

TV: CRUEL AND UNUSUAL PUNISHMENT?

Video Games - Assassination of Ed McMahon - Steve Allen Magazine - Pilots

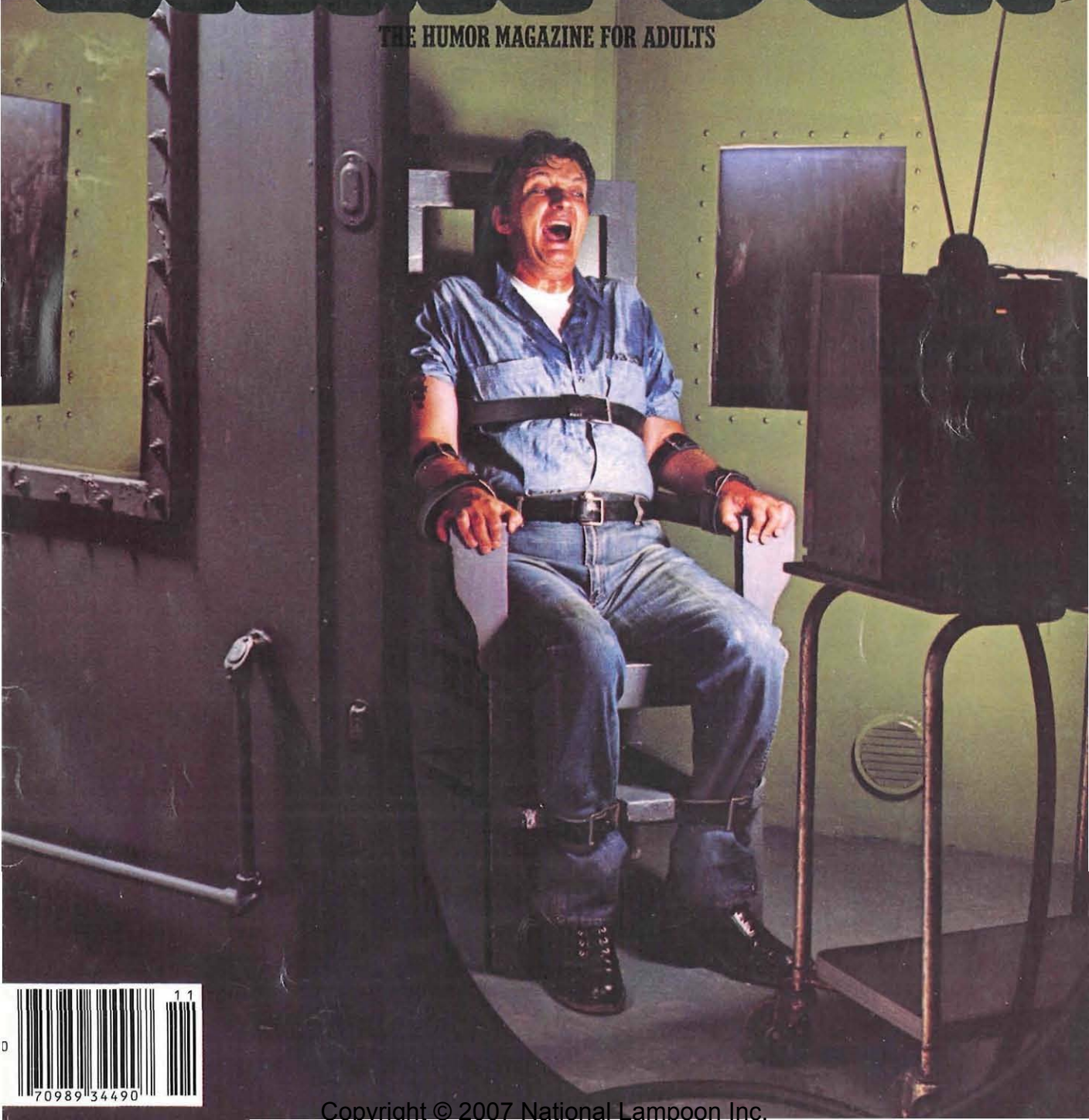
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NOV. 1981

NATIONAL LAMPoon

THE HUMOR MAGAZINE FOR ADULTS

WPS 34490



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1 Filter Process Training (FPT)



Basically, people tell each other what they honestly feel about coffee grounds.

2 Bio-Feedbag



Everyone is told by a machine when it's the best time to put on a feedbag.

3. Scientifichness



Its members must dress like scientists, carry slide rules at all times, etc.

4. Markerbiotics



The adherents of this group believe that felt-tip markers are a life-form and must never be disposed of.

R. Chast

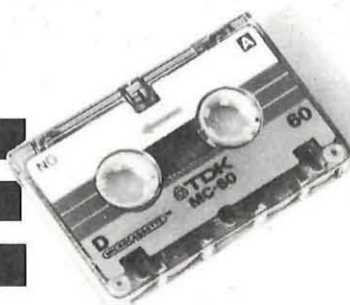
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TWO HEAVY HITTERS TOUCH BASES ON BATS, BALLS, AND BEER.



BOOG POWELL (Former American Baseball Great): Koichi here has been giving me a new angle on baseball. It seems the game's a little different in Japan.

KOICHI NUMAZAWA (Former Japanese Baseball Great): そう、例えばフィールドが小さめですね。

BOOG: That's right. The field is

smaller over there.

KOICHI: つまり、ショートで小さめな日本人の体格に合わせたんですよ。

BOOG: Well, now that you mentioned it, I guess you guys are kinda smaller. Does that mean you drink Lite Beer 'cause it's less filling?

KOICHI: いやー、おいしいから飲むんですよ。

BOOG: Tastes great? That's why I drink it, too! I guess we have a lot more in common than I thought.

KOICHI: その通り! どうです、日本の野球チームに入りませんか。

BOOG: Me? I'm too big to play on a Japanese team.

KOICHI: そんなことないですよ、ショートに最適ですよ。

BOOG: Shortstop?! Very funny.



LITE BEER FROM MILLER.
EVERYTHING YOU ALWAYS WANTED
IN A BEER. AND LESS.

Letter from the Editor

John Bendel, author of "Thirty Years of Television" and "Index to All TV Programs Appearing in This Issue," claims to have seen every TV show ever aired. He has kept a daily viewing log of

asking them how they would revise the old NAB (National Association of Broadcasters) TV Code of ethics and morals. The results were surprising and, in many cases, quite gratifying. Over 60 percent of

assassination of Ed McMahon had its somber moments, but everyone was just great—very cooperative," said Mike Reiss. "NBC gave me all the publicity stuff I needed. Freddy De Cordova, the producer of the Carson show, filled me in on a lot of little-known stuff about Ed, and I'm truly indebted to Johnny Carson. Johnny used to kid Ed a lot, but he was really shook up about the killing. He was unusually generous with his time and opened up and poured his heart out to me. I guess the old saying is still true: The bigger you are the nicer you are."

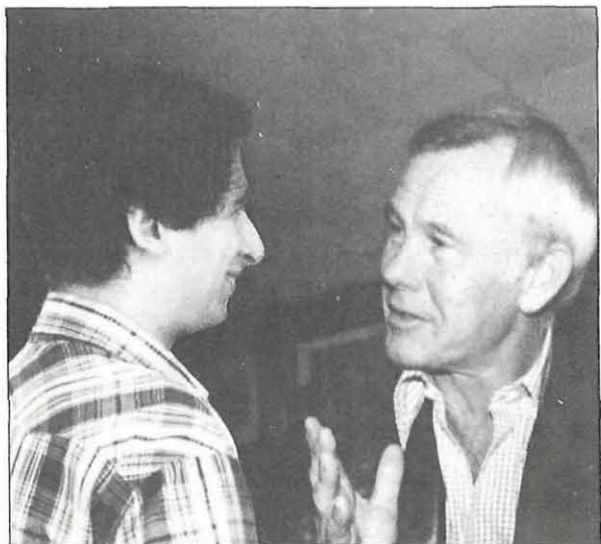
As this issue goes to press, Brian McCormick, who was to write "Operation Status Report," the story of Chinese TV, is still missing somewhere in China. Brian insisted on going to China to do some research (he wanted to combine it with a vacation, at his own expense). He was a hard-working writer and a highly enthusiastic amateur photographer who liked to include hundreds of pictures and Polaroid snapshots to illustrate



Brian McCormick in Peking, before he was reported missing.

his pieces. "Getting the picture" was as important to McCormick as the text itself. He would go anywhere with his camera, with no regard for his own safety. According to our sources, he left his hotel in Peking at about 1:00 P.M. on September 20, to get a bite to eat and do a little picture taking. He was never heard from again.

Gerry Susman



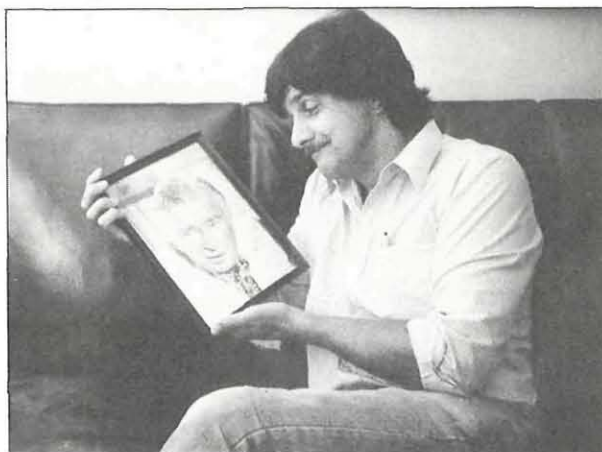
Mike Reiss shares a poignant moment with Johnny Carson immediately after the McMahon assassination.

TV shows since 1946. At this writing Bendel has seen over 250,000 TV shows, not including UHF and cable. We posed the usual difficult question to him: What's your favorite show? Without hesitation he said, "'Barnaby Jones.' I would rather watch 'Barnaby Jones' than eat chocolate eclairs. I forget who I am and become a kid again, an idol worshiper. Buddy Ebsen... that face... the way he curls his lips when he makes a point. And the stories are so real. I love that show more than life itself."

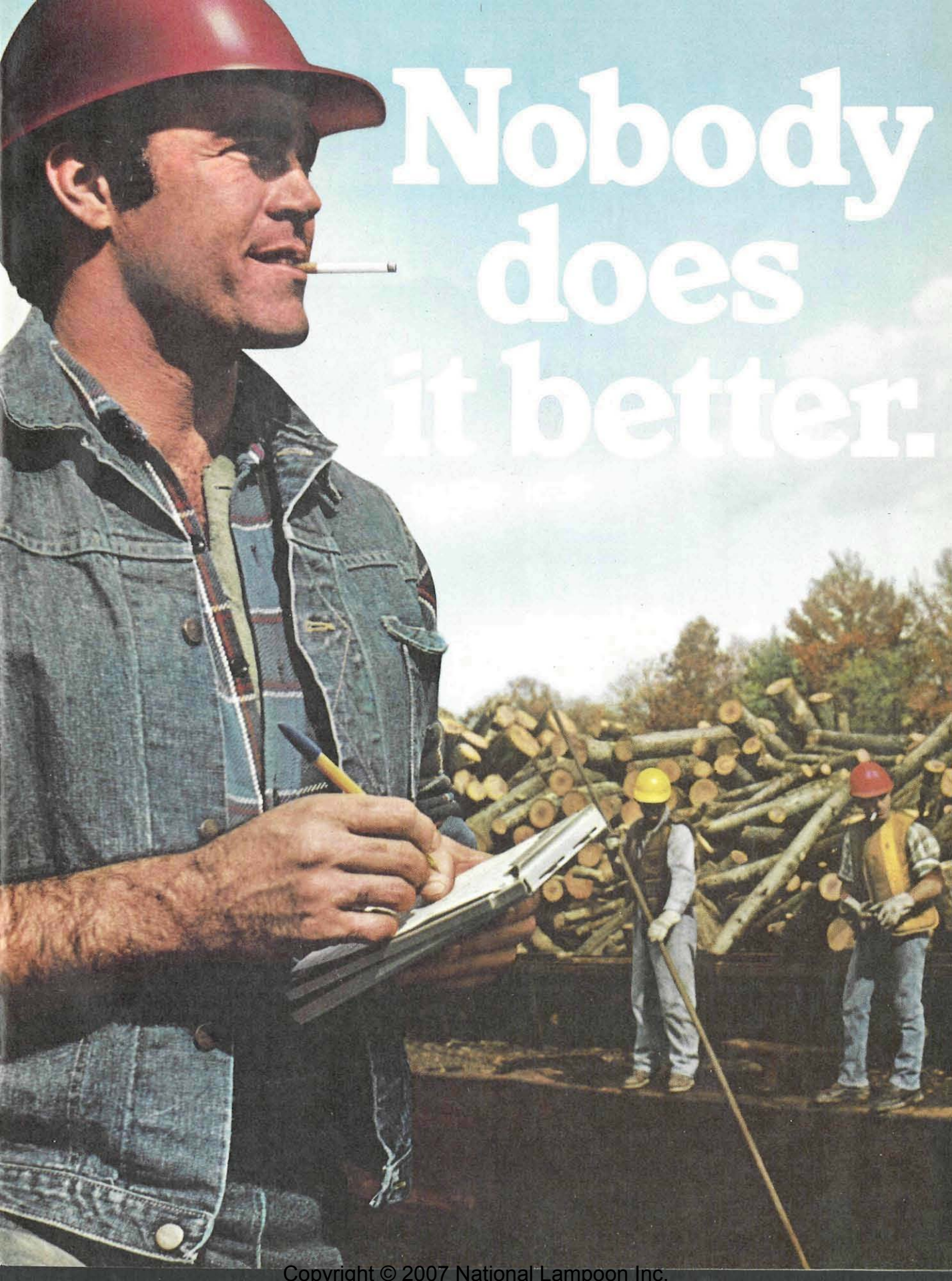
"The Television Code" is the result of over two years of research and compilation by Tod Carroll. Carroll sent out over 100,000 questionnaires to professional people who own homes or condominiums,

those queried wanted the entire Code to be rewritten. Seventy-six percent wanted to see more pictures in the Code, especially from some of their favorite old shows. "Probably the most stimulating answer I got was from a seventy-two-year-old civil engineer in Wisconsin who rewrote the Code entirely and translated it into perfect Esperanto," said Carroll. "It just reaffirms my faith in the basic decency and concern of most Americans about what they and their families watch on TV. We've got to convince the broadcasters and advertisers that there are millions of folks out there like that civil engineer from Wisconsin want to see a better TV code from now on."

"Writing the story of the

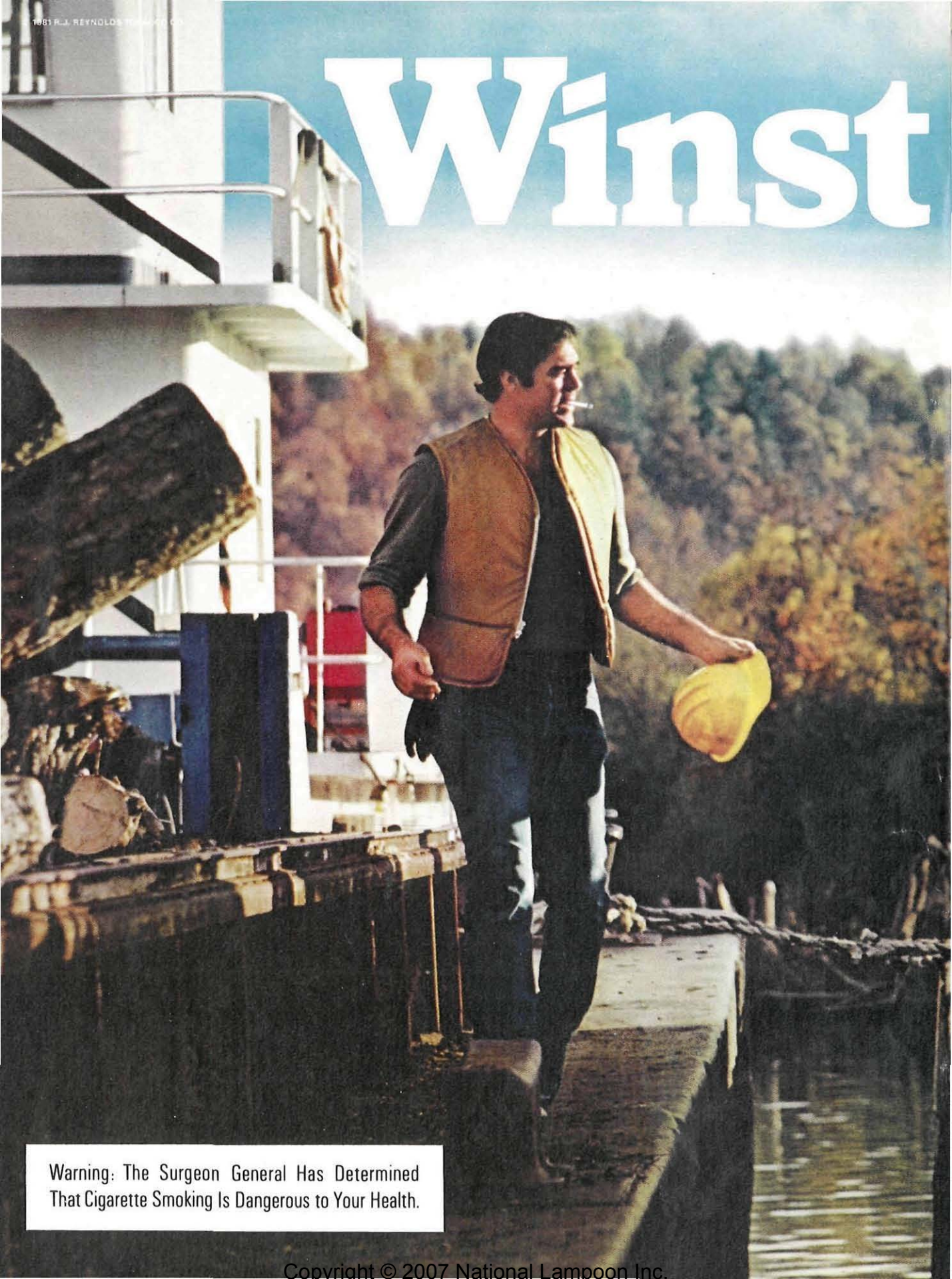


"To me, Buddy Ebsen as Barnaby Jones is the essence of television. He is to television what Olivier is to the theater—a combination of craft and sheer magic."



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it better.

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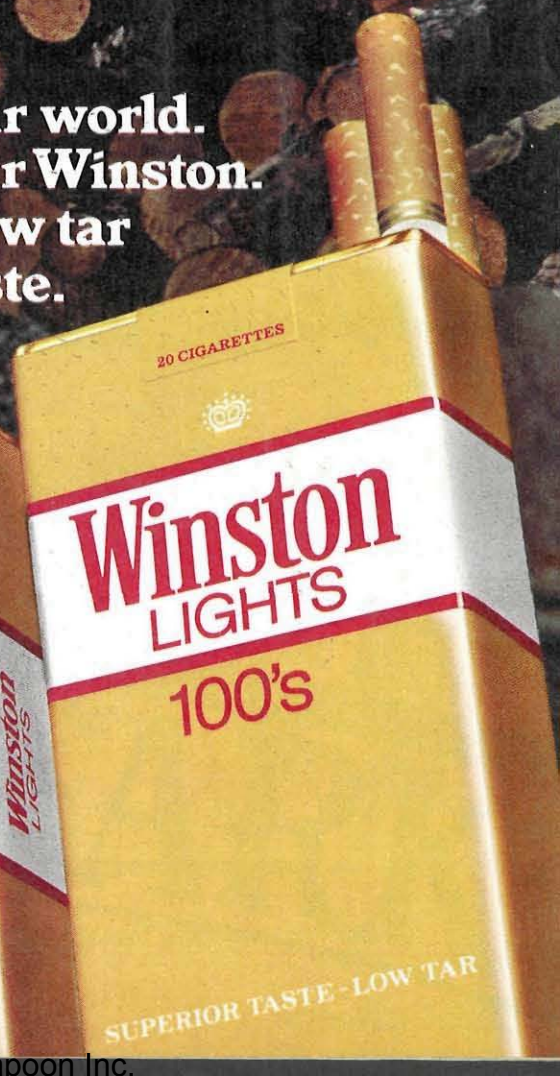
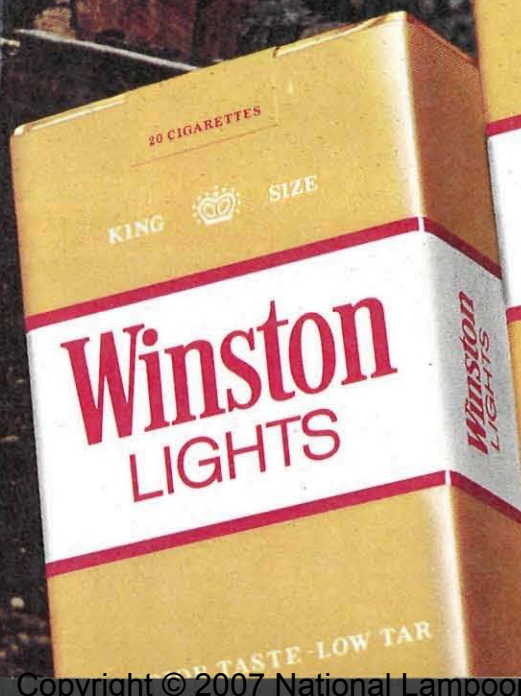


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Sirs:

Sorry you missed our victory celebration over the *National Enquirer*. We held it at an exclusive restaurant, and believe you me it was fantastic! My gosh, the food just kept coming and the champagne flowed all night. We all had a fantastic time until I got a little loud and abusive and was asked by the management to leave.

Carol
"So What If I'm Shitfaced"
Burnett

Sirs:

Good day. I am a monsignor based at the Vatican, and I accompany Pope John Paul II on all of his excursions through Europe and abroad. An interesting thing occurred on a recent trip that I thought your readers would like to hear about. We were on a lengthy flight between countries, and the Holy Father was passing the time doing a crossword puzzle. He leaned over to me and asked, "Begging your pardon, what's a four-letter word ending in *u-n-t* that means

woman?" I replied, "Why, Your Holiness, it's *a-u-n-t*, of course." The pope said, "Have you got an eraser?" I love our Father very deeply, but sometimes I can't figure the guy out.

Monsignor Carlino
Rome, Italy

Sirs:

Do you know Bruce Springsteen? If you do, can you send him this note? "Dear Bruce Springsteen: I'm sorry. It's hopeless. You'd never go for a girl like me. I never stole mascara from the dime store and I never smoked in the rest room in high school. I never drove down to the river in anyone's brother's car and I never drank warm beer in the moonlight and fucked in the dirt. Sometimes I cry myself to sleep just knowing you'd never drive all night to buy me a pair of shoes. What I need to know is, is it too late for me to get bad? And if not, where do I get it?"

Marie Osmond

Sirs:

Yeeee-ow! Waaa-hoo! I'm a drunk letter, and I'm gonna embarrass the hell out of everyone. First, if there's any letters from women on this page, I'm gonna sex 'em till they just lie there like poleaxed prize Ohio hogs! Then I'm gonna find some letters from celebrities and piss all over 'em, and then I'm gonna snort a whole pile of coke, right here on this page, and go ape-hairy and rip all the letters from

skinny guys into little shreds, and then...uh-oh...Ulpa-ulpa-ulpa wa-hoooph! Bleachhh...blb lbl Wa-Hoooolph! [Editors' note: One of these assholes sneaks in here every once in a while. Sorry.]

Sirs:

Q: What's a Mexican fortune cookie?

A: A taco shell with a food stamp.
Libertarian Party
San Francisco, Cal.

Sirs:

I'm a Man's Man. I'm a Bull of a Man. I'm a Bejaysus of a Bull. I'm a Powderhouse. I'm Iron Willed. I'm a Tower of Talent, a Pinnacle among Producers, a Deity among Directors. I'm the King of the Castle. I'm a Man Surrounded by Pygmies, a Giant among Men. I'm a Man's-Man's Man's Man. I'm a [discontinued due to lack of space]

John Huston
Singing my praises to the stars

Sirs:

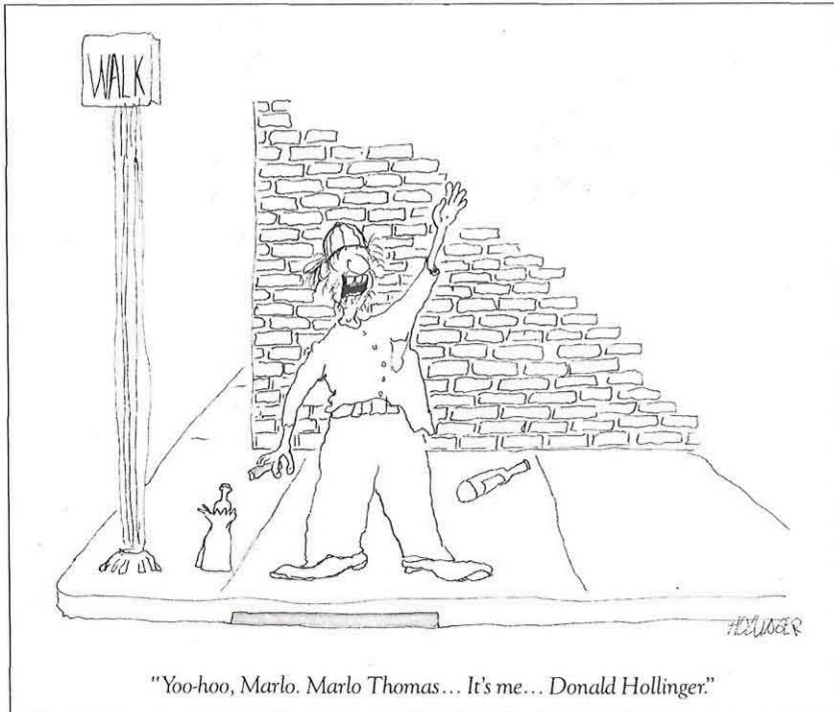
We're launching a class-action suit against the writers and publishers of *Where to Pick Up Girls*. For their information a "health spa" is no longer a place where you pick up girls. It is a place where girls pick you up, with huge, brawny arms, then dash you to the floor and perform deep squat thrusts all over your rib cage with their monstrous, stumplike legs; and they smash your Adam's apple and tear off your lips; and they're like gorillas; and don't ever, ever go there, because you'll wind up in the hospital all bruised and squashed like an old banana.

A Bunch of Bruised, Squashed Guys
Who Didn't Know Any Better

Sirs:


Can a dead mom try to communicate from beyond the grave? I think my mother's doing it. In fact, I think she's haunting me, because some very weird things have happened lately. Like, the kitchen floor gets mopped during the night, and the oven stays clean. Weird, huh? Also, there's never a ring around the bathtub, and my socks are being mended. And that's not all. My whiskey and cocaine have been disappearing, and, meanwhile, the fridge is mysteriously being filled up with homogenized milk. Please, does anyone happen to know a good exorcist?

Donny McRandle
Los Angeles, Cal.
continued on page 80



"Yoo-hoo, Marlo. Marlo Thomas... It's me... Donald Hollinger."


"IT'S NEVER BEEN DONE BEFORE." A TERRIFYING
THOUGHT TO SOME. HERE'S TO THOSE IT INSPIRES.



Kitty O'Neil is 5 ft. 3 in. tall, weighs 98 pounds and has been deaf since childhood. But that hasn't slowed her down.

She's set 26 world speed records on land, 2 on water and 1 on waterskis. (Including the Women's World Land Speed Record — with a top speed of 618 mph.) And she was the first stuntwoman to perform a 180 ft. high fall and a 90 ft. high fall while on fire (another world record).

Kitty O'Neil has been through a lot. And after a day spent doing things that haven't been done before, Kitty O'Neil does something she has done before: she enjoys a Cutty Sark.



Kitty O'Neil

The Scotch with a

following of leaders.

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Donahue's Armies

by Michael Reiss

"The Phil Donahue Show" was watched faithfully by an estimated fifty million women and maybe eight to ten men (probably homos, at that) each day. I liked to think of the program as a kind of no-man's-land, like that aisle in every supermarket that stocks just tampons and Midol and the like; as long as it's there to keep the ladies happy, there's no real reason for us to concern ourselves with it.

Take my wife, for example. Every morning when I left for work, she would be sitting in the den, watching Phil Donahue. And when I came home each evening from a tough day at the office, she would still be in the den, watching Phil Donahue. "Does this show run all day?" I would ask.

"No, silly," she would giggle. This was our little joke. I knew that the station just ran the show each morning and then would rerun the same show before dinnertime to keep the housewives pacified. And my wife would always watch it both times, hoping Phil had thought of something different to say during the day. My wife can sometimes be a real melonhead, but I love her dearly. After all, I could see the program's appeal—it was taped in Chicago, about an hour's drive from our home, so it had some real local flavor. But that Donahue charm is what really sold it—he was like Johnny Carson, but without the biting satiric edge, or like Tom Snyder, but with brains and wit and personality.

I never had a chance to watch the

show myself until the week my wife left town. Her mother had been hurt in a motocross accident and my wife wanted to spend a few days with her. I decided to take the time off from work and mind the house and kids. She spent the night before she left in the kitchen, baking a cake. "Oh, that's nice," I said. "Baking a cake for your old mom."

"No, this is for Phil," she said. "You know. Donahue. He said on the show today that he was hungry—both times! So I decided to make him a little something. Could you help me get it out of the oven?" Between the two of us, we managed to lug the cake out of the oven; then it slipped from our hands and crashed to the ground, doing only minor damage to the slate floor of the kitchen. My wife's baked goods aren't that heavy when compared to, say, a neutron star, but they could stand a little improvement. She's a lousy cook, but, as I say, I love her dearly.

I made sure to tune in Phil Donahue the next morning (it was a show on breast self-examination) and saw Phil up to his twinkly blue eyes in cakes and pies and cookies. "Ladies, I don't know how to thank you," he cooed. "I know I said I was a little hungry, but your generosity... well, I'm just overwhelmed." Apparently, my wife wasn't the only one cooking for him. As the audience applauded him, a sly grin snaked across his face. "Well, gee, if I had known how much you women cared for me," he chuckled, "I would have asked for something more valu-

able—like jewelry."

The next day, sure enough, there he was on TV, encrusted with jewels, like some rajah. He had close to twenty strings of pearls around his neck, bracelets and diamond watches running up both arms, and six or seven tiaras stuck in his boyish thatch of white hair. "Ladies, isn't this dude beautiful? Phil, you are one beautiful cat," gushed guest Sammy Davis Jr., as the women applauded wildly. Sammy was wearing about half as much jewelry as Phil, and one could detect a glint of jealousy in his eye.

"Sam, I owe it all to those wonderful girls out there. I don't know what I did to deserve such loyal fans," Donahue blushed. "Why, I'll bet they'd do anything for me. Let's see. Okay, ladies out there at home, if you really love me, then go into your kitchens and turn one of your stove burners all the way up. You got that? Now put your right hand on the hot burner—and hold it there for a full minute. Thanks."

The next morning, at the start of the Donahue show, Phil asked, "Let's have a show of hands—how many ladies out there watched my program yesterday?" About three hundred burned and bandaged hands shot up. "Good, very good," he grinned. I turned off the television.

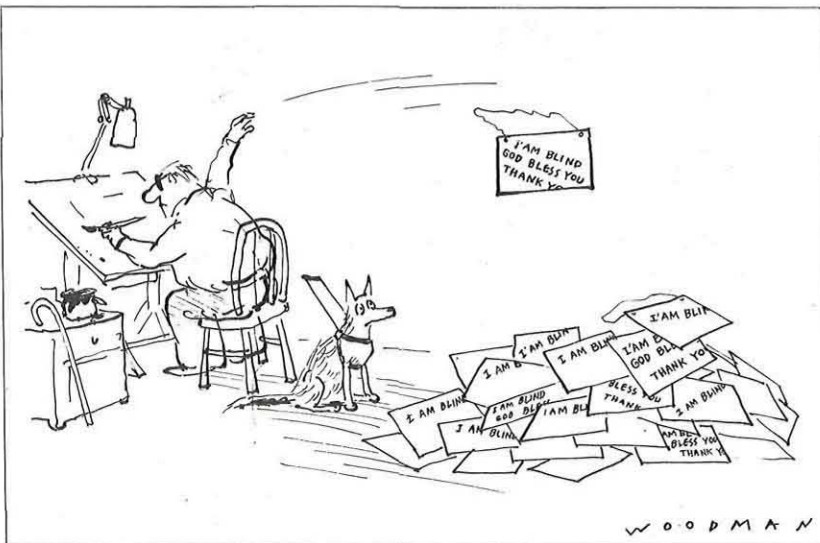
My wife came home that night and I went back to work the next day, trying to forget the whole frightening incident. But every morning and every evening I was reminded of it when I saw my wife cemented to the television screen. Not only that, but soon she began to receive daily mail with "Donahue & Co." printed on the envelopes as a return address. "What are those things?" I asked.

"They're transcripts of the Donahue show," said my wife. "Phil offers them for two fifty apiece at the end of every program." Now, not only would my wife watch the same show twice in one day, but a week later she would reread what was said on it.

For my own peace of mind, I tried to ignore these Donahue dialogues as they piled up around the house; but by the end of the summer I had no choice. My wife had thrown away all my books to make shelf space for her accumulated transcripts. So one evening I picked up a copy of Phil's interview with Dr. Sidney Lishberg, the renowned sociologist. I shivered as I glanced through the transcript:

DONAHUE: This whole Hitler thing that happened around World War II—how

continued on page 16





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The Hot Tub

Outstanding! The Tub is hot and heavy, too intense! We're back and Gaud! how the world's changed!... Let's talk politics for a sec. Hot Tub voted El Elephante all the way and got Ronnie back in the saddle! Good for supply-side ravers. Waitin' for the tax cut! Balance is the word these days. Don't spend more than you make. Gold is out-the-door. Chains, coins, and dental work. No good. Bonds are back, stocks are bully, and real estate is heaven if you're holding a conventional mortgage under 10 percent on your condo.... Hot Tub has unloaded the survival shelter in Utah. The Catastrophe is not on the calendar for this year.... Let's get down to business.... **The New Look!** Cowboy gear is gone. Penny loafers and pants like George Bush wears are in. Every one of your ties is now obsolete. Cut 'em down or throw them out. Take your wrinkles to the max. Pants, shirts, handkerchiefs. Stay-press goods don't cut it anymore. The whole idea is to appear as though you don't care, but you do it so conspicuously that everyone knows you do care. Follow? No more silky bikini briefs. Big, bulging white undershorts. Don't worry about the ladies locating El Bone—if they want it, they'll search for it. All those belts with your name on them have to head back to the closet. The thing these days is canvas belts with the colors of your favorite college or junior college. And wallets! Not the big fat jobs with ass-sweat stains on them—thin, long numbers that stick out of your pocket. The message is clear: I've got the bucks, so if I get pickpocketed, who cares? The only time you should button your wallet-pocket button is if you're playing polo.... What is polo? Contrary to popular belief, it is not like the kind of polo you play at the Y. The kind of polo that brings the broads a-runnin' these days is played on a horse, and not in pools, either. Check it out. You need a crash helmet, a mallet, and a good pony. ... **Bar Biz!** Along with the new mood in the nation comes a new Bar-room Manner. The old standard lines, like "Bend over and I'll bruise your bladder" and "I got seven inches if you've got five," don't get you anything today but a lapful of Lite. Broad today want a college man, an up-and-comer, a guy with a family. We're talking *Fortune* 500 in terms of pussy persuasion. Drop these college names if you want to see nipple bumps—

Dartmouth, Yale, U. of Michigan.... P.S. It's Stanford, not Sanford as in the hit TV show—big mistake oft heard through the barroom ferns. Family is big too. If you haven't got a name that sounds like it belongs in the Eastern Establishment Scene, make one up and stick a number after it, like III or IV....

