

Not in This Issue: Ground-to-Air Mistletoe • Rudolph the Senile Nazi
Mrs. Santa Pulls a Model Train • Stuffing Turkeys and Boning Hams
Frankincense Meets Wolf Man • Candy Canes 'n' Chocolate Crutches

NATIONAL LAMPOON

WPS 34490

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





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Ronald G. Harris, Dan Nelken, Bernard Vidal, James Wojcik

Publisher: Julian L. Weber

Advertising Director: Richard Atkins

Marketing Director: Seena Harris Parker

Production Director: Camille Russo

Production Assistant: Raymond Battaglio

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Published by NL Communications, Inc.,
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ADVERTISING OFFICES: NEW YORK: Debra J. Ressler, Jed Horowitz, Stephanie Bass, Account Managers, National Lampoon, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022 (212) 688-4070. MIDWEST: The Guenther Company, Inc., River Plaza, 405 N. Wabash, Suite 4309, Chicago, Ill. 60611 (312) 670-6800. WEST COAST: George Burns, Western Manager, Ron Rasak, Account Executive, National Lampoon, Inc., 9301 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 412, Beverly Hills, Cal. 90210-5448 (213) 859-8834. SOUTH: Brown & Company, 510 Boswell Road, Marietta, Ga. 30062 (404) 998-2889.

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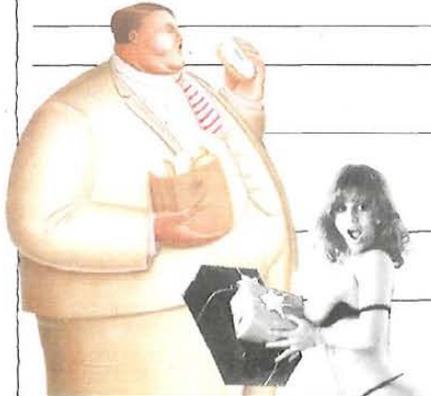
To send a gift of Seagram's V.O., call this toll-free number: 800-528-6148.

Break away from the ordinary. Give an extraordinary gift.

Contents

December 1982

Vol. 2, No. 53



Cover

By Gary Ruddell

Das Love Boot

By Ted Mann
Illustrated by Greg Scott

36

Children's Letters to Santa Claus von Bülow

By Tod Carroll

42

The Great Fatsby

By Ellis Weiner
Illustrated by Sandra Hendler

44

Surprise Poster

By Gary Hallgren

48

**National Lampoon's Best Ever,
Most Expensive Office Xmas Party**

By L. Dennis Plunkett

50

E. T. CETERA: SPECIAL EXTRA-PLOITATIONAL SECTION

A Christmas Sermon

55

What If E. T. Were Discovered by Different Children?

By Tod Carroll

56

S.D., The Super Deplorable

By Sean Kelly
Illustrated by Howard Nostrand

60

The Real Mr. Universe Contest

Illustrated by Greg Theakston

62

A Guide to the Little People of North America

By Sean Kelly and Ted Mann

67

F I L L E R

Editorial

8

Letters from the Editors

10

Christmas Gifts for the New Depression

By Fred Graver

12

Time of the Month

19

Reality Books' Catalog of Household Romances

By John Howe

28

White Mischief

By Charley Gordon

32

True Section

75

Foto Funnies

79, 88

Funny Pages

81

National Lampoon Contest #15

By Gerald Sussman

96



MICHELOB



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Some things speak for themselves

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WHAT YOUR EAR IS A BRAIN.

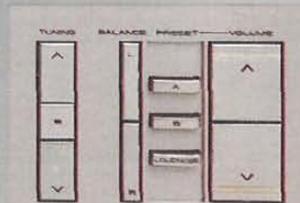


This tiny micro-processor is the latest innovation in Pioneer's best components. It can improve the way you listen to your music. And it can also improve your music.

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

How smart is smart?

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

They become smart.

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

RS NEED

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

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

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

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

Automatically.

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



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

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

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

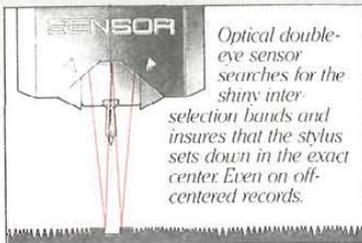
In the history of recorded music, there has probably been one, maybe two people who like every cut on a

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

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

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

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



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

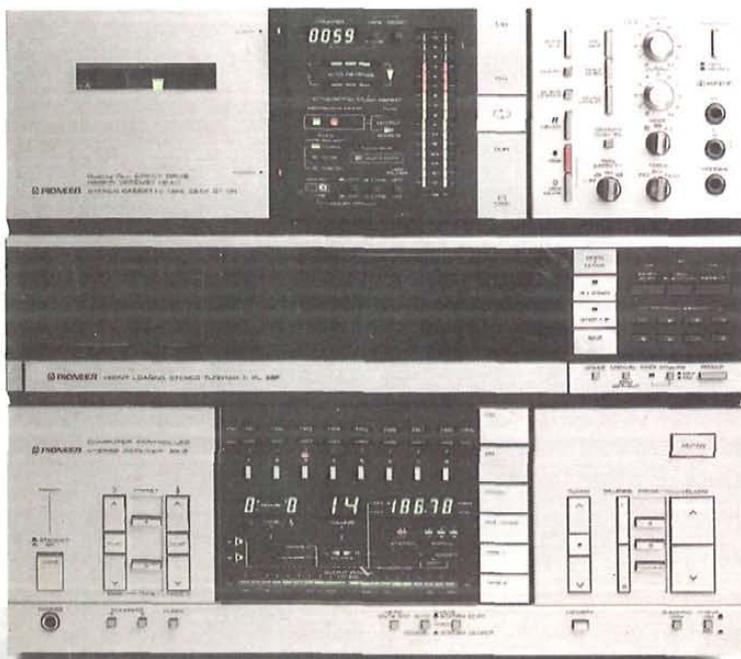
places any Pioneer Auto Reverse tape deck into the pause mode when the turntable tone arm lifts off the record. Leaving you free for more important things.

Like listening to music.

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

You just need a little brain.

PIONEER®
Because the music matters.



Editorial

Here's a holiday package jammed tight with tons o' fun for all good guys and gals.
by Joseph Levi-Paulin

TO BEGIN WITH, I CAN'T tell you what a pleasure it is to be in your lap again. About six months ago, a bunch of us were sitting around the office, and it struck us that December is just about the nicest month of the year for reading a magazine. Days are shorter, nights are longer, there's a chill in the air. Just makes you want to cozy up to the fire and keep warm, having a few laughs with your old friends and looking at a few pictures of naked women.

Knowing what keeps you, our reader, happy is our stock-in-trade, so we've worked our fingers to the bone to bring you what I think is one of our most special issues ever.

Of course, you'll want to get right into this month's cover story, "Sicknesses That Women Like." I, for one, was quite amazed at the list of diseases that evoke incredible sympathy in the fair sex, although many others here at the magazine swear that they've known this little secret for years. Today's modern woman doesn't draw the line at bringing a bowl of soup over to a guy with a few sniffles. Who would have guessed that of all the women we surveyed, eight out of ten said they would actually enjoy washing the open sores on a guy's back? Or helping him over the dry heaves? Just don't try to fake it—that's a definite turnoff. Check out the whole story, beginning on page 37.

On a more serious note, we've noticed that it's often a young man's burden to wake one morning to find himself charged with the care of an aging parent. That's what happened last year to our new editor, Fred Graver, and the experience affected him in deeply profound ways. You'll find his sensitive, thoughtful reflections on the trials of caring for your parents in "Why I Put Them Away Where I Did," on page 63.

Another of our fine editors, Gent Stone, recently was a guest on one of those call-in talk shows that are all

the rage lately. He was amazed at the plethora of sixties-type phrases, as well as sentiments, that sprang up among the callers. "I began to think," he told us, "that perhaps these phrases, like 'bummed out' and 'It blew my mind,' were not so much clichés but accurate descriptions of life that we were just more aware of in those crazy days." Gene's reflections on the amazing world of talk radio, "What Men and Women Talk About When They Talk to Each Other on the Radio," begin on page 58.

There's something very special about the young lady who is the subject of this month's "Nite on the Town," Shere Hite. All of us who have read her blockbuster books have wondered just what kind of person she is, and a lucky few of us here at the magazine had the rare pleasure of finding out. Shere bared her candid views on everything—our car, our choice of a restaurant, what was wrong with the appetizer, the bad service, the lousy dessert, and what she will do to us next time we see her, if ever. She's quite a lady, as you'll find out on page 49.

Just when you think that everything has been written on the subject of cheese, an invitation beckons you to a swank Central Park West apartment to taste the latest veined cheeses of Austria. We approached this assignment rather gingerly, but food editor Francine Juneau led us through this aromatic Baedeker with her usual *je ne sais quoi*. You'll find the evidence of our

newly acquired expertise in our first annual scratch 'n' sniff cheese preview, on page 27.

Speaking of animal husbandry, this month we conclude our sixteen-part serialization of D. Keith Mano's epic novel of sheep breeding on the rooftops of New York's Upper West Side. Judging from the mail we've received, you, our readers, think this whole thing is pretty bad, but we made a promise to D. to run it, and a gentleman's word is his bond. You'll find the latest installment jammed into the corner above the L. L. Bean ad on page 109.

