

NYU
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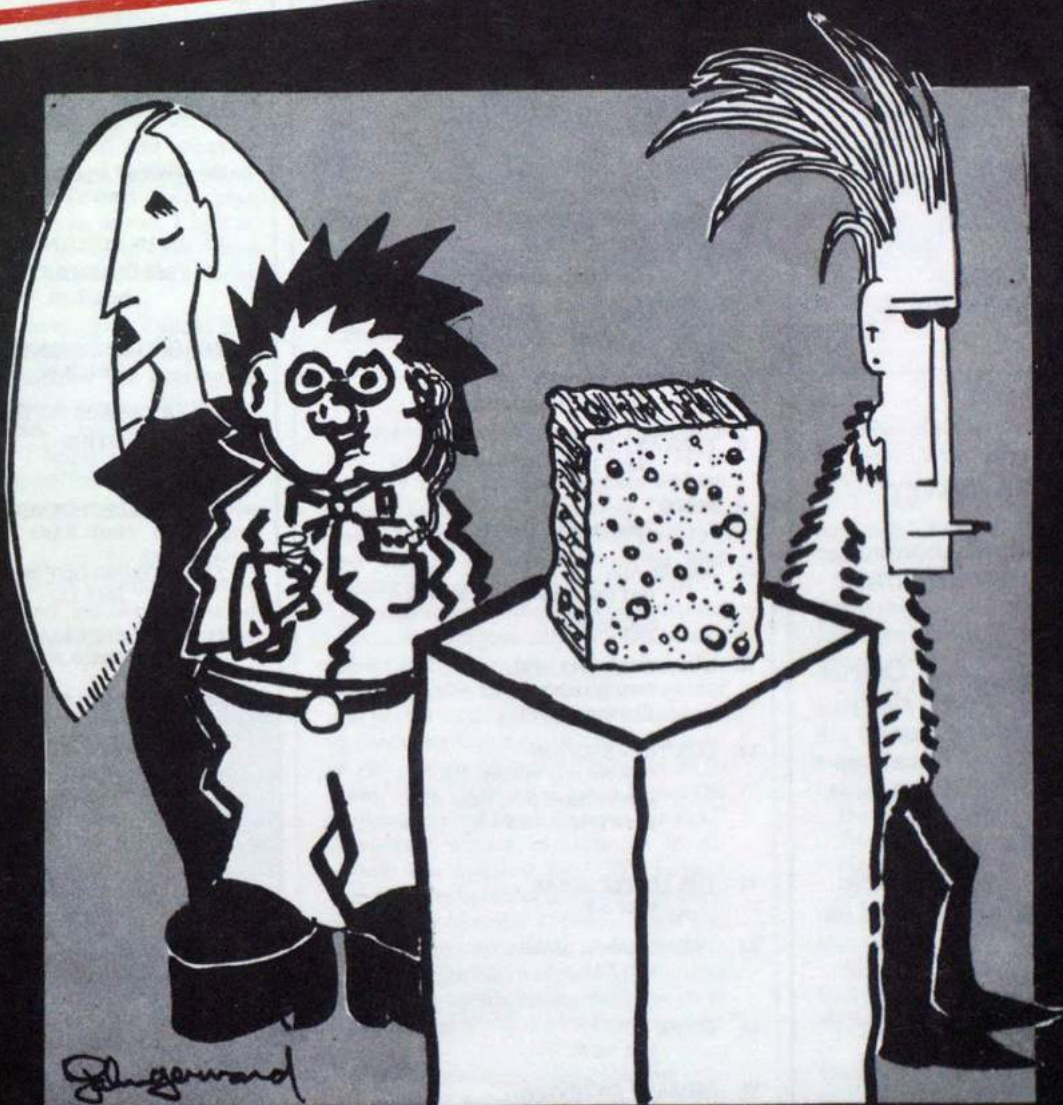
the

PLAGUE



Nov-Dec 1980

VOLUME 4, NUMBER 2



**A sponge and three people who
should know better**

The PLAGUE



"Politics is one bad cigar after another"
—Kim Hubbard

"NYU's only intentionally funny publication" Volume 4, Number 2 November-December 1980

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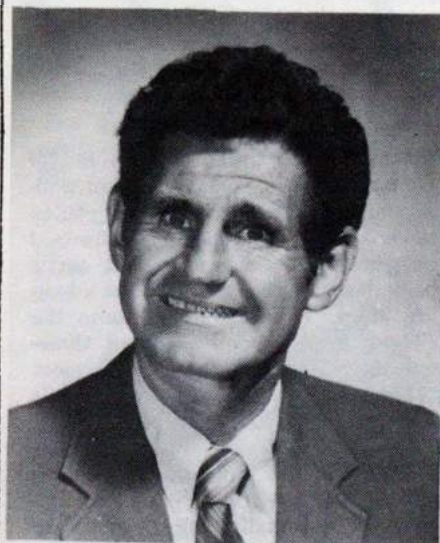
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One Hell Of A Vacation

BY RICHARD J.T. BROWN

I went to Hell last week. Perhaps Hell is not considered a particularly glamorous vacation spot now, and Fodor might not teach you how to go there on \$10 a day. Yet, a number of people have urged me to go there in a manner that had always seemed like a sincere recommendation. So, I figured, "what the heck?" Why settle for Ft. Lauderdale or Purgatory when I could go all the way? Besides, either through my tan or some other feature, I was a natural for the place . . . So many people assumed I had already been there, telling me things like "You look like you've been through Hell," or "You must have been to Hell and back!" I always felt embarrassed to have to admit to the fact that I had never been there before, and even worse, I had no bumper stickers or pennants from there to display. So last week, I decided to go south of the border.

The nearest travel agent I could find was Father O'Connor, who explained to me the procedures for getting to Hell. "Just break a commandment or two," he warned, "and you'll be on your way." So I broke one of the top ten commandments (well, maybe a few more . . . I figured why go no-frills when I could take first class and ironically "live it up"?), and placed myself into a coma (a gruelling process involving fish and artichokes that I would rather not get into at the moment).



Satan, Founder and Curator of Hell



Pressure of Hell, as demonstrated by Satan's wife Viola. "It's really Hell," she says, and the effect it has had on her shows in the change.

It was nothing like I had expected. I had pictured things like Mrs. O'Leary's cow kicking buckets amidst flames, as little red men sang "C'mon Baby, Light My Pryor." And I always had images of people moaning and wailing and crawling in feces . . . But I had seen more of that on Canal Street and in Washington Square Park before I even left.

At the gate I was met by a cheerful and pretty little girl who was assigned to check my luggage. She was the kind of girl you could really "take home to mom," but I hesitated when I read the nametag on her lapel; "Lizzie Borden." Obviously noting my change in attitude, she assured me, "We have a wonderful rehabilitation program here, and we would really appreciate it if you could try to understand and cooperate with us." She had a certain glare in her eyes as she spoke, so the next few days I smiled and nodded a lot to everyone I met.

A reputable source once told me that the nastiest people alive are in NYC, and when they die they all go to . . . Well, let me recall a typical meeting with a Hellite. I believe this was on the corner of Fire and Brimstone:

"Hi," I said cheerfully to an old street vendor selling felafels and indulgences underneath an umbrella.

"What do you want from me?" he scowled, "and why are you staring at me?"

"I just wanted to say good morning," I responded in a tone as if I was asking for his forgiveness.

"You snivelling, yellow-bellied, no-gut coward," he snarled, "I know you just want to come over here and say things about my back!"

I didn't detect any problem with his back, so I jokingly said, "Well, I guess it's better that I tell you about it up front than to do it behind your back . . . heh."

He didn't smile.

He took out a long, sharp knife.

He walked towards me.

I ran . . . It was obvious this man was one of the exceptions to the rehabilitation program.

After this initial incident, I walked to "Meet & Meat" for brunch. The waiter was hunchback, and so I avoided talking as much as possible. However, I did manage to ask him if I could see a menu.

"Walk this way," he said as he directed me into another room. The room contained an enormous glass tank that was filled with humans trying to escape. Either the chef didn't know the difference between humans and lobsters, or he took people serious-

CONTINUED →

ly when they offered to "give him some skin." Whatever the case, I just drank a "Bloody Mary" and left without eating. It's just as well . . . I was told the food in Hell is too spicy and often causes heartburn. The more I think about it, the more I worry about that Bloody Mary. I wonder if the language spoken there is more literal than ours.

By this time, I already felt discouraged enough to leave. However, I met some people who told me what the whole place was all about. I know it sounds silly to you, because before my trip it seemed absurd to me. But take my word for it . . . Hell was erected a few thousand years ago as "A Private University in the Public Service (or some variation of that)" for those members of society who did not behave properly. The original building burned down in a terrible fire, but an incredibly authentic reproduction was built in 1066 which stands today under the ownership and operation of a large Devil Conglomerate.

This history fascinated me, but I was still afraid to look over the "Punishment Pit" in the center of town. So, I latched on to a tour of the inner-workings (Devil-May-Care Tours, Mon.-Fri. 9-5 p.m., Weekends 12-5 p.m.), and was able to see the

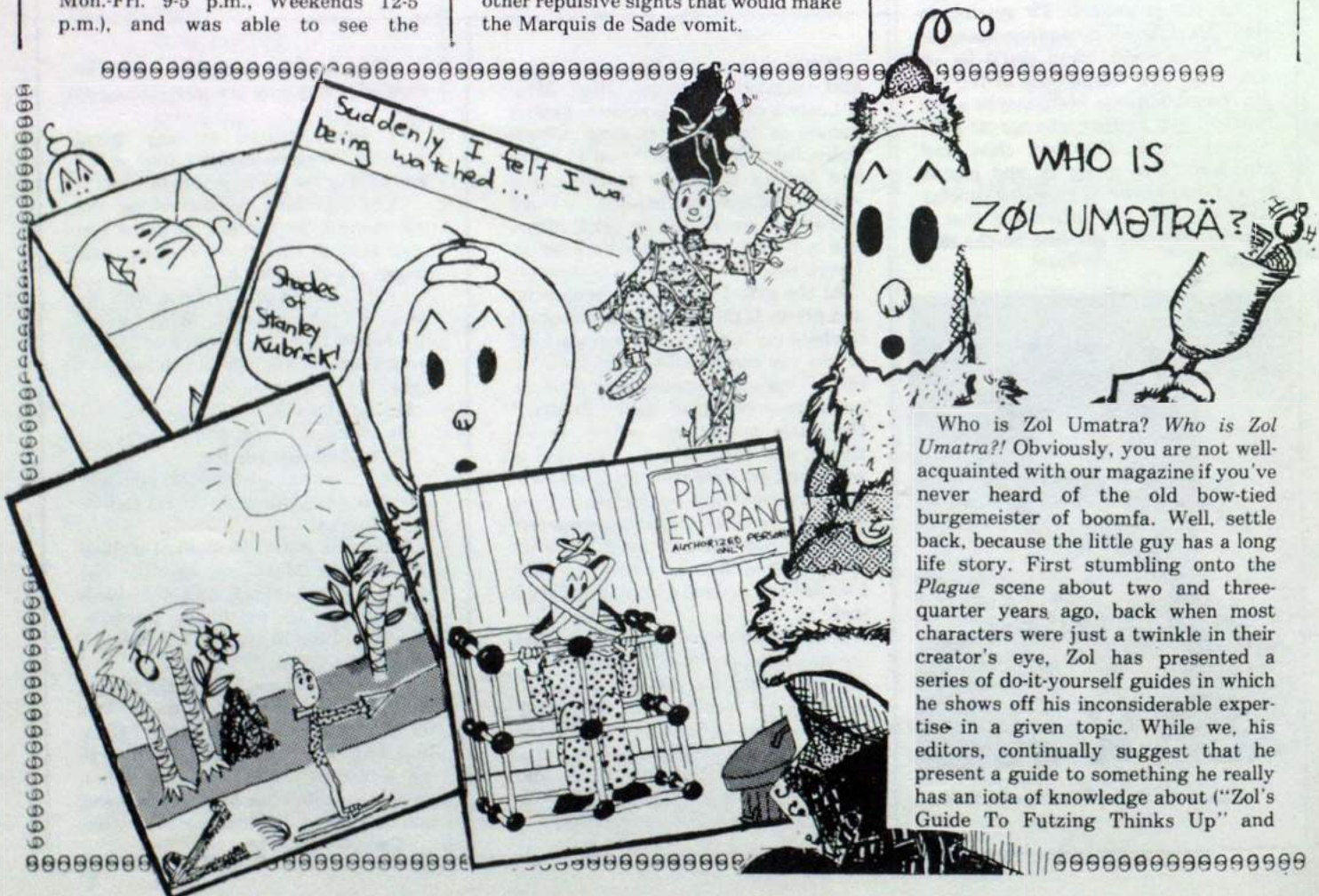
punishments being offered. Our group had to watch the workings from behind glass, and photos were not allowed to be taken. However, the place was well lit, and I was able to pick up some picture postcards in the main lobby.

Believe me, the tortures being given were not for the squeamish. But to save you the trip, I'll try to explain some of the horrible things these pathetic sinners were forced to receive. Those who had gone against God during their mortal lives were strapped down to pews and forced to listen to the brainwashing techniques of Reverend Hiroshima Nagasaki. This went on until the person became a true follower (or a "Bombie") and agreed to sell flowers. As if that was not bad enough, they had to prove that they truly worshipped money by visiting The Chase Manhattan Temple and depositing all their belongings under the name of Rev. Nagasaki.

Those people who had committed adultery during their mortal lives had it even worse. They were locked into rooms that held orgies with people such as Moms Mabley, Arthur Treacher, The Boston Strangler, victims of Charles Manson, and many other repulsive sights that would make the Marquis de Sade vomit.

Actually, the rest of the sinners fell into a category that was mild in comparison to the above listed. It was still awful, but somehow it wasn't quite as harsh. All the other sinners were placed in rooms with giant television screens, which forced them to watch old videotapes of things like "Mr. T. and Tina," "The Joe Franklin Show," "Nanny and The Professor," and of course, Dinah Shore singing. These people were speaking from experience when they called the latter "a fate worse than death!"

I felt shaken after the tour, and realized I had seen enough of Hell to last me a lifetime (or is that vice versa?). So, I was back home and once again commuting to and from school. Ah, once again I could cram into public transportation under the ground and suck in those fumes . . . and tears of joy roll down my cheek as I fondly reminisce about those screeching and piercing sounds. I don't know anymore where the reality starts and ends, but I do smile every time someone on the subway asks me how my trip to Hell was. I just tell them that they're living out Chapter One, and it is to be continued . . .



"Zol's Guide To Badly Injuring Oneself" are two ideas we've suggested), the old polka-dotted pawn of perniciousness never contents himself with tackling already-known topics, but instead continually grasps for the brass ring on the merry-go-round of ig-

norance, usually at the cost of falling off his wooden palomino and landing in the shooting gallery. Zol is our paper's one and only undisputed mascot, second only to the Reaper, Superrat, Norton, Clyde, Pegeen Fitzgerald, Mike Fairwell, Oligarch Demarest, Cave

Marty and Wazmo. So now that you're up-to-date on the Zol legend, let's take a trip and fall directly into the curlicued king of counter-intelligence's current cataclysm, titillatingly titled . .