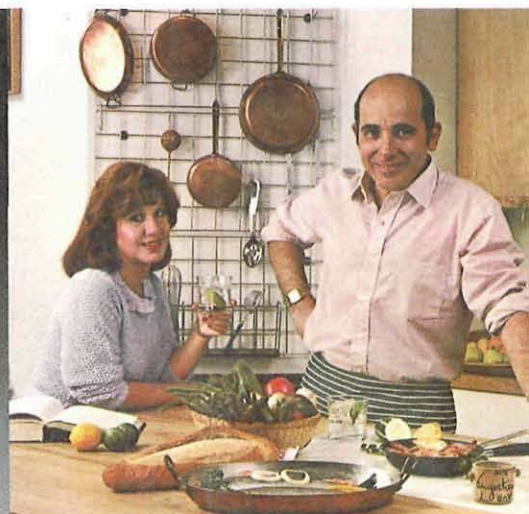
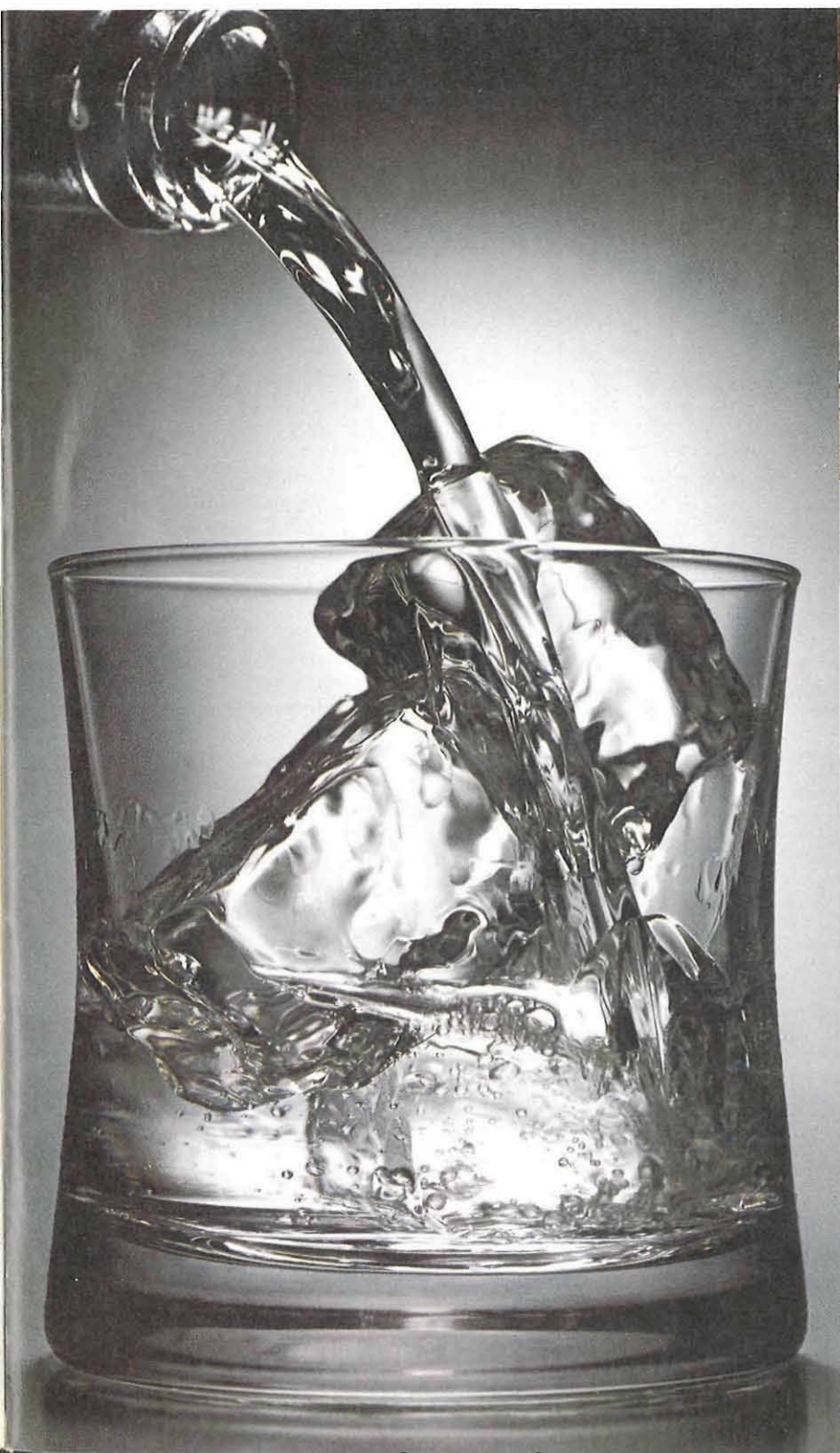


Whatcha Drinkin'? Beer is, as always, okay, but crushing the can lowers your score. Pumping iron is an idea that seems to have lost the old luster. Tanqueray martini, vodka and tonic, Bloody Mary with a celery stalk only if you toss out the celery and call the bartender a "boob" for junking up a good drink. Perrier and lime is instant death. Even the empties at home with a flower in them. If you're not drinking, order a club soda, making sure to ask if they have the kind from your club.... **Without Socks!** Believe it or not, that's the thing. Your new penny loafers will acquire a certain scruffy look the broads drool for if you let your foot sweat "cure" the leather. Foot odor is an ongoing problem, but if the women go for the raw-ankle look, they must go for the aroma as well. Casual footwear is now those boat shoes that look like moccasins. Kinney's is the place for them. Put them on your American Express card. Flashing that plastic says you're in the over-\$15,000-a-year crowd.... This month's Miss Hot Tub is Katherine "Kit" S. She's twenty-two and a resident of Nantucket, Michigan. She adores MG cars, chewing the ice in her drinks as she giggles over ethnic jokes, places for "members only," and natural-fiber clothes. Her measurements are

"[her] business." And how does she like to do it? "However—just so you don't cut into my prime tanning time." How does a Hot Tubber score with Miss H.T.? "Smell like bay rum and don't get bent out of shape if I sleep in one of your T-shirts." Pretty lady for a changing world!... So it's all different, and hip is redefined; but what remains the same? You guessed it, Buzz. S-E-X! This new woman and this new man still have the basic equipment and the hormones to make it all work. We're no longer talking porno movies in the car, or handcuffs, but we're still into the fundamental push-push. Just like preferring natural fibers in their clothes, these gals go for natural in the ginch as well. Mothball your rubber joy toys. They are as obsolete as toxic-shock-syndrome jokes. Get back into sex with a small 's,' as in "Let's do it like we're having a baby only not have the baby." Don't schiz out, though. You can still use your mouth, digits, and baby oil. We're getting into the conservative bag, but geez! Let's not snip the nuts before consulting the pecker!... **Regular Biz!** Some new lines for all those croquet parties and ski weekends: "Actually, *Heaven's Gate* was a powerful visual statement." "Tip O'Neill is looped half the time." "The country is overextended in terms of personal credit!"... **Hardware Beat!** The Video-disc is this year's VCR. No porn titles yet, but wait. Improved pic quality on the big-screen Zenith should raise your Eiffel Tower a few extra stories! The home-computer revolution has happened. Apple III is a killer in terms of personal-finance programs, super games, and doing energy audits on the old condo. Computer language is tough and it's a whole new world. Software, hardware, modems, menus, hard copy, global search. Toss a few of those terms around and the bush will think you aced the Bell & Howell home course in two weeks!... **Wheels!** The new GM J-cars, the Chevy Cavalier in particular, look like BMW 320s! Way to go, Detroit! A lot of Tubbers are reluctant to dump 16,000 inflation-ravaged bucks on a load of Teutonic nuts and bolts. The same effect can be simulated with a Cavalier. At night, in fog, if you throw one of those babies in neutral and rev the engine, she'll sound like a Bimmer. You also might want to drop by your local BMW dealer and pick up a BMW key chain to further fool the ladies. If you don't have the scratch for a Cavalier, with this new "old money" trend you can get by with a '68 Ford Country Squire. They call them station cars and they do as much for *le image* as

continued on page 18

"Puerto Rican white rum is smoother on the rocks than gin or vodka."



"One sip will tell you why people everywhere are switching to our Puerto Rican rum."

Computer firm VP-General Manager Rudy Agulló, and his wife Taty.

Whether you pour white rum on the rocks or mix it with tonic, orange juice, soda or tomato juice, you get a much smoother drink every time.

For a very good reason—every drop of Puerto Rican white rum, by law, is aged at least one full year. And when it comes to smoothness, aging is the name of the game.

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DONAHUE'S ARMIES

continued from page 12

can we keep it from happening again?

LISHBERG: Well, to start with, we have to limit any individual's access to the media, before he gains too much control. Like you, Phil.

WOMAN CALLER: Are you comparing our Phil Donahue to Hitler?

LISHBERG: Yes, I'm afraid I am.

DONAHUE: Ladies, tear him apart.

LISHBERG: Help! Ouch! Oh! Help!

DONAHUE: Why, Ladies, I do believe you've killed him. Now I want every one of you women to take a piece of Dr. Lishberg home and get rid of it—bury it in your yard, feed it to your dog, anything. Just get rid of it, or we're all in big trouble.

AUDIENCE: Yes, Phil.

I was scared. I approached my wife and gently asked her to consider limiting her Phil Donahue intake. She looked at me as if I had suggested she pan-fry the children for dinner. I decided to let the matter rest, at least for the moment.

The next night, when I returned from work, my wife was in the den as usual, sitting before the Donahue show in a trancelike state. I tried to distract her

with my little joke: "Does this show run all day?"

"Yes," my wife responded dully, "now it does." She was right. The *TV Guide* listing for the show read: "Donahue talks to himself all this week about his plans for the future. (8 hrs.)."

I needed a drink badly and ran in to the kitchen to fix one. Every surface in the kitchen was covered with my wife's sturdy baked goods. Counter tops and table legs were buckling beneath the weight of her muffins, biscuits, cakes, croissants, and other pastries, which filled the room. "Honey," I called to her, "have you been feeding these to the kids?" I feared for their lives.

"No, the food is for Donahue's armies," she said simply. "Phil is having a huge bake sale to pay for munitions to arm his troops."

"What?" I cried. "Where are the kids?"

"They're with Phil now. He told us to drive all our kids to the studio this morning. He's going to make them into little talk-show hosts."

My mind was reeling. I sat down for a long time, then realized what I had to do. "Honey, turn off the TV and go lie

down," I yelled toward the den. "I'll have a doctor come by to take a look at you in a little while. Right now I'm going to the studio. Don't worry, I'll get the kids back from Donahue if I have to break every—"

I heard a humming noise behind me.

Turning around, I saw my wife coolly brandishing the electric carving knife I had bought her for her birthday. "You're not going to touch that wonderful man," she said, advancing toward me with the whirring blade.

I'd seen her carve a roast before, and I knew she meant business. There I was, trapped in a corner of the kitchen, with her coming closer and closer. She swung the knife back and forth, slicing through the cabinets on her left, the refrigerator on her right, cutting a broad swath through the middle of the kitchen. She made a sudden lunge for my heart and the plug of the electric knife pulled out of the wall socket. The appliance went dead in her hands. Seizing my opportunity, I snatched up a pound cake she had placed on the counter and heaved it at her. It struck her in the head, fracturing her skull. She sank to the floor, dead. My wife may have been turned into a mindless zombie, but I had loved her dearly.

Now it remained for me to liberate my kids. Grabbing a handful of pastries for protection and sustenance, I hopped into my car and sped off for Donahue's studio. What I saw there made my blood run cold: housewives crudely but effectively armed with the standard weapon of old cartoons—there were hundreds of women, perhaps a thousand, each one wielding a rolling pin. The women were arranged, arms interlocked, in ten tight concentric circles surrounding the studio building. Their ranks seemed impenetrable and inhuman. One husband, obviously there for the same reason I was, tried to talk his way past the women, only to be clubbed down like a baby seal. Another man, who tried to charge through the human barricade, was bludgeoned to a bloody pulp before he had even broken through the fourth circle.

If these women were going to be merciless, I decided, I would be too. Getting back into my car, I revved the engine, then tore through the female blockade at eighty per. The women resolutely tried to stand their ground while I ate through their ranks in my souped-up juggernaut. A den mother bounced off my hood; a home-ec teacher caromed from my fender as the women flew to either side of me. I drove right up to the front door of the building and jumped out of my car.

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Panasonic Microcassette tapes make almost any microcassette recorder sound almost as good as a Panasonic.

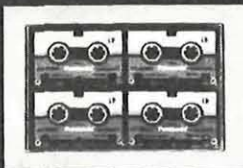
Your microcassette tape recorder is only as good as the tape you put in it. If you own a microcassette recorder that has capstan drive, you'll get great sound out of it with Panasonic Microcassette tapes. And Panasonic tapes are fully compatible with all microcassette recorders with capstan drive.

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tapes that play up to 46 minutes or our new high-quality Angrom™ tapes that increase playing time to up to 3 hours,

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

8 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

HOT TUB

continued from page 14

the mock Bimmer. ... **Mailbag!** R.T. from Fox Lake, Ill., writes, "How do I inform a lady friend of something in her nose?" Good question, and I've made a note to get into the New Manners real soon. The answer is twofold. 1. If the lady friend is a close acquaintance (i.e., you're living with her, or have been dating a long time), honesty is the best policy. A straight "Hey, you've got a big woogie hanging out your hooter" will do. 2. If you've just met or are in the early stages of romance (i.e., pre-oral sex or mid-rear-entry stage), be subtle, as in "I used to go with this girl who grossed me out completely with her near-total lack of nose hygiene." If that doesn't send her

diving for the compact mirror, you're hooked up with an oinker! Lyle W. of Sarasota, Fla., wants to know if Reggie Jackson has ever used the Panasonic video equipment he sells on TV to record any of his romantic interludes. Mr. October's reply: "Twice." Barry G. of New York City wants to know if Hot Tub has the scoop on horror-movie queen Jamie Lee Curtis's knockeroos. All the Hot Tub knows, Barry, is that they are large and luscious and not for sale. Any and all questions to the Hot Tub should be mailed to this column care of this magazine. All reasonable inquiries will be answered. Please, no more requests for phone numbers and addresses. The personal life of the Hot Tub staff is just that, personal. Every man

must sow his own seeds. ... **The Sporting Tub!** No, that's not a sock that Jim Palmer, Baltimore Birds pitcher par excellence, has in his Jockeys in the mag ads. It's 100 percent Cy Young winner. "No, sir!" says big Alex Karras to rumors that he's had a vasectomy. Yum! Have you been to a ladies pro basketball game yet? If you like 'em leggy and lean with the fragrance of competition, stock up on tickets! On the personal sports agenda and in keeping with the Conservative Wave, we're talking golf and boating. Golf as in shoot-par-and-have-a-few-pops-in-the-clubhouse type. Not your foursome grunting to break 100, wearing the special hats given out as door prizes at the sales-seminar kickoff cocktail party. And boating is not the slam-bang



Now you can park a



75hp-Merc-pulling-a-load-of-babes-on-skis type. It's sailing, as in blow, wind, blow! If you can't afford the 250 G's it takes to wear the captain's beanie, plunk down a couple of bucks for a copy of *Yachting* and head for the water. ... **On the Turntable!** Like everything else, the world of music has been turned upside down and inside out. New wave seems to have put on some weight and gone southern Cal. It's a rain-out in the bedroom if you slap one of those disks on the Pioneer. Country? We repeat: Cowboy is oh, boy! Between the sheets as well as on the sound system. Sixties heroes? You're putting a date on yourself easier to identify than rings on trees. Jazz? The beat's great for pouring drinks, but the hips weren't built to follow those

rhythms. So what's left? You guessed it. Talk radio. Dust off your AM switch and lay into a mellow open-phone number. Sounds crazy, but then so does a navel full of Drambuie, and we all go for that! ... **Special Announcement!** The Hot Tub is looking for new candidates for its biannual "Bod of the Year" pageant. If you think you know a lady who qualifies, get out the SX-70 and let's see her. We're talking only bodies. She doesn't have to sing or dance or have a nice personality. We'll take bitches, nags, slobes. She can be a shellfish in bed, it doesn't matter. Unlike most contests glorifying the female, this one is interested only in the flesh. Send your entries to: The Hot Tub "Bod of the Year" Pageant c/o *National Lampoon*, 635 Madison Av-

enue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Mr. Ron Ely will be the final judge on all entries. ... **A Final Note!** In keeping with the comprehensive New Trend overhaul, the *Wall Street Journal* replaces *Hustler* in the bathroom. And don't make a jumbo assface out of yourself by asking where the heck the sports section is, because the *WSJ* doesn't have one. *P.S.* There's only one cartoon in the whole thing! ... **A Fond Adios!** This was a tough Tub to tap out, because I know how heavily invested we all are in the old life-mode. It's going to be a lot of work interfacing with the new Conservative Tub. But isn't it worth the price if the reward is soft and warm and covered with hair? Let's hear it! Keep stiff, and hang in there. Until next we meet, have a good one! □



Pioneer in a tight space.

When the new small cars came out we had a little problem squeezing into some of them.

So we put ourselves on a reducing plan.

We trimmed our new mini car stereos by an inch, so they fit neatly into small cars. And, as with our regular-size car stereos, we included all the outstanding features that have made us famous.

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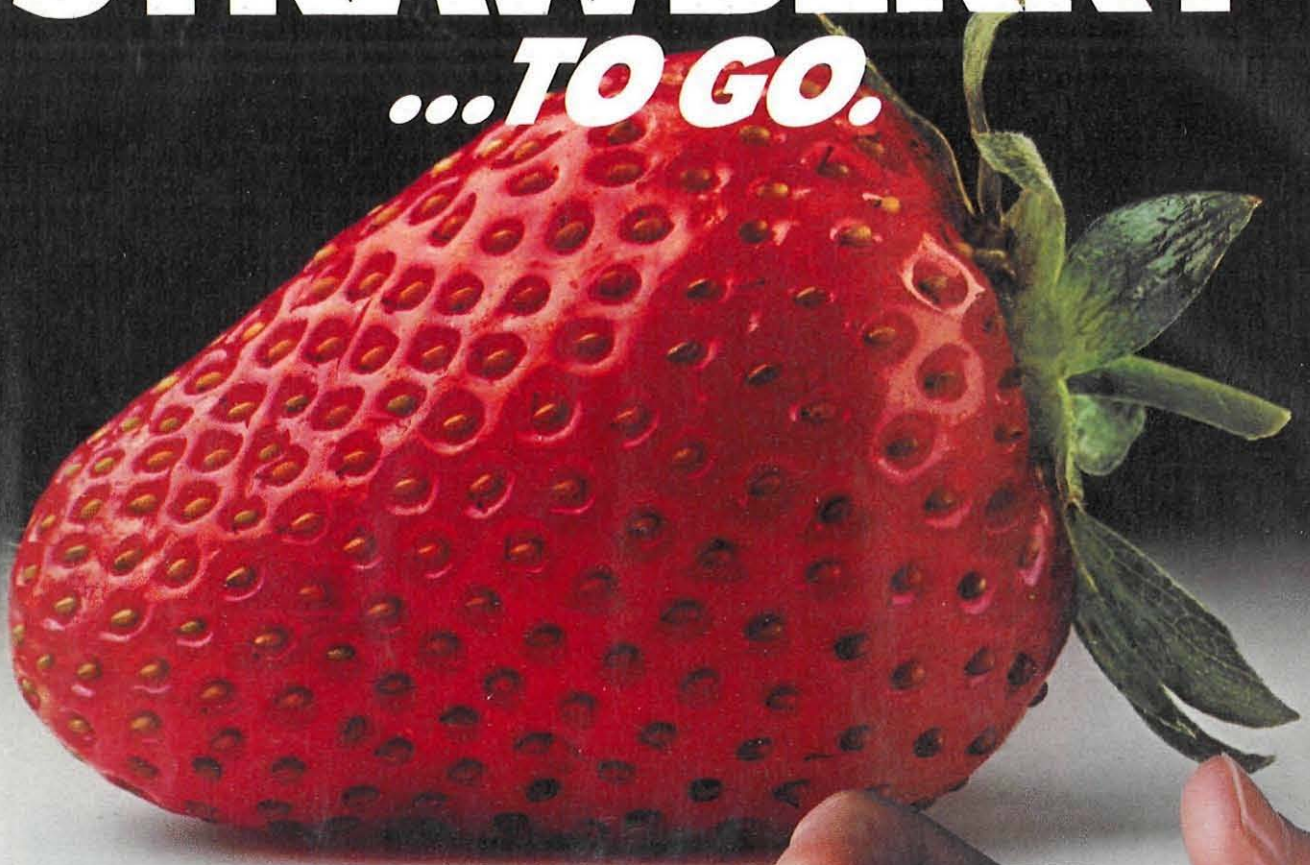
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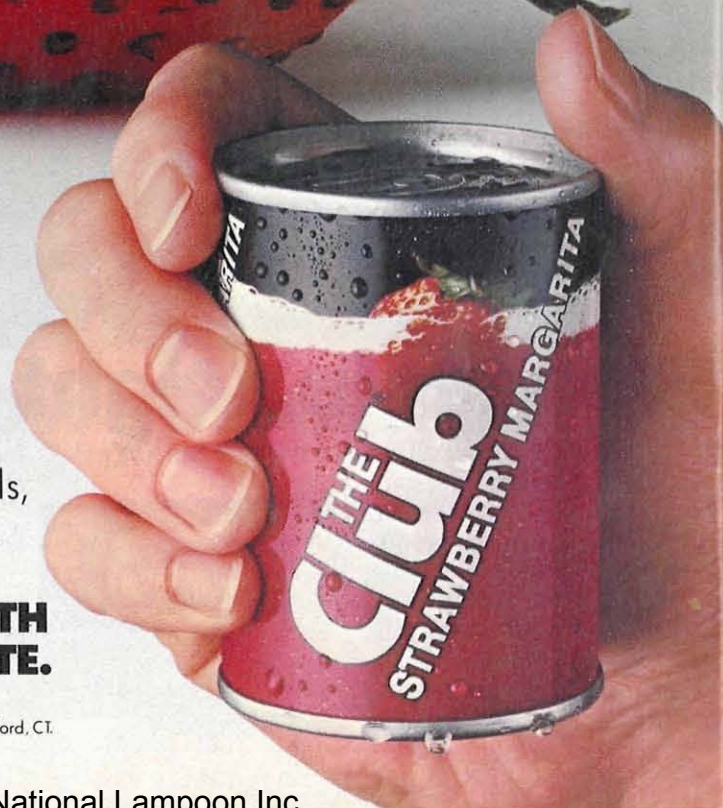
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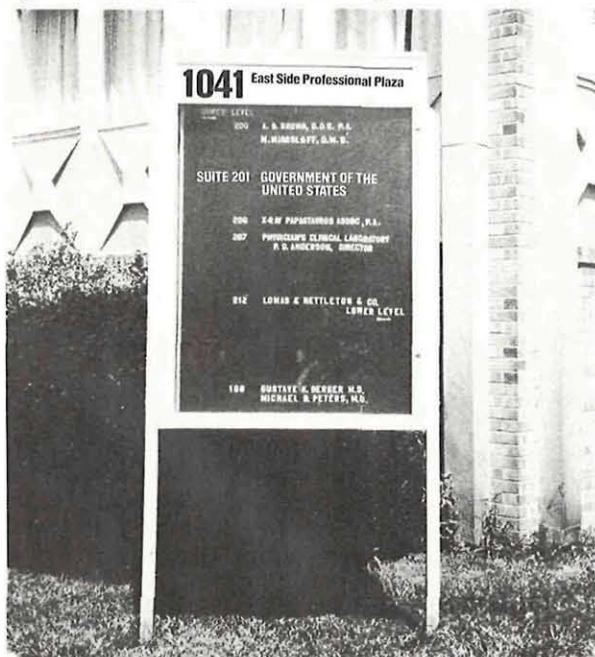
NEWS ON THE MARCH

PLANET

Reagan Reducing Federal Payroll to Five

—as his budget-minded government prepares to move to an inexpensive professional building in Baltimore

Declaring that bold cuts in taxes and government spending achieved during the first income tax altogether and shut down most of the national government by the end



President Reagan plans to move his economy-minded government to East Side Professional Plaza, which, at a lease rate of twelve dollars per square foot, including parking, will diminish federal overhead by many billions of dollars.

six months of his administration were merely preliminary phases in a much broader plan, President Reagan announced that he intends to abolish federal

of the year. According to White House papers, over nineteen million federal employees will be released from their jobs, leaving a skeleton force of five to handle the few

responsibilities not relegated to cities, counties, and states. Under a new organizational scheme, President Reagan's staff will consist of a secretary of Senate affairs, a secretary of House of Representatives affairs, a secretary of Supreme Court affairs, and a secretary-receptionist to be shared by all four of them. Existing legislative and judicial branches will be disbanded entirely. "Obviously, one secretary can do the job much more efficiently and economically than a large, unwieldy body of legislators or judges and their enormous staffs can," Reagan concludes.

A hypothetical illustration of this statement shows how Reagan's new government proposes to deal with such complex and costly undertakings as engineering and deploying the MX missile. First, the secretaries of Senate and House of Representatives affairs would meet in one of their new offices and discuss whether or not the country needs another defense system. Then they would walk down the hall to the president's office, or, if he should be tied up, linger instead near the reception area and chat

with the receptionist until the president is free, which the receptionist might sometimes be able to determine by looking at the phone lights on her switchboard. Second, the secretaries would tell the president that the nation needs an MX-missile program. Third, the president would have the receptionist type up a congressional act ordering each of the states to build MX missiles to defend the country. The president would sign the act; the receptionist would make fifty copies and mail them to the states, along with



This reception area, leading to the suite of four offices, lavatory, Xerox room, and supply closet soon to be occupied by President Reagan and his government, is expected to make a cheery yet professional impression on visitors.

a list of phone numbers and addresses of aerospace contractors, banks, and other groups that states might need to consult while financing, designing, and building their missiles. When possible, the secretaries might jot down their own hints and suggestions to include in the enve-

lope with the act. The secretary of Senate affairs, for instance, might have grown up in Colorado and could advise the governor of that state to conceal the missile launchers in this or that location

that the secretary remembers from childhood. This would, of course, be no more than a suggestion, but appreciated nonetheless by local officials with no experience in deploying long-range missiles.

OTHER PLANETS

Tenth Planet on a Bum Trip?

Planet discovered in a bus depot

Arthur Haley postulated the existence of a small tenth planet as early as 1873, but he failed to discern its orbit in the heavens beyond Pluto. Since then, astronomers have spent millions of man-hours trying to locate the mystery planet, using everything from radio-astronomy techniques to the phone book.

In the end, it was the lowly phone book that provided scientists at the University of California with the information that would lead them to the planet. A long-distance phone call to the planet's

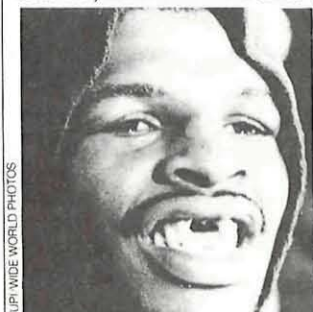
mother set the astrophysicists on a trail that led from a point just outside the orbit of Pluto to a bus-depot waiting room in Midland, Texas. There they found the planet, alone and shivering, under a pile of newspapers on a bench in the corner. Apparently, the planet had wandered off course while trying to hitch a ride to New York City, where it had a show to put on for several hundred crippled children at the Hayden Planetarium. The astrophysicists called the police and had the planet arrested on vagrancy charges.

MULCTS AND MALFEASANCES

A Tooth for a Brute

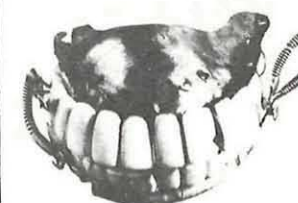
Police in Washington, D.C., announced last week that they have recovered a set

American Dentures Room by pounding his head through a five-foot-thick brick wall.



George Washington's dentures seem to smile with relief after being freed from the grip of boxer Leon Spinks.

of George Washington's false teeth, missing from the Smithsonian Institution for the past three months. The teeth were stolen by former heavyweight champion Leon Spinks (see photos), who broke into the Smithsonian's Great



When asked why he took the teeth, he explained, "For my fuckin' mouth, honky." Spinks added that he seldom wears the dentures, preferring the fit of a pair of baboon incisors he stole from the Museum of Natural History.

MEDICINALIA

Doctor in the Roughhouse

From surgery to stoogery—whoopwhoopwhoop!

In 1929, a thriving three-man surgical practice came to an end when one of the physicians, Dr. Joseph Howard, was stricken with Lamont's syndrome. A rare neuromuscular disorder marked by uncontrollable growls and whoops, complete loss of

scribes how the team insisted on having fully equipped laboratories on the sets of their many hospital comedies, for technical accuracy. It was in one of these labs that Larry helped Dr. Albert Sabin develop the oral polio vaccine between takes on "Half-Wit



Dr. Moe first explored the use of acupuncture to combat psoriasis.

body hair, and spasms of kicking and thrashing, the syndrome somewhat limited both Howard's abilities as a heart surgeon and the confidence he inspired in his patients. Forced to give up medicine, he was joined by his two colleagues in the logical jump to film comedy. Dr. Joseph Howard soon became known as Curly, and the trio as the Three Stooges, one of the most brilliant comedy-surgical teams of the thirties and forties.

The medical background of the team was unknown until the publication last month of Edith Schatzman's *The Surgical Stooges*. Schatzman, author of several startling show-business biographies, including *A Woman Called Ed Sullivan* and *Art Linkletter: Cannibal!*, has uncovered facts about the Stooges that have completely surprised even their family and closest friends. She de-

Healers"; later that day, during the shooting of "Dopey Daffy Docs," Moe perfected the first kidney dialysis machine, using a clump of Larry's hair to filter the blood. Schatzman also chronicles the moving story of Dr. Shemp Howard, who was compelled to abandon his pioneering work in endocrinology and replace his late brother Curly, to help fulfill the Stooges' 1,200-picture contract with Columbia.

While the revelations in Ms. Schatzman's book have opened many eyes, the Stooges' estate has been quick to poke fingers in them. Executor Herm Howard calls Schatzman a fraud, noting, "The Stooges weren't doctors, they were chowderheads. When you hit them on the head it really did sound like a wrench banging on a pipe. That dame must be thinking of the Ritz Brothers."

Make two great kids happy this Christmas!

RONALD G. HARRIS



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

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

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

National Lampoon Baseball Jacket

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



(TS-1030) \$29.95

National Lampoon Frog Shirt

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

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



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

National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary Anthology, Deluxe Edition

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

(BO-1032) ... \$19.95



National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary Anthology Volume I

Part One of a two-part series containing the very funniest *National Lampoon* material ever published.

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National Lampoon's latest record album, starring John Belushi, Chevy Chase, Alice Playten, and other *National Lampoon* alumni.

(A-1003) ... \$7.95



National Lampoon Mona Gorilla T-shirt

Since 1970, Mona Gorilla has represented *National Lampoon*. Only Mona has that gioconda smile. Identifies you or your giftee as a member of the literati. (TS-1019) \$3.95

National Lampoon "That's Not Funny, That's Sick" T-shirt

The amusing shirt favored by actors and *artistes* involved in the touring theatrical production of the same name. Yet no one wearing this shirt will be ushered to poor seats in an eatery. (TS-1026) \$4.95

National Lampoon's New Animal House Baseball Jersey

For fans of the film, and a terrific shirt to boot! (TS-1031) \$6.00

National Lampoon Sunday Newspaper Parody

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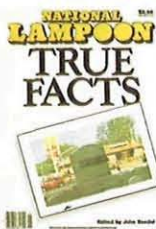
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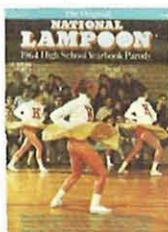
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FASHION BUT NOT SCIENCE

What to Wear

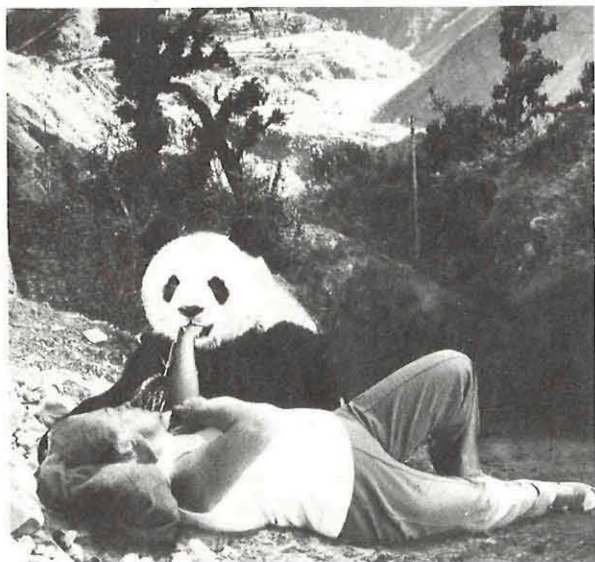
If you dare!

Here we go again. It's woolly winter, and a lady's clothes get itchy for a place to go. The Yukon, Mongolia's permafrost, Siberia's tundra—where will it be this year?

The fashion trend setters have seen to it that this year's

War of Fashion Do's, with the Sovietskis definitely frozen outskis.