Frequent contributor Robert Simms sent us in one of those little surprises that make being a magazine editor so exciting. Turns out that nothing much has been happening to Bobby since the last time we talked to him, but he felt that it was worth writing about, anyway. And he did—with his usual wit and aplomb. Start turning the pages, from left to right, on number 76.

Finally, I plead with you not to overlook Bob Greene's fine column, "Dating the Woman Who Has My Old Job." Bob's tapped another chord in the modern man's life, and nobody will have to remind me to thank him for it next time I see him.

Well, that's a full plate if I've ever been served one. Don't forget Mom and Dad this holiday season, as well as the honey who keeps you warm when the magazines lose their charm. ■



S. GROSS

**For the ride of your life...
All you need for Christmas
are your two front seats!**



AIRPLANE II THE SEQUEL

Opens December 10th at a theatre near you.

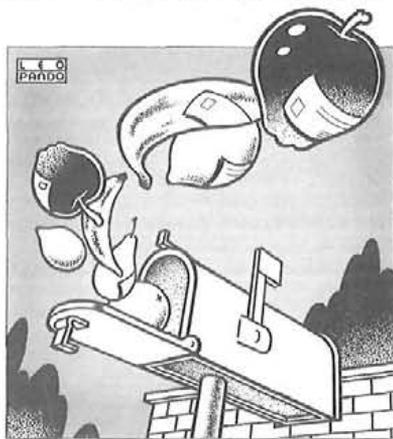
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Letters

SIRS: I WOULD LIKE TO recommend a program designed to end hunger and improve postal service across the land. Instead of letters in envelopes, people should mail their messages stuffed inside fruits such as the apple or the orange. When poor people received junk mail, they could feed their hungry children with it instead of going "Shit mu'fa, no welfare check today" or "Golly, I don't like this mail!" People who give parties, nice people but absentminded at times, could leave their guests to check their mailbox for lemons and limes for their cocktails, instead of driving to convenience stores and possibly getting in an accident or worse. And mailmen (mine's name is Charles, but yours is probably different) could juggle their mail for amusement instead of sitting on wobbly stools in tawdry doughnut shops eating stale doughnuts, or having alcoholic drinks in a loser's bar, thinking bad thoughts about their brother Donald the podiatrist with the fancy home and Jaguar and the wife who was a runner-up "Miss Palmetto" and who you still wouldn't kick out of the delivery truck



for misaddressing a Jiffy Pac. Thank you, and please think about it, won't you?

Bud Chub
Tampa, Fla.

Sirs:
I bet my friend a hundred dollars you wouldn't publish this letter.

Al Fiedler
Glen Cove, N.Y.

Sirs:
There's this dork friend of mine, Al,

who will soon be writing you a stupid letter. If you publish it, he's going to give me a hundred bucks and I'll split it right down the middle with you, okay?

Randy Klein
Glen Cove, N.Y.

Sirs:
We've really grown in popularity over the past few years, and we wish to thank you. You've been just great, folks. Keep in mind that the next person you go to bed with probably carries us, so if you haven't had the chance to get to know us yet, you soon will. Have a nice day.

The Herpes Virus
On the march

Sirs:
This is what Bruce Springsteen really sings on "Born to Run":
Imillay blee ben mouw wammimil klee

*ubla rumamy amelabubby
Lamiv belye boobammomal
bohlm emelawye meglbee.*

I know, because Columbia Records pays me to write lyrics for the record sleeve after all the mumbling is recorded.

Allen Ginsberg
Asbury Park, America

Sirs:
I am the Sock Man. I hang around laundromats and apartment laundry rooms and steal socks, one at a time. So if ever you're missing a sock after doing the wash, it was probably me.

The Sock Man
On the loose

Sirs:
A while back I bought a Picture-phone. Then I laid in a year's supply of food pills. Then I got myself an electric car. What I'm wondering is, am I ahead of the times, behind the times, or just a complete asshole?

Alvin Toffler
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:
Did you ever run into an old girl friend who had torn your heart out by dumping you for another guy? And now she's a fat pig?

It's great!

Dennis King
Wayne, Ind.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 29)

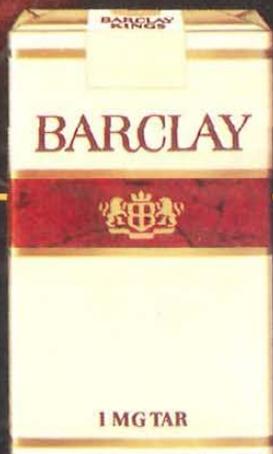


MANKOFF

"Excuse me for interrupting, madam, but before you go on allow me to make these comments: one, I have no desire for you to do my cooking; two, I neither want nor need you to pay my rent; three, I'm very sorry you cried the whole night long; and four, and perhaps most important, I think you've called the wrong Bill Bailey."

Regular, 1 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '81.

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99% tar free.

The pleasure is back.
BARCLAY

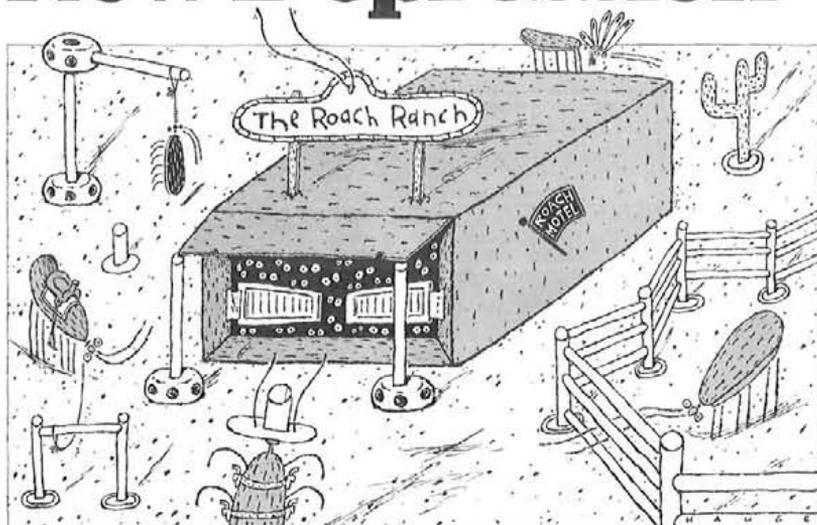
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Christmas Gifts for the New Depression

You can put a smile on a little face by making these clever gifts from household garbage.
by Fred Graver

TIMES ARE TOUGH. BUT times have been tough before and we've always pulled through, right? I can remember back to my own childhood, when we faced a pretty bleak Christmas in our house. Mom had lost her Tupperware distributorship, and Dad hadn't worked regularly since driveway-paving season had closed. Gramps had moved in with us and he not only ate like a horse, he had forced Sis to move into my room.

I remember Christmas Eve, lying in bed, holding Sis close to me, real tight, just the two of us, under the blankets, the warmth of our bodies fighting off the chill of the night. I whispered in her ear, "I asked for a 'Man from U.N.C.L.E.' gun. Do you think...?" Sis



was older than me, and wise beyond her years. "You know what 'fat chance' means?" she answered.

Well, we were both surprised the next morning when we found more boxes and toys under the tree than our big wide eyes could take in. No, we didn't get what we had asked for, but we got all the toys we'd always loved playing with. In fact, they *were* our toys! Dad

had just rewrapped them. He and Mom got a good chuckle out of it, but I've never forgotten my intense depression and disillusionment. One day I learn Santa's a fake, then I find out Mom and Dad are frauds, too.

That's why I want you to give your family a real nice Christmas this year, no matter how bad the economy has hit you. With a few things from around the house, I'm going to show you how you can create gifts that have all the excitement and fun of store-bought ones. Why, I'd even crawl out on a limb and say that the only difference between these gifts and the ones you buy in the store is about seven million dollars in advertising money.

Let's start out with Sis. Maybe she's asked for a doll or a game. Well, I've got something that combines both—it's a little game I've rigged up that's called "Mommy Blows Her Top." Take some Magic Markers and a little crepe paper and decorate an empty dishwashing-liquid bottle to look like Mom. Now, sit the players around the table and tighten the cap. Each player takes a turn loosening the cap a little, and then punching Mom in the stomach. The tension mounts until... Mommy Blows Her Top! But the game's not over! All the kids get "sent to their room," where they beat up on the kid who made Mom



"I said, 'Eat your fucking vegetables, you scum-sucking pig.' What did you think I said?"

Myers's. The first collection of luxury rums.



Miniature model sailing ships, circa 1880's. Royal Louis, French gun ship. USCG Eagle, Coast Guard training ship. La Reale, French cargo ship.

MYERS'S PLATINUM WHITE.
Exquisitely smooth and born to mix. With a subtle richness that could only come from Myers's.

MYERS'S ORIGINAL DARK.
The deep, dark ultimate in rich rum taste. The Beginning of the Myers's Flavor Legend.

MYERS'S GOLDEN RICH.
A uniquely rich taste inspired by Myers's Original Dark. Superbly smooth and beautifully mixable.

Myers's Rums. The taste is priceless.