ZOL'S GUIDE TO SPORTING EVENTS

BY HOWARD OSTROWSKY and JOHN RAWLINS ART by AMY BURNS

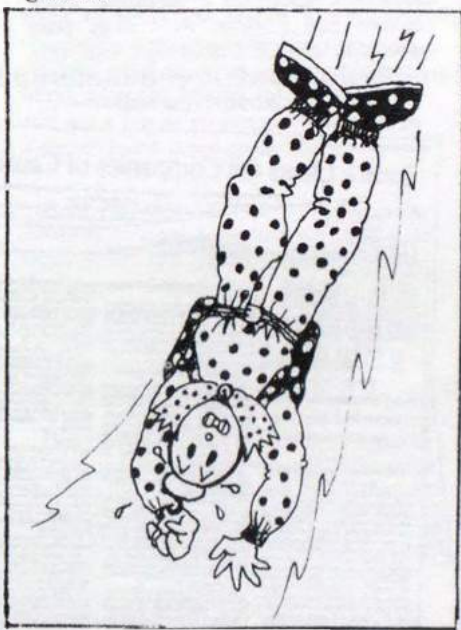
Hello, followers of the sporting life! It's Zol "Time Out" Umatra again, bringing you the thrill of victory and the agony of athlete's feet. (A little Umatrian humor there, fort spans.) In my last guide, we all saw how great a professional wrestler I am, and now I have managed to convince my editor to give this great assignment on new sports to me instead of one of the many non-athletic shlub-type reporters on this paper. So let's dive right into Zol's narrow world of sports. Timber!

I. GARBAGE SCOW RACING—An offshoot of sailboat racing, but much more exciting and cheaper because the city rents these scows out for a cost cheaper than what you'd pay for a week's worth of Hefty bags. We start on the Amazon and progressively pick up trash until our scows are filled. Whoever fills their scow first, wins. I won first prize in this event by craftily taking a detour along the Hudson and throwing a fishnet overboard. My scow was filled before many of my competitors found their first Chunky wrap per.



II. HEADBALL—If you think handball is fun, wait'll you try repeatedly hitting a medicine ball around with

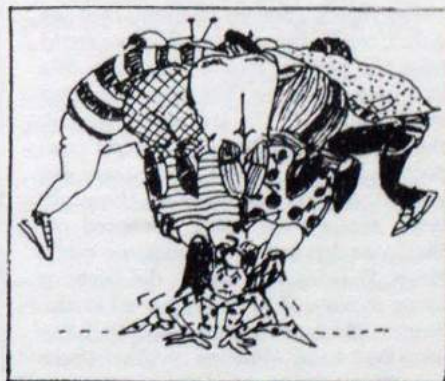
your head. My curlicue gives me a natural advantage in this game, but this is easily compensated by my total lack of coordination. Not a sport for eg-heads.



III. GROUND SKYDIVING—A safer version of the old pastime of leaping out of an airplane and falling downwards, ground skydiving entails leaping skywards and landing in the airplane. Simply slip on the metal shoes and have your friend fly overhead with an electromagnet. The last time I tried this I got a bit waylaid and ended up stuck to the radar dish of a Soyuz 36 Electromagnetic Cable-TV Boomfa Surveillance Works-In-A-Drawer Satellite. Good thing I was able to leap onto the good old American Skylab a while later, although I fear my weight might have been responsible for a slight alteration in the lab's orbital path.

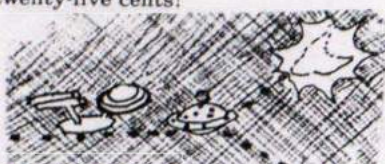
IV. PRO TWISTER—First, take off your shoes. Then spread the brightly-colored playing tarpaulin on the ground. A Zol suit will suffice, if you're too cheap to invest in a brightly colored playing tarpaulin. My close friend and chiropractor Kiniktu Cartilige heartily endorses this game as it has helped him put all his sons through college and all his daughters into Zena jeans. Not recommended for the color-blind, but this one can be great fun for those who'd like to become entangled in the limbs of fifteen roller derby queens.

V. CELEBRITY INVERTED PYRAMID—Today our guests are Orson Welles, Dom DeLuise, Joe Besser, James Coco, Shelly Winters, Beverly Sills, and Idi Amin. And we're all going to make an inverted human pyramid. I, being the most athletic member of our panel, have been elected to take the bottom support. I think I'll give Dr. Cartilige a call later on . .



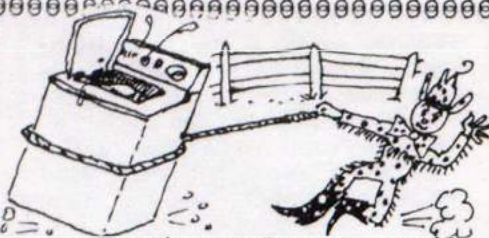
VI. REAL-LIFE SPACE INVADERS—Don't have any spare change? No problem! Now, after a short trip to the outer limits of our galaxy, you can play this great video

game in real life without spending a penny! (Transportation costs not included.) It's much more challenging to try to shoot down real invading aliens than those dumb TV imitations. And how exciting to know your very life's on the line rather than just your twenty-five cents!



VII. WAR GAME OBSTACLE COURSE— This ain't like the course you had in gym class, folks. After running the mine field and avoiding shells from the Jap kamikazees, I was nearly too tired to get through the germ warfare zone and collapse after dodging the napalm and firebombs. Fun, huh?

VIII. MACHINE RODEO—The animal kingdom is not immune to the many instances of machines taking over jobs. Witness the great number of bucking broncos and wild steer that



are presently unemployed. I recently tricycled down west to Texas, home of John Wayne, Gary Cooper, and Larry Hagman, to take a gander at this new-fangled machine rodeo I've heard so much about. Though I was a bit trepidated at the thought of riding a bucking Maverick or Mustang (not the horses, the cars), I did do a neat job of roping a wild Maytag washer right in its rinse cycle.

IX. DOWNHILL BOBSLED-DING—A short hop to the Grand Canyon brings us to our winter sports event—downhill bobsledding. Way downhill bobsledding. I never quite realized how steep the Grand Canyon was until I went hurtling down it at breakneck speed in a bobsled. They covered the bottom with that fake snow you use at Christmas, but this

really did not cushion the six-thousand foot drop as much as you'd think. Good thing I'm a cartoon character and don't ever get hurt, or I would have gone the way of all the other folks who entered this competition.



The sporting life—for some it may be too tough. Of course, for those who sit home and watch it on TV it's no sweat. For me it's no sweat either—my cartoonist can't draw perspiration. Have a ball playing these great sports, and I'll probably see you in Dr. Cartilage's office before long.

—ADVERTISEMENT—

Recently, the U.S. government released reports which clear the oil companies from any blame for the gasoline shortage of 1979. So you see, it wasn't us after all. The reports prove it. Sure in the past we've told you that all the information the bureaucratic government feeds you about us is lies but this time they're telling the truth. Really.

The reports by the Departments of Justice and Energy show that the shortage was created solely by the disruption in the production of Iranian oil. Oh sure, the Iranians still don't sell us any oil and we didn't have any gas lines this summer. That only goes to show you just how tricky those Arabs are.

The report goes on to prove that we didn't create the shortages so we could hike our prices. That's the truth. We just lucked out on that one. Of course we did push for the law to sell gas by the half gallon, after all you didn't expect us to shell out for new pumps did you? And don't ask us what those oil-laden tanks were doing anchored off the coast for weeks, because we don't know. Besides, they never did turn up those movies of us dumping oil in the desert which were supposed to have been sent to 60 Minutes, not that there were any movies, mind you.

What irks us though, is the fact it took so long for them to prove our in-

Justice Clears Oil Companies of Causing Shortage

By Robert A. Rosenblatt
Los Angeles Times
WASHINGTON — The Department of Justice and Energy have announced that the oil companies are not responsible for the gasoline shortage of 1979.

U.S. OIL COMPANIES ARE HELD BLAMELESS IN '79 GAS SHORTAGE

Justice and Energy Dept. Studies
Cite Iran Cutoff, Output Drop
Here and Other Causes

By ROBERT A. ROSENBLATT
Los Angeles Times
WASHINGTON — The Justice and Energy departments have announced today that the oil companies are not responsible for the gasoline shortage of 1979. The report, which was the result of a year-long investigation, states that the shortage was caused by a combination of factors, including a sharp drop in Iranian oil production and a cutoff of oil from Iran. The report also states that the oil companies did not create the shortage and that they were not responsible for the shortage.

Firms exonerated on creating gas lines

Gasoline Shortage: Why We Ran Dry

A CHECKERED political cartoon for the past half century has been to view the major oil companies as responsible for the energy crisis. Long gasoline lines and high pump prices, to say nothing of the Green New Deal and the Fall of the Alamo, and Energy Department, were their exacting demands. But now, along the Interstate 5, where the shortage was most acute, the shortage is over. The Justice and Energy departments have announced today that the oil companies are not responsible for the gasoline shortage of 1979.

nocence. God, we've been the target of every two bit stand-up comic and editorial cartoonist for the past year. And don't think Doonesbury is going to get away with any of it either. It took a whole year for the Justice Dept. and the DOE released their reports. Why wasn't it finished before we got stung by the passage of the "windfall profits" tax, huh? Just because we made ridiculously gross profits at a time we didn't have anything to sell anybody, they all think they can get a

piece of it for stupid things like efficient mass transit, balanced budgets or something.

So at last our government has vindicated Big Oil. This fine report was written by some of the finest politicians money can buy. We hope it finally puts to rest all those charges of anti-trust violations and conspiracy by the oil companies.

This ad paid for by GuFble Oil,

Shellgame Oil, Putton Oil, Scamco Oil, Bilkeco Oil, Shammoco Oil and Amarada Heist Oil.

NOW I'VE HEARD EVERYTHING!

A Bad Advice Column



PHOTO - CHARLES AZAR

America's foremost pseudopsychologist, Priscilla Priss, answers letters found in Ann Landers' wastebasket.

Dear Priscilla: (all letters were originally addressed to Ann and were changed without her permission). I never in life thought I would have to write a letter to you, but I've finally reached the pits. You see, Priscilla, I'm a 16 year old girl who is 5'2" tall and weighs 400 pounds. My problem is not that I'm overweight. What is really bothering me is my twin sister. You see, Priscilla, she has anorexia nervosa, which means, as I'm sure you already know but I'll tell you anyway, that she is real skinny. Actually, that isn't my problem either. What I'm trying to tell you is my family is very poor. Well, that's not quite my problem either. Okay, I'll get to the point. My sister and I have to share the same bed. Last night, while I was asleep I accidentally, of course, rolled over to her side of the bed. Luckily, she fell out of the bed as a result. One of these days she won't be so lucky and something too horrible to mention will happen. Can you think of a solution to my problem, Priscilla?

I really don't want to be a murderer, Peoria, Ill.

Dear Murderer: That is one of the funniest stories I have ever heard! Have you ever thought of selling your letter to "That's Incredible!" I think you would make a mint if you did. It would also be the solution to your problem. You would then have enough money to move into a bigger apartment or house and then you and your sister would each have your own bed.!

Dear Priscilla: Up until now I have been too ashamed to admit my

peculiarity, but I figured that I should come out of the closet so others who share it with me won't feel like the only ones who are afflicted. Priscilla I am addicted to Muzak. I have spent entire days in department store elevators, unable to step out. In addition, I have accumulated enormous dentist and doctor bills because I make appointments so I can sit in the waiting rooms. I also get anxiety attacks when I go outdoors since they haven't installed Muzak there yet. I have tried listening to Lawrence Welk and Barry Manilow records but it just isn't the same. For the past year I have begged my husband to get Muzak piped into our house, but he refuses. Whenever I mention it, he threatens to send me to the state mental institution. Priscilla, I don't know what to do anymore.

"I think I'm Going Out of My Head" with "Feelings," San Jose, Cal.

Dear "Out of your head,": If that is the worst problem in your life that you have to write me about, you should consider yourself a very lucky woman. All you need to do is dump your husband, pipe the Muzak into your home, and get a job as an elevator operator in a department store somewhere.

Dear Priscilla: On June 13, 1955, you wrote a column that has inspired me throughout the years. Unfortunately, the paper I had has disintegrated. Could you please reprint it for my own selfish reasons? I really don't care if anyone else cares to see it again.

Love ya Priscilla, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear Love ya: You were really a pain in the ass in making me dig through my files like that. You're lucky I found it. Here's the stupid column.

Maturity vs. Immaturity

Maturity is gray hair and wrinkles, immaturity is acne.

Maturity is prunes, immaturity is Froot Loops.

Maturity is forgetting what you did yesterday because of senility, immaturity because of a hangover.

Maturity is arthritis, immaturity is mono.

Maturity is *The New York Times* financial section, immaturity is "Dear Priscilla."



BY DONNA GOUSE

Most TV viewers are unaware of the fact that behind every new TV series which earns a slot in the fall schedule there are around 40 program proposals which never make it to the airwaves. Most TV viewers couldn't care less about this, but that is besides the point. Our unreliable sources have dug up a list of TV show ideas which were turned down by the folks who bring you "The Dukes of Hazzard."

"Fun With Podiatry"—a new concept in reality programming. Each week viewers get an exciting, behind-the-scenes glimpse into the treatment of foot disease. Also features a "Foot Joke of the Week" segment.

"That's Boring!"—Mike Douglas hosts a yawn-filled hour which profiles individuals in unusually uninteresting occupations. The season premiere was to feature a shoelace inspector and a toll booth worker.

"The Brady Bunch Visit Mount St. Helens"—a mini-series. What starts as a pleasant hike through the woods ends up as the demise of the most obnoxious group of people TV has ever created. According to the creator of this mini-series, Chuck Barris, "We wanted to dispose of them as painlessly as possible."

"The Sex and Violence Hour"—a program that gives the audience what it wants, plain and simple.

"Parental Guidance Is Suggested"—previously titled "Tuesday Movie of the Week." A series of weekly TV movies whose purpose is to exploit social issues like child abuse and police brutality, thus grabbing big ratings.

"The Schizoids"—a situation comedy about a family whose members contain a manic-depressive, an obsessive-compulsive neurotic, a hysteric and a multiple personality. Brought to you by the creator of "The Waltons."

PLAGUETONE NEWS

A team of scientists at Pseudo University's School of Pop-Psychology have completed a series of studies which may be a cause for alarm for those who have a preference for exploitive, easy to read newspapers. This conclusion was drawn from experiments conducted on rats. The procedure was that one group of rats was fed a steady diet of paper from *The National Enquirer*, another group was fed *The New York Post* and a third group was fed *The New York Times*. In addition, a control group of rats was fed *The Wall Street Journal*. At the end of a two week period, the rats were exterminated (not humanely) and their brains were measured and weighed.

The findings of the experiment were dramatic. The brains of the rats who ate *The National Enquirer* and *The New York Post* decreased enormously both in size and weight, with a slightly bigger decrease in the *Enquirer* group. The scientists also observed an increase in aggressive behavior in these two groups after feeding them, which they speculate as a sign of addiction. On the other hand, the brains of the rats fed *The New York Times* slightly increased in size and weight. There was however, an unexpected slight decrease of size and weight in the brains of the control group, which the scientist attributed to boredom. Further evidence for this theory was their lethargic behavior.

According to the scientists, these findings provide enough evidence to conclude that certain newspapers are potentially hazardous to humans, so they should be required to have a warning label on them. They stated that such a label must inform the consumer that the product can cause irreversible mental retardation if used in extreme dosages.

Fred Silverman, president of NBC, has announced that Ronald Reagan has signed a long-term contract with the network. According to Mr. Silverman, Reagan will be the host of a mid-season replacement entitled "Incredibly Stupid People," in addition to his duties as President. A spokesman for the Reagan camp said "We're going to lay to rest those rumors that the President-elect is too old to do anything once and for all, even if we

have to run him ragged to do it." When asked why Ronnie was chosen as the host of this talk and variety show, Mr. Silverman replied, "I wanted to be sure this program has a host who will have no difficulty in communicating with the guests or in showing empathy toward them."



