by three and four strangers at a time.



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## Love Among the Lesions

*Universal Herpes Act to assure future security of U.S.*

**I**T BEGINS WITH A PARADOX: A burning, itching sensation in what should be the body's focus of purest pleasure. Next comes a devastating fever. And, throughout it all, there are the telltale sores: small red lesions informing their victims that they are participating in the greatest sexual epidemic in American history. They have herpes.

Now, in an effort to control the effects of the disease, Congress has authorized the Center for Disease Control in Atlanta to herpeate the drinking water of the entire United States.

"It's really a very simple process," according to CDC spokesman Dr. Abner Clayton. "It's just like fluoridation, only a lot easier, because these little germs grow like mad. We nurture them in huge Petri dishes, and then just dump 'em in the reservoirs. It won't be long before every man, woman, and child in the United States has the disease, and then we can all just go ahead and forget it!"

The action was made necessary, according to Clayton, "because people who have the disease—and there are untold millions of them—just aren't copulating anymore. Either they're in too much pain, or they're in remission but afraid of giving it to somebody else. And the people who haven't caught it aren't copulating either, because they're so afraid of getting it. In this liberated age, even husbands and wives are terrified of each other. The result is that virtually everyone in the country is walking around frustrated and edgy. Our industrial output is dropping. And,



*Helping publicize the new universal herpes program, cast members of television's "Love Boat" show off newly formed eruptions and, not coincidentally, newly uninhibited attitudes toward having sex.*

of course, no one is having any babies. A few more years of this and we'll be easy prey for the Russians."

The only sensible solution, Clayton says, was "to let the other shoe drop and give it to everybody. Now we can all stop worrying about when we're going to get it and who we're going to get it from and get back to the business of living. It's a practical, cost-effective way to keep America copulating and populating."

Clayton beamed. "Why, my wife got her first lesion yesterday, and I woke up this morning feeling a little tender down you-know-where. Once the initial pain and fever subside in a few weeks, we're planning on a second honeymoon." ■

Benjian sitting at a large, elegant desk.

"Typically," the owner says, "our customers are rich, very classy people, people who know the good life and drive Mercedes-Benzes. They come to me because they want a pure concept—I might tell them anything from 'a couple of lamps' to 'how about a bunch of leather chairs and a pool table?'" The concepts may be ephemeral, but the price is not. Suzanne Somers recently purchased one—"how about a nice blue Oriental rug?"—that reportedly set the actress back a cool seven thousand dollars. "Nobody wants to think all the time," says Benjian. Next in store for his company: food concept concept stores ("I might tell them, you know, 'Buy a couple of steaks'"). ■

## Sharon Thwarts Investigation, Eats Evidence



Israeli officials investigating the massacre of Palestinians in Beirut last September say their efforts were hampered considerably when Defense Minister Ariel Sharon devoured several hundred pounds of documents and physical evidence relevant to the case. Responding to an admonitory harangue later heaped on him by the chief justice of the Israeli Supreme Court, Sharon described the court and most of the Israeli government as "Jew-hating, anti-Zionist Nazis who have no business talking on matters of what anyone eats."

Edited by Tod Carroll. Contributions by T. C., Fred Graver, Ed Subitzky, Ted Mann, and Jim Mentel.

### FURNITURE AND FURNITURE SALES

## The Concept Concept Store

*New concept—with the accent on concept*

**I**T WAS A LOGICAL STEP FROM furniture concept stores to furniture concept concept stores," stated Barry Benjian, proprietor of Interior Thoughts, the trendy new showplace on Rodeo Drive in Beverly Hills. Mr. Benjian, who formerly owned a chain of stores that dealt in expensive, uncomfortable chairs and couches for people who were too rich, sat in his empty showroom and articulated what he has referred to as "the sales concept of the eighties."

"You see," he said, "a true concept is a beautiful, ephemeral thing—like an idea for a quiz show featuring paraplegics, something you come up with, say, in the shower and then sell for ten thousand dollars. But a furniture concept is not ephemeral at all—it is wood and cotton, chrome and leather."

Accordingly, Mr. Benjian's new showroom has no stock at all. In fact, his company produces no furniture. People who wander into his chic carpeted showroom find only Mr.



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- |   |  |  |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> <b>OCTOBER 1976</b> / The Funny Pages                  | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>JUNE 1979</b> / Kids                                 | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>MAY 1981</b> / Naked Ambition                      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> <b>NOVEMBER 1976</b> / Special Election-Year Issue     | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>JULY 1979</b> / Sports                               | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>JUNE 1981</b> / Romance                            |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> <b>FEBRUARY 1977</b> / Kennedy Reinaugural Issue       | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>SEPTEMBER 1979</b> / Pot-pourri                      | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>AUGUST 1981</b> / Let's Get It Up, America!        |
| <input type="checkbox"/> <b>APRIL 1977</b> / Ripping the Lid Off TV             | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>OCTOBER 1979</b> / Comedy                            | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>SEPTEMBER 1981</b> / Back to School                |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> <b>OCTOBER 1977</b> / Beatles                          | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>FEBRUARY 1980</b> / Tenth Anniversary Issue          | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>JANUARY 1982</b> / Sword and Sorcery               |
| <input type="checkbox"/> <b>NOVEMBER 1977</b> / Life-styles                     | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>MARCH 1980</b> / March Miscellany                    | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>FEBRUARY 1982</b> / The Sexy Issue                 |
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## Letters

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24)

Sirs:

I'm an orphaned burro, sired by a very drunk Pablo Picasso when he spent a stormy night in our paddock on a remote mountain in Crete. I was just wondering if there's any of that big fortune still kicking around, or if those other bastards got it all.

Little Pablo  
Crete

Sirs:

We Biblical scholars have uncovered several errors in the Bible. For example, we have learned that the universe was created not in seven days but in twelve. Also, the first people were named Adam and Sheree. And Jesus' father was a gardener named Luis Gonzales. Otherwise, everything is correct.

Bible Scholars  
At the seminary

Sirs:

I'll tell you what's wrong with the economy. You don't have to take a broad to dinner in order to get laid anymore—that's what's wrong with the economy.

Regan  
Treasury Dept.  
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

The other night I went to a pornographic movie for the first time and I was really shocked. The plot was contrived, the characterizations weak, the dialogue unimaginative. The fucking was okay, though.

Louise Brumbaugh  
Atlanta, Ga.

Sirs:

I've got, like, this really funny joke, and you don't have to, you know, pay for it or anything, okay? It's a little, like, visual, so imagine you can see me, okay, and I've got these really tight jeans on, right? Okay. And I say, "Nothing comes between me and my Calvins..." (I stop for a second) "except the Reverend Jerry Falwell!" Get it?

Brooke Shields

Sirs:

There was this American Airlines Flight 606 to the Philippines, see? And they were flying the polar route over the Arctic and they developed engine trouble and went down. Follow? So after being stuck up there for three weeks they run out of provisions and have to resort to cannibalism. Naturally, the flight attendants had been holding



# Foto Funnies

WE'RE SIAMESE TWINS. WE SHARE A SINGLE PAIR OF BREASTS.



PEOPLE OFTEN WONDER HOW WE CAN STAND TO BE SO CLOSE TO EACH OTHER ALL THE TIME.



BUT WE GET ALONG JUST FINE.



TEA'S READY... I'LL GET IT.

TWEEEET!



RIIPPI!

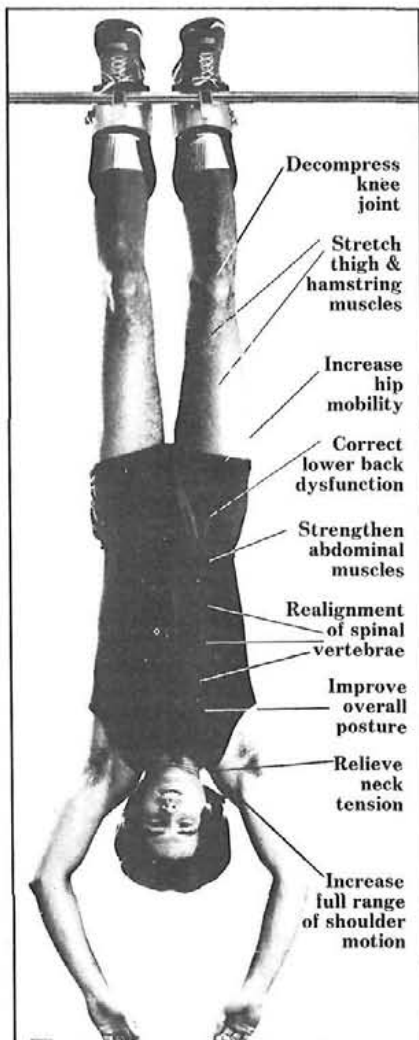
YOU PHONY! YOU'RE NOT REALLY MY SIAMESE TWIN. IT WAS JUST A PLOY TO RUB AGAINST MY BREASTS.



NO, NO, THAT'S TOTALLY UNTRUE... UH-OH, THERE'S A FLY ON YOUR AREOLA... HOLD STILL WHILE I CAPTURE IT... THIS SHOULDN'T TAKE MORE THAN AN HOUR... DON'T MOVE...







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back food all along, so they were the last to die. Right? So one flight attendant starts to chomp on the pilot, starting at the head, and the other chows down on the navigator, starting at the feet. So the one eating the pilot finds the cranium a bit tough, while the other flight attendant is just gobbling up toes, ankles, and so on. After a while, the first flight attendant gets to the neck, and she stops to ask the other one how the navigator tastes. She says, "Oh, terrific! I'm having a ball!" and the first flight attendant says, "Gee, you eat fast."

Frank Borman  
Eastern Airlines World Headquarters  
Pago Pago

Sirs:

I got a great idea for a new superhero comic book. It's called *Punch-Man*. It's about this guy who always punches all the villains. Usually he gets punched back, too. Then he punches them back again. By the end, the bad guys are all knocked out. But one of them is just faking and he tries to punch Punch-Man. Then he just punches them out until they die. But it's okay because the bad guy was a robot. To be continued next issue.

Len Rowboat  
Lubbock, Tex.

Sirs:

You've all seen commercials where four out of five doctors recommend Roloids, or aspirin, or some other product? Well, I'm that fifth doctor, the one who won't recommend a goddamn thing to anyone. I'm a member of the NRPU—the Non-Recommendng Professionals Union—and we're fighting to put a stop to these recommendations of doubtful products. Of course, not everybody does it; plumbers will hardly recommend anything, including plumbing, but there are other professionals who make the rest of us look slimmer than whale diarrhea. Like dentists. They'll do anything for a little weasel money. You know, "Ninety-nine out of a hundred dentists recommend Crest." It's unethical, and we of the NRPU want to get these recalcitrant bugs under the firm control of the union as soon as we can. Because then we'll be talking about *real* money for recommending products, and no more of this nickel-dime shit.

Dr. Thornton Bicker  
Mayo Clinic

Sirs:

I've been attending Negative Encounter Group therapy to overcome severe crowd shyness. We get up in front of our group and we tell un-jokes. Un-jokes are meant to be un-funny. We

don't get any laughs, of course, but then we're not expecting any laughs. When we bomb out, it's really a huge success. Confidence building? Like, right now, buddy. Really. You want to hear me tell an un-joke? It's terribly un-funny. There. Want me to do it again? Okay. Great, huh? I got a million more where those came from.

Herbie Morbidoza  
Wennauke, Wis.

Sirs:

What's in a name? Plenty. Before we finally decided to call me Captain Kangaroo, we tossed around all kinds of names for my character. Lieutenant Bimbo, Officer Shitheel, and Commander Cock were only three of the names given serious consideration. I'm just glad we finally went with what we did.

Bob Keeshan  
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Our town park was becoming a hangout for drug fiends and winos, so we decided to do something about it. We bulldozed the trees and ripped out the tennis courts and laid out a three-acre rectangle. Then we hired a local artist to paint a large mural depicting the history of our town. After the mural was completed, we had a puzzle company reproduce it as a three-acre jigsaw puzzle. Now, every night, hundreds of our residents descend on the park, trying to assemble this large jigsaw puzzle in the three-acre rectangle. We figure it will probably take at least two years to complete this project. Instead of druggies and winos, we have solid citizens having good clean fun every night. And you know what the best thing about it is? After it's finished, we can break it up and start all over again.

Mayor Tom Barnett  
McMinnville, Oreg.

Sirs:

Phlegm. You can't live with it, and you can't live without it.

Ray Turner  
Ashland, Ky.

Sirs:

Just before the end of my life I sat down and did a lot of soul searching, and I'll tell you, I searched under the priceless couch cushions, under the huge crates full of money—I didn't turn up a goddamn thing. Not one trace of soul. Dammit. And now it's too late to kill somebody and steal his.

Anastasio Somoza-Debayle  
Still underground in Paraguay

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 76)





## It was the worst of times. Period.

It was the year of No Surprises. We stopped kidding ourselves and everyone came out of the closet. "Let's get real," proclaimed famous socialite C. Z. Guest. "I'm a rich old hag who doesn't give a shit about anybody. Who are you?" Thus saying, she captured the mood of the country.

Another year came and went, and you could have written its history well before it began. What we experienced was 365 days in which not a hell of a lot happened. Some sports figures admitted taking drugs. A bizarre murder spree splashed its way across California. Plans for postnuclear profiteering were unearthed. Broadway continued to exhume the fetid remnants of America's past, while PBS reaffirmed its commitment to an American future. Publishers' Row continued its role as a commercial factory, producer of lies, and deceiver of intellects. And, finally, Hollywood—the last bastion of glamour and glory—found that the dream had died, and began to sell off its last tatters.

Nineteen eighty-three. It took a year like this one to make the nation look forward to 1984. ■





# The Bohemian Grove Murders

An Exclusive Men's Retreat Becomes a Spawning Ground for Blood Lust

BY JOSEPH LEVI-PAULIN



One of 173 New York Post covers devoted to the murders. All told, the Spiders' blood spree dominated close to nine thousand magazine and newspaper covers in 1983, saving the publishing industry from what could have been a very bad year.

**A**MERICA AWOKE ON THE morning of August 2, 1983, to the most horrifying news of the year. Millions called their radio stations, pleading with the newscasters to wait until they had finished their breakfast.

At first, the details were sketchy. Assassins had invaded the home of Frank Sinatra, interrupting an ancient religious ceremony; Joey Bishop was dead; two derelicts had been turned into grisly specimens—"human waffles"—in a related incident.

As time marched on, the facts became even more grisly, more incredible. In the final act of this sordid drama, one man whose very name meant establishment, one former CIA chief, and one Catholic priest stood accused of this bloody rampage.

This was not some band of drug-crazed psychotics, a Manson-style gang bent on rising up from the underbelly of society to seek vengeance. These brutal, senseless murders had been performed by wealthy, powerful, influential men. Men who should have known better.

They called themselves the Spiders—a group that belonged to the Bohemian Grove, the most exclusive, prestigious, ultra-secret club of the establishment, the people who really run the world.

The details of their bloodthirsty spree through California, and the subsequent trial, sent shock waves through the country. As their leader, William Colby, wrote in a letter to his wife, "We were bent on destroying a world we never wanted, as the serpent eats its own eggs, and the ego destroys the ego."

## THE SPIDERS' WEB

WHO WERE THESE MEN? ONE WAS Father Andrew Greeley, who made his first fame as the author of novels that promised readers the thrill of seeing priests having sex. From his earliest years in the clergy Greeley made a great deal of money, which was rumored to be diverted into a Liechtenstein bank account for his early retirement.

The second member of the Spiders was David Rockefeller. Banker, philanthropist, member of the Trilateral Commission, political "godfather," he has often been cited by sociologists as being a "lynch pin" of the establishment.

Because of his unique social prominence, Rockefeller offered the biggest puzzle for journalists, detectives, and psychiatrists. The big question: Why would a man with his wealth and power do such a horrible thing? Or, as journalist Lally Weymouth asked, why would he do it in public, when he could have



easily arranged to get the same thrills on one of his massive estates, without fear of recrimination?

Perhaps the answers to our questions about Rockefeller will come in his book, being written for Simon and Schuster, which won an auction among eight publishing houses by offering Rockefeller a free typewriter with their one-and-a-half-million-dollar advance.

Finally, when America thinks of the Spiders, they try to avoid thinking about the leader of this vicious band, William Colby, director of the CIA in the early seventies, and a career diplomat and government official. Little is known about Colby except for his now-infamous habit of stealing office supplies. His best-known theft was of a highly sophisticated message beeper, issued only to CIA directors. Colby was supposed to have turned in his beeper upon leaving the CIA, but did not. He continued to receive frequent messages.

According to friends of Colby who wished to remain anonymous, he often claimed that "they" beeped him frequently and would tell him what to do each day. "He never really complained about it," one close friend told reporters, "because they always left him enough time to get in eighteen holes and run a few personal errands."

## BOHEMIAN GROVE: SUMMER CAMP OR SATAN'S SANCTUARY?

FOR CLOSE TO ONE HUNDRED YEARS the Bohemian Grove stood as a symbol for the white male establishment in America. For three weeks every summer, the rich and the superrich came to frolic, to relax, to "piss on redwoods" if they desired, or to let their hair down in any way they could.

The Grove's activities were overseen by "mythical spirits" that had evolved over decades of its tradition, each spirit representing a group or club. There was the Owl, the wise bird that oversaw the Altar of Good Fellowship. There was the playful Hamadryad, the bacchanalian nymph that lived among the redwoods. There was also the Spider, symbol to all who entered the Grove that the complex web of the outside world was not welcome at the Grove.

The ideal of the Grove was to escape worldly cares and devote oneself to recreation, enlightenment, and reflection. From time to time, stories would leak out—of prostitutes who would stay in motels across the river from the camp, eager to serve the Bohemians; of alcoholic binges that lasted for the full three weeks' encampment; and, in latter years, of drug use by younger Bohemians. But the world was always satisfied to look the other way while its best and brightest behaved as bad fraternity boys do on a spree.

## THE EVIL MOUNTS

THIS YEAR, THE FESTIVITIES HAD begun no differently. The new members were initiated with the usual pranks and jests. The regular guests had been invited, and the cream of the crop of current celebrities was in attendance. But soon into the first week, strange things began to happen.

Punch Sulzberger of the *New York Times* dug a hole in the side of a hill and would come out only to "get more ketchup." A new Bohemian, the youngest partner in a San Francisco law firm, tried to turn himself into a human martini by strapping his naked body to a picnic table and inviting passersby to jab cocktail olives into his skin. George Plimpton supplied a Pershing II nuclear

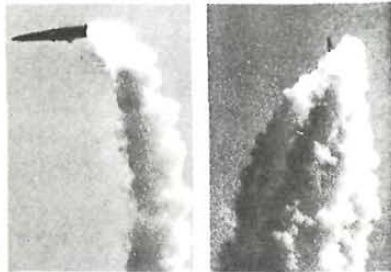
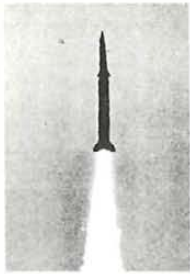


*Victims of blood lust: Joey Bishop, Marni Provost, Lee Iacocca, and two derelicts known to the locals only as "Mike and Booz."*



**Artist's rendering of the lizard-nibbling ceremony. On seeing the animal in his drink, Richard Nixon reportedly stamped away in disgust. "I hate sushi," he said.**





*The Pershing II missile fired by George Plimpton in his annual Bohemian Grove fireworks show. The missile was defective and wiped out the town of Monte Rio, California. Ironically, Monte Rio was not missed until testimony at the Bohemian Grove murder trial indicated that it had been destroyed.*

missile instead of his usual summer fireworks. The missile proved to be defective and wiped out the entire town of Monte Rio, not far from the Grove. Perhaps the oddest thing of all in this affair is that no one realized Monte Rio had been wiped out until the incident came to light during the trial.