MYERS'S RUMS, 80 PROOF, FRED L. MYERS & SON CO. ORIGINAL DARK IMPORTED AND BOTTLED IN BALTIMORE, MD. PLATINUM WHITE AND GOLDEN RICH PRODUCED IN ARECIBO, P.R.

blow her top in the first place.

Nowadays, with women's lib and all that stuff, it's important to stress non-sexist toys for girls, and many parents find that a science kit fills the bill. This kit is called "What Grows in the Refrigerator" and consists of a variety of plastic bags and a "Scientist's Notebook." (The plastic bags are free at the produce section of your supermarket. If you really want to be elaborate, you might throw in a special "Scientist's Shirt-Pocket Pen Caddy.") The entries in the notebook mark the dates on which you placed some interesting food in a bag and put it into the refrigerator: what it looked like after one week, two weeks, three weeks, and one month; what it smelled like; and whether or not you could feed it to the family pet, grow plants in it, or cure the common cold with it.

And what about the little guy? What are you gonna get for him? Well, a lot of little guys nowadays—and Sis too—have been asking for those video games. Why not give the video game to end them all—Sitcom Invaders! Take a sheet of Saran Wrap and lay it on the screen. Then, with Magic Markers, draw hand grenades, broken glass, mortars, land mines, Molotov cocktails, and other weapons of destruction on the screen. Each player then picks out a character on the show you're watching—let's say it's Laverne on "Laverne and Shirley." Well, every time Laverne walks into one

of your traps, you score. Easy, you say? How about Advanced Sitcom Invaders? The lower part of the screen, where everyone walks anyway, is worth half the points of the upper part. This can be a real fun game, and if the kids have a tough time getting the hang of it, you might want to have them practice on a talk-show couch or two.

Of course, any little guy would be thrilled to get a pet for Christmas. But have you been to a pet store lately? Do you know what they want for those mutts? Forget it! And they eat like my old grandpa. Well, I had to think long and hard about this one, but I've come up with the answer—Roach Ranch. You can make these from five or six of those roach motels, which you wrap up and decorate to make them look like the bunkhouse, the grub shack, the stable, etc. Place the whole setup in a tightly sealed box and you've got the neatest little gift since the ant farm. And you can keep those roaches alive for years on bits of food and a little water. (Why not set up a little trough for 'em to drink from?) If you're really talented, you can even take a stab at making cowboy hats for those little roaches. They're hours of fun for the whole family, and they can be trained to do simple tricks like standing, rolling over, and crawling up Aunt Patsy's leg.

Kids, of course, have a real love for collecting things, and the kids in my neighborhood started a real craze with

a game called "What Was This?" You ever notice how when some stuff gets all used up and thrown away, it doesn't look anything like what it used to be—especially plastic packages, rubber goods, things that fall off your handyman bench? Well, kids really get into scouring the streets for disposed items and coming back to stump their friends. So give the kids a few collecting boxes and turn 'em loose. You might want to draw the line with chewed food and animal carcasses, though!

Every Christmas, many parents face a particularly painful dilemma. They've got a little money saved up for presents, but the kids need some essentials, too—like underwear, socks, or gloves for the winter. Well, there is a way to make your child appreciate those "sensible" gifts. When you fill out the little name tag on the package, merely insert the name of their favorite superhero or celebrity where yours would go. Who could resist some nice warm socks from Spiderman, some new underpants from Bruce Springsteen, or a nice new wool cap from Reggie Jackson? If you're creative with paint and brush, you can draw a picture of Spiderman or Pac-Man right on a pair of white tube socks for a really special touch. You can seal the deal with a little note inside that says, "Here's a nice new pair of gloves for when you play Sitcom Invaders."

Finally, every child's Christmas has to be marked by that big, special, trendy present. Well, you won't have to leave your kids with nothing to brag to their friends about this year. You can build them a special *E.T.* Computer. Remember the one the extraterrestrial built in the movie out of electronic junk and an old umbrella? You can get old batteries, circuits, wires, etc., from behind any Radio Shack store, string 'em up, and... who knows? You might have a couple of funny green men at your door someday.

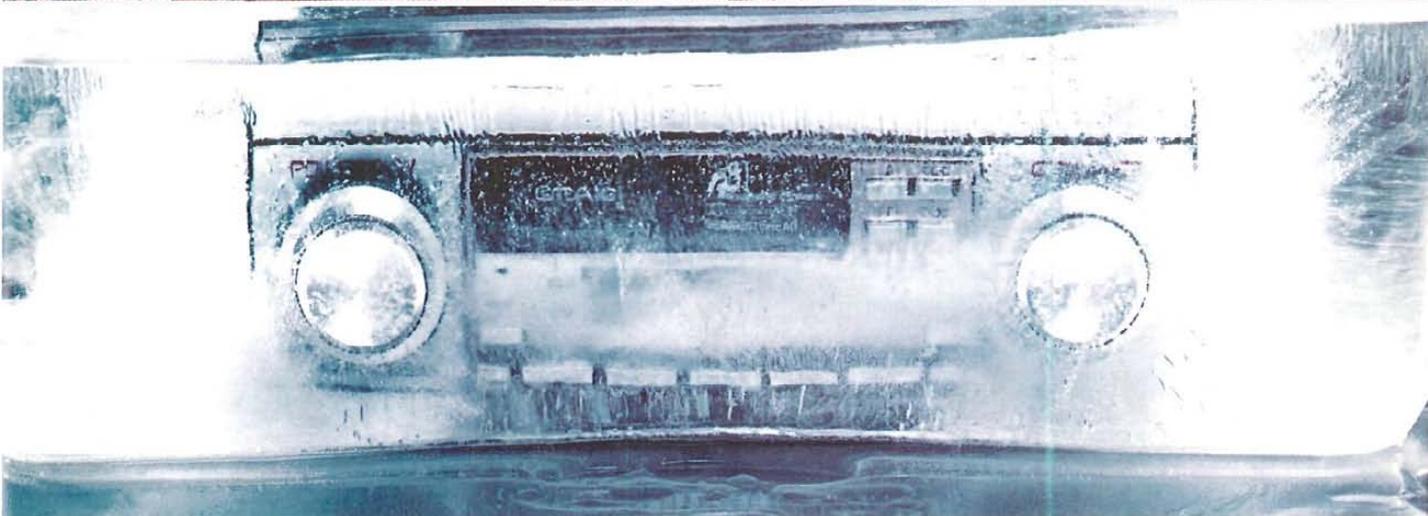
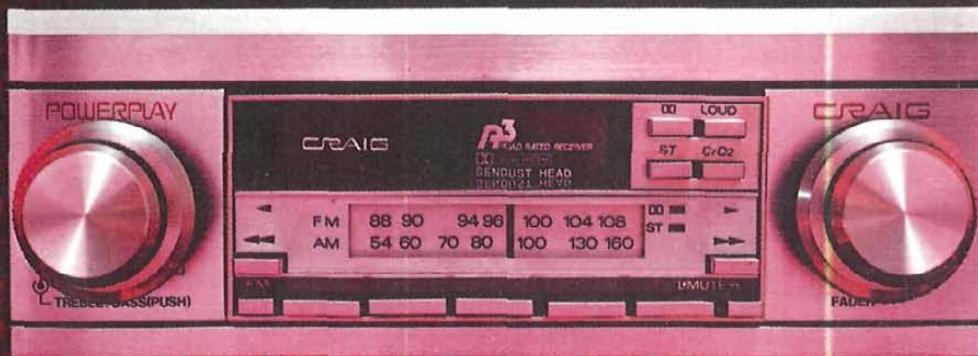
But what about Mom? Surely you can't hope to fool her with some of these tossed-together wonders. And remember last birthday, when she told you what you could do with that dress from the thrift shop?

Well, don't panic. To begin with, you can give Mom one of those great decorative pins. Show her how much you appreciate all of the things she does for the family by gluing a little bit of her best home-cooked dish to a clasp. Can you imagine the squeals of glee when her friends see that she's wearing a pot roast?

And speaking of novelty items, have you noticed how the craziest things get turned into wallets and purses lately? Think of the looks of jealousy on the faces of the girls at the bridge club when



"We haven't got all day, buddy. Is it back in the body or do we pronounce you dead?"



OUR CAR STEREO GO TO GREAT EXTREMES BEFORE THEY GO ANYWHERE.

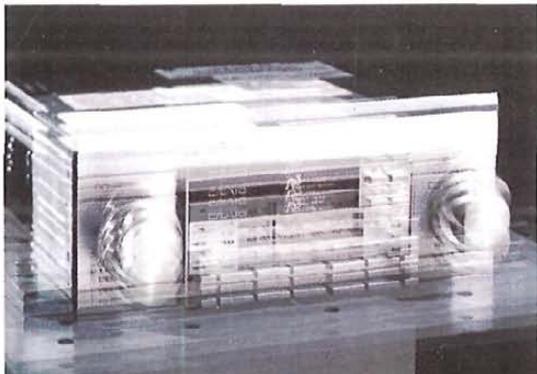
Before a Craig receiver is Road-Rated, it travels a pretty rough road. We test each model under extreme conditions so the punishment you dish out will seem like a Sunday drive.

We run vibration tests to simulate the most demanding road conditions. We freeze it to -40° . Then we heat it up to 140° F. And we simultaneously subject it to 95% relative humidity.