The bomb scare in the Main Building last month was just a hoax, according to WSUC Dean Jill Claster. When asked to explain the gaping hole in the wall of the fifth floor of Main, Dean Claster said that the hole "was deliberately created by an NYU construction crew to provide adequate ventilation for the fifth floor."

To bolster its sagging finances, NYU will open a luxury resort hotel in February. 'The Villa Sloane House' will feature the very best in Waterbeds. Its gourmet restaurant, which boasts the clientele of several health inspectors, will feature menu choices like 'Roast Roach a la king' and 'jugo del H₂O'. The rooms shall be expansive—the deluxe suites being almost as large as the closets in other hotels. The guests will also be able to enjoy free benefits like watching wildlife (rats, roaches, spiders, and other wee beasties) in the privacy of their own rooms. Plus, they will have the chance of forming delightful new friendships with the hobos, bums, and winos who regularly inhabit the corridors of the hotel. Rates will be very reasonable; a king's ransom would just about suffice.



The Staff of the Plague's investigative unit have uncovered one of the saddest blights on the nation: the

Kiddie Porn racket. This activity is so awful, so disgusting, that it is hard for us to even talk about it. What we have decided to do, in the grand tradition of the Rupert Murdoch school of journalism, is to reprint an example of this nasty practice in all its gory details.

"Come with me behind the garage," Raggedy Andy moaned to the unsuspecting Ann, "I've got something I want to show you." Raggedy Ann answered with a dainty, rag dollish nod and skipped along the flowered path with Andy, who looked so much like herself that it is hard to tell the difference. "Ohh Andy," Ann giggled, "It's so small!" "I know, Ann, but don't worry, the tailor said that if I was a good boy and did everything he wanted, he would give me all the extra cloth I need!"

The rest is enough to turn even the strongest stomach. In the next edition of *The Plague*, we continue this series and show an example of the disgusting Sado-Masochistic perversions of *Punch and Judy*.

Yesterday, in an effort to identify with the youth of America, President elect Ronald Reagan made a surprise visit to CBGB with bright blue hair, a leather jacket, leather pants, and safety pins through the chordlike flaps of skin under his chin. When asked for a comment, Reagan spat blood on reporters and screamed obscenities.



Ronald Reagan

Senator Alfonse D'Amato announced that he is the first male in medical history to become pregnant. D'Amato pointed the finger to Amy Carter as being the father. It is believed that the medical first was caused by Amy's hands on, in depth study of nuclear proliferation.

In its latest effort to ease the housing shortage at NYU, the university announced its plan to rent out portions of a low-income housing project in Cleveland, Ohio. During an exclusive

PLAGUETONE NEWS

interview with a university spokesman, Joe Schlemiel, he declared, "This is a solution to all our problems, for both the students, and most importantly, for the Housing Office." When questioned about the lack of proximity of Cleveland to Greenwich Village, he asked if he could be excused for awhile to talk to his supervisors.

Approximately an hour later he emerged from the men's room where this reporter heard a heated discussion in progress. Mr. Schlemiel, in a visibly distressed state announced, "We goofed. Someone confused Cleveland with Staten Island, but it's too late to back out of the deal we made." At this point, the spokesman lowered his voice until it was barely audible and continued, "If we tried to back out now, we would have the mob after us." Mr. Schlemiel then proceeded to ramble about his wife and kids, with their house in the suburbs, but due to the fact that this reporter had an appointment with the gynecologist in half an hour, he was interrupted to further elaborate on the Cleveland situation, which he did. He stated, "The NYU Housing Administration reached a decision during the past hour, this being to house the majority of freshmen there next September. We are sure this decision will be as commendable as those we have made in the past." He cited past arrangements such as Sloane House and LIU as examples. In an increasingly confident tone of voice he stated, "There are numerous hidden advantages to the plan. Just think, the students will not have to ride on the dangerous subways. Traveling by plane is so much more fun, and besides, commuting is commuting whether you're in a hole or in the sky." He fur-



ther added that, "It should do no harm to their social life or sense of belonging to the NYU community. They will be just as alienated as everyone around here." His newly acquired optimism was clearly evident in his last comment which he stated, "Most important is the excellent living conditions the students will be provided. According to the Board of Health at Cleveland, we have been informed the rats are much smaller there than in Sloane House."

DO YOU HATE NYU? HERE'S WHY!

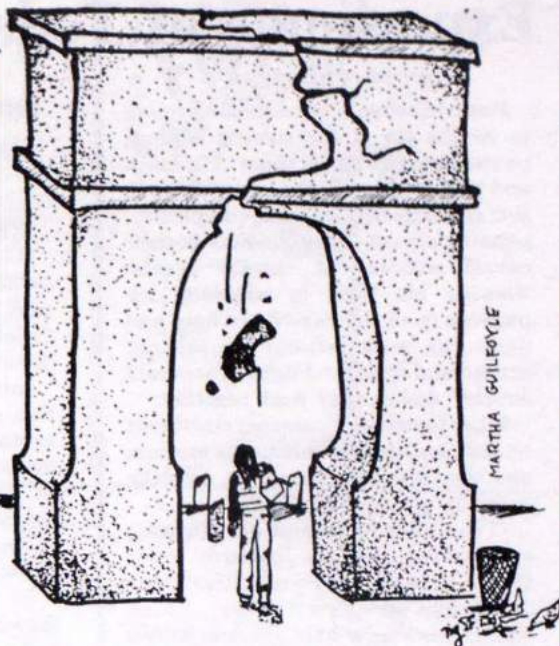
BY DONNA GOUSE

November is traditionally the month at NYU when about 80 percent of the student body begins to contemplate transferring to another college. This is especially true for freshmen, who for the past three months have been receiving letters from their high school friends at distant campuses, each one exclaiming, "This is the greatest place, my social life has never been better!" Since the social life for the average freshman at NYU has never been worse, the frustrated student, one day while struggling for air in a Main Building elevator, will ask himself, "What am I doing here?" Chances are he is one of the many students who chose to attend this esteemed institution for reasons such as the result of a coin toss (heads NYU, tails—Univ. of Vermont), or the fact that the West Fourth St. station is safer than Columbia's. Below is a list of helpful hints for such students who find themselves walking the streets mumbling, "I should have gone to Boston," yet are unable to pinpoint why they are so miserable here. *The Plague* sincerely hopes this list will promote transfers at NYU so those staff members on housing waiting lists will finally get in a dorm.

You shouldn't have chosen NYU if:

1. You want to get away from the New York metropolitan area. Despite what you have heard to the contrary, Greenwich Village is part of New York City.

2. You would like your school's



student-faculty ratio to be no more than 10 to 1. If you have been informed that this is the norm at NYU, you have your statistics mixed up. Rather, there's a 1 in 10 chance that you will ever talk to one of your professors before you graduate.

3. You are a jock or like looking at jocks. If you were planning on spending your Saturday afternoons cheering for a football team, you will have trouble finding one at NYU. The sad fact (or fortunate, depending on your point of view) is that NYU students are not very sports minded. If you refuse to believe this, ask a few if they know their school color.

4. You like grass (the green stuff with chlorophyll). Does college mean to you a campus with rolling hills in a hicktown somewhere upstate? If that is so, you were really dumb in choosing NYU! If you believed that "Greenwich Village is Your Campus" slogan in the student handbook, you probably also thought that John Anderson had a chance of winning the election. Sooner or later, one must face the truth, that NYU is a bunch of buildings near a park in a very big city.

5. All you wear is preppie clothes and you expect the same of everyone else. Sorry conformist, but anything goes at NYU. In this neighborhood, you can have green hair and wear a spacesuit and nobody will bat an eyelash. If you're into peer pressure, go to Vassar.

On behalf of *The Plague* and all the elevator operators in Main Building, Bon Voyage!

"Current Milieu In The American Photographic Experience of Today."

BY PETER REISER

Enrico Soenso is considered by many to be the tip of the cutting edge of photography as an art today. His black and white photos in the "street" tradition continue to increase in complexity, seeming almost like snapshots in their casual embrace of chaotic events. Viewing his work is tangential experience in all the vagaries of light and dark. His work reflects his primary concerns of space and light as separate entities, and as they work together.

What follows is a personal statement by the photographer about his medium and then a discussion of his portfolio specially prepared for *The Plague*.

"I can think of no more discouraging environment for the creative spirit than a vacuum of non-receptivity and down right offensive stupidity. An artist at work is a hard laborer indeed but to also swim in an ever present ugly sea of indifference stacks the cards against even the most euphoric souls. And that is why I would like to thank NYU for all its encouragement and financial support.

My primary concern is not to describe literally or accurately the objects I chose to photograph, but to consider their physical qualities and arrange them in space, and under certain conditions of light that will, when transformed photographically, produce images that correspond to feelings and ideas. My work explores the pictorial possibilities that occur in using a camera (with film) to extend and manipulate the range of tones normally seen and rendered under standard exposure conditions. Incorporated in this shooting process is the control to render selectively one part of an image with sharp well-defined edges, while another part can be pictured with blurred edges suggesting movement. The combining of sources of light of varying intensities and the manipulation of particular areas of tonality contribute to the extended range and saturation of grey in the images.

The title of my portfolio is *Photographic Inquiries*; my aim in doing this piece was to capture, experience, record and respond to the state of consciousness that would occur during the experience of being wrapped to a Beech Tree. I have included in my portfolio 5 photo-plates because the number 5 is the Karmatic representation of the 5 letters of Aries—my Zodiacal signification."

—Enrico Soenso

PHOTO PLATE ONE: "LENS CAP"



Interviewer: "I see here your frustration at the inability of the camera to capture the esoteric aspects of life. You make a bold statement about the limits of human understanding, and the representation of the darker aspects of human existence is a masterstroke of photographic interpretation.

Mr. Soenso: "Actually, I forgot to take the lens cap off—it was supposed to be a picture of my dog."

PHOTO PLATE TWO: "URBAN LIVING"



Int.: "Yur aim in this picture was to alter the pail's reality. The picture overflows with symbolism. The alley cats represent the downtrodden poor; the kittens are ghetto youth, young and innocent now, but soon they will be hardened by the severity of life in the slums. The trash can symbolizes the rundown tenements—closed in and grey. The corrugated sheet metal stands for the endless fluctuant economic cycles which, although they sometimes do not help the poor, but toss them about in a sea of monetary variations, caused by an indifferent governmental bureaucratic institution. The photograph is a deep meaningful expression of non-rectilinear compositions, orgnized in space to define periferally the subjective approach to photo-journalistic stylization."

Mr. Soenso: "Not really . . . there were just these damn cats in my garage pail and I thought that if I shook the camera at them, it would scare them away. When I was shaking the camera I accidentally took a picture and . . . well . . . you know . . . I saw how much it was worth . . ."

PHOTO PLATE THREE: "COW IN GRASS"



Int.: "This represents the decline of our nation's farmland and the dustbowl effect of the Mid West . . ."

Mr. Soenso: "Nope."

Int.: "Well then, it stands for the growing industrialization of our country side and rise of agri-businesses."

Mr. Soenso: "Ennnnt . . . wrongo!"

Int.: "Uh . . . The photograph symbolizes the lonely isolation of the rural life in the hinterland and the fluidity of the populations moving to the industrialized . . ."

Mr. Soenso: "That's not it."

Int.: "Ah . . . er . . . um . . . it . . . ah . . . oh, oh—I got it!! The photo signifies—"

Mr. Soenso: "No, no, no—the photo doesn't signify anything. It's a literal depiction. It's a photo of a cow in grass."

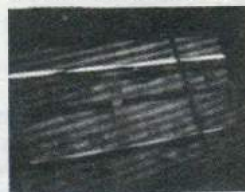
Int.: "I don't understand. I don't see a cow, and where's the grass?"

Mr. Soenso: "You must understand that the photo represents the ground after the cow has fed."

Int.: "But then where is the cow?"

Mr. Soenso: "What do you think—the cow's going to hang around when there's no grass?"

PHOTO PLATE FOUR: "PARALLEL LINES"



Interviewer: "This is a really great pictorialization. The tracks represents life; each one of us is truly alone and can never really touch another person. We must go down the rail-bed of life never experiencing true consciousness with another soul. It represents the illusion of socio-familial unification and futility of parallelism. The photo-plate symbolizes the signification of the portends of modern alienation and

isolation of the intellectual. The study is an arco-synthetic composium of rich hybrids blended into contrasting views of the synthesis of the human experience, juxtaposed in relation to, but not in contradiction of the natural auspices.

Mr. Soenso: "Well... not exactly... you see I dropped my ring onto the tracks and it was getting dark so I thought I would take a picture, blow it up real big on my enlarger and then I could find it so I'd know exactly where it was the next day when I would come back to get it."

Int.: "And when you sw it in your darkroom you realized that your deep subconscious self had created a photographic masterpiece?"

Mr. Soenso: "No. When I found out how much I could get for it—then I realized that I had created a photographic masterpiece."

PHOTO PLATE FIVE

"KINFOLK"



Int.: "This is your greatest picture—it shows tremendous insight and talent. The camera lens is the eye through which you look back on your found recollections and memories of your childhood years. The photo is a nostalgic vignette of the carefree and distorted view of the world you held as a boy. I especially like the casual embrace of chaotic events—the photo is almost snap-shot like."

Mr. Soenso: "Frankly, the photo was taken by a boy, my 7-year-old cousin took it with a Polaroid at his birthday party. It was a present."

Int.: "Ah, I see you gave him the camera so he would start enjoying the rewards of photographic endeavors at an early age—you wanted him to start down the road of photo-interpretation."

Mr. Soenso: "I didn't give him the camera; I gave him a train. It was real neat. It had lights and a whistle and—"

Int.: "I'm sorry but we don't have any more time. On behalf of all *The Plague* readers I would like to thank you for your inspirational, educational, observational, accidental portfolio:

Photographic Inquiries.

Mr. Soenso: "I have enjoyed being here and discussing my work. You have my check?"

SPECIAL TO THE PLAGUE

(But not to anybody else)

REPORT: STUDENT APATHY

I was going to write an article about student apathy, but why bother? Who cares? What difference would it make? No one would read it. Anyway, I never got around to writing it...

The Adventures of Floyd and his foes

HANDS!
Please stop strangling me! I'll buy you a new pair of gloves!



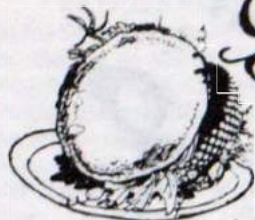
It won't be so easy with us!



"...NOW THAT'S JOHN ANDERSON! #1 FANTASY IS..."



Godawful Falafel



high priced * low quality * Mid-Eastern food

This Week's Specials --



- ♦ Khomeni Kabab fried in Persian Gulf Oil
- ♦ Iraq of Lamb
- ♦ Sahara Sandwich baked with Mideast Yeast
- ♦ Menachem Bagels and Tossed Sadat
- ♦ Entebbe Enchiladas with Beef of Baghdad

Kuwait-Watchers Approved Desserts

- ♦ Morocco Road Ice Cream
- ♦ Kadafi Taffy
- ♦ Yemen Merangue Pie

OUR SECRET SYRIA SAUCE HAS NO FLAVOR, BODY, OR CHARACTER

JC, HQ, AB

And lo, there was another movie.

OH, GOD! BOOK 87

PG

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CHEVY and BENJI

Sexual Smorgasbord!



Martinson's Paint & Coffee Company Present ...
Joe Franklin's

HEAR what the critics say ...

"Beautiful"

—Joe Franklin, WOR

"Fabulous"

—Joe Franklin, WOR

"Wondrous"

—Joe Franklin, WOR



My Ordinary People

Starring Rocky Graziano, Tiny Tim, Mason Reese, & Totie Field's corpse (special guest appearance by Larry Kenney, of "Bowling for Dollars" fame)

"This is a very special film, a very beautiful celebration of the power of love to heal and inspire." —Archer Winsten, N.Y. Post

Ronald
"El Sheriff Terrible"
Reagan

Vidal Sassoon

Gomer Pyle

and

UNCLE FLOYD as†

"El Hombre del Ano"

KILL OR DIE BE KILLED

It's My Turn

A funny love story.

