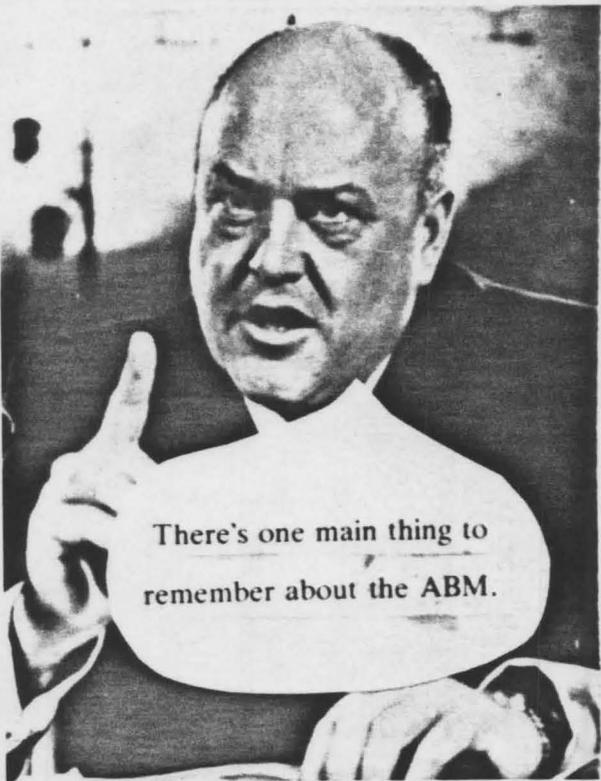
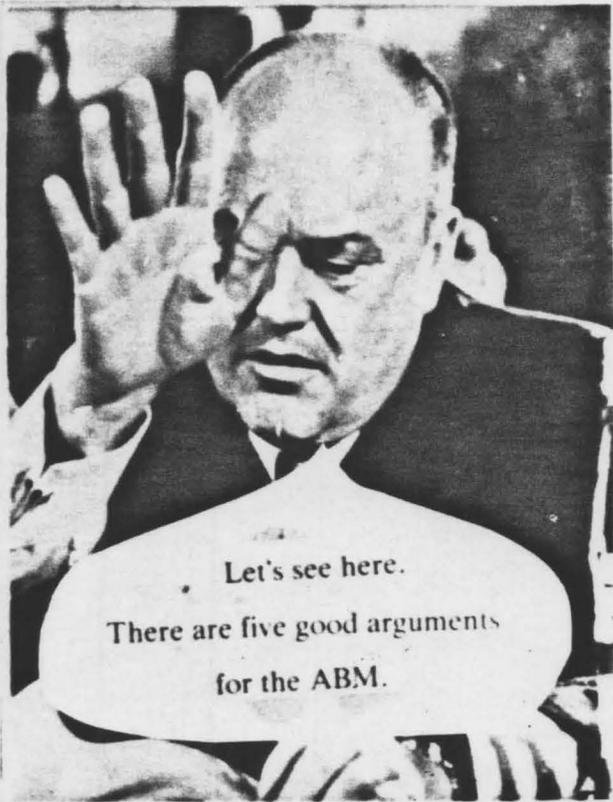
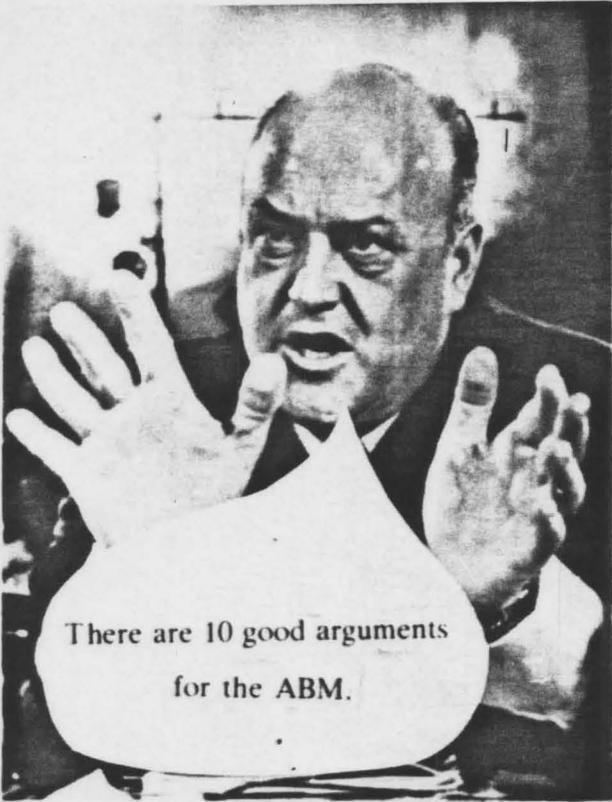


THE GREAT CONSPIROCY



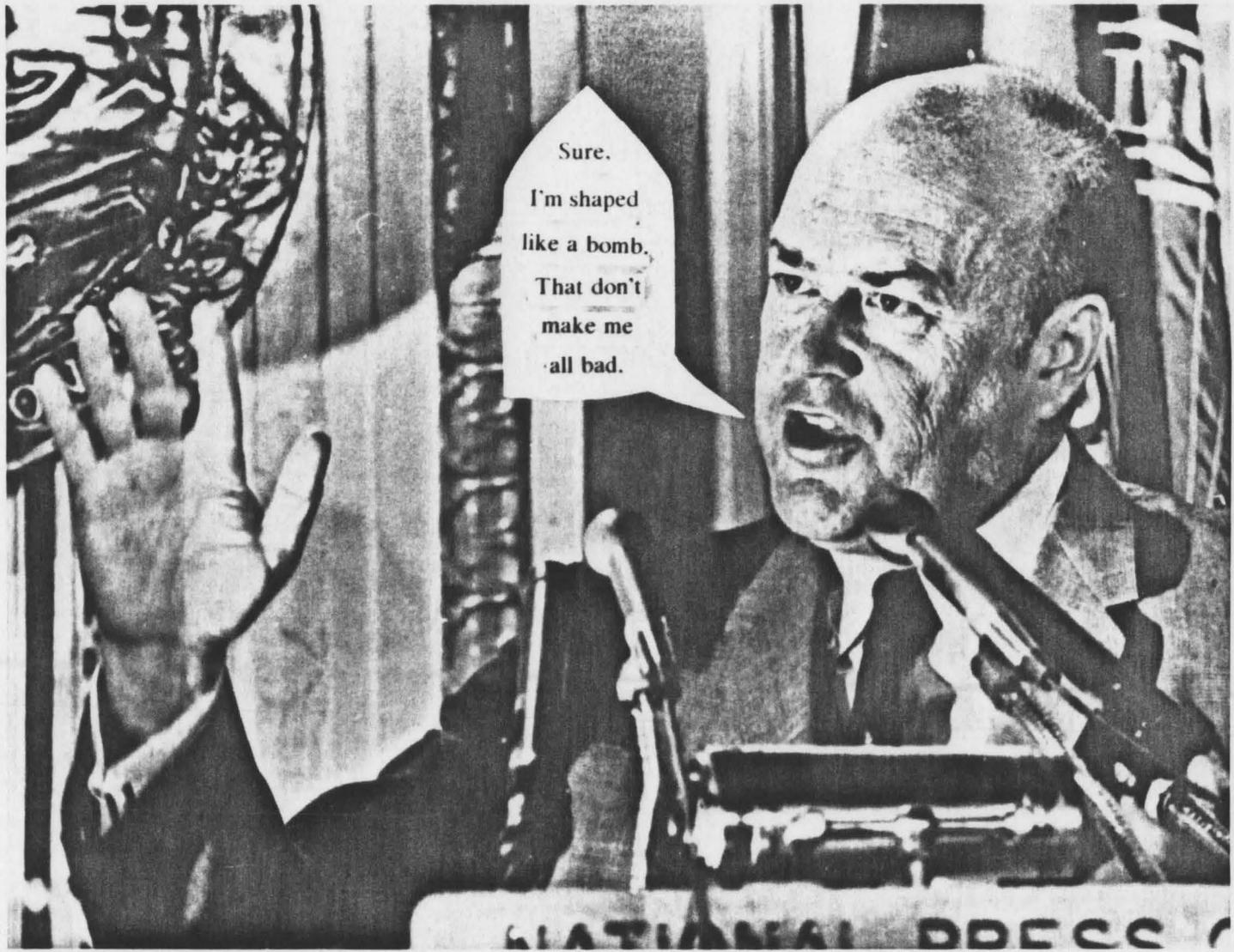
(How Spiro Agnew Became a Household Word)

By William Ewob
George Fee
William F. Reed



That's right Colonel. Take the Top Secret Cryptolunch codes back to the motorcade and follow my limousine on your Schwinn. Peddle the bike to the White House, but don't peddle the codes to the Kremlin.





Sure.
I'm shaped
like a bomb.
That don't
make me
all bad.

NATIONAL PRESS C



You think you've got it bad, Dearie. Dick has to use Head and Shoulders on his five o'clock shadow at lunch.

Now, I'd like to demonstrate the ultimate breakthrough in air pollution control devices, jointly developed by U.S. Steel and General Motors.



That's one big step for capitalism.
one great leap for emphysema.





Your campaign floundered
halfway down the pike because
there was something fishy about Muskie.

That was his sole joke of the evening



S.I., how did you handle the students at San Francisco State?

I just went into the SDS office, sat down in the President's chair, announced that I had seized the building and burned the files.

That gives us a new slant on student unrest.





You see, my Booboola,
if you would just
jail Phillip Roth,
relations between
our two countries
would improve.

I think I've just contracted
Portnoy's Complaint.



I heard he's going to appoint Lester Maddox head of the Civil Rights Division of the Justice Department.

By gosh, I've got it! We'll prosecute everyone against the war under the Anti-riot Act and put all the intellectuals, students, and darkies into concentration camps.



At last!
I am the Chief!
I am the King!

Let's see, now.
This summer we'll harvest 400 pounds
of Rose Garden variety
marijuana. Sold in the post
Operation Intercept market
this Fall at selected campuses
will mean that by Winter
the budget will be balanced.

Dick's gone to seed and the whole world's gone to pot.





As I understand it,
these Special Drawing Rights
will legalize
graffiti.

Spiro's just suggested a new monetary policy
based on pennies, nickels, and dimes.



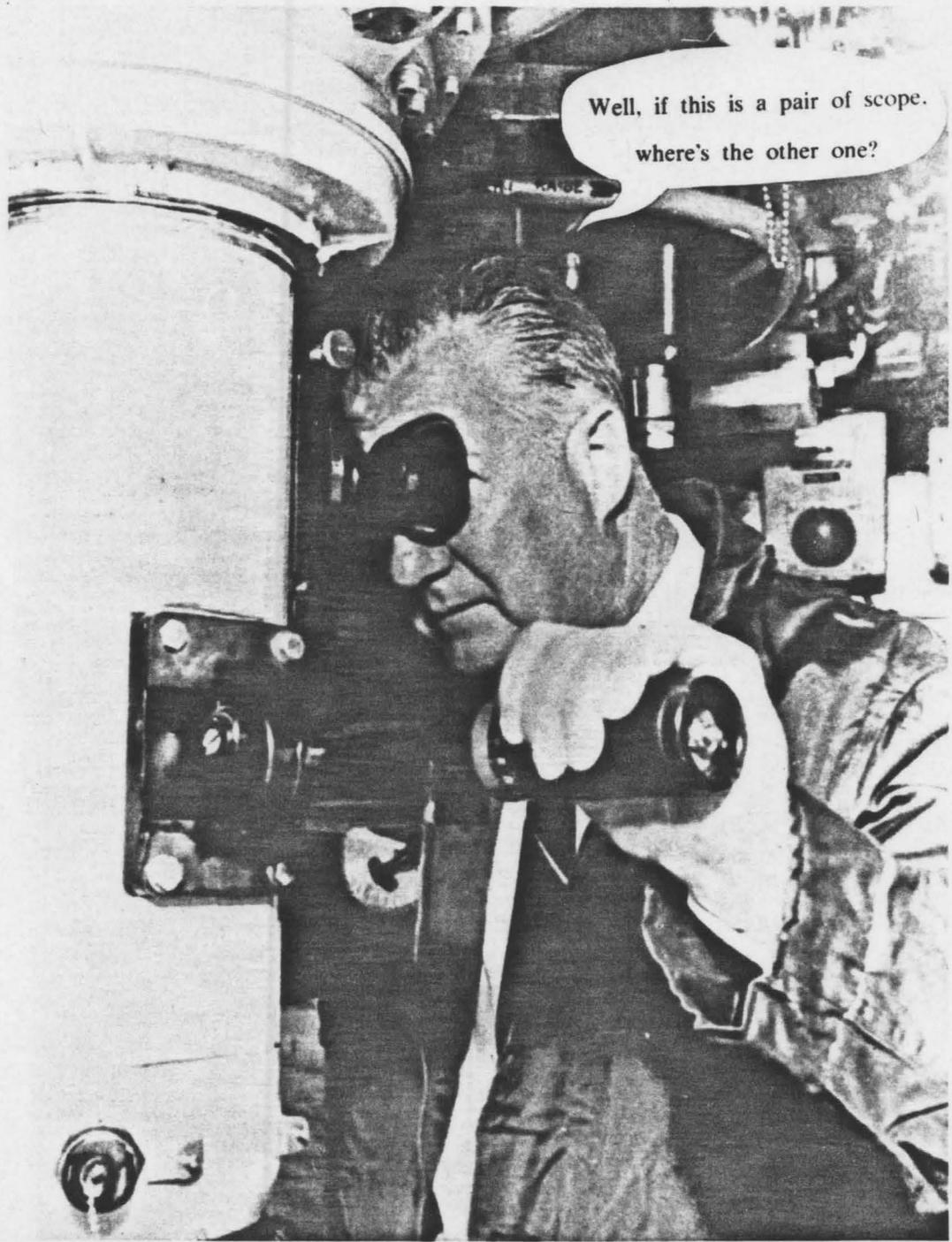
**Spiro, I think you ought to drop the part of your speech
where you say "Mars is all Greek to me".**