### LIZARD NIBBLING

THE CONVERSION OF THIS GROUP OF mild-mannered elderly executives into a band of homicidal maniacs took place in the span of five nights. Because a shroud of secrecy still lies over the activities of the Grove, the account of this incredible transformation comes to us by way of David Rockefeller's testimony during the Bohemian Grove murder trial.

Among the many activities at the Grove, one of the favorites was the frequent pranks that were played by one camp against another. And no prankster was more adept than William Colby.

"Bill had picked up a lot of dirty tricks while he was in the CIA," Rockefeller told the court, "although my years in Skull and Bones certainly didn't leave me lacking in this department. Other camps were content to take out all your light bulbs or short-sheet your beds. Bill liked to undertake campaigns of vile character assassination, things like that. I remember the time Harry

On the first night of this year's encampment, Greeley, Rockefeller, and Colby got together with a group of their friends after the "Cremation of Care" ceremony. Colby began talking about the messages he had been receiving through his beeper contacts. He was chatting away, talking about a few business deals they had ordered him to do, when he dropped the bomb on the group.

"Bill never was one to beat around the bush," Greeley later wrote. "He just blurted out that the beeper people had told him to kill a bunch of guys, and that they had one special person in mind that he would have to kill, after he had proven his loyalty to them. He wanted to know if anyone was interested in getting in on the deal."

Not everyone at that gathering felt that a murder spree was a nice way to spend a vacation. "If you're going to do that kind of thing," William F. Buckley, Jr., told Colby, "you'd better have a good reason. I don't think these alleged 'beeper people' constitute a good reason. For all we know, Soviet spies are jamming your signals." Colby stared bitterly at the political columnist and promised that Buckley, and anyone else who was interested, would have everything revealed to him at the Altar of Good Fellowship the following night.

Word spread quickly through the camp of Colby's clandestine meeting,

**As Colby and Rockefeller took their positions on the balcony, Greeley approached Nancy Sinatra. "I have something to show you," he said. There, tattooed in living color, was an amazing likeness of the young singer in her glory days. "I had it done while I was in the seminary," Greeley confessed.**



Truman was going to visit the Grove during our third week. This was in the fifties, I guess. For two weeks Colby worked like a dog getting people to believe that Harry used to do daisy chains with cabinet members in the Oval Office. Boy, when Truman came into camp, no one would get near him!"

and many campers were concerned. "A lot of the fellows thought we should hold it in a larger place," Greeley testified. "We expected a big crowd. Unfortunately, it rained that night, so a lot of the gents just stayed in bed."

Attending the Black Rite of the Spider, as Greeley and Colby had



named it, were Richard Nixon, Sidney Bechtel, Lee Iacocca, William F. Buckley, Jr., and film actor Charlton Heston. Colby welcomed each by offering them a martini with a lizard on a toothpick resting in each glass.

"It was a test," Rockefeller later recounted. "As each of us got to the bottom of the drink, Bill watched to see what we would do. If we nibbled the lizard, we were in."

Rockefeller and Greeley were the only ones to pass the test. Capturing the sentiments of the others, Buckley later wrote, "I don't mind a sick joke now and then, but not at the expense of ruining my martini. Besides, Colby could never mix a martini dry enough for my taste."

## THE DERELICT MURDERS

BOTH ROCKEFELLER AND GREELEY claim that the rest of the night was a blur. "He must have slipped something into the lizards," Rockefeller later testified. "I'd never felt like that before."

"I remember listening to a lot of Sinatra records," Greeley wrote in his book. "Colby was obsessed with the singer. I remember a lot of maple syrup, and staying up all night at the pay phone near the gate of the camp because Colby had gotten beeped and had to call in to 'them.' I swear to you, I had nothing to do with the Credo, although the court later judged differently."

WHILE WILLIAM COLBY TRIED ANXIOUSLY to reach his contacts, Sheriff Phil Chesterfield of Guerneville, California—the small town across the river that played annual host to the Bohemian Grove's hookers—was stumbling on the first evidence of the evil brewing among the Bohemians. Lying on the steps of the courthouse were the town's two derelicts. They had been brutally strangled, mutilated, and covered with maple syrup. Written in blood on the courthouse door was the word MYWAY.

"I'd never seen anything like it," Chesterfield later told reporters. "It looked like someone had turned them into human waffles. But in my gut, I knew who was responsible. It had to be those drunken assholes up in the Grove. They even left some pats of butter."

Chesterfield immediately began the detailed investigation that eventually would lead him into the Grove. "First thing I did, just to check out my hunch, was walk over by the Acme supermarket. The manager over there, Herman, he told me that the only syrup he'd sold in the last week or two was to Widow Billy over on Chestnut. Well, you take one look over to Billy, you know she ain't got the strength to muti-

late a punch card, let alone a couple of red-blooded American winos. And this was a hell of a lot of syrup, too."

Chesterfield and his deputy, Frank Pyle, wanted to go into the Grove and check things out. In order to obtain the necessary warrant, they drove over to Santa Rosa to see the county judge.

"That judge just laughed at me," Chesterfield recounts. "He said, 'Phil, those boys in the Grove are capable of a lot of stuff, but not murder.' Then he had the nerve to ask me what kind of evidence I had. I didn't have piss for evidence. But I *knew* what I needed. I needed all them empty syrup bottles. And I knew where the bottles were—in the Grove! I tell you, I was fit to be tied!"

At this point, Chesterfield turned to District Attorney Al Fishtein. It was the first the DA would hear of the murders, but definitely not the last. In the months to come, he would eat, sleep, and dream the Spiders. But on that hot morning in July, there was nothing he could tell Chesterfield.

"I told him there was nothing I could do," Fishtein wrote in his book on the murders, entitled *My Way: The Truth About the Bohemian Grove*. "And I warned him. I knew Phil was an impetuous guy, and I told him to stay outa trouble."

That afternoon, trouble was Phil Chesterfield's name. Registering in a warehouse near the Grove under the name of Phil Trouble, he enlisted the aid of Marni Provost, a local prostitute. He wanted to smuggle the girl into the Grove in a laundry truck so she could check on the maple syrup supply in the kitchen. He was going to pay her out of his own pocket for these services. Miss Provost entered the Grove in a Tip-Top Laundry truck on the night of July 29, and never came out.

## "I HAVE INSTRUCTIONS... THE BEEPER PEOPLE WANT FRANK'S HEAD"

THE NEXT DAY, COLBY, GREELEY, AND Rockefeller were busy living down the reputation they had gained as a result of their black-lizard cocktail party. Many Bohemians were reminded of the "black services" they had performed as boys in prep schools, and thought that Colby and Rockefeller were quite clever in resurrecting these.

"I didn't have the heart to tell these guys that this was nothing like a black service," Rockefeller later told the court. "Anyway, a black service has a lot of stuff from *The Book of Common Prayer*, and this didn't have any of that. What was really troubling me that morning was trying to fit together what I had done the night before. I found maple

The infamous scrawl.



The sheriff who penetrated the Grove.



Colby, Rockefeller, and Greeley: As Spiders, they turned from public servants to public enemies.



#### THE CREDO

1. God speaks to us through the voice of Frank Sinatra.
2. Sinatra has fallen into the hands of evildoers, and these evildoers try to get people to do evil things by possessing Frank's body and using his voice. They make people buy Chryslers, for one thing.
3. The battle over evil will not be won until we are led by a newborn man-child displaying the vocalisms of Sinatra.
4. The Chairman must die. Through his death a new Chairman will be born, although we aren't sure just yet how this will happen, but it will.

*Exhibit A: The Credo. Although the original was scrawled in blood, the judge at the trial claimed it smelled bad, and allowed the prosecuting attorney to submit this typed copy.*



*Found in Colby's back pocket, this illustration of a shocking pagan blood ritual seems to have been the inspiration for the means by which Marni Provost was brutally murdered.*

syrup all over my clothes. Greeley told me that he had blood on his shoes. And there wasn't any syrup at breakfast. Colby was just grinning through it all. When we were alone, he showed us this Credo we had signed. I realized there was no turning back."

The Credo, which in the course of the trial was determined to have been written by all three men and in fact was signed in blood by them, concerned the main elements of their discontent with the world at large and with one figure in particular—Frank Sinatra.

As Greeley later wrote in his account of the Spiders' Spree, "Of course we were fed up with the world. Most men our age are. But we were also determined to do something about it. We were determined to kill ourselves. Well, not exactly ourselves, but something that was part of ourselves, part of our lives—bigger than Joe DiMaggio, bigger than Tony Bennett, even. That's how the Credo started. I admit I helped to write it, no matter what Rockefeller says."

Rockefeller still claims that although he can remember talking about his general discontent with the world, he never said anything about Sinatra. "The next morning, I asked Colby how Sinatra had been singled out. He told me, 'My beeper friends want Frank's head. They have given me explicit instructions. We will begin following their orders tonight!'"

## THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER, AND THE DEATH OF MARNI PROVOST

NESTLED IN A SECLUDED CORNER of the Bohemian Grove is the Grove Target Range, an intricately designed part of the forest where many of the men would go to take target practice.

The first item on Colby's list was to obtain a cache of weapons from the Target Range. During dinner that night, he and Rockefeller snuck onto the range and loaded a footlocker with hunting knives, two Uzi machine guns, a selection of explosives and plásticos, and 600 rounds of ammunition. Before closing the footlocker, Colby also tossed in three copies of *The Book of Common Prayer*. "For luck," he told Rockefeller.

That evening, the Spiders were faced with the problem of hiding their arsenal. After long deliberation they decided to stash the footlocker underneath the steps leading to the kitchen, where the constant traffic and commotion would act as a perfect camouflage.

The trio lugged the footlocker down the long winding path to the kitchen, keeping a sharp eye out so as not to be

discovered. They reached their destination, but had to hold back until a laundry truck finished its delivery.

"We waited for about twenty minutes," Rockefeller recalled, "and there didn't appear to be anyone around. Greeley volunteered to see what was going on. He ran into the kitchen, and we heard a woman scream. Greeley dragged her to where we were waiting in the bushes. I can still hear her voice ringing in my ears. She was screaming, 'There was lots of syrup. I saw it. Let me go. I'll tell everyone the kitchen was full of syrup!'"

Marni Provost's screams meant just one thing to Colby—someone had made a connection between the murders of the two derelicts and the Bohemian Grove. He ordered Greeley and Rockefeller to follow him deep into the redwoods. There they tied up Marni Provost. Rockefeller was ordered to stand guard over the prostitute while Colby and Greeley went to the phone to call Colby's beeper contacts. They returned half an hour later, frustrated and exhausted. "The line was busy, damn it," Colby kept repeating.

Late that night, after Marni Provost had been subjected to an especially bizarre pagan ritual that Colby conducted, the Spiders paused to reassess their situation.

Greeley was the first to break the silence that had fallen over the men. "I always say, 'If you're in for a nickel, you're in for a dollar,'" he told them. "Let's shoot her and keep going."

## IACocca SPILLS HIS GUTS

ITEM TWO ON COLBY'S LIST WAS A VISIT to Lee Iacocca. The Spiders headed for the camp where the Chrysler chairman was staying.

From all accounts, Lee Iacocca had never suspected a visit from a group of homicidal maniacs that evening. He had retired late, having drunk heavily with his friends and played a favorite game of theirs called People We'd Like to Put in the Backseat of a Leaky Pinto. But the Spiders wanted information from Lee, and they were prepared to do anything to get it. They dragged him out of bed and led him into the woods.

"We pulled the old good cop/bad cop on him," Greeley later wrote. "I threatened to carve his face, and Rockefeller offered to use his political influence to guarantee Chrysler bailouts into the next century. Lee cracked pretty quickly and spilled everything to Colby. In the end, I still got to carve his face, and I have no doubt that Chrysler is going under—they're very badly managed."

Before he died, Iacocca told the Spiders something they had never

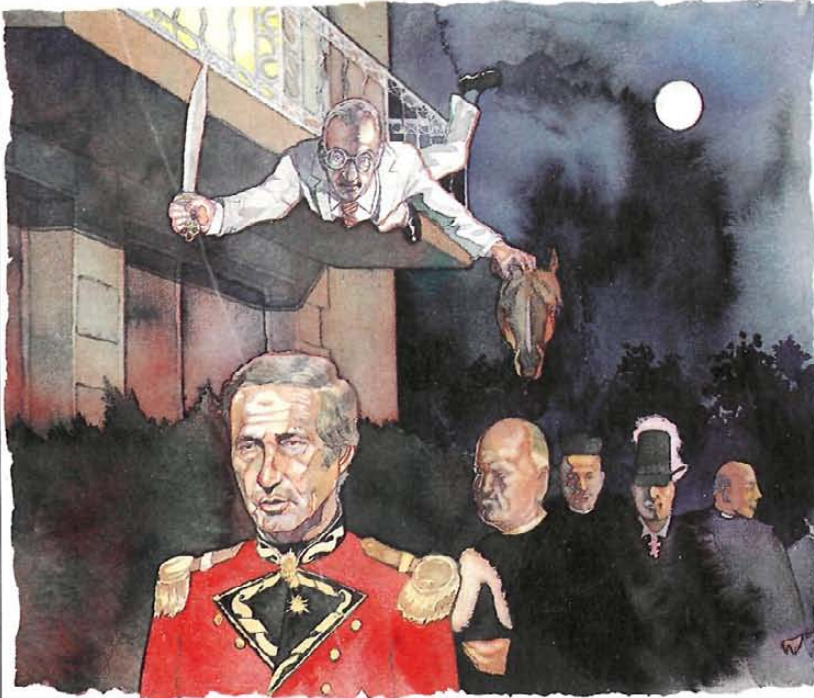


dreamed of hearing from him. Frank was at his home in Palm Springs—only a few hundred miles from the Grove. Even more important, he was to be inducted into the Knights of Malta in two days, in a private ceremony attended by his family, a few close friends, and a variety of world leaders.

Rockefeller, Colby, and Greeley

trio. They did, however, stiff the waitress on her tip.

Early on the morning of August 1, the Spiders pulled into the Tule River Indian Reservation, at the tip of the Sequoia National Forest. Although Rockefeller and Greeley had wanted to keep traveling under cover of darkness, Colby insisted that there was urgent



**Colby, holding the scabbard in one hand and the bloody horse's head in the other, positioned himself for the death blow. Springing out from the balcony, he screamed, "MYWAAAAAAAY," and only too late discovered the identity of his real victim.**

agreed: this would be the ideal place in which to carry out their blood pact. They would kill Frank when he was in front of the people who represented the worst of a world they had come to hate. It was perfect.

After burying Iacocca on top of Marni Provost, the Spiders turned to the problem of transportation. They headed for the employees' parking lot and chose a brightly colored dune buggy for the trip. Colby hot-wired the car, and they made one last stop at the kitchen. "It took us a while to get our food together," Rockefeller said, "because we were all on different restricted diets, and we had to avoid a lot of different foods." Soon they were headed for Palm Springs and their meeting with the Chairman of the Board himself.

## THE MYSTICAL FORCE OF GENUINE INDIAN SOUVENIRS

THE SPIDERS TRAVELED THROUGH the night, stopping only to eat breakfast at a roadside diner. Incredibly, this one stop contained no manifestation of the bizarre violence that had gripped the

business to transact at the reservation.

After driving their buggy into the squalor and poverty of the Indian reservation, the Spiders were led into the central meeting house, where they met an old Indian medicine man seated in front of a roaring Coleman stove. Colby introduced the others.

"Boys, I want you to meet Chief Running Sore. He and my grandfather, believe it or not, used to hang out together. I came here because I felt he might be able to give us some help on our mission. I've told him that we need some powerful magic, and that we are going to be wiping out some very strong evil. He's agreed to do what he can, in exchange for a favor."

Greeley and Rockefeller stood before Colby and Chief Running Sore. Greeley could not help noticing that Colby was naked, his skin covered with Elmer's Glue.

"Go ahead, say what you want," Colby urged. "He doesn't understand a word of English."

Greeley spoke first. "This is getting out of hand, Bill. The more people we let in on this plot, the more we expose ourselves to being caught!"

"He doesn't know what we're up to.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 41)



*Chief Running Sore and Little Joe Brown: They settled an old score with the white man, and lived to hear Frank sing "I Left My Heart at Wounded Knee."*



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He just knows we're going to be wiping out evil. That's all these Injuns understand anyway. Now look, this guy wants us to give him some help. There's a big nuclear-power plant going up near Bakersfield, about forty miles from here. He sees bad things happening, deer and rabbits being born with the heads of women and children. Now, just between you and me, the old guy may be feeling guilty for fucking so many animals; but a deal's a deal. Do you think, David, that with your political connections we might be able to get the plant moved out of here?"

"It's a long shot," Rockefeller answered, "but he'll never know. Let's say we will, and just get the stuff and get out of here."

Colby spoke slowly to the old chief, who reached into a leather bag and pulled out a small rattle made from the skull of a desert rat. He began to chant, a song Greeley later compared to "Running Bear and Little White Dove." The chief covered each of the men with a fine yellow powder and placed an amulet around each of their necks. On the back of the amulet were the words "A Souvenir of Tule River Indian Reservation."

"The chief says he usually gets three dollars for these," Colby told the others, "but for us it's free. Nice, aren't they?"

As they drove away in the dusk, Rockefeller happened to notice a large leather sack that the chief had given Colby. When he asked the former CIA director what was in it, Colby refused to answer.

## THE NIGHT OF LIVING FEAR

THE SECURITY AT FRANK SINATRA'S home is normally rigid, and on the night of August 1 the place was locked up as tight as a Nelson Riddle arrangement. In addition to the close friends and family that Frank had invited to his induction into the Knights of Malta, the Knights themselves had invited a dozen American cardinals, several high government officials, the prince of Holland, a representative from the Vatican, and the actor Mr. T, who served as the Knights' official bodyguard.

On the Sinatra guest list were Barbara Sinatra, Nancy Sinatra, Frank Sinatra, Jr., Joey Bishop, and Dean Martin.

The ceremony, which was to begin at midnight, would feature a candlelight procession, led by sixty-five acolytes, around the Sinatra estate grounds into the Sinatra backyard. There, before a special altar constructed under Sinatra's balcony, Frank would be brought into the Knights before this splendid audience. Afterward there was to be a big dinner and lots of dancing, and

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Frank had promised to sing.

The Spiders arrived in Palm Springs at 11:00 P.M. Approaching the Sinatra estate, they encountered the first of many obstacles in their path. Three guards stood before an electrified metal fence. Greeley, dressed in his priestly robes, approached them. After a few short words, the gate opened.