Tests. Tests. And more tests. That's what it takes

to become Road-Rated. And it's your assurance that Craig receivers are built to withstand the elements.

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Road-Rated Receivers

Craig Corporation, 921 West Artesia Blvd.
Compton, California 90220. Telex: 67-4116
In Canada: Withers, Evans Ltd., Burnaby, B.C. Canada V5G 3E3

the little lady walks in with her very own milk-carton purse. Or how about tacking a nifty handle onto one of her old running shoes? Classy, right? As long as you're rummaging through the closet, don't overlook the dandy way an old athletic sock becomes a handsome change purse.

Of course, Mom might want something a little more personal. Is she one of those monogrammed-days-of-the-week-undies girls? With a little Magic Marker, you can give her a whole set of days-of-the-week sanitary napkins.

And, finally, the gift that keeps on giving—baking soda. There's a thousand and one uses for the stuff, and your wife will remember your thoughtfulness all year long. My honey is still tickled over the two boxes I gave her last year. The one I wrapped in red and labeled FIRE EXTINGUISHER is still in its own little corner near the stove.

But, what about Dad? Sure, he's the one who's always tough to please. But I've never met a pop who hasn't been pleased with a nice new key chain. Why not weave a few hanks of the family's hair together, dip it in varnish, and hand him a Christmas present that'll choke him up?

Speaking of choking the old guy up, if he's like most of the fathers I know, he'll appreciate this blast from the past—an old shirt, tie-dyed in his favorite late-sixties style! For added effect, toss an old Jefferson Airplane album on the turntable when you hand him the box.

Of course, if you're willing to put the extra time and effort into it, nothing would please Pop like his own desk set. Perfect for the office or the desk at home, this is the kind of set that says loud and clear, "I'm a family man!" Saw off the top half of a tennis-ball can (to hold the pens and pencils), find an empty Tiparillo box (for the notepaper), and laminate the daily newspaper Sports section (for the blotter). You might even toss in an old pocket knife for the letter opener. Hot dandy!

Christmas is a special time to show Grandma and Grandpa how much they mean to the whole family, and this next little item is something that everyone can pitch in on. As we all know, Grandma and Grandpa are just struggling by on a fixed income, and probably aren't eating too well. You can help brighten their mealtime with a set of Social Security Dinnerware! Begin with paper plates and cups—plain white, of course. Have the kids take their crayons and draw colorful pictures of Grandma and Grandpa in front of "their" big mansion, "their" big car with a chauffeur, "their" summer home. Then, take some waxed paper and coat

the cups and plates by using a hot iron. Don't worry about this special dinnerware holding up—the old folks will appreciate it for the unique gift it is and only use it on special occasions.

Speaking of special occasions...here's a couple of wonderful seasonal gifts. To begin with, you might be the kind of person who likes to keep the Christ in Christmas (or the Chan in Chanukah, as the case may be). Why not toss together some special holiday cookies? Toss a little flour, sugar, water, and butter into a bowl. Mix them up, lay them on a cookie sheet, and bake. Then, make up some religious story to go with them. "These cookies represent all of the children born this year who didn't live to see Christmas"—something like that.

How about some special memento of this special day, to be given to a loved one whom you only see once a year, if that much? Bright and early Christmas morning, go down to the newsstand and buy two copies of the day's newspaper—one for you and one for the gift. Shellac the gift, and you've got a wonderful souvenir of that special day in the year when you all get together.

It's true that many of us only get together with our families around the holidays, and I wouldn't expect you to toss together some thoughtless present for your brother or sister who just flew in from Spokane to share Christmas with everyone. This special "Remembrance

Card" will bring back laughter and tears. Using an old photograph of the two of you in your childhood, you can put together a nice little folder and inscribe it with a poem of your own making. If you can't bring yourself to pen a few light verses, feel free to use this one:

*Remember the fun we once had in our yard
When life was simple and not so hard.
But we've grown up,
And times are tough,
So here's a cheap little picture card.*

With a little ingenuity and imagination, you can save this Christmas from the same depression that's gripping the country. Just remember three things:

- If you are given a gift in return, don't get caught in that old trap of comparing the two. Remember this line: "Well, there's only one in the world like this."
- Remember that you are, in fact, doing the other person a big favor, since they won't have to stand in a line to return their gift.
- Don't forget, if you're working on something for someone and it looks as though it will be a total disaster, just toss it all in the box anyway. When they open it, say, "I was up until three in the morning trying to finish this, but I thought you'd like to see how it's progressing."

Then, after Christmas, get them something else by exchanging one of the useless gifts someone gave you. ■



"Let me have a copy of Newsweek, Time, Forbes, Reader's Digest, Fortune, Mixed Combo Domination, Harper's, and Business Week."

There's only one way to play it...



Wherever the music
is hot, the taste is Kool.
Because there's only one
sensation this refreshing.



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

Kings, 16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine; Longs, 14 mg. "tar",
1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '81.

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TIME OF THE MONTH

THE PRESIDENT'S WIFE

Coast-to-Coast Carpeting on Way As Nancy Redecorates America

WHEN THE NEW FIRST LADY stepped into the White House she didn't waste a moment before calling in the decorators. But now, according to presidential sources, Mrs. Reagan has stepped outside of the White House and found, to her dismay, that "it doesn't really match the rest of the country." Faced with the prospect of having to tear up his home once again, Ronald Reagan instead called for and has signed a bill to redecorate the United States. The first step, in the language of the new law, will be the "carpeting of all areas of the country not occupied by buildings, including all sidewalks, streets, open areas, woodlands, and national parks."

According to the White House, the carpeting will be a luxurious, deep-piled, Dacron-polyester, feather-light shag recommended for its bright colors, easy cleaning, and high durability, which should make it particularly suitable for heavily traveled areas, such as downtown business districts and interstate highways. "In accordance with my policy of decentralizing government," Reagan said, "each municipality will be allowed to select its own color. Cleveland, for example, has selected a lustrous autumn red, a very fine choice, in my opinion. Now, I don't happen to agree with them all. For example, Scranton's selection of a light beige might get awfully dirty with all the smokestacks they have over there. But, then, that's what local autonomy is all about."



A luxurious autumn-red shag for Cleveland.

The president pointed out that the carpeting will create much-needed jobs in this time of high unemployment. "Think of all the people who'll be needed to lay it, tack it, and clean it. The carpet-sweeper and vacuum-

cleaner industries, both vital sectors of our economy, should enjoy a major boom. All in all, we're going to have an economically stronger and richer country that'll have the added advantage of being softer to step on." ■

PLANET

Australia Asks for Invasion



Prime Minister Fraser: "Somebody please attack us."

IN AN IMPASSIONED PLEA, PRIME Minister John Malcolm Fraser of Australia has called upon any interested country to invade the tiny continent. His speech was met with wild cheers from his countrymen.

"It isn't fair," he said. "We've never been invaded even once in our history. We feel very neglected. After all, just because we're tucked away down here in the middle of nowhere doesn't mean we don't exist."

The prime minister continued, his voice breaking slightly. "It's always been like this, for as long as I can remember. No one asks our opinion of anything. No one is afraid of us. We never get any terrorist attacks. Our ambassadors aren't even kidnapped. There are coun-

tries in the Middle East who have far less going for them than we do, and they're in the newspapers all the time. If they can invade tiny little insignificant islands like the Falklands, why can't they invade a big island like ours? We've got everything the Falklands have, and more." ■

NAZIA

Hitler- Enquirer Link Uncovered

*Former German leader
is his own best subject*

ONCE AGAIN ADOLF HITLER has been reported to be—as many suspect—alive and living in Argentina. But he is not well. An editor from the *National Enquirer* revealed that Hitler, for several years, has been writing articles for the *Enquirer*. The source, who declined to be identified, stressed that the elderly Nazi has never been under contract and that his stories are submitted on a strictly free-lance basis. Apparently the former Nazi top dog writes many of the *Enquirer* articles dealing with his own exploits.

"He's alive, all right," claimed the source, "and really churning out those stories. The one about him being behind the Falkland Islands invasion, and one a few months back about his masterminding the hostage crisis in Iran, were written by Hitler. But he never actually does the stuff he writes about." Apparently suffering from extreme hardening of the arteries, the once-spry Führer has become, at ninety-three, totally out of touch with reality. ■



Adolf Hitler at the typewriter in Corrientes, Argentina. "Most of his stories are phony."

DEMOCRATISM AND POLITICS

Will Dummies Get the Vote?

League of Women Voters fights for illiterates' rights

THE LEAGUE OF WOMEN VOTERS, announcing the results of a three-year survey of the electorate, has begun a campaign to bring "the disenfranchised illiterates" into the political mainstream.



A sample 1980 ballot demonstrates new techniques that will enable illiterates to make intelligent electoral judgments.

Citing statistics that prove that illiterates know as much about current events and politics as the average college professor or stockbroker, Ms. Marcia Glendale of the League told reporters, "There's no reason to believe that just because people can't write their own name or read the label on a can of vegetables, they can't make an intelligent decision about their political representation."

In collaboration with several advertising agencies, the League has produced sample ballots, voter-registration cards, and other necessary documents that would enable illiterates to participate in the democratic process.