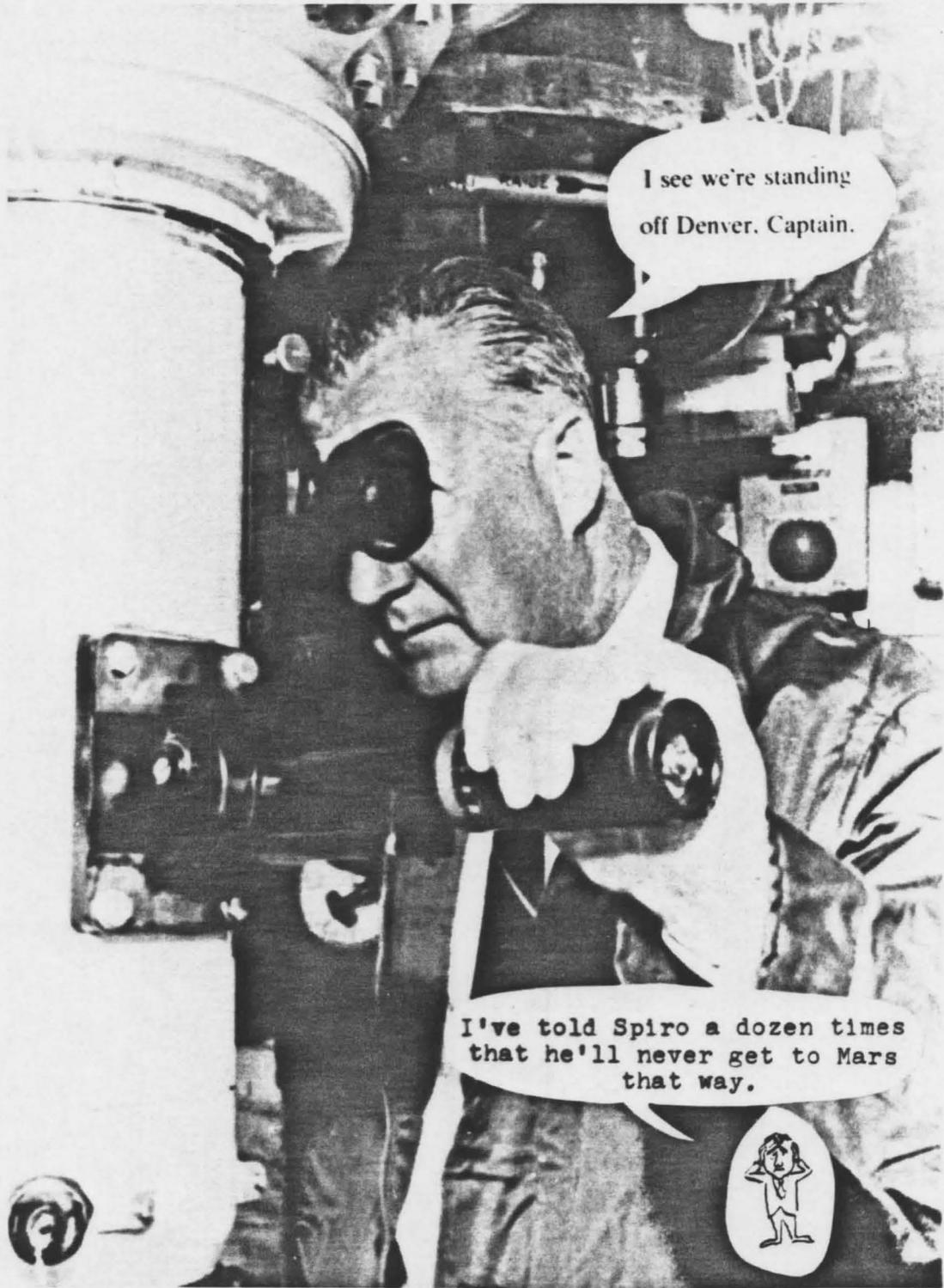


I'd love to go to South America
for you next time,
but I'll
be on Mars.

Hiya Fella.



Well, if this is a pair of scope,
where's the other one?



I see we're standing
off Denver. Captain.

I've told Spiro a dozen times
that he'll never get to Mars
that way.





You say, your motto was "Victory or bust"
and then you lost, you bronze god, you.

But is it Art?



He says you don't need to spend billions of dollars to get to Mars. He has a better way.

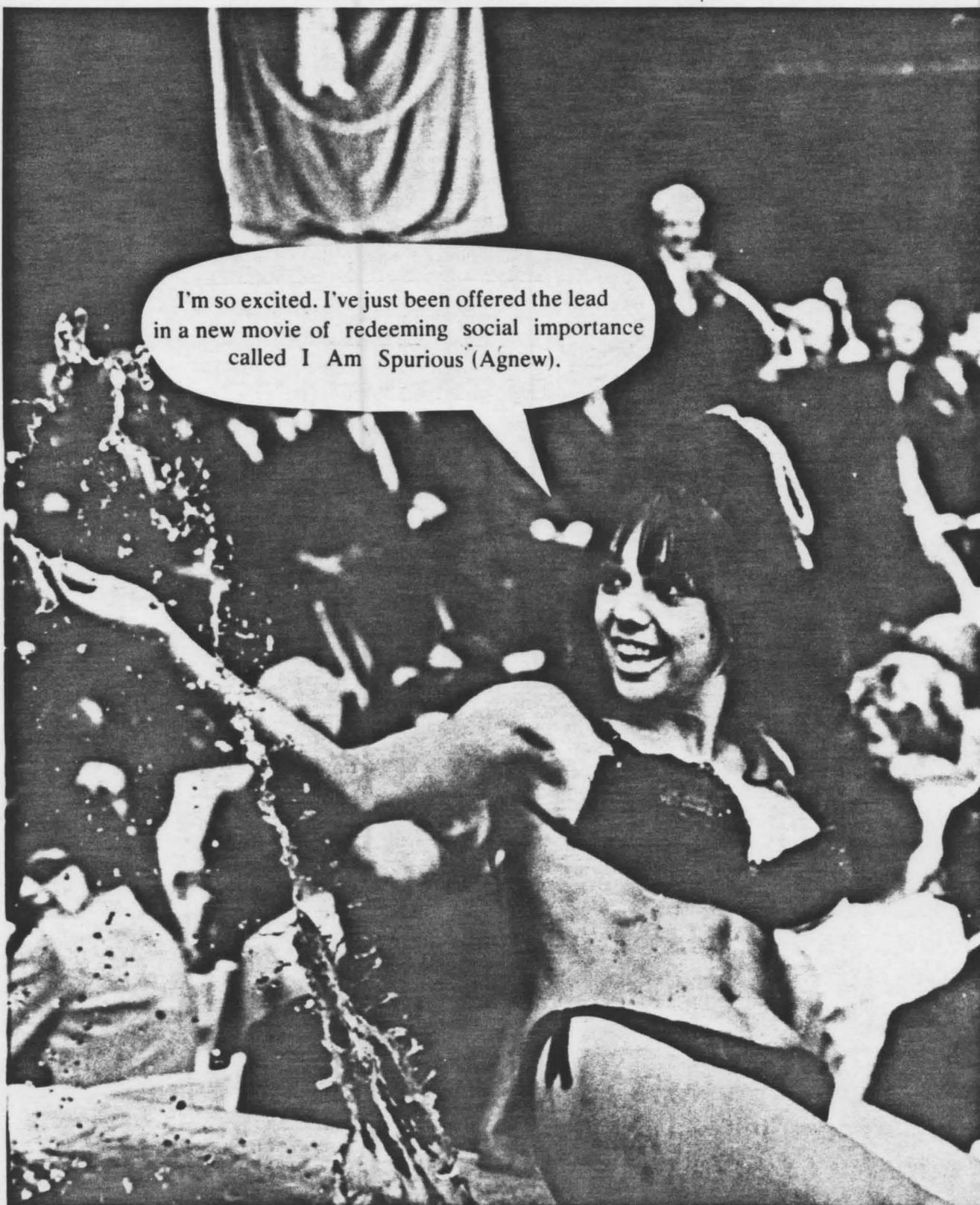


An amazing man.



My wife, she is
beeeg whoamann.



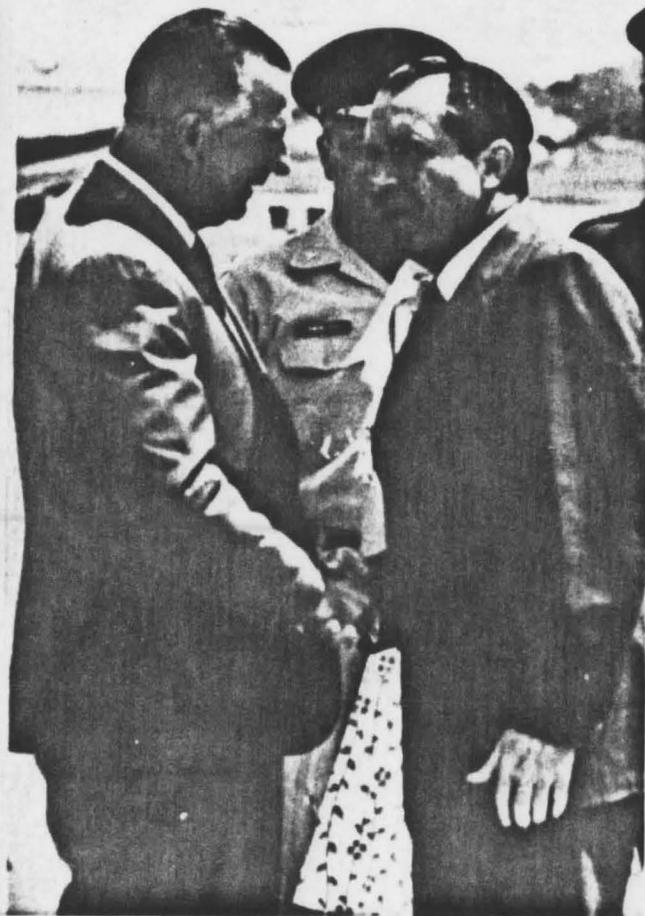
A black and white photograph of a woman in a bikini splashing water. She is smiling and looking towards the camera. The background is dark and filled with many other people, some of whom are also splashing water. A speech bubble is overlaid on the image, containing text. The overall scene suggests a celebratory or promotional event.