Starring

Moe, Larry
and Curly

THE THREE STOOGES

&

MARILYN
CHAMBERS



Also Starring **JOHNNY WADD**

"A film that is simply splendid... fascinating... and entertaining..." Rex Reed

"Goldie Hawn
at her very best."
—Jeffrey Lyons, WPIX-TV, WCBS Radio

PRIVATE PARTS

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NOW PLAYING AT A FLAGSHIP THEATRE NEAR YOU

NOVEMBER 3, 1980

PLAQUE

★ELECTION SPECIAL★

LORETTA PERSIMMON

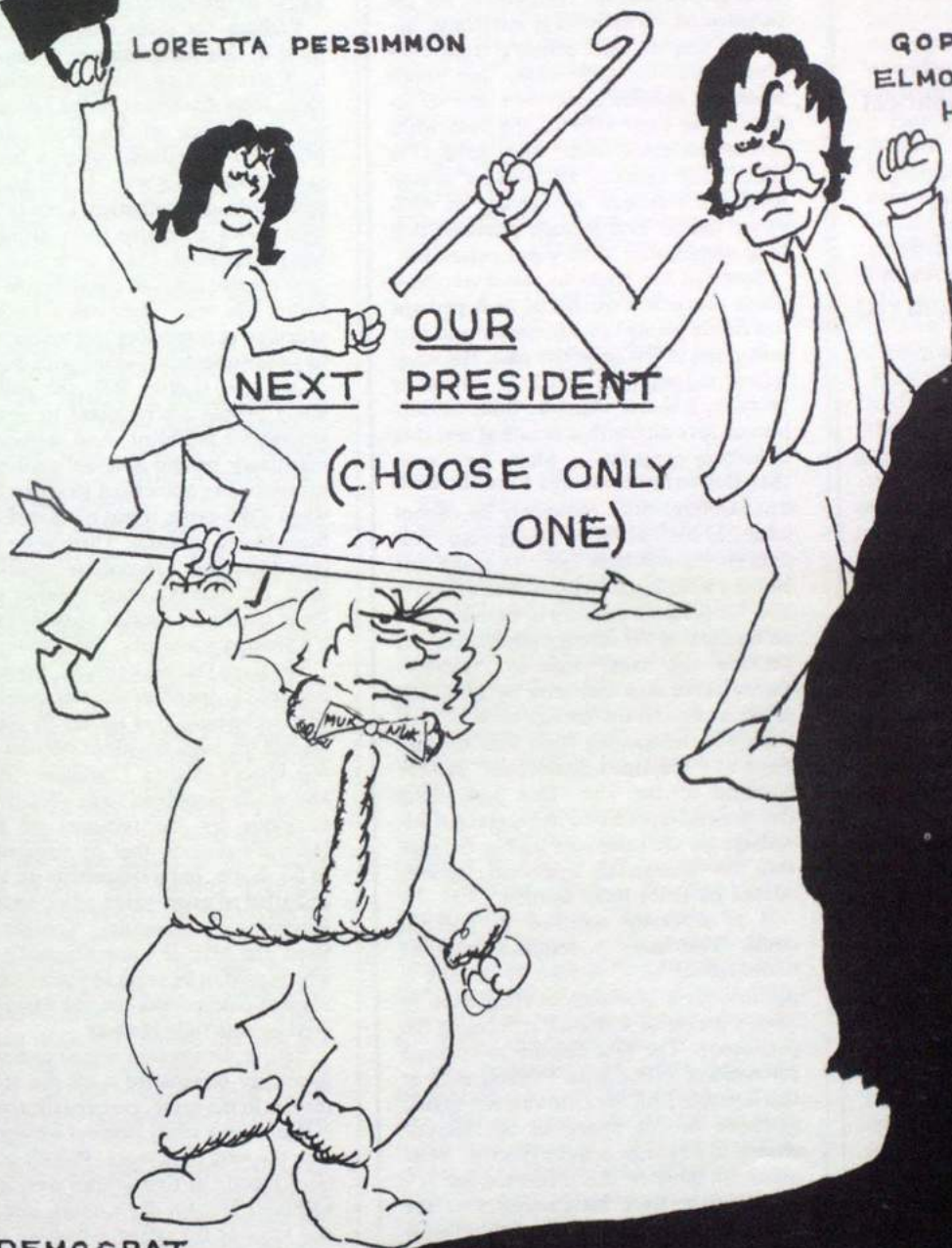
GOP'S
ELMO METHUSELAH
HENDERSON

OUR
NEXT PRESIDENT

(CHOOSE ONLY
ONE)

DEMOCRAT
DEAN BURDEN

THE INCUMBENT



The People Speak!

Nation Apprehensive as Election Day nears.

Elections Are Like Turnups

Elections are like turnups
If you eat them, you won't
like them,
But aren't they pretty?
They grow in the ground
They decide who has political
power
They're fun to mash
There are often recounts
They can turn your stomach
They can turn your stomach
They're black and red and red
all over
And they fly.

So the 1980's era of leadership is primed to begin.

Tomorrow's election, still rated as too close to call, will conclude one of the most extraordinary campaigns in U.S. political history. The surprises started as early as 1978 when Americans learned that the man they elected in 1976 would not be running in 1980. With the presidency effectively vacant, the party nomination chases became extremely volatile. As a result, both parties produced nominees who were considered longshots when the campaign began. To confuse the issue even more, they were joined in the fall campaign by a strong independent candidate, making this the first substantial three-person race for the White House since 1968.

The G.O.P. helped us to realize how futile predictions would be this election year when they nominated 139-year old conservative Admiral Elmo Methuselah Henderson as their 1980 standard bearer. Henderson made his first political news in 1964, after his popular career in show business and active honorary naval command had ended. That year, at the Goldwater convention, he and his followers walked out, declaring that the Arizona Senator's "pathetically disguised Bolshevism won't fool these tin sailors." Henderson then announced his 1980 candidacy, stating, "I have no doubt that by then this nation's views will have caught up to those of my fleets and I."

There is really no evidence to support that prediction. His nomination is owed to tactical factors, not ideological ones. His 1964 announcement preceded that of his closest challenger and eventual running mate Drungo Pine by 14 years, giving the Admiral an organizational head start. Also pivotal was his competition for the nomination. With several moderates opposing him in each primary from New Hampshire to California, no single moderate candidate was ever able to attract more than 15% of the vote while Henderson could count on a solid 17% right wing support all primary season long. Even though an average of 83% voted against him in each primary, that long sought after victory was indeed his.

Some of his positions, however, have made Americans wonder if he is perhaps too firmly planted in a fantasy world that only exists in our collective past. His vocal refusal to negotiate SALT II with Czar Nicholas I is one example. Still, his supporters love him with a fanatical zeal that defies any explanation. Many even insist that Henderson is alluded to in the Bible. The Admiral only comments he cannot recall, as he was pretty young then. Adding to his nostalgic call "to make this country what it was before it was what it is now" is the fond memory of his own past. At the turn of the century Henderson was perhaps the most beloved "Follies" dancer there was and after he made the career switch to the movies in WWI, his popularity in training films won him acclaim as "America's Sweetheart" for the duration of the war. This performing background is perceived as his greatest advantage on the campaign trail in the race with his democratic opponent, former Alaska governor Dean Burden.

It is generally accepted in political circles that only widespread national doubt about Gov. Burden is making it possible for a man such as Henderson to have a prayer of a chance at winning the presidency. The first Eskimo to contend for national office is an enigma, even at this late date. All his positions are vague, exclusive of his desire to see himself elected in which he is quite specific. Most observers think he is a moderate, but it's hard to tell, since his command of the English language is practically nonexistent, although some find that a reassuring sign of his being "just plain folk." Burden is so single minded in his purpose, he has lately resorted to vicious verbal (as they were) attacks on Hender-

son which may have backfired. If nothing else, Burden has an image of Eskimo trustworthiness and honesty and those who are wary of Henderson do not need to hear statements like, "Me think he lose IQ challenge to walrus," to help convince them that Burden is a preferable alternative to the Admiral.

Perhaps the most interesting development of this campaign was the emergence of a strong third party candidate, after Rep. John Anderson ended his campaign on the advice of his chief strategist, Michael Doonesbury, when a better job came Anderson's way. In his place stepped a genuine alternative, Loretta Persimmon. With no major party affiliation in her background, the 3 term Connecticut state senator sparked considerable interest earlier this year. Hers was a fresh voice, articulately presenting interesting answers to policy questions, along with quite a bit of wit and charm. Still, the polls show many people are reluctant to vote for a woman for president. And, without party machinery behind her, national network exposure has been hard to come by, and when it did come, it was no easy chore getting anyone to listen. There is no need to repeat the *That's Incredible* incident again here. Yet, this is a crazy political year, so some chance of success remains possible, if admittedly unlikely, tomorrow.

So, given this background, the nation is perceptibly apprehensive this evening. It's hard to imagine that merely 50 years ago, we had the most frivolous election eve in our history. Calvin Coolidge, "the wild and wooly president" was allegedly made so giddy by the prospect of Herbert Hoover's election that he stripped down to his shorts, put a lampshade on his head and tried to proposition a fire hydrant on Pennsylvania Avenue. Tonight, only Saag, the official Congressional optimist who is paid to be twice as optimistic as the average citizen, was spotted dancing, but even he was fully clothed.

Yet, in an election where so many are seemingly dissatisfied with the temporal players in the game, perhaps the real point is that no one really believes we won't survive the next four years. Paine's observations remain as true as they were in 1774. Elections are still like turnups, and that is one facet of the system which no one has complained about yet. And by that stand, Americans may well be saying that turnups are really what they want in this election year.

"The Common Man"

Alaska's Burden revealed to America.

Dean Burden, the man some political observers and statesmen describe as a "dork," "stupid," "mentally unbalanced," and "a cunning politician," spent his formative years in the Eskimo fishing village of Koyukuk, Alaska, which was dominated by the now nearly extinct Wank-O-Kos-Her tribe. Born Deanik ("Big Whale") Okoola on May 8, 1920, he was the eldest child of the family. His father, Koola Okoola was reputed to be one of the best fishermen around. Deanik's mother was the former Moola Soka, and his siblings included his sister Aloria and brother Nupchuck.

Sometime around 1939-1940, a Nazi torpedo was accidentally fired toward the Okoolas village, wiping it out. The few survivors included Deanik, his mother, brother, and sister. Koola's body was never found.

FBI agents investigating the incident took the Okoola family survivors to Fairbanks. After settling in, Moola made the acquaintance of Jacob Burden, known to all as "Boss Jake," head of the Alaskan political "machine". After a quick courtship, the two married. Deanik and his relatives were adopted by Burden, who took more than a fatherly interest in him.

"Boss Jake," whose activities included campaigning for statehood and branding any kind of union activity as "Commie-inspired," arranged for Deanik, now referred to as Dean, to gain admission to the Anchorage Naval Academy in 1942. Two years later, Dean joined the Navy as a seaman First Class. Said one of his classmates: "Who'd have thought the ugly so-and-so would get so far? I mean, he spoke like a retard and never washed!"

Dean saw some action in the closing days of WWII. Still holding a grudge against the Axis powers for destroying his village, Dean single-handedly took several Japanese prisoners off the coast of the Philippines. Unfortunately, this took place three weeks after "V-J" Day in 1945. Dean was ordered to release the men but refused. "Me no have dem!" he said at the time. "Me got hungry waiting on the island with only Jap prisoners, so me had-da eat dem."

Boss Jake arranged, through bribing an aging N.Y. congressman named Herman Lotz, to have the whole affair hushed up. He then decided, since Dean was his only dependable heir (Aloria having decided to found the "Church of Universal Greed," and Nupchuck absconding with some of Boss Jake's party funds to invest in a snow farm), to groom this unattractive

slob, whose social errors included eating raw fish with his hands in public, for political office.

As he probably guessed, Boss Jake found it wasn't easy to make people take his adopted sons seriously. But the right people—and some suggest, the right kind of bribe—quickly took care of this. By 1955, Dean Burden became a Selectman for the city of Fairbanks. His duties consisted of helping Boss Jake raise taxes, sell faulty railroad equipment and campaigning for Alaska's statehood. This last subject was finally achieved, as we all know, in 1958. In that same year, Dean met and married the former Rose Fooly. A year later, twin sons Chuck and Choka were born.



The 1960's saw Dean elected as Alaska's first state representative to Congress. Elected for two terms, by Alaska's new democratic machine, Dean attempted to legislate such acts as aiding big business in receiving tax cuts, prohibiting (for some odd reason) German and Japanese Americans from holding office, making the death penalty mandatory in all states ("It fix dem killers real good"), and arranging tax shelters for members of his family.

By 1972, feeling homesick and broke from a faltering law practice, Dean returned to Alaska and successfully ran for Governor. During his first term, Dean's slogan was "The best for the Governor's Igloo." His opponent, John Smith, charged that Dean and Boss Jake had conspired to keep votes from him (Smith). This was done, Smith claimed, by stuffing the Ballot Box.

Dean responded with a "Ha-ha! Him (Smith) be mad just cause he didn't stuff box. But me smart! Me stuff it twice to make sure me win!" Surprisingly, the people voted Burden into office anyway. After all, they reasoned, Burden would have to be a total moron to make such statements and actually carry them out. By the time Burden completed his term, they learned that he was indeed that rare exception: an honest politician. He meant every word he said. Boss Jake said, "If that moron step-son of mine had ever

learned to keep his big trap shut, we'd have lost. But people like having guys like Dean who speak before they think . . . makes them feel superior!"

Apparently Boss Jake was correct. Despite the fact that as Governor, Dean's main accomplishments included raising taxes even more and having the Alaskan pipeline built near a toxic waste dump, nobody complained. "Nobody care," the governor said at the time: "Dey make noise about it, me arrest dem. Dat's all!"

Finally in 1979, Boss Jake decreed that it was time for Dean to return to Washington, not as Senator but as President of the United States. Such an idea seemed unlikely, but considering the incumbent's poor performance, the Democrats would have nominated Mickey Mouse!

Dean easily won the primaries, due mostly to his support of Big Business ("So what if dey wanna raise gas prices," he said on one occasion. "You want people should use—ha, ha—coal?") and the ERA ("Women don't work *dat* much! ERA gets dem offa husband's back too!"). He ran under the slogan "Why not a Common Man?" since as Burden said on more than one occasion, "Dat's me—me real common."

Burden's running mate was selected by Boss Jake to be the son of Congressman Herman Lotz, Florida Senator Merman Lotz. Known as "Merman Loss" in some circles, Lotz is believed to have gotten the V.P. nod only because his father had bailed Dean out of trouble in 1945. The 72 year old freshman senator had been a plumber in Astoria for 45 years before entering politics. The fact that Merman has been called on occasion by Dean a "big jerk" who takes orders after lots of yelling, seems to support the feeling that Lotz would have never been chosen without the help of "Boss Jake."

And so, as the campaign draws to a close, the former Alaskan Governor, now the "common man" expected by the Democrats to be their next man, may well have made his goal. As one Congressman put it, "He's stupid, ill-mannered and a real jerk! His running mate could have been Ted Baxter (the egocentric newscaster from "The Mary Tyler Moore Show") for all the difference it made. But he's gone this far, so anything can happen! All I know is, if Burden wins, me and a few of my fellow Congressmen are going to defect to Russia!"

Perhaps this could be the sentiment of the country itself.

Elmo!

The Admiral nears end of 16-year quest.