Your friends will turn green with envy when you return to dreary old Paris with your skin a color blue that only extended periods of nitrogen



fashion freeways all lead to Mount Hyunjang, in the Himalayas. The word to be heard is *Act snazzual*. There's a mountain of ice to chill those drinks, and who wouldn't want to take in a little glacial moraine googling while running from pandas and paparazzi? Just bring a tent buddy and get ready to spend six months in Himalayan Heaven.

White Russian? *Make mine dead*. That's the feeling on the snowy side of China's Cold

narcosis can give a girl. You can throw away your color wheels, because you've come away with a permanent turquoise slush in your veins that will make you look years younger and feel absolutely turquoisish all over. But when it comes to what's what below the tree line, you can be sure that the big winner is the viewing public. With an eye toward fashion, and a wink at winter, it's Santa's time to crow, "Fashion ahoy, ho ho ho!"

BEHAVIOR OF THE MIND

Baby Talk

Is it learned or is it English?

A controversy that has gone on for years, as to whether or not language is learned by children or is in-

nate, may soon be over. MIT professor and noted linguist Noam Chomsky has claimed to have made a significant dis-

covery regarding the origins of language in man.

"The results of an eight-year study of ours are beginning to be analyzed," Chomsky wrote in a recent National Science Foundation grant request. "It appears that not only is language acquisition innate, but that the innate language is English. Previously we had only supposed that certain rules of grammar and certain sounds were innate, but tests with infants from one hundred different countries indicate that all people are born with a root knowledge of English and, if left alone, will almost always develop a practical English vocabulary by the time they are six years old."

Chomsky also speculated as to why there seem to be so many different languages.

"When we brought these children back into their native environments, they gradually stopped using English. I believe that while there are no other 'true' languages besides English, foreign people teach their children to make up nonsense sounds when Americans or Britons are around, so that it appears that foreign languages do exist. Foreign 'languages' are made up by them as they go along. Further, I think this is done to hide feelings of inadequacy on the part of many countries. For example, imagine that you are some poor African nation and everyone keeps calling you 'Cameroon, shame of the English-speaking countries.' What do you do? You make up gibberish, and suddenly your pottery is widely admired."

SCIENCE AND SCIENCEOLOGY

Sin in the Sediment

Moral Majority supports new theory of dinosaur extinction

About seventy million years ago, near the end of the Mesozoic era, the earth was

leontologists have fiercely debated the cause of this mass extinction. Theories have



Orgy of the Mesozoic?

awash with dinosaurs—hundreds of species, totaling countless individuals. Then, abruptly, in a time span agonizingly brief by geologic standards, all were gone. Pa-

ranged from the relatively simple (early mammals scurried around eating dinosaur eggs) to the positively exotic (an enormous meteorite crashed into Iceland, pushing

up clouds of sun-obscuring dust that killed the beasts' food supply).

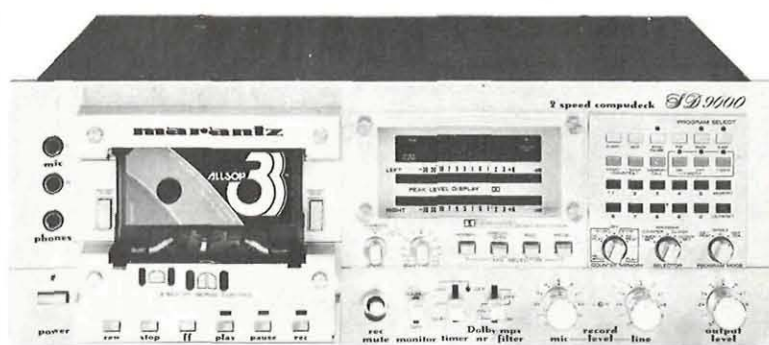
Now another scenario is gaining popularity, propounded by a powerful and vocal alliance of Christian churches. Dubbed "Scientific Destructionism" by the so-called Moral Majority, the theory is based upon a fundamentalist call for a "literal interpretation of the fossil record."

"It's pretty obvious if you just examine the remains of the dinosaurs," exclaims Rev. Jesse Colson, the movement's organizing chairman. "Dig down into the older sediments and you'll see that the dinosaurs were pretty well off until the end of the Mesozoic. They were decent, moral creatures, just going about their daily business. But look at the end of the Mesozoic and you begin to see evidence of a stunning moral decline. Bones of wives and children all alone, with the philandering husband's bones nowhere in sight. Heaps of fossilized, unhatched, aborted dinosaur eggs. Males and females of different species living together in unnatural defiance of biblical law. Researchers have even excavated entire orgies—hundreds of animals with their bones intertwined in lewd positions. Immorality was rampant."

Colson was quick to draw parallels between the demise of the dinosaurs and our own civilization. "We seem to be pretty well on the road to extinction already, and you don't see any mammals eating our eggs, do you? If flagrant aberration and profligacy can do in a whole planet of multi-ton reptiles, what do you think it can do to us?"

Edited by Tod Carroll.
Contributions by T.C.,
Al Jean, Michael Reiss,
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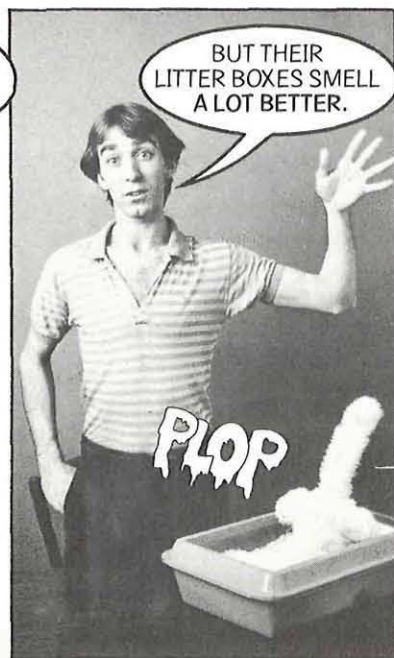
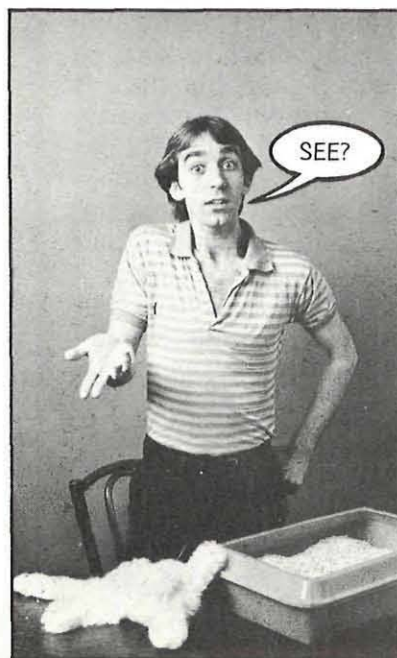
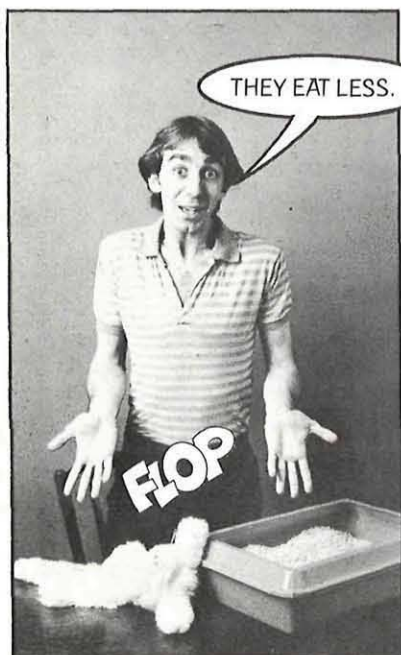
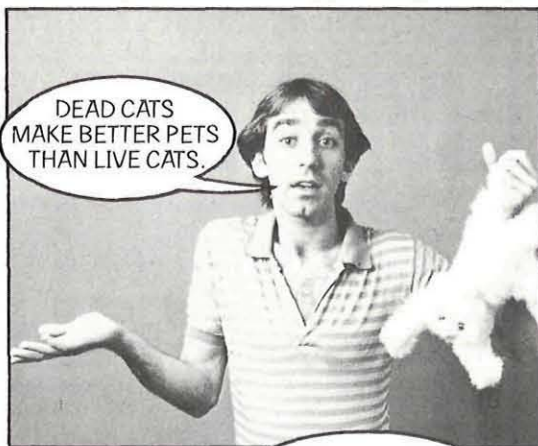
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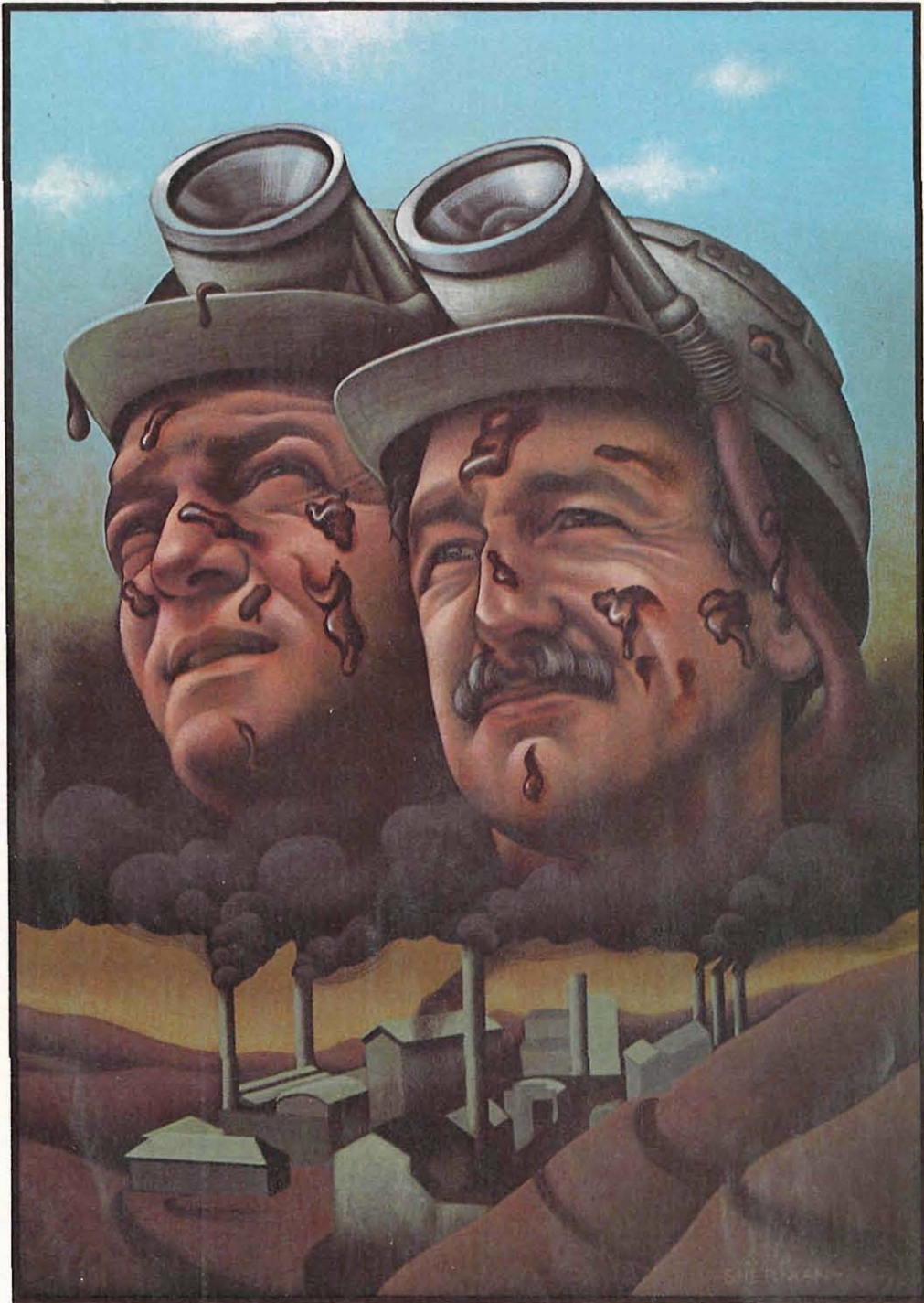
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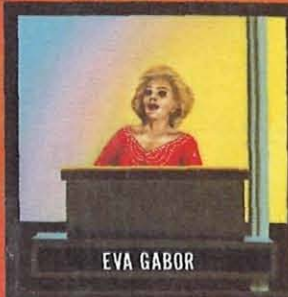
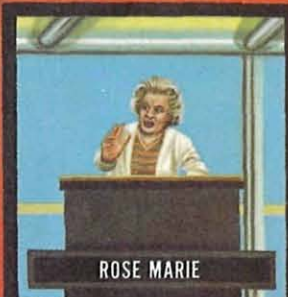
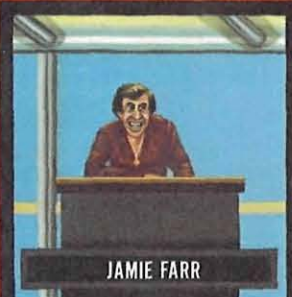
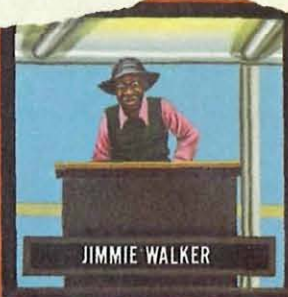
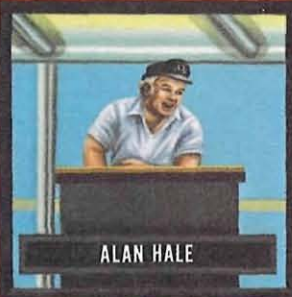
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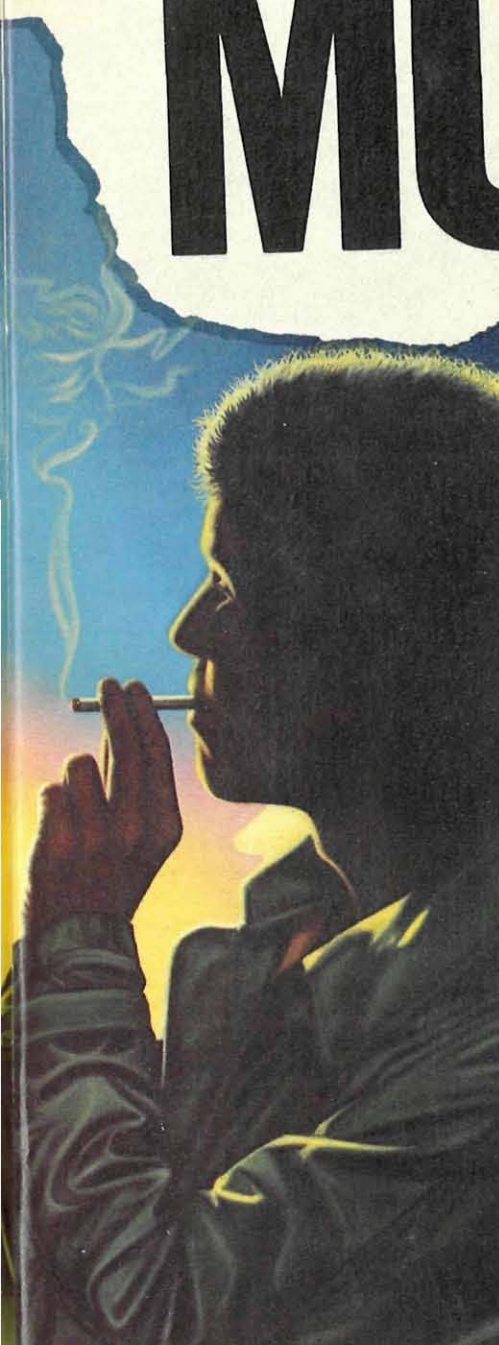


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HOLLYWOOD IN CAS



GOOD PRIVATE EYE STING CALL FOR MURDER!



*Someone was killing off Hollywood's
second-rate stars—one corpse at a time...*

by Kevin Curran

The air clawed down your throat like Perrier with a twist of porcupine. K-West was playing "Magic Carpet Ride," an old Steppenwolf hit, and I languidly drummed my fingers to the music on the outside of the battered black Porsche that serves me as transportation these days.

A magic carpet would have been useful, as I headed from the hills to downtown L.A. The smog could've turned a canary into a blackbird in seconds. Sulfur-dioxide emissions had teamed up with an unusually high humidity to add an extra dimension to the garden-variety ozone pollution. It snuck up on your lungs like a Jehovah's Witness to the front door. Your hair became dirty five minutes after you washed it, and anything eaten outside had a fine-dusty taste. The papers had warned the screening-room set to refrain from afternoon tennis and open-air Hockney exhibits.

Outside the hotels on upper Sunset

the hookers took their working conditions gracefully. Maybe they use a different shampoo. A brown-skinned senorita gainfully employed for the cash to get a cement mixer full of second cousins across the border and a halter-topped former Kansas cheerleader type looked happy enough exchanging stories and listening to disco tunes while wriggling around in red and yellow satin hot-pants outfits. Behind, their proprietor, a large man in outsized wraparound sunglasses, peering out from under a Panama hat, had a little side business going, hawking some shiny rugs draped over a fence. The rugs were embroidered with the entire dogs-at-play series—dogs at a poker table, dogs shooting pool, dogs whipping the pants off of Bjorn Borg at Wimbledon. I'm sure if you approached him with enough dollars in your voice, Glasses could have found something for you with his ladies, and the dogs too. Me, I'm waiting for the new Goldie Hawn and

◀ X marks the spot for death in Tinseltown.

Benji movie. I usually like dogs and women apart. Well, except maybe for Britt Ekland. I guess I wouldn't mind seeing a large, half-crazed Great Dane abuse her in a quick and savage manner.

But when I entered my office off of La Brea there were no large canines or aging rock stars' former sex buckets. My secretary, Janis, was reviewing aloud her reasons for refusing a Bra-

mental explorations by Janis, I introduced myself and ushered Lana Wilshire into my office.

It took a while before I placed the face. It came at you from about half a dozen magazines at any newsstand, and the covers weren't on *Low Rider Weekly* or *Girl Apartment Wrestlers for You*. She was strictly high fashion and worth an easy \$500,000 per. She possessed this year's look, which was

Lana took a small vial from her purse and we did a few lines. I turned to her. "Dwarf a pal of yours?" I asked, trying hard not to imagine what lay beneath the folds of that gold Pierre Cardin jogging suit.

"He was a midget, not a dwarf. Dwarfism arises from an endocrinal imbalance. Midgetism is largely hereditary, like going bald or being a record producer. And, yes, he was a friend."

"It's a tough town without a teeny pal," I ventured.

She shook her head. "Not really. My family is enormously wealthy, and I was already with the Ford agency before I moved to L.A. Herve was going to get me a part on 'Fantasy Island' that would eventually lead to my decline from a first-rate model to a second-rate actress. I would develop unreasonable opinions about matters that are none of my concern, and perhaps even become politically aware. The Hopi Indians, about which I presently know blimp guano, would become my passionate concern and in fact chief reason for living. I would hold fund raisers featuring foul-smelling cheeses and dress up in a chic, updated feather headdress for reasons of publicity. But all this will happen in due time. Herve was just someone who made the world a little brighter a place to live in. Not that much brighter, but then again he wasn't all that big."

I nodded slowly, not really having paid that much attention. It's amazing how coke taps the conversationalist in some people. Running my tongue over my upper teeth, I felt vaguely amused by most things and wondered how pleasant it would be to be a small furry animal.

*

The outside of Alan Hale's restaurant featured a large caricature of the former "Gilligan's Island" skipper with slanty eyelids, his Wellesian bulk garbed in a red and black kimono. The parking lot featured a dirty Iranian valet who listened to some foreign imitation rock song on a cheap cassette player. The chorus was "We want to take highly illegal drugs and have dates with pretty girls in slacks," and it sounded like a small child wailing from the bottom of a mine shaft. He flashed me a ferrety smile and I made a mental note to slightly under-tip him.

Inside was pretty much what you'd expect, if you can ever get used to

continued on page 44

It took a while before I placed the face. She was strictly high fashion and worth an easy \$500,000 per.

zilian dictatorship if ever given the opportunity. In mid conversation she switched to a dream she'd had the previous evening. In it she was attending a party when it had become absolutely essential to run upstairs to the main bedroom, lock the door, and construct six-inch Plexiglas shields at certain predetermined intervals. The shields served as natural signaling devices to direct Texas oil millionaires to her exact location. I agreed that it was some kind of omen.

Janis can go on like that for a while. As a secretary no one can touch her efficiency, as she is able to both look out the window and comb her hair at the same time. She's of the breed that finds the country to be like an overturned drinking glass that naturally slides its ice to California. The unlucky ones stroll outside on Sunset or, worse, end up working in doughnut shops, get quietly large around the hips, and spend the rent money posing for pictures taken by agents in checked slacks who can get through the gates at Fox or Universal as easily as I could put a bit in my mouth and win the Preakness. Mostly they wind up like Janis, finding some mildly demeaning work, taking lots of drugs, usually while on roller skates, sonaring in on men who will buy them things, and thinking hazily about writing a screenplay concerning a woman astronaut or a conductor of a symphony for the deaf.

Janis had been talking to someone who I eventually figured out must be a client of mine. So, after a few more

blond mixed with health and a casual elegance—the kind of girl women might imagine at a town fair and men think of rutting in an apple orchard. I thought it would be nice to trade tanning secrets with her, maybe till long after the sun went down, but the newspaper clipping she slipped across the desk hinted that Coppertone was far from her mind right now.

LOS ANGELES—*Suzy Chong*
Tiny Thespian No More

Herve Villechaize, who delighted untold millions in the role of obsequious dwarf assistant to Ricardo Montalban's dynamic Mr. Rourke on the popular TV series "Fantasy Island," was found dead beneath the sunlamps at Alan Hale's Tropic Island Nest, a nominally priced sort of Oriental restaurant on La Cienega. The miniature actor was trussed up like a tender roasting fowl and left turning slowly on the rotisserie of the convivial eating establishment. Police are investigating the incident.

The bite-sized Mr. Villechaize, a New York native, had been a resident of Brentwood for the past six years. Perhaps best remembered for his eerie screech of "Boss, zee plane... zee plane!" Villechaize received a master's in theater arts from Yale. "I believe him to have just started to... realize his full potential as an actor... and as a friend," commented Montalban, wrinkling his eyebrows unnaturally.

Alan Hale's Tropic Island Nest remains open at its regular hours. Reservations are requested for dinner.

I gave out a little grunt. Either Miss Chong just got transferred from the life-style section to the homicide beat or she had a couple of relatives earning their fishballs at the land of the rising stomach.

DONAHUE'S ARMIES

continued from page 16

There was a beefy guard at the entrance, but I zapped her unconscious with one of my wife's puff pastries.

When I ran in to the building, I saw another squad of brainwashed housewives charging me from the end of the corridor. I held off their advances with a volley of cupcakes until the elevator came. I punched the third-floor button and started up. I was headed for Studio 3C—Donahue's studio.

I got off the elevator and walked down the hall to 3C. Peering through the door, I saw the familiar set of "The Phil Donahue Show." Every seat in the auditorium was filled with a child, sitting quietly, staring blankly into space. Before them, in uncharacteristic flowing robes, reclining on pillows scattered about the stage, was Donahue. "Children, and you are all my children," he said slowly, "every autumn the leaves turn, and the trees dress in fiery colors—they don a hue. And that is me, and I am nature, and we are one."

I thrust my hand into my pocket; I had one pastry left, and I wasn't afraid to use it. It was a blueberry muffin, and it had Phil's name on it, written in icing. I stepped in to the studio and interrupted his reverie. "Donahue, let those kids go. I'm a father."

"You are an errand boy," said Phil, looking up at me with twinkling blue eyes. "But you interest me. I see so few adult males in my line of work. Please come down and join me."

I tried hard to ignore his obvious sincerity, his undeniable charisma. He continued, "I want to harm no one. The ladies understand that; these children understand that. Have you ever seen so many kids so well behaved?" I was fighting him with every fiber of my being, but still I was drawn to him as he spoke: "I'm no ogre. I simply have a dream—a dream that someday soon, every man will be able to host his own talk show and every woman will be free to call in as many times as she wants."

Donahue tousled his silvery mop of hair, and finished, "Is that so wrong?" It wasn't. I dropped the muffin and ran to him, tears streaming from my eyes. He placed his hand on my forehead in benediction.

I'm Phil's executive producer now. His show is broadcast in eighty languages to 600 countries for up to sixteen hours each day. And he promises that next year he will gather his followers and, with them, establish paradise—a talk-show colony in South America. Phil is a wise and gentle man, and I love him dearly. □

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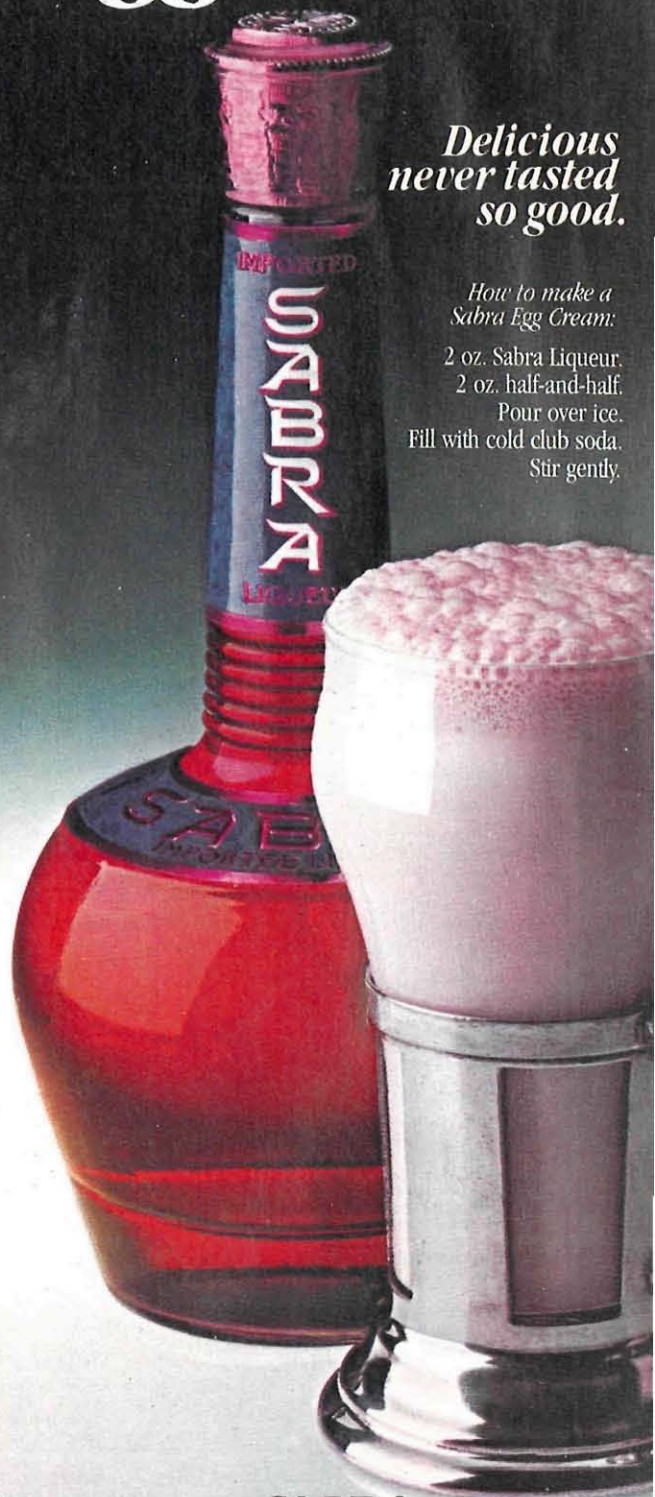
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- 10:00 Put This Under Your Tongue!** WEEE-TV's acclaimed medical-hints program, with Dr. Lewis Boswell, pastor of the McKinley Avenue Church of Christ Scientist.
- 10:10 WEEE News Threese at 10:10** More news, more information, more weather, more of the latest sports scores, more hints, more help, and more commercials.

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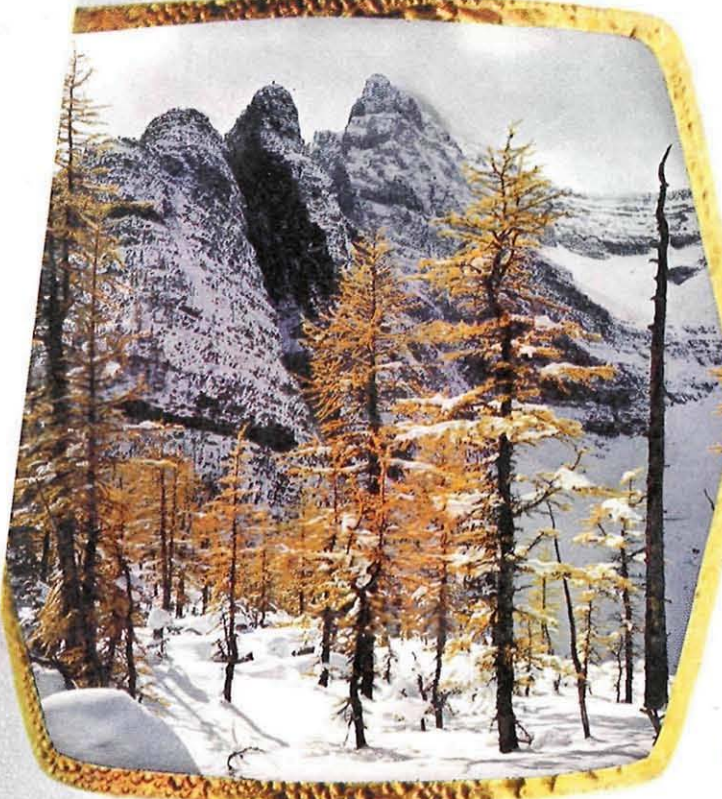
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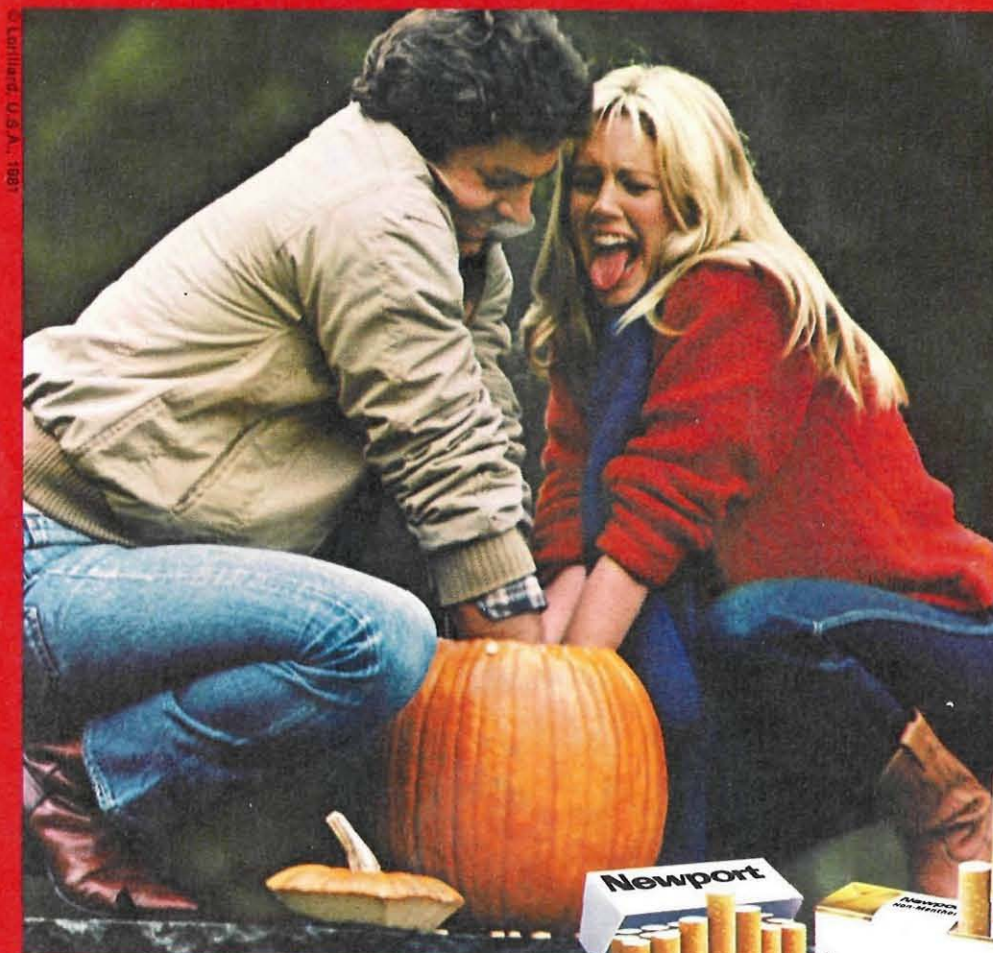
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The Day the Laughter Stopped:

The Death of Ed McMahon

by Michael Reiss

The list of superstars who have been murdered, cut down in their prime, runs far too long. Sam Cooke. Sal Mineo. "Hee Haw" star Stringbean. But the death of Ed McMahon, a performer with five, perhaps six productive years ahead of him, was more tragic than several of these. He was the best at whatever exactly it was he did, and he was gunned down doing it, while sitting quietly at the end of the "Tonight Show" couch, trying not to disturb the other guests. His hearty, almost incessant laughter and buoyant good spirits were probably not reason enough to kill him, but to one confused young gunman they seemed to be. It was said Ed had a heart a mile wide and a body big enough to contain it. With such a large target, his assassin said later, "It would have been tough to miss him." But the world will certainly try.

It happened midway through the taping of "The Tonight Show" on September 15, when Ed McMahon suddenly slumped forward in his seat and rolled off the couch. This was not uncommon behavior for him, so cameramen, audience, and Johnny Carson ignored McMahon, while guest Dionne Warwick continued to voice her opinions on "all this recombinant DNA stuff." It was not until a commercial break, when Carson was unable to rouse McMahon to send him out for cigarettes, that something seemed amiss. With the help of several stagehands, the hulking announcer was turned right side up; there were four bullet holes in his chest. Panic spread through the "Tonight Show" audience as they asked themselves the question



America would soon be asking: What kind of a madman would bother to shoot Ed McMahon?

While doctors and police rushed in to examine the wounds, Carson did his best to calm the crowd. "Don't worry, folks. Ed will be okay. We've got the top vets from Save the Whales here. No, but seriously, it looks like Ed might be needing a little transfusion. Does anyone here have blood type Ripple?" Johnny was on a roll now, and did not notice as Ed was rolled offstage.