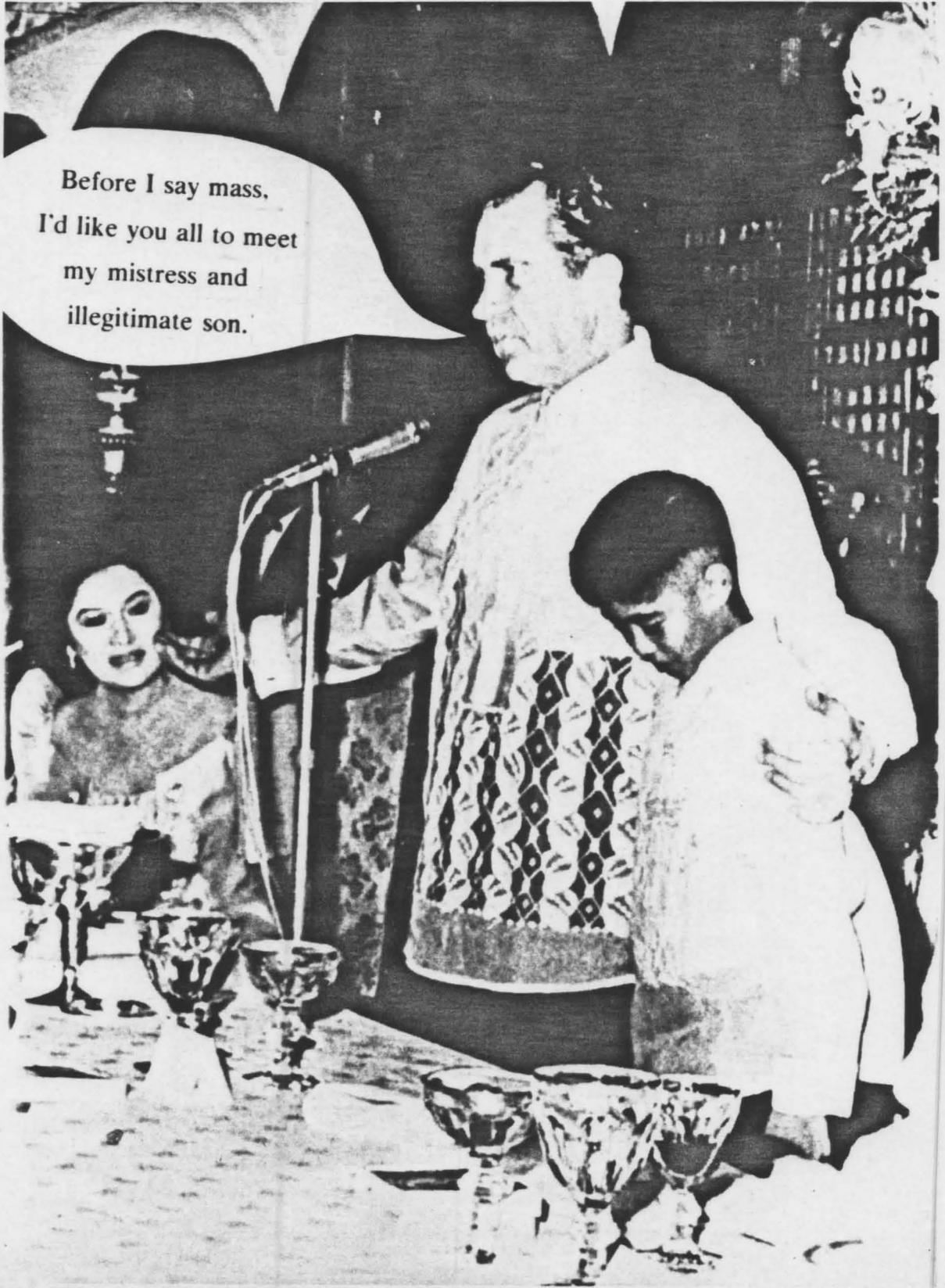
I'm so excited. I've just been offered the lead
in a new movie of redeeming social importance
called I Am Spurious (Agnew).

Now please remember, Spiro,
no name calling while I'm gone.



OK, Dingaling.





Before I say mass,
I'd like you all to meet
my mistress and
illegitimate son.

The reason I have a flag in my pocket
is so I can wave it
when the President goes by.



That's right. the Bimbo's been waving a flag at me all day.



Daddy. When Spiro said he thought
we ought to go to Mars,
did he know you'd send him?

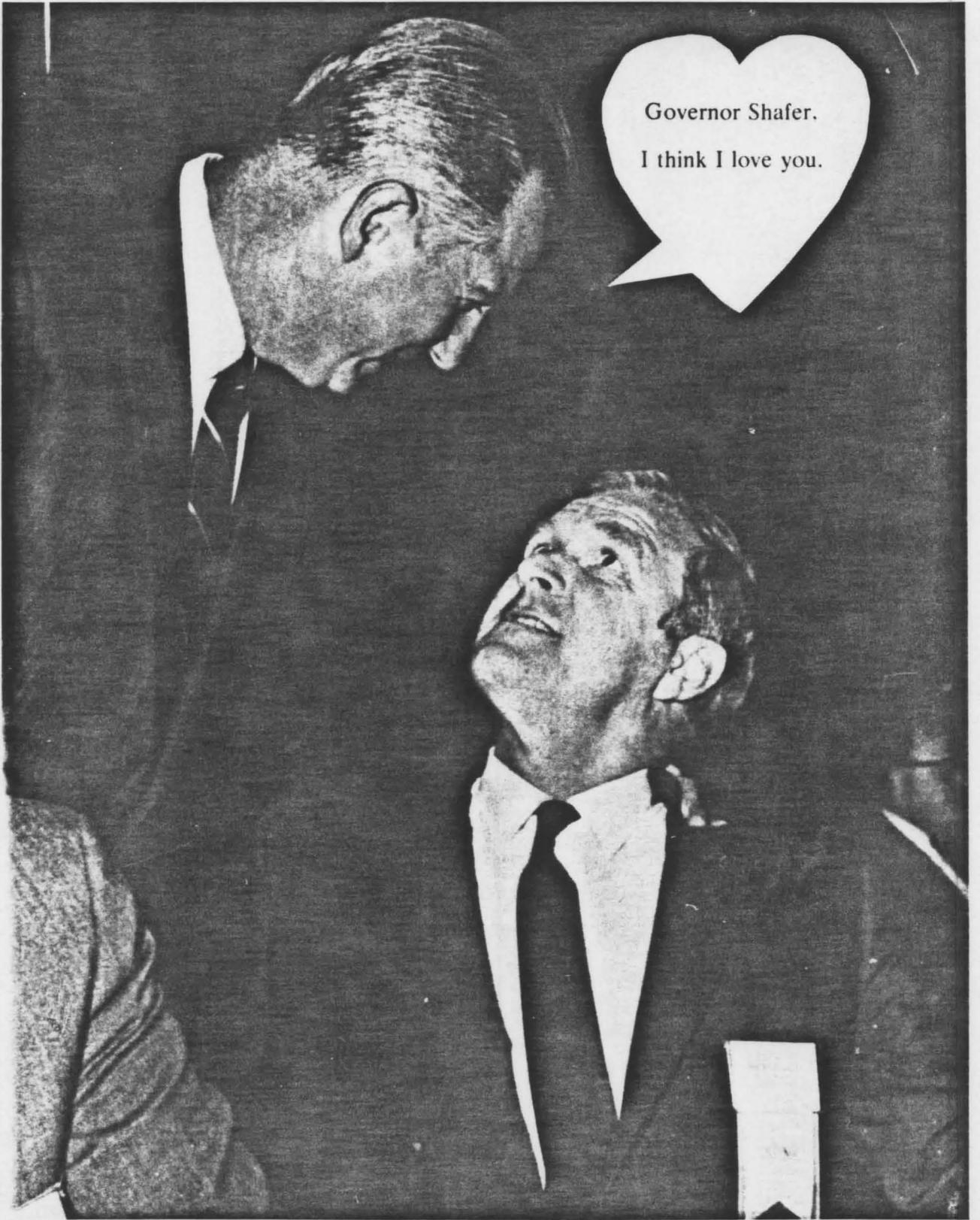
There goes Excedrin
headache number 38.

So long, Sucker.



That's a lie! Spiro would no more call American youth "effete, impudent snobs" than stare at Mars.

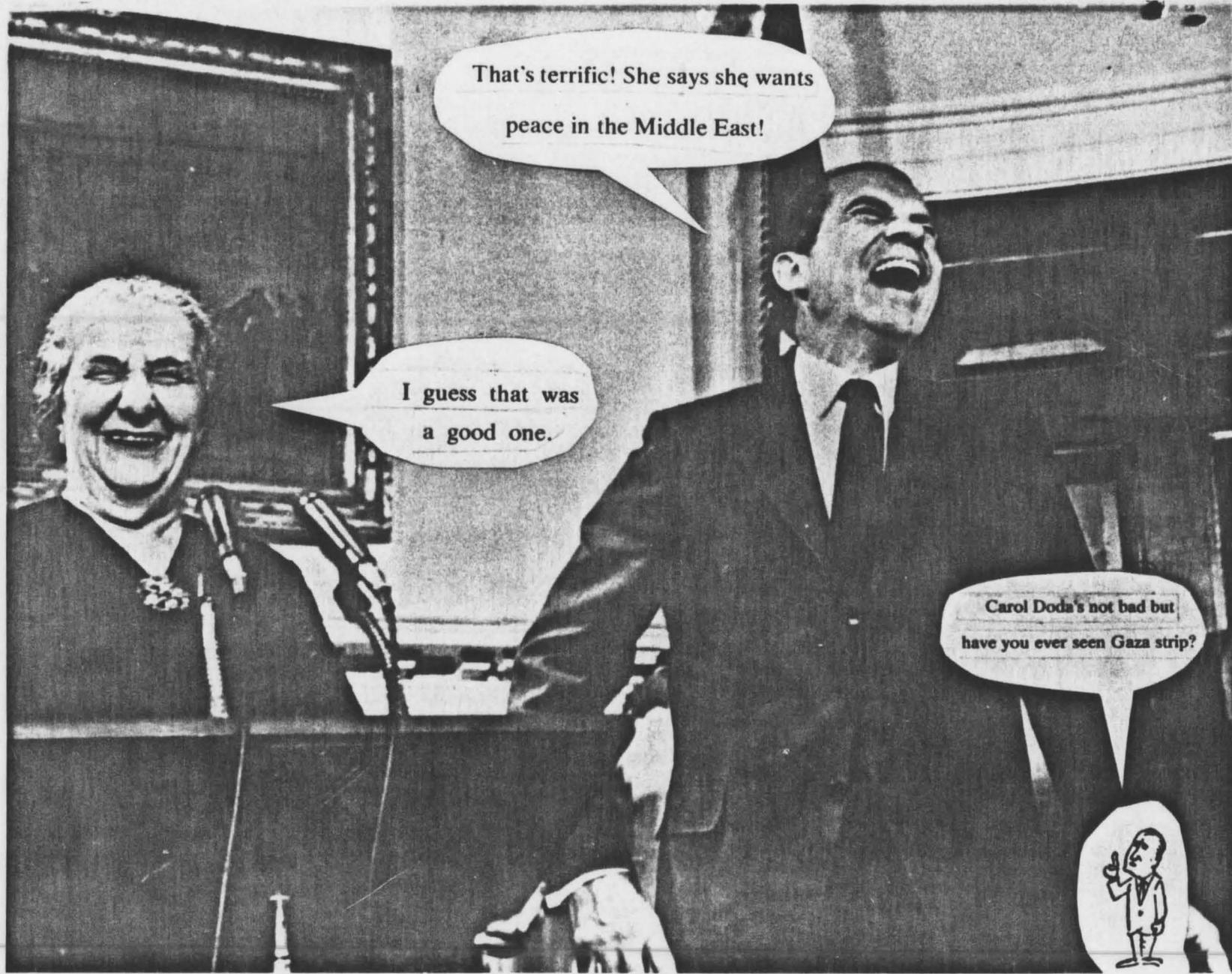




Governor Shafer.

I think I love you.





That's terrific! She says she wants
peace in the Middle East!

I guess that was
a good one.

Carol Doda's not bad but
have you ever seen Gaza strip?