League officials expect a major political battle, though, when the issue enters Congress next month. According to a League spokesperson, "Our biggest resistance is going to come from politicians who for years have been able to keep their faces hidden from the public. After that, if we can just convince particularly ugly women politicians that their chances won't be drastically hurt, we should be successful."

When asked to comment on the proposed changes, President Reagan responded with an off-the-record comment about the value of such a procedure in the political careers of former Hollywood actors. ■

DISEASE AND SICKNESS

Father Damien Forms First Herpes Colony

Former Club Med isle becomes disease-control center

HERE IN THE CARIBBEAN, WHERE the waters are blue and the sun is warm, an elderly Catholic priest is doing his part to insure a better sex life for America.

Father Damien Mallard, in response to the Great American Herpes Scare of 1982, has sent out a call for men and women with the dread disease to "come on down and cool out for a while.

"I'm hoping to attract the real carriers, the folks who won't stop having sex even though the sores are still running. I figure, if we can get them off the streets, we might have a chance to decrease the number of new cases."

On the site of a former Club Med compound, the Herpes Colony resem-



Father Damien, founder of the Herpes Colony, with the island's main export.

Make it Schnappy!



HIRAM WALKER
**Peppermint
Schnapps**

*Made by Hiram Walker & Sons, Inc.
Peoria, Illinois - San Francisco, Calif.*
750 ML • 60 PROOF
HC 81

HIRAM WALKER
**Spearmint
Schnapps**

*Made by Hiram Walker & Sons, Inc.
Peoria, Illinois - Burlingame, Calif.*
750 ML • LIQUEUR
60 PROOF
HC 83

HIRAM WALKER
**Cinnamon
Schnapps**

*Made by Hiram Walker & Sons, Inc.
Peoria, Illinois - Burlingame, Calif.*
750 ML • LIQUEUR
60 PROOF
HC 84

HIRAM WALKER

What a difference a name makes.

FOR A FREE RECIPE BOOKLET, WRITE HIRAM WALKER BORDIALS, P.O. BOX 2235, FARMINGTON HILLS, MICH. 48334

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bles not so much a clinic as a beautiful resort. "I don't want these folks to feel shunned by society," Damien claims. "None of that *Scarlet Letter* stuff for me."

Although the colony will get most of its revenue from charitable contributions, herpoids are expected to generate some income during their stay by pro-

ducing small gift items. The first *Father Damien Herpes Colony Gift Catalog* has recently been issued, featuring the usual offerings—hand-stitched wallets, moccasins, and letter openers—as well as items that more directly reflect the colony's nature. "We expect our line of toilet-seat covers to sell very well," Damien predicts. ■

PROTESTIANA

Bovines Blast Government Freebies

Washington knee-deep in trouble till the cows come home

A THUNDERING HERD OF DAIRY cows, incensed by federal giveaways of cheese and butter, staged a massive protest in front of the Lincoln Memorial. The cows were angered that the "federal free-for-all" made dairy products appear worthless and could force the sad-eyed farm animals to work longer hours if prices fell.

A spokesman for the angry, multi-stomached mob, who wore signs reading GUNS, NOT BUTTER and LET THEM EAT FROZEN ENTRÉES AND HOSTESS SNO-BALLS, explained why the demonstration was held in front of the statue of the famous dead president: "Our sixteenth president was a friend of all oppressed beings—black, white, sable, or spotted combinations thereof—and as an 'udder-wise' farm boy, would have given his wholehearted support to the movement.

"If cows had been in the Secret Service, Lincoln would never have been shot," he added, scoffing at a wild-looking street bum's cries that slant-horned Chinese "cowmunists" were aiding the movement. An unidentified cow's placard retorted, MY MOTHER DIDN'T RAISE ME TO BE A MEAL TICKET FOR WELFARE CHEATS; she was tired of



"If cows had been in the Secret Service, Lincoln would never have been shot."

being perceived as a milk bank instead of a cow.

A score of pigs showed their support by obstructing traffic in downtown Washington and later by greasing themselves under buses and running naked through the floor of the Senate, waking several sleepy lawmakers with their loud and savage yelps.

At dusk, the cows concluded their protest by locking their knees and howling in unison, and then they came home. ■

U.S. cities and were reported bearing down on respected supermarket chains.

Typical of those hurt most by the Russian move is Sam Delaney, owner of the Surf 'n' Tide Fish Shoppe in Chicago. Warns Delaney, "Don't underestimate these Russian fishermen. They're really very knowledgeable pros. They come here early in the morning and walk off with the best we have. By the time our regular customers get here, there isn't a decent piece of flounder or bluefish left."

Equally disturbed is George Jacobson, manager of a sprawling supermarket in Virginia. Says Jacobson, "It's really become quite a serious problem. They head right for the shelves where we keep the premium tuna fish and salmon. They must be listening in on our country's radio transmissions, because they go for the heavily advertised brands first. The least the U.N. can do is vote to restrict their catch to, say, twenty-five cans a day!" ■

COMPUNCTIONABILIA

New Organization Said to Represent Real Majority of Americans

POTENT, PERSISTENT, AND VO-ciferous, the Moral Majority has been no stranger to news headlines. But in the past few months, quietly and without fanfare, a brand-new organization has been growing. Born and suckled in the small mill towns of Indiana, it has been steadily nibbling at the grass roots of America, and already is said to be millions strong.

The new organization has dubbed itself the More-or-Less Moral Majority. According to its founder, part-time religious-figurine salesman Jerry Adams, "We think we're really representative of the majority of people in the United States, and it's about time we got organized to make our views known. We're pretty moral most of the time, but occasionally we might cheat on our taxes a little, we might stop off for a beer or two on the way home, and, if someone gives us too much change when we buy a cup of coffee, we might return it but then again we might not. Most of the time we

ENCROACHIA

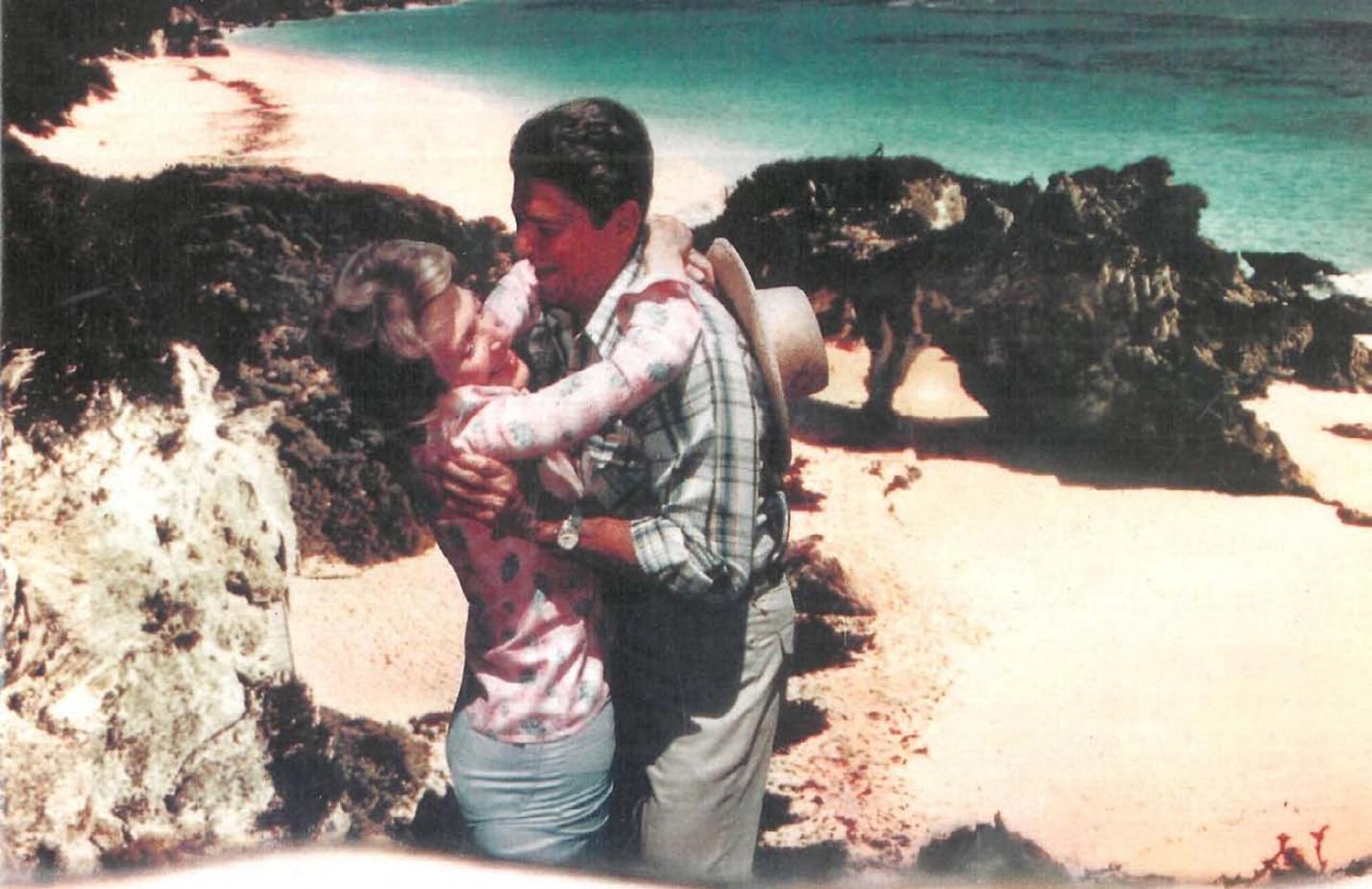
Russia Declares Wider Fishing Limit

U.S. supermarkets object

IN A MOVE THAT STARTLED THE international community, Russia has declared a 20,000-mile fishing limit around its borders. The U.S. branded the action "a blatant attempt to infringe upon the territorial rights of others" and called for an immediate meeting of the U.N. Security Council to

settle the issue.