McMahon was rushed to Los Angeles Medical Center by ambulance, while attendants tried valiantly to keep his spirits up. "He was yelling, 'I'm going to die, I know I am.' So I says, 'Wrong again, Deathbreath,'" recalls paramedic Tino Fuentes. "I think he had a good laugh over that one. Either that or he was choking on blood." When they got to the

center, Fuentes elbowed the writhing McMahon and quipped, "Heeeeeeere's the hospital!" Ed replied with a whispered "Hiyo," then closed his eyes. Ed McMahon was dead.

Minutes later, Johnny Carson, still ad-libbing for the studio audience, was handed a note by his director. "It is my very sad duty to report that when Ed arrived at L.A. Medical Center he was pronounced DOA," said Carson somberly. "That's Drunk On Arrival. No, but all kidding aside, my old buddy Ed McMahon is really dead." In shock and disbelief, the crowd responded almost instinctively: "How dead is he?" The comedian, tears filling his eyes, answered, "He's so dead, he makes Lillian Carter look like Charo." It was the worst of times, it was the best of Carson.

Los Angeles police commissioner Gordon O'Hara was quick to assure the public that the LAPD would capture McMahon's assassin. "We don't want crackpots thinking it's easy to go out and shoot Ed McMahon," he told reporters. "Although I guess it really was." Police began gearing up for what would have been their biggest manhunt that day, although their preparations turned out to be unnecessary. While investigating a routine report of disorderly conduct that evening, two patrolmen discovered the murderer holed up in the home of an elderly couple, Mr. and Mrs. Hank Coral.

"We were just spending a quiet evening alone, when this big fatso runs into our house hollering that he had just killed Ed McMahon. This really upset my wife," Hank Coral remembers. "She thought he said he killed Fred MacMurray, and he's one of her big favorites.



(Above) The murder of Ed McMahon went undetected for nearly twenty minutes. (Below) The undying legacy: (l to r) the Egg McMuffin; a book.



We were both pretty relieved to find out the truth." Coral admits that he should have telephoned the police immediately, but says, "We hardly ever get company these days, and this feller did bring us a case of Budweiser." Mrs. Coral adds that the intruder was a perfect guest, just sitting on the living room couch all evening, "laughing at all of Hank's jokes and downing beer after beer." However, when Mr. Coral tried to grab a can for himself, the intruder grew surly; pulling a revolver from his pocket, he began to shoot up the Coral home. Police arrived on the

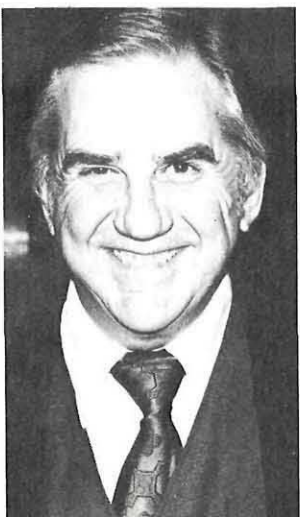
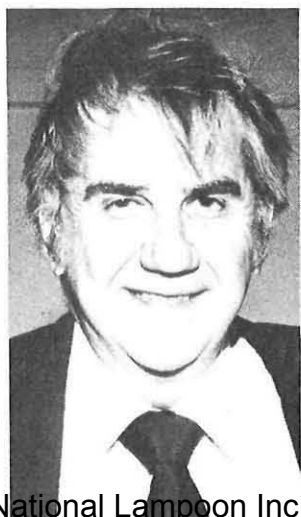
scene a short time later and found the man sitting calmly in front of the television, with the gun in one hand, a beer in the other. "I just killed Ed McMahon and a case of Bud," he told them. Patrolman Kent McCord recalls, "I was shocked and disgusted. How could one man drink so much beer?"

The murderer was identified as Anthony James Cameniti, twenty-seven years old, three hundred pounds. The unemployed, lonely, confused, fat young assassin had traveled from the heart of the Midwest to Los Angeles just to shoot Ed McMahon, and on September 15 he got his chance. Cameniti had managed to get a front-row seat in the "Tonight Show" audience; in his pocket was a .38 revolver with a silencer. When the time seemed right, he calmly pumped four shots into McMahon and fled the area, stopping only for a few drinks along the way. But now they had him in custody—the man who had committed one of the most shocking crimes since the murder of Professor Backwards in 1976. And the public wanted to know: Just who is Anthony James Cameniti anyway?

"A big fat guy." "He had a nice hearty laugh." "Drunk all the time." "A big fat laughing drunk." "Just like Ed McMahon." This was how residents of Pruittville, Ohio, remembered "Tony" Cameniti, a shy, twisted drifter who left his hometown headed for California—and infamy.

Cameniti had led a quiet life as a 4-H Club adviser in Pruittville, a small farm town with a population just under five thousand. Then, at his twenty-fifth-birthday party, Cameniti watched as his parents, brother and sisters, three best friends, fiancée, and pets were killed before his eyes, in what can only be termed

A McMahon for his age: (l to r) 1958, a "greaser"; 1968, hip peacenik; 1974, Disco Ed; 1980, a mature talent.



a freak accident. Psychologists now believe that the incident had a profound effect on the young man. He became moody and withdrawn, quitting his job, searching for other forms of employment, none of which Pruittville could offer him. Clog dancer. Alligator wrestler. Muezzin. Pirate.

All this was to change on July 18, 1980. Cameniti, then trying to find work as a big-band leader, had turned on "The Tonight Show" to see guest Benny Goodman. But it was not Goodman but Ed McMahon who held his attention. "I can do what that guy does!" Cameniti told friends excitedly. "Hell, anyone can!" This was the start of his fanatical drive to become Pruittville's top late-night talk-show subhost; it was the beginning of his fatal obsession with Ed McMahon.

For months, Cameniti studied McMahon—his voice, his laugh, his climb to the near top. He ate, slept, and, especially, drank like his hero, claiming he had "found God in a Bud, the King of Kings of Beers." By October 1980 his 150-pound weight had doubled; friends recall one party where he chugged a keg of beer, then boasted, "Me and Ed can drink almost anything—and what we can't drink, we can laugh heartily at," before he slipped into a coma.

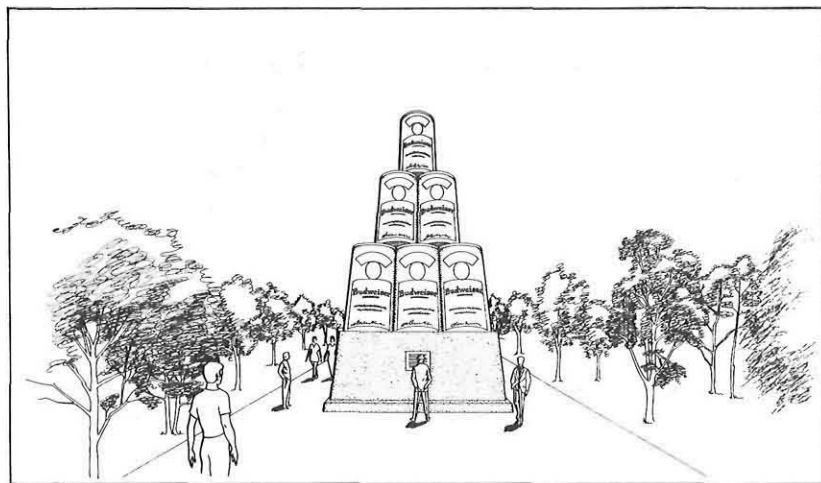
In November, he rented out a local theater to stage his one-man show *Ed McMania*, where he recreated the announcer's greatest moments. The half-hour show had a respectable four-day run and led to a guest shot for Cameniti on the local game show "The Pruittville Squares."

While his career skyrocketed, his personality seemed to be disintegrating. His cousin Estelle Cameniti recalls his behavior at an uncle's funeral: "Tony came in drunk and kept laughing after every line of the eulogy. Then, when they were lowering the casket into the ground, he started yelling, 'Hiyo!' It was awful." More alarmingly, Cameniti began to grow disenchanted with his idol Ed McMahon, feeling that Ed should retire and let a younger man take on his rigorous responsibilities. This disenchantment erupted into open hostility after the publicizing of McMahon's offhand jest "I can drink more than Jesus." During the following day's broadcast of "The Pruittville Squares," Cameniti flew into a rage when called upon to answer a question. "Who the hell does McMahon think he is?" he screamed. "Jesus could drink a Grand Canyon of Scotch—with a Great Lake-ful of beer for a chaser!" He

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The assassin: an unemployable Ohio matador turned Ed McMahon disciple.



JULIE BEINKE

(Above) The McMahon Pyramid: a proposed monument to be erected in Busch Gardens. (Below) No mourners intruded on the solemn silent vigil for McMahon in Central Park.



GLOBE/UPI/AP/NBC/FREELANCE PHOTOGRAPHERS GUILD/DAN NELKEN/BOB RAY

HOLLYWOOD PRIVATE EYE

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those places. Dark, but not so dark that you couldn't make out the plastic pseudo-Oriental carvings jutting at dangerous angles from the walls. A lot of bamboo between the bar and the main dining room, which showcased a large fountain with jets of colored water arcing ceilingward almost in time to some cat screechings offered as "tropical" music. Waiters with pushed-in faces smiled nicely, stole tips from each other, and served unidentifiable animal parts in a sauce made from melted jujubes.

I eased into a six-foot high-backed wicker chair inlaid with tiny bits of fish and ordered something composed of four different kinds of rum and

lime Kool-Aid that arrived in a plastic skull with a green straw. I sipped the drink slowly and reluctantly nibbled from a tray of toothpick-festooned, seaweed-covered lard cakes and hunks of cow shin mixed with pineapple cubes, while giving the room a screen test. I spotted a waiter named Chong and saw at a table in the far corner the crowd Herve had been running with. Sitting cross-legged was an up-and-coming young comedian, actually in his thirties, whose signature line, "Smile, why don't you?," had earned him a pilot about two garbage men who travel back and forth in time. Next to him, flexing his head muscles, lounged a former Mr. Eastern Seaboard, whose increased paunch kept him from garnering any parts to match

his first—he had been a regular in an espionage series where plots frequently required him to lift heavy objects. Then came an Oriental actor smoking a panatela who, if I'm not mistaken, plays a self-effacing lab technician to Jack Klugman's obnoxiously self-righteous corpse poacher on the solid middle-of-the-pack show "Quincy." He was leaning over to talk with what could have been one of his TV boss's specimens, the delightful Rose Marie, who had found in a box on "The Hollywood Squares" a home away from that ideal retirement condo in the San Fernando Valley. She was discreetly tossing the bobbing shark eyes from her Nipponese war chowder onto a passing tray, and was attired in clothes that had the look of being designed by bears. Drinking from a mug shaped like the lower half of a mermaid, Jimmie "J.J." Walker stared sullenly ahead. When his lack of any recognizable talent had eventually seeped into a nation's collective entertainment-seeking neurons, his career had drifted into a rapid and generally unnoticed decline. Lacking the imagination to join others who've risen above similar tragedies through forthright addiction to members of the opiate family, he sheepishly drowned his sorrows in the grog of a \$4.95 "Seaman's Dream."

At the head of the dragon-shaped table rested the captain of the ship of foods, the old skipper himself, Alan Hale. His broad, never imitated laugh echoed throughout the room as he wildly tore off the legs of a whole sweet-and-sour crablike item and vented the bilious juices of its tender innards slowly down his chin. What he could be laughing about was anyone's guess. Studio scuttlebutt had it that "Gilligan's Island Goes Hawaiian with the Osmonds" had been deep-sixed by two major networks and had as much of a chance with the third as a three-hour special starring a snail's food valve.

What secret did these Nielsen leftovers hold to the mystery of Herve Villechaize? I turned this question over in my mind like a plate whirling on a rod, while downing four more rum-laden time bombs, one of them served in a tirelessly inexact replica of the S.S. Minnow. I occupied myself briefly running the minivessel around the edges of the table until, growing bored, I hurled it into the nearby fountain to test its real-life seaworthiness. It was time to make my

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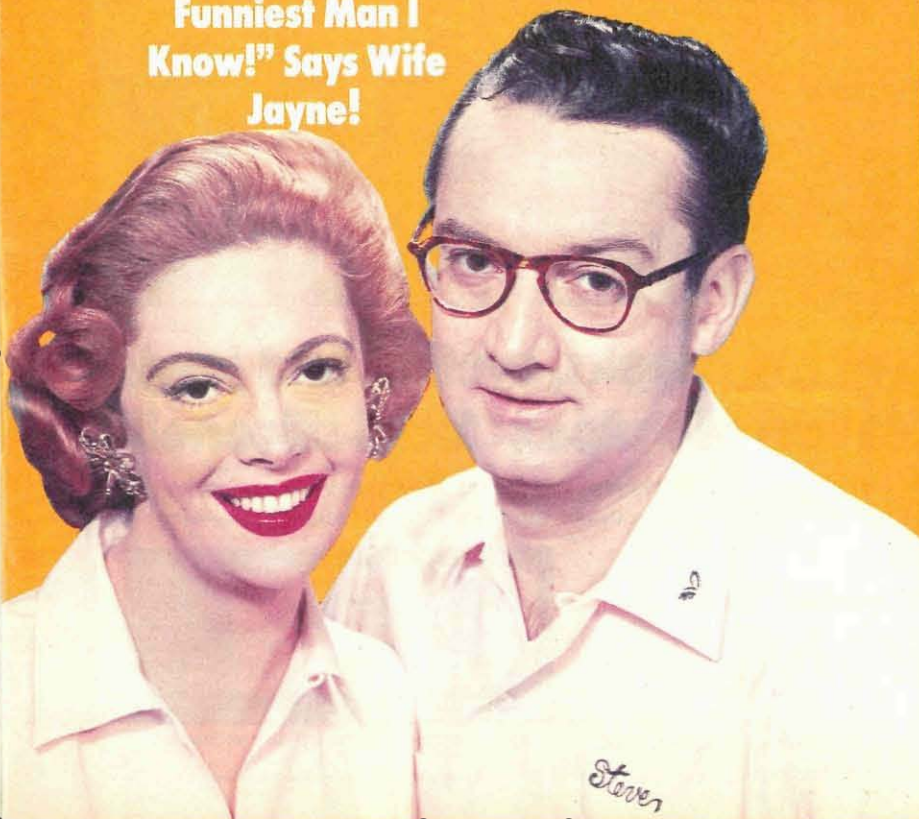
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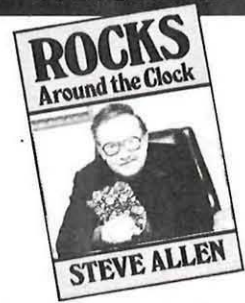


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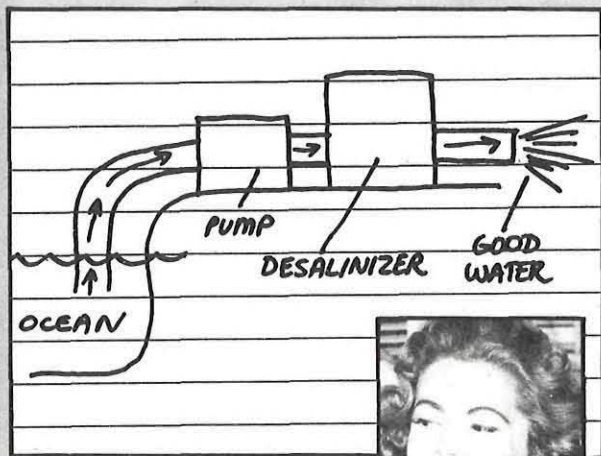
"Water Is Our Most Precious Resource"

—Steve Allen

Although a relative newcomer to the sciences of hydrology and watershed management (he got involved just five years ago, after a visit to the Mojave Desert), Steve is already a highly regarded authority, recognized the world over. "I emphasize a 'dual' approach," says Steve, "conservation and exploration. As far as I'm concerned, the two concepts are inseparable." He quips that it's silly for him to sift through reams of satellite data looking for a few drops of water when people forget to turn off their garden hoses and flood an entire street! "But even if there weren't any shortages," notes Steve's pretty blond wife, Jayne, "I bet Steve would keep right up with his canals—he's designed models of over three thousand different canal systems—and his treatment plants and so on, just for the challenge." Steve adds jokingly, "I guess I've got water on the brain!"



Birikao, Somalia—1979 "There are 68,213,000 cubic miles of water in this ocean," Steve comments to his celebrity wife, Jayne, "yet people in this region are dying of thirst." Steve's plan to desalinize vast reserves of seawater will bring new life to many areas of the world.



"Steve's plan is amazingly simple," exclaims his talented wife, Jayne Meadows, while viewing one of the many thousands of sketches in Steve's notebook.



"What year did General Ulysses S. Grant visit Japan, and on what territorial dispute did he advise the Japanese emperor?" Steve asks his friend Dolpherino—and amazingly, in two quick squeaks, Steve has his answer! "Steve's been a nut on inter-species communication for years," his multigifted wife, Jayne, remarks brightly. "Especially since we took in Dolpherino and he and Steve discovered that they'd both been to the Orient. What a pair!"

Steve Says, "Animals Are Some of the Best People I Know!"



Q What do Steve Allen, Argentinian Jewish torture victim Jacobo Timerman, and seeing-eye dogs have in common?

A An awful lot, when you consider that of the two hundred guide animals Steve has trained this year, over half have been donated to Jews in Argentina whose eyes were put out by brutal government inquisitors. "If the authoritarian dictatorships of the world treated their people with half the patience and respect Steve gives each of his dogs," Mr. Timerman says solemnly, "the world would be a much better place."

FRAGILE: DOG



BY STEVE ALLEN

A TRUE AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL STORY OF LOVE, PATIENCE, CARING, 200 SEEING-EYE DOGS, AND STEVE ALLEN.

"Steve seems to enjoy training seeing-eye dogs so much that he can't figure out if it's a hobby or a charity!"
—Book Title Digest

\$9.95/\$10.95 in Canada, Japan, China, the Subcontinent, Europe, Africa, Australia, the Soviet Union, and Central and South America.

Allen Press, Publishers, 17651 Copernicus Drive, Encino, California

"A" Is for Asthma

The untold story of Steve Allen's personal struggle against America's number-one respiratory disorder, by Steve Allen

Nineteen days before the end of my nineteenth year, the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor. I was on the air at radio station KOY in Phoenix, Arizona, when the first teletype arrived. I can remember reading it verbatim; by the time I'd finished the first sentence I'd already made up my mind to have my boss, Jack Williams, drive me over to the post office so I could enlist. I could feel the anger and the indignation building up inside me; my mind began to race with schemes and strategies for winning the war. I was convinced that aircraft carriers would be the key to victory. I felt that putting up a costly defense in places like Guadalcanal and the Philippines would at least buy us time to strengthen our naval and air forces and assault the enemy from massive carrier groups far out at sea, possibly near Midway. I recall telling Jack on our way to the post office that any conventional campaign would have to be supported with new and more powerful weapons. I reasoned that nuclear fission held the most promise; quick mental calculations suggested that a highly radioactive isotope, perhaps plutonium 232, might be bombarded with other atoms, causing a massive chain reaction that would release enough energy to destroy a city the size of Hiroshima. I was certain, however, that these plans would take years to carry out,



"Holy ferndock," I said, "something's cutting off my air supply...I can't stop these paroxysms long enough to sign the enlistment form...of all the luck!"

and was thus all the more eager to get into uniform and get the ball rolling. I can remember the exhilaration I felt as the clerk slid an enlistment form across the post-office counter, and then, as if by surprise attack from the Japanese zeroes that battered our ships, planes, and men at Pearl Harbor, I was seized by a terrible, paroxysmal band of pain around my throat that sent me reeling across the lobby, gasping for air. I tried to fight it off, the way I knew my naval strategy and

atomic-bomb project would beat back the Japanese, but the mucoid buildup in my throat was overwhelming, and I blacked out on the floor before I could make it back to the counter and complete the form. I was taken outside to Jack's car, where I regained consciousness and immediately asked to be taken to the army induction station. I wasn't going to give up—I knew the army would help me diagnose this mysterious attack, so I could get on with the business of winning the war. I described my symptoms to a panel of military doctors and could tell from their expressions that they were concerned. I noticed one of them write a letter "A" on my report, and suddenly I felt a queasy surge of anxiety—I had to know their decision, good or bad. I stood mute as one of the doctors looked up at me gravely, shook his head, and said, "I'm sorry, Steve... 'A' is for *asthma*." I knew then that I was ineligible for military service and that the closest I'd ever get to the war was broadcasting its progress from a microphone in Phoenix, Arizona. Of course, I tried everything I could to cure myself, but to my great and abiding regret, it was not until late 1945 that my work in developing synthetic adrenalin, and a wonder drug called ACTH, helped to control my disorder once and for all—but by then it was too late; the war was over.

HOWARD NOSTRAND

He Ain't Heavy, He's My Little Brother!



What a day for Steve's "Little Brother," Tyrell Mohammed, as "Big Brother" Steve introduces him to associate Supreme Court justice Thurgood Marshall, nuclear scientist Dr. Edward Teller, and his celebrity wife, Jayne. "My pals are Tyrell's pals," Steve declares, then adds jocularly, "but Jayne is all mine!" Tyrell says he really gains a lot from his outings with "Big Brother" Steve—"I never knew why the United States refused to define radioactive fallout as a poisonous gas when they ratified the Geneva Convention," Tyrell enthuses, "until my 'Big Brother,' Steve, took me over to Dr. Teller's house for a whole Saturday!"

A VISIT TO YOKO AND THE LOSS OF A FRIEND



"We were the kind of friends who really never have to meet or talk or write letters to understand each other," Steve told Yoko Ono (arrow) about her deceased husband, John. Both avid musicians and entertainers, Steve and John remain united by their songs. Jayne Meadows, Steve's well-known wife, gave Yoko a fern.

High Fidelity for Humans:

IT EVEN FINDS YOUR STATIONS WHEN



Finding your favorite station isn't always as easy as tuning to 123.

For example, now that digital station readouts are standard on most receivers you have to memorize the precise call numbers of all your favorite stations. Not an easy job if you have a dozen or so stations you tune in regularly.

That, however, is just one of the many unpleasant-ries you have to deal with if you own one of today's conventional receivers. On the other hand, it's just one of the many reasons you should own Pioneer's new SX-7 receiver.

The SX-7 is a product of Pioneer's unique new concept in component design and engineering called *High Fidelity for Humans*. The result is a line of com-

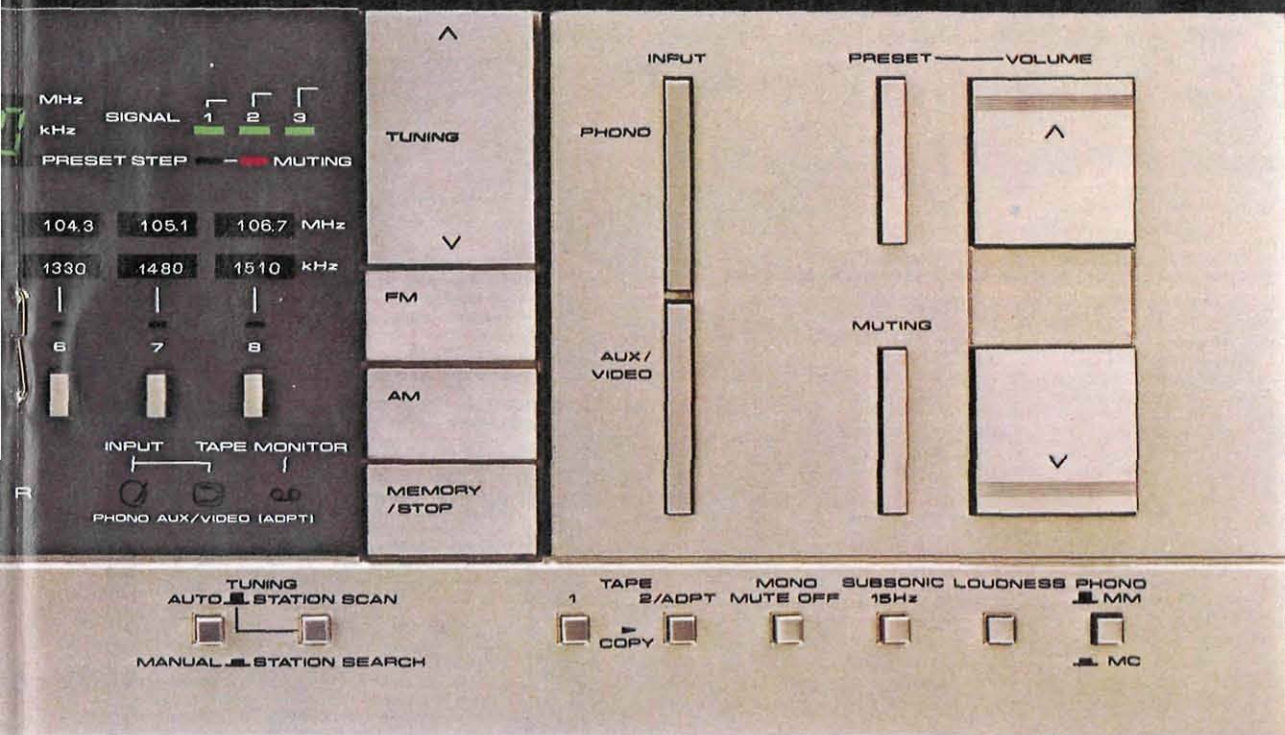
ponents that are as pleasant to live with as they are to listen to.

For instance, our receiver will commit to memory all your favorite stations. You can preset up to eight AM and eight FM stations. The moment you want to hear one you can recall it instantly.

Should you want to sample a variety of stations without any manual effort, simply press Station Scan. You'll hear five seconds of every strong station on the entire tuning band. If you discover a station you like you simply stop scanning.

Needless to say, not all stations have strong signal strengths. In the past you've had to struggle to tune in those stations with weak signals. The struggle's over. Due to the SX-7's ID Mosfet transistors you can

YOUR FAVORITE WHEN YOU CAN'T.



tune in weak stations as quickly and clearly as you can strong stations.

Drift, of course, is another way in which distortion has been allowed to sneak in and prevail where there once was music. The only remedy has been to simply get up and readjust your station. But with the SX-7 you won't have to bother. Because our Quartz PLL Synthesized tuning is designed to make drift totally impossible.

While these technological achievements make our components easy to live with, others just plain make your music sound better.

Our patented Non-Switching Push-Pull circuitry is a prime example. It eliminates the distortion created by output transistors as they click on and off,

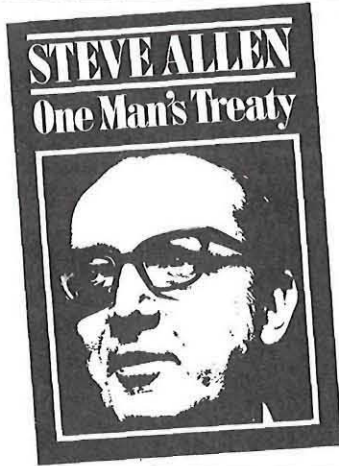
thousands of times a second, in response to music signals. The SX-7's Non-Switching circuits keep our transistors from ever completely switching off, so they don't have to click back on.

If it seems as though the SX-7 has many features you just don't find on other receivers, it's because it does. Which is why we invite you to visit your nearest Pioneer dealer. He'll show you the SX-7, and an entire line of new Pioneer receivers.

They're all designed to let you spend more time enjoying music and less time simply trying to find it.

PIONEER
We bring it back alive.

A MASTERSTROKE OF SENSITIVITY, JUSTICE, AND DIPLOMACY, THIS SIGNAL WORK SUCCEEDS WHERE GOVERNMENTS AND GUNS HAVE FAILED—IN PROVIDING THE FIRST DRAFT TREATY ACCEPTABLE TO BOTH THE BRITISH AND THE IRISH CATHOLICS IN NORTHERN IRELAND.



"Although conceived primarily as a legal document, Steve's text sparkles with insight and information crucial to understanding the real situation over there."—Daniel Patrick Moynihan

"Although it is highly unusual for an unsolicited private citizen of a foreign country to draft an instrument on his own volition by which the government of the United Kingdom might choose to bind itself in international affairs, if there are more individuals having Mr. Allen's unique vision and perspicacity with regard to the policies of sovereign nations, then I most sincerely entreat them all to avail this government of their talents by forwarding whichever statutes, acts, conventions, protocols, charters, constitutions, and other such documents they may have composed to Parliament forthwith for their speedy ratification."

—H R H Elizabeth II

"Thank you, Steve!"
—Commanding Officer, Provisional IRA

\$17.95/\$18.95 in Canada, Japan, China, the Subcontinent, Europe, Africa, Australia, the Soviet Union, and Central and South America.

Allen Press, Publishers, 17651 Copernicus Drive, Encino, California

Personals

Minds Wanting to Meet Other Minds

Greek mathematician, military eng., friend of ruling family, discoverer of relationship between mass and displacement of water, wants to meet Steve Allen for fellowship and colloquy. Aegean or Encino, either location okay. Willing to advance all x-penses. Please reply soon. Call or write: S.A., 17651 Copernicus Drive, Encino, California

Famous admiral w/ Brit. title, defeated French at Trafalgar, prays to meet Steve Allen anywhere, anytime, for mutual illumination. Please do not disappoint me, will bear all costs. Respond to: S., 17651 Copernicus Drive, Encino, California

Politically active pontiff, bishop of Rome, Vicar of Christ, creator of well-known Line of Demarcation, seeks private audience w/Steve Allen. Will go to any length, no sacrifice too great to achieve this. Intellectual survival at stake; write: S.A., 17651 Copernicus Drive, Encino, California

Astronomer, thinker, first to determine geometrical distribution of planets in solar system, needs to meet Steve Allen to verify theorems, sharpen analytical, logic skills. Please, please, please! Write me: S., 17651 Copernicus Drive, Encino, California

Miscellaneous

Dear Steve—As usual I luv my hair. I don't know how you manage to do so much with it week after week, but you do and I luv you for it. J. Meadows, 17651 Copernicus Drive, Encino, California

FOR SALE

Celebrity Steve Allen's *The Grounds on My Table*—probing, compassionate account of immigrant housekeepers and maids who spill condiments, flower vases, and coffee grounds on Steve Allen's dining-room table, and of his meticulous investigation of the cause. Further irregularities are uncovered: when one domestic admits to shoplifting vacuum-cleaner bags, while keeping the money Steve and his talented wife, Jayne, had given her to purchase them, a pattern of abuse and indifference is revealed that leads the author to some startling, often disturbing conclusions. "Alienation, frustration, boredom, and poor self-image are now pandemic among household help," Allen declares, "unless their working conditions are improved, bus allowances are standardized, and they are addressed more humanely, the integrity and effectiveness of this country's maids will continue to decline." \$7.95/\$8.95 in Canada, China, the Subcontinent, Europe, Africa, Australia, the Soviet Union, and Central and South America. Allen Press, Publishers, 17651 Copernicus Drive, Encino, California.

Tag Sale

25,000 musical "tags," "cues," and "stings" written by celebrity-songwriter Steve Allen for sale this weekend at my home—17651 Copernicus Drive, Encino, California. Come early—all charts priced to go *fast*! Each composition at least ten notes long and clearly labeled with the name of the commercial or movie you would have heard it on if composer had been asked to work on that particular commercial or film. *Tell your friends!*

Famous People Talk About Steve



Steve Garvey:
"A natural athlete for sure. He could have played any position he wanted if he had time. His bat alone is enough to keep him alive in the outfield."



Steve Spender:
"His sense of line and breath is amazing, better than Auden's. His work should be better known."



Steve Wonder:
"What can I say? My parents named me after Steve; he'll always be the Steve to me."

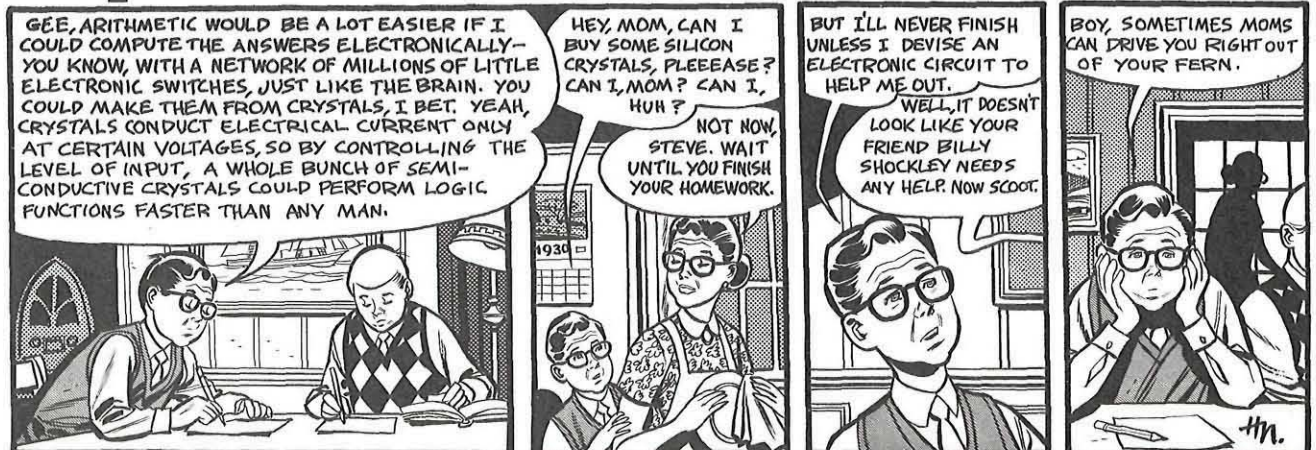


Steve Martin:
"Certainly the major source of my comic inspiration—perhaps of all comic inspiration in this century."



Steve Spielberg:
"Steve Allen. The best. I've tried to get him for every one of my films. But he's his own man. Very definitely his own man."

Stephen Valentine Patrick William Allen



HOWARD NOSTRAND

Jayne's Page



"Being Mrs. Allen has never been easy," says talented Jayne with a laugh. "Sometimes it's a bit of a trial. Like many brilliant men, my Steve is very absentminded..."



"Once Steve was asked by Norton Simon to authenticate some old Spanish coinage. Steve slipped a doubloon like this into his pocket and forgot all about it."



"A few days later Mr. Simon called, and we couldn't find the coin anywhere. I looked and looked."



"Finally I remembered one place I hadn't checked: the lint collector in the washer-dryer."



"There it was, safe and sound! Steve got to work on it right away, and within an hour he was able to call Mr. Simon and tell him that there was no doubt. It was authentic."



"Mr. Simon was very gratified. When Steve told him the story of how the coin was lost and how I found it, he laughed and laughed; then he made me a present of it. This is it."

STEVE'S HONORS



This is Steve's honorary congressional medal of honor. It was awarded to him by President Ronald Reagan for entertaining our advisers in El Salvador. Steve really appreciates this honor from a grateful country. "Thanks to you and all Americans," he told the president.

This special card was issued by President Eisenhower to Steve in order that he might continue his research into quantum chromodynamics, a field of nuclear research he helped "pioneer."