"I spoke only Italian to them," Greeley later said, "so they figured I was the genuine article. I was surprised they didn't question the dune buggy, until I realized what they had in store for us."

About a quarter of a mile up the road, the buggy was stopped by a large limousine, from which stepped the formidable actor Mr. T. He approached them.

"You fuckin' with us?" he asked Greeley.

"Certainly not," the priest answered. "We have here in this footlocker the sacred chalice of the Knights of Malta. It must enter the altar area only moments before the ceremony begins. Please let us through."

"I don't know nothin' about no fuckin' chalice," T responded. "Open up that thing!"

Colby leaned back, opening the footlocker. He whipped out his Uzi and

sprayed T with bullets. Although the enormous guard was obviously hit, he appeared to be unconcerned. He reached over and grabbed the gun from Colby. "Now I knows you be fuckin' with me," he argued.

"Absolutely not," Greeley countered. "It's just that no one is allowed to see the sacred chalice."

While Greeley kept talking to T, Rockefeller reached into the footlocker and pulled out one of the hunting knives. Jumping on top of the swarthy Negro, he plunged the blade into his chest. T fell to the ground, screaming. "Cut that shit out, honky." He picked Rockefeller up and tossed him back into the car.

In his book, Greeley later listed the number of weapons the men used on Mr. T. Among these were three hunting knives, a hand grenade, an electric cattle prod, a .22, and a bullwhip. "Nothing worked," Greeley wrote, "until I began to recite Latin. It brought the boy right to his knees. You know, Mother Church gave up a good thing when it stopped using Latin."

Leaving T on his knees, the Spiders drove to the entrance of Sinatra's home. Armed to the teeth, they rushed into the enormous foyer and heard laughter

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 48)



# HOLLYWOOD: Babylon Is Fallen

BY SEAN KELLY AND GERALD SUSSMAN

**S**UPPOSE THEY SHOWED A WAR MOVIE and nobody came? This age-old conundrum was answered when the American public stayed away in droves from *Apocalypse Now II*, Francis Ford Coppola's antinuke extravaganza, which proved to be an even bigger bomb than its subject matter. When not a single human being lined up at a single box office to view "the biggest turkey since the pterodactyl went extinct," several studios went belly up, and a complex web of under- and over-the-counter financing came unstrung; hot tubs cooled, pools were drained, two thousand BMWs were reclaimed, Ma Maison went fast-food, and the whole damn Dream Factory closed down.

By mid '83, Burbank, California, had officially been designated a federal disaster area, and only a Chrysler-style bailout managed to keep the Tinseltown cameras rolling a while longer.

In late 1983, the long-anticipated Lucas takeover of Disney/Buena Vista had been finalized. Henson Associates then acquired a majority of stock in the new company, and by year's end the only feature before the lenses in all America was a remake of *Steamboat Willie*; Mickey, the lead, is being played by a talking sweat sock with buttons for eyes, and all the National League mascots have supporting roles. Pia Zadora rounds out the totally nonhuman cast.

Ironically enough, a summer revival of *The Last Picture Show* had been on the schedule at the Loews Roxy Palace Quad Mall Cinema in Duluth, Minnesota, when bankruptcy-court officers padlocked the lone remaining movie theater in America.

Studios without the foresight to have invested in the video-game game were forced to scrape together whatever pittance they could by selling steamy outtakes of their last dismal pictures—none of which were ever released—to *Playboy's* History of Sex in the Cinema department.

A retrospective of 1983's movie highlights, then, consists of a selection of the best of those 8 X 10 glossies released by publicity departments to Hefner's mag and other stroke books.

## GANDHI

WHEN COLUMBIA EXECS SCREENED DIRECTOR Richard Attenborough's final cut of his enormously expensive epic, they freaked. Piss pots full of money had been spent on exotic locations, zillions of costumed extras, name stars, historical authenticity—and what the studio had on its hands was a semidocumentary about a bald-headed little creep who talked like a fuckin' *communist* or something!

Attenborough, an artiste, refused to delete the blatant propaganda for social justice and yogurt, but agreed to lens a few additional scenes from young Gandhi's randy Moslem youth, when, disguised as a eunuch, he was set upon by an entire harem of nubile, neglected beauties and first learned to practice the technique of "passive resistance."







## THE RIGHT STUFF

THE FILM VERSION OF TOM Wolfe's book about the first astronauts promised plenty of spaced-out sex, but the unusual dream sequence was considered too provocative and had to be cut in order to get a PG rating.

In this scene, Martin Sheen dreams on the night before his historic launch into space that in exchange for a successful flight he must sacrifice his phallus to the daughter of Satan. In a series of explicit pagan rituals he is prepared for the supreme act. Of course, just as his penis is about to be removed he wakes up in a cold sweat, realizing it was all "in his head."

"The dream sequence was essential, integral. It showed how the astronauts had a deep, subconscious fear of outer space, how they were

human guinea pigs sacrificing themselves to a new phallic symbol, the space rocket," argued the film's director. To no avail.



## SOPHIE'S CHOICE

ANOTHER DISASTROUS cut. The steamy party sequence you read in William Styron's best-seller will never be seen on the screen—even though director Alan Pakula filmed it in his most exacting and realistic manner. The controversy became even more heated when it was revealed that Meryl Streep, who plays Sophie, refused to do the nude sequences and insisted that she wear the brief "costume" shown. Pakula then shot two versions, one with Streep and another with a look-alike who was totally in the nude. What was finally seen was a very brief sequence in which Streep did an exotic dance with a gigantic loaf of hallah, the Jewish braided egg bread.





## THE RETURN OF THE BLACK STALLION

IN THE SEQUEL, YOUNG RICKY SCHRODER IS NOW GROWN UP AND LEARNING quickly about the facts of life. To the despair of his mother (Teri Garr) and his trainer (Mickey Rooney), he takes up with a different kind of horsey set, gains a lot of weight, and loses interest in racing.

The scene pictured here is the innocent-looking beginning of the notorious horse-orgy sequence. Though admittedly a beautiful, lyrical piece of film (it was shot in slow motion), it was an entirely realistic depiction of bestiality, which made the producers uneasy and had to be removed.

Of course, Schroder eventually sees the error of his ways, loses weight, and goes back to his beloved black stallion at the end.



## THE KING OF COMEDY

MARTIN SCORSESE TEAMED UP WITH Robert De Niro once again in the offbeat story of an aspiring comedian (De Niro) who hustles his way into national prominence by kidnapping a Johnny Carson-style talk-show host (Jerry Lewis).

In this excised scene (which will be in the



European version), De Niro has a case of the jitters the night before his national TV debut and tries out all his material on a pair of hookers he picks up in Times Square. The hookers do not respond to his routines, no matter how hard he tries. In a fit of desperate anger and frustration De Niro beats them up, rapes them, and then beats himself up in a paroxysm of guilt. "No one is more vulnerable than a stand-up comedian," said Scorsese. "And no one needs love, translated as laughs, more desperately. When Bobby bombs with the two girls, he just goes crazy. I guess it was just too strong for the studio."



## THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN'S CLASSIC, AS ADAPTED BY JOE PAPP for Broadway, had a few interpolated tunes and an electronic score, and featured Linda Ronstadt's unsuccessful attempt to act. Universal's version of Papp's version was an even less traditional interpretation, featuring as it did an entirely new score composed and performed by Van Halen, and numerous hard-R-rated "pirate-and-maiden" seduction scenes in which Miss Ronstadt was not required to act at all.



## TRAIL OF THE PINK PANTHER

THE LAST OF THE INSPECTOR CLOUSEAU series emerged from the MGM editing room "a total fucking mess," according to industry insiders. Extensive reshooting was necessary, but, after principal photography "wrapped," star Peter Sellers had died—some say of shame. In any event, David Niven and Robert Wagner, who have been known to do anything for money, agreed to perform an "insert" dialogue scene in which they imply that the inspector has cleverly assumed the disguise of Frankenstein's monster. And so it's an anonymous stand-in, not superstar Sellers, who appears in the film's only truly funny sequence, a sight-gag-laden bit of knockabout farce in which three "suspects" first strenuously resist, then energetically "relax and enjoy" a body search by the famous tenthumbed, comical French cop. Producer Blake Edwards has promised that the series will continue, complete with monster.



## THE LORDS OF DISCIPLINE

THIS WAS ORIGINALLY INTENDED TO BE A SEARING, serious dramatic film about life in a military academy. But searing, serious *Taps* went right down the toilet, and stupid, sloppy *Stripes* had a big TV sale; so Paramount big-wigs tampered with the *Lords* script and added a few bolto laff-riot Kampus Kutup Dorm Hi-Jinx scenes such as this one. The masks were the actors' idea.



## ANIMAL HOUSE II

ONE ONLY HOPES THAT THE LONG-AWAITED SEQUEL, WHICH is even wackier and raunchier than the original, will one day be released. It has a plot that involves, among many other elements, an Arabian oil sheikh, a blue-ribbon prize bull, the CIA, the Mafia, and a pair of Negro Siamese twins who do a striptease.

In this scene, which had to be cut just to get even an X rating, Otter (you remember him, he's the big cocksman) is disguised as a librarian and is trying desperately to pilfer a set of crib notes that he thinks are hidden somewhere in the private parts of this gorgeous coed.

In remarkably explicit close-ups, actor Tim Matheson uses all his powers of oral persuasion to extract the notes from somewhere deep in the girl's "forbidden" area.



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# BOHEMIAN GROVE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41)  
from an adjoining room. In the nearby bar, they encountered Joey Bishop and Dean Martin.

"God, I'm glad you guys are finally here," Bishop greeted them. "Maybe you can sober up old Dino. He's gotta be on that altar in fifteen minutes."

Colby was the first to speak. "We are here on a mission from the Lord," he told Bishop.

"I've tried that line already," Bishop answered. "Maybe if you slap him around a little."

Rockefeller later testified that in spite of the Spiders' violent appearance, Bishop displayed an unusual amount of grace in this moment of distress. "He asked us if we'd like a drink, if we'd like something to eat. We told him that we had to see Frank, that we had an important message for him. He said he'd go and find Frank, and that we should keep trying to sober up Dino."

Leaving the drunken Dean Martin with the Spiders, Joey rushed up to Frank's dressing room. There he found Sinatra surrounded by a group of high priests from the Knights of Malta, who were preparing him for his induction.

Bishop began to tell Sinatra about the

three strange men waiting downstairs for him, when suddenly a group of Indians burst into Frank's room. "I am Chief Running Sore, and I must warn you not to go ahead with this ceremony," one of them called.

DOWNSTAIRS, COLBY WAS BECOMING anxious. "This is taking an awfully long time," he told the others. Rockefeller suggested heading straight for Frank's room. While Colby went to retrieve the chief's leather bag from the car, Greeley and Rockefeller tried to get the location of the Sinatra chambers from Dean Martin.

"He's too drunk. He doesn't even know where the hell he is," Rockefeller said. "All he keeps saying is, 'You wild guys. Those costumes are such a gas.'"

Colby suddenly sprang into the room. "I can't believe it," he said. "They're starting the ceremony. Quick, we'll have to go upstairs and find a place above the altar." The three rushed out, leaving a sodden Martin behind.

The first room at the head of the stairs belonged to Nancy Sinatra, and the Spiders were surprised to find the young woman dressing as they rushed in.

"Let's kill her now," Colby hissed. "She has failed to produce the man-child who would have brought about

the new millennium."

While Colby was babbling on, Greeley crossed the room. "I have something to show you, Nancy," he said.

The youngest Sinatra cowered in the corner.

"Don't be shy. I won't hurt you." Greeley knelt down beside her and pulled up his sleeve. There, tattooed in living color, was an amazing likeness of Nancy Sinatra.

"I had it done while I was in the seminary. Like it? I call it 'Nancy with the Smiling Face.' See? When I make a muscle, it smiles!"

Taking one look at this incredible image, Nancy whispered in Greeley's ear. "Take me with you."

"It was a great moment in my life," she later told the court. "It had been so long since someone had really paid attention to me. I headed right for my closet and pulled out the old go-go boots and the miniskirt."

Rockefeller, meanwhile, had been watching the beginnings of the torch-light procession from the balcony outside Nancy's bedroom. "I signaled to Colby that we'd have a clear shot if we climbed over the wrought iron about fifteen feet. Bill dragged that bag along with him and scrambled over that thing like he was some kind of monkey. I was amazed at the agility he had for a man his age."

With the haunting chants of the Knights of Malta rising through the night air, Colby positioned himself for the death blow to Frank Sinatra. Reaching into his leather bag, he pulled out a two-foot-long, ornately decorated gold scabbard. He held this in his right hand while, with his left, he pulled from the bag a bloody horse's head.

In Nancy's room, Father Greeley and Sinatra's daughter were entwined on the bed, their tongues probing deeply into one another's mouths. Rockefeller, positioned between the two scenes, recalled later that he felt "completely grossed out by the whole thing."

To match the slow chants of the Knights, Colby began to sing a song of his own: "And now, the end is near. I turn to meet, the final curtain..."

He could see Frank coming down the aisle, led by a long line of red-robed cardinals. Colby crouched like a cat on the balcony. He sprang, screaming out "MYWAAAAAAAAAAAAAY."

Not until it was too late to stop his descent did Colby see that it wasn't Sinatra in the procession at all, but a man made up to look like Sinatra. It was Joey Bishop! Raising his own knife in the air, Bishop skewered Colby, but not before he received a fatal wound.

Rockefeller, watching from above,  
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 56)





JUST BECAUSE PROFESSIONAL GOLF DOESN'T HAVE A REPUTATION FOR ACTION AND BIG SPORTS PRESSURE LIKE FOOTBALL, BASEBALL, AND BASKETBALL DOESN'T MEAN PROFESSIONAL GOLFERS ARE AN EXCEPTION WHEN IT COMES TO ABUSING DRUGS. QUAALIDES ESPECIALLY. PROFESSIONAL GOLFERS SEEM TO HAVE AN OBSESSION WITH THEM. THEY'RE HIGH ON QUAALIDES ALMOST ALL THE TIME--WHILE EATING IN RESTAURANTS, DRIVING THEIR CARS, EVEN WHILE COMPETING IN PROFESSIONAL TOURNAMENTS. THE FOLLOWING STORY, THE STORY OF TOM W., IS SADLY TYPICAL.

# PROFESSIONAL GOLFERS ON LUDES

STORY: TOD CARROLL \* ART: BILL SIENKIEWICZ  
COLORS: STEVE OLIFF \* LETTERS: TODD KLEIN



PSSSSSSSSSSSSSST.  
HEY, TOMMMMM.

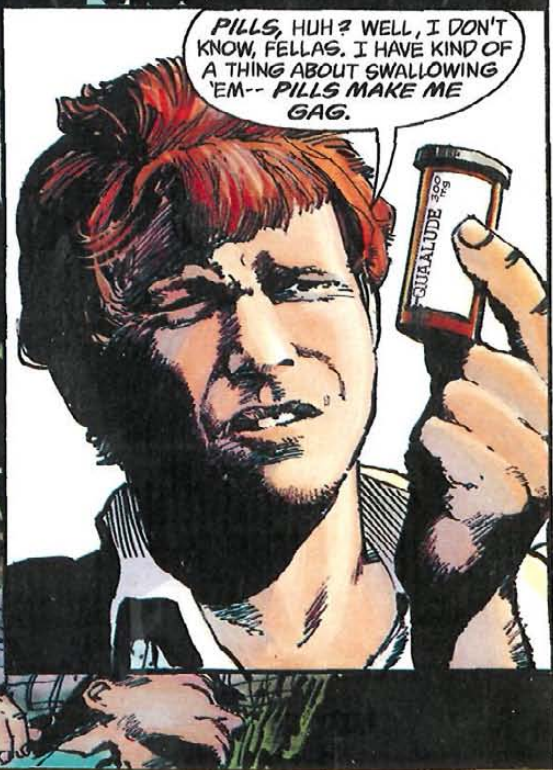
AS TOM W. PLAYS AN APPROACH SHOT AT THE BAR HAVEN COUNTRY CLUB IN GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT, HE'S VERY CLOSE TO WINNING HIS THIRD TOURNAMENT IN A MONTH.



JACK! ARNIE!  
WHAT'RE YOU GUYS DOIN'?

LUDES.  
WANNNNNA LUDE?

LLLLLUDES.  
WANNA LUDE?



PILLS, HUH? WELL, I DON'T KNOW, FELLAS. I HAVE KIND OF A THING ABOUT SWALLOWING 'EM-- PILLS MAKE ME GAG.





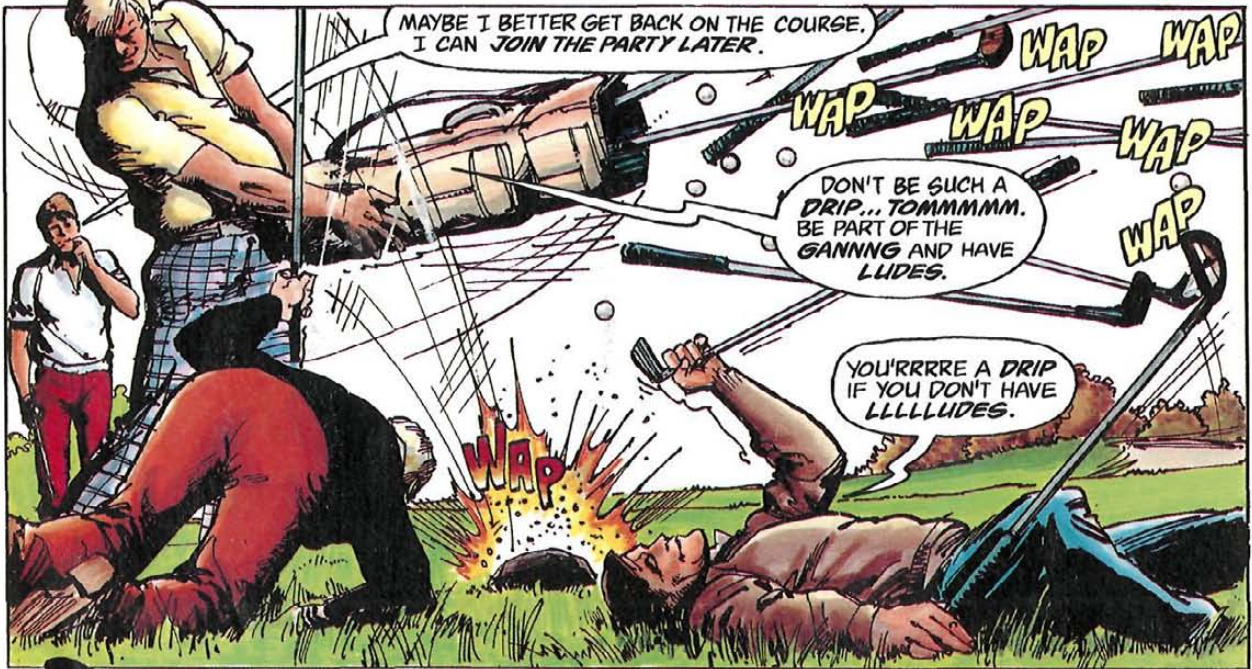
SOOOOOOO...  
COULD SMASH ONE.  
THENNN... EAT  
JUST POWDERRR.