Elmo Henderson was born in 1841, the son of poor Prussian immigrants. His early childhood was spent in the coal mines near his county, Nodaway, Miss. where his comments would often do damage to the ecological balance by overfertilizing the soil. His parents, Hansel and Gretel Koldkutz, named him Elmo Methusaleh Henderson in an effort to spare him from ethnic taunts. Elmo was shielded from differing opinions as a youth, and was forced to accept his father's conservative dogma. Elmo always kept far away from his father and grew up believing all centralized authority should be distant. Elmo's schooling was incomplete. He never finished third grade. Actually he never started it. This lack of basic intelligence eventually gave him the impetus to enter politics.

He was all of 13 when his father ordered him to work in the mines with the rest of the town's males. In the mines Elmo learned how his fellow man felt about the issues. He discovered the dislikes of the taxing systems, the need for a national defense and efficiency in government. Elmo found that government regulations were very annoying to coal miners trying to survive in the highly competitive and technological world. Elmo Methuselah wanted business to be free to invest however they liked and not worry about the environment. "Fritz" Mondale questions this, saying, "If you believe all of that, try to cut your cocaine use in half."

The coal dust upset Elmo's biological balance and his hair became jet black and greasy looking. It also caused other problems. It slowed down all his body functions except for one. As he grew older his body did not reflect his true age, but unfortunately his brain did not age and well, you know what happens—look at Elmo. He is always rattling off some questionable comment day after day.

Elmo left for California in the 1860's, where he dreamed he could become rich and powerful, maybe even President of the United States someday. But life had other plans for him. he had to work as a manual laborer for thirty years. It is alleged that he had to work as a male prostitute, too. However, he was shy of

women and would only get picked up by Salvation Army sergeants looking to help men of his status. He would give his consent to be helped only if they gave him a little money to go back with them.

In the early 20th century, burlesque was quite popular. Elmo joined up in the all male Bigfeeler Follies. There he met his future wife, Fanny Krisp, heir to the Stella D'oro cake company. Elmo's early fame stemmed from his part in the follies which included the world famous whipped cream scene. Elmo fled to Canada during World War I, as a draft dodger. He would not return until the early days of September, 1929 and invest heavily in stocks.



Elmo Henderson

After Roosevelt was elected, Henderson had a massive heart attack and received a heart donation from one H. Hoover. When the second world war started, Elmo did not run from responsibility. He did his part and volunteered to use his talent to make training films for the enlisted men. The majority of these were controversial V.D. films.

Right after the war ended, Henderson was made an honorary admiral in the Navy due to his films which were estimated to save a quarter of a million American soldiers' lives. He was given an honorary command of a World war I battleship and in his acceptance speech he made that famous statement, "If we put all our battleships which are in mothballs on the seas we would be unbeatable. They made us great then, they would make us great today."

In the early 1950's he made his most famous and most popular movie, "Glover 'The Cleaver' Alexander." It dealt with the untold story of a baseball star who was also a psychopath. Meanwhile, a story was surfacing in the press that would cause shockwaves through the union. It seems (the truth is still not known today) Henderson fathered an illegitimate child besides his twin sons, Elmo I and Elmo II. It is alleged that in 1913 Elmo and the then unknown Fanny Brice had an affair which culminated in a wild sex orgy in a millhouse. Their alleged son was adopted and grew up to run for important political offices, his code name being R. Millhouse N.

In the 60's Elmo saw trouble coming and ran for office. His reasons could best be summarized in the following quote. "Kill those long haired commie pinkos, cut taxes, increase defense spending, and jail anyone who asks about R. Millhouse N." In the 1964 Republican Convention, Elmo had to pull his wing of the party out because of Barry Goldwater's liberalism. He vowed he would run in 1980 and started taking gallons of Geritol for the fight. In the 1976 primaries, he claimed he was just testing the waters and was waiting for a president to come along who was so inept, he couldn't lose.

General Overview of Early Campaigning and the 1980 Primaries

It seems like just a millenium ago when the race for the Presidency began. January 21st, scene of the Iowa caucus—well, maybe not a caucus, just a meeting.

O.K., so it was a small group. Maybe not a group—just five people who met on the bus coming home from the lumberyard who decided to talk politics. But that's where it all started. Right there, on the bus—it was a balmy January 21st and all five men were saying how they needed a leader who could put the freeze on inflation. The N.Y. Post proclaimed Dean Burden, from Alaska, the unconditional victor, and the 1980 Presidential campaigns were under way.

It can be said that the entire Democratic Presidential race began before it was over. Burden's strong campaign, citing that "America needs a common man," was one that all Americans could relate to. As the commonest man alive in the fifty states, he was favored from the initial primaries on.

Many say Burden has such an easy time because of the shock early in the month of January when the Incumbent Democrat with the sweeping majority win in 1976 announced he would not seek re-election. The speech the incumbent made is already a classic:

Ladies and Gentlemen, Members of the Media, Chairmen of the Board, Fellow Americans, Hi Mom! And furthermore, I have a bad cold. So, I will not seek, nor will I accept the Party's nomination in 1980... (long pause) because of the situation in Yemen. Thank you and good night.

Since no one seemed to know what the situation in Yemen was, the incumbent escaped from the clutches of infamy or fame, locked himself in the White House bathroom, and was never heard from again. (See box)

By far Burden's greatest competition in the primaries came from Virginia Senator Robert Roosevelt, the pre-primary favorite. Roosevelt was intelligent, Roosevelt had style. The man was filled with zest, charisma, personality, and undeniable capability. As senator, he had increased Virginia's health care programs, kept taxes at a moderate level, and came close to abolishing the state's unemployment.

One simple problem haunted him. Fifteen years ago he had supposedly been in

an alleged brothel, was rumored to have had a "Saturday Night Special," and, after possibly taking a few snorts of a mysterious white powder, had supposedly shot and killed eight male prostitutes. Though he continually stressed that this alleged incident, which he referred to as "The little accident," had occurred over a decade ago, Burden would not let the public forget. Roosevelt immediately lost favor amongst the midwestern and southern states, and soon, as eastern primary results began to show, his support in the New England area was no longer strong. Fickle is the nature of politics.

Opposition to Burden's "common man" campaign came also in the person of Malcom "Quaaludes" Blue from the state of Washington. His campaign of "Free living, free drugs, free market economy, free the slaves, and legalize murder" could not compete, however, with Burden's "I'll put a whale on every table." From the beginning, Dean Burden was destined for Democratic glory.

The Republican race was by no means quite so easily determined. In fact not one reporter, commentator, newsman, soothsayer, gossip, or fortune teller in all these fifty states predicted that Admiral Elmo Henderson would be the G.O.P.'s choice for President in 1980. A split in the various affinity groups caused Hender-

son's solid horde of faceless, nameless, devoted followers to rise in victory.

Henderson's victory was aided by the fact that six moderate and liberal, fairly clear-thinking Republicans running for the nomination kept dividing the votes among themselves. A fairly substantial 36% of the votes were always going to one or more of these six. This split caused all six—Barry Clark, John Reynolds, Dave McCommer, Anderson Griswald, George Dove and Ronald Tropicana—to lose because each had too weak a contingent. Tropicana, the comedian-candidate, made light of the situation, but George Dove, who ran on a strong platform of "Peace and economic wealth," was understandably quite perturbed.

Other less publicized candidates were also helpful in taking percentage points away from the moderates and keeping Henderson's solid conservative contingent powerful. Drungo Pine, a veteran-turned pacifist who in many ways totally, completely, and hopelessly opposed all of Henderson's ideas, managed to drum up a small percentage of votes. Kansas Representative Bobby "Guns" Johnson, said to be extremely, radically to the right and thought by Henderson's camp to be a "Bloody liberal," also managed a percentage. John Donleavy was successful, running on the slogan:

You've seen the honest candidates not from Washington, D.C., you've seen the

The Last Four Years

The last four years have provided a great mix of events, a veritable crazy quilt of history that is enough to provoke both admiration and ire in many Americans. The President himself has been called everything from a brilliant statesman to an inept political hack, but just about everyone admits that he definitely wears a tie on state occasions.

One of the greatest criticisms aimed at the incumbent has been his virtual impotence in dealing with the hostage crisis in the tiny country of Vicobombastiday. His one abortive rescue attempt, an immense, secret tunnel from the U.S. military outpost in Ames, Georgia, into the room where the hostages are being held in the middle eastern country, backfired totally. When tunnel workers took a wrong turn at Greece, and ended up surfacing in Brezhnev's bider, the Soviet leader retaliated by firing an 80-megaton, heat-seeking missile at the President's personal dressing table. Only a formal apology from the U.S., and promises of reduced grain export prices, prevent the Premier from knocking out the incumbent's oak writing desk with an air assault.

But what of rising unemployment, eight-digit inflation, and a failure to establish adequate measures to conserve the nation's dwindling oil reserves? Why hasn't the President come up the the promised programs to halt and reverse these devastating trends?

"Oh yea," said the President, at a news conference in August, "I was gonna get to all those things. I put them on a list, and then I lost the list! How about that? But don't worry about it, I'll get to them soon."

Now that it's certain that the President of 1976 will not be re-elected this year, what are his future plans? "I dunno. Go out and get a job I guess."

Wysneski, Ohio Stages Democratic Convention *Burden's four-day rendezvous with destiny*

religious candidates; vote for me—a corrupt, typical politician who will get the job done.

And how can America forget Howard Butcher's "I'm a smarty" campaign?

Various satirical campaigns were also waged as a joke—commentary on the voting system. Some of these campaigns, however, gained public interest and also drew a comparatively large number of votes. (I speak specifically of the "Nobody for President" campaign and "Lydon LaRouche for President" campaign.)

Typical of the 1980 Republican race was the pooled results of the big primary day in June, when eight states held primary elections. The results are indicative of how Elmo Henderson became the Republican nominee:

| | |
|-----------------------------|-----|
| Undecided..... | 20% |
| Admiral Elmo Henderson..... | 9% |
| John Reynolds..... | 6% |
| Barry Clark..... | 6% |
| Anderson Griswald..... | 6% |
| Dave McCommer..... | 6% |
| George Dove..... | 6% |
| Ronald Tropicana..... | 6% |
| Bobby "Guns" Johnson..... | 5% |
| Drungo Pine..... | 5% |
| John Donleavy..... | 5% |
| Betty Boop (write-in)..... | 5% |
| Howard Butcher..... | 4% |
| Nobody..... | 4% |
| Michael Pulley..... | 4% |
| Lyndon LaRouche..... | 3% |

With a gleaming nine percent of the vote, Elmo Henderson led his contingent to the convention in Detroit and became the 1980 Republican nominee for President. And, as the N.Y. Post says, the rest is history.



Bobby "Guns" Johnson

Surprisingly, last August's Democratic national convention in Wysneski, Ohio, provided a much needed dose of suspense and excitement to this political year. The biggest surprise, of course, was the easy nomination of Alaskan Governor Dean Burden as Democratic candidate for President. This came on the crest of warnings from a small, but verbal splinter group that failure to nominate a candidate with a truly strong platform and political record would result in a rush of support for independent candidate Loretta Persimmon.

Burden took the convention by storm with his promises of complete support for SALT II, a tightening of controls on wasteful bureaucratic spending, a new plan to cut unemployment by two-thirds by 1982, and his unequivocal promise of whale blubber in every pot and a baby seal in every garage.

The Alaskan governor continued to show his political mettle during one of his numerous, impromptu speeches, when he claimed, "Dis bein' a candiate, it's a nice t'ing, you know?" His sense of diplomacy shone through with his polite compliment to the citizens of Wysneski, "Dis place . . . it ain't so cold like Alaska, you know?"

Another important factor in Burden's nomination had to do with the perfor-

mance of the other candidates at the convention. Damning incriminations of non-committment, vague platforms and general disability swept through the convention, as delegates gradually lost faith in candidates Roosevelt and Blue. One of the most convincing explanations for this phenomenon was the failure of either man to show up at the convention. "Dem udder guys, dey ain't gonna show, you know, heh, heh, heh . . ." stated Burden with amazing foresight, his button men nodding in agreement. Thus, when it came time to vote for an open convention, there was nothing to do but unanimously decide to free the delegates from their previous obligations if they were not Burden supporters. Indeed, any dissenting votes were discouraged just by the simple inability of the nay-sayers to raise either of two broken arms. Even the splinter group gave no indication of dissatisfaction. This may have been due to Burden's promise to "yank out dem splinters before they start an infection."

Burden's choice of Merman Lotz was another jolt, since the candidate had on several occasions expressed almost open dislike for the senator. At the '76 Democratic convention, in fact, he was heard to remark, "That Merman, what a sissypants, you know?"

As he accepted the nomination, presidential candidate Dean Burden's words contained a loud ring of truth for

Jersey's Favorite Son "Walks Out"

There was but one exception to the general primary pattern. In a shocking upset that stunned political bosses from Camden to Hoboken, Artie Delmar, presidential hopeful of the small but spunky Slumber Party, won both the Democratic and Republican divisions of the New Jersey primary, courtesy of a plurality of write-in votes from his fanatical supporters who heeded his message to "vote early and often." Weeks later, however, the Delmar campaign received a crushing blow when the state's Board of Elections disqualified the goggle-eyed, platform-shoed underdog's victory on the grounds that he was not a registered member of either party.

Delmar, an accomplished musician whose School of Rock 'n' Roll Violin Playing has netted him a meager fortune, operated from his power base on Channel 68's "Uncle Floyd Show" and slowly built up a zealous following. Armed with his popular running mate—a woolen sock named Lambie—and a catchy slogan, "Don't Walk Out on America," Artie fearlessly spoke out for: dollarization of America ("A box of Raisinets and a new home will both cost \$1"); legalization of crime ("The thrill will be gone"); movement to an economic plastic standard ("We've got a lot more of it"); opposition to World War III ("I'm sick of sequels"); and increased purchase of imported goods ("You'll Go Foreign With Artie").

Angered by the primary disqualification, a band of Delmar delegates attempted to infiltrate the Detroit and Wysneski conventions, but were swiftly ejected when their credentials were discovered to be thinly disguised Betty Crocker recipe cards. An additional setback occurred when the major candidates refused to confront Artie, and he had to settle for a debate with the soundtrack of "The Exorcist." Despite the low-budget nature of his White House run, Delmar remains confident of a Slumber-ticket win; but if he does lose, it's back to playing "Louie Louie" on his fiddle.

any future leader of the nation. "Primary objective of any presidential administration be restoration of American faith in newly revitalized nation, and establish-

ment of fair and equitable compromise between America's interests abroad, and inalienable right of world-wide self-determination, you know?"



Dean Burden's Wife Rose in Alaska

Detroit Loves A Good Party

Henderson commandeers GOP hearts

DETROIT LOVES A GOOD PARTY, and a good party they had. Four days of cocktail parties and cookouts, boat rides and concerts. Yes folks, it was July, 1980; time for a four day CBS special and a lot of good partying. It was time for the Republican Convention!

Admiral Elmo Methuselah Henderson was in top form, trim and fit for his 139 years. His fingers were poised, as usual, to press the trigger of the nifty little handgun he carries with him at all times. After a 16 year attempt to get the Republican nomination and a series of mysterious killings earlier this year, Methuselah had done it. And as he smiled at the crowds and nodded to the sounds of whips cracking and cheers of "Hit 'em harder, Elmo!" Admiral Henderson knew he had made it to the top.

On the first morning of the Convention, Bill Brock, National Chairman, and Senator Howard H. Baker Jr., Minority Leader, were selling raffles outside the Joe Louis Arena-site of the convention—in order to fund an effort to win Black and Jewish votes. The logo on the raffle read: "Elmo loves chitlins and gefilte fish."