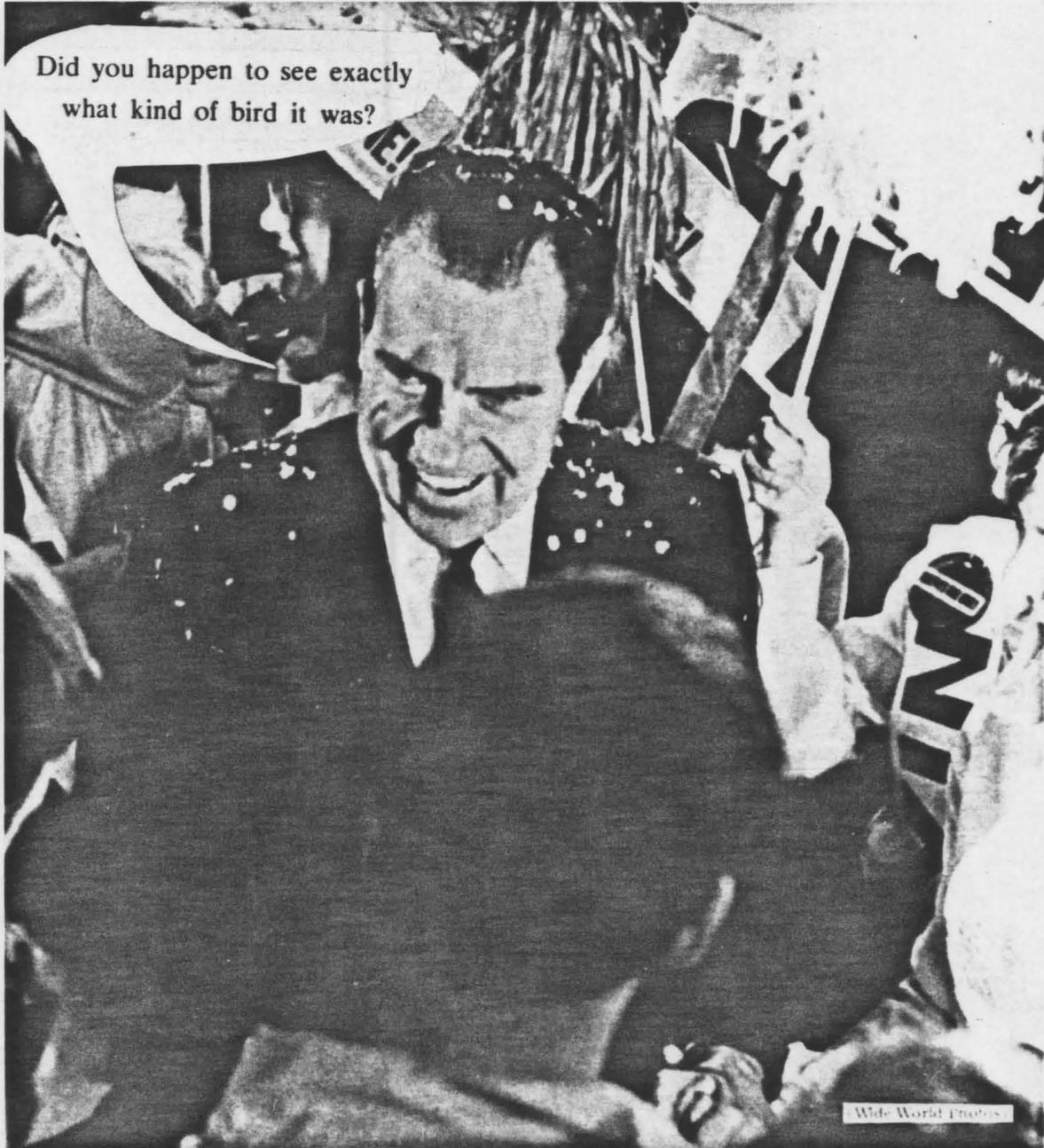


I'm sick, I tell you! You've got to believe me!
Someone's got to believe me!
ARRRRRRGGGGGGHHHHHHH!

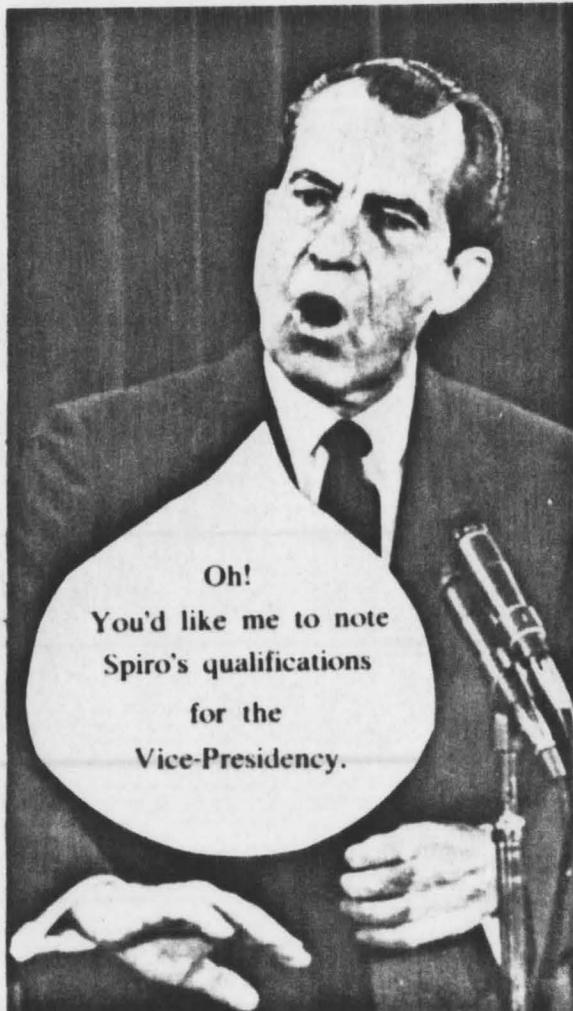
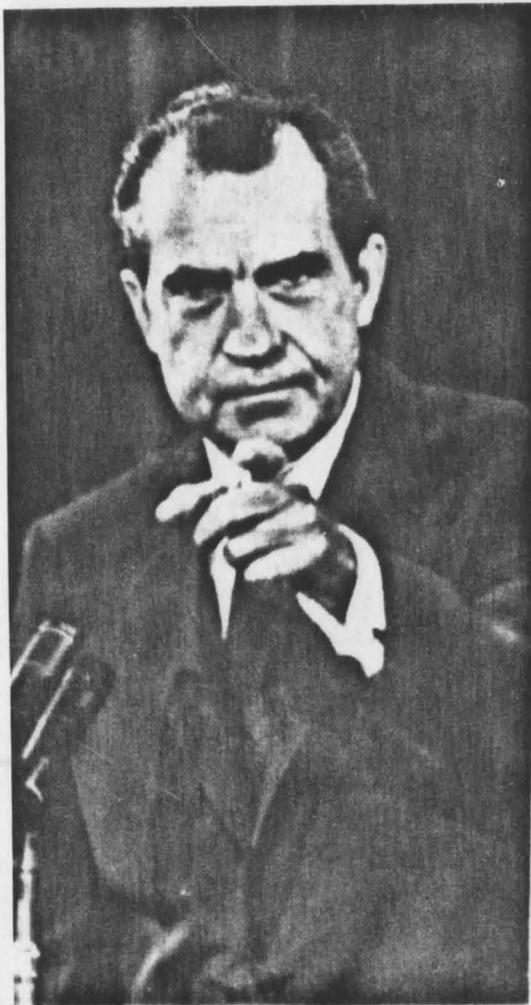
Neither Dick nor America
can stand Pat.



Did you happen to see exactly
what kind of bird it was?



Wide World Photos



Oh!
You'd like me to note
Spiro's qualifications
for the
Vice-Presidency.



Go to your room, Dick.





Well, yes, Spiro, I guess that is interesting
that you 'got all three into one nostril.



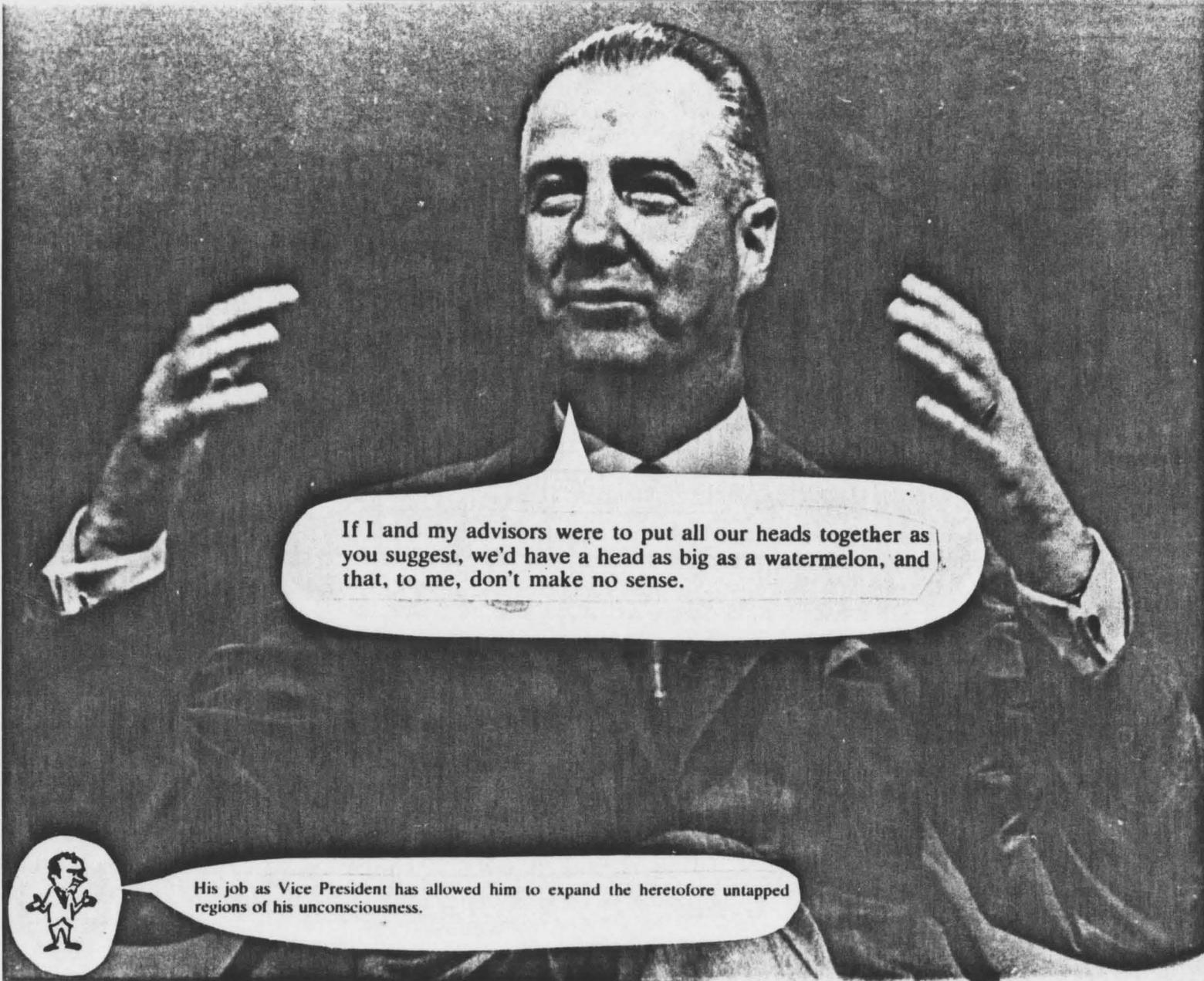
Actually, I don't feel one way or the other
about my war critics.

You see, Mr. Johnson, Chief Justice Burger told us we could try you as a war criminal.



Do you know, he told me that by going to Mars we could further our understanding of the whole candy bar process.