However, Secretary of State George Shultz has admitted that until the Security Council makes its final decision, the U.S. has no choice but to respect the new Soviet limit. Almost immediately, Russian fishing trawlers were sighted near fish markets in major



“There aren't many Jews here, or black people, or Hispanic-Mexicans, or anything.”

Ron and Nancy Reagan talk about their 347th visit to Bermuda since the inauguration.



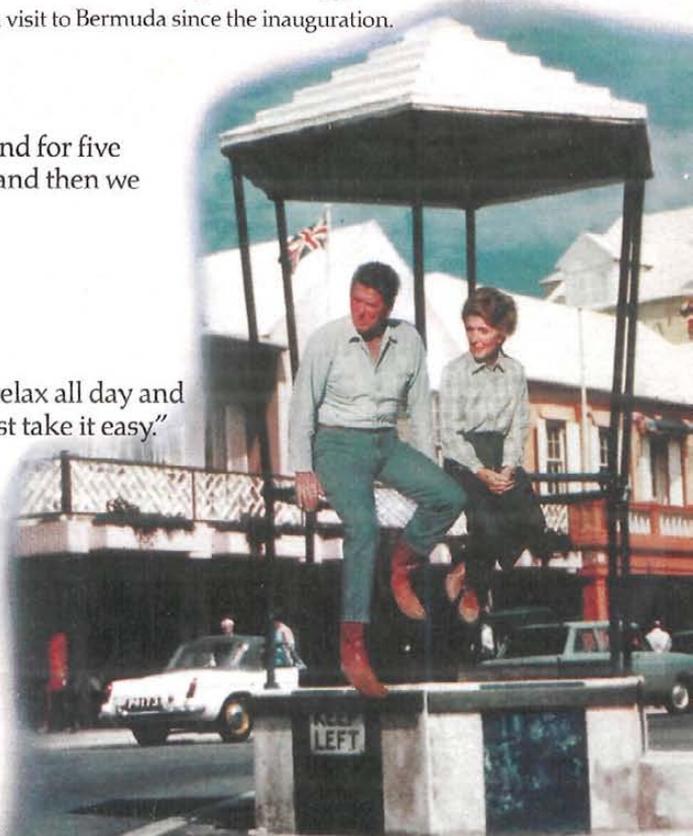
“We waded around for five or ten minutes, and then we took a nap.”

“We like to relax all day and then just take it easy.”

Why should you work harder than the president of the United States?

Bermuda

During visits by President and Mrs. Reagan, Bermuda is closed, except for between the hours of 11:00 PM. and 7:00 A.M., during which time he is asleep. Visitors must be accompanied by a Bermudian citizen, and will be assessed a greens fee upon debarkation. Swearing, rye bread, and loud music are strictly forbidden. Lights out at 11:00 PM. weeknights, 12:00 midnight weekends.





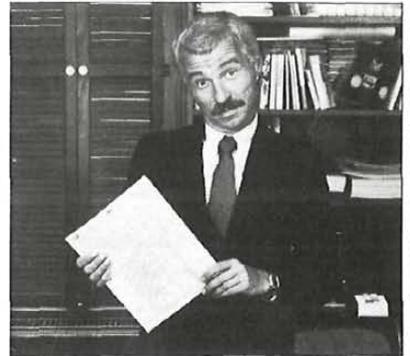
**Wear it when
you're bold.
Wear it when
you're shy.**

Wear Musk by English Leather when you're feeling bold. Or when you're feeling shy. Either way, Musk by English Leather will speak for you. We know that the same guy can be outgoing sometimes, laid back other times. So we created an easy way to communicate without saying a word. Get the bold/shy scent of English Leather Musk.

MEM COMPANY, INC., NORTHVALE N.J. 07647

play it pretty straight, but we're not perfect, and we think it's only fair that our interests are represented too."

The aim of the organization, according to Adams, is "to make the United States a better place for more-or-less moral people. Our platform, for example, calls for a little more, but not too much, sex on television, especially in the form of big-breasted, dumb blonds who come on after the kids are asleep. We support the teaching of evolution in the public schools, because none of us really understand it anyway, as long as good football players can still pass the exams. We favor a reasonable



More-or-Less Moral Majority leader Adams and his 1981 tax return. "I earned about five hundred dollars, off the books, that I didn't declare, and I deducted one of my children twice, but that's not really too bad, is it?"

amount of sex discussion in the home, especially in the form of double entendres when certain kinds of aunts are invited to family gatherings. Generally, we're against abortion, but we might allow it as long as the woman feels really terrible about it and cries for a long time afterward. And our official policy on minorities like blacks and Jews is that we're willing to work alongside them and even live next door to them as long as they continue to allow us to tell funny jokes about them when we're a little drunk."

Asked how the group plans to operate, Adams said, "We intend to lobby for our causes, more or less honestly, and with only an occasional, reasonable-sized bribe; and to hold annual conventions where most of the men will try to be faithful to their wives back home but some will momentarily stray for some missionary-position sex with a prostitute. Of course, they'll feel guilty immediately afterward and send their wives somewhat expensive flowers." ■

Edited by Tod Carroll. Contributions by T.C., Ed Subitzky, Kevin Curran, Fred Graver, and Dave Tynan.

Head and antlers above the rest.



Moosehead. Canada's Premium Beer.

All Brand Importers Inc., Lake Success, N.Y. Sole U.S. Importer © 1982

Make two great kids happy this Christmas!



RONALD G. HARRIS

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

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

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

National Lampoon Baseball Jacket

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

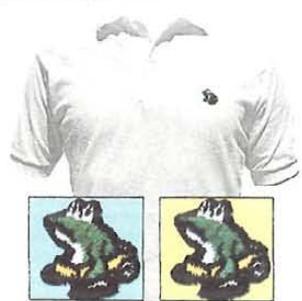


(TS-1030) \$29.95

National Lampoon Frog Shirt

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

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



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

National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary Anthology, Deluxe Edition

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



(BO-1032) ... \$19.95

National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary Anthology Volume I

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



(BO-1033) \$4.95

National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary Anthology Volume II

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



(BO-1035) \$4.95

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

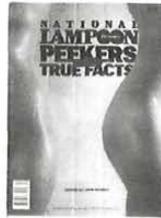
National Lampoon's latest record album, featuring "Mr. Reagan's Neighborhood," "Apocalypse Now," and more.



(A-1004)...\$8.98

National Lampoon's Peekers and Other True Facts

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



(BO-1038) \$2.95

National Lampoon Black Sox Softball Jersey

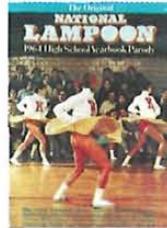
This good-appearing baseball jersey is a clean-made garment that is certain to give satisfaction. It is exactly the one worn by the famous *National Lampoon* Black Sox; yet it lacks the odor of use, as it is an entirely new product.



(TS-1027) \$6.00

National Lampoon High School Yearbook Parody

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



(BO-1007A) Deluxe Edition \$4.95

National Lampoon Duffel Bag



A canvas bag for your T-shirts, baseball mitt, and old *National Lampoons*.

(TS-1033) \$13.95

National Lampoon Foto Funnies

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



(BO-1034) \$2.95

National Lampoon Hat

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



(TS-1032) \$5.95

National Lampoon Mona Gorilla T-shirt

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

National Lampoon "That's Not Funny, That's Sick" T-shirt The amusing shirt favored by actors and *artistes* involved in the touring theatrical production of the same name. Yet no one wearing this shirt will be ushered to poor seats in an eatery. (TS-1026) \$4.95

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

National Lampoon Sunday Newspaper Parody The clearest example of fine drollery issued. A sequel to the High School Yearbook Parody, it resembles a small-town Sunday newspaper, the Dacron Republican-Democrat. Profusely illustrated. (BO-1021) \$4.95

National Lampoon's Old-style Animal House Baseball Jersey Traditional-style Animal House baseball jersey. Comes complete and entire, with no difficult sleeves to assemble, and in sizes that fit all but the enormous or obese. (TS-1028) \$6.00

The Greatest Hits of the National Lampoon Chevy Chase, John Belushi, Bill Murray, and a basic field of superstars who used to be part of the *Nat Lamp* family, on record. (A-1002) \$7.95

National Lampoon's Animal House Book

Again, for fans of the film. Tells the whole story plus, and also has loads of photos and illustrations. From the biggest comedy of all time. (BO-1024) \$2.95, Deluxe Edition \$4.95

That's Not Funny, That's Sick! Phonograph album that includes Bill Murray, Christopher Guest, and other great talents on wax. (A-1001) \$6.95

National Lampoon's Animal House T-shirt We have sold thousands of this very beautiful and finished garment. Shirt is durable and of superior value. Several worn one above the other give the illusion of physique and muscularity. (TS-1029) \$4.95

National Lampoon Sweatshirt Specially crafted so that you sweat and laugh at the same time. Available in navy with white lettering, white with red lettering, and gray with black lettering. (TS-1034) \$12.95

National Lampoon True Facts A lot of funny stuff that actually happened, printed on smear-resistant shiny paper. (BO-1036) \$2.95

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



The Best of National Lampoon #5 1973 and '74 were vintage years for the humor crop. Some of the great jokes in this fine volume are only just now reaching the fullness of their maturity. (BO-1008) \$2.50

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by John Howe

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Household™ Romance authors utilize hundreds of paragraphs printed onto scores of individually numbered pages to show you everything in the world you know about love and life. See if you don't agree after reading the following excerpt from this month's Main Selection, *The Teeth of His Smile*, by Helen Flop:

Larry knelt next to the sofa and examined the hole in its arm with his keen twenty-twenty vision.