"We want the American people to see Elmo for who he really is," explained Brock. "An irresponsible, strident, uncompromising ideologue. Those aren't even his better points! Elmo is known by his closest friends as trigger happy!"

Henderson's background has helped him considerably. After all, what other presidential candidate has ever been able to boast of performing in the Follies and a number of third-rate Hollywood films? Thus, his appeal is widespread. The celebrities came out in full force to join the festivities. Tanya Tucker and Glen Campbell sang the National Anthem and others, including Vanessa Redgrave ("This is the best time I've had since Arafat's birthday party!") and Donny

and Marie, joined the convention.

Besides these famous stars, the audience was made up of many different kinds of people, the majority of whom wore polyester suits and cowboy hats. There were even a few punk rockers, donning thin ties and purple sneakers. Elmo tried hard to appear at ease with all these people. Knowing the value of the image of unity, he proclaimed, "We are a progressive party," and put on a pair of Scooby Doo sunglasses. One woman outside the arena babbled excitedly, "I'm an inveterate people watcher. Last night I met Liz Taylor. I've never had so much fun in my life!" When asked what she thought of Admiral Henderson, she replied, "Henderson? Henderson who? Oh, him! I think he's great. I saw one of his movies and he's so macho!"

The Republican platform is stern and specific. Henderson endorsed the Kemp-Sloth bill for an 80% tax cut over the next six months. "Taxes, shmases," he said offhandedly. He advocates a mandatory law to force women to clean and cook all day, and capital punishment for anyone he does not like. If elected, his plans for the next four years include a complete overthrow of the Arab and Soviet governments through nuclear confrontation. "We will die superior," he promised.

During the convention, a drama unfolded pertaining to Elmo's choice for vice president. He was persuaded that Gerald Ford would be the "dream candidate" and he, in turn spent two days and nights persuading Ford to join the ticket. He was heard to say, "C'mon, Ger, we'll have a great time!" Up until the last minute it seemed that Ford would indeed succumb to the pressure. But when they emerged from Elmo's suite last Wednesday night, bright-eyed and bushy tailed, the Admiral established, "We were just chucking around the football." He

then called Drungo Pine, his long-time first choice to tell him he was his man for vice president.

Drungo, who was sitting in his own suite drinking a beer and feeling rejected, immediately rejoiced. In his excitement, he repeated himself often, saying, "I am very pleased. I told the Admiral I would work, work, work." Unfortunately, this flaw in speech caused him to order six martinis, twelve plates of steak and three butterscotch puddings at the celebration dinner that night.

The only other strain on the convention were the 3000 ERA supporters who marched outside the arena, singing *I Want A Girl Just Like the Girl that Married Dear Old Dad*. Donny and Marie were outraged, and Marie belted out in response *Good Girls Don't* with Donny adding "But I do."

Admiral Henderson's acceptance speech was the best monologue he has ever performed in his acting career; it evoked a strong sense of patriotism in every American's heart. At the end of his speech he called for a moment of prayer, and then broke out in *God Bless America*, followed by *Boola Boola*, in honor of Drungo's days at Yale. As a rousing summation, the convention body, led by Elmo himself, sang *Da Ya Think I'm Sexy*. There were tears in the Admiral's eyes when he finished singing the last verse. And as one senator said as he left the arena, "One thing about the Admiral. He really knows how to give a helluva party!"



GOP Conventioneers Celebrate Passage of Rule 3-A (contents unknown)



Loretta's Gamble!

Can an Independent female candidate win?

In the aftermath of those conventions, Rep. John Anderson halted his independent bid for the presidency when he was offered the job he was reportedly seeking secretly all along: chairman of the board of directors of the Indianapolis Motor Speedway. Just when Americans had begun to resign themselves to a less than ideal two candidate race, a new and viable alternative candidate emerged. Loretta Persimmon, a 45 year old, 3 term Connecticut state senator took to the chase, saying at the time, "I am running because I am genuinely afraid that neither Henderson nor Burden can spell U.S.A., much less govern it." From that beginning, her campaign consistently distinguished itself by focusing on her attributes and issue stances rather than on name calling and imagery development. This attracted enough attention to make her a contender, however, throughout history no independent has ever successfully challenged the two major parties. Her supporters sensing this fact, had been perceptibly drifting away to the two major candidates, only to surprisingly return to her after a few weeks. By that time another sector of her constituency had defected, although it too appears to be drifting back with time. It is this cycle of fluctuation and uncertainty that keeps her in the race to the end with some hope of success. A staff correspondent spoke to her last week in N.Y.C.

Q. You have never held an office higher than State Senator, nor have you ever been a member of any political party. How do you expect to be able to govern this country?

A. Well, I remind you that I have been involved in national affairs for a long time, in the areas of civil rights, consumer rights, anti-war activities, environmental protection, etc. Also, I am confident that I am better informed on the workings of government than either of my opponents. While Adm. Henderson has been an ideological spokesman for some time, the closest he's ever been to government in operation is his role in "Hellcats of the Congressional Cafeteria" in 1928. (He portrayed a sideshow wildman befriended by a woman who works at the congressional lunch counter). That is certainly no better preparation for the presidency than my own, nor is a one-term governorship in which the major legislation passed was a bill mandating a state takeover of the cost of promoting the Nenana Ice Pool Contest (Burden's favorite annual event, won

by the person who can most accurately predict when the ice will break up in the Tanana River) in Alaska. Could I do that much worse?

Q. You have never been a member of any organized political party. Why?

A. I never much cared for parties. I'd rather read a good book than do the mombo with an endless array of overweight congressmen at \$100 a plate. Besides, chicken makes me perspire.

Q. You have published an economic plan, a defense policy, and been fairly detailed in delineating where you stand on the issues. The polls suggest that your stands seem to be closer to the mainstream of opinion than the discernable view of either of your opponents. Why then are you trailing?

A. Well, I wouldn't quite say I'm trail-



ing. My polls show that I would carry both N.Y. and California handily if the election were held in 1968. For one thing, though, I would say that issues don't seem to be as important as they used to. Also, the two parties are not quite as weak as you might have thought. I can't imagine why anyone would vote for Henderson or Burden for any reason other than party loyalty. Another problem is that image gets twice the emphasis on the evening news as issues do. Burden is, I would admit, quite a bit more colorful an individual than I. He makes for a much more bizarre minute and a half of television than my policy pronouncements do. And Adm. Henderson presents things so well. Why, even I almost believed him when he said the other day, "Lumbago has killed more people than trees have and trees cause more pollution than industry, so curing lumbago should take precedence over setting pollution regulations."

Q. Do you regret the appearance on *That's Incredible*?

A. No. My media people said it was vital to get network exposure and I would tend to agree. It was free, and I was able to explain my economic proposals thoroughly between the meowing frog segment and that of the invisible aliens who perform "Othello" for an old woman in her Flin Flon, Manitoba den. At least she told me the aliens would vote for me, if they were allowed to.

Q. What about your choice of a running mate.

A. Powers Boothe will make a wonderful vice president. Did you see the Emmy awards? Only one actor was brave enough to turn his beliefs into actions and accept his award in person. That man was Powers and that kind of courage is rare and certainly desirable in national office holders. Besides, I rather enjoyed his portrayal of Jim Jones and people recognize him. In my position, the votes his fans cast can't hurt. I won't lie about that.

Q. Do you think your presence will elect the extremist Henderson?

A. I don't think so. Between Burden and Henderson it doesn't make much difference anyway. I doubt Henderson will get any part of his program through Congress nor will Burden since he's been campaigning against Congress and making quite a few enemies along the way. I believe he's said on more than one occasion, "Current Congress like tundra. Subsoil permanently frozen." Either way, we'll get stagnation. Neither of them have considered the fact that the purpose of all this is to govern. The election is really not an end in itself. I'll admit it however, I want to govern and I think I know how.

Q. What do you think you'll be doing on Nov. 5th?

A. For some reason, I have a feeling I'll be the president-elect. I can't tell you why, but I feel I will. It's not up to me at this point anyway, so it doesn't pay to worry about it. If the people want me, they'll elect me. If not, I'll gladly go back to Hartford. The only reason I'm here is to express my personal fright at the choice we were presented with and maybe offer a preferable alternative. The act of losing will not be as painful to me personally as, say, watching an endless Elmo Henderson movie. I only hope 4 years of either a Burden or Henderson administration will in fact not bring the nation to the level of pain that Adm. Henderson's "A Bouffant Hairdo For Bongo" did in 1926.

"What I'll Do!"

Admiral Henderson speaks out

The Hello Men

We are the hello men
We are the stupid men
Shaking hands and
Kicking babies.
Our speeches, when
We make our promises
Are quiet and meaningless

Here we go 'round the ballot
box
Ballot box Ballot box
Here we go 'round the ballot
box
At 6:37:02 Eastern Standard
Time

Between the promise
And the delivery
Between the emotion
And the acts
Falls the voter
For thine is the election

This is the way the contest
ends
This is the way the contest
ends
This is the way the contest
ends
Not with a leader but a gutter

(Admiral Henderson, the
GOP candidate for president, was
meditating before his statue of William
Henry Harrison when I met him for the
interview. He asked me how I voted in the
1972 election and I said, 'I couldn't vote.'
He said that was the correct course.)

P: What would the direction of your
administration be?

H: I plan immediate broad, sweeping
activities to root out all foreign influences.
First of all, we are all very concerned with
how our allies have betrayed us, right?
RIGHT! I have been thinking about this
for some time . . . Britain betrayed us in
1776, France betrayed us in World War II,

Germany in World War I, Italy in World
War II, and so forth. So, I will prevent
this dangerous spread of communism that
has infected these countries since the
Spanish Inquisition and drop that bomb
on our so-called allies NOW!!! (Hammers
the table) THEY'RE ALL COM-
MUNISTS, INDIANS, OR WORSE,
TORIES! So I'll teach 'em to doublecross
the good ol' US of A, yes sir! I'll put on
our six-shooters, and meet 'em in high
noon, and there won't be any of 'em left,
I promise you. Then we can begin to fight
Communism.

P: Have you lined up your Cabinet?

H: Most of the problems in this country
are caused by the fact that all politicians,
excluding myself, because I'm a military
man, are crooks or Commies. So to pre-
vent that, and return to the ways Madison
intended (although I think he was too
liberal) my Cabinet will be made up of my
family. My vice president will be a
member, perhaps. I'm not sure.

P: What will you do about rampant in-
flation?

H: Inflation? Hah! You know what's
wrong with the country today? No nickel
beer! Now, in 1875, in New York, I could
get cigars, beer, horsecar rides, into peep
shows, all for a nickel! Now, was anybody
angry then? Did you have riots then? NO,
of course not! Because everybody was
happy! So I will reinstitute nickel beer,
cigars, movies and horsecar rides. And
award a federal contract to horse fertilizer
companies to help the tide of unemploy-
ment.

P: Speaking of 1875, there was ques-
tioning in all circles about your age, do
you think that is a factor? Are you too
old?

H: In response to that, let me say this. I
have never been one to question people's
right to ask questions in our society. Right
to question is what makes this country
great. I believe that answers must be
sought and found. Now, what was your
question?

P: Never mind. What about unemploy-
ment?

H: As I said, by instituting horsecar ser-
vice throughout the country, we will
revitalize the transportation industry,
breathe life into farming, and find jobs
for the out-of-work horsecar conductors.

P: And other workers?

H: What other workers?

P: The ones in the industries, and the
migrant farm workers.

H: I'm glad you brought that up,
because all this foreign invasion is

dangerous. Yesterday I was at Ellis Island
watching all those snivelling, diseased im-
migrants come in. The man in charge said
they couldn't speak English, and had the
gall to demand instructions on where to
go from our boys there. Suppose one of
those immigrants was a Roosian spy? And
he asked the man in charge for the keys to
Fort Knox? He'd steal our gold supply!
That's why we must protect America from
foreignism. We'll keep out the Com-
munists. Especially the moderate
Republicans among them.

They're the worst. Keep ranting about
Lincoln. All he did was free the slaves.
Anybody could do that. Take a look at
Benjamin Harrison. He balanced the
budget, by cracky. Spent the whole thing,
and got it even steven.

P: Will you have a member of any op-
posing parties in your Cabinet?

H: I expect to have a Republican, yes,
sir.

P: What about streamlining govern-
ment?

H: That's a good point. I don't like the
way the Bureau of Indian Affairs is hand-
ling the Indian Crisis. Did you ever read
that classic, "Sgt. Guts Rides the
Range?"

P: No, I haven't.

H: Marvel Comics. A classic in Indian
history. I plan to raise a cavalry brigade
and have it attack the Indian camps near
Little Big Horn. Only this time, we'll have
napalm. And that reminds me. I am op-
posed to gun control. If we don't let our
settlers in the Rockies have guns then In-
dians and rustlers will swoop down on
them and kidnap the schoolmarm. I know
all about the Indians. I have studied them
closely.

P: When?

H: In my last three movies. 1919, 1923,
and 1928.

P: How will you deal with Social
Security and Welfare?

H: In my day, we had no welfare and
no beggars and do you know why?
Because we had police lodging houses in
the cities. The police would take the in-
dignants off the streets, put them in the
lodging house and put them to work in the
steel mills, and we had no unemployment
or welfare or social security. If people
can't plan ahead, the government can't
bail them out. Look what happened to
those folks who came to California. They
built a land for themselves by finding
gold, planting claims, shooting varmints
and claim jumpers, intermarrying,
building mansions, making movies, and

hitting it big. Those brave gold diggers of '48 and the hookers of '49 came together and made America the marvel it is today without any help from anybody! ANYBODY! GO IT ALONE!

P: What about bailing out Chrysler?

H: Well, charity begins at home, and we have to help and assist our neighbors, Love Thy Neighbor, Brother's Keeper, it's in The Good Book, that's my motto, so we should help our suffering multi-million dollar cartels.

P: What is your stand on labor-management relations?

H: You know, I can remember the Boston Police Strike in 1919 when Governor Calvin Coolidge, he was, you know, running Massachusetts, just before he fired the police who were striking, fired the whole lot, brave man, stood up to a mob . . . he said . . . ah, nuts . . . I forget, but, it was a good one . . . but the point is, you can't let the people run things, because if you do, that's giving in to an uneducated populace who doesn't know anything about the issues, the problems, or what the future holds. We have to learn these things.

P: What will you do about NASA?

H: The Bible tells me that the earth is the center of the universe. What else do we need to know? If we continue to put more public funds into this sort of mucking around in space, we will be engaging in the devil's work, and we should obey the Scriptures. Furthermore, if we meet aliens, that's a foreign influence.

P: What is your foreign policy?

H: As you know, I plan to seize, after we find them, the polar ice caps, to put us on top of the world, no matter how you look at it. Then we will take over the Suez Canal. You will recall that we did so in a great moment.

P: Suez Crisis in 1956?

H: No, Marines in Egypt in 1936. Starring Elmo Henderson. That is where I met my third wife.

P: In Egypt?

H: No, in Hollywood during the filming.

P: What about the Russians, and the Third World?

H: I believe that the only way we can save Freedom and Democracy here and around the world is to drop the bomb on our allies and our enemies and those wishy-washy fence-sitters who can't decide either way. Furthermore, we should eliminate Communist influences at home. We will consider H-Bombing one city in the United States as a warning to potential American Communists, or General Lee's Confederates, that I mean business. Nobody messes around with the Federal Government. You will recall that

recent attempted bombing in Little Rock, where an H-Bomb nearly blew up.

P: Yes.

H: That was *my kind of thinking!* Yessirreee, we could have blasted every Commie, nut, looney, Republican or Democrat in all of Arkansas. And some of them are even White Protestants! We could have wiped out Communism here at home.