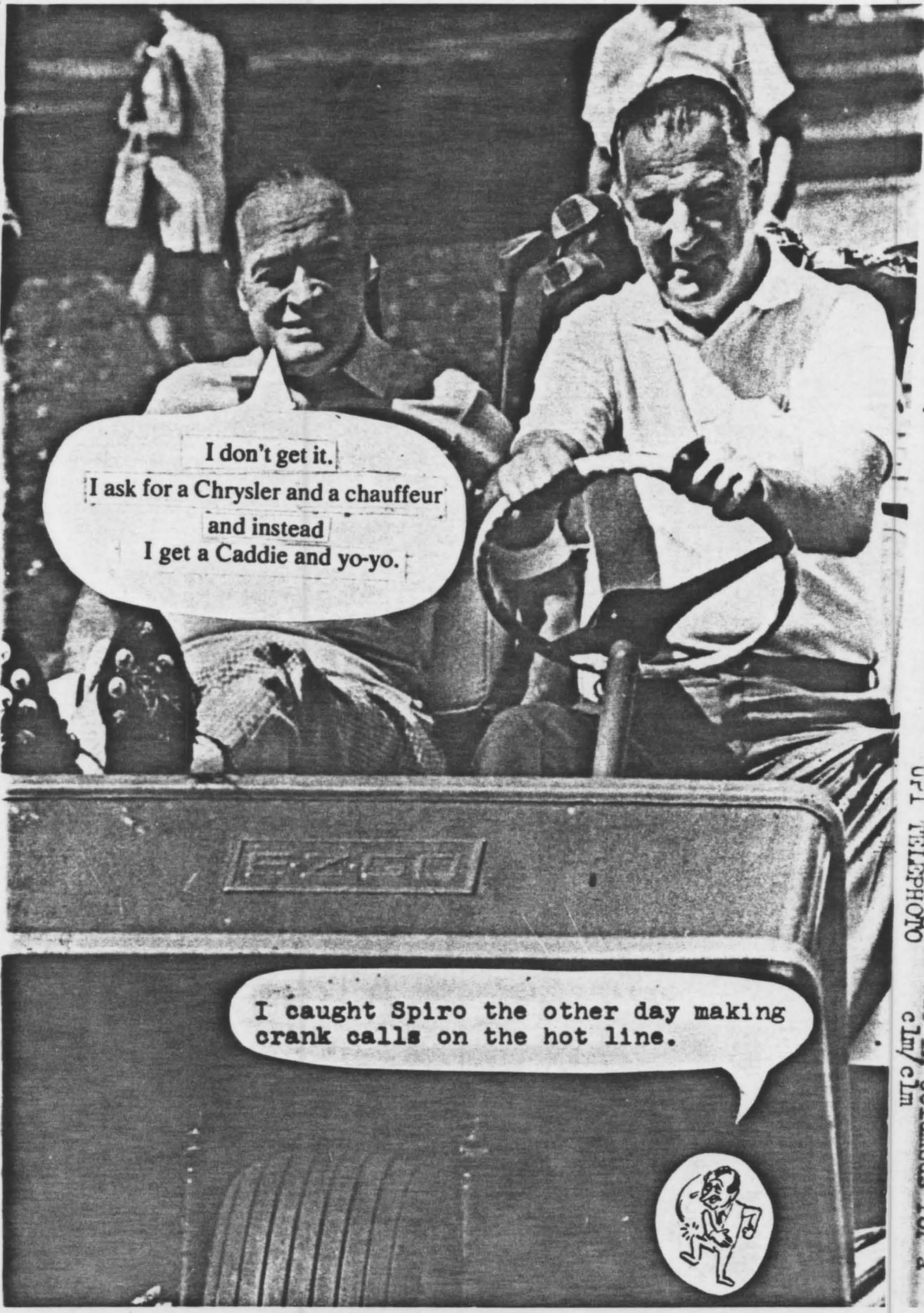




If I and my advisors were to put all our heads together as you suggest, we'd have a head as big as a watermelon, and that, to me, don't make no sense.



His job as Vice President has allowed him to expand the heretofore untapped regions of his unconsciousness.

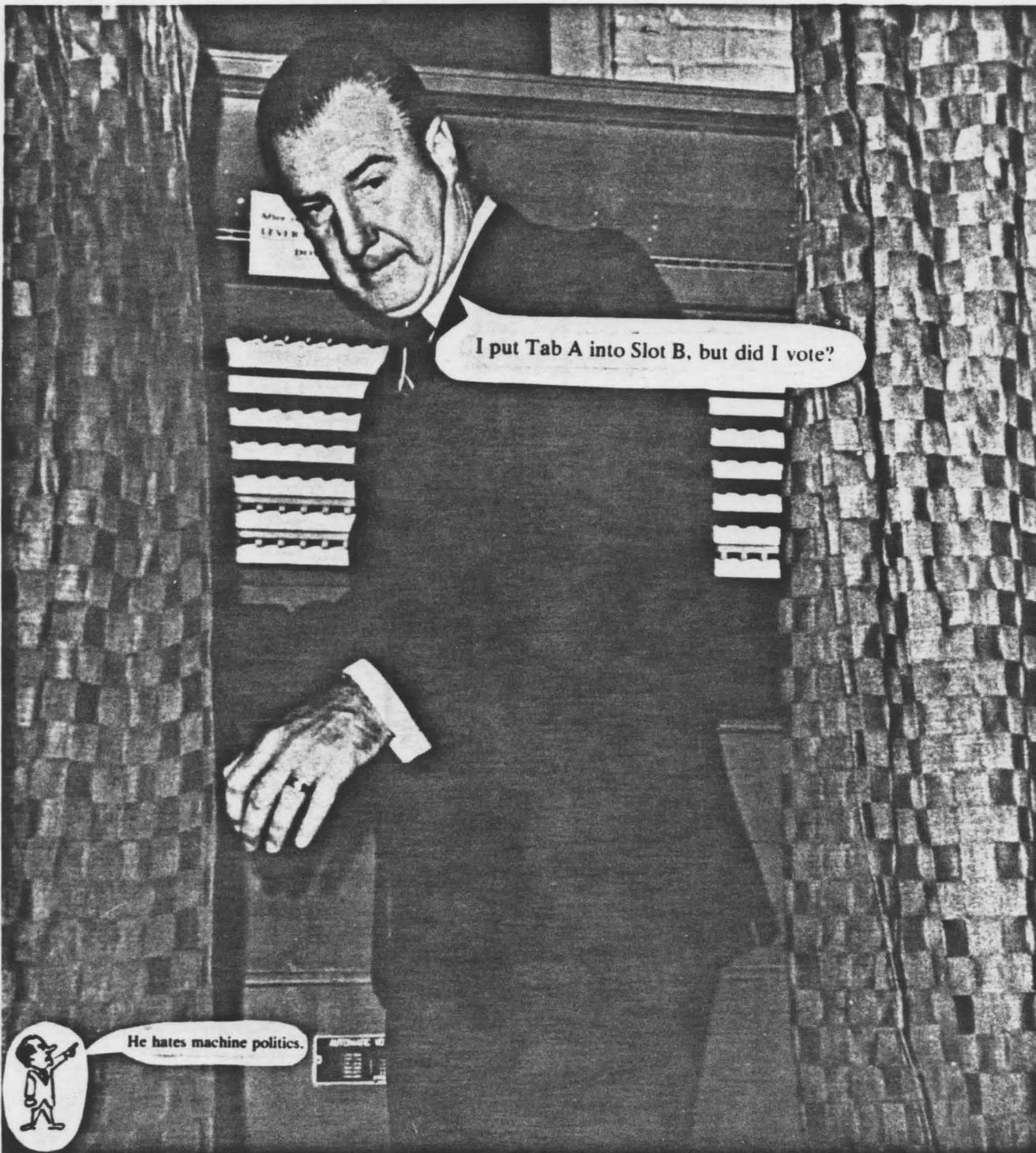


I don't get it.
I ask for a Chrysler and a chauffeur
and instead
I get a Caddie and yo-yo.

I caught Spiro the other day making
crank calls on the hot line.



UPI TELEPHONE
c/m/c/m
FOR A



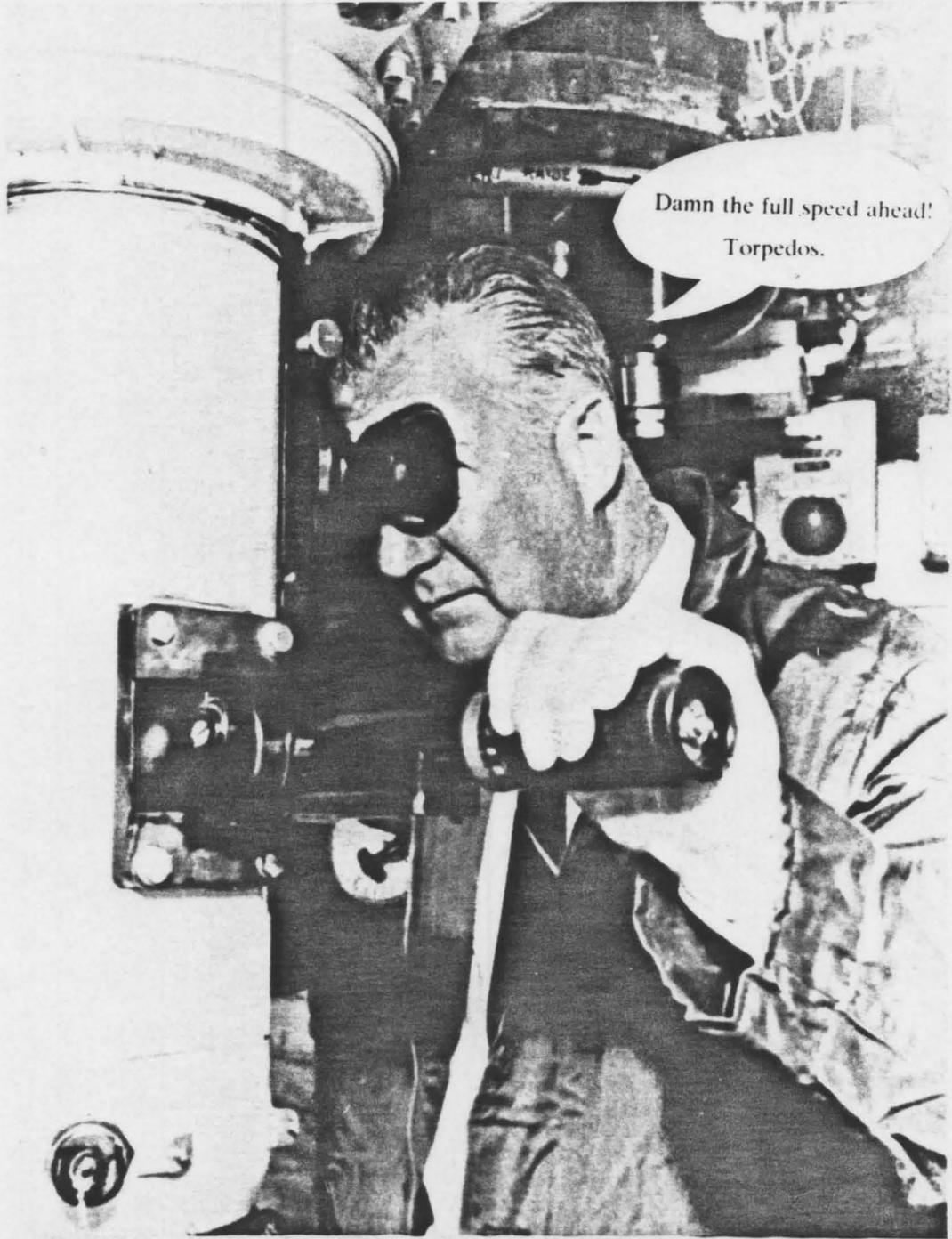
After
LEVER
De

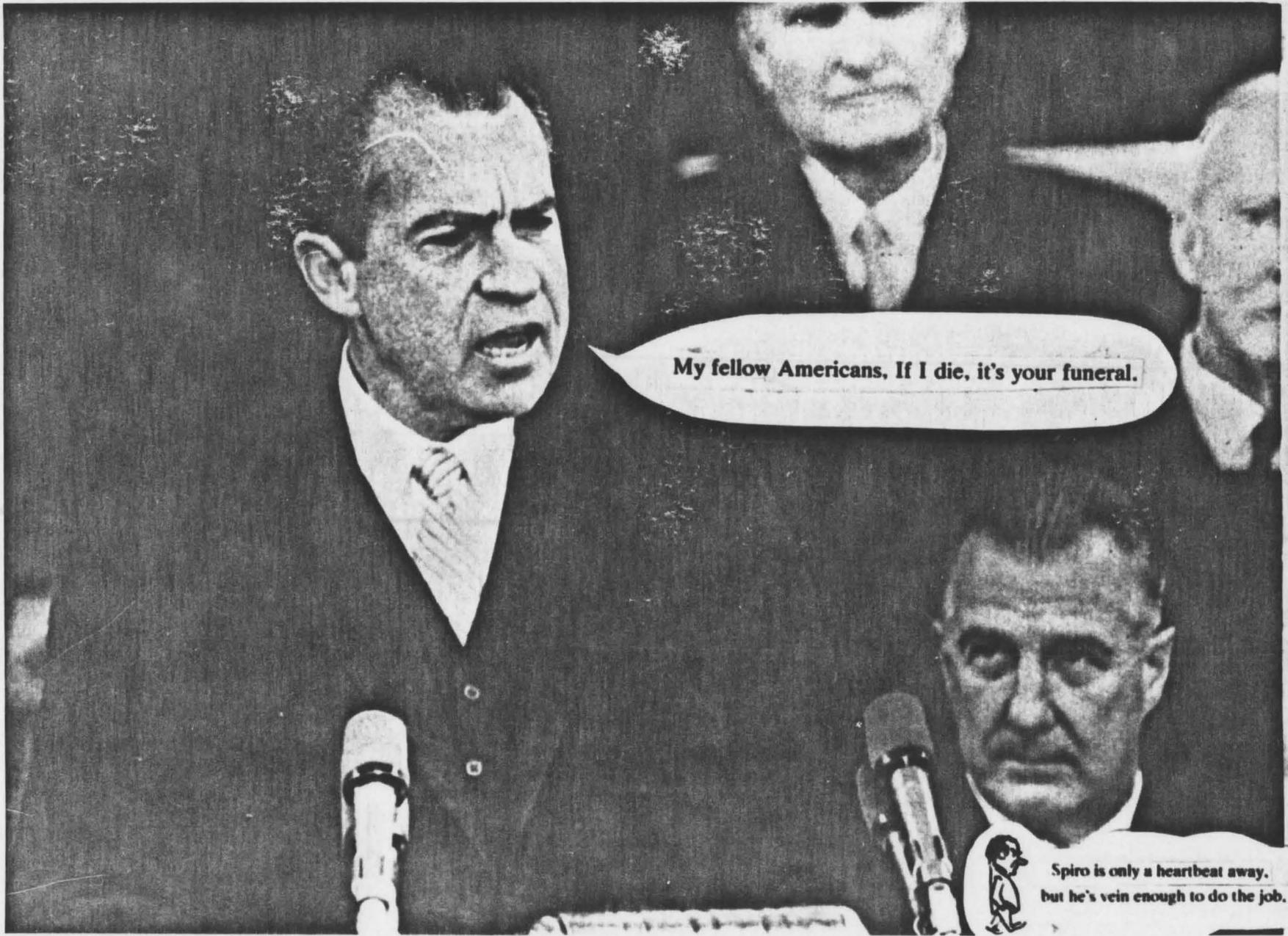
I put Tab A into Slot B, but did I vote?