The bearer of this card, Mr. Steve Allen, is authorized to transport and possess radioactive materials, including fissionable isotopes.

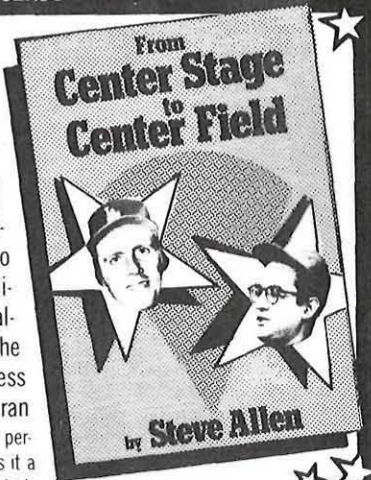
Dwight D. Eisenhower
President of the United States



An extraordinary honor was conferred upon Steve Allen by former California governor Pat Brown—a driver's license that needs never be renewed.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL ACCOUNT OF ENTERTAINER STEVE ALLEN'S SECRET SEASON IN THE DODGERS OUTFIELD

It began last year—star center fielder Rick Monday pulled a hamstring and manager Tommy LaSorda knew there was no one on his injury-decimated roster with the talent to replace him. The situation looked hopeless until, suddenly, Monday ran back out onto the field and performed like never before. Was it a miracle? No, it was Rick Monday's best friend, Steve Allen, who had donned Monday's uniform and taken his place—the fans being none the wiser! In his book, Steve reveals why he wanted it that way, how he shunned the recognition and the hoopla because he feared they might come at the expense of his best friend, Rick Monday. Even after the Dodgers offered Steve a contract Steve insisted that he play out the season in Rick's uniform, duplicating Rick's crisp fielding style, his quick, powerful bat, his 200 percent hustle—in the process nearly leading the team to a pennant!



Available now at all bookstores
From Center Stage to Center Field, by Steve Allen

\$12.95/\$13.95 in Canada, Japan, China, the Subcontinent, Europe, Africa, Australia, the Soviet Union, and Central and South America
Allen Press, Publishers, 17651 Copernicus Drive, Encino, California

STEVE & JAYNE - November
"Shining brightly"

STEVE
allen
MAGAZINE



Jayne Meadows
Steve Allen

Introducing the Schnappier Schnapps.

100 proof



Leave it to Leroux to bring you Peppermint Schnapps with more schnap to it! Now you can enjoy 100 proof Leroux Peppermint Schnapps. Smooth and easy all the way, its great natural taste always comes through. Discover the drink that's sweeping the country: the glow of the schnapps chased by an icy cold brew—it's uniquely delicious.

Once you've tasted Leroux, no other schnapps will do.

Leroux
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Pilots!

Television's Orphans

Every day, writers, producers, actors, directors, and technical-union members, like sea turtles, sweat and grunt and deposit their embryonic television series on the desks of network executives. Of the thousands of programs set before them the three major networks pick but a handful, and of these only a very few will air successfully. Why then do creative people waste so much of their time, why do young writers leave advertising jobs and fly to L.A. with profit-sharing checks and savings, why do people go to school to

participate in an industry with such awesome and impossible odds? Well, for one, the pay is great; if a series does take off, it's millions, just millions and millions; and in the meantime it's no sweat pulling down \$210,000 a year failing. Is there a reason why so many pilots fail? Of course there is. The same reason everything else fails. Stupidity, greed, lack of foresight, lack of hindsight; but mostly stupidity. But then stupidity is often successful. There's no logic, only money, and what follows are some spectacular failures that never aired.

"Planet of the Apes Comedy Hour"



After the failure of the "Planet of the Apes" science-fiction series in 1974, the network remained convinced that humans made up to look like gorillas could make it in prime time. A comedy/variety format was created for the stars of the ill-fated series, Roddy McDowall and Booth Colman. They performed in sketches with resident zanies the Ace Trucking Company and comic Freeman King. The guests on the first episode were Tony Orlando and Dawn, and Paul Lynde. After the pilot was viewed, it was felt that the program's appeal was indeed limited and that Booth and Roddy lacked the

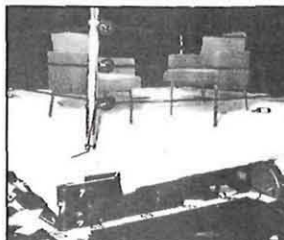
chemistry of a successful male/female team, despite their considerable skills at mimicking ape behavior.

"Monday Morning Football"



One network negotiated with the NFL for two years to try to persuade the league to schedule a football game for 7:00 A.M. EST in an attempt to break NBC's stranglehold on the morning time slot. A preseason game was finally scheduled for a test-market audience. The results were nearly completely negative, ranging from the horrible morning bags under Howard Cosell's eyes to frequent time-outs for players to visit the men's room. The project was abandoned.

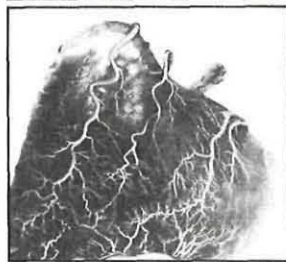
"The Sonny Liston Show"



At the height of Liston's glory as a prizefighter one of the networks ordered a program developed for him. It was felt that they had missed the boat with several other heavyweight champs and that it was time to take the plunge and see how a champ would fare on network TV. After dramatic and comedy formats were explored and abandoned it was decided to try a talk format. Liston's limited verbal skills were evident early on, and while he had a powerful on-camera presence, his inability to speak coherent English led to complications, and in a revamped format Liston was removed altogether (although his name remained on the show title) and the

Gabor sisters were installed as rotating hosts. Several segments were taped, but none were aired. Hair-pulling fights between the Gabor sisters seem to have been at the root of the show's failure.

"Transplant!"



Originally planning a true-life series following the lives of successful heart-transplant patients, the show's creators overlooked the simple fact that there were no living heart-transplant patients. Despite offers to surgeons and persons with heart disease to pick up the costs of the operations, the producers were unable to proceed with the project and dropped it. The network suggested a lighter approach dealing with lab animals that had survived the operations, but the producers

rejected the proposal, foreseeing production difficulties that would exceed any rewards a successful show might offer.

"The First Family"



Following the success of both Vaughn Meader's comedy record album and the Kennedy administration itself, producers bought the rights to the former. The program was to be done in animation, for airing in prime time. It was to be a humorous/satirical look at presidential politics through the eyes of the colorful Kennedy clan. The voices were supplied by the cast members from the album and by the only Kennedy who took up the producer's offer, Sen. Edward Kennedy, who supplied the voice for his own character. The program was completed and ready for airing on November 23, 1963.

"Van Gogh"



This series was to be based on the life of Vincent van Gogh, the deranged artist, with William Bendix to star as Vincent and Sterling Holloway as his brother Theo. Before the show went in front of the cameras, producers had second thoughts about the premise and concluded that it was too downbeat and set in a time that the audience could

not relate to. The program was sent back to the writers, and as it was finally filmed (but not aired) Bendix played the ghost of Vincent van Gogh working as a commercial artist in an advertising agency owned by the ghost of his brother Theo.

"Joe DiMaggios Patio Party"



Following his retirement from baseball, Joe DiMaggio was signed to a network contract to host a variety/talk program to be broadcast from his "home" (actually a set on the lot of Universal Studios). The affable athlete would chat with guests as they "dropped by" and would enjoy their company along with a viewing public made to feel as if they too were guests of Joe's. Every effort was made to have the show appear to be an impromptu patio party, but the results were unconvincing. The pilot program featured the Buddy Rich orchestra, Roy Rogers and Dale Evans, and the Munich circus.

"Ku Klux and Kane"



What happens to a young black man who joins the Ku

Klux Klan? Josh Kane, a reporter for a New York newspaper, went to Mississippi to seek the answer, and in the pilot episode found it. He was murdered and his car burned. The producer and the show's writers attempted to escape the corner they had written themselves into by giving Josh Kane a twin brother who would avenge his brother's death and infiltrate the Klan himself. To their chagrin the twin brother was also killed, and it was feared that audience credibility would be stretched to the limit by introducing a triplet brother.

"Way Down South in Africa"



Roscoe Lee Brown, a successful black attorney, returns to South Africa to search for his roots. The show's creators saw a wealth of comedy in Brown's dealings with the strict racial policies of South Africa. In the pilot episode, Brown was arrested for asking a white woman for directions to the train station and was sentenced to life in prison. The show was pretested to an all-black audience, after which a story editor was beaten. When it was shown to an all-white audience the executive producer's car was overturned. When it was finally aired to network executives they ordered thirteen episodes and put the program on the fall schedule. Commandos allegedly from South Africa held a programming chief by his necktie out of a thirty-seventh-story window until the program was removed from the schedule.

"Shagans Sheep"



Montana in the late 1800s was the setting for this western about a family of Jewish sheepherders. Father Abe was played by Richard Boone and Mother Sadie by June Lockhart. As it was proposed, the Shagans would battle each week with cattlemen and thieves as they went about hewing a homestead out of the open range. After two episodes were shot, the Shagans had lost a son and a grandfather to the cattlemen and Mother Sadie had lost her mind. It was agreed that the story line was limited, and production was halted.

"Kate!"



Katharine Hepburn was to play a grandmother living with sixteen adopted grandchildren in an abandoned animal hospital in the Bronx. A script was developed without the consent of Miss Hepburn, and when the script was submitted to her she refused to participate in the project. In an effort to save the project, the producers offered the lead to an elderly New York stage actress, Kathy Hepburne. A threatened lawsuit ended the life of the program. The firing of several shots at Miss Hepburn's limousine in New York was believed related to the project, but nothing was ever proved.

PHOTOS: WIDE WORLD PHOTOS; UPI/BOB RAKITA; ILLUSTRATION: MILTON KNIGHT

ALL THE NEW VIDEO GAMES

BY RON BARRETT



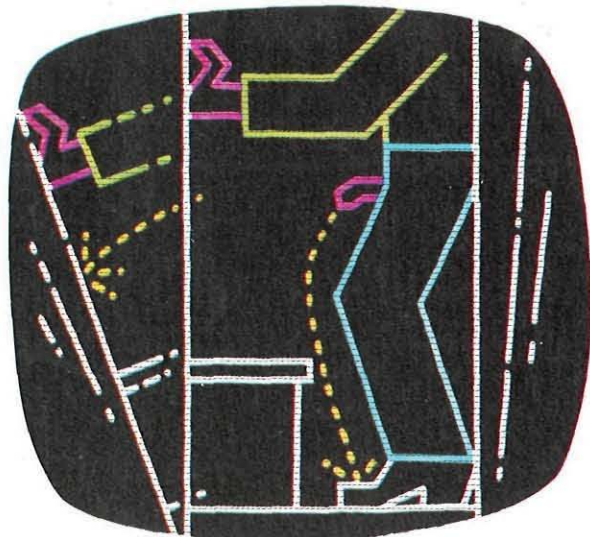
HOUSEWARES CRUISER Pick up a date in a major department store.



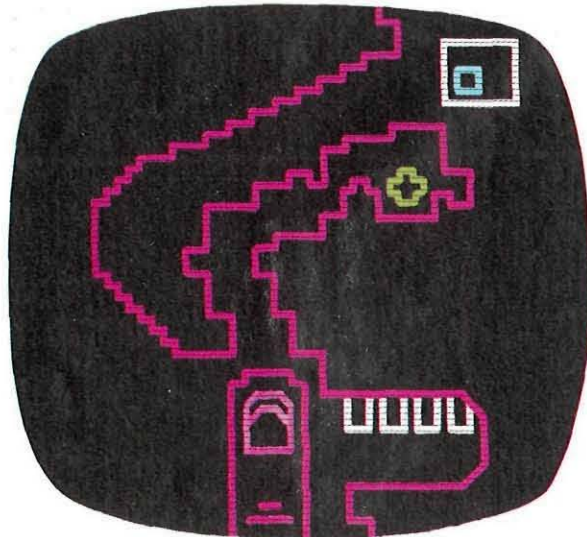
CAVE OF THE BLACK WIZARD Battle is joined as two knights snap wet towels at each other.



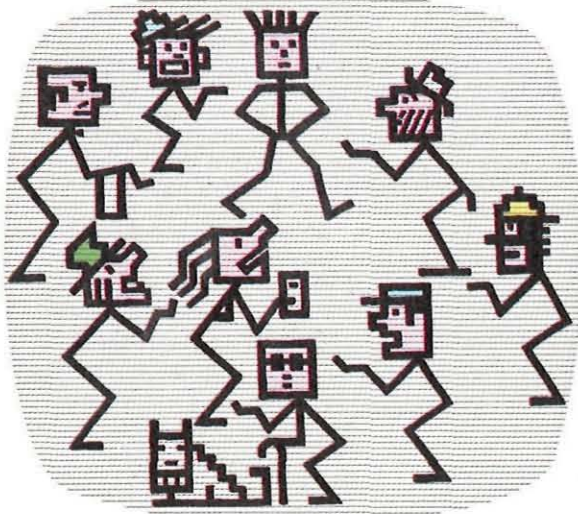
SKINDOME Arrange the balding man's hairs to cover maximum skin area before they all fall out.



AIRPLANE TOILET Don't pee on your shoes or the wall.



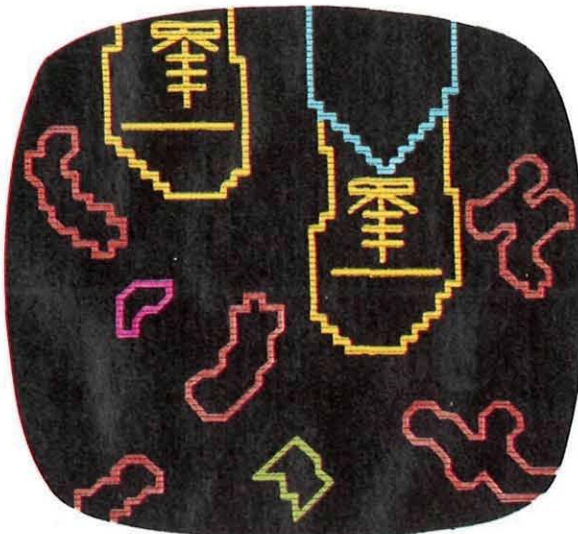
BOOGERHUNT Up your nose.



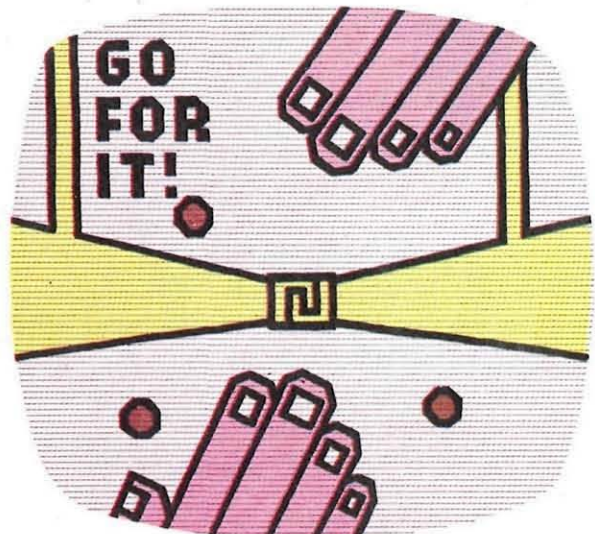
HANDOUT Try to avoid people asking you for money. Just try. Some of them have knives.



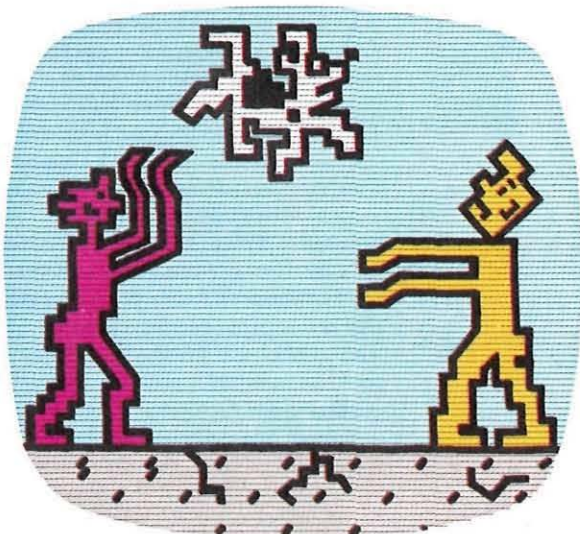
SPERM FROM SPACE Use laser cannon to knock out sperm before they knock up your little sister.



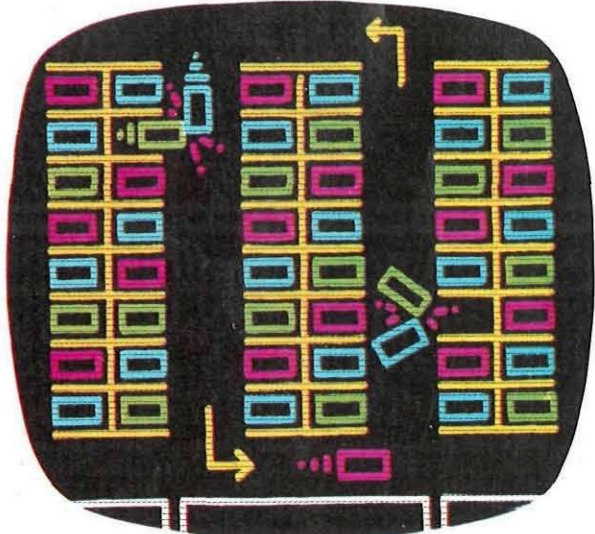
WALKIN' Walk down the street without stepping on broken glass or in gum or anything.



MAKE-OUT Unhook the bra without bumping into the moles.



FLYIN' DOG Catch the dog before it hits the hard cement.



MALLCHALLENGE Find a parking spot near the store. ☐

move, I thought, summoning the waiter by knocking over a small, pre-molded plastic Buddha with a burning candle arising from its tranquil head. It was then that I realized something was amiss. An intruder had lengthened the insides of my pants pockets, making it physically impossible for me to reach my wallet. I lurched up from my chair as the room spun before me. I'd been drugged! I started to shout for help, but it came out like the ravings of a quiz-show host high on acid. I didn't see the blow to the back of the head that came before I collapsed like a sack of soggy cheese. In a flash, before abandoning the rigors of consciousness, I experienced a nightmarish vision of red, green, and yellow fireflies, each with the head of Bob Denver, buzzing insanely about me.

When I came to, I was lying face down on a small cot. Some wise guy had attached small but powerful Marshall amps to the birds outside. I slowly tensed my body and lifted my legs. I'd never dance for the Joffrey II, but nothing seemed to be broken. A skull sonata in E-sharp pain had been performed on my head.

I got up and moved cautiously to the door, which proved unlocked. Peering around the edge, I saw that I was still in the restaurant. All the chairs had been put up on the tables,

as though they were too good to sit on the floor. A lone guard busied himself sweeping the floor for dust and tiny bits of colored glass to use in next evening's Molokai stew pie. Trying to stealthily slip by, I made the mistake of letting out an audible groan. The Oriental whirled to face me, broom, which his people have mastered as a ready instrument of death, still in hand.

"Ah, rum head wake up," he leered. He was an ugly one, a pock-faced rice picker with irregular tooth spacing. He thrust into his pocket and presented me with a bill for \$27.94, gratuity not included.

"Head must feel bad after becoming drunk time and hit part on table top. I bring you special order number 191, thing drunks order to burn their tongues." I nodded my head savagely. If that's the way they wanted to play it, fine. See if I ever recommend the place to any of my friends.

I feigned outrage over a spelling mistake on the check as I poured some scalding fish batter down my throat. If I got a chance to confront Alan Hale, one on one and a half, maybe I could start shaking a few trees to see on whose heads the coconuts landed. That and the seven dollars and change I found in my pocket told me to try it this way.

I cooled my Guccis outside while the loathsome coolie went in to see the erstwhile skipper. When he rushed out, jabbering in tongues, and

with eyes as big as basketballs, I got a lousy feeling in the gut. I barged in and got sicker than if I ate at the joint regularly. Hale was spread out belly down on the top and over the edges of his tiki-wood desk, and he wasn't taking an afternoon nap. The ice pick sticking out of the back of his neck told me the skipper had sailed his last voyage.

The boys from central casting downtown would have to be given a call back, but I decided to first do a little location scouting on my own. I checked the skipper's wallet and found only an old autographed snapshot of Tina Louise and two crumpled ten spots. Well, at least that took care of the bill. Rummaging in back pockets large enough to store a small goat, I pulled out a comb, a toy compass, and a piece of paper with notes scribbled in a broad, addled hand:

"Barbecue at Gilligan's Island"

"The Brady Brides Get Divorced at Gilligan's Island"

"All-Star Cheerleading Special from Gilligan's Island"

"Gilligan and the Skipper at the Orange Bowl"

"Blondie Rocks on Gilligan's Island"

"Alan Hale Meets the Muppets"

Call Bob *re above*.

I folded the paper neatly and put it in my pocket. It could mean nothing, and it might cause a little flak with the tinseltown, but that was something I could live with. The sight of the skipper was something I knew I could not. It would come back to haunt me, like an old rerun of his series, time and time again.

"So you're a detective now, huh? Dy-no-mite!"

I sat uneasily in the living room of Jimmie "J.J." Walker, a stone's throw from Griffith Park. It had the decorating touch of a 'luded-out bullfighter. The eye was forced to take in color-splotted, poorly conceived Tijuana wall hangings in much the same way as an old Irish mother is forced to take in laundry. The untutored, collective Mexican unconscious in the concrete form of the pots and novelty figurines that the amiable beaners churn out instead of plying a respectable trade could be bumped into or knocked over from any direction.

Jimmie was munching on a partially thawed 7-Eleven chicken 'n' cheese burrito, possibly the only solid food he would consume all day, judging from the sickly cherry-liquor smell



that seemed to surround him. The Four Tops blared from the stereo. As much as I like early Motown, I lowered the volume a few decibels. When I told Walker about the skipper, his Adam's apple dropped like a grapefruit through a straw. "No, man, not the skipper," he mumbled. "No, man..."

"Dahlink, why you turn down singing blacksmengroup?" asked a voice from the main bedroom, off the dining area. She came into the room, preceded by the smell of a perfume that had the delicate scent of burning chard.

It had been a few years and a few miles down the road since I had last set eyes on her. Since then, Terry Jones from Hot Springs, Colorado, had parlayed an indecipherable accent and the pseudonym of Eva Gabor into tens of thousands of dollars.

"Bert!" she cried, nearly dropping a tray full of goulash-stuffed eclairs.

"You've never looked better," I lied. I thought hard about what else to say to a girl I'd never thought that highly of in the first place who was now shackled up with a jigaboo juicer. I shrugged and turned to the window.

"Alan Hale's been brutally murdered."

Out of the corner of my eye I could see that Walker was taking it hard. He threw his spaghetti stick of a body on a sofa and lay there staring blankly at a miniature bobbing-head mariachi band featuring JFK playing trumpet and Christ strumming a guitar.

"Here, drink like a man," I said, pouring him a glass of the Scotch that was almost his namesake. He downed it in one gulp.

Eva appeared a bit more agitated. She dropped the accent like a cobra, and her new voice delivered words as harsh as her 9:00 A.M. face.

"So you were going to be the new black Bob Denver, huh? A pilot already given approval by low-ranking network employees? Well, where does this leave the act? How can we replace a talent like Alan Hale?"

"Shut up, woman. Can't you see nothin' past the end of your nose?"

I got tired of the cozy banter and decided to step in quickly to this comedy of the unmannered. In a few minutes these two would be at each other's throats quicker than most starlets can undo a producer's zipper.

"Cut the laugh track," I growled, getting out my piece of paper and

continued on page 85



If you'd like a wall poster of our distillery's founder, drop us a line.

MR. CLAYTON TOSH has more good tales about Jack Daniel than most folks can ever believe.



He'll tell you that Mr. Jack promised marriage to two girls at once in 1875; that nobody ever saw him without a coat and tie; and that he perfected a way of manufacturing his whiskey (called charcoal mellowing) that made it uncommonly smooth. Of course, there's no one living who can vouch for the first two tales. But after a sip of Jack Daniel's, most everyone goes along with the third.



CHARCOAL
MELLOWED

DROP

BY DROP

Tennessee Whiskey • 90 Proof • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery
Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc., Route 1, Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee 37352

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

TESTING THE NEW TECHNI

Many readers have written asking us about a relatively new form of video technology: the video-food system, or "foodeo." The system features components made of edible foods onto which programming (movies, specials, sporting events, assassinations, etc.) is recorded. The viewer plays the program, and may replay it as often as he wishes (within limits set by the manufacturer); when he is finished playing, he then eats the unit. In some cases he may eat the food and view the program material simultaneously. Or, he may simply buy the delicious, nutritious, convenient components to eat without viewing. Or, he may view the programs and give the unit to someone else to eat. Or vice versa.

To introduce our readers to this nascent yet already extremely popular and taste-tempting technology, we've reviewed a few of the more typical foodeo systems and here present a glimpse of some products soon to be available for viewing and eating.

by Ellis Weiner



TIKIWASHI B-2000 P/E

With the rapidly burgeoning market of P/E (programmable/edible) foodeo systems, it was only a matter of time before Tikiwashi group entered the field with its first fully programmable, edible unit. Those familiar with the high picture-sound quality of the Tikiwashi A-455 (available in pastami-rye, bologna-white, and ham and cheese-roll) will suffer no surprises or disappointments with this product. Both video performance and flavor and aroma factors score high marks.

The B-2000 comes in breakfast, lunch, and dinner models. Breakfast (B-2000-b) (shown left) features orange juice, two fried eggs "over easy," two strips of bacon, waffles (see inset), English muffin

with butter and grape jelly, and coffee. We found the juice to be slightly acidic but acceptable; eggs were cooked perfectly and provided excellent color-image resolution; bacon was crisp; muf-

Specs

Tape format: VHS
Horizontal resolution: 240-plus lines, 3 MHz bandpass
Utensils: Fork, knife, spoon, napkin
Audio distortion: 2.5 percent at 400 Hz, SP
Audio dub: Yes, punch-in
Counter memory: Yes
Salt and pepper: Yes
FF: No; mashed potatoes with chicken dinner
Food-to-signal ratio: Good to excellent/good to delicious
Suggested retail price: \$1,098

fin was slightly charred, which might be prevented by grounding the unit; and coffee—regular, with one sugar—was very good. Programming controls enable viewer-eater to preselect up to sixteen hours of material, then play back programs up to four times before eating the meal, which then obliterates the programs. Optional VIEW/EAT feature allows you to eat the meal and view the programming simultaneously—a useful device for gourmet videophiles with above average amounts of recording/viewing/eating to do.

FOODOLOGY: The Foodeo Systems

Lunch (B-2000-1) consisted of roast beef or sardine sandwich, potato salad, and cola. Unfortunately, with much Japanese foodeo software, beef dishes fare poorly; in this case the roast beef was stringy and lacked both flavor and picture stability. Adjustments with vertical-hold control and Worcestershire sauce, both located on rear of unit, proved only marginally effective. Garnishes and beverage rated acceptable and complemented the unit's handsome freeze-frame and audio-balance-control design.

Dinner (B-2000-d) features roast chicken, mashed potatoes and gravy, green beans, cherry tart, and coffee. Chicken was excellent and came located conveniently next to record-lock switch. Green beans interfered with the operation of the manual focus-adjust thumbwheel but tasted remarkably fresh. Cherry tart was a trifle too sweet but seems to us to be an acceptable trade-off for the unit's improved digital-readout timer.

In sum, the B-2000 is a handsome, delicious unit, as delightful to operate and view as it is to eat.

ARSEY-A PORTA-LUNCH RECORDER AP-50

The AP-50 (above left) is the latest addition to Arsey-A's line of portable lunch-recorders. These lightweight, low-calorie units are designed not for heavy viewing or dining but for the less demanding audio-video eating situation "in the field," i.e., on trips, away from the office, at sporting events and assassinations, etc.

Software has always been Arsey-A's strongest suit, and it remains so with the AP-50. They've programmed a wide range of lunchtime favorites ("Let's Eat Lunch, Already, America," "I Loathe Lucy," and a number of soap operas, including "Hopeless Children," "Generally Hostile," and "The Young and the Breastless") onto a flavorful variety of sandwiches (chicken, corned beef, ham, Swiss cheese) and salads. Programs are for one-time viewing only and must be shown and eaten within twenty-four hours of unwrapping.

Because the unit is battery operated, it falters on both the record function and as a true foodeo "stove." An AC adaptor is available, but because the unit uses relatively small voltages the adaptor is not recommended by the manufacturer for recording programs

off the air or for heating complete meals. Snap-on hot-plate accessories adequately keep hot soups warm but cannot boil water.

The unit's lightweight design makes it especially useful for camping trips, and Arsey-A's AP-55, which includes all the features of the AP-50, offers the additional virtue of itself being entirely

Specs

Energy requirements: 20v battery;

AC adaptor available

Food-to-picture ratio: .56 oz./dB

Breads: White, rye, wheat, roll

Pause control: Yes

Pickles: Yes

Overall performance: Delicious

Suggested retail price: \$695

edible. Once programming has been viewed and consumed, the AP-55 may be cooked over charcoal or an open fire and eaten. We found it to be surprisingly tender although somewhat deficient in juiciness. As is the case with almost all foodeo systems, the manufacturer can provide only so much; after that, it's up to the programming and culinary talents of the operator.



ILLAGE-VIDEOT "VIEW 'N' CHEW" SOFTWARE SERIES E

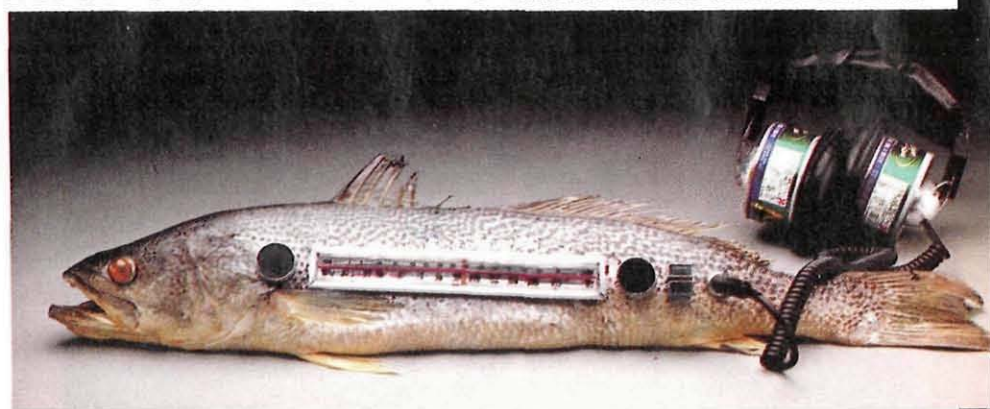
The Illage-Videot people pioneered the release of individual preprogrammed/freeze-dried foodeo cassettes, and with their Series E they continue to dominate the field.

Programs for Series E (above) consist of theatrical-release, full-length motion pictures programmed into "all meat" cassettes. Restricting the food content to meat (and, in two cases, fish) and eliminating vegetables, desserts, and beverages helps keep

the cost down and provides the viewer-eater with a convenient way to turn a standard movie plus meal into a double feature plus seconds.

The "View 'n' Chew" catalog includes such film-food favorites as *Alien*/Veal Piccata, 9 to 5/Flank Steak Teriyaki, *Meatballs*/Fried Shrimp. Cassettes are compatible with all standard foodeo systems, although when we tried *Star Wars*/Meat Loaf on our Blony model AG-5600, the bass-audio response required some boosting and the tomato sauce was rather thin. Suggested retail price: \$49.95 each.

PRODUCT PREVIEWS These New Products Will Soon Be Available



From Blony: ADJUSTABLE FINE TUNA (NO. FT-2230)

This component fine tuna (above), compatible with all Blony and other Takatsoris-manufactured units, is easily connected to the input jack and requires only salt, pepper, and a little lemon juice. Due out February 1982.

From BFD: CASSETTE STORAGE RACK/REFRIGERATOR

BFD offers a useful and attractive storage-rack/refrigerator

unit. It will store up to twenty-four standard (or eighteen "He-Man") cassette-meals, and features adjustable clip-on holders for tape-head cleaning gear and disposable towlettes. Due out January 1982. (Not shown.)

From Magnalox: EARTH SATELLITE STATION WITH SMOKED SALMON SKELETON

With the advent of the affordable satellite earth station, viewers in even the remotest areas

have been able to obtain crystal-clear reception of literally dozens of channels from around the world. Magnalox now takes this a step further by introducing a line of earth stations capable of pulling in signals "over the horizon," and featuring adjustable interior structural struts formed entirely of smoked salmon. Struts may be retained to provide extra unit stability and support, or eaten during or after unit assembly. Optional bagels, cream cheese, and tomato units also available. Due out January 1982. (Not shown.)



You
ravaged a
continent.
You took over
half the world.
And had a
pastry named
after you.

Sure, it hurts to be
defeated by a guy with a
first name like "Beef."

But now you can relax.

Now you can take a
little vacation on a nice,
secluded island with no
phones.

Now you can stop
wearing that silly hat.

Now you won't have to
listen to any more short
jokes.

Now you can take those
tap dancing lessons you
always wanted.

**Now comes
Miller time.**



30 YEARS OF TELEVISION

The Ellard Family Log • by Ben Ellard

1948

Dad bought our first television set because Mom cried to have one. It was a twelve-inch Admiral with a bad picture tube. You had to keep tapping the back of it with a kitchen knife for it to work.