BUT I'LL STILL  
TASTE IT, WON'T  
I?

THAT'SSSSS  
OKAY. WE'LL  
SMASSSH  
THE LUDE.

I WANNNNNNA  
...LUDE.



MAYBE I BETTER GET BACK ON THE COURSE.  
I CAN JOIN THE PARTY LATER.

DON'T BE SUCH A  
DRIP... TOMMMMM.  
BE PART OF THE  
GANNING AND HAVE  
LUDES.

YOU'RRRRE A DRIP  
IF YOU DON'T HAVE  
LLLLLUDES.



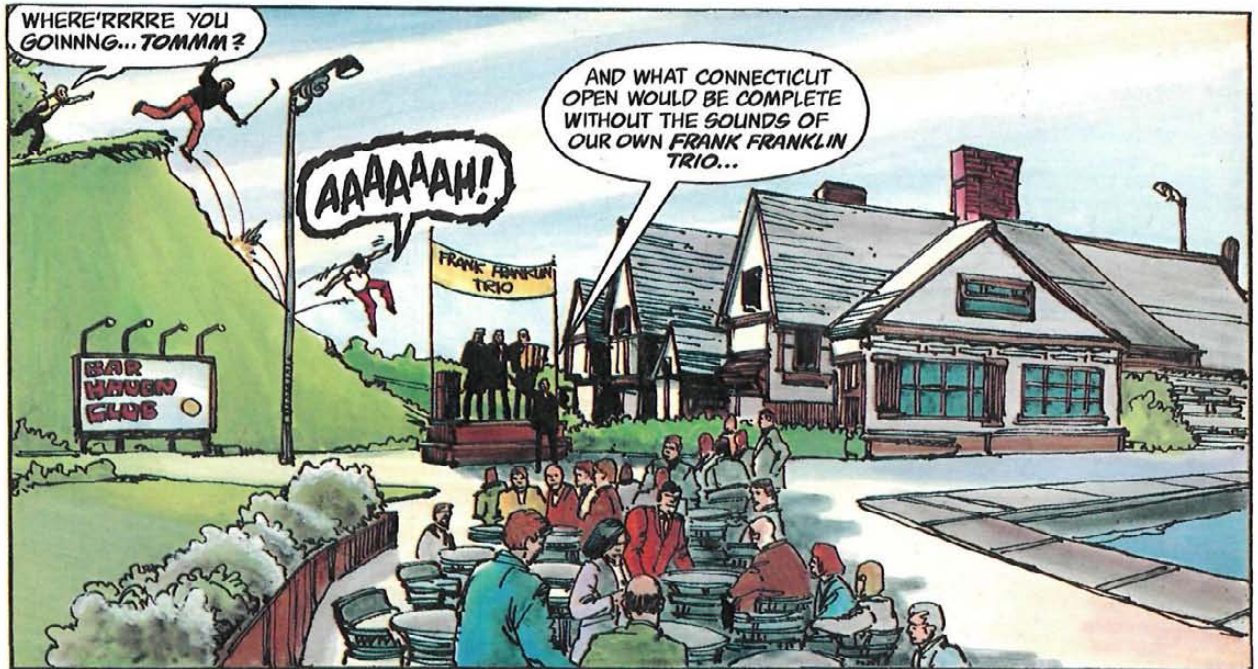
UH-OH.



WHERE'D  
THEY...  
GO?

WHERE'RE  
THE LLLLUDES?













LLLLLUDES... I GOT 'EM.

BY GOLLY, THOSE FELLAS ARE ON SOMETHING.

IT'SSSSS LEE AND SNEEED.

HEY... LEE AND SNEEED. TOMMM NEEDSSS MORE LUDES.

AND YOU CAN'T TELL ME THEIR PERFORMANCES DON'T SUFFER.



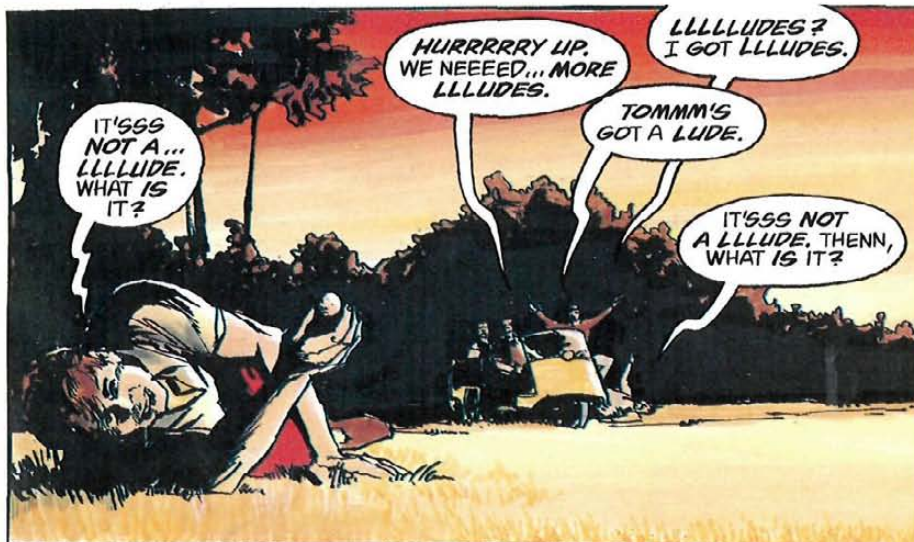
GIVE HIM MORE LLLLLLUDES, SAMMM. TOMMM'S PART OF THE GANNING... NOW.



EXCUSE ME, MR. W., YOU BETTER HURRY UP AND PLAY YOUR BALL!

STOP... THERE'SSSSS A LUDE.

BEST GUTE



IT'SSS NOT A... LLLLLLUDE. WHAT IS IT?

HURRRRRY UP. WE NEEEEEED... MORE LLLLLLUDES.

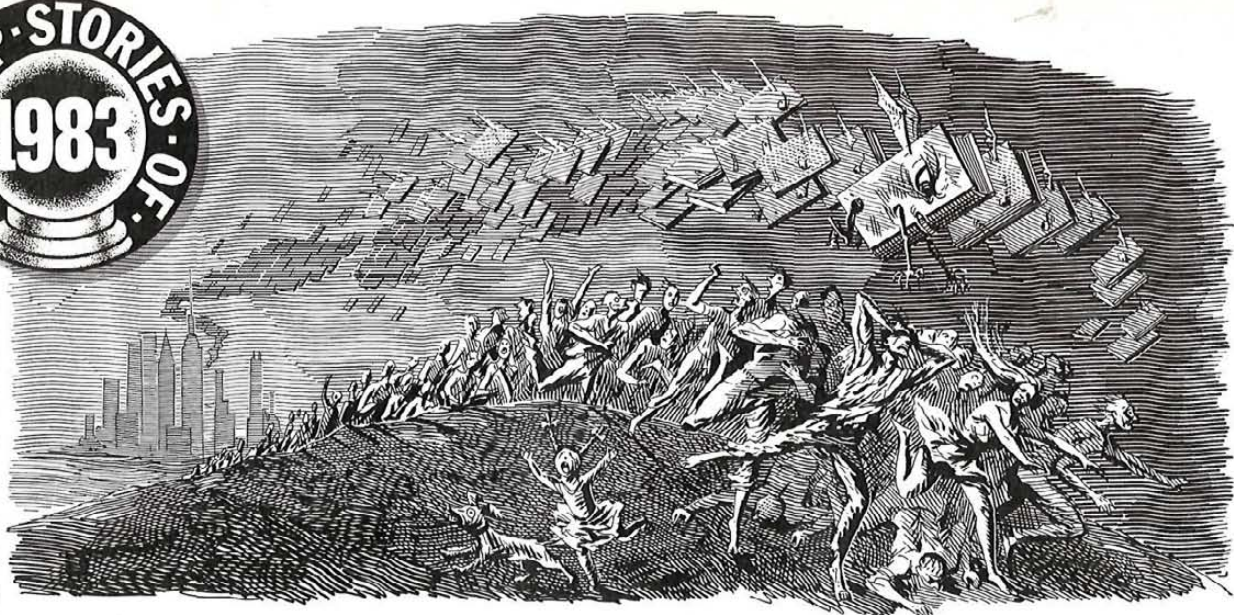
LLLLLUDES? I GOT LLLLLLUDES.

TOMMM'S GOT A LUDE.

IT'SSS NOT A LLLLLLUDE, THENN, WHAT IS IT?

AND SO TOM W. JOINS THE ALARMINGLY VAST NUMBER OF PROFESSIONAL GOLFERS WHO ABUSE QUAAALLUDES ALMOST ALL THE TIME. WHETHER IT WAS TO WIN THE ACCEPTANCE OF HIS FELLOWS--TO BE "PART OF THE GANGS"--OR SIMPLY A PERSONAL WEAKNESS FOR THE EUPHORIA AND COUNTERFEIT WORLD OF DRUG TAKING, NO ONE CAN SAY. ONE THING, HOWEVER, IS CERTAIN. THE LONGER THAT WE AND THE GOLFING ESTABLISHMENT REMAIN BLIND TO THIS PROBLEM, THE MORE DIFFICULT IT WILL BECOME TO RESCUE THE SPORT AND THE ATHLETES WHO PLAY IT--AMERICA'S TRAGIC PROFESSIONAL GOLFERS ON LUDES.





# The Year in Literature

BY L. DENNIS PLUNKETT

**N**INETEEN EIGHTY-THREE WAS NOT A GOOD YEAR FOR FICTION. All the major book awards were canceled for lack of interest, and all the major New York publishing houses merged into a single concern, dedicated to the printing and distribution of calendars and cartoon books. Its name? Why, Fat Cat Corp., natch!

Still, the occasional novel did manage to find its way into print, through the clandestine underground, or "samizdat," presses operated out of recently abandoned daily-newspaper offices. Following is a list of the more exciting of the year's offerings.

## BEST-SELLING FICTION

**Shitstorm!**, by Stephen King, is an all-too-appropriate title for the latest spine-tingling, mind-boggling, stomach-churning, knuckle-whitening, teeth-grinding, nose-holding preternatural page turner from the author's prodigious word processor. A gut full of terror strains and swells to bursting, and a small New England town cringes, the scent of fear a palpable miasma, as Mr. King himself might have written.

Timmy is a typical nine-year-old telekinetic, who vows revenge against the townspeople when his dad, a Roto-Rooter man, is laid off. Backed-up commodes and mysteriously empty toilet-paper rolls are just the beginning...until, engorged to leviathan-like proportions via Timmy's (and the author's) pathological omnipotence wish-fulfillment fantasies, the albino alligators in the town's sewer system all explode simultaneously....

**The Steaming Saffron Snow**, by John D. MacDonald. Inspired to a frenzy of typing by the takeover of poor old Fawcett by Big Brother Ballantine, the author has issued another half-dozen paperback Travis McGee novels in the last month, and is reputedly researching hardware-store housepaint-sample cards in search of colors as yet unmentioned in his titles.

In this saga, a chance encounter with a maiden in distress sends lean and lanky, raw-boned knight-errant McGee aboard his beloved boat, *The Four Card Straight*, in search of the fabled Northwest Passage. After encountering an iceberg every bit as rugged as himself, Travis must make his way across the trackless tundra, in pursuit of a psychopathic (and "simian") Inuit Popsicle salesman. Luckily for the lean, lanky, and half-frozen hero, his prey suffers from an infection of the urinary tract and leaves a clearly marked trail.

In an unusual final chapter, McGee's old buddy, the hirsute but lovable

economist Meyer, attempts to dissuade John D. himself from penning further sequels by explaining to him the law of diminishing returns.

**Love's Tumescant Penis**, by Victoria Alexandra Hepplewhite, is the latest, and most adult yet, in the line of "adult romance" original paperbacks written by men under triple-barreled female pseudonyms. It's a natural follow-up to last season's "beyond metaphor" successes, *The Pride and the Orgasm* and *Passion's Lubricating Labia Minora*. The plot is classic: a haughty young vagina, hymen intact, finds employment in a castle on the moors, the ancient family seat of a large, dark, throbbing, brooding organ. Although she experiences involuntary precoital contractions in its presence, she manifests simultaneous vaginismus symptoms, anticipating the trauma of hymenal rupture. After many adventures, penetration is achieved, and the novel ends with a long clinical description of orgasm.

**Rabbit and Costello**, by John Updike, completes his seemingly endless Harry Angstrom cycle; "Rabbit" forsakes his Toyota dealership, wife, mistress, and Calvinist stream-of-semiconsciousness suburban "fool's purgatory" and becomes a roadie for a well-known new-wave English rock singer.

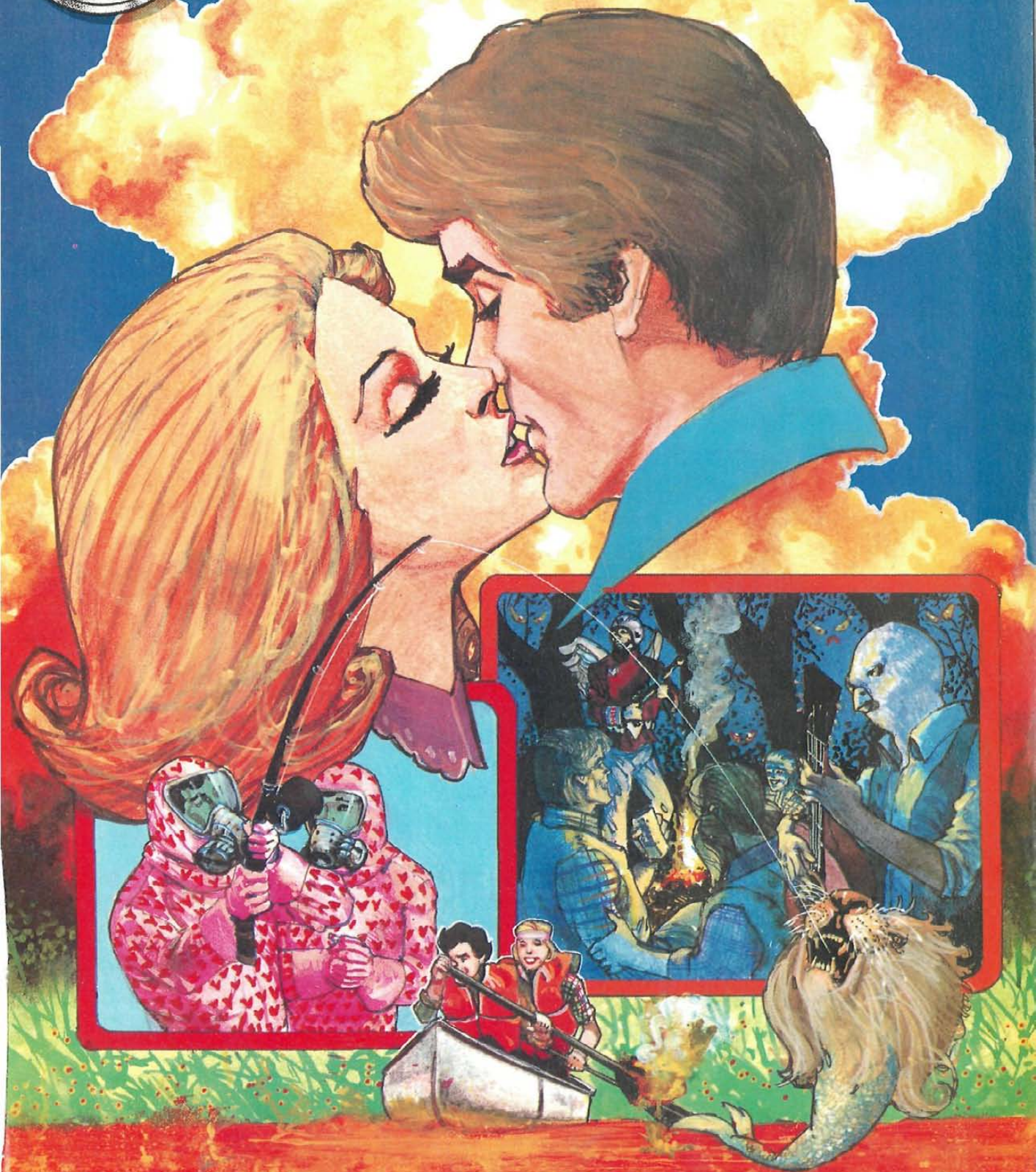
**The White Hotel New Hampshire**, by D. M. Irving. The pseudonymous



THE TOP STORIES OF 1983

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# Welcome to Honeymoon Haven™, the resort where "there are no strangers, just friends we don't recognize."

## A Letter from Our Activities Director



Thank you for requesting our special Honeymoon Haven Happiness Packet. We sincerely hope the mail service in your territory allowed you to receive it in time.

You know, a lot of people come up to me and say, "Dick, with the rubble of civilization around us, dangerous mutated animals licking our bones in the street, horribly deformed tribes of growling, flesh-eating gangs prowling our urban centers on high-powered motorcycles, our once-proud streams and fields sullied with the taint of radiation, and so forth, why operate a honeymoon resort?" I look them straight in the eye

and say one word: Love.

Simple, isn't it? Love: called by poets "a very good thing, indeed." Love: more devastating, more engulfing than the greatest explosion. And love: more powerful than the largest aftershock. For, as the anteblast song relates, "Love, love will keep us together."

What does a couple want on a honeymoon? They want simple things like breakfast in bed; a night at a "hlp" lounge, enjoying "now" sounds; a pastel-coated, four-foot wall of corrugated steel separating them and their fantasies from the outside world. They wish to share the sensuous feel of real silk on a bed, the merry sound of a foaming stream near their door, the reassuring sight of armed guards patrolling outside their own private Love Bunker. They desire the chance to sample rare and exotic delicacies, such as an apple or a "loaf" of bread; or to simply relax in front of our big-screen, diesel-powered television and watch favorite shows, such as "Proper Decontamination of Field Outer Garments," "Mutate, Sally, Mutate," "Your Water Supply, Your Community, and You," or "Three's Company." For the radioactive couple there are a host of outdoor and semioutdoor activities, ranging from a quiet fishing session in our almost completely decontaminated reservoir to an adventurous nature hike and ash-collecting expedition with Pigeon Boy, our nature counselor. Nightlife? You bet. Honeymoon Haven offers everything from a boil-your-own barbecue to impromptu search-and-destroy missions against those pesky flesh eaters. From neon lights to searchlights, there's something for every lover at Honeymoon Haven.