I tell you there are subversive brigades hiding in the swamps in Arkansas. When the Commies land, they'll come out and try to destroy us all. They're made up of groups like the Veterans of Foreign Wars, and the Boy Scouts, and groups like that. Commies all, every one of them. Especially those moderate Republicans. They think they're so big.

My point is, we can save Democracy. Provided everyone obeys orders.

P: What is your defense policy?

H: When I was in the First World War, we were the top dog, and nobody messed around with us. We had the advantage. We had battleships. You know, those big ships of 45,000 tons, with 12-inch guns that go boom in the night, and blast twenty miles away. Ah, they were great.

Well, this missile era hasn't protected us from anything, so I will build a vast fleet of battleships, forty in all. I will base them in the Philippines, Japan, any of those colonies of ours, and anybody who attacks us will get hit, hard! I might put eight in Pearl Harbor. They used to look so good out there, lined up in a row, on Sunday mornings.

P: Could you sum up your goals for America?

H: I plan to end press criticism of the government, treasonous politicians making treasonable statements, return to the days of the Old West, destroying our enemies, real and potential, and generally making sure that the U.S. is in capable hands. Mine and my family's. My coronation will be straight out of Busby Berkeley. He was great. He'll do it. Thank God we live in a free democracy, where people can do what they want, and be what they want.



Henderson's California Estate

Dean Burden The 1980 Democratic Candidate

An interview by Hew Sickley

Recently, I managed to meet with Dean Burden, the Alaskan Governor running in place of the incumbent as his party's presidential candidate. The following was transcribed at Burden's Washington Campaign office:

Q: How do you see your chances for victory?

DB: Pretty darn good, yeah. Me feel so happy me could wet pants. It been a long hard road but it worth it. But you know, dem fancy-looking Joe College types who tink me am a moron to run, well, me have last ho-ho, or whatever!"

Q: Would you care to speak about your plans as president to revitalize the military?

DB: Well, me think of nuclear-powered harpoons. How dey work is like dis: You on battlefield and you see great big Ruskie tank coming toward you. What you gonna do? Well, you either run like hell or—and only if you got good throwing arm—you chuck harpoon into tank gun and den watch it go boom! Pieces of flesh and metal all over place! It big sight to see!

Q: I bet. How about the ERA?

DB: Well, it real good! Unlike that old fool who's my opponent—him real dumb—me feel it good incentive for women to work. Even better den what hunters in my Eskimo village used to do to get dem to work!

Q: What did they do?

DB: Dey tell women 'work or die' and women would work! Dose who didn't work got thrown in river and either dey screamed 'we work, we work for free! or dey freeze to death! (laughing) "Boy dem the good old days!

Q: What would you do about the economy?

DB: Hmmm, well, me get people to work. Dat's what.

Q: But Governor, *how* are you going to get people to work?

DB: You want details?

Q: Yes, the readers will want to know all the details.

DB: Okay, okay. See, details get me confused, but me try to make you happy.

See—you want more 'JD'?—me fix it so oil companies don't pay taxes no more. Den, dey have enuff money to pay workers. But me try to balance full effect by taxing public schools, churches and nursing homes. So no one goes hungry. Really smart, huh?

Q: But Governor, that means big business gets to do anything they want—they get away with murder!

DB: Who talks about murder? Mebbe you watch too much 'Kojak' or mebbe you have too much to drink. Hey, dat reminds me—me gonna set up special TV network time so me no have to take time from other networks. An' me gonna have final say over what gets over airwaves so me no get misunderstood! Hey, why you mouth open so wide?

(At this point, the tape recorder was shut off. By accident, I think)

You know why me run for office? Because me am sure me know what to do in a crisis. Watergate! Me wouldn't get caught like dat! Me tell reporters to get off my back or me stab dem! But Nixon, him real jerk. He kept tapes—real dumb! An' that southern president! Reason Democrats pick me over him is dat me man of action! If hostages taken when me was in office, me blow up Iran two seconds later! To show dem U.S. of A. means business! Dat's why! Me no have sissy talk keep me from doing what's smart!

My vision started to blur, thanks to the J'D', no doubt! But after listening to Burden's informed opinions, anything could've caused it. Still, there was some ground left to cover.

On Burden's opponent: "Him old fart! Him trigger-happy! If he under me, me shoot him quick."

On Burden's running mate: Merman Lotz: "Him big jerk, but me keep Florida (Lotz's home state) happy. Dem help in campaign."

On Abscam: "It funniest ding I ever heard. Boy, what dopes! Most of dem from New Jersey, so don't it figure?"

Finally, the interview was over. Burden rose to show me out. On the way, he confided to me that he felt that the American people are tired of "supermen" running for office.

He elaborated: "You know, dem guys wit fancy pants schooling and double breasted three piece suits, well, dere time is coming to end! Here! Dat's me, da "Common Man!"

He was so proud. I felt so sick, I threw up.

October Events: *Down the home stretch and into the toilet*

Curtains

I walk into the booth
It is cold and dark and
ominous
Strange dials and levers loom
before me
I pull the curtain shut
"Hmm . . . Senator Carbon
or Senator Monoxide?
I think I'll hold my breath in-
stead."

The beginning of the final month of Campaign '80 saw Dean Burden's once-large lead in the polls shrinking daily as a series of tasteless remarks by the Democratic candidate negated his strong, silent image. "He's completely destroyed

our attempts to capitalize on his resemblance to the weeping Indian in the 'Keep America Beautiful' ads," an aide bitterly complained. "Hopefully, the English lessons from the Tom Carvel Ice Cream College will help his oratory." When replying to Elmo Henderson's denouncement of a possible 4-day work week as too taxing on the average American, Burden inadvertently blurted out an oceanic epithet. "Whaleshit," he said, "I often work 40-hour day in Land of Midnight Sun." But the Alaskan's most vicious remark about his Republican rival was: "Man too old to have erection not powerful enough to lead nation." In response, the Admiral speculated on the intimacy of Burden's mother with baby seals.

A national poll by the Lou Canter Agency reflected the public's view on personal attacks in the campaign. 46% categorized them as examples of "vicious mudslinging," 25% judged them as "healthy and American as apple pie,"

Outsiders to the Mainstream of Politics: Profile of a Jerk-Water Candidate

Not all the excitement in the election this year is being caused by the 3 major candidates. In fact, by far the most interesting candidate is defrocked Greek Orthodox Bishop Aristotle Xanadus. A former mental patient and current Carvel Ice Cream franchise holder, the ex-Bishop is running on the Millard Fillmore REVIVAL line.

"Yes, yes," said Bishop, or A.X. as he likes to be called, "I think that the major issue in the election is elevator music. I feel strongly that this violates the equal protection clause of the Constitution. I say music in every elevator or in none! This is how I intend to eliminate discrimination in the construction industry."

A.X. is an intense man. To give an example, he never wastes any time—always trying to do two things at once. Throughout the duration of the interview, he kept building and taking apart a child's xylophone, pausing in between occasionally to play an atonal melody.

As to other issues, A.X. places very highly the idea of conservation and recycling. "I always try to save wherever possible. I wrote my last speech on the back of a promotional flyer for the Flying Karamazov's. Government is the biggest waster. Look at all the tons of paper that the bureaucracies waste. All that paper they put out, and they only use one side! If I am elected, I will mandate that no paper will be thrown away until it is used to its fullest capacity—in other words, all old documents are to be used again to utilize the blank sides. Thus all waste paper—old copies of the Constitution, inter-office memoranda, top-secret CIA intelligence reports—are to be used in all letters to the public."

This conversation . . . rather monologue, continued on for several hours. The subjects ranged from nuclear power, whippets, and people named Norris to the incumbent president. Suffice to say, none of this is worth reporting. Even if it were, there is no record, as in the middle of the interview the ex-Bishop grabbed my recorder, removed the cassette and commenced to eat the tape while singing "Babalu" in a fake Cuban accent. One wonders if this man is any worse than the remaining major party candidates.

NATION

and 18% of those surveyed expressed a desire to see the candidates engage in mortal combat as soon as possible.

As Election Day drew nearer and nearer, both camps strove to gain an upper hand by any conceivable means. Henderson and Burden logged more flying miles per week than the combined efforts of TWA and Air Togoland. This hectic, disorienting pace proved to be the undoing of Admiral Henderson when he made a vow to save the South Bronx at a rally in Detroit. "Oops," squeaked the doddering centenarian when informed of his blunder.

Elmo's opportunistic running mate, Drungo Pine, received a free two-hour slot from NBC-TV under the equal time rule. Earlier in the week, the network had presented the movie "A Cry for Love," featuring independent vice-presidential contender Powers Boothe in the role of a lifelong drunk. Pine applied for a similar spot, demanding to be "presented in an equally favorable light." Democratic V.P. choice Merman Lotz stayed home and laughed as Pine was trounced mightily in the Neilsens by a "Dallas" rerun.

A major focus of the candidates throughout October was the soliciting of endorsements from organizations and celebrities in a manner that would've done The Happy Hooker proud. A slew of entertainers supporting independent Loretta Persimmon staged a benefit performance at Madison Square Garden; unfortunately, they were such a narrow-appeal set of acts (The New Delhi Flute and Starvation Band, Harry Ritz, Zev, the Marquis Chimps) that the box-office gross was barely one-half of the Garden's rental fee. Persimmon, denied bank loans and

uncertain of federal funding of her campaign, also saw plans for a telethon fall through. "If we could've snared Tony Orlando, it would've worked," Loretta sighed.

The most shocking plug for a candidate came when former Sixties radical Abbe Samuels, who rose to fame via the Milwaukee Dozen trial, announced her support for the reactionary Henderson. "Look at how successfully he dodged the draft in 1917," Ms. Samuels explained. "We all learn to accept new ideas," said Abbe, now employed in the public relations department of a breakfast cereal company. Not quite endorsing Elmo, but coming very close, was a prominent political author who resides on East 65th Street. "It's perfectly clear that 'Dad' Henderson is using some of my old campaign tactics," smiled the jowly old felon. "Ordering a hundred pepperoni pizzas for the rival campaign headquarters, for example."

A long-anticipated strategic move, made jointly by Dean Burden and the incumbent President, finally came to pass two weeks before election Day. For months, Henderson and Persimmon had warned voters against being swayed by an "October surprise." Their suspicion was confirmed by the recipe for Democrats' October Surprise in the new issue of *Ladies' Home Journal*. Consisting basically of raw fish and grits, the dish was widely criticized by people of all political beliefs. "It needs more garnishing, and the aftertaste is horrible," scoffed gourmet House Speaker Tip O'Neill.

Just when it seemed that a face-to-face discussion of issues would never occur in

this year's race for the White House, the Guild of Absentee Voters invited all three candidates to a debate in Truth or Consequences, New Mexico. But Loretta Persimmon swiftly refused to participate. "My percentage in the polls has been cut in half since my debate with Henderson," she announced soberly. "If I get much more national exposure, I can kiss the hope of a respectable showing goodbye." Admiral Elmo expressed sadness at Persimmon's decision. "Now it's me and that damn snowman," he wheezed.

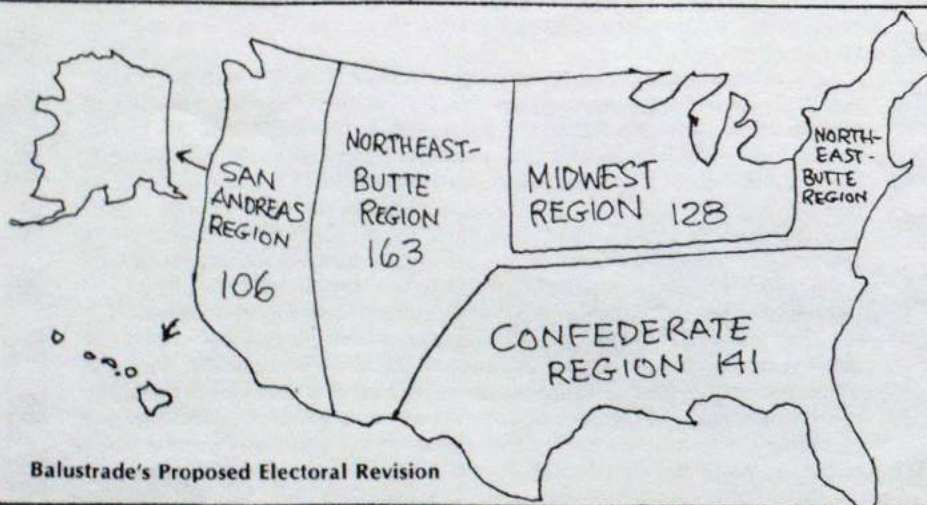
The debate, moderated by Bob Barker, turned out to be a dreary non-climax to the campaign. Burden emphasized his plan to stop inflation: "If they no stop making green stuff, I pull plug on Government Printing Office." He also proposed construction of "Pentagon II" north of the Arctic Circle. Henderson shot back that Burden couldn't even get the pipeline to work when he was governor of Alaska. The Admiral defended his flip-flop on the question of nuclear power, explaining that he had confused it with preserving the strength of the nuclear family. Elmo summarized his reliance on the past to solve current problems with the statement, "History repeats itself; I should know, I've seen most of it."

Oddly, most observers scored the debate as even. Reactions of the millions of television viewers ranged from drowsy to suicidal. Despite the Persimmon factor and an eleventh-hour movement to elect the remains of Adlai Stevenson, a close, two-man race was anticipated.



The Electoral College:

Balustrade reform talk sweeps capital



When the chore of electing a president rolls around every four years, Americans proudly stroll into the voting booth and cast their ballots. They have been convinced by some segments of the media that their vote will put their candidate one step closer to the White House. This may not be the case. The number of votes which a man garners does not matter, it is *where* those votes are that counts. For, in the Electoral College, the winner of a state's popular vote, by a margin of one or one million, receives *all* of that state's electoral votes. Is this really democracy in action?

NATION

The Electoral College has long been perceived as an antiquated institution that is now out-of-date and unreliable, much like the rhythm method of birth control. Cries for change in this 18th-century relic, as ubiquitous on Capitol Hill as indicted Congressmen, have gone unheeded too long. Finally, the issue began to be investigated last year with the formation of the House Committee on Electoral Reform and Regulation of Lunch Meat Pigments. We recently spoke to the chairman, Rep. Enos Balustrade (D-Montana), shortly before the final plan was to be submitted.

"Well, son, our original plan was a real fleadanger," said Balustrade, feet resting on his buffalo hide-covered desk. "We called it 'The Reversal Plan.' Quite simply, this was it: only 538 citizens go to the polls on Election Day. 41 New Yorkers, 12 Virginians, just like that. Think how much easier it'd be to get out the vote! Then, when the election's over, we'd have 85 million electors base their ballots on those 538. Ordinary folk like me and you,

electors for President of the Yew-nited States! Ain't that a kick in the kidneys! It'd be one hell of an interest-getter, I guarantee that.

"But we had to scrap that one. How can you expect the government to handle all them electors when a Congressman can't even get a good cup of coffee? Taste this swill!"

After showing us his rifle collection, Rep. Balustrade began to describe the plan that is now "operative," as they say in Washingtonese. As illustrated above, it consists of dividing the country into four "electoral regions," and is officially labeled "The Balustrade Plan."

"I gavelled that name through," the Congressman snorted. "A man deserves something after 30 years, right? Anyway, this is the best of all possible systems, yessir. For one thing, no more of this 'campaign-in-the-big-states' garbage. Now, the guy's got to win a whole region of the country; the Tennessee chicken farmers are gonna be just as important as them Wall Street wizards. The candidate

doesn't know whether the election will be decided under the smoky skies of Pittsburgh or the coconuts of Hawaii. Hey, that's damn close to poetic, huh?"