"This'll only take a few minutes to fix, Janet," he said. "Burns in vinyl-covered furniture are not the problem they once were, thanks to years of expensive laboratory research by college-educated scientists."

"I'm so pleased to hear you say that, Larry," she replied, brushing away a lump of earwax that had lodged in her hair.

He took a bottle of green fluid from his briefcase and poured some of it into the hole.

"It's deeper than I thought, but don't worry," he said, smiling.

As she watched his professionally trained mind move his hands and fingers in swift repairing actions, her pulse quickened to seventy-four beats per minute, rushing life-giving oxygen to her brain and other vital organs, while taking away waste products and carbon dioxide.

"You must derive enormous satisfaction from your work," Janet said, and moved closer to the sofa.

"There's more to it than that," he said, applying a hot iron to the damaged arm. "Naturally, there's the money—ten, twenty, sometimes thirty dollars a day in my spare time."

He rose to his feet, stepping back a few paces to examine his work. "Not a bad job, I'd say. What do you think?" he asked, pointing to the red plastic arm. Janet picked up her glasses from the coffee table and

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 31)

SCARED I THINK
I'LL JAM THIS GUY'S
FINGER...



DRWEEL

Letters

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10)

Sirs:

I want to know if anyone ever really has the total tastelessness to buy any of the products advertised in the *National Lampoon* Unclassifieds section. In particular, those abominable and totally socially unacceptable T-shirts with messages such as "Bend Over, I'll Drive," "No Teenie Weenies," or "In Outer Space Nobody Can Hear You Fart." The reason I need to know is I was thinking of including them in a show of contemporary American clothing at the Metropolitan Museum. But only if people really do wear them. If they do, I'd like the one that says "No Teenie Weenies." But don't send it to the museum. I can handle it. Just send it to me, at the Dakota.

Diana Vreeland
New York City

Sirs:

We know that the Red Brigades and the PLO and the IRA try to claim credit for all the bombings and kidnappings, but it's really us. We've done them all. We haven't bothered to speak up before because we really don't seek publicity, but it's important, we feel, to set the record straight.

Delaware Secessionists
Dover, Del.

Sirs:

I bought one of those bizarre local sex weeklies and saw an ad in which someone said they would pay a hundred dollars to anyone who would shit on them. I guess I'm pretty lucky then, because I get shit on every day and never have to pay for it.

Bud Charles
Miami, Fla.

Sirs:

You don't even want to know what we put in our French Dip sandwiches.

The French Dips
France

Sirs:

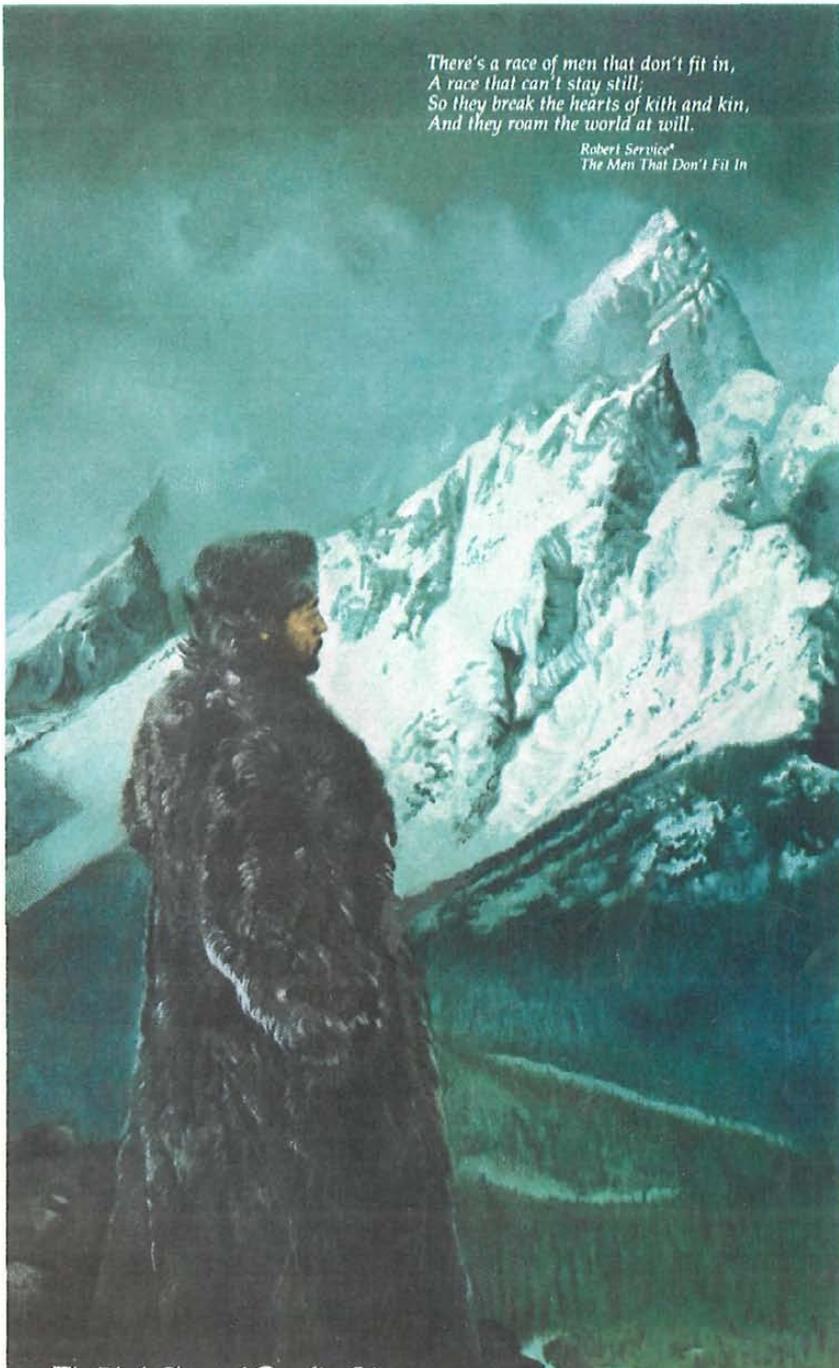
You know those nonstick Teflon pots and pans, and how after a few weeks they lose their Teflon coating and then everything sticks to the bottom and burns? Well, do you know where all that Teflon is going? I'll give you a number of hints. Your wife's tits are very firm lately, you have an erection that won't go away, and you're both constipated as hell.

Jim Cacciatore
Altoona, Pa.

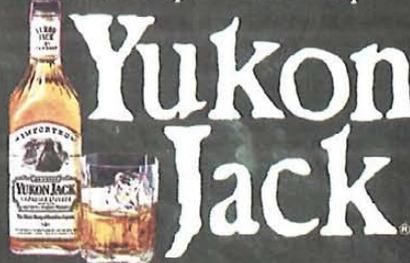
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 94)

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

Robert Service*
The Men That Don't Fit In



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Experience the
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Reality Books™

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28)
examined the patch for several seconds.

"This is simply amazing," she said finally. "It looks as good as new. No, wait a minute, that's not quite right; it looks *better* than new. You really know your business, Larry." Her eyes were gleaming with respect.

"Thank you. To tell the truth, though, I've been taking a correspondence course that will soon put me into an entirely different field, one that's even more lucrative!" He screwed the cap onto the bottle of green plastic and returned it to his vinyl-covered vinyl-products briefcase.

"You must tell me all about it," she said, thinking to herself how industrious a man he seemed. She guessed that he put in fifteen or twenty hours of overtime each week.

"Electrolysis," he said, wiping his hands on his plastic-stained trousers. "Unwanted hair permanently removed in the privacy of one's own home." He walked over next to her, pointed to her upper lip, and said, "For instance, this little mustache of yours could be whisked off in a couple of minutes. Just think of it, no more depilatories."

"Not ever?" she said. "Is that a fact?"

"Absolutely. And you'd be amazed how much that could improve your appearance."

"Really?"

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Giggles of Desire, by Marion Crux. Henry, the new man at Hanson's garage, said he couldn't fix the clock in Jane's Studebaker. Then, suddenly, he calls, saying he's found the right escape-ment and can give her a good price on a set of radial tires. Should she take one more chance? Or can her car pass inspection without them?