Sincerely,

*Richard Dill*

Richard Dill  
President, Honeymoon Haven



# The Days Glow

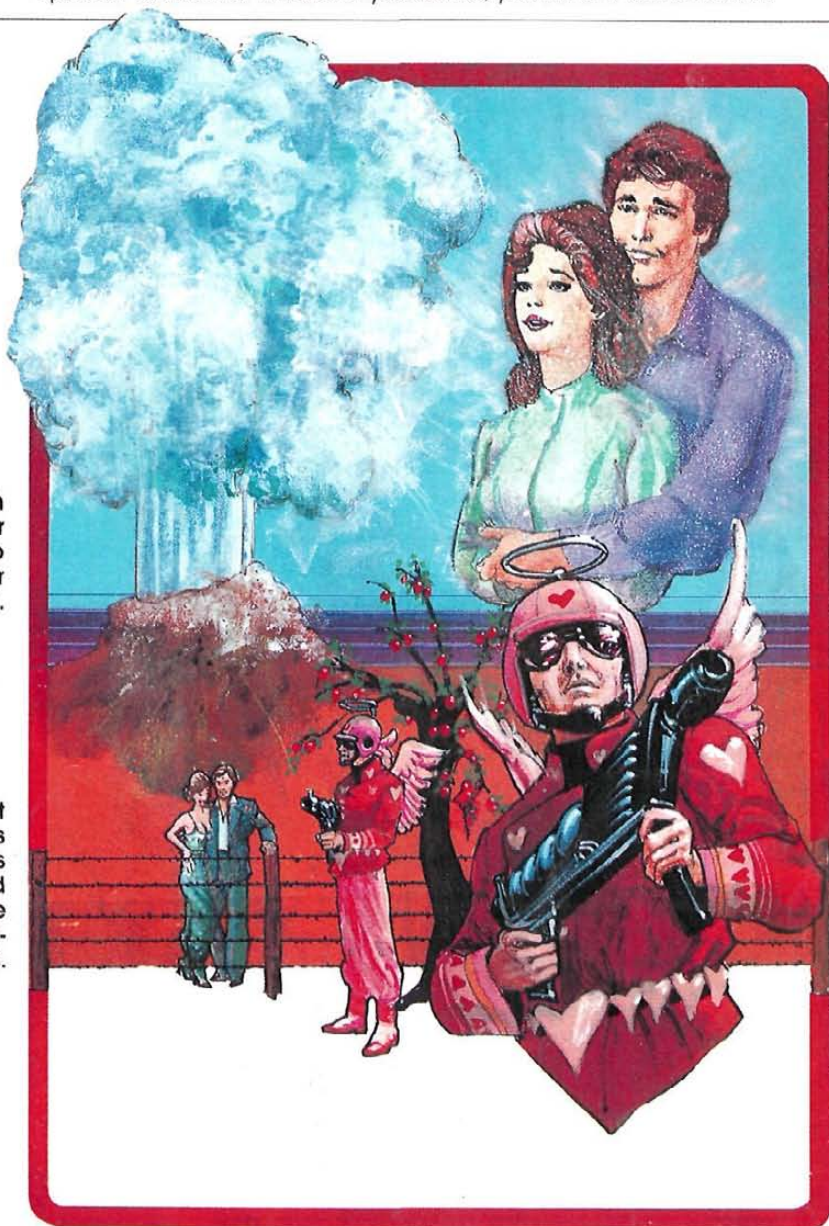
Waking up early, sweethearts perhaps catch a glimpse of the sun through the cloud layers. No matter, for soon breakfast arrives—right at your door, thanks to our Luvcycle delivery. Choose from mouth-watering Spamlettes or a wide array of boiled vegetables and fruits.

Daytime is fun time at Honeymoon Haven. If the environmental counselor gives the “green light,” it is almost completely safe to don protective gear and join nature counselor Pigeon Boy on a leisurely exploration of the area. Collect thistles from the fields nearby. Of course, all ammunition expended is included in the cost of your package.

Play an exciting round of mini golf by the laboratories and enjoy the glowing rocks nearby, which act as a natural sauna, dispensing 200° heat. Indulge your senses with giant wraparound towels of rich and royal hue, to prevent chafing. And if Cupid’s arrows find their mark and you overstay, Dr. Jack’s Blister Shack is right around the bend. Try the ultra-latest concept—soothing ointments in fifty-one “sinsational” flavors. Deck tennis? A cooling “foamer” and Spamwich at the Cantina? Or choose from dozens of sporting activities, many designed for couples with “special” concerns. Whatever you desire, you’ll find it at the Haven.

Ol’ Sparky is our special ash geyser, and has said, “On your mark, get set...embrace” to thousands of lovers from all over the world.

Our Garden of Eden is that enchanted spot where dreams come true, as Adams and Eves come to pledge love and devotion—right by one of the Northeast Sector’s last magnificent apple trees.





# The Nights Smolder

Dinnertime, and the Spam's the way you like it—hot and lean and broiled to perfection in its own steaming juices. Doctor orders no solid intake for Romeo and Juliet? No problem! Our chef, Ivan Squirrel Tail, has a wide assortment of pills and potions. Whether it's knife and fork or suck through a straw, jacket and tie is always optional, except on Champagne Thursday, when the girls insist on dress-up.

Ready for some swinging nighttime fun? Try the Stardust Lounge, where Punch and Julie, our delightfully ribald two-headed comic, will make you "double up"—with laughter! Or listen to your choice of three "now" bands playing your favorite jazz, pop, or soft-rock tunes in Harry's Lair, the bar with the revolving stage. And the end of the evening signals the beginnings of your life together—a life started at Honeymoon Haven!

Mix 'n' mingle with other stylish couples in our newly refurbished underground lounge. Nibble on Spam-on-a-stick while drinking our special Passion Potion, and swing with the jazzed-up sounds of Mercury Content. But, should gazing into each other's eyes send you into a romantic swoon, remember not to sit on the piano bench—that's Mr. Brady, our nighttime activities director!

For comedy buffs, the delightful Punch and Julie appears nightly in our fabulous Stardust Lounge. But lovebirds shouldn't give it a second thought when Julie laments, "If you think two heads are better than one, you should see my dental bills!"





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The Havenettes	

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Do you desire a complimentary life-support system in  
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## The New Black Musicals

# A THOUSAND MO' TIMES!

BY FRED GRAVER

**E**VERY NIGHT AT THE WINTER Garden Theatre on Broadway the sound of dancing feet and pile-driving, jazzy rhythms is making audiences cry with joy. The cause of it all is a show called *Fleabag*, now in its seventh spell-binding month. A tribute to the late, great New Orleans jazz harpist and motel owner Leo "Fleabag" Page, the show has an irresistible appeal to audiences of all ages, races, colors, and creeds.

You've probably read about the first-act curtain number. The entire Count Basie Orchestra, along with Diana Ross, checks into Fleabag's motel. Fleabag, who actually made his fortune as a "female-procurement specialist," tries to recruit Diana into his stable. Sure enough, Diana won't stand for this, and she turns the Basie rhythm section on him. All hell breaks loose, with the horns and winds joining the rhythm section and the Count overseeing it all. Luggage flies all over the stage, with an occasional piece careening into the audience. Finally Diana brings the melee to a halt by slamming a snare drum into Fleabag's face. Through the fattest pair of lips in the musical theater, he sings the showstopping "The One and On-licet, Unique and Original Satchel Mouth." Basie hears him and signs him up. The rest is the second act, if not history.

*FLEABAG, WALKIN' THE DAID, SIDE-walk Rappin'*, and the show that started it all, *Music Store*, are creating an entirely new form—the new black musical—the most exciting, innovative force to ever hit the Broadway stage. But before we explore the new black musical

# TIMES!

we should put everything in the proper historical perspective and discuss its roots, the *old* black musical.

For years the theater was dominated by the old black musical, a form that seemed ageless and endlessly innovative. It started with such hits as *Ain't Misbehavin'*, *Bubblin' Brown Sugar*, *One Mo' Time*, and *Sophisticated Ladies*. It continued with one-man or one-woman shows with performers such as Lena Horne, Eubie Blake, and Melvin Van Peebles, all willing to exploit their own lives and work before they died.

The projects flowed like barbecue basting sauce falling off a spit-roasted pig. Musicals were developed about the legendary hot spots of black performers—the Apollo Theatre and the Cotton Club in Harlem, and Fifty-second Street in the forties—never-ending stories about raffish nightclubs that spawned colorful gangsters, gorgeous sepia show girls, and the gifted practitioners of our only great native art form, jazz.

Two principal rules of the old black musical had to be followed. The show had to be based on the life and music of a long-dead black composer who had written countless melodies that have trickled down to the mass white audience and are in the public domain. And the story line of the musical had to avoid completely the gritty, realistic truth of black life. The audience must be led to believe that black composers

and entertainers spent their days ogling women, puffing on cigars, strutting from café to café, dancing, and writing little ditties every time they sat down at the piano.

After many layers of materials were mined, the theatrical producers of Broadway had to dig deeper into the roots of black culture to find new sources for their musicals. They began combing the country for lesser-known black hangouts that spawned high and low rollers, gorgeous gals, and legendary musicians.

And so, from the Cotton Club and the Apollo, the old-black-musical inspirations continued. There was *Two Mo' Times*, based on the life of the near-legendary octoroon composer Struthers Cobb, Jr.; *Chocolate Shakes*, a singing-and-dancing history of the old Sanders-Bernstein traveling sepia strip show; *Bad Whiskey and Worse Women*, a rollicking musical inspired by the comings and goings in the old Congo Club in Newark; and *Sin-copation*, based on the famous jazz brothel in Portland, Maine, run by the black transsexual Ma "Pa" Pinckney. And there was much more.

When theatrical producers ran out of semilegendary composers, colorful vaudeville circuits, and raffish clubs and bars, they turned to the more common, everyday black establishments for material. That's when we got such hits as *Spring Chickens*, the musical based on the colorful Aunt Pariah's Fried Chicken Palace in Mobile, Alabama. It was followed by *Beauty Parlor*, based on the hairstyles of Hialeah Henderson and Hialeah's House of Beauty in Memphis (the public-domain tunes of Memphis composer Earl J. Dandy were used). By now the pattern was obvious, but how long could it go on? We soon



*John Stroff.*  
1775

*Georg F. Stroh*  
1810

*Bernhard Stroh*  
1850

*Julius Stroh*  
1886

*Gari Stroh*  
1939

*John W. Stroh*  
1950

*Peter W. Stroh*  
1982

**There's a lot of Stroh behind a Stroh Signature.**

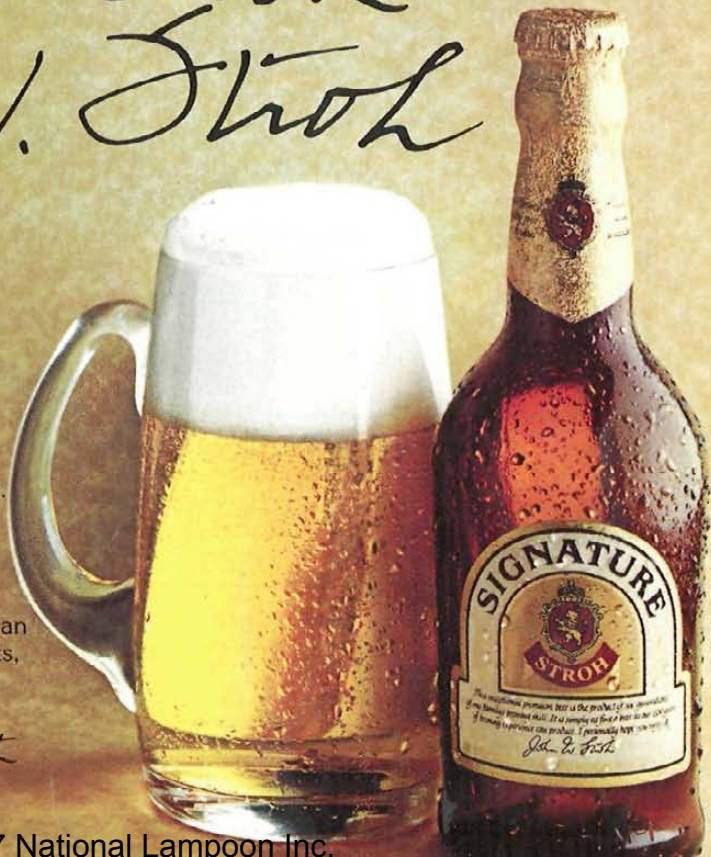
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I personally hope you enjoy it.

*John W. Stroh*  
Chairman





shows. Farmers, factory workers, librarians, hookers, and petty criminals have all sent him suggestions. "But," Kramer claims, "my best suggestions come from two sources: bankers and southern rabbis. A lot of bankers, after they've foreclosed on the estate of a family that still holds the rights to some great black music, will call me to see if I want to make a deal. And, as we all know, southern rabbis can't get enough jazz, and they're always letting me know where real black people hang out to listen to real black music."

I recently joined Kramer on one of his cross-country excursions. From Tacoma, Washington, to Joliet, Illinois, the families of black musicians welcomed Kramer with open arms. And why not? He has a big smile and a five-dollar bill for everyone who can lead him to some orphan, widow, or dying jazz musician. "Open the door," he tells them, "and leave the rest to me." And he always has a burst of warm enthusiasm when his eyes are opened to another genuine

black hangout. In the short trip I took with him, he discovered the wonders of fire escapes, corner groceries, and package stores.

A lot of people have criticized Kramer for exploiting the people and places he makes shows about. But I've never seen a guy who deals more squarely and fairly. One night we were sitting in a parking lot in Kansas City, listening to a bunch of black Vietnam vets talk about their experiences. Kramer heard their stories and then he repeated those same stories—fresh, new, energized. He gave each of those kids a five-dollar bill, and in a month you'll be seeing the results on Broadway in *Drafted!* And don't think those kids have heard the last of Jon Kramer. He has made sure that every one of them will get a discount on his theater ticket if he gets to New York.

ONCE BROADWAY RECOVERED FROM the initial Kramer shock, a flood of imitators erupted. The first of these,

*Slam-Dunk*, opened in Los Angeles. Set on an inner-city basketball court, where athletic prowess dominated the days and gang warfare seared the nights, *Slam-Dunk* strikes a powerful note for interracial harmony. Its slim story line is based on the brief, tragic romance of Watts poet Amaru "High Pockets" Makamba and his Hispanic lover, Maria "Fast Break" Rodrigues, and it's set against a background of soul, rhythm and blues, jazz, and salsa music. Audiences emerge from the show, staged in a large gymnasium, electrified from the stunning climax, "Freakin' with the Ricans," which has also won several awards and citations from religious groups.

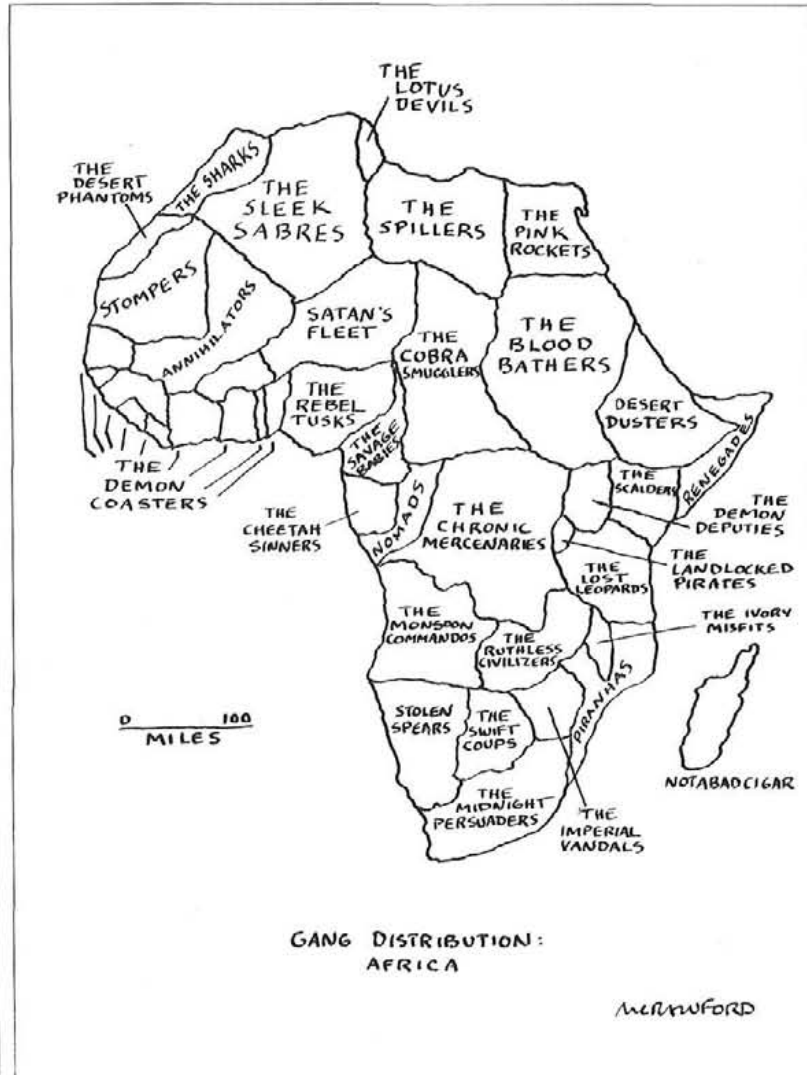
While *Slam-Dunk* reigned on the West Coast, the Kennedy Center in Washington produced another winner, *Nine Nine*, a celebration of numbers joints. Starring the lovely Pretzels Pezulo as the cheerful Italian owner of a candy store in the South Bronx, the show featured an all-star cast singing all of the great melodies that have inspired winning bets over the years—"Pennsylvania 5-6000," "634-5789," "I Got Two Lovers," and a special soul rendition of the "1812 Overture." One song written for the show, "Put a Nickel on the Nickel," performed by the famous beggar Clarence "Tin Cup" Thomas, rose to number seven on the charts.

The third successor to *Music Store* was, unfortunately, an unmitigated disaster. Producer Billy Scully, known in the early seventies for a string of radical rock operas, attempted to inject a note of social realism with his *A Welfare Line*. "What we've seen so far are Disney fables for the bourgeoisie," his pre-show hype proclaimed. "This show is gonna rip the guts out of the black experience and shove 'em down the audience's throats."

But critical and audience reactions to *A Welfare Line* were far from enthusiastic. "The music, featuring songs like 'Have You Looked for Work This Week?' and 'This Is Your Last Full Benefits Check,' is simply depressing," moaned John Simon. The only critic to enjoy the show, Rex Reed, wrote, "This is a marvelous breakthrough in choreography. Who would have believed that people standing in line or sitting in rows of orange plastic chairs could convey so poignantly the human condition?"

Needless to say, Scully's show closed after three performances, although a number of the original cast members have been making a living by street performing outside welfare offices around the country.

Meanwhile, Jon Kramer continued to churn out his hits, which culminated with perhaps his most innovative project, *Hardware Store*. For the first time





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he did not use a pure black source for a show. "I decided to make a radical change," said Kramer. "Blacks don't hang around suburban hardware stores much, but I'm sure they'd like to, if given a chance. It's part of their fantasy about how middle-class white people live, so actually it's still a part of the black experience, too."

*Hardware Store* had no orchestra except for an old man with no teeth who played the comb and harmonica. All of the music was performed on the tools and small appliances in the store: saws, drills, hammers, wrenches, etc. The music celebrated the black dream of chewing the fat around a barrel of screws and nails. And the critics, of course, raved.