He hates machine politics.

Automatic





My fellow Americans, If I die, it's your funeral.



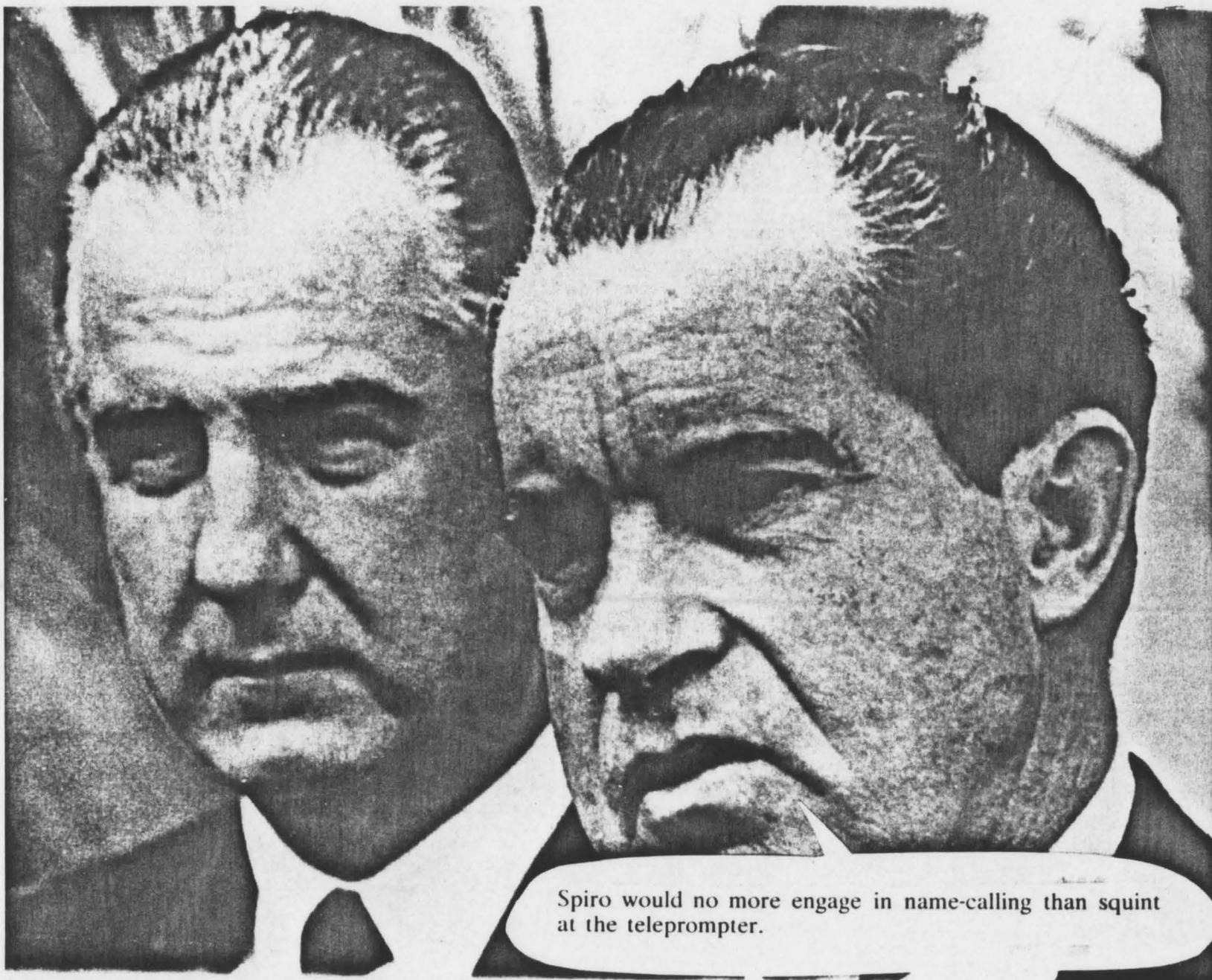
**Spiro is only a heartbeat away.
but he's vein enough to do the job.**



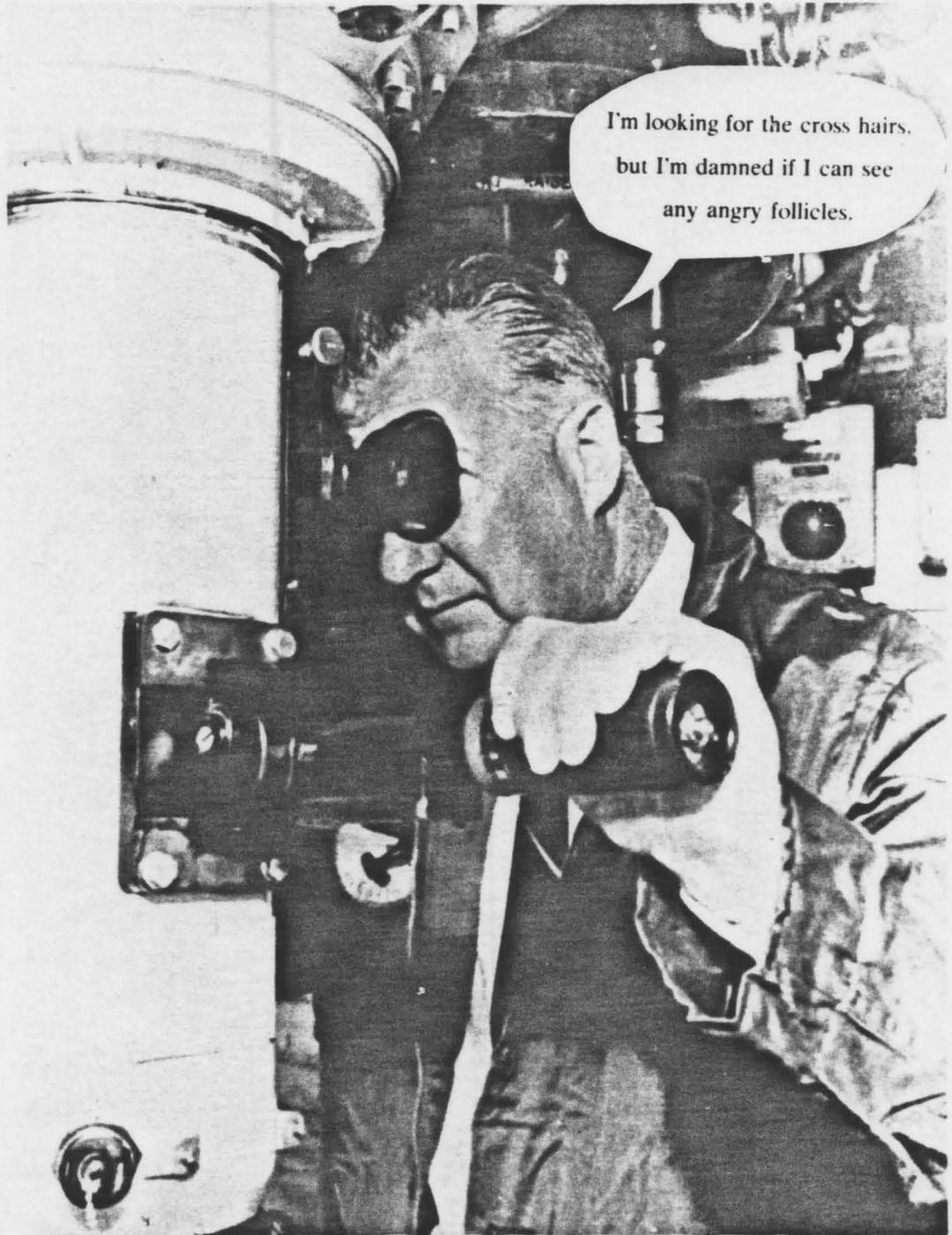
Shut up, Spiro. I'll
let you out as
soon as I finish
talking to these people.

Spiro, as head of our space effort,
you should understand
that when you're talking up Mars
you're talking up Uranus.



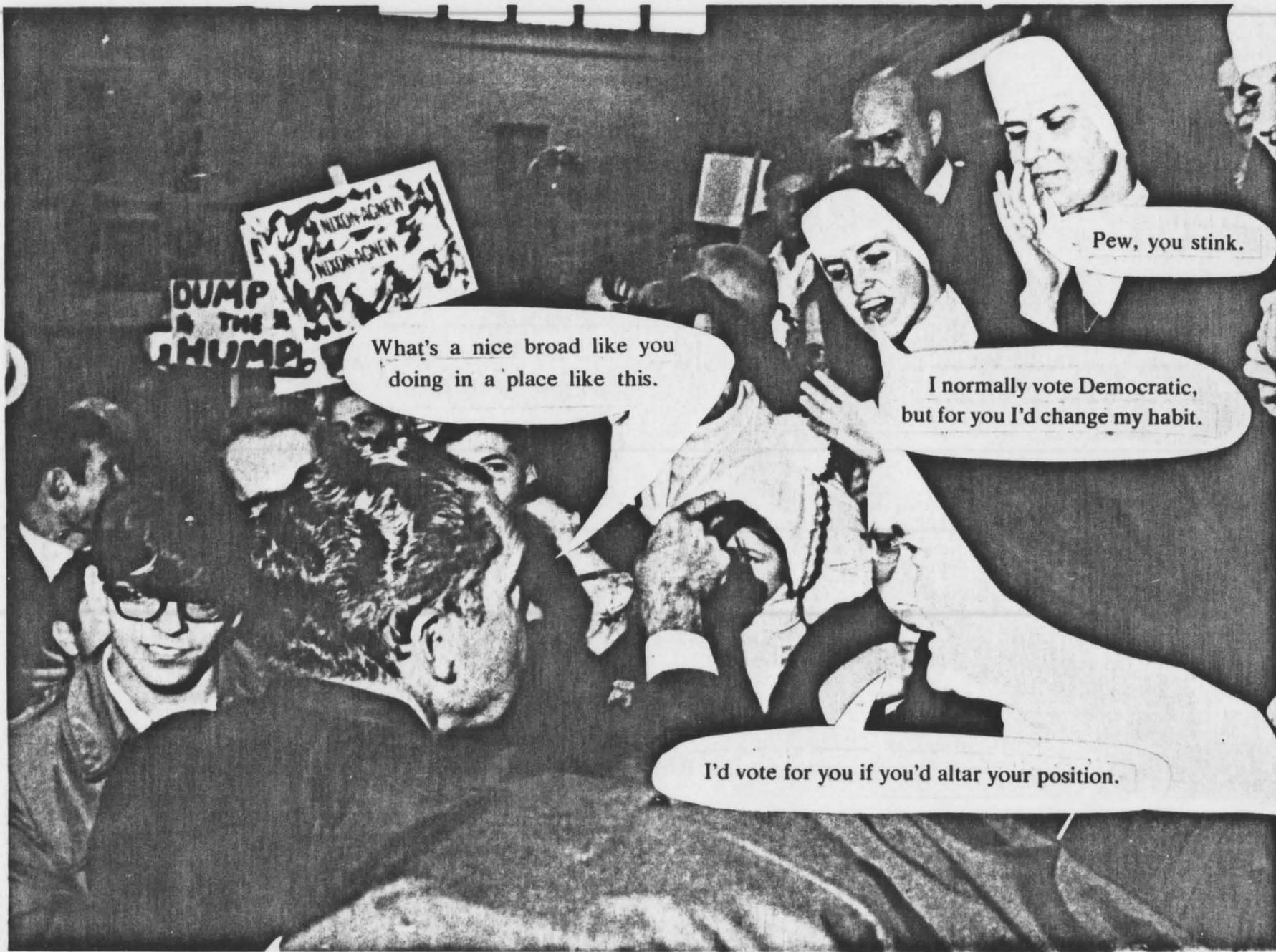


Spiro would no more engage in name-calling than squint at the teleprompter.