"You'll notice, though, we didn't make it regional, cut-and-dried. Look how we connected up that Northeast-Butte region! Some smart ass tries to kiss up to those industries in the East, he's still got to come out to the Rocky Mountains and sell himself there! No more ignoring of any geographical area; they're all vital. You got any idea of the last time a president visited Pocatello, Idaho? 1926! Coolidge got lost and wound up there. Didn't even say anything."

Just as the jolly old Democrat is guiding us to the door, we point out something on the map of his spanking-new plan. If a candidate were to take the Midwest and Confederate regions, he and his opponent would be tied at 269 votes each.

The Congressman breaks out in a sweat. "Uh oh . . . we missed that one. Another \$8 million in research down the tubes. And I'm up for re-election next year!"

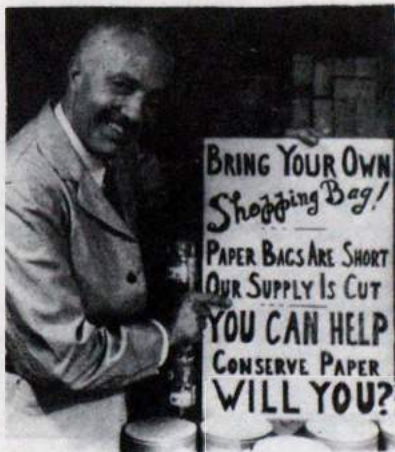
Looking Out For No. 2

Many changes have occurred in our nation's political system since its birth in 1776. No longer do our nation's leaders wear three cornered hats, knickers, and ill-fitting shoes with large brass buckles on them. With the exception of the incumbent, they no longer express their innermost feelings with Georgian muses; for the most part they have no innermost feelings to express.

Seldom do the politicians of the present refer to Philadelphia as "the Capitol" as they did in the latter 1700s, when the District of Columbia was little more than a slimy, sumpy swamp. As times changed so did the location of our capitol. It moved first from "the City of Brotherly Love" to New York City in 1790, and was eventually relocated at its present sits in Washington in 1800. Although no longer a swamp in the geographical sense, Washington still abounds with political sump and slime. Certainly, with few exceptions the shape of American politics has changed considerably over the past two centuries, since one lone voice screamed out in the dark of night, "Give me liberty, but give me liberty with green stamps. If you don't want to give me liberty, I'll settle for the green stamps."

One major exception is the office of the vice presidency. A job which entails the carrying out of such necessary

tasks as attending the funerals of obscure dignitaries from nations with names that occupy more area than the country itself, hosting decoupage contests for the manually inept and smiling and looking happy at all times, the office of vice president is considered to be next to the command of the Swiss Navy in uselessness. The office of the Vice President was established in 1789



Drungo Pine

under the administration of George Washington, however, the post went unfilled as the President, feeling it to be too frivolous, threatened to kill, cure, look, and eat any person who

tried to assume the office. Alexander Hamilton became the nation's first V.P. under Thomas Jefferson. At that time, the office went to the runner-up of the Presidential election; now, of course, Vice-Presidential candidates are chosen by their running mates prior to the elections. In spite of this, history reflects with alarming regularity that no matter how they are chosen, nor where they come from, Vice-Presidents are losers. This year's Vice Presidential hopefuls, Drungo P. Pine, Merman Lotz, and Powers Booth once again prove this to be true.

Drungo P. Pine, running mate of Republican Admiral Elmo Methuselah Henderson has distinguished himself as perhaps the most indistinguishable candidate in the 1980 vice-presidential race. Pine first made headlines in 1965, when as a struggling character actor he turned down Twentieth Century Fox's offer of the role of Chief O'Hara in the Batman television series and opted instead to fulfill his lifelong dream of becoming Governor of Rhode Island. Although he had been a lifelong resident of Arkansas, Pine staged a successful independent write-in campaign when it was revealed that the two major candidates did not exist. A relative new-comer to the Henderson camp, the former Governor was selected only 8 years ago at an A&P in Providence, where the two bumped in-

to each other while shopping. Pine impressed the Admiral with his preference for leaf lettuce over head lettuce. Although Henderson has praised Pine as being a "stolid bastion of conservatism" and "a level-headed political thinker with the right thing on his mind at all times," the Governor has yet to express an opinion on any issue. At press conferences he does not acknowledge questions of a political nature and has been known to deliver lengthy dissertations on batting average computation, photosynthesis in religion, and how the presence of inert gases affect the duration of a shoe shine. The Rhode Islander has often supported his political credibility by stating, "Politics is my middle name." Birth records substantiate this claim. Little is known about Pine's personal life; insiders on Capitol Hill believe that he has none.

While Pine's relationship to his running mate has become stronger during the course of the campaign, the bond between Alaska Governor Dean Burden and his choice for Vice President, Senator Merman Lotz is perhaps the worst in American history. Lotz, the 350 pound, 72 year-old freshman legislator from Florida, became the second half of this year's Democratic ticket as the result of an agreement made decades ago by his father Herman and Burden's, the notorious Alaskan political boss Jake Burden. A retired plumber from Astoria, Queens, Lotz moved to the Sunshine State when he turned 65 in order to live some of the "Good Life." After a few months life got boring, as Lotz was later to philosophize "Retirement is boring; someone say, 'retirement,' I think, 'boring.' You get retired all you do is clip coupons outa the paper and worry about irregularity." To combat the melancholy of his twilight years, Lotz ran for the Senate. A political outsider, the septagenarian Democrat claims to have never held any political ambitions prior to his Senate bid. He has revealed that as a child he did not dream of becoming president; he did, in fact, want to be an organ grinder.

Lotz's 1976 Senatorial bid is perhaps the most sublime, yet simply run campaign in recent history. Of his campaign Lotz recently said, "I try to

make people happy. I was a plumber for 45 years. Plumbers like to make people happy. When I run for Senate, I say to the people, 'You know what? I just want to make you happy.' To prove his sincerity the former pipe bender would often flip cartwheels and hum Hawaiian folk songs through his nose while clad in a grass skirt. Lotz's grass roots approach warmed the pacemakers of the elderly voters, who comprise the majority of the Florida electorate. Since assuming office Lotz has distinguished himself on Capitol Hill by being the only Senator in history to have never attended a single Senate session. According to Lotz, this is an intrinsic part of his campaign pledge, "the way I see it, no matter how you vote on a bill in Senate, always there's somebody back in your state who will get all upset and start complaining. I figure, you vote yes on a bill, then some folks get mad; you vote no on the same bill then other folks get mad. You see, you vote, and always you get someone mad at you. I promise to keep people happy. You don't vote, no one gets mad; everybody happy. I stand on my record, and when you're as fat as me that better be a strong record."

Things, however, are not happy between Lotz and Burden. The problems began shortly after the Senator accepted the nomination for the number two spot. He invited the Governor to dinner to celebrate. The gala broke up early in the evening with the vice presidential hopeful hysterically asking his party's leader to leave his St. Petersburg condominium. The Burden camp has covered this incident up with great success, and political analysts are still unsure of what happened. James Buckley, however, has criticized the event as "a vivid display of un-American table manners on Mr. Burden's part and fanatically poor courtesy on the part of Mr. Lotz." The ordinarily verbose Lotz will not comment on the incident, and, Sylvia, his wife of 40 years will only say, "My mother always taught me that if you can't say nothing nice about a person, then don't say nothing at all." If Burden is elected it will be interesting to see not only if he can work with the Senate and the House, but with his

vice president as well.

The V.P. candidate who has been both most and least visible is dark-horse independent Loretta Persimmon's running mate, Powers Booth. Booth, one of the two professional actors vying for the office of vice president is yet to do any campaign stumping during this campaign, but has been seen more frequently on television than any other candidate. Best remembered for his Emmy-winning portrayal of Jim Jones in last spring's CBS television film "The Guyana Tragedy," Booth was the only actor to spite the striking TV actors and appear at the awards show. Booth made the front pages when he commented that his action was, "the bravest thing I have ever done or the stupidest." This contention has been questioned since he joined the Persimmon ticket.

Booth was chosen because of his standing in the public eye, but he wasn't the first choice. According to Barf Bringle, Persimmon's press manager, "We needed someone who was popular and could attract a lot of publicity; an actor seemed most logical. Loretta doesn't have much money, which the other candidates have bundles of. She does have lots of integrity, which the other contenders lack. I figured that Loretta could afford to sacrifice some integrity to get some publicity which the other tickets buy with money."

The Persimmon ticket first approached Marlon Brando; he refused. John Belushi was asked next, then Dan Ackroyd. They too declined. Cheryl Ladd, Bill Bixby, Mary Tyler Moore, and John Ritter along with a host of other stars were asked and all said no.

Persimmon got tired of asking people and did the next most logical thing: she took out an advertisement in *Backstage*. Booth replied, was approved and accepted. Of his nomination the Jim Jones look-alike said, "I could stand being V.P., maybe I can get some bigger parts that way."

All in all, considering the vice-presidential hopefuls from a historical point of view, this should be another election.

Media Consultants

"Electronic svengalies" make their mark

Again the media, most noticeably television, has played an important role in this year's election. From 60 seconds commercials to gavel-to-gavel convention coverage and televised debates, TV has moved from observer to participant. The public's political conscience is now swayed by the idiot box and we can point

to master blueprints designed and implemented by politics newest bedfellow—the media consultant.

No politician runs for office today without hiring these Madison Avenue electronic svengalies to package and present the office seeker as so many bottles of Breck Body-on-Tap beer shampoo. The campaign of Gov. Dean Burden leaps to

mind with his message to the voters as being "New and Improved" Dean Burden. This was the brain-child of Burden's media consultant, Ray Flack. What is it that makes former ad-men like Flack, or Elmo Henderson's consultant Whiz Marks, or even Loretta Persimmon's Barf Bringle, want to leave Madison Avenue and walk the broken line down Penn-

sylvania Avenue?

"The money, the prestige, power basically. It's all there. I mean, how many tubes of Crest have their fingers on the button?" says Henderson media wiz Whiz Marks. Marks was a partner, with his brother, of Marks Bros. Inc., one of the larger advertising firms in New York. Two years ago Henderson hired the Marks Bros. to produce his print and television ads. So impressed was he that he hired Whiz to take charge of running the entire campaign after he canned his campaign manager of 14 years, Ted Stogie, in one of those canning machines you see spring up in malls all over the country around Christmas.

Marks laughs, "All the time it was my brother Aldo running the show. All I did was paste down the lettering, but hey, when opportunity knocks."

"Basically," Marks explains, "we must reduce the candidate's entire lifetime of beliefs, actions, and prejudices to a catchy 30-second spot or bumper sticker. A few words, that's all. They have to be simple words, too, or Henderson won't get the drift." It was Marks' campaign slogans which shaped the entire campaign, not unlike the tail wagging the dog. Some of Marks' prouder efforts include "Vote for Henderson. Or else." "Henderson—Give me a few good guns and I'll get you a couple of commies," or "Nuke Mt. St. Helens."

Ray Flack has been with Gov. Burden since the early days of the Alaskan gubernatorial race. Burden's meteoric rise on the political scene from there has surprised everyone but Flack. "Hey, I'm good. Burden runs good. Personally, I don't care for the man, but that's the beauty of it, I don't have to believe in what I'm doing. Just like when I did advertising, I just got to get the other guy to buy. And we get enough of them 'cause there's one born every minute."

Flack's duties include preparing Burden for all media events, from press conferences held minutes before key primaries to the famous "See Henderson Nuke the World" multi-media stage show and pasta parties. Flack psyches Burden

up for major speeches "usually by walking in a circle chanting to the arctic gods." Flack also got Burden to stop chewing whale blubber in public.

Typical of the Burden campaign under Flack was a build from low-key slogans like "Now Alaska's Burden Can Be America's Burden" or "Vote for Burden, What the Heck?" to the more flamboyant "Whatyawant, Burden or some nuclear holocaust, huh?" seem in the dogdays of the campaign. "Burden slipped that one by us," explains Flack, "He said it in front of his wacky brother Nupchuck and from there it was written on every bathroom wall from here to Timbuktu." Burden did several other things during the campaign which annoyed Flack and his staff because they undermined the carefully constructed facade that Burden was a "nice-guy" who played "fair." The petty, mean spirited, small-minded politician that was Burden would unleash fictitious slander on his opponents during carefully staged media showcases. His statement that "I won't debate Persimmon and you can't make me," only foreshadowed the debates themselves slipping into a contest of name calling and raspberries. He also did other things which were counter-productive to his race like hiring hit men to get Nupchuck if he started to give him a hard time.

One of the biggest ironies of election '80 is Barf Bringle, media coordinator for independent Loretta Persimmon. Bringle was one of the top men working under Ray Flack for the Burden campaign. Late in 1979, the break was made. "Burden made some stupid comment about 3 martini lunches," says Bringle, "and that made me mad. Ray tried to tell me Burden meant other people's 3 martini lunches, but I was ticked off." Bringle left the campaign and sought some form of revenge.

It was on "That's Incredible" Bringle stumbled upon his instrument of vengeance, Loretta Persimmon—moderate. She came across as a straight talking honest representative of the people. She didn't stand a chance. Bringle saw his. He offered his services for

free and then proceeded to build her rag-tag crusade into a viable campaign.

"He turned it onto a newsman's dream," a Bringle aide stated, "While Henderson and Burden told mountain hillbillies they were for gun decontrol or told unemployed steel workers they were for creating a naval blockade around Japan, we went out on a limb, against the norm, creating 'news'." Typical of this style was Persimmon's speech to the oil companies convention telling them where to stick their windfall profits or her speech to dog food executives saying inflation must be stopped so old people won't have to eat Alpo. To keep news agencies on their toes, Persimmon would sometimes make up issues as she went along. She was "good copy" and the darling of the media, for a while anyway.

In a strange combination of pressing the flesh, meeting the press, and pressing their luck, Bringle brought his media blitz through the paces. After "That's Incredible" came appearances on "Real People", "Speak Up America", "Games People Play", and "Those Amazing Animals" ("That was a tough one," chuckles Bringle.)

But in the end, strapped for funds, ridiculed by former friends and new foes, Persimmon's media blitz, focusing on issues, seems to have lost out to the windmill effects of the Democratic and Republican parties. Laments Bringle, "I guess people are not ready for a gutsy multi-issue oriented campaign by a non-partisan moderate candidate."

"You can bombard people with TV messages and commercials and after all that babbling those idiots still seem to want to go out and vote for one of those major party clowns. What do you suppose that means? Doesn't intelligence and ability count for anything anymore? What ever happened to strong leadership? If you can answer any of those questions, please, let me know. In the meantime, there's nothing left for me to do. I'm going out to lunch."



Campaign Managers Whiz Marks (L.), Ray Flack (center) and Barf Bringle



THE TIME HAS PASSED,
BUT BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.
BE STRONG AND IGNORE YOUR COMMON SENSE.
VOTE HENDERSON, HE NEEDS THE HELP.

PAID FOR BY THE NUKE 'EM TILL THEY GLOW COMMITTEE TO ELECT
ADM. ELMO M. HENDERSON T.N.T. ARMAGEDDON, CHAIRMAN



WITH ALL THE PROBLEMS IN THE WORLD,
ADD A BURDEN TO YOUR LIST.
ELECT **DEAN BURDEN** PRESIDENT.

PAID FOR BY THE COMMITTEE TO ELECT THE ICEMAN
KOLD FEAT, CHAIRMAN.



SEN. "POOPER-SCOOPER" JACKSON ONCE SAID OF LORETTA
PERSIMMON : "LORETTA, LORETTA WHO? OH, HER. SHE'S ON
OUR SIDE, I THINK."

BE AN ACTIVE SUPPORTER, **VOTE PERSIMMON**, IT'S
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GEORGIA PERSIMMON GROWERS TO ELECT LORETTA PERSIMMON.

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