"Broadway history was made last night at the end of the first act when Sheila Peel sang the heart-wrenching 'Wrench My Heart,'" Frank Rich wrote in the *New York Times*. "Every song is a

sonata, from 'I Saw the Both of You, Now I'll Saw You Both in Two (Chain Saw Ballet)' to 'Fugue for Garden Implements,'" said John Simon. "I laughed, I cried, I bought a new faucet for my bathroom," raved Clive Barnes in the *Post*.

Kramer toured *Hardware Store* for two years in a unique road-show presentation. The promoters in tour cities set up real hardware stores onstage and advertised for customers. Unwitting patrons would enter through a special door, and many of them never noticed they were part of the show. Drama and suspense flowed from the cast as they attempted to overcharge customers or sell them goods they didn't really want. The road-show productions realized enormous profits, and many of the hardware stores are still standing today, having earned more money than the former theaters they reside in.

Of course, in every garden there are a

few weeds. Regrettably, a few productions that have sprung up in the new black musical theater have been clinkers. Among them:

—The Chicago Playwrights' show *Checkerboard*, a tribute to the famous Checkerboard Lounge on Halsted Street; the show flopped because the actual Checkerboard is still open and people just went down there for a good time.

—The Key West National Gay Theater's production of *Yes, Yes, Yes, Yes, Please Don't Stop, Yes, Yes, Yes...*, a tribute to the black homosexual beatniks and cool jazz musicians of the fifties.

—Al Hirt's pitiful attempt to immortalize his own life in blackface, in a one-man show in New Orleans. The production climaxed in excerpts from Hirt's beer commercials. Jon Kramer admits he had a small hand in this travesty. "I was drunk when I told him it was a good idea," he claims.

And still the critics ask, "Where will it all end?" From my vantage point, the possibilities are endless. On Kramer's production schedule alone are three new shows: *Shoeshine*, *Running-Shoe Store*, and an original Hollywood film starring Richard Pryor, *Men's Room Attendant*.

Broadway trend spotters, on the other hand, are quick to point out a new development. White people, who have successfully fabricated saccharine realities for their jazz greats in the past (Glenn Miller, Benny Goodman, Gene Krupa, etc.), have begun to produce their own musical tributes on the straw-hat circuit of summer resort towns.

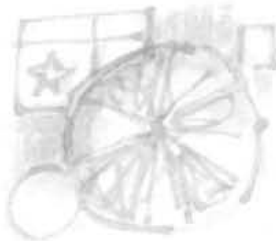
Early production work has already begun on *Bubbling White Sugar*, with William Hurt and Hope Lange, the story of a flood in a Fizzies factory. George C. Scott and Trish Van Devere will be working on the life and times of famous organist and psychologist B. F. Skinner, *Behaving*; and Mary Beth Hurt and Sandy Duncan will play the owners of a posh Cape Cod inn who have a large staff of *Sophisticated Cleaning Ladies*. Finally, Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn have been signed by Warner Brothers to star in *To Be Old, Stupid, and White*.

But perhaps no show on the straw-hat circuit is more eagerly anticipated than *The Secret Life of White Retards with Money*, starring Cliff Robertson and Dina Merrill. "I've seen some of the rehearsals," Jon Kramer reports, "and I have to be honest—I'm in awe. Hundreds of innocuous public-domain ditties, sung in bits and snatches, while a white couple roams through their Fifth Avenue apartment. It's part stream of consciousness, part absurd, and all too real." ■

## DIM MEMORIES:



BIRTH



FAVORITE TOYS



FIRST LOVE



LAST WEEKEND

MELORENS



THE TOP STORIES OF  
1983

JANUARY 1983

# hy-Art

THE MAGAZINE OF THE PRECIOUS BROADCASTING SYSTEM

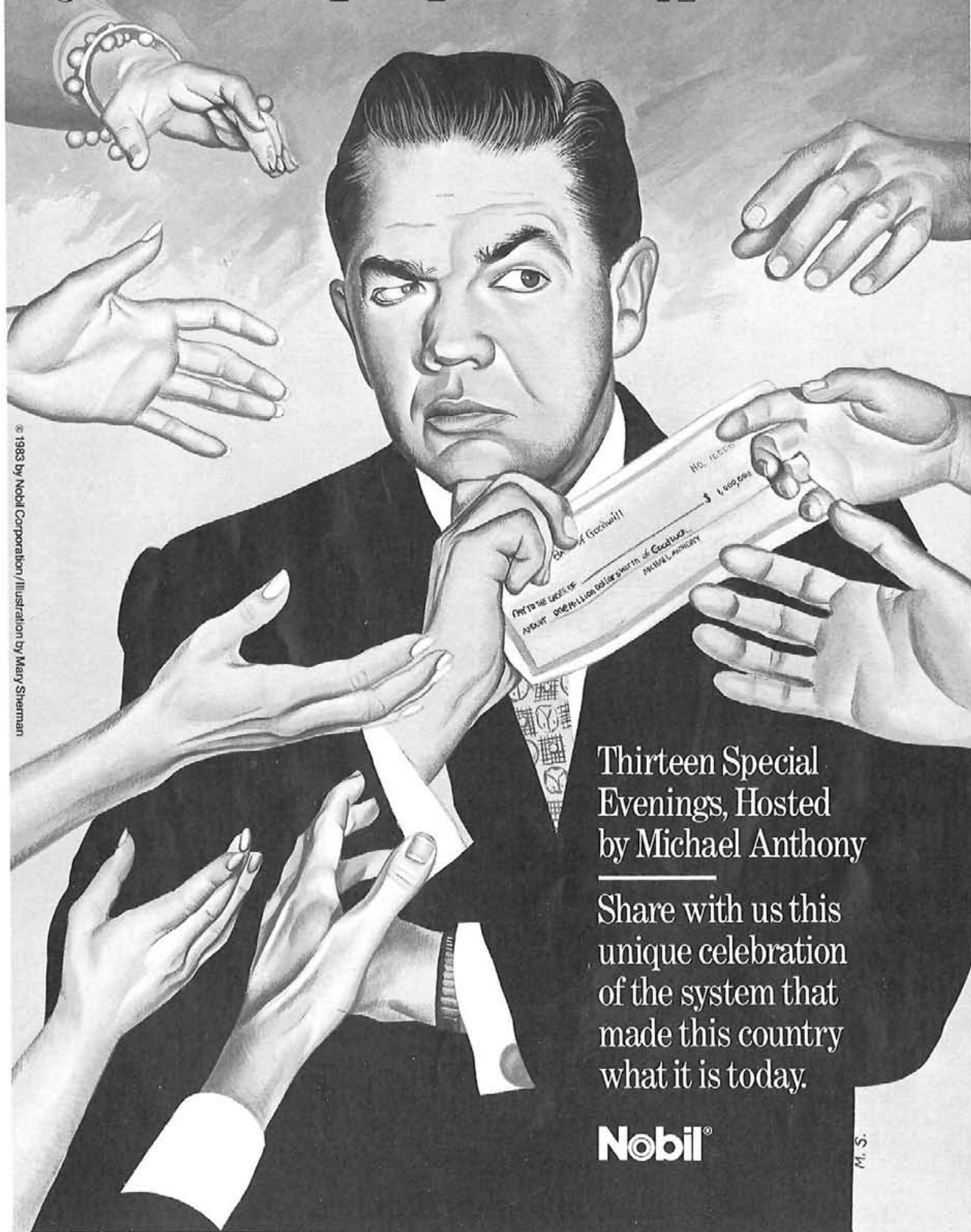


Some  
Versions of  
Pastoral

Celebrating Our All-American Season:  
Television at Its Most Memorable  
Program Guide: Page 72



# CAPITALISM: THE FABULOUS ADVENTURE



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*A Personal Letter  
to All PBS Viewers  
from John Houseman,  
Personal Spokesman  
and Paid Chutzpah  
Consultant for  
the Precious  
Broadcasting System*

Dear PBS Viewer:

An amusing thing happened to yours truly on the way to the post office to personally post this personal letter to you: I received offers to be the spokesman for CBS, NBC, ABC, and the Metromedia broadcasting system, as well! However, even though I am compelled to accept those offers because of my lifelong devotion to the media arts, my first love will always be the Precious Broadcasting System. That is because of its dedication to high-quality television programming (and by that I mean British, Northern European, Colonial, or Early American, or else generally patriotic miniseries based upon British, American, or, on select occasions, French turn-of-the-century literature).

With the possible exception of my distinguished commercials for the investment firm of Smith Barney, representing PBS is my very favorite way of saying "Hats off!" to civilization (and by that I mean Northern European corporate capitalism).

Many of you have probably heard certain nasty rumors (and by that I mean material appearing in *any* daily publication save the London or New York Times) that PBS is hard up for money. But I, John Houseman, am here to say that this is utter rubbish! Lorryloads of contemptible, insurrectionist rubbish, concocted, no doubt, by persons with a touch of the tarbrush in them. (Imagine someone as non-aggressive and tedious as Alistair Cooke trying to bring home such an urgent point as this!)

The fact is, I am delighted to report that this year PBS will unveil its most extravagant, ambitious, and expensively mounted schedule of television programs ever to seize hold of your telly. At PBS, the programming budget has not only *survived* harsh economic times and federal cutbacks, why, it's bigger and better than ever!

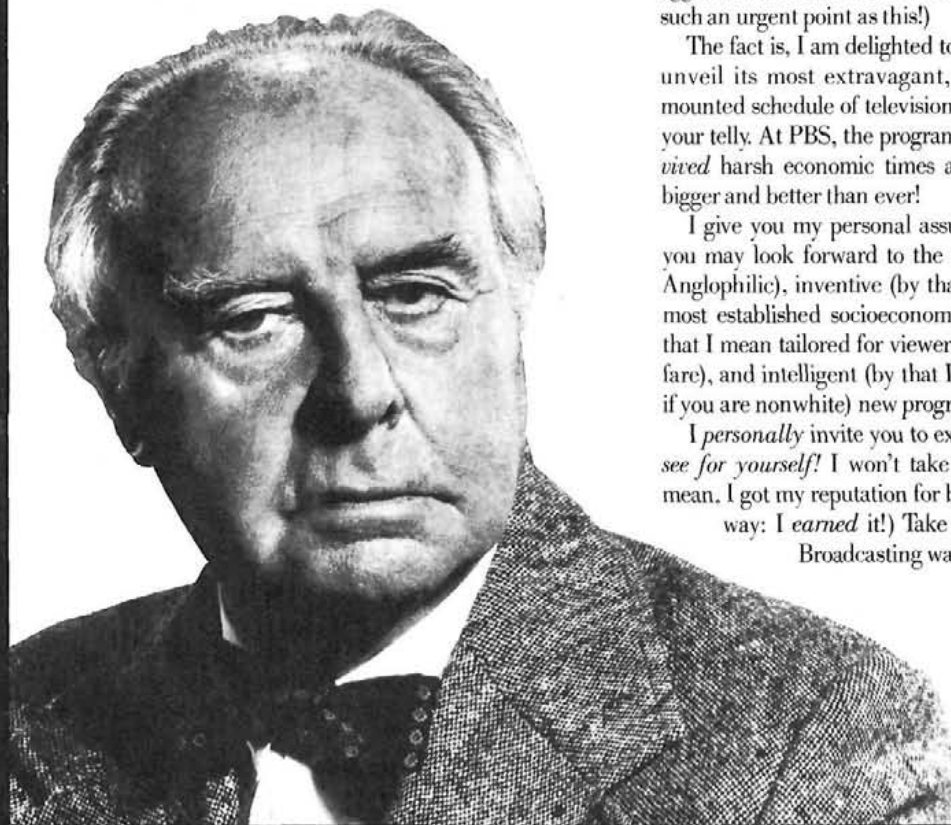
I give you my personal assurance (© 1980) that in 1983 you may look forward to the most dazzling (by that I mean Anglophilic), inventive (by that I mean loaded with only the most established socioeconomic theories), distinguished (by that I mean tailored for viewers who have never been on welfare), and intelligent (by that I mean difficult to identify with if you are nonwhite) new programs PBS has ever presented.

I *personally* invite you to examine the following pages and *see for yourself!* I won't take no for an answer! (By that I mean, I got my reputation for being pushy and stuffy the hard way: I *earned* it!) Take my word (\$999.99), Precious

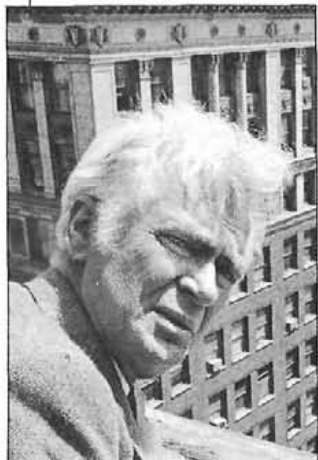
Broadcasting wants you to have the very best!

  
John Houseman

\*discriminating against blacks, Puerto Ricans, women without college educations, Jews earning less than \$60,000 a year, Orientals residing in the continental U.S., and Latinos who have won no international literary honors







**2** Sundays 9:00 P.M.  
Great American Classic  
Masterpieces: Barnaby the Scrivener

This stark and brooding story by Herman Melville (an American by birth, though a closet Anglophile rivaled only by Henry James) comes thrillingly to life on PBS this winter. Christian ("Buddy") Ebsen portrays, with chilling conviction, the growing catatonia of crusty Barnaby, haunted by a search that leads only to brick walls.

# Don't Miss

**5** Wednesdays 9:00 P.M.  
Great Performances:  
Maidens at the Helm

A daringly contemporary rendition of Louisa May Alcott's classic *Little Women* series. Picking up our story after the death of sister Beth, we find the three remaining sisters from a genteel New England colonialist family searching for

independence in a pre-feminist world and learning empirically that solidarity is at least as important as the pursuit of romance.



**10** Mondays 8:00 P.M.  
Nova

This year PBS continues this acclaimed science series with exciting explorations into the mysterious relationship between phenomenology and biology in modern medicine. "Nova" 's success lies in its unique ability to make science a dramatic adventure for the viewer.



**7** Fridays 9:00 P.M.  
The World at War

World War II left an indelible and aching impression on all our lives. In this fictionalized retrospective of the war in the European theater, we examine how the psychological stress of a small group of American prisoners of war mirrors the agony of the Western world at large.



**11** Tuesdays 10:00 P.M.  
The Art of Loving

Inspired by the works of the twentieth-century philosopher Erich Fromm, this bold series probes the astonishing diversity in the "all too human" approaches to intimacy. Every week, at least three revealing case histories involving intense personal relationships are examined in their uniquely American context. A wide repertoire of gifted actors includes the late Cassandra ("Cass") Elliott and Sir Shetland ("Shecky") Greene.



**15** Saturdays 9:00 P.M.  
National Geographic Special: The Pleistocene Era

Relying heavily on the teachings of Leakey, Darwin, and Morris, this series of specials introduces young viewers to prehistoric worlds and posits accessible behavioral theories about collective and individual consciousness in pre-civilized societies.



# in January



## 18 Tuesdays 9:00 P.M. Three Lives

Adapted from Gertrude Stein's brilliant novel, this series is preoccupied with the European perception of violence in America. Sir Lawrence, Sir Morris, and Sir Curly are all scions of great houses of nobility. However, they are barred from their inheritance and privileges of birth by a rare neurological genetic defect that forces them into unusual displays of violence. Forced to flee Europe, they cling together in the New World, where violence is an accepted way of life.



## 24 Mondays 9:00 P.M. A Universe of One's Own

A witty and provocative dramatization of the seminal writings of Virginia Woolf, oriented toward the culminating objectives of European feminism.



## 19 Weekdays 7:30 P.M. The Griffin/Douglas Report

This award-winning news program returns for the 1983 season with fresh faces and an updated style. These venerable broadcast journalists share their trenchant perspectives on at-large issues, always emphasizing a wide range of in-studio interviews with actual newsmakers.



## 21 Fridays 8:00 P.M. The American Family Series

An unflinching voyage into the lives of four American families, each of which emblemizes a different interpretation of the term "family unit." Entertaining as well as informative, these sensitive and moving portraits exude the belief that the family is a secure and necessary factor in American life, regardless of the actual family components. We will learn about the Bradys, actually a two-family household; the Bradfords, where the joint difficulties of stepparenting and the "old-fashioned" large family are triumphantly overcome; the Partridges, a single-parent family all of whose members must work in the family business; and the Douglases, a poignant example of the problems encountered by the single-parent family.



## 27 Thursdays 9:00 P.M. Major English Classic Masterpieces: The Dukes of Hazzardshire



British author Nancy Mitford's childhood comes alive in this remarkable serial, freely adapted from her memoirs. Young players from the National Theatre, perfectly mimicking the country accents of the western Cotswolds (near the birthplace of William Shakespeare), portray Ms. Mitford's lively brothers with abundant relish. As the young Nancy, former Old Vic ingenue Catherine Bach is superb, especially in the outdoor sequences, which augment, as well as capture, the antic exuberance of country youth.

## 29 Saturdays 8:00 P.M. Immortal Masterpieces of Classical Greek Tragedy: Oedipus Rex

As relevant to modern life as to ancient times, this stirring adaptation of Sophocles' immortal drama stars an authentic English-speaking Greek, Telemachus Savalas, in the title role of the doomed and bald king. Staged in modern dress, this all-new translation of the original Greek text is fresh and accessible to us all.



## 30 Sundays 8:00 P.M. Dance in America

This year, the award-winning series of special broadcasts focuses on contemporary schools of dance developed by an impressive phalanx of young American choreographers who find inspiration in the work of contemporary composers. Hosted by the brilliant newcomer Dennis Terrio (whom *Field and Stream* magazine has compared to the young Nijinsky), "Dance in America" presents highlights from concert dances celebrating the American urban experience.

## A Postscript from John Houseman, Personal Spokesman and Paid Chutzpah Consultant for the Precious Broadcasting System:



Hello Again, PBS Viewer:

Of course I couldn't let this opportunity pass without mentioning the vital role that you, the viewer, play in the Precious Broadcasting System (and by that I mean money).

As you can see from the preceding television schedule, we are pleased and proud to report that contributions from warmhearted and kindly citizens (by that I mean vast corporations) have increased in this past year, allowing us to bring our subscribers this thrilling new schedule.

However, as you may know, 95 percent of the millions of petrodollars and Krugerrands received by PBS is barely enough to pay the salaries of its executives and of its eight thousand paid consultants. The other 5 percent (an increase from 1 percent in 1982) goes to our new and thrilling array of original television productions.

That leaves nothing (by that I mean under half a million U.S. dollars) for the expense accounts desperately needed by our programming executives and consultants. It is with these expense accounts, after all, that our executives hold critically important programming meetings, fund-raising bull sessions, creative story conferences, development dialogues, and administrative brainstorming sessions (by that I mean liquor consumption).

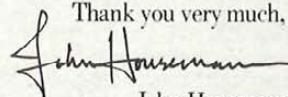
Due to the modesty of our various station and corporate headquarters (not skyscrapers, as the commercial networks have), PBS executives are forced to hold these important meetings in restaurants where the atmosphere is conducive to

creative discussion (and by that I mean expensive, preferably four-star restaurants). You can readily see why your contributions are so urgently needed.

Furthermore, without viewer support, many of our eight thousand paid consultants will be forced to spend next summer's all-important development season at their winter residences. I give you my assurance (© 1980) that for a PBS executive or consultant to be deprived of a summer office (by that I mean a three-bedroom furnished house in the Hamptons, Maine, or, at the very least, Vermont) means that he or she is deprived of access to writers and thinkers whose work would be so valuable a part of PBS's schedule (by that I mean, if the bastards would ever consent to work for peanuts).

With your support, we can provide our executives and consultants with the much-needed opportunities for summer story conferences (brunch), development meetings (dinner), general access to great minds (cocktails and parties), and script meetings (sex with writers' wives and husbands).

So, please, the next time you dig into your pocket, dig into your heart, and remember the hardworking people at PBS who are trying to reverse comedian Fred Allen's old adage that television is merely "chewing gum for the eyes." Television can also be a red herring for the eyes, as it is at PBS. After all, the people at PBS made their bad reputation the old-fashioned way: *they earned it!*

Thank you very much,  
  
John Houseman



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These fabulous Sho-Me™ toys are not available in any store! Your "Sesame Street" fan can have hours of fun learning the facts of life from these anatomically correct dolls. Specify: Miss Piggy (shown here), Kermit, Barkley, or Bob (not shown).

## Congenital Membership \$250



A numbered, framed lithograph, printed on high-rag-content Shmatte™ paper, of Marc Chagall's immortal *Shmendrick with a Dreidel*. A memento of last season's thirteen-part PBS series "Chagall—El Greco of the Shtetl," starring Bill Bixby.

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Yes, I want to support continued efforts at fund raising.

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 (137) PBS Franchise

Please enroll me as a Member of Precious Broadcasting in the category I have checked and send me the bonus of my choice.

I enclose \$\_\_\_\_\_ (Please make your check payable to PBS.)

Do not send a bonus. I am not interested in your feeble attempts to gain money from pitiful low-brow middle-class pseudo-intellectuals.

Your contribution is tax-deductible by law. \$3 of each annual membership is for a year's subscription to *hy-Art*. The rest of the money goes to salaries, overhead, and, of course, our continued efforts to raise more money. It's just a bad habit we have.

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A PBS franchise of your very own! Includes state-of-the-art video equipment, overpaid staff, fully equipped kitchen, and wine cellar, with optional rights to fire or otherwise mess around with Dick Cavett. And it is tax-deductible!





## Letters

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32)

Sirs:

Do you want to know what the easiest job in the world is? Why, it's being a symphony orchestra conductor, of course. All we have to do is stand in front of the musicians and wave our hands. Everyone thinks we're geniuses! In point of fact, none of us can even play a musical instrument. I myself am nothing more than a spastic idiot. I'd say we've been taking you for a ride for quite a long time.

Leonard Bernstein  
New York Philharmonic

Sirs:

I moved to New York three years ago, mainly because friends told me it was a place where you could stake out a claim and, if you were tough, one day rule an empire.

They were right!

A Roach  
West Forty-third Street

Sirs:

Oh, my my my! Am I engaged in fun! Do you know what has been my pleasure for the past twenty years?

Very quietly, I am flying at night into the rooms of pregnant mommies and daddies and am whispering all sorts of names into their sleeping ears. Sometimes they get up and check the TV switch, but mostly it is working out fine.

So the next time you are meeting someone named Byron, Ismael, Hildgard, or Horst, you are knowing who to blame.

Sabu  
Sitting to the left of God

Sirs:

The capital of Uruguay is Montevideo. To find the circumference of a circle, multiply the diameter by 3.1416. The University of Albuquerque was founded in 1920. The reason I am writing you this is in case you guys get into a lawsuit where somebody says this magazine has no redeeming social value or something, you can just show them this and say how educational it is.

Larry Brupp  
Columbia, Mo.

Sirs:

In my capacity as dean of American humorists, people often ask me, "Woody, what's really funny to you?" Well, I'll tell you. To be *really* funny, a thing has to be ironic, surreal, a little

pathetic, tinged with tragedy, maybe absurd, maybe slightly cruel, and all too true. So, having my old handjob girlfriend producing "Saturday Night Live" was *really* funny.

Woody Allen  
Elaine's  
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Wanna know how I make \$300,000 a year? By entering every free contest I see. Burger King Sweepstakes, Publisher's Clearinghouse Giveaways, even the contest in the back of your magazine. Of course, I don't win every time, and I do spend a lot of money on stamps. But with just a little effort, I make more than the president does. Just don't tell anyone, okay? I wouldn't wanna spoil a good thing.

Betty Housewife  
Plainville, Ill.

Sirs:

Did you ever notice that *trees* look just like great big blades of grass or broccoli? Maybe the forests are just like this huge *lawn*, and we're like these very intelligent *insects*...

James Watt  
Great Outdoors, Cal.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 87)

## Your fantastic adventure is about to begin...

when you learn about the goblins, dragons, fairies, leprechauns of the Old World, meet their New World descendants, and set off on a quest for their buried treasure!

Somewhere in North America, twelve precious jeweled treasures are buried in hand-crafted casks. The key to locating each chest (worth over \$10,000) can be found in the twelve full-color paintings and verses of THE SECRET.

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Written by Sean Kelly and Ted Mann. Artwork by John Pierard, John Palencar and Overton Loyd. Sculpture by JoEllen Trilling. Photographed by Ben Asen. Developed and Edited by Byron Preiss

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# TRUE SECTION

## True Facts

**F**IFTEEN PATIENTS AT THE Jean Sarrailh Center, a psychiatric hospital, died when fire swept through the facility, in Aire-sur-le-Dour, France. About half of the hospital's eighty patients had just watched a television documentary entitled "Should Psychiatric Hospitals Be Burned?" Fire officials suspect arson. *AP* (contributed by M. Silberger)

AFTER A MIAMI TELEVISION STATION told of a cancer-screening program, many viewers went to drugstores and bought the special kits required to mail small smears of excrement to a local hospital. Some viewers, though, passed up the kits and simply put globs of feces in regular envelopes. "It is repugnant, gross," said Nestor Blanco, the postal workers' union representative, noting that the post office lacked proper equipment for handling shipments of this kind. "You run them through the canceling machines and it squirts out the sides." *Philadelphia Daily News* (contributed by Greg Hill)

IN BOULDER, COLORADO, GOVERNOR Richard Lamm unveiled a bust of Alfred E. Parker, the lone survivor of a five-man backpacking trip in the winter of 1874. The limestone memorial to Parker, who survived by eating his fellow travelers, will be installed on the University of Colorado campus in the school's cafeteria. *Detroit Free Press* (contributed by Debbie Perron)

THE MAY WEDDING OF BRENDA AND Jean-Claude Cadrin, in Edmonton, Alberta, Canada, resulted in the worst case of food poisoning in the city's history. The reception feast of ham, turkey, garlic sausage, cabbage rolls, and assorted salads began affecting the 250 guests about two hours into the party, which continued even while guests were

hauled away in ambulances.

"The bandleader dropped first," recalled the bride's mother. "He just collapsed in the middle of a song, and they called an ambulance for him." A guest stepped forward to play the bandleader's accordion and kept the music going, but about five minutes later others became afflicted.

Outside the washrooms there was pandemonium. A determined master of ceremonies moved from the bandstand to the lavatories to direct traffic, giving first priority to guests with diarrhea and telling anyone about to throw up to try elsewhere. He insisted that the tearful bride go back to the receiving line to keep things rolling, even though her mother had just been taken to the hospital.

As the groom recalled, "There were no big disturbances. People kept drinking and dancing." Nevertheless, he said, "you didn't know who was going to go next. My wife's girlfriend was fine, and the next thing you knew she was on a stretcher."

Ambulance attendants worked as unobtrusively as possible throughout

the evening, trying not to disturb the party, but the number of victims rose steadily. Within an hour, two hundred guests were sick, leaving only fifty standing. "People started leaving," said the groom regretfully, "before we could even say thanks for coming." *Alberta Report* (contributed by Pete Seifert)

AFTER BURGLARIZING SEVERAL homes in Kalamazoo, Michigan, three men called for a taxi to take them to the bus station with their loot, which included two TVs and a microwave oven. But the thieves rejected the first cab sent for them—a medium-size automobile—claiming it was too small. They were arrested while waiting for the dispatcher to send a more commodious, Checker cab. *Kalamazoo Gazette* (contributed by Vince A. DeLange)

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

## Photo for Thought



Barbara Sieminski, Fort Wayne, Ind.



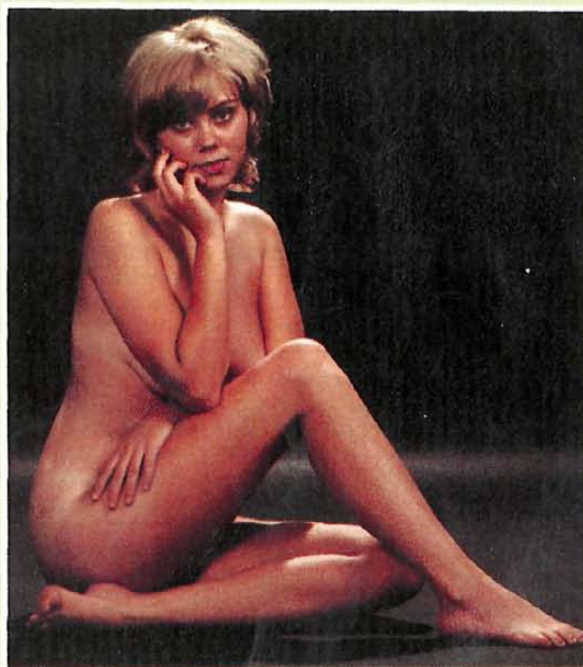
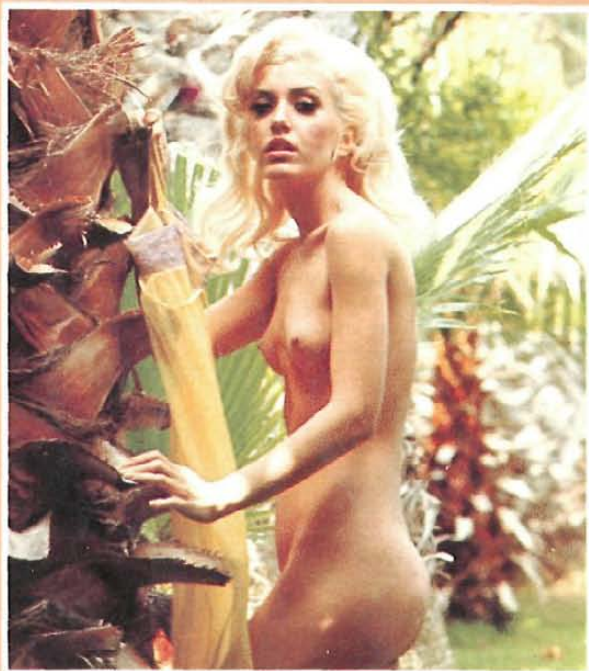
# By subscribing to *National Lampoon* you can help us settle a terrible argument between Mandy and Candy.

Mandy and Candy here have just had one of the most awful arguments you ever heard. Well, Mandy told Candy (they're both marketing experts with MBAs) that she could sell more subscriptions to *National Lampoon* by wearing lots of eye shadow and posing in wholesome outdoor surroundings than Candy could posing her way. Candy said, "Tell me another one!"

Candy says that modern men respond better to a sales pitch that features an attractive woman, wearing minimal

makeup, more coyly posed against a plain dark background. "Double phooey," says Mandy.

So it's up to you, the reader, to settle this argument by subscribing to the marketing technique of your choice. You can also save money, but that's a minor point outlined on the coupon. So, please, subscribe today for the marketing MBA of your choice and help us settle this argument between two girls we're very, very fond of. Maybe then we'll get some peace.



**"I just know I'm right," says Mandy. "Fill out my coupon and help me really show Candy!"**

Sirs: As far as I'm concerned, MBA Mandy has the superior theory. Put me down for her.

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Sirs: I go along with MBA Candy. In the acumen and marketing-strategy department she couldn't be more right. Sign me up.

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For even faster service, call toll-free 1-800-331-1750, ask for Operator #31.

**"Use my coupon to subscribe to *National Lampoon*," says Candy. "I've just got to put that Mandy in her place. She thinks she knows everything."**



# What's Your Sign? Readers' Page



*Don Williams, Holland, Mich.*



*Fredrick Kormos, APO*



*Roger B. Godwin, Andover, N.H.*



*Kelly Truro, Carmelien Bay, Cal.*



*Randy Martin, Decatur, Ill.*



*Donald A. Barclay, Boise, Idaho*

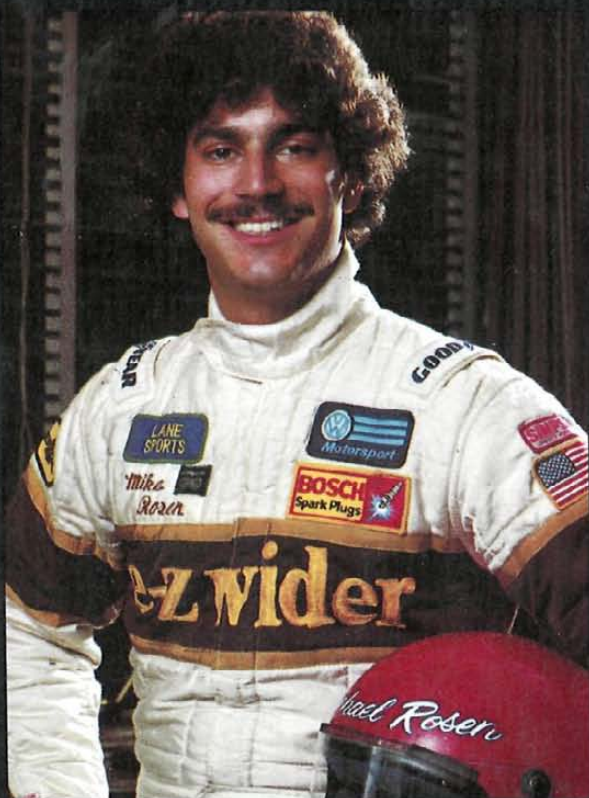


*Paul Cote, San Pedro, Cal.*



*Lynn Ruby, Jacksonville, Ill.*





## The man's e-z.

He knows what he wants and he knows how to get it. And ever since he was a little kid there was one thing he wanted more than anything else: to be a professional racing driver.

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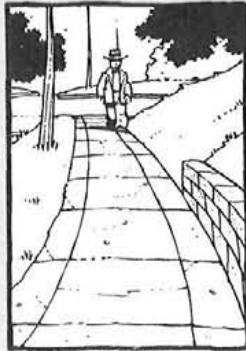
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# Funny Pages







HAVE YOU EVER ENCOUNTERED SOMEBODY WALKING TOWARD YOU ON THE SIDEWALK?



THE JERK OBVIOUSLY SEES YOU BUT REFUSES TO MOVE ASIDE.



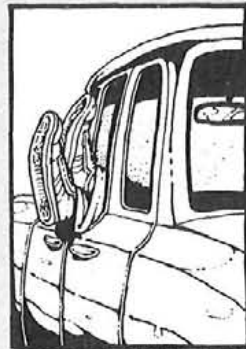
THE RESULT IS ALMOST ALWAYS A HUMILIATING CONFRONTATION.



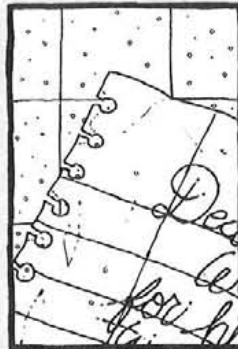
AND WHILE I'M AT IT, I CAN'T STAND PEOPLE WHO STARE AT ME ON THE BUS...



AND WHO OPEN JARS AT THE SUPERMARKET TO SMELL THEIR CONTENTS.



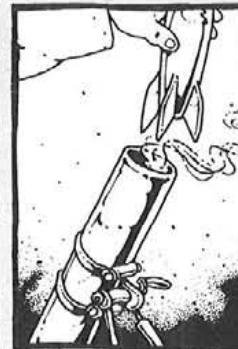
I DETEST FOLKS WHO TAKE THEIR SWEET TIME COMING OUT OF A PARKING PLACE WHEN THEY KNOW I'M WAITING.



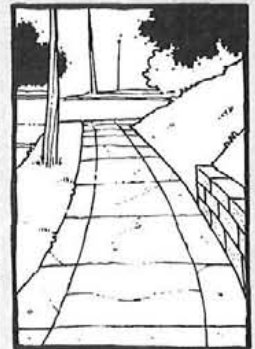
AND WORST OF ALL, THOSE WHO SEND ME LETTERS ON PAPER TORN FROM A LOOSE-LEAF NOTEBOOK.



FOR THESE AND OTHER REASONS, I'M TAKING FIREARMS TRAINING HERE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD.



FOR A SMALL EXTRA CHARGE: LIGHT ARTILLERY.



THINGS ARE LOOKING UP!

**Zeb Piker**

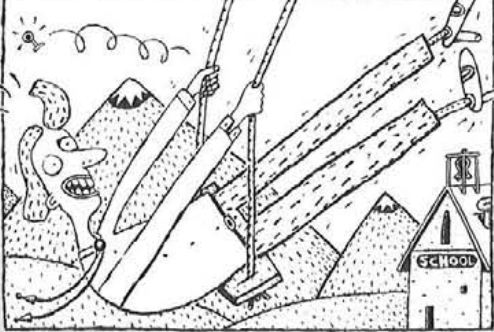




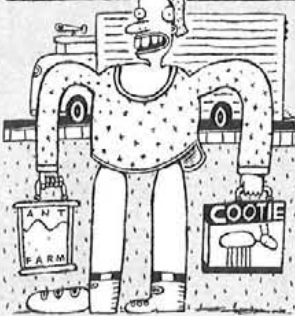
# Popular Problems

by Ron Hauge

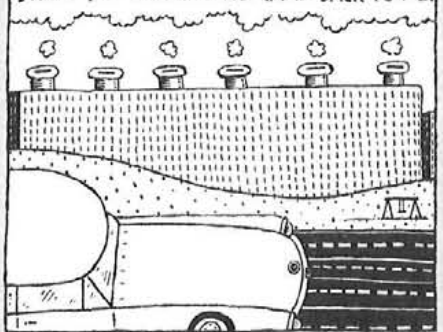
20 YEARS AGO I LOST A CUFFLINK ON THE GRADE SCHOOL PLAYGROUND. I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS GONE UNTIL I GOT BACK HOME.



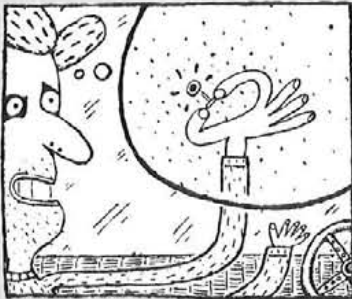
NOT LONG AFTERWARD WE MOVED AWAY. I DIDN'T GIVE THE CUFFLINK ANOTHER THOUGHT.



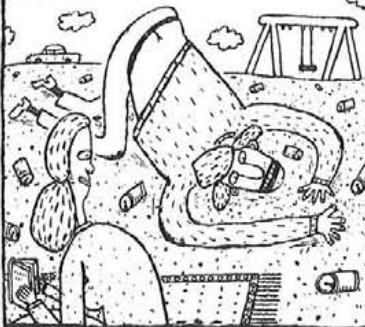
LAST SUMMER ON MY VACATION I DROVE BY THE PLAYGROUND. WHEN I SAW THE SWING SET EVERYTHING CAME BACK TO ME.



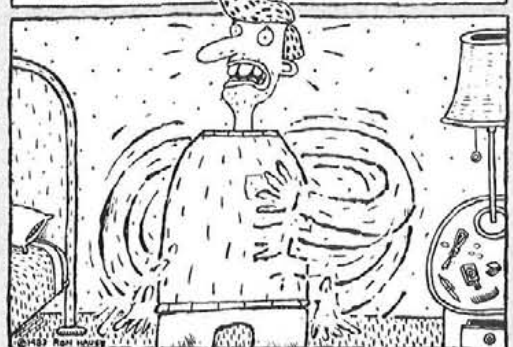
I'D HEARD STORIES OF PEOPLE WHO'D FOUND OBJECTS THEY HAD LOST YEARS BEFORE. I HAD TO STOP AND LOOK.



I SEARCHED THE PLAYGROUND FOR ABOUT HALF AN HOUR. I DIDN'T TURN UP A THING.



WHEN I GOT BACK TO THE HOTEL I REALIZED I'D LOST MY WALLET.



# Politenessman

by Ron Barrett

WHEN A MAN'S ON THE ROCK ALL HE THINKS ABOUT, DAY AND NIGHT, IS HOW TO GET OFF. A FEW HAVE TRIED, NOT MANY SUCCEEDED.



BUT THEN, THE TWO ESCAPEES ARE CONFRONTED BY A PAIR OF SHINY BLACK WINGTIPS!



YES, YOU RUDE GUIYS, IT IS I, CHAMPION OF COURTESY! NOW, THINK ABOUT THE WAY YOU LEFT YOUR ROOM:



THE WASHCLOTH IN A BALL ON THE SINK!  
THE CAP OFF THE TOOTHPASTE!

THE UNMADE BED!

STOP! STOP! WE'RE SORRY!

IT WAS NO WAY FOR US TO SHOW OUR APPRECIATION FOR THEIR HOSPITALITY!

LATER -



WELL, YOU BOYS REALLY MADE YOUR CELL NEAT AND ATTRACTIVE! NOW IF YOU'LL STEP THIS WAY, I'D LIKE TO SHOW YOU OUR NEWLY WALLPAPERED GAS CHAMBER!

LITERELY CHARMING!

NO MATTER IF YOUR FOOD IS DRY OR IT'S OILY, IT'S SURE TO LOOK BETTER WHEN PLACED ON A DOLLY. THANK YOU!



# RAY and JOE • THE STORY OF A MAN AND HIS DEAD FRIEND

**THE STORY: THE UNDERTAKER HAS JUST FINISHED EMBALMING JOE, RAY'S DEAD FRIEND, AND IS GIVING RAY FINAL INSTRUCTIONS.**

BY THE WAY, EVEN IN THE MIDDLE OF WINTER, IF YOU LEAVE HIM IN THE CAR TO GO SHOPPING OR TO A MOVIE, DON'T WORRY ABOUT HIM FREEZING. WITH ALL THAT EMBALMING FLUID IN HIM HE'S GOOD FOR 35° BELOW ZERO.

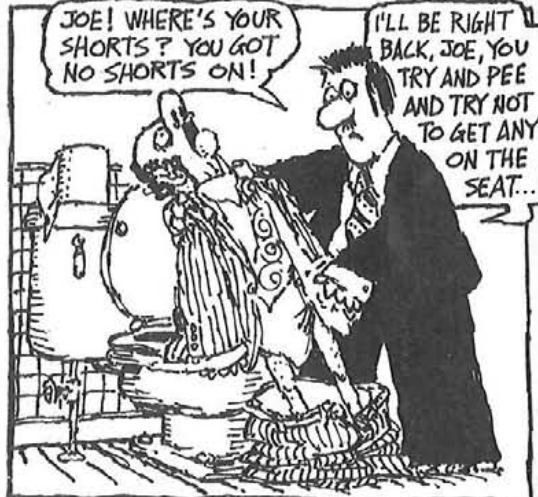
HEY—THAT'S GOOD TO KNOW, MR. CALABRESE. WHAT ABOUT BOILING OVER? SAY I LEFT HIM IN THE CAR ON A HOT DAY—WOULD HE BOIL OVER?

...WELL, IF IT'S A REAL HOT DAY AND THE WINDOWS IN THE CAR ARE ROLLED UP A LITTLE STEAM WILL COME OUTTA HIS NOSE, BUT HE WON'T BOIL OVER, NO.

...AND LOOK, SIT HIM ON THE TOILET TWICE A DAY FOR A FEW DAYS TO GET RID OF ANY EXCESS EMBALMING FLUID. OTHERWISE HE'LL LOOK LIKE HE'S PEEING IN HIS PANTS, AND YOU WON'T WANT THAT! HEH, HEH, HEH!



...ONE MORE THING—ONCE IN A WHILE PUT A LITTLE VISINE IN HIS EYES SO THEY DON'T LOSE THEIR SPARKLE.



MR. CALABRESE, I WAS PUTTING JOE ON THE TOILET AND I NOTICED HE HAD NO SHORTS ON. I KNOW HE HAD SOME ON WHEN I BROUGHT HIM TO YOUR PLACE BECAUSE I DRESSED HIM UP MYSELF RIGHT AFTER HE DIED. DID YOU TAKE THEM?

...OH, HEH, HEH, HEH! I, UH, YOU SEE, WHILE I WAS EMBALMING YOUR FRIEND I NOTICED THE SHORTS HE HAD ON HAD THIS REAL SHARP ALLIGATOR EMBLEM ON THEM AND THEY RATHER CAUGHT MY FANCY. SO I SAID TO MYSELF, "AW, WHAT THE HECK—HE'S DEAD, WHAT DOES HE NEED UNDERWEAR FOR?" AND—WELL, HEH, HEH, HEH, I'M WEARING THEM...





# Lessons in Life

by Mimi Pond



# Aunt Mary's Kitchen

by M. K. Brown

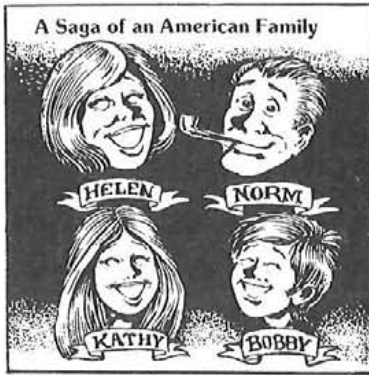


NEXT MONTH: FINGER PIES

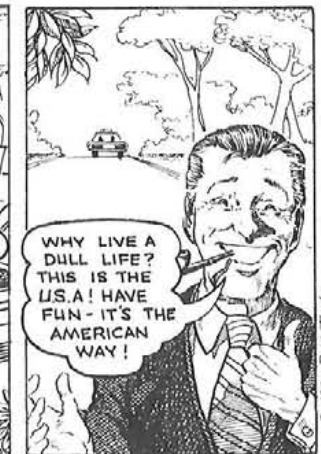


# The Appletons

by B. K. Taylor



by B.K. Taylor CAPTIONED FOR THE HEARING IMPAIRED



THE OFFICIAL CARTOON STRIP FOR THE 1984 OLYMPICS



## Letters

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76)

Sirs:

Using the latest carbon-14 dating methods, along with prehistoric fossils and remnants from the Mesozoic period, we have been able to determine the true age of Zsa Zsa Gabor: 3.6 billion years.

A Group of Scientists Working  
Overtime

Sirs:

Wanna hear something depressing? If you were ever really shipwrecked and actually got stranded on a desert island, you know what would be your best chance of survival? Searching your memory and trying to recall every "Gilligan's Island" episode you ever saw. Think about it.

The TV Philosopher  
Radnor, Pa.

Sirs:

Our country has a macho, violent image. To correct this, we are changing our name from the masculine El Salvador to the feminine La Salvadora. In this way, when people think of our beloved land, they will think not of war and fighting but of crocheting and baking. Meanwhile, we can continue to slaughter each other in peace.

The Junta  
La Salvadora

Sirs:

I am not a monster. I'm just an ordinary guy trying to get by, just like the whales at Sea World and the dolphins at Marineland. So lay off the monster shit, okay?

The Loch Ness Guy  
Loch Ness, Scotland

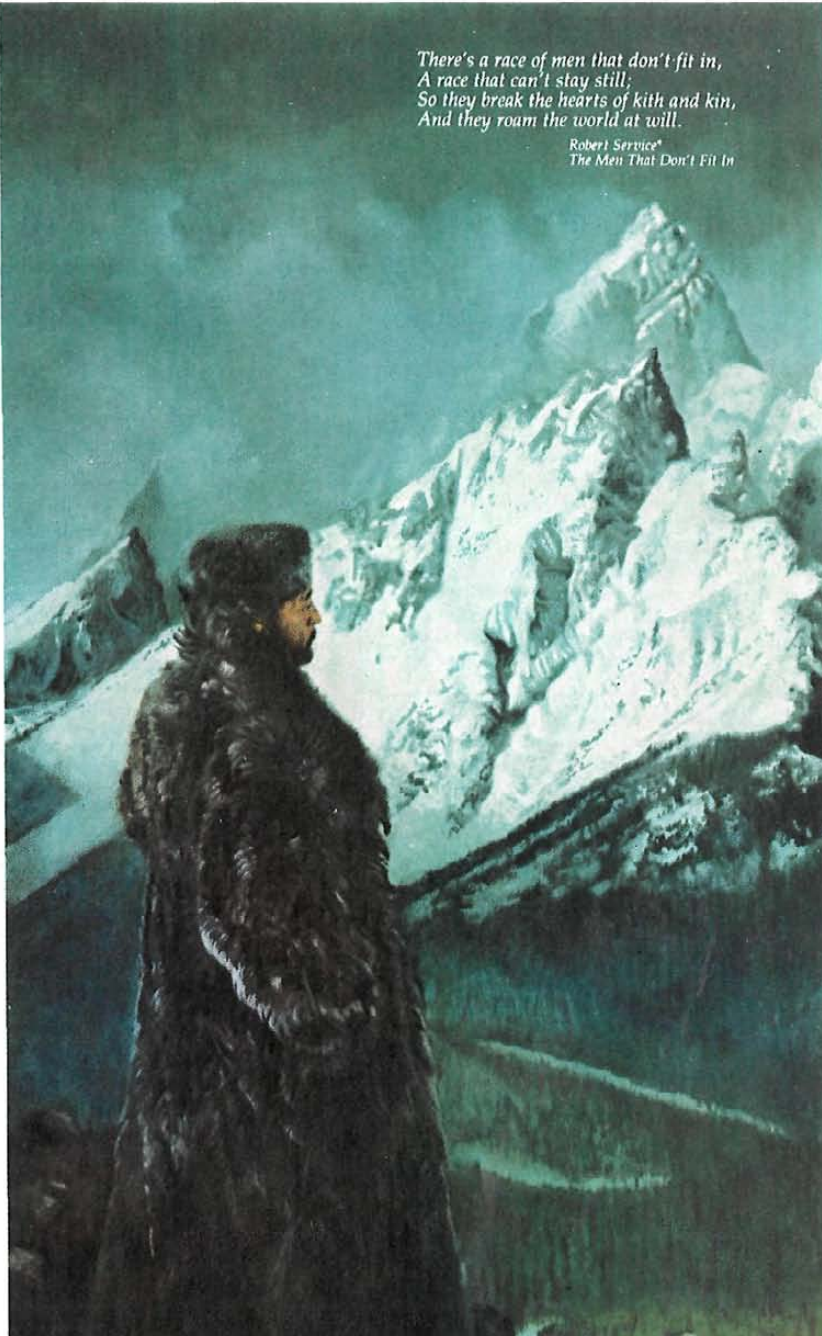
Sirs:

I'm really angry, but I don't know who I should complain to, so I figured I'd write to you. I just got here from Bay Minette, Alabama, where I was homecoming queen at Bay Minette High and starred in the senior production of *My Fair Lady*. I did a really great Cockney accent. Anyway, I came out here to try to break into motion pictures, you know? I met this man who said he was an agent, but he would represent me only if I let him fuck me. Wanting to get ahead in the motion picture industry, I said okay. It was only afterward that he told me he wasn't really an agent but a storm-door salesman from Van Nuys. Now you see why I'm so angry? You just can't trust anybody these days.

Betty Sue Peebles  
Marina Del Rey, Cal.


There's a race of men that don't fit in,  
A race that can't stay still;  
So they break the hearts of kith and kin,  
And they roam the world at will.

Robert Service\*  
The Men That Don't Fit In



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- I'm From Mars
- You (Ewe??)
- Hard-on Blues
- Plus many more!!

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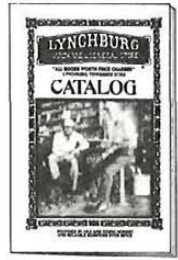


By R. Ellis. Forwarded by Phil Collins of Genesis.  
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# Contest #16

## Guess How Claus von Bülow Will Have Sunny's Hair Done for New Year's Eve

**C**ONVICTED SYRINGE ARTIST Claus von Bülow wants to show the court of appeals how much he cares about his comatose wife, so he has her hair done every day at the hospital. Can you predict the style Claus will choose for Sunny on New Year's Eve?

To enter, simply circle the number on the syringe that corresponds to the hairstyle you've selected from the photos at right. As Claus von Bülow would say—"It's easy!"



STYLE #1



STYLE #2



STYLE #3



STYLE #4



STYLE #5



STYLE #6

**O Lucky Man!**  
John Grimm of Decatur, Illinois, wins *National Lampoon Contest #12!* A copy of Jimmy Carter's *Why Not the Best?* is his to enjoy!

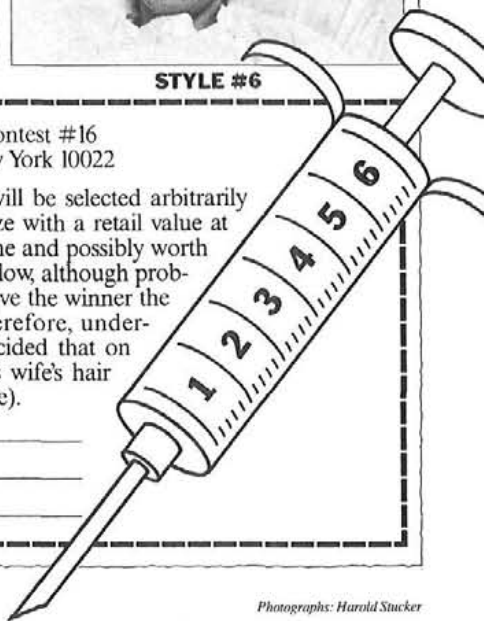
Send entries to: *National Lampoon Contest #16*  
635 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022

Sirs: I understand that the winner will be selected arbitrarily and that he or she will receive a prize with a retail value at least equal to the cost of this magazine and possibly worth millions of dollars, like Claus von Bülow, although probably not, especially if we decide to give the winner the usual horrible romance novel. Therefore, understanding all of these things, I've decided that on New Year's Eve, Claus will have his wife's hair done in (circle style number on syringe).

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

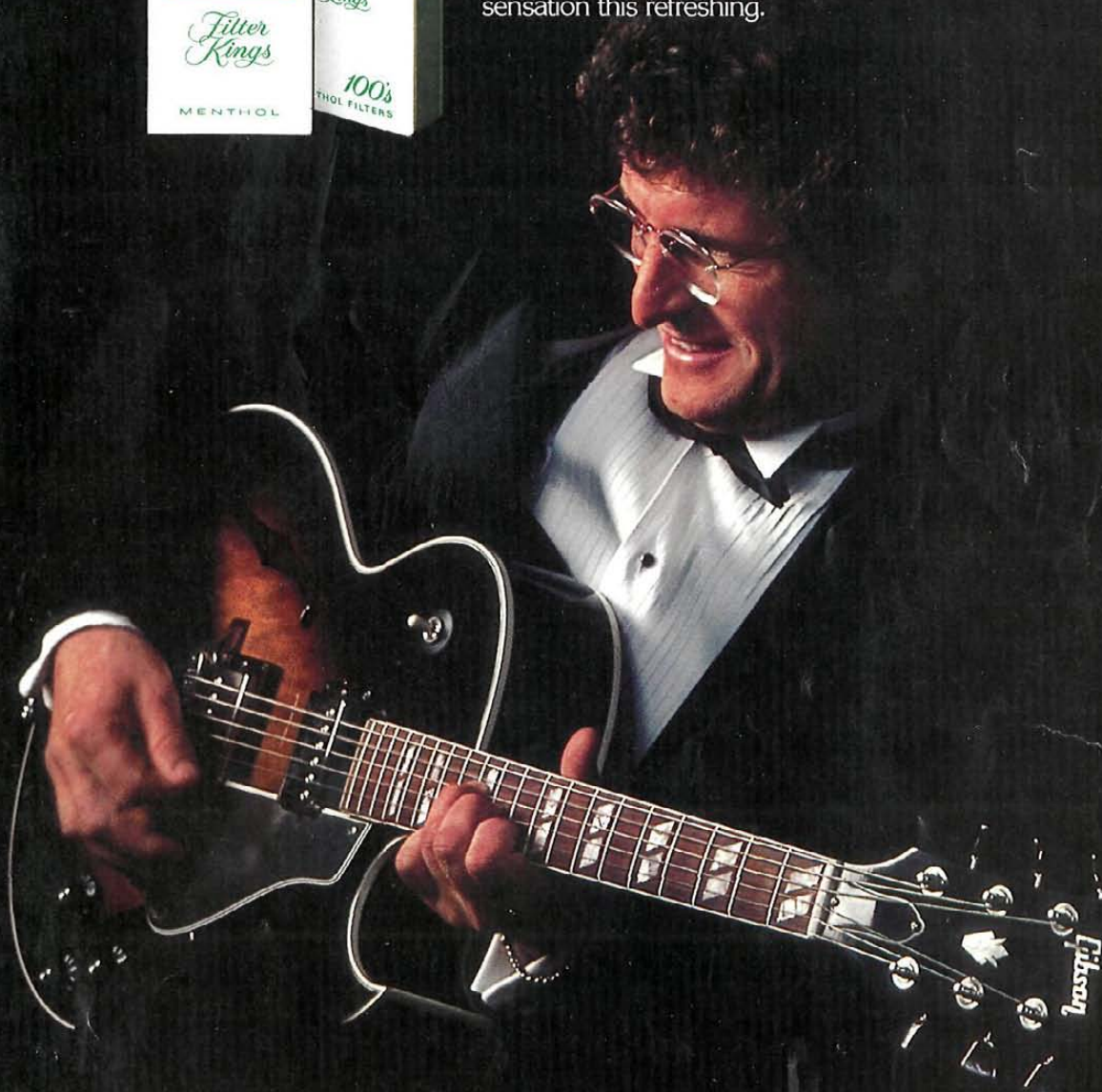




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