I'm looking for the cross hairs,
but I'm damned if I can see
any angry follicles.





DUMP
IN THE
HUMP

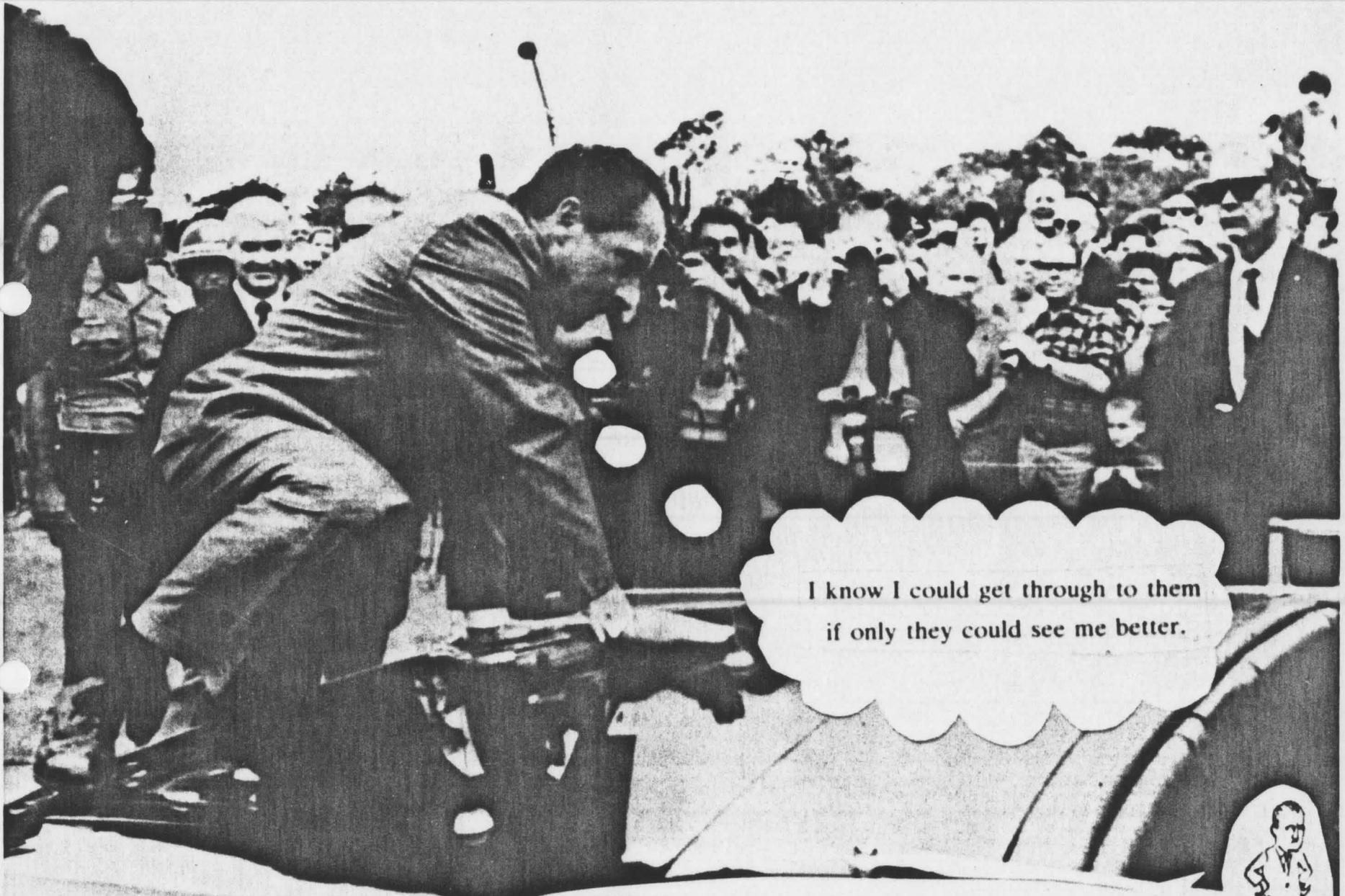
NIXON-AGNEW
NIXON-AGNEW

What's a nice broad like you
doing in a place like this.

Pew, you stink.

I normally vote Democratic,
but for you I'd change my habit.

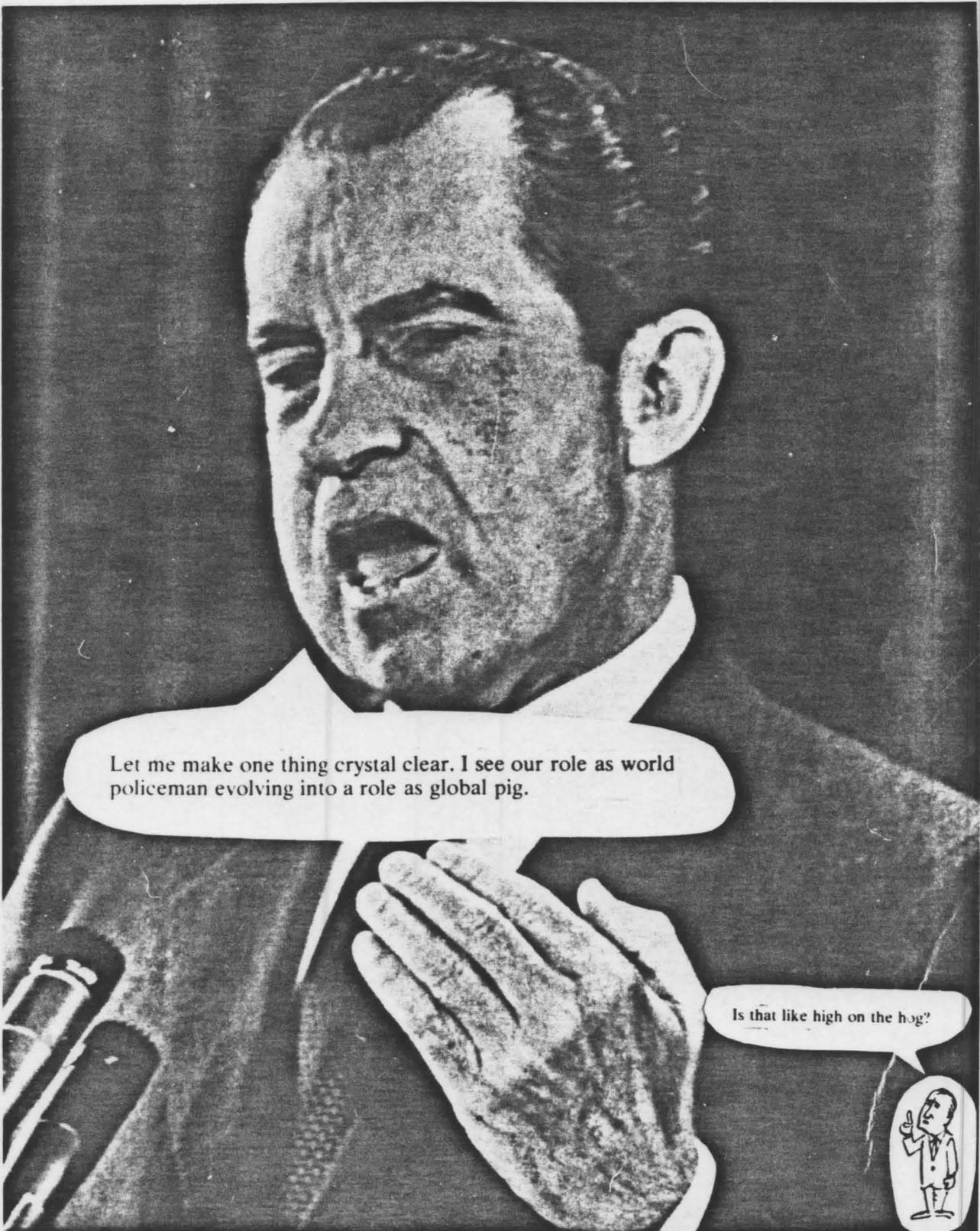
I'd vote for you if you'd altar your position.



I know I could get through to them
if only they could see me better.

I told him he shouldn't have bought so many of those lousy Mexican souvenirs
in San Clemente. Now he'll never get his trunk closed unless he flips his lid

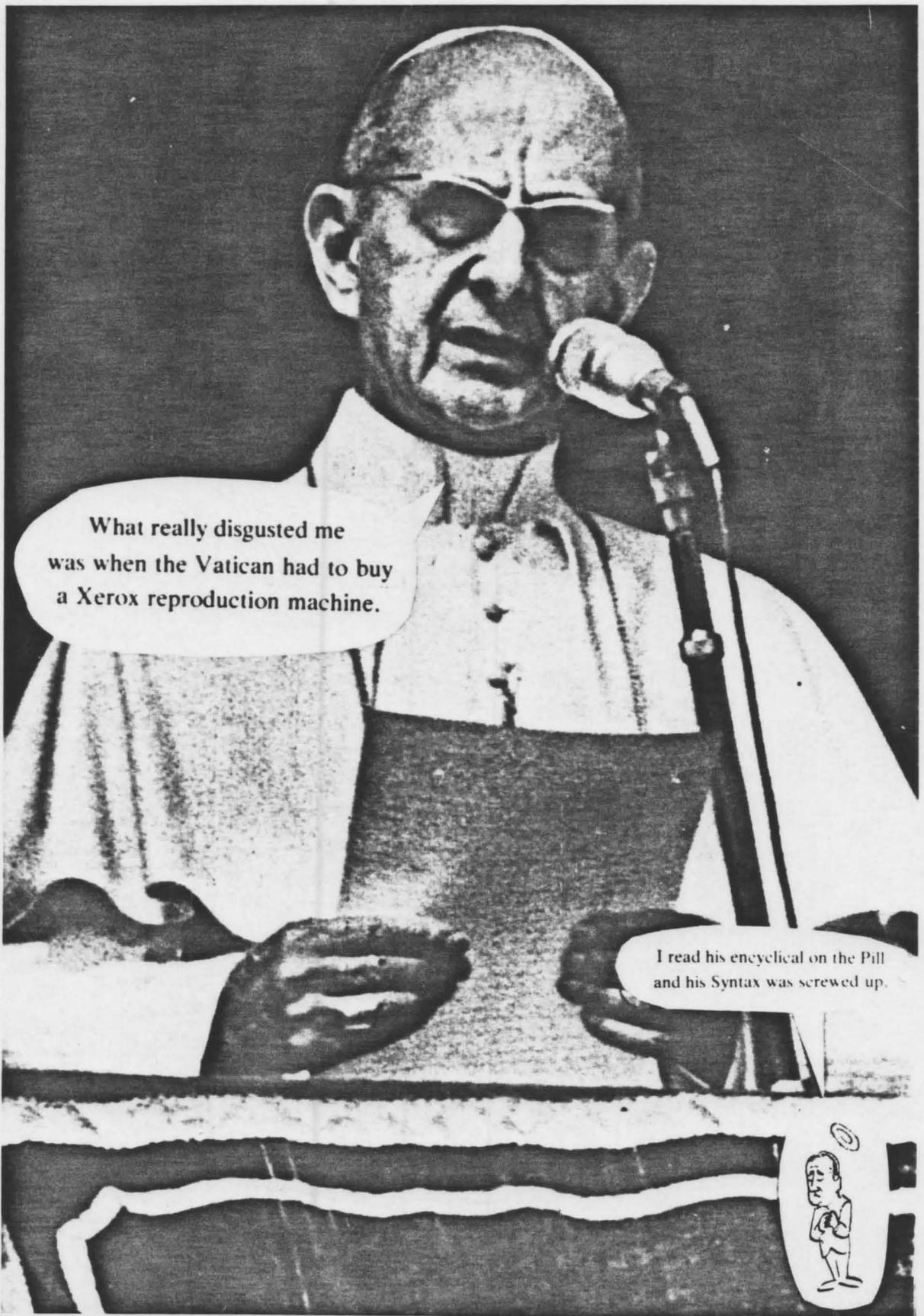




Let me make one thing crystal clear. I see our role as world policeman evolving into a role as global pig.

Is that like high on the hog?





What really disgusted me was when the Vatican had to buy a Xerox reproduction machine.

I read his encyclical on the Pill and his Syntax was screwed up.