Okay Kisses, by Lurlene Ula. At her high-school reunion, Mary meets Tom, a dropout masquerading as an educated person. She urges him to enroll in a home-study program to earn an equivalency diploma, and he does. Still, she wonders if he's the cheating kind. Will he ask her to help him with his finals?

The Hickey, by Cissy Flounce. Dot suspected nothing when Bob offered her a

can of peanuts. "They're imported," he assured her. But when she unscrewed the cap, *without warning* a large coiled spring jumped out, startling her a great deal. Can she tear herself away from his facetious passions in time to avoid the dribble glass? And where are his mail-order X-ray specs?

Suds and Lace, by Carla Orp. Betsy had everything a woman could want: high-heel shoes, panty hose, a digital watch, candy—everything but a man, and a remote-control Betamax.

You're Nice, Too, by Felice Outré. Jill's quiet side was attracted to one man; her peaceful half was disposed toward another. Would she choose Harold, the nice-looking one with the affable disposition and the good job, or Hank, the man with the pleasant appearance, the amiable personality, and the decent income?

Enchanted Civility, by Loretta Juice. When Tony asks Alice if she wants a ride home from the company picnic, she says yes, but only if he can drop her off first. "But, that would mean taking John and Flo well out of their way," he says. "Not if you take Route 7 and turn left after the bridge instead of going straight," she replies. Share their nervousness as they seek out reliable directions and a good road map.

AND WHEN YOU'VE READ THOSE, YOU can start on our backlog:

Zero Sum Love
How Thoughtful
Tantamount to Something
Concrete Amour
This Cordial Feeling

Without Rudeness
Jane Doe, Medicaid Recipient
No Checks, Please
The Girl Without Acne
Huh?
Her Pleasant Personality
Egress to Surrender
Rebate in Shadows
Buckets of Felicity
Garden of Endorsements
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"The words seem to practically leap off the page, passing through my cornea, onto the retina, and up the optic nerve to my brain, which decodes them."—Miss A.L., Nap, Cal. ■



White Mischief

On Canadian democracy, environmental protection, international pipelines, and raccoon doo-doo.
by Charley Gordon

A FURTHER SELECTION from our continuing series of extracts from the proceedings of the Canadian House of Commons (CAN-PARL.), brought to you through the facilities of the Canadian Information Department (INFO-CAN) and the Office of Canadian Intelligence (O-CAN-IT).

ORAL QUESTION PERIOD

ENVIRONMENT

RACCOON DROPPINGS—POSSIBLE HEALTH HAZARD

Mr. Pierre St. Pierre (Central East Centre): Mr. Speaker, my question is for the minister of the environment, and it concerns a health hazard of which we have been made aware in this morning's newspapers—to wit, the alleged pres-

ence of raccoon droppings in maple syrup containers available at many supermarkets. Is the minister aware of this apparent problem, and what is he going to do about it?

Hon. Dugald McDugald (Minister of the Environment): Mr. Speaker, I would assure my hon. friend that the newspaper reports to which he refers have greatly exaggerated the situation. There

is absolutely no problem whatsoever, and I have instructed my officials to fix it up immediately.

Mr. St. Pierre: A supplementary, Mr. Speaker. The minister would have us believe that there is no health hazard, yet he admits that his officials are fixing it. How can they be fixing a problem that he says does not exist?

An hon. Member: Nyaah, nyaah!

Mr. McDugald: Mr. Speaker, the hon. friend of my hon. friend says, "Nyaah, nyaah!" I think that is typical of the level of debate we have come to expect from his party, I would say this to the hon. member: Nyaah, nyaah! yourself. I would add that I would sooner eat the maple syrup from my home province, raccoon doo-doo or no raccoon doo-doo, than drink the horse pee-pee that passes for wine from the hon. member's region.

An hon. Member: Shame!

Mr. St. Pierre: Shame is right, Mr. Speaker. That is the trouble with this government. It ignores the real problems of this country, such as raccoon doo-doo in the maple syrup, and tries to focus the attention of the people of Canada on spurious and totally false problems such as—

Mr. Speaker: Order. Will the hon. member proceed with his question?

Mr. St. Pierre: Thank you, Mr. Speaker. My question is this: Will the



CANADA

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minister assure this House and concerned Canadians that they will be able, now and in the future, to partake, with impunity and with complete safety, of their pancakes without fear of lethal contamination brought about by the neglect of this government?

Mr. McDugald: Mr. Speaker, I believe I have already answered that.

* * *

EXTERNAL AFFAIRS

CANADIANS LOST AT SEA

Mr. Reilly O'Reilly (North Toronto East): Mr. Speaker, I would like to address my question to the secretary of state for external affairs, if he is in the House and not off on some freeloading, booze-soaked junket to the Communist fleshpots of some licentious den of perverted—

Mr. Speaker: Does the hon. member have a question?

Mr. O'Reilly: Yes, Mr. Speaker. My question is for the secretary of state for external affairs, if he is in the House and not off on some freeloading, booze-soaked—

Mr. Speaker: Order!

Some hon. Members: Oh-oh!

Mr. O'Reilly:—den of perverted wickedness. Can the minister inform the House if his department has been able to locate the three Canadians who are said to be missing after their pleasure boat was tragically lost off the coast of Florida?

[Translation]

Mr. Jacques St. Jacques (Parlia-

mentary Secretary to the Secretary of State for External Affairs): Mr. Speaker, in the absence of the hon. secretary of state for external affairs, I want to tell the House that officials in my department are making every effort to locate the three pleasure-boaters who have been so tragically lost. I can inform the hon. member that, through the cooperation of American authorities, the belongings of the Canadian pleasure-boaters have been found. I understand that some of these belongings have been burned by the U.S. Coast Guard.

Some hon. Members: Hear, hear!

An hon. Member: Far out.

Mr. St. Jacques: My officials are confident that in due time, these Canadian pleasure-boaters will be located and returned safely to their homeland, perhaps in two to five years.

* * *

HEALTH AND WELFARE

SUGGESTED MEASURES IN THE DIRECTION OF EVENTUAL IMPLEMENTATION OF POLICIES ORIENTED TO THE GRADUAL ADOPTION OF PROGRAMS GEARED TO THE ESTABLISHMENT OF GUARANTEED ANNUAL INCOME SUPPLEMENT INDEXING MEASURING AND ASSESSMENT STANDARDS

[English]

Mr. McDonald McDonald (West North Toronto East): Mr. Speaker, will the minister of health set up a guaranteed income?

Hon. Nicholas St. Nicholas (Minister of Health): No.

* * *

ENERGY

ICE PIPELINE—LEGISLATIVE TIMETABLE

Mr. Oookpik McOookpik (North-North North Centre): Mr. Speaker, my question is for the minister of energy. Will he confirm that his government is planning to export enormous quantities of Canada's precious ice by pipeline to the United States for use in American martinis on the rocks and American mint juleps?

Hon. Humpty McDumpty (Minister of Energy): Mr. Speaker, that is an hypothetical question, and I am not in the habit of answering hypothetical questions, nor is any member of this government in the habit of answering hypothetical questions, and I won't answer this hypothetical question on the grounds that is an hypothetical question. Ha-ha.

An hon. Member: Ha-ha.

Some hon. Members: Ha-ha.

Some other hon. Members: Oh-oh.

An hon. baby: Goo-goo.

Mr. McOookpik: Mr. Speaker, that is not good enough for the people of Canada. I have been informed that the government is preparing legislation enabling it to explode glaciers and export the resultant ice cubes by pipeline to the United States and perhaps even the Soviet Union.

Some hon. Members: Oh-oh.

Mr. McOookpik: That would be a tragedy, placing a stain upon our national honor, a blot upon our national escutcheon, placing in jeopardy our national survival and especially our national iced tea. My question for the minister is this: Will the minister confirm that his government plans to introduce legislation calling for the export of this precious element of our nation's precious heritage?

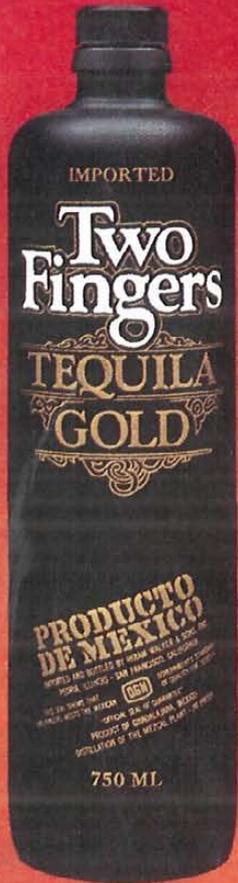
Mr. McDumpty: Mr. Speaker, as the hon. member is well aware, it has never been the intention of this government to threaten any part of our country's vital resources or in other ways endanger or prejudice significant aspects of future wealth or assets. It must be remembered that balance-of-payments considerations, however, cannot always be eliminated from the thinking or other deliberations on the part of the managers of our country's tangible materials, thereby obviating, perhaps, the necessity for extreme or radical conservation strategies or deliberations. I hope that this has set the hon. gentleman's mind at rest, Mr. Speaker.

An hon. Member: When's lunch? ■



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