1949

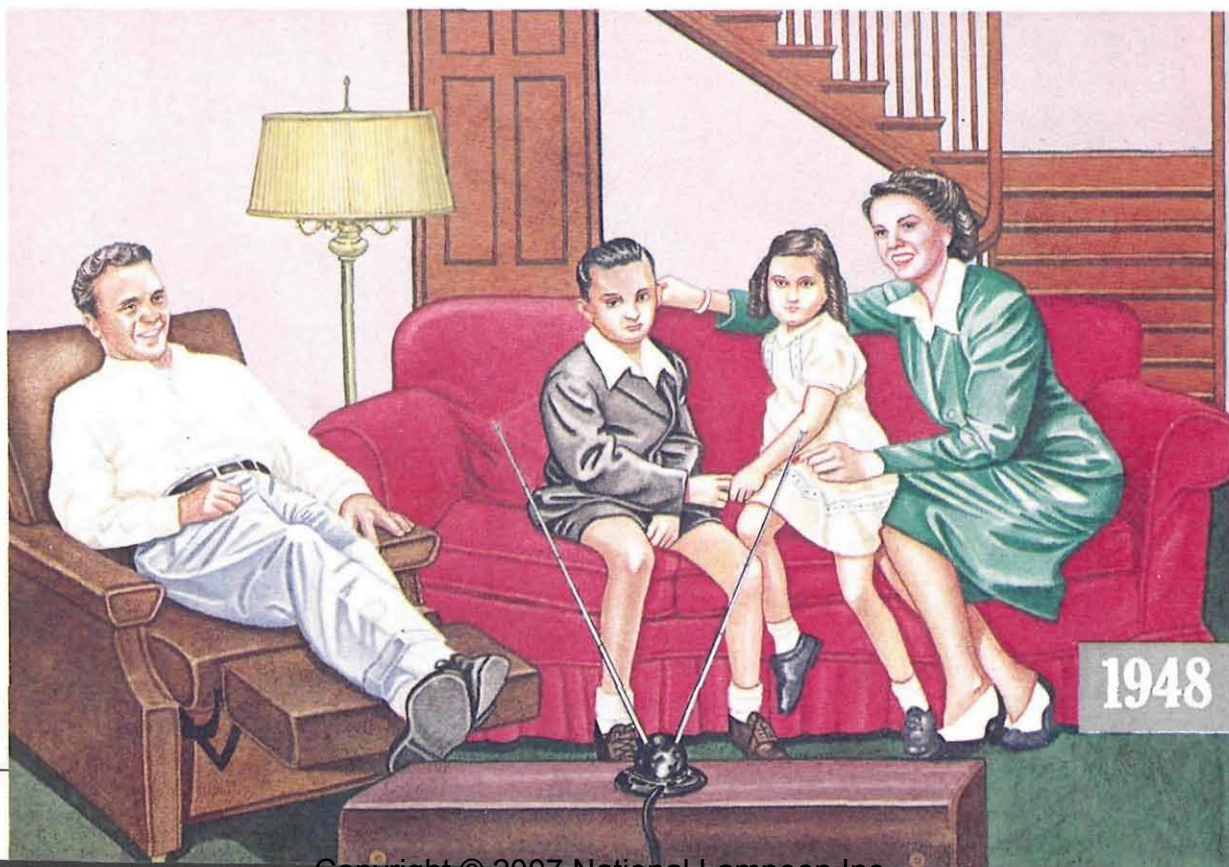
My little sister, Eva, jumped out of the upstairs window because she saw Farmer What's-his-name do it in a cartoon. She landed on her face, but otherwise she was all right.

1950

Dad bought TV snack trays and the kitchen table was more or less retired, though no one bothered to move it. It just sat there, piled high with junk because cleaning cut into Mom's TV time.

1951

We had been standing in half-hour shifts for three years, taking turns tapping the back of the picture tube, when it finally exploded, showering shards of glass all over Eva. Dad bought a new Crosley.



ARTHUR THOMPSON

1952

We started telling time by the television rather than the clock, as in "It's half past 'Riley,'" or "It's a quarter to 'Lucy.'" Dad painted the living room black, to cut down on glare.

1953

Mom went on "Queen for a Day" and told the studio audience that Dad beat her, and that I had cancer, and that Eva was mentally retarded, and that Mom had to buy an extra-special, very expensive truss or Eva would die. She lost to another lady, who brought in the body of her three-year-old daughter and her son's kidney in a pickle jar. Mom hadn't told Dad what the show was all about, so he punched her in the face when she got home.

1954

Mom fell in love with Leo G. Carroll, and if anybody talked during "Topper," she went nuts. Dad got jealous and said something, once. Mom

winged an ashtray at him, but she missed and it went right into the picture tube of the Crosley, showering Eva with glass. Dad bought a twenty-four-inch RCA on time.

1955

Dad got on "What's My Line?" as an automotive taxidermist, but they withheld the prize money when they found out that he had lied. They wouldn't even pay up after Dad quit his job at the A&P and started a genuine car-stuffing business.

1956

Dad knew it was a crazy idea, but he figured the publicity would make it work. Anyhow, the car-stuffing business failed and the sheriff came to take away the RCA one night at quarter past "Father Knows Best." Mom and Dad didn't want Eva and me to know that there was anything wrong, so Dad sewed leather patches on the elbows of his sports jacket. They called each other Jim and Margaret and made believe Eva and I were

Betty and Bud. But we knew it wasn't really "Father Knows Best," because Dad kept cursing. Later, he borrowed an old eight-inch Dumont from Grandma.

1957

The snack trays rusted out.

1958

Dad got a job as a security guard in a place where he could watch "Search for Tomorrow" during the day, and he bought us a brand-new twenty-four-inch GE. He installed the old Dumont in his car, but on his way to work one morning, watching Dave Garroway, he drove into a tree.

1959

Dad decided you could have 3-D television if you just had two sets, so he bought another twenty-four-inch GE and put it in the living room beside the first one. But he had to go to the hospital after he tried to watch an entire episode of "Twilight Zone"

with his eyes crossed.

1960

Dad bought a new set of snack trays.

1961

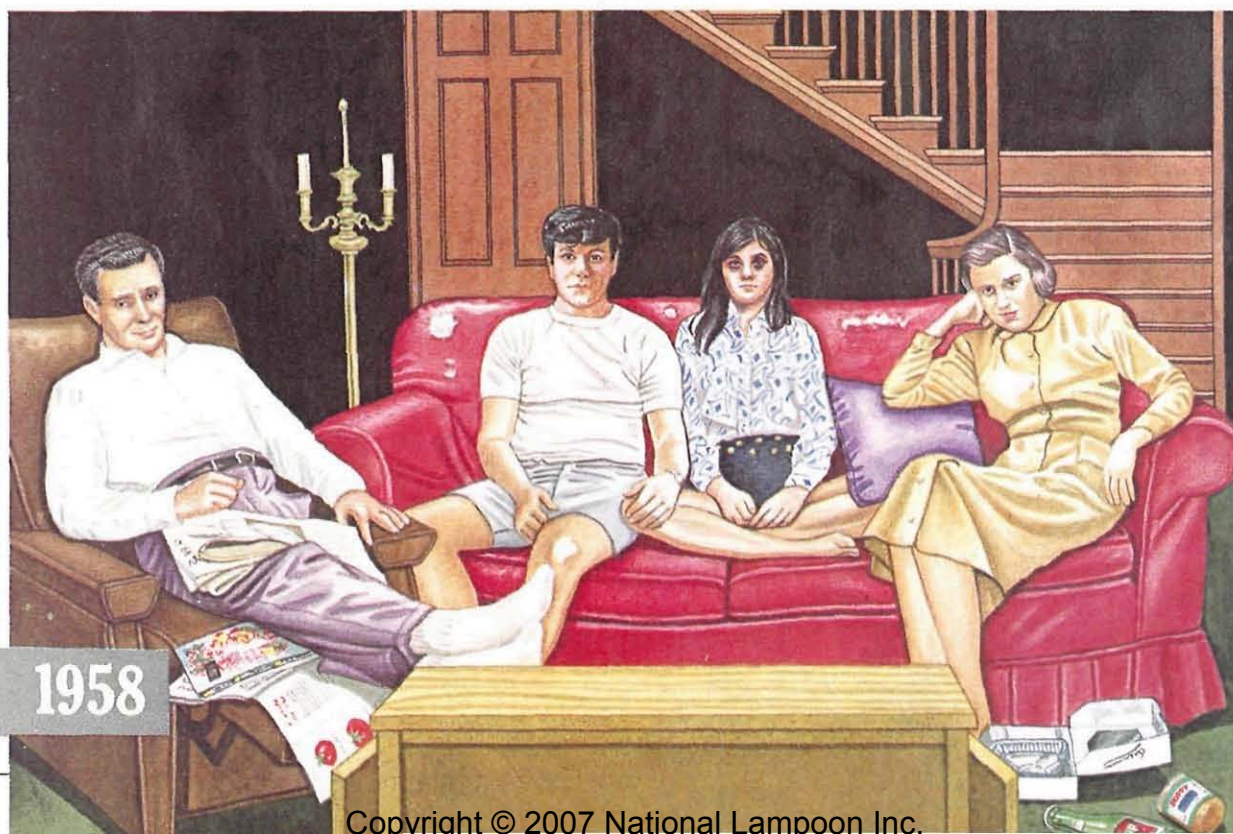
We realized that no one had seen Eva for a year or so.

1962

Mom got on "The Price Is Right" and Dad coached her from the audience. She bid on a package including a fiberglass boat, a new Chevy, a dining-room set from Broyhill, an antique vase, a Pan Am vacation in Paris, and a camel. Mom got Dad's signals mixed up and bid \$125 for the whole thing, so all she won was a can of furniture polish. It's still on the kitchen table somewhere.

1963

Dad and Edna Cornhagen, from down the street, were on "Candid Camera." They were very funny when Allen Funt



1958

gave them a lot of double-talk as they were trying to check in to a motel. Mom was still laughing when Mr. Cornhagen busted down our front door and unloaded his shotgun at Dad. Dad ducked, but the shots blew away both of the GE's. Dad said it was time for a color TV anyway.

1964

Grandma came to live with us. Dad said we needed the extra board money. Everything was fine until Grandma insisted on watching "Lawrence Welk" when Dad wanted to watch "Gilligan's Island." He used to sit in another room with the remote-control tuner, slowly turning down the brightness, to make Grandma think she was going blind. Sometimes he'd slowly turn down the sound, then he'd walk into the living room and make believe he was talking. But Grandma always watched "Lawrence Welk" anyway. Once she watched it for a whole hour with the sound turned off while the picture rolled. She said that if you blink your

eyes at a rolling picture, everything looks like a jerky old-time movie.

1965

Dad bought a refrigerator for the living room, so he wouldn't have to get up during the commercials. He also made a Barcalounger with a built-in toilet. It was really just a Barcalounger with a hole in the seat and a bucket under it. Dad said it saved a lot of time for TV watching, but Mom and Grandma made him get rid of it because it made the living room smell even worse than the kitchen.

1966

Mom went on Librium when "My Mother the Car" was canceled.

1967

Dad began collecting TV sets. After a while, he had enough sets in the basement to watch all the channels at once. Grandma was glad Dad was gone from the living room,

and Mom took his salami and beer out of the refrigerator and filled it with stuff like anchovies and cottage cheese. She also got a toaster for Pop-Tarts, which she really liked.

1968

Dad came running up from the cellar one night, screaming that he had just seen God. We all ran down to the basement for a look. Nine of his ten TV sets were tuned in to "I Dream of Jeannie" and one was set on "Gunsmoke." The same thing happened when he'd get another critical proportion of TV sets tuned in to "The Flying Nun" and "Hawaii Five-O." The rest of us didn't really understand it, but we knew enough not to say anything to Dad. He was getting a little weird.

1969

"I Dream of Jeannie" and "The Flying Nun" were both canceled, and Dad went berserk. He borrowed Cornhagen's shotgun and took off for New York to kill the programming chiefs of ABC and

NBC, who he said were responsible for destroying his religious rapture on Monday and Thursday nights. We didn't hear anything from him for weeks. Finally, Mom and Grandma sent me to look for him. I found Dad in front of a coin-operated TV set at the Port Authority Bus Terminal waiting room, and guess who he had with him? Eva! I brought them both back home with me. Cornhagen was mad that Dad had sold his shotgun, but it was nice to have everybody home again.

1970

Dad was a changed man. He decided his future was in politics, so he cleaned himself up and ran for mayor. One plank on his platform called for re-naming all the streets in town after everyone's favorite TV shows. After he won, we found ourselves living at the corner of My Three Sons Street and Ironside Avenue. Mom was pleased because Dad had a DPW crew come and clean out the house. Things really took a turn up



for us that year.

1971

There was political trouble when "Bewitched" was canceled and Dad changed the name of that street to Flip Wilson Avenue. There wasn't a single black family on the whole street and a bunch of men were mad that Dad didn't name it Monday Night Football Avenue.

1972

Poor Eva. She was sitting in front of the new Zenith one night watching Johnny Carson and she fell asleep. Apparently she just slumped forward and spent the whole night with her face plastered against the screen. The radiation burns didn't help her face any.

1973

Grandma had been despondent since Lawrence Welk was canceled, and one Saturday night she had a seizure during "Emergency!" She hung on until Tuesday night,

when she started to slip away, so we propped her up to watch "Medical Center." It didn't really help. She lingered until the next night, only to die in the middle of "Marcus Welby, M.D." Mom wanted to sue Welby for malpractice, but Dad thought that "Medical Center" had botched things. I figured it was all due to an inadequate response on "Emergency!" But Eva finally calmed us down by pointing out that we should be a bit more philosophical and good-natured about these things, like they are on "The Brady Bunch."

1974

Dad was voted out of office by a reform group that changed all the street names back to what they had been four years earlier. He was especially hurt by their campaign slogan, "Let's cancel the meathead!" He got really depressed and took to the basement to watch combinations of shows on all his TV sets again. He also began preaching in department stores where he could find ten or

more TV sets for his sermons, but the security guards always threw him out. It was an embarrassing time for all of us.

1975

Dad finally got arrested for exposing himself to himself. He was walking down Main Street (he had once named it Streets of San Francisco Street) when he came to an electronics store with a TV camera and a monitor in the window. He told the cops he just wanted to see what his dick looked like on television. Mom tried to hire Petrocelli to defend him, but when she called NBC they told her Petrocelli was a make-believe character who didn't really exist. I'd like to think Mom knew that all along and that she just didn't like being reminded. In any case, she went over the edge. The last time I saw her she was backing down the driveway. She told me she was going to find Perry Mason to defend Dad if it was the last thing she ever did. Dad came home after just a week at the county hospital,

and he was pretty upset about Mom.

1976

The welfare people gave me a hard time about being forty and never having worked, but they stopped hassling me when Dad and Eva and I agreed to sign the house over to them if we could stay in it.

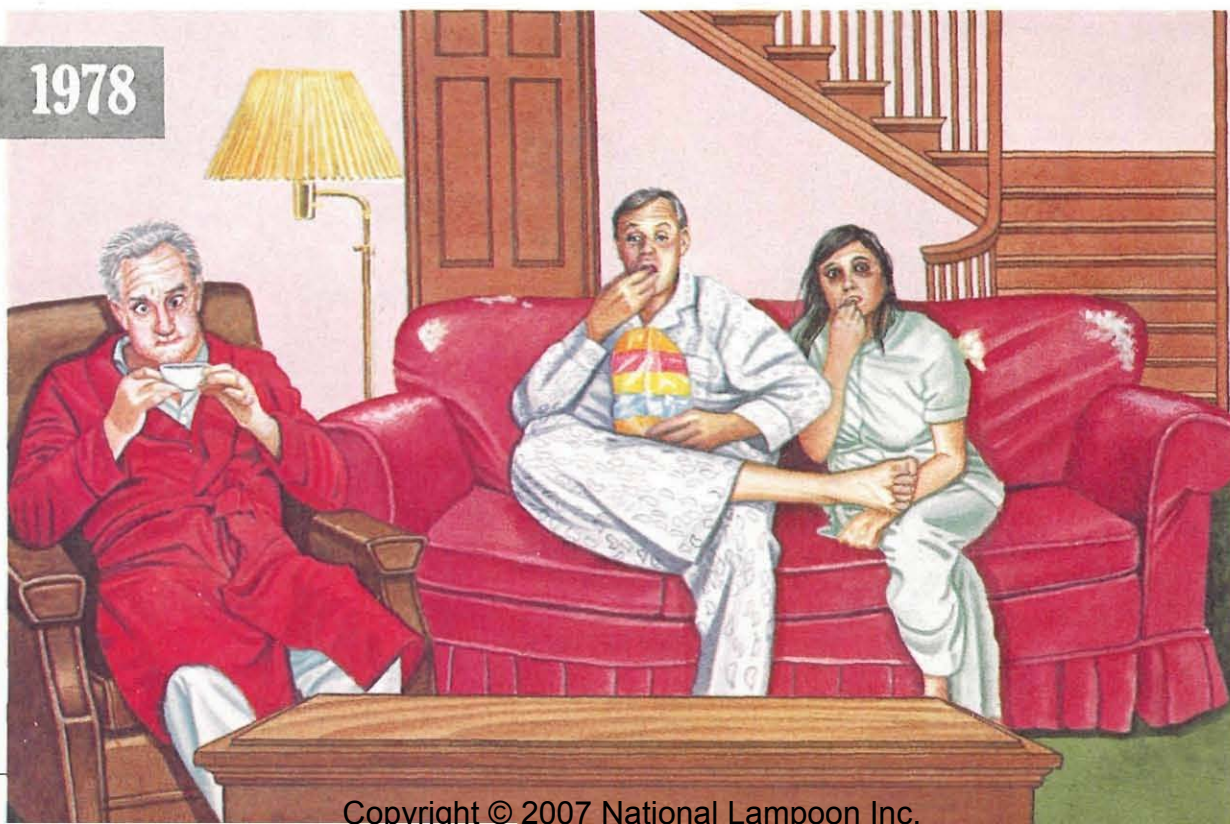
1977

Welfare replaced our old snack trays for us.

1978

Dad passed away. It was during a really sad episode of "Little House on the Prairie," and we just cried and cried. It was even sadder than the very last "Mary Tyler Moore Show." I don't think I'll ever forget Dad's last words as I held him in my arms and Eva clutched his limp hand to her breast. First he looked at Eva's scarred face, then he looked at me. "My children," he said at last, coughing, "get the cable. Kids, you'll need cable TV!" □

1978



DEATH OF ED McMAHON

continued from page 43

was eventually subdued by Pruittville's Police Chief Hewett, who occupied an adjacent square.

In August 1981, tragedy struck, as a herd of cows wandered into the KPRU studios and trampled the plaster and chicken-wire set of "The Pruittville Squares." The damage was irreparable, and the show was canceled, replaced by "Let's Talk Potatoes." Tony Cameniti was once again unemployed; yet, this time he seemed remarkably cheerful. "There should be a job opening up for me in Hollywood—real soon," he assured friends. The following day he purchased a train ticket—and a gun. Before leaving town he had scrawled across the walls of his apartment, "Hello, California! Good-bye, O-Hiyo!"

Cameniti's fate is now in the hands of psychiatrists, many of whom doubt he is fit to stand trial. "Any lunatic can go out and shoot Reagan or the pope," explains Dr. Ken Hinze, of the Menninger Clinic. "But to shoot Ed McMahon—that's crazy." Indeed, McMahon was no ordinary celebrity, and his murder has been accompanied by the public grief and outrage usually reserved for the death of a vice-president's wife or a king's good pal.

Within days of the murder, condolences had trickled in to McMahon's widow from all over the world. President Reagan termed the incident a "darn shame," while Durward Kirby, long McMahon's mentor, stated solemnly, "The world has lost a great big man." Dick Cavett opened his talk show one evening with a eulogy for the slain announcer and a plea for peace in the world. "Ed McMahon was so young, so talented. He had so much to give," he said. "Of course, I'm kidding, but that's still no excuse for people going around shooting each other."

Even greater tribute came from McMahon's dozens of fans. American Legion posts across the nation held vigils for his soul, competing to see which branch could drink more to his memory. In Encino, mourners congregated outside the McMahon estate, begging for some trinket to remember him by: old clothes, stereo equipment, his car, anything. This was too much for his widow, Eunice, a self-proclaimed "conceptual artist" whom Ed met when she worked as a tattooed lady in the circus; two days after the shooting, she fled the crowds and the country, to be alone in her grief in Tahiti. She emerged from seclusion a week later with new courage and a new

husband, twenty years her junior. "Kaani is like the son Ed and I never had, sort of," Eunice McMahon Hakalani told reporters.

So there is, perhaps, hope that the dynamic spirit of Ed McMahon will live on in the work of young Kaani, although he is a cliff diver, not an announcer, by profession. But if not through him, the memory of McMahon will still burn in the hearts of millions of youths in the world who strive to be second-best at anything. Still, it may be weeks before we see another like Ed, for it will take a big man to fill his shoes, and perhaps two to fit his pants. As his longtime associate and best friend Johnny Carson noted, "Ed McMahon has left a huge void in our lives that can only be filled by Doc Severinsen, or, if he's out of town, Tommy Newsom." Hiyo. □

Circus-sideshow hierarchy notes: Persons biting the heads off chickens are geeks. Persons biting the heads off geeks are peeks. Chickens biting the heads off insects are cheeks. Insects biting the heads off plants are eeks.

The party stirs with

Seagram's



Seagram's 7 really knows how to throw a party. Whether you mix it with cola, 7UP®, or your own favorite, it makes for the most refreshing occasions. Enjoy our quality in moderation.



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LOST?

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But you really don't need to be a diamond expert. You just need to go to the people who are: Zales.

Zales controls every diamond, every step of the way. We select our stones in the rough and cut them for maximum brilliance.

We polish and mount them by hand, in settings selected as carefully as the diamonds themselves. We even stand behind each ring with our ninety-day refund policy, a promise we wouldn't make if we thought you'd want to take us up on it.

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Rings shown priced from \$760 to \$16,025.

ZALES
THE DIAMOND STORE

IS ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW.



Deirdre Callahan: a biography

CIA AGENTS BLACK (WHO IS WHITE) AND WHITE (WHO IS BLACK) ARE ABOUT TO 'BORROW' DEIRDRE FOR A MISSION WHEN TWO SOVIET AGENTS APPEAR WITH THE SAME OBJECTIVE. P.S. DEIRDRE NOW WEARS A PAINTED CHEESECLOTH BAG TO COVER HER HIDEOUS FEATURES.



"KIND"? VHAS DAHT WHAT YOU VERRR ABOUT TO ZAY, MEIN FRRRIEND?

HOHENZOLLERN AND FELDSPAR OF THE EAST GERMAN SECRET POLICE!



JA, HOHENZOLLERN UND FELDSPAR AT—

"YOUR SERVICE"? WAS THAT WHAT YOU WERE ABOUT TO SAY?



DIGGLE AND HIRT OF BRITISH INTELLIGENCE!

YES, GENTLEMEN, DIGGLE AND HIRT AT YOUR SERVICE. NOW IF YOU WILL ALL BE SO—



DIGGLE AND HIRT OF BRITISH INTELLIGENCE!

YES, GENTLEMEN, DIGGLE AND HIRT AT YOUR SERVICE. NOW IF YOU WILL ALL BE SO—



CREPEAU UND MORESBY UFF CANADIAN INTELLIGENCE!

YES, CREPEAU AND —



DIGGLE AND HIRT ALREADY HAD THEIR TURN! SEE WHAT YOU'VE DONE, BLIND BOB! YOU MIXED UP THE WHOLE STORY! I HATE YOU, YOU DIRTY BLIND MAN!



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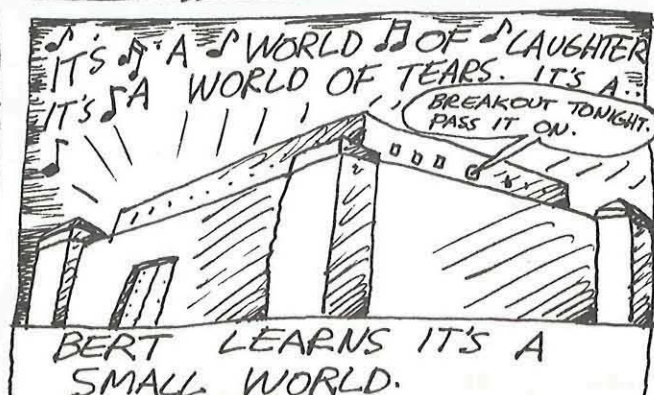
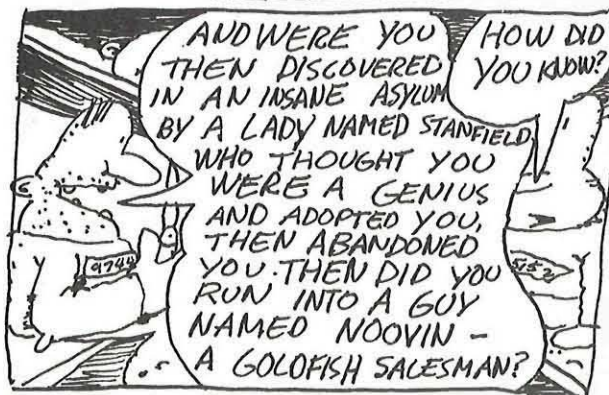
THE RIBBY BY

BY
Len Glasser
© 1981

CHAPTER 6

THE STORY SO FAR:

AFTER BEING TRIED AND FOUND GUILTY OF A SODOMY CHARGE - THE PLACING OF A SMALL AQUARIUM IN HIS PANTS - BERT IS COMMITTED TO A SENTENCE OF SIX MONTHS IN THE COUNTY WORKHOUSE.





NEXT MONTH: LEO GETS TOMATOES



FAMOUS COMIC ARTISTS SCHOOL

BY BRUCE COCHRAN

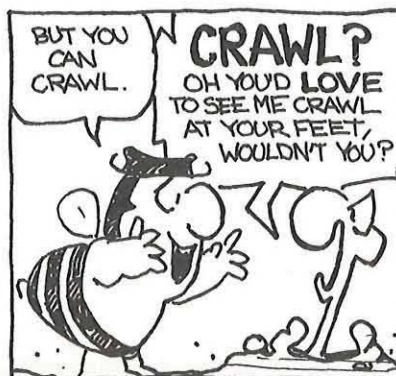
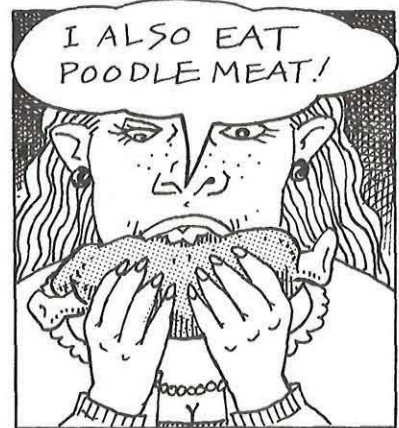
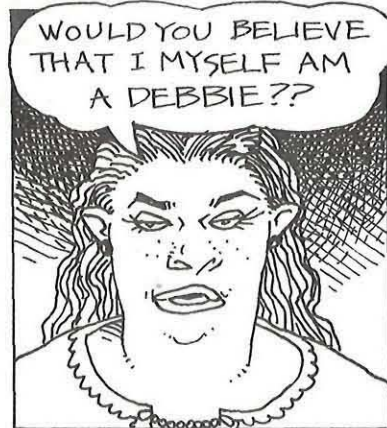
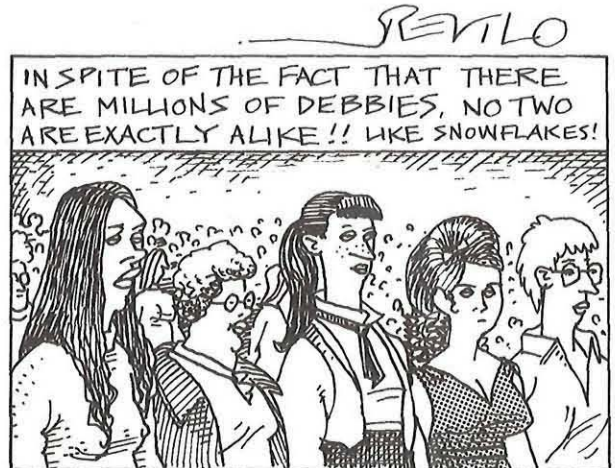
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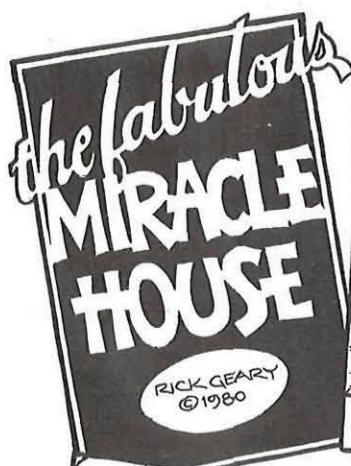
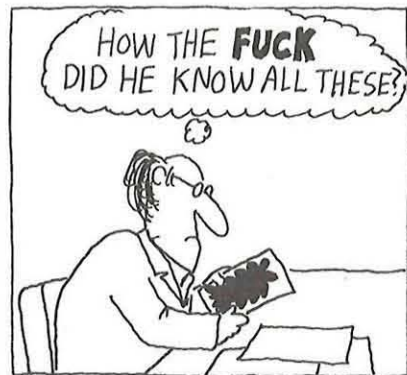
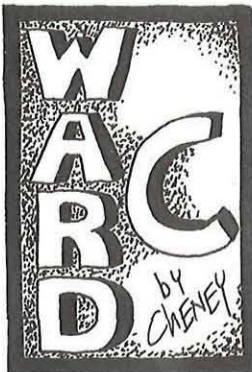
HOW TO DRAW NIGHT

THE ABILITY TO DRAW A NIGHT SCENE IS AN ESSENTIAL PART OF THE COMIC ARTIST'S REPERTOIRE. ERGO, YOU AIN'T SHIT WITHOUT IT. STUDY THE FOLLOWING EXAMPLE CAREFULLY AND PRACTICE 'TIL YOU GET THE HANG OF IT. AND DON'T BE DISCOURAGED. REMEMBER, ATHENS WASN'T BUILT IN A NIGHT!

NIGHT

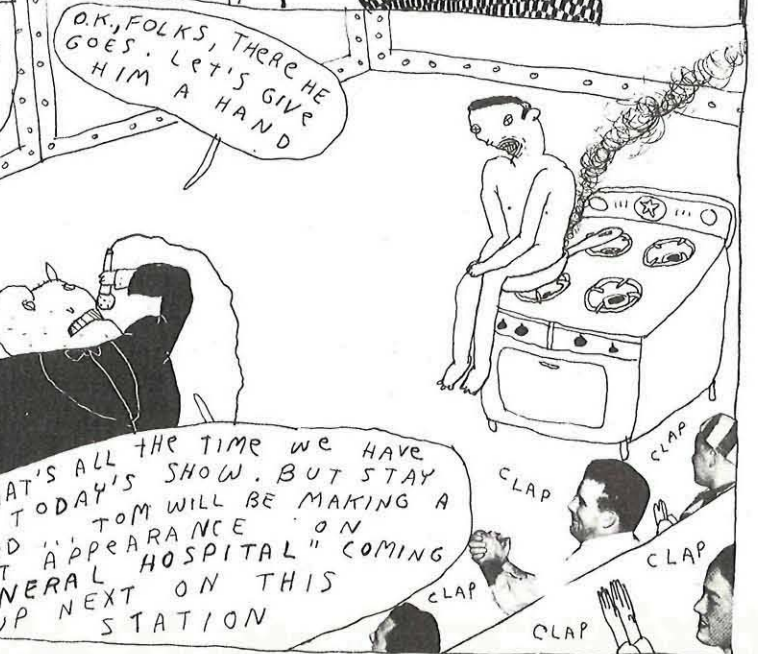
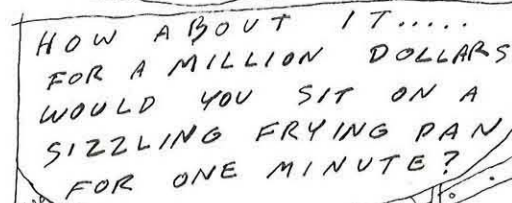
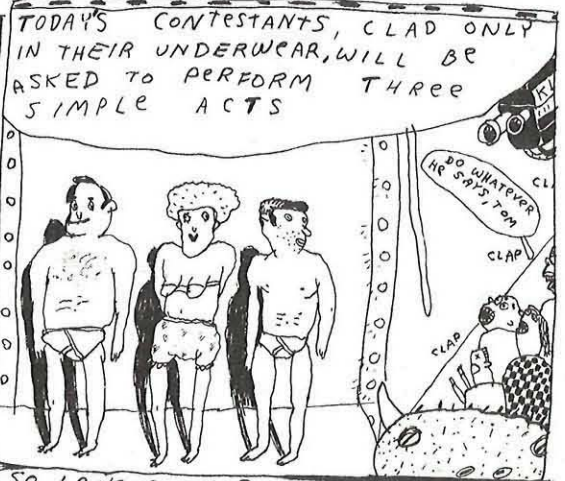
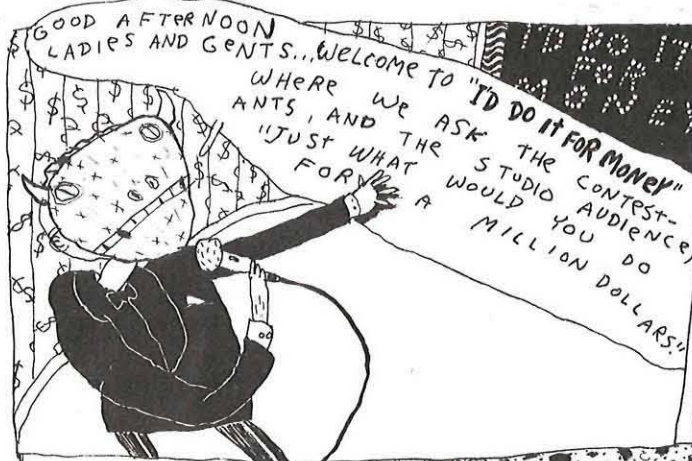
THAT SPECIAL SOMEONE

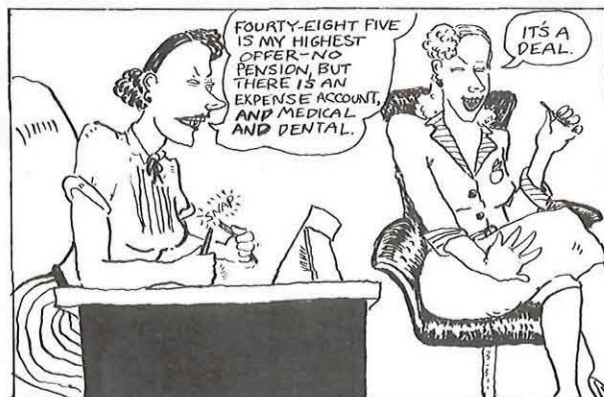
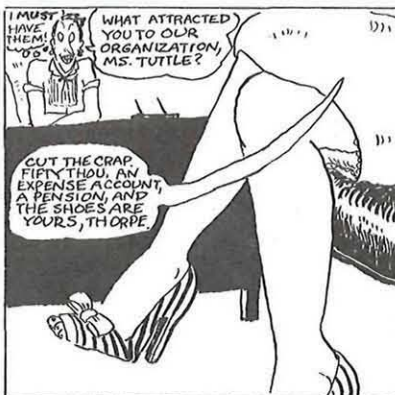
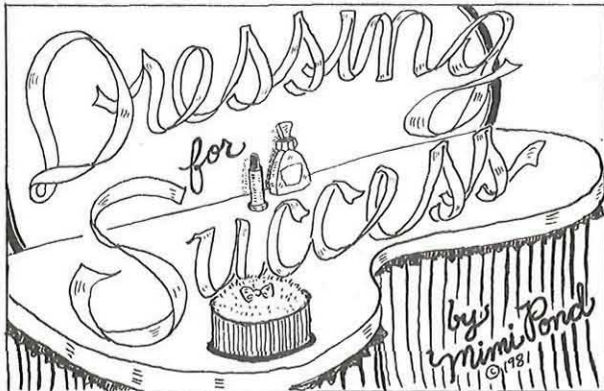




NEW WAVE COMICS

MARK MARK





ZEB ROKER ... THE HAIRY LITTLE MAN

BY HOLLINGER

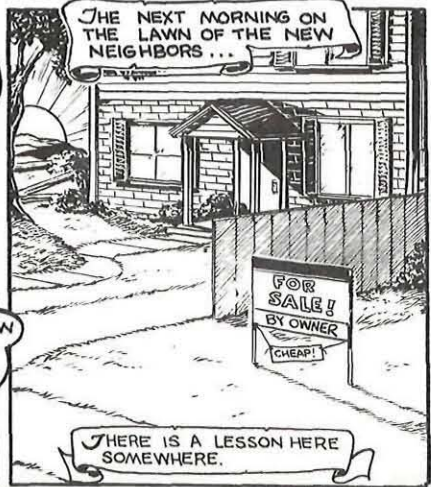
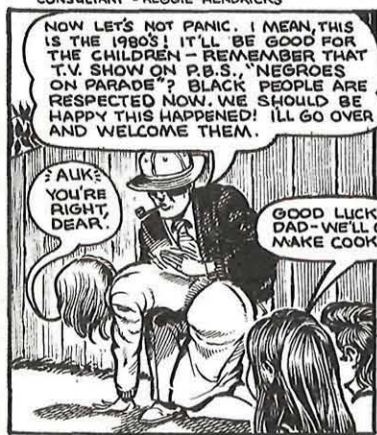
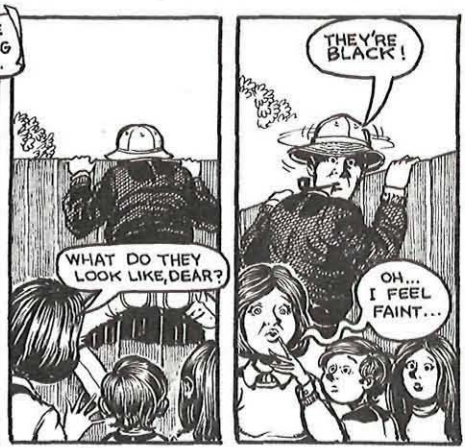


THE APPLETONS

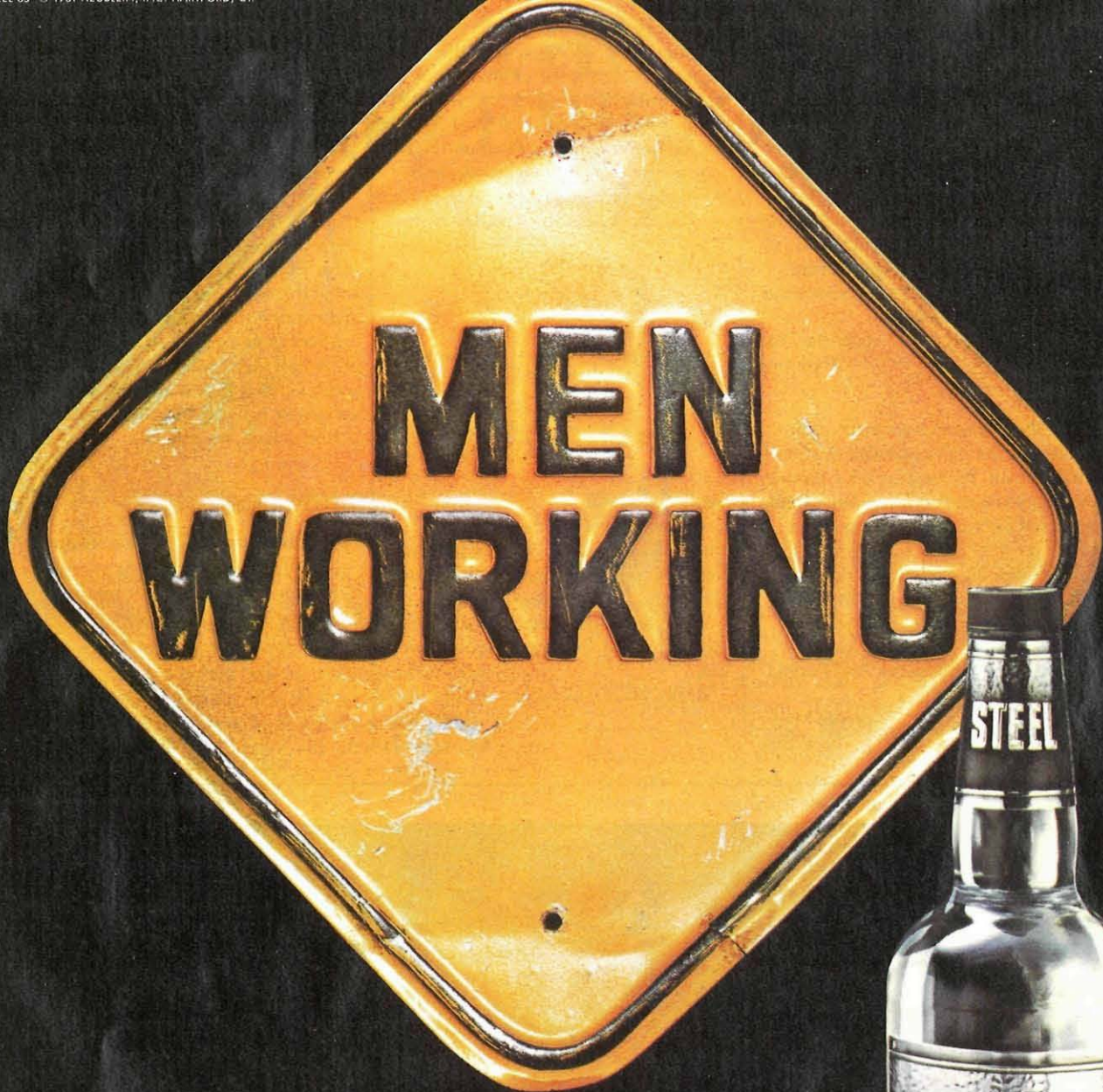
A Saga of an American Family



by - B. KUNTA KINTE TAYLOR
CONSULTANT - REGGIE HENDRICKS



© 1981 B. K. Taylor



Steel has a clean, polished peppermint taste. Smoother and less syrupy than you'd expect from a shot of schnapps. So after a hard day's work, pour yourself some Steel. The 85 Proof Schnapps.



LETTERS

continued from page 10

Sirs:

A very funny thing you can do is to take the windshield off your car, then drive down to a full-service gas station. The service attendant will inadvertently spray a whole bunch of window cleaner in your face before he realizes that the window isn't really there. Imagine the look on his face when he catches on. It's just about the greatest gag in the world.

Jake the Dud
Wyoming

Sirs:

Marilyn Monroe: every man's desire. We see her through a nostalgic mist, this child-woman. We long for her. I, for one, miss her so much that I have written one book and a photographic essay about her. I may write more. I, like you, wish Marilyn were alive today. But not too much, because, let's face it, if she were alive today, she'd be just another boozy, Valium-addicted neurotic recluse, well into her second childhood. And I would be a poorer man for it.

Norman Mailer
New York

Sirs:

I suppose it's possible that there exists a precedent for union employees voluntarily accepting a wage rollback. Just barely possible. But I'll bet you an octopus riding a French scooter through a Plexiglas pyramid during Lent that you can't find one.

Lee A. Iacocca, Chairman
Chrysler Corp.

Sirs:

El Salvador another Vietnam? Hey, it wouldn't hurt business one damn bit.

Country Joe and the Fish
Old Rockers Home
San Francisco, Cal.

Sirs:

Remember back in the seventies, when guys were going around admitting that they cried sometimes, and talked to plants, and just wanted to curl up in a woman's arms and be comforted? Well, I said all that shit, but only so I could get laid.

Really. I take it all back.

Biff White
Chicago, Ill.

Sirs:

We are what you call a buffer state. That's supposed to mean a place between two countries that fight a lot. The idea was for us to keep France and Germany from each other's throats.

Well, it hasn't worked out. Rather than keeping them apart, we've become a convenient place for them to fight. Every thirty years or so they come through here blowing things up and making a big mess. Not only that, but half of us are French and the other half Germanic; so when they aren't fighting here with each other, we're here fighting with ourselves.

Buffer state, my ass.


Belgium
Europe

Sirs:


I'll tell you the truth. I'm a forty-eight-year-old ex-hooker from the Bronx named Millie Goldstein. There, I feel much better now.

Charo
Las Vegas, Nev.

continued on page 99



When you escape to your special place in the sun, take along a JVC radio/cassette recorder. Our metal-tape RC-M70's powerful 4-speaker system makes your music as big as the great outdoors. With tapes recorded directly from your home turntable. Or any of 6 radio bands. You can choose our RC-M80 with electronically synthesized tuning. Or bask in 3-dimensional Biphonic™ sound with our RC-M60. JVC radio/cassette recorders. Take one when you take off. Visit a JVC dealer today.



Music in the middle of nowhere.

JVC
U.S. JVC CORP.
41 Slater Drive, Elmwood Park, NJ 07407
JVC CANADA, INC., Scarborough, Ont.

THE TELEVISION CODE



by
TOD CARROLL

PREAMBLE

Broadcasters' Responsibilities

Television is seen and heard in nearly every American home, bar, airport lobby, hotel room, military base, and prison. Sometimes it's only seen, as when, for example, the sound is broken, or only heard, as when the tube is blown or when viewers are out of the room, except in the case of convicts, who cannot simply leave the room but may have been blinded in a fight. Viewers include children of all ages, all colors and shapes, embracing all varieties of philosophic or religious conviction, including some of the more macabre aspects of the satanic Cainite sect and worship of fish guts. Dogs, cats, parakeets, gerbils, and insects also watch television. Television broadcasters must therefore take this pluralistic audience into account in programming their stations. What is good for spiders, for example, may not necessarily be good for microcephalic pinheads, with the exception of liquefied food.

Advertisers' Responsibilities

The free, competitive American system of broadcasting, which presents entertainment, news, sports, education, culture, and, on cable, guys beating off is supported by, and slavishly, lickspittlingly dependent upon, revenues from advertising. While television broadcasters are responsible for the content of their programming, an equal obligation falls upon the advertiser to sponsor only those programs that appeal to purchasers of his product. It would be silly, for instance, to advertise precious gems during an all-boogaloo talk show for seething boogaloos from urban boogaloo-town. Viewers in this case could not be expected to respond to the commercial, except in the possible manner of killing the operator of a jewelry store and stealing his gems, a result that obviously fails to justify the cost of the ad. Advertisers who spend their money judiciously serve not only themselves but also audiences who would like to see boring minority-panel discussions starved off the air. Furthermore, advertisers should present their messages in an honest, responsible, and tasteful manner. Images appealing to base or demented emotions or depicting the eating of live spiders are, generally, prohibited.

Viewers' Responsibilities.

Television viewers also have an obligation to help broadcasters serve the public. All criticisms and suggestions about programming and advertising should be directed to the broadcast licensee. Secretaries or switchboard operators are not usually the licensee; the license is more likely held by the owner or general manager of the station, and it is that person alone who should be approached. If he is inaccessible at his office, then try him at home. He should have a large, very expensive home, which the viewer might enjoy seeing firsthand. It probably has a circular driveway and a rather imposing front door, possibly shaded by a portico. Drive right up to the front door, ring the bell, and ask to see the licensee. If he refuses to appear, cut his electrical and telephone lines. Gather a mob. Light torches. Beat sticks and garbage-can lids against the windows. Set fire to cars and crash them into the house. When the licensee finally presents himself, insist that your discussion be held while roaming from room to room. Open closets and drawers; sift randomly through financial records, pharmaceuticals, clothing, linens, tableware, mementos, and other personal effects. Leer at the licensee's wife. Remand her to the basement with irregularly proportioned men until the licensee acts on your criticisms and suggestions. Leave by the back door.

Title I. PRINCIPLES GOVERNING PROGRAM CONTENT

§1.01 General Goals

It is in the interest of television as a vital medium to broadcast programs that are innovative, demonstrate a high degree of creative skill, treat worthy moral and social issues, or give the audience a hard-on. Challenging concepts should be presented, emphasizing matters that relate to the world in which the viewer lives—a monstrous, terrifying world of immitigable violence, hunger, disease, revolution, treachery, greed, and hard-ons. Of course, there are some whose world experience is different, as in the case of agoraphobic zombies who never leave their homes or their televisions. Broadcasters have a duty to inform such individuals of the monstrous and terrifying violence, hunger, dis-

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ease, revolution, treachery, greed, and hard-ons swirling like black demons all around them.

§1.02 Responsibly Exercised Artistic Freedom

To achieve these desired goals, television broadcasters are expected to assess the needs, interests, and aspirations of the communities they serve; and, further, recognizing the certainty that most of these desires are ill-conceived and unrealizable fantasies, broadcasters should eschew them in favor of the more basic enterprise of giving the community a hard-on. A difficult challenge to broadcasters lies in the determining of how explicitly to present their material. It is well established that some viewers grow hard at the slightest stimulation, while others require lingering, lurid images of marked depravity. Clearly, the latter group has reason to object to programs that succeed in arousing only the former, while the former has equal basis for complaint if a program intended to satisfy the latter reviles the former and, conceivably, puts the group off its hard-on. Because this disparity of threshold can be particularly embarrassing on the frequent occasions when it occurs in the same household, as between parents and children, it is the obligation of broadcasters to present both audio and video advisories noting the sexual content of a potentially controversial program. Standard forms for such advisories are as follows:

DUE TO THE DEGENERATE, OFTENTIMES SADISTIC, MORBID, AND VIRULENT PREOCCUPATION OF THIS PROGRAM WITH SEX, VIEWERS WHO FEEL THEY MIGHT CRACK A BONER IN FRONT OF OTHER MEMBERS OF THE FAMILY, AND FIND THIS EMBARRASSING, ARE ADVISED TO CONSIDER FORGOING THIS PROGRAM.

DUE TO THE TRANSIENT, INCONSEQUENTIAL, AND FREQUENTLY OBFUSCATED NATURE OF THE SEX IN THIS PROGRAM, VIEWERS WHO ARE NOT EASILY INDUCED TO CRACK A BONER ARE ADVISED TO CONSIDER FORGOING THIS PROGRAM.

Title II. RESPONSIBILITY TOWARD CHILDREN

§1.01 Veracity; Horrors of Life; Lassie and Timmy

Broadcasters have a special responsibility to children. It is indispensable to recognize the uniquely competitive and dangerous character of American life and the importance of offering programs that introduce the child in an incremental, veracious manner to the realities of adulthood. Nowhere is this precept more vividly elucidated than in the case of *Estate of Roy Don Strock v. National Broadcasting Company, Lassie Productions, Inc., et al.*, a suit brought for wrongful death before the Superior Court of Los Angeles County, California, and subsequently appealed. The opinion of the appellate court reads, in part:

According to facts established at the trial, Roy Don Strock had, as a child, regularly viewed the television program "Lassie" and was described by his parents and siblings as having been impres-

sionably and trustingly influenced by the actions of its central human character, known as "Timmy," a highly moral and ingenuous young boy approximately the same age as Roy Don. In an episode of this program that Roy Don's mother averred was her son's favorite, Timmy was shown to have overheard a group of "suspicious men" plan to steal a neighbor's hay. Upon attempting to dissuade the conspirators, Timmy was instructed to "keep quiet about this or [they would] kill [his] dog." Timmy nevertheless reported what he heard to the police and, upon apprehension of the would-be thieves, was broadly commended for having served the ends of justice at great peril to himself and his dog. Twenty years later, Roy Don became involved in a series of events that the plaintiffs contend were closely parallel to the plot of the program aforescribed. Roy Don purportedly overheard a scheme devised by a syndicate of men to trade sophisticated weapons to revolutionary terrorists in Central America for vast amounts of heroin and other dangerous drugs—a trade that the syndicate never intended to complete but rather to offer as a pretext to lure the rebels into a trap, steal their drugs, and murder them. Just as Timmy confronted the wrongdoers who sought to purloin his neighbor's hay, so did Roy Don, according to the plaintiffs, inform members of the syndicate that he would report their activities to the police, whereupon Roy Don was executed with six bullets to the head and dropped into a well. * * * In that this court finds overwhelming evidence that the defendant television companies grossly misled Roy Don and other children his age with respect to the true, foreseeable realities of everyday life—having irresponsibly inculcated Roy Don with patently false, whimsical, and foolhardy perceptions that caused him to expose himself to lethal danger—the defendants must share liability for his demise and be held accountable for such contributory damages as may be assessed by the lower court.

Title III. SPECIAL PROGRAM STANDARDS

§1.01 Violence; Conflict

Violence, physical or psychological, should be depicted in accurate form, as opposed to, for example, stylized or improbable assaults by persons too obese, old, clumsy, diminutive, or enfeebled to credibly exert the force or inflict the damage represented. Accordingly, preposterously abbreviated or effortless judo "moves" ascribed to overweight private investigators, tiny females in the grasp of fiercely powerful rapists, and the like are proscribed. Conscientious attention should also be given to the "cause and effect" of the violence, with respect particularly to the degree of injury shown to result from various forms of combat. Ferocious punches delivered to the face, accompanied by distinctively brutal sounds, for example, should split open the flesh and release a substantial jet of

blood; large-caliber projectiles discharged at close range are expected to obliterate a considerable portion of the victim's body and simultaneously slam the remainder into a wall; cranial batteries accomplished with furniture, shovels, ceramic vessels, and the like should generally rupture the skull and cause death or permanent coma and paralysis.

§1.02 Ricochets

Prudence should be exercised in the attribution of ricochet sounds to the impact of projectiles. The heightened sensation to be obtained from this unique noise should not be exploited to the detriment of reality; bullets seen to enter persons, animals, or similarly yielding and ductile objects, clearly incapable of producing the glancing *zing!* associated with metal and rocks, should be muted accordingly.

§1.03 Presidential Assassinations

Videotape recordings of the president of the United States being shot may be broadcast from a single tape machine only; that is to say, takes to other program sources while rewinding the tape must not be circumvented by the racking of multiple copies of the tape on separate machines and the running of one after the other in uninterrupted succession until the tapes break.

§1.04 Antisocial Behavior; Crime

Consistent with national statistics, nine-tenths of all crimes should be portrayed as having been committed successfully and with impunity. And although wrongdoers may from time to time appear as pocked, misshapen, nevus-faced psychopaths, broadcasters should avoid generalizing the criminal milieu. The case of *Ethel Kennedy v. Jack Webb*, *Mark VII Productions* is illustrative.

UNITED STATES COURT OF APPEALS, 1ST CIRCUIT, 1980. Appellant claimed her reputation was defamed by appellee's dramatic television series "Dragnet," wherein the mothers of public offenders were repeatedly and designedly characterized as slovenly, jaded crones, indifferent to the conduct of their children and signally glad to be rid of them. Such women frequently appeared in stained housecoats at midafternoon. A question typically put to investigating detectives, "Can I offer you gents a beer?," evinced particular disregard on the part of these women for the integrity of police in specific and the law in general. Following the arrest of Mrs. Kennedy's son for the procurement and use of heroin in the Harlem section of New York City, the appellee testified that she was spurned by her friends and associates, who, having an admitted familiarity with Webb's program, allegedly imputed to Mrs. Kennedy the unsavory taint ascribed to mothers of criminals therein. * * * Concededly, all criminals and their relations cannot be factually labeled as social and physical sluggards; however, the verdict of the lower court is reversed on the ground

that the appellee's sister-in-law, Joan, may have prejudiced the jury by appearing at the trial in a stained housecoat, drinking a can of beer.

§1.05 Self-destructive Behavior; Drugs; Gambling; Alcohol

a) Narcotics addiction shall not be presented except as universal. Illegal drugs should be shown to vary significantly as to quality and value. Fraudulent or injurious practices on the part of sellers of narcotics shall never be encouraged, nor, in the case of children, should programs depicting such practices be instructive.

b) The use of gambling scenes or instrumentalities is to be avoided, especially when accompanied by frantic saxophone music and swirling montages of casino lights, because these scenes are boring, most notably the baccarat. Cartoon programs wherein spinning slot-machine fruit appears in the eyes of a stunned character are, conversely, oddly amusing and should be broadcast routinely.

c) The use of liquor and cigarettes in program content shall be consonant with the functional requirements of characters. Military personnel may be depicted as drinking or intoxicated at all times, whereas important professionals and civil servants should not be shown to be continuously drinking unless such act or condition enhances the entertainment value of the program.

§1.06 Sports Programs

Grave sporting disasters, including but not limited to the dramatic tumbling and explosion of race cars, the fatal or near fatal collision of ski jumpers, football players, racehorses, and toboggans, the exceptionally vicious and feral destruction of prizefighters, and the large-scale brawling of hockey and baseball players should not be abridged by commercial interruption, diversionary camera angles, censorious commentary, or any other act or omission, by video, sound, or spoken word, that might in any manner disturb the lucid and complete broadcast of such disaster, from the instant of its occurrence to the conclusion of each individual catastrophe arising therefrom, including paramedical resuscitation, hospital surgery, autopsy, and burial and augmented when feasible by technical descriptions of such hazardous or esoteric procedures as may be performed beyond the range of the camera, including burn grafts, amputations, facial reconstruction, and, in the case of racehorses, bullets passing through the heads of other well-known horses.

§1.07 Jim McKay

Sports announcer Jim McKay shall be constrained from broadcasting for more than thirty-six continuous hours and, in any event, shall be relieved at the first indication of unconsciousness.

§1.08 Local Sports Announcers

It should be recognized that the limited funds allocable by most local stations for news broadcasting pre-

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clude, as a practical matter, such stations from attracting a high caliber of personnel on the basis of salary alone. Accordingly, when remotely plausible, inducements must be put forth that encourage the perception by local newsmen that they will be observed by the network at some future time and offered a handsome contract. Local sportscasters, however, are not readily deluded in this manner, owing to the obviously limited use of sports reporters at the network level; therefore motivations other than career potential must be exploited. A fruitful recruiting alternative is to be found in the psychological makeup of persons wholly unsuited for the performance of athletics who desperately—almost more than they can bear—want to so perform and, resultantly, channel their hopeless aspirations into the gushing hero worship of athletes, the imitative enthusiasm and manfulness of speech, and, ultimately, the obsessive reporting of sports events in high-school newspapers. Such individuals have proven to be of the precise aberration of mind most effectively utilized by low-paying local broadcasters. Hence, viewers demanding an explanation as to the oddness, or “nerdiness,” of local sports broadcasters should be referred to this section of the Code and requested to indulge the local sports broadcaster as an economic expedient.

§1.09 Mental and Physical Disadvantages

Special precautions must be exercised with regard to demeaning or jeering at members of the audience who suffer from physical or mental abnormalities, with care taken that such derisions faithfully correspond to the manner in which deformed persons are ridiculed in actual practice. For example, a group of children shown to be abusing a cretin dwarf should not maliciously entreat him to point to his thyroid gland, on the presumption that most children are unaware of cretinism's association with thyroid and could not, therefore, be expected to utilize this information. A chant of “Melonhead,” on the other hand, is permissible.

§1.10 Human Relationships; Sex; Costume

The presentation of marriage, the family, and similarly fundamental human relationships should be rendered with sensitivity to sex and sexual connotation, except in the event that marital partners or members of their family are engaged in sex or its procurement. Then, it should give the viewer a hard-on. (See Section 1.01)

§1.11 Hillbillies

Sexual relationships between and among Appalachian or “hillbilly” families should be periodically presented, and these should be scored with “soft,” romantic music during scenes of a sexual nature between fathers and their retarded children, just for fun.

§1.12 Closed-Captioned Orgasmic Squeals

Typographic representation of noises emitted at the time of orgasm shall, for purposes of signaling the

occurrence of such event to hearing-impaired viewers having a “closed-caption” device attached to their television receivers, be standardized as follows: Middle-aged housewives (30–50): “Eeeeeeeee-aaaa-good-goodgood-aaah.” Young professional women (20–30): “Aaaaaaaaauugh.” Female juveniles (13–19): “Eeeeeh.” Prostitutes (13–50): “Uh.” Lesbian professional tennis players (18–35): “Uh-uh-uh-uh-ahk-ahk-gaaaaarowlllll-gak-gak-ugh-hhhunnnngk!”

§1.13 Female Genitals; Warning Buzzer

Each clearly distinguishable appearance of twin-mounded, vulviform contours at the groin of swimsuits, leotards, running shorts, or similar garments worn by attractive young females, or extreme close-ups of the tongue or nipples of same, shall be preceded by a buzzing sound of sufficient loudness and duration as to give reasonable notice to the viewer of the impending good shot, in the event his attention may have strayed from the program.

§1.14 Implied Sex; Presumption at Law; Entitlement to Hard-on

It is a well-settled precedential and customary canon that viewing audiences are entitled to have their units hardened by scenes, sounds, or language available to them on television. It is also acknowledged that certain reruns, of the whimsical type made in earlier years, do not proffer such explicit material. In such instances a presumption exists at law wherein erotic or degenerate sexual behavior is deemed to have transpired while characters are “off camera.” Thus construed, viewers may, at their discretion, conjure whatever mental images they desire. A case seminal to the doctrine of implied sex in television programming is *Frank Lurd v. Ozzie Nelson Productions, Inc.*

U.S. COURT OF APPEALS, 9TH CIRCUIT, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA. Plaintiff Lurd, a coal miner, was in the habit of “decompressing” from his job by watching television. When assigned to a swing shift, however, Lurd found that his program selection was reduced to old, often dated films and episodic series. As a consequence, he became a regular viewer of the “Ozzie and Harriet” show, produced by the defendant, who, according to Lurd's complaint, “failed to incorporate within his program a level of sexuality sufficient to excite.” Lurd alleged that his frame of mind began to deteriorate, that he suffered increasingly from bouts of frustration, displacement, and anxiety. “I was used to getting a good boner every day after work,” he testified, “and I didn't get nothing from ‘Ozzie and Harriet.’” In time, Lurd's disposition worsened; he was eventually fired from his job and placed under psychiatric care. * * * In his defense, Nelson argued the paramountcy of the imagination in achieving sexual arousal, a claim supported by the testimony of several witnesses, each of whom had viewed scenes from “Ozzie and Harriet” and described to the court a variety of

continued on page 86

shoving it to within an inch of J.J.'s dilated pupils. "Who's 'Bob' and what's the connection?"

"Bob Brustein, Alan's agent. We give him ideas and stuff all the time." "We?"

"Oh, yeah...dude's got hisself lots of us stars in his pocket. Me, Eva, Rose Marie... Herve was one, too..."

I got the address and ducked a leather owl Eva had winged at J.J. As I went down the steps, I heard a rapid exchange of the usual four-letter words. It was like listening to a demented "Password" game for the sub-90-IQ set.

I gunned the car into the parking lot and raced up the stairs to Brustein's office. Outside, reading a movie magazine, sat a gin-soaked, gum-snapping secretary of fifty-plus, surrounded by pictures of Brustein with beaming clients. I noticed Topo Gigio among them. What alley had the plucky rodent slunk off to, I wondered as I lowered my shoulder into the crone's gut.

I burst in on Brustein taking a meeting with a client. At least that's what he probably would have called wrapping rope around the slumped piece of meat that had once answered to the name of Rose Marie. The smell of chloroform hung in the air.

"What kind of package are you putting together now?" I asked as I swung him around hard.

He eyed me coolly. "No package. Just getting rid of this declining female has-been, a former wisecracking co-star of a comedy TV series featuring a popular alcoholic. Here, give me a hand!"

I gave that thought a tryout in the sticks of my brain. I told him that from where I stood, it looked like murder one for the deaths of Herve, the skipper, and now Rose Marie. He countered by saying he could easily cop an insanity plea, telling how crazy they were all driving him, getting sloshed at the restaurant and coming back to him with yellow legal note pads full of bad project ideas and unreasonable demands for spots in specials, miniseries, and TV movies that were now the proving ground for other up-and-coming has-beens. "A few drinks and they think they're Marlon Fucking Brando."

As for killing nonentities in the Hollywood power game, he vowed never to do it again. He'd have his tele-

phone number changed with alarming frequency so that the pesky stars wouldn't be able to reach him. Live and let live, that was his new motto. Besides, who would miss these people?

He offered me a glass of bourbon, and we got down to business. Pulling conspiratorily on my tie, he intimated that he'd been watching me a long time and wondered why I'd ever gotten out of the business in the first place. I'd worked up a blush that a dump-truckful of makeup couldn't hide when he told me that I had the potential to be the most glittering second-rate star in his burned-out galaxy. He offered to throw in an original signed lithograph of dogs shooting baskets, to sweeten the deal.

I nodded my head cautiously. The man was crazy...just crazy enough, I decided.

"I want a minor part as a superficial-lawyer type in the new Goldie Hawn and Benji movie. Also, regular opportunities to sing off-key songs and tell boring, self-serving anecdotes on the John Davidson show. Plus a three-picture development deal for my secretary. She has an idea for a movie about a female astronaut that America can't wait to fall in love with. And your word not to butcher needlessly again."

"Done," he said, extending his hand. "Now let's have some help with this one. She's heavier than she looks."

I thought about a lot of things back in my apartment over the next few weeks, mostly at night as the lights of L.A. twinkled below. For every light that shines there's some kid out in the Midwest who can't wait to be the next Allen Ludden or Penny Marshall. I thought about a midget and a fat man and a woman heavier than she looked that I'd helped to surreptitiously kick into the reservoir. But mostly I thought about the John Davidson show, and Mike, and Merv—a magic troika that brings out the kid in all of us. The word at Charo's Bar and Grill had Lana landing a guest shot on "The Love Boat" as a blind cocktail waitress who falls in love with a Princeton ichthyologist, so I knew the strong winds of mediocrity had favored her sail. Maybe we'd run into each other again on one of the talk shows. I felt good as I lifted the tumbler of whiskey to my mouth and let the amber fluid work its charm. Things were looking up for Bert Convy.

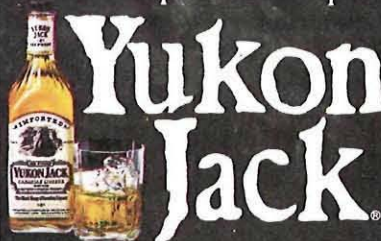
There's a race of men that don't fit in,
A race that can't stay still;
So they break the hearts of kith and kin,
And they roam the world at will.

Robert Service*
The Men That Don't Fit In



A one hundred proof potency that simmers just below the surface. Yet, so smooth and flavorful, it's unlike any Canadian liquor you've ever tasted. Straight, mixed, or on the rocks, Yukon Jack is truly a spirit unto itself.

The Black Sheep of Canadian Liquors.



100 Proof Imported Liqueur
made with Blended Canadian Whisky.

Yukon Jack Imported and Bottled by Heublein Inc., Hartford, Conn. Sole Agents U.S.A.: © 1907 Dodd, Mead & Co., Inc.

TELEVISION CODE

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strikingly filthy acts of sodomy and sadism that they visualized the Nelsons performing during a commercial. Indeed, this court is not without its own imaginings as to the iniquitous, doglike perversity of Ozzie and Harriet in their private lives—imaginings hotter, we venture, than anything it is possible to stage before a camera. * * * It is, in the view of this court, inimical to the ends of justice to punish Nelson for failing to present substantive hard-on material in his programs when most viewers can get one just as easily without it.

§1.15 Pluralism; Minorities

Material relating to sex, race, color, age, creed, or national or ethnic derivation should be presented with special sensitivity, especially in futuristic or "space" programs where audiences are led to believe that an extraordinary homogenization of all peoples on earth has accompanied the advent of knowledge, truth, brotherhood, and hideous, squamate invaders from another universe who threaten to destroy the planet. The aliens shall have faceted, jewellike eyes and long tails. They should communicate with the planetary government at the outset of the program and propose a deal. The government's chairman should recognize the offer as hollow and assign a Negro, a Celt, an Uzbek, an Oriental, and a lithe, pink-faced blond from Colorado to intercept the aliens before they attack. The Negro should be difficult to find because he is on location with his vocational telecommunications class, operating a small video camera while several of his classmates pretend to be television reporters. One of them should be a fat girl with asymmetrical hair and dirty

shoes; she should continually lose her place and laugh at having done so. "What the fuck yo' doin'?" the Negro should inquire, giggling, idly cranking the zoom back and forth until it breaks. When the Negro is eventually found and joined with the crew aboard the spacecraft, he should immediately hit on the girl. She should shove him and create an obnoxious scene. She should be one of those women who assert all of their rights with a running legal commentary. "That was an assault against my person," she should shout officiously at the Negro. "And these people are my witnesses." As the ship hurtles through space, closing on the aliens, the Uzbek should step in to protect the girl from the Negro, in the hope that she will pork him later on. He should be a dense, musky, incompetent military lifer with yellow-stained teeth and the nervous habit of picking at his cuticles until blood flows. He should fail to regard signals from the aliens while clumsily attempting to interdict the Negro. The Negro should cut him badly with a knife. The Celt should notice the alien transmission and declare that it is an offer of truce. He should breathe a grateful litany of saints, go to his quarters, and get drunk. The Negro should rape the girl at knife-point, then start playing loud dance music over the ship's intercom. As a result, no one should hear the next message from the aliens, a reiteration of the message interpreted by the Celt to be an offer of truce but in actuality a deadly challenge. The Negro should suddenly decide to make ten thousand dollars worth of personal long-distance calls over a government radio line, while the Celt attempts a crude, drunken pass at the girl, terrified and trembling on a catwalk. The aliens should fire torpedoes at the ship. The Oriental should see them coming and kill himself. The ship should blow up.

§1.16 Obscenity; Profanity

It is incumbent upon the broadcaster to observe and reflect with special acuity the cultural texture of the community. Indigenous forms of expression, including dialectal or linguistic style, should be accurately represented, particularly with respect to native usage of the word *fuck*. The arbitrary imposition of so-called eastern or Hollywood variations is strongly discouraged, lest distinctive local forms become bastardized and perhaps lost forever. Pursuant to this sanction, "Eat a bowl of fuck" and "You fuck" are generally restricted from broadcast in all but the states of New York, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey. Exceptional responsibility inures to newsmen and the hosts of programs for children, for in each case the broadcaster is viewed with singular trust and credibility. For example, the application of *fuck* to news accounts, as in "There was a fucking spectacular escape at the county jail today," should be considered with regard to the amplificative nature of the word and the true nature of the story. An identical constraint obtains with children's shows, wherein products described as "fucking good for you" should be, in actual fact, significantly more nutritional than merchandise represented as merely "good for you."

§1.17 Hypnosis

a) The video image of Ted Koppel shall not be broadcast for more than fifteen continuous minutes during any twenty-four-hour period.

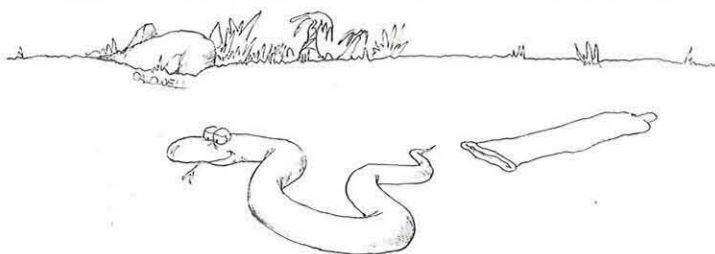
b) The transmittal of rotating pinwheels, high-frequency oscillations, swinging pocket watches, strobe flashes, and soothing commands to murder parents, overthrow governments, or perform degrading "parlor stunts" shall be presented for entertainment purposes only.

c) Hypnotists choosing to present themselves as the Devil or as related agents of darkness should abstain from the wearing of felt horns.

d) The being or beings controlling Ted Koppel shall never be shown on camera.

§1.18 Superstition; Pseudosciences

Children's necromancy programs wherein juveniles are solicited to



THE MALAYSIAN RUBBER SNAKE SHEDS ITS SKIN SEASONALLY.

continued on page 88

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can be
found
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HEAVY
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and other foreign countries.

TELEVISION CODE

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bring their pets to a studio for on-camera sacrifice and augural interpretation of their entrails should refrain from awarding prizes to children who by inference from the receiving of a prize might conclude that they will live to use it, when in fact omens from their dead pets signify otherwise. The intentional awarding of college scholarships, for example, to children who will not make it home from the studio is generally discouraged.

§1.19 Professional Advice, Diagnosis, Treatment

Physicians who advertise exotic cures, including carbolic smoke bombs, meat enemas, cosmic irradiation, model-railroading therapy, and bee wraps, or who substantiate their efficacy by displaying a collection of massive, sparkling, gold and diamond rings given to them by grateful patients, or who employ the aid of a talking marionette or bird, or who are not wearing a shirt, or who exhibit a hacking, consumptive cough and pound a counter-top service bell to emphasize their claims, or who promise to eat 100 hard-boiled eggs for every unsuccessful treatment, or who deliver their commercials from an office with crepe-paper streamers

attached to the air-conditioning vents, or who are wearing a set of retractable keys, or who are eating live spiders, should limit their on-air prescriptions to thirty 300mg tablets per viewer.

§1.20 Animals—Proper Treatment

Broadcasters should note the special fondness with which many viewers regard the Animals, also known as Eric Burdon and the Animals, a popular British rock group during the last half of the 1960s. Some of their early recordings—"House of the Rising Sun," "Bring It on Home," "San Franciscan Nights," and "Sky Pilot," to name a few—are still played and enjoyed today. Indeed, the Animals have assumed a permanent place in the pantheon of rock 'n' roll legends. Eric Burdon, the leader of the group, had a tough yet soulful approach to his music that was perfectly complemented by Barry Jenkins's first-class drumming and Hilton Valentine's gutsy lead guitar. Dave Rowberry, quiet by nature, certainly had plenty to "say" when his keyboards joined the melody; and after lanky Chas Chandler jumped in with his driving bass, there wasn't an ear that could resist the unique Animals "sound." Recognizing the important historic relationship of the Animals to modern music,

broadcasters are obliged to treat any and all surviving videotapes of the Animals with uppermost care, making every effort to store the tapes in their boxes, clean the heads on the tape machines before playing them, and otherwise act in a diligent manner to protect and preserve their quality for all viewers, now and in the future.

§1.21 Game Programs; Contests

Programs featuring the competitive killing of game for prizes must, in fact, be a genuine contest during which the game really dies and successful contestants actually win merchandise, services, or an opportunity to kill more Animals, including Eric Burdon, Barry Jenkins, Hilton Valentine, Dave Rowberry, and Chas Chandler.

§1.22 Misrepresentation, Deception, Rehabilitation of Prostitutes; PBS Public-Support Weaselings; Eric Severeid's Teeth

a) No program shall be presented in a manner that through artifice or simulation would mislead the audience as to any material fact, particularly in the depiction of law-enforcement or "vice squad" figures who become emotionally attached to prostitutes and resultantly succeed in disabusing them of the "high life" of their profession. Two cases, both tried and appealed in Ohio, are salient.

Lottie Rhey Herman v. Quinn-Martin Productions, Inc. OHIO COURT OF APPEALS, 1979. Miss Herman, a former prostitute, contended that events portrayed in an episode of the defendant's production "Streets of San Francisco" were wholly false and deceptive, and that decisions made by her that were influenced by the defendant's alleged misrepresentations caused the plaintiff to endure significant monetary and psychological hardship. According to transcripts of the episode at issue, San Francisco police detectives "Mike Stone" and his younger, more liberal and impetuous partner, "Buddy Boy," were assigned to protect a \$100,000-a-year call girl who had barely escaped death at the hands of a deranged prostitute killer. During the course of

continued on page 90





**A license to
drive doesn't
mean
a license to
drink.**

Don't drink too much of a good thing.
The Distilled Spirits Council of the United States.

1300 Pennsylvania Building, Washington, D.C. 20004

TELEVISION CODE

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duty, a close romantic association developed between Buddy Boy and the call girl, at the culmination of which Buddy Boy requested her to give up her unlawful, albeit exceptionally lucrative, career. Citing profound affection and respect for Buddy Boy, she complied, and was shown at the end of the program to have obtained new employment as a hostess at an outdoor cafe. Upon viewing these events, Miss Herman, whose income from prostitution was at the time in excess of \$100,000 per year, purportedly became inspired to reform her life, and hence dissociated herself from her "agent" and former clientele. It was only thereafter, when Miss Herman took a job as a restaurant hostess, that she was first informed of the vast disparity of income between her former occupation and restaurant hostessing. Within a short time, having exhausted her savings and alienated herself from her previous employers, the plaintiff was forced to quit her apartment, sell her belongings, and descend to a life-style grossly inferior to the level at

which she was emotionally prepared to survive. * * * Clearly, the reasonable and prudent viewer would not expect an apparently sane woman to surrender one job for another unless the latter paid the same or better than the former. Thus, Quinn-Martin's misrepresentation of the call girl as sane, and as having completely given up prostitution, could only serve to delude the viewer into believing that restaurant hostesses earn at least \$100,000 a year. In that Miss Herman, by all evidence presented at the trial, drew this conclusion in good faith, and acted upon it, the justness of her claim cannot be denied.

Ronee Prugh v. Quinn-Martin Productions, Inc.
OHIO COURT OF APPEALS, 1980.
Plaintiff Ronee Prugh, a restaurant hostess earning approximately three dollars an hour, allegedly considered becoming a prostitute until dissuaded by an episode of the defendant's program "Streets of San Francisco." * * * Reasoning that a sane woman would not leave her job to accept one that was lower-paying, Miss Prugh concluded that prostitutes earn less than

three dollars an hour, and thus elected to remain a hostess. Thereafter, upon discovery that prostitutes can actually earn \$100,000 a year or more, and having foreclosed her opportunity to become a prostitute by gaining large amounts of weight, Miss Prugh entered a state of deep depression. * * * Her entitlement to compensation is, in view of these facts, irrefutable.

b) Willfully misleading an audience to believe that fixed levels of contributions made by it to support a Public Broadcasting System station will result in the cessation of pleadings and weaselings by retired, broken-down actors and shit-eating local celebrities and "committee people" is considered contrary to the spirit of this section of the Code, except in such instances in which the audience intentionally denies money to the PBS station for the specific pleasure of watching its lineup of broken-down actors, celebrities, and "committee people" squiggle and grovel and debase themselves for nothing.

c) Directly or indirectly representing, identifying, labeling, or otherwise describing the brownish nubs in Eric Sevareid's mouth as teeth is generally discouraged. ☐

Save the Snail

From Cap d'Antibes to Valery-en-Caux
The French are eating escargots.
This humble, patient, earth-bound runt
Is all these Gallic cads can hunt.
Its shell's protection all in vain,
They dope it up with cheap champagne
Until the snail's too drunk to try
To flee a sizzling *beurre à l'ail*.
Then, with a "Pah!" and "Je m'en foute!"
The Frenchman swallows it, the brute.
He smacks his lips and rolls his prey
Around his palate, every way,
And finally, to complete the crime,
Dissolves the snail in gastric slime.
France, J'accuse! Enough, I cry.
How many gastropods must die
To satisfy your vicious taste
For boiled and buttered mollusk-paste?

Forget the eagle and the whale—
Allons, enfants! Let's save the snail!

—Brian Shein



MOST CAR STEREOS SHOULD NEVER LEAVE THE SHOWROOM.

No matter how powerful your receiver is, no matter how sensitive it is, once you hit the road, you're in for trouble.

It's a jungle out there. Mountains. Buildings. Tunnels. Telephone wires. They all add up to fuzzz, fading and overlapping stations. Some real ear-boggling interference.

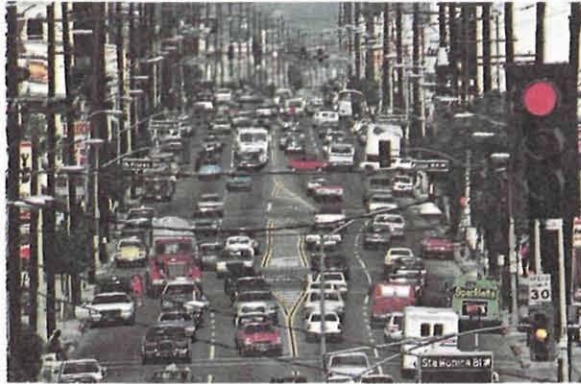
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TRUE SECTION

ON THE LEVEL



True Facts

• According to an article in *Convoy Dispatch*, the publication of a dissident Teamsters organization, Bryce Brown, a truck driver in Seattle Teamster Local 174, was being harassed by his employer, United Parcel Service. Management had allegedly sent Bryce a warning letter, which contained the following set of charges against him. "June 15, 1980—Bryce let a fart; June 22—Bryce made a remark to a customer about Post Office; July 1—Bryce let a fart; July 8—Bryce tells supervisor to shut up; August 1—Bryce locks supervisor in gate; August 10—Bryce let a fart, tells supervisor, 'Here's a kiss'; August 26—Bryce lets a fart; August 27—Bryce comments on supervisor's wife; September 15—Bryce says Larry Kain hates all blacks; September 17—Bryce calls supervisor 'spy of baby-sitter'; September 26—Bryce lets a fart."

In response, Bryce Brown claimed that the charges were "all extremely petty, and the majority of them are very disgusting." (contributed by Richard Stewart)

• A large man walked into a Tampa, Florida, coffee shop owned by Joseph Isriel and ordered five sandwiches. As Isriel was working on the sandwiches, the man reached over the counter and began stuffing meatballs into his mouth. "When I said something to him," said Isriel, "he told me he was going to shove me into a pickle jar; so I figured what the heck's a few meatballs. The guy had to duck coming through the door. He had shoulders that looked like they belonged on a Mack truck."

Isriel then asked the man if there would be anything else. "Yeah," he replied. "Give me the rest of your meatballs." Isriel handed him a bag of meatballs, then said, "What about my money?"

"Keep it," answered the customer. "I just want the food." Then he left. *Miami Herald* (contributed by Bob Mend)

• China's official Xinhua news agency has reported that seven people in Zhejiang Province have been discovered to have no hair or sweat glands on their bodies. Meanwhile, according to the same report, researchers at Liaoning University in northeast China are checking more than thirty other Chinese whose bodies are almost entirely covered with hair. *AP* (contributed by Randall M. Fort)

• A debate arose among Vatican authorities over what to do with the twenty-five

inches of intestine removed from the body of Pope John Paul II after the May 1981 attempt on his life. The question was whether or not to place the organ in the Sacra Praecordia, a church where the internal organs of dead popes are stored. Those organs, removed during embalming, are kept in terracotta jars in the basement of the church, near the Trevi Fountain. *Toronto Star* (contributed by John P. Fortin)

• Donald Lane, twenty-five, of Sinclairville, New York, was arrested after a South Buffalo woman complained that she had answered his ad for a baby-sitter and was told by Lane that the baby involved was himself. He allegedly handed her a type-written sheet of instructions on how to change his diaper. Police found other copies of the instructions in Lane's car, along with a large diaper. Lane told officers that he had found that the baby-sitting

ad was a good way to meet women. *Buffalo Evening News* (contributed by Joseph G. Seba)

• According to a story in *Case & Comment* magazine, a widow was sold \$29,000 worth of dance lessons by instructors who promised her trips to Hawaii and Las Vegas. The instructors also sent her flowers and escorted her to social occasions. But when she refused to buy more dance contracts, the instructors' attentions stopped, even though she still had 1,027 dance lessons to go. Meanwhile, during one dance lesson, an instructor stepped on and injured the woman's foot. Later, the same instructor threw the woman into the air while dancing and the widow broke two ribs when she landed. (contributed by Jeff Myers)

• A life-size inflatable doll was brought to the trial of an English police constable to demonstrate how he had fitted a black rubber mask over the face of a prostitute for a bondage sex session during which she died. When the defense attorney asked that the doll remain for cross-examination, a detective who was holding the doll said, "It appears to have a puncture, my lord." He then removed his finger from the puncture hole and the auburn-haired doll slowly deflated there beside the jury box. The doll then had to be spread-eagled over legal documents on a table so that officers could reinflate it. The presiding judge in the sadomasochistic manslaughter trial was named Justice Pain. *London Daily Telegraph* (contributed by Debbie Fisher)

PHOTO FOR THOUGHT



(contributed by Bob Ford, Bowling Green, N. Y.)

Locked in a cellar since 1978!

National Lampoon has had a myopic dwarf locked in a cellar since 1978 cutting, clipping, trimming, pasting, discarding, pulling out the very funniest stuff that appeared in the two years of *National Lampoon* from 1978 through 1980.

He's finished!
We shot him,
and what we
have left is:

National

Lampoon: The Good Parts 1978-1980

Best Of #9

BEST OF #9 —A collection of stories, cartoons, comics, and assorted drolleries from two years of *National Lampoon*. No home is Nome without this and a shoe stretcher.

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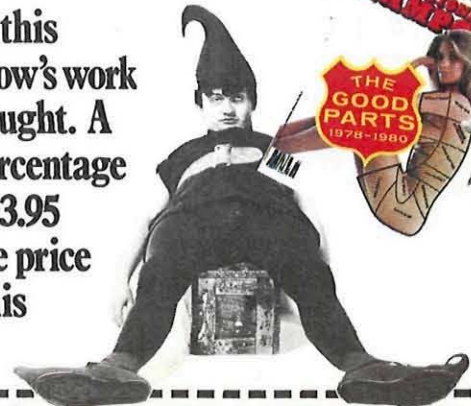
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Don't let this
little fellow's work
go for naught. A
small percentage
of your \$3.95
purchase price
goes to his
family.



T

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What's Your Sign?

Readers' Page



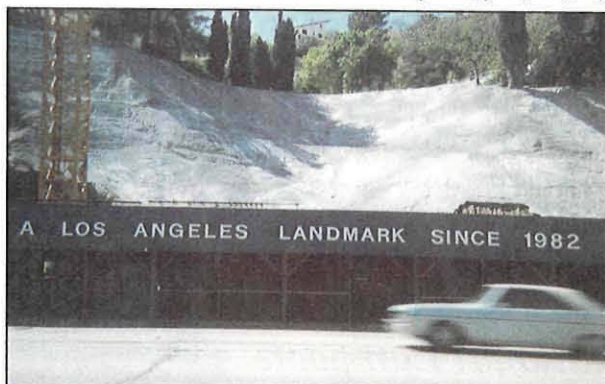
Crandall, College Park, Ga.



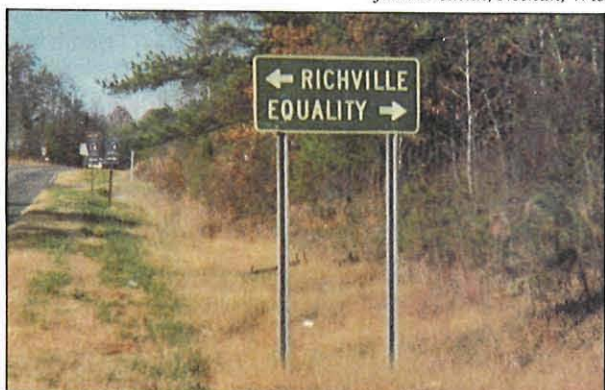
Avery Frost, Jersey City, N.J.



John F. Smith, Neehan, Wis.



Thomas M. Heeran, Van Nuys, Cal.



D. Beard, Pell City, Ala.



Jill Engels, Estes Park, Colo.



O. Rospide, Long Beach, Cal.



Chuck David, Boulder, Colo.

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We will print your favorite college mascot, your favorite baseball or football teams, or some of the most rudest sayings on our hats and shirts.

RUDE SAYINGS

1. I'M NOT WEARING ANY UNDERWEAR, FILM AT 11.
2. FREE MOUSTACHE RIDES (WITH ARTWORK)
3. BEND OVER, I'LL DRIVE
4. CHAMPION MOUSTACHE RIDER (WITH ARTWORK)
5. I RUDE THE MOUSTACHE (WITH ARTWORK)
6. I DON'T HAVE A DRINKING PROBLEM, I DRINK
7. PARDON ME, BUT YOU'VE OBVIOUSLY MISTAKEN ME FOR SOMEBODY WHO GIVES A SHIT
8. HEY LITTLE GIRL, WANNA PIECE OF CANDY?
9. HEY LITTLE BOY, WANNA PIECE OF CANDY?
10. SAVE OUR BEACHES...
11. HARPOON A FAT CHICK!
12. HAVE A NICE DAY, ASSHOLE!
13. FUCK YOU IF YOU CAN'T TAKE A JOKE
14. NO FAT CHICKS
15. NO FAT DICKS
16. WE OWE AT FIVE
17. WHY DON'T WE GET DRUNK AND SCREW
18. IN OUTERSPACE, NOBODY CAN HEAR YOU FART
19. THE MORE WE TALK, THE LESS TIME WE HAVE TO FOOL AROUND.
20. NO TEENIE WENIES
21. MINE'S BIGGER
22. I'D WALK OVER YOU TO SEE "THE WHIC"
23. IT'S HARD TO BE HUMBLE WHEN YOU'RE AS GREAT AS I AM
24. BOY, SURE LIKE TO TOUCH THOSE!
25. PARTY SIZE
26. 1980'S SLOW CARS—FAST WOMEN
27. I DO...
28. BUT NOT WITH YOU
29. LOVE ME 'TILL I SCREAM
30. I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD
31. I'M FOR LUST
32. SOUNDS LIKE BULLSHIT TO ME
33. I WANT A MEAL, NOT A SNACK!
34. ONE OF A KIND
35. DON'T LAUGH, COULD YOU DO BETTER IF YOU WERE BLIND?
36. GO POUND SAND!
37. SCHOOL SUCKS!
38. ASK ME IF I CARE
39. SNOW BLIND
40. LISTEN TO WHAT I MEAN, NOT WHAT I SAY.
41. TAKE THIS JOB AND SHOVE IT!
42. WHEN EVERYTHING'S RIGHT, NOTHING MATTERS
43. KART RACERS DO IT ON ALL FOUR.
44. MY FACE IS LEAVING AT NINE, BE ON IT.

COLLEGE MASCOT

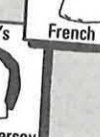
- 1S. ALABAMA, U. OF
- 2S. ARIZONA, U. OF
- 3S. ARIZONA STATE
- 4S. ARKANSAS, U. OF
- 5S. AUBURN UNIVERSITY
- 6S. CLEMSON UNIVERSITY
- 7S. COLORADO, U. OF
- 8S. DUKE UNIVERSITY
- 9S. FLORIDA, U. OF
- 10S. FLORIDA STATE
- 11S. GEORGIA, U. OF
- 12S. GEORGIA TECH
- 13S. HARVARD UNIVERSITY
- 14S. HAWAII, U. OF
- 15S. HOUSTON, U. OF
- 16S. ILLINOIS, U. OF
- 17S. INDIANA, U. OF
- 18S. IOWA, U. OF
- 19S. KANSAS, U. OF
- 20S. KENTUCKY, U. OF
- 21S. LOUISIANA STATE
- 22S. MARYLAND, U. OF
- 23S. MAINE, U. OF
- 24S. MICHIGAN, U. OF
- 25S. MICHIGAN STATE
- 26S. MISSISSIPPI, U. OF
- 27S. NEBRASKA, U. OF
- 28S. NORTH CAROLINA STATE
- 29S. OHIO STATE
- 30S. OKLAHOMA, U. OF
- 31S. PENN STATE
- 32S. PURDUE UNIVERSITY
- 33S. SOUTH CAROLINA, U. OF
- 34S. SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA, U. OF
- 35S. TENNESSEE, U. OF
- 36S. TEXAS, U. OF
- 37S. TEXAS A & M UNIVERSITY
- 38S. UNITED STATES AIRFORCE ACADEMY
- 39S. UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY
- 40S. UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY
- 41S. WASHINGTON, U. OF
- 42S. WASHINGTON STATE
- 43S. WISCONSIN, U. OF

TEAMS

- 1T. A'S
- 2T. ANGELS
- 3T. ASTROS
- 4T. BEARS
- 5T. BENGALS
- 6T. BILLS
- 7T. BLUE JAYS
- 8T. BRAVES
- 9T. BREWERS
- 10T. BRONCOS
- 11T. BROWNS
- 12T. BUCS
- 13T. CARDINALS
- 14T. CHARGERS
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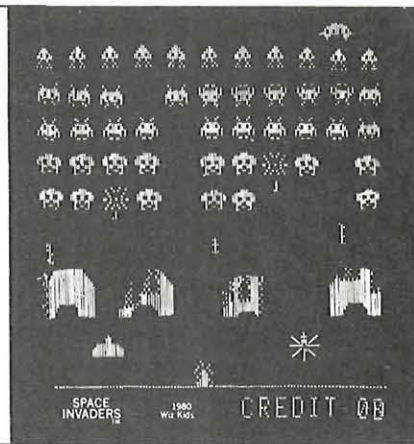
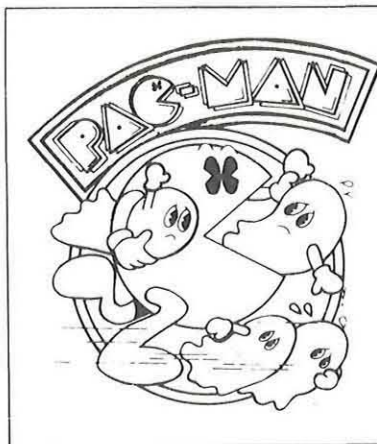
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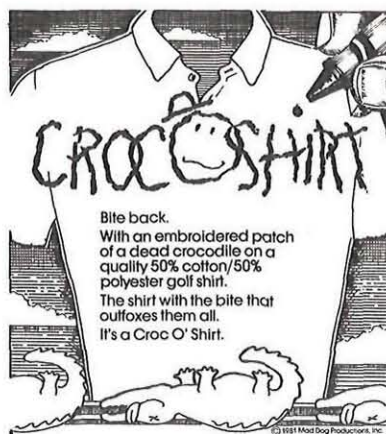
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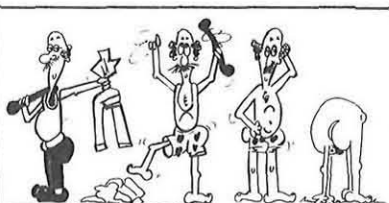
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Sirs:

Did someone say these aren't really my teeth? Baby, these are genuine Hollywood star teeth. Harder to get than a genuine Hollywood star's home, and more expensive. Originally they were custom-made for Rudolph Valentino from hand-carved albino Indian elephant ivory; and after him Tyrone Power owned them, and then Errol Flynn and Clark Gable. Even Burt Lancaster had them for a while, God knows how. And little Woody Allen's been trying to get his simpy gums under 'em for years, but who's selling? Erik Estrada had a set of imitations made up in Japan, TV stuff, not quite the same thing. Reflection off the plastic screws up the lighting something fierce. Nope, there's not another set like 'em in the world. Not mine? Baby, I got a receipt for these choppers that'd make your hair stand on end. Mine too, if I had any. Which reminds me, I wonder what they did with Valentino's hair.

Smilin' Jack Nicholson
Hollywood

Sirs:

The rumors that you might have heard about our producing a black version of *Hair* are true. Unfortunately, constant rows and nitpicking between lawyers and accountants have turned this whole project into one tangled, snarled, unruly mess that, frankly, will take some time to straighten out. But keep the faith.

Joe Papp
Don Cornelius
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

I got a cowboy hat and every Waylon Jennings tape ever made, I drink Bud like it's goin' outa style, I can downshift through twelve grindin' gears on a tight mountain switchback, and I been poppin' little white pills till my eyes are open wide. Now, if I just had a truck, I'd be all set.

Jim Osborne
Sherman Oaks, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

I have a compulsion to waste postage stamps.

Herman Floon
Arid, Arizona

Sirs:

I'm a geologist and I specialize in icebergs. Last year I flew up to the Johnson iceberg field in the Arctic. Johnson icebergs are being broken up, towed by boats to the Middle East, and sold to the Arabs for fresh ice and water. However, like most Americans, I'm pissed off at those camel kissers over there. So I ask myself, what can a pissed-off geologist do? Well, he can piss all over the Johnson icebergs, that's what he can do. Thousands of miles from here, maybe at this very minute, those guys are drinking Coke, or whiskey, or whatever they drink, and it's iced with pisscubes from a pissberg! Ah, revenge is sweet.

Jim Chizbits
Geology Dept.
Anchorage Junior College
Alaska

Sirs:

I'm an iceberg, and Johnson the Iceberg was my little brother, and nobody calls us pissbergs. I'm coming to get you, Chizbits. It may take time, but you've had it. Remember the *Titanic*.

Harvey the Iceberg
The North Pole

next month

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Revisionist

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NATIONAL LAMPOON

#2

CONTEST

How to Kill Ruth Gordon

The thing called Ruth Gordon has been a public nuisance for years. Known largely for bilious, upstaging performances in such mounds of trash Americana as *Where's Poppa?*, *Harold and Maude*, and *Every Which Way But Near the Rest Home*, the haggard, pancake-faced, cricket-voiced decaying fossil has hit Hollywood films the way a disease-laden housefly hits a windscreen at 100 per. Exhibiting the aggressive staying power of muscular maggots in southern climes, this Civil War curio has undeniably sullied this continent's gene pool and has brought to further censure the mass public's conception of the horrid disgrace of aging. Her portrayals of spunky corpses who don't have the public decency to know when to get buried have offered false hope to and perhaps unnecessarily extended the lives of thousands of char-brained flesh piles hitherto incapable of even mouthing the words of the latest Beef-a-Roni commercial.

Let us now put an end to this loathsome husk of humanfolk, the very fermentation of evil incarnate, in a move which future generations will praise with dulcet cries heavenbound. For in denying this orangutan impersonator further hacking, haltered breaths of life, we ourselves come that much nearer to godhead.

Please help us find a way to dispose of Ruth Gordon. A random poll of the editors has put forth this task as the second greatest problem facing Western culture today.

What follows is a list of suggestions funneled to us by the U.S. Air Force Special Weapons Team, a handpicked cadre under the direct supervision of our chief executive. The situation now appears too widespread for them to handle alone. Help us by adding to the list of suggestions offered here.

Winner Receives Free Subscription to Heavy Metal!



1) Wrap aging juvenile Bud Cort around a Black & Decker sander, clamping his mouth around his extended feet. Use initial approach to penetrate Ruth's flabby underbelly. After vital organs are exposed to atmosphere, painfully wear away sagging teat matter.

2) Remove her eyes and substitute them for phone jacks in the switchboard of a Travel-Rama hotel.

3) Rip out her tongue and have the Pittsburgh Steelers' front four fight over who retains it as a sweatband.

4) Attach a scoop to her nose and use her as an earth-moving device to excavate a mass grave site in El Salvador.

5) Take the hair of Lucille Ball and twist it strand by strand onto Ruth's in an abandoned warehouse. Transport the two crones to a national park via unmarked truck and have special agent Leon Spinks place them over a tree branch to use as speed bags.

6) Freeze the body, attach headlights, and substitute as a bobsled for the East Germans during their night run in 1984 Olympics.

7) Move her one foot to the left, one cell at a time, reassembling her to resemble as closely as possible a 3-D representation of late artist Pablo Picasso's *Guernica*.

8) Starve her for six weeks, wrap her in tinfoil, and brandish her as a spear during welcoming ceremony for the head of state of a friendly African republic.

9) Sedate her heavily, braid her hair into pigtails, and send her on summer-stock tour as nymphet in *Lolita*. Audience revulsion should lead to slow death from hurled bottles.

10) Remove her brain, press it between the pages of a dictionary for ten years, take it out, dye it green, and put it in the lapel of Ted Kennedy's coat on Saint Patrick's Day, 1991.

Please write, in fifty words or less, how you would dispose of Ruth Gordon. All entries will be carefully screened for feasibility and slowness of death agony. Neatness counts. The proper agencies will see that you are rewarded for your efforts. In case of a tie, special orbiting lasers will segment the body, with the appropriate punishment offered to each section.

Send to:

How to Kill Ruth Gordon
635 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

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Just try one drink mixed with Ronrico, and you'll realize what you've been missing.

Ronrico is superbly smooth and light. With a surprisingly distinctive flavor that's bound to win you over.

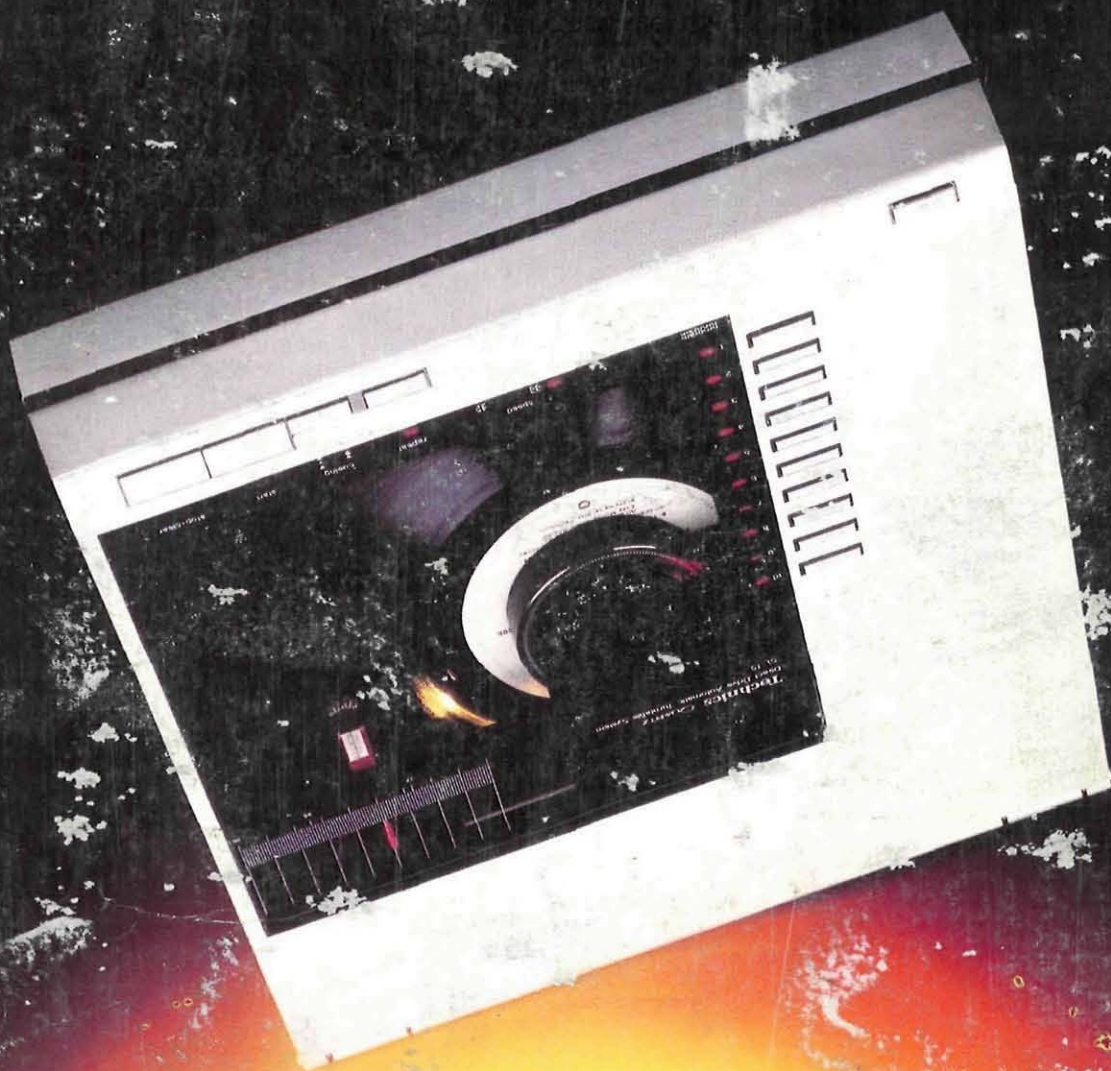
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RONRICO RUM & ORANGE JUICE

2 ozs of Ronrico Rum in a highball glass; ice cubes; fill with orange juice; add a slice of orange.



RONRICO RUM



Technics linear-tracking turntable. Program it to play any cut. In any order. Even upside down.

Technics direct-drive SL-15. It automatically plays the record selections you want and skips the ones you don't. It completely eliminates tracking error and is so advanced it can even play upside down.

The SL-15's microcomputer and infrared optical sensor let you play up to 10 cuts per side, in any order. Just press the program keys in the order of the selections you want to hear. And with the repeat button, the SL-15 can repeat the entire program or any selection.

The SL-15 performs virtually any function, automatically.

It accurately selects the record size and speed, finds the lead-in groove and begins playback at the touch of a button.

More proof of the SL-15's accuracy is its quartz-locked, direct-drive motor and dynamically balanced, linear-tracking tonearm. In addition to tracking perfectly, the SL-15 plays a record as accurately upside down as it does right side up.

Technics also offers other linear-tracking turntables, including our famous SL-10 and SL-7. Audition one and you'll agree when it comes to linear tracking, Technics is a cut above the rest.

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