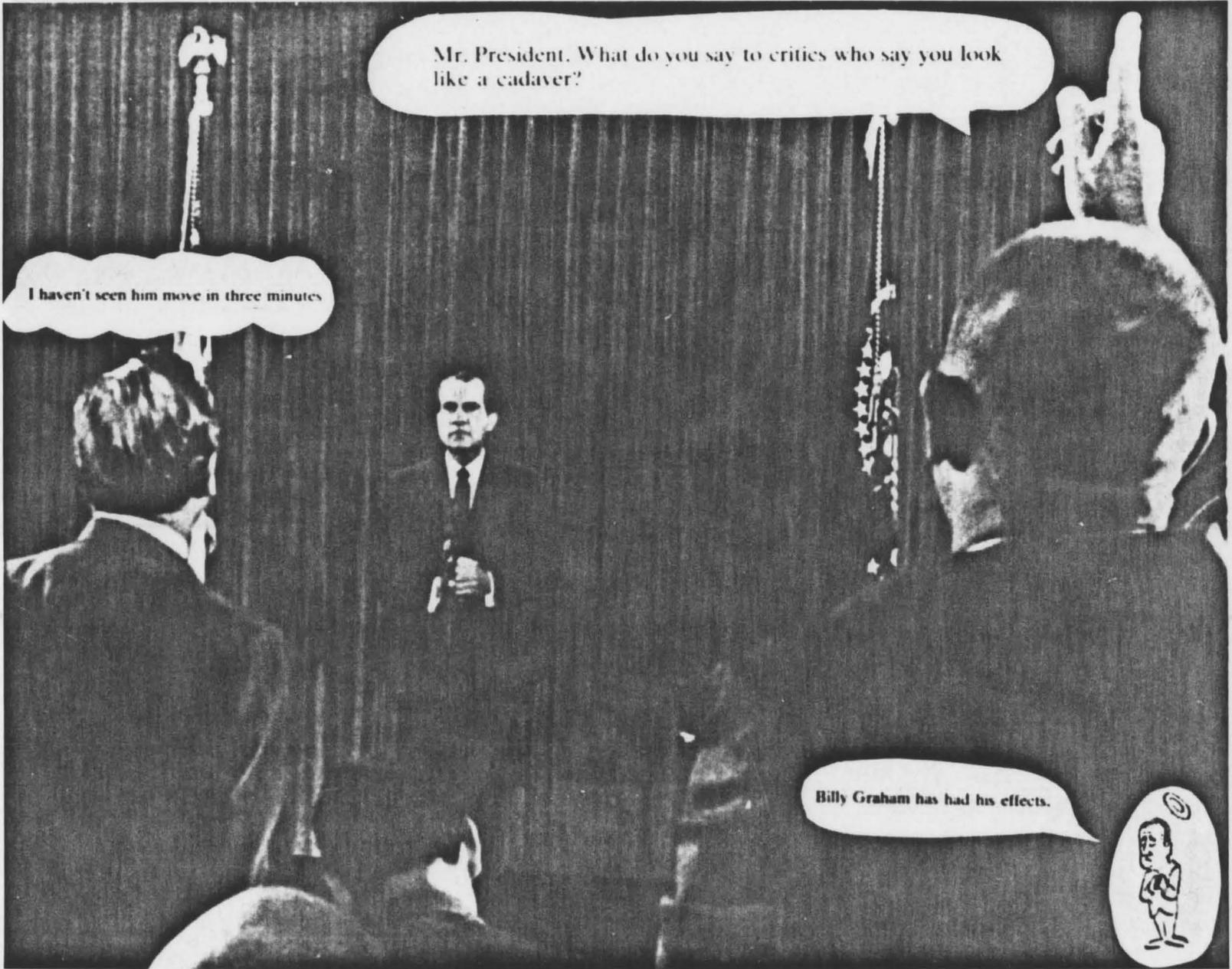




Did I hear you say the students have seized the Executive Mansion and the Black Panthers are tear gassing the Legislature from a helicopter?

Hey Ronnie. Would you let your daughter marry a student?





Mr. President. What do you say to critics who say you look like a cadaver?

I haven't seen him move in three minutes

Billy Graham has had his effects.





I pose here for the photographers because they ask me to watch the birdie.

When Tricia told him she had a hole in her ski glove he had her bring her bad mitten home.





Sir, I've been observing you for an hour now and I do believe your bucket's got a hole in it.

I've been looking for two hours and I don't see no hole.





It's just that I've never been
touched by a real oriental
before and it's giving
me the goose bumps!



Soccer to me.

Come on, Dick. Give me a turn.



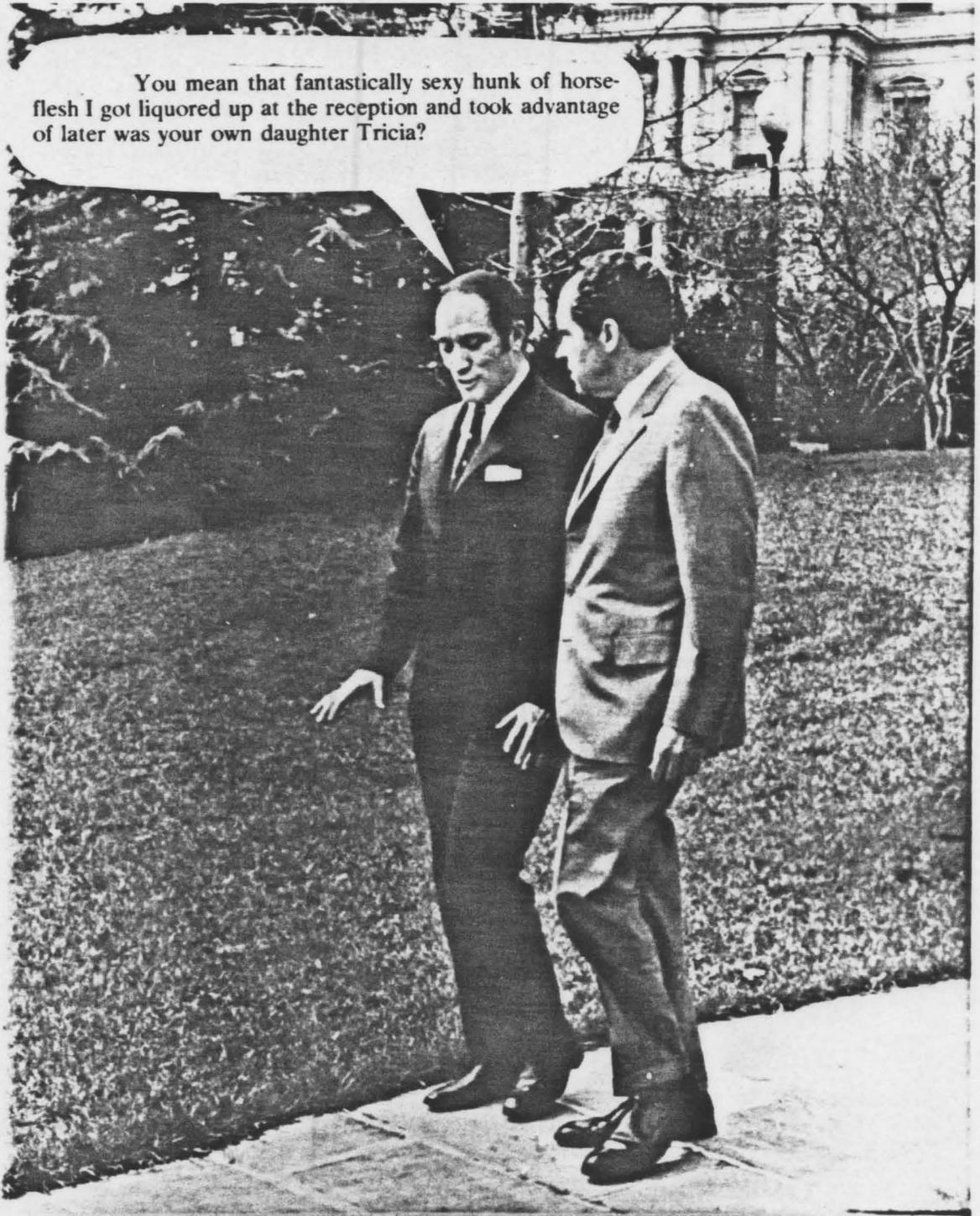


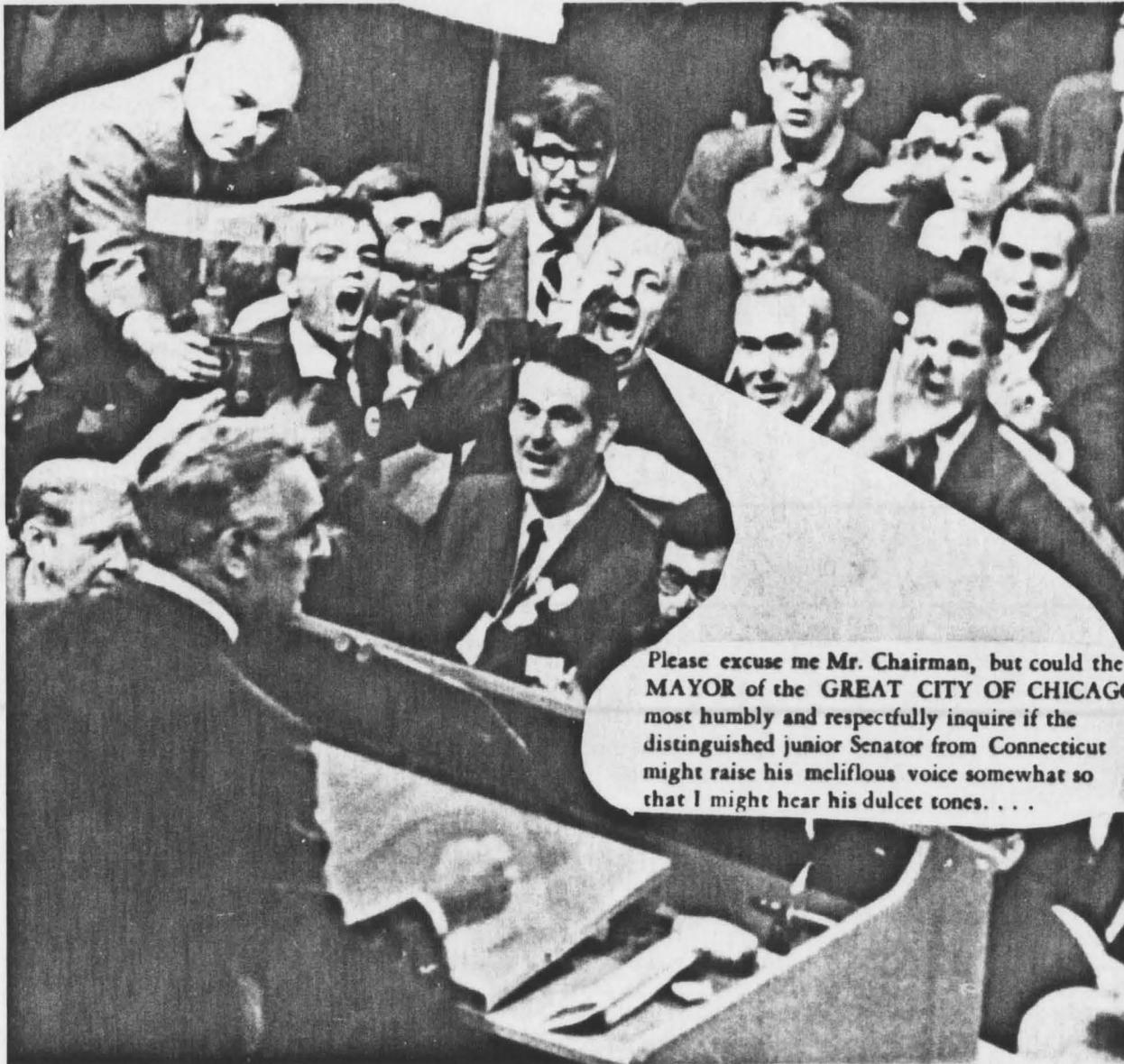
Why, thank you.
I'd love to try your
chicken soup sometime.

Shoot to kill all Ribicoffs!
Shoot to maim all Cronkites and
McGoverns! I never said that!



You mean that fantastically sexy hunk of horse-flesh I got liquored up at the reception and took advantage of later was your own daughter Tricia?





Please excuse me Mr. Chairman, but could the
MAYOR of the GREAT CITY OF CHICAGO
most humbly and respectfully inquire if the
distinguished junior Senator from Connecticut
might raise his meliflous voice somewhat so
that I might hear his dulcet tones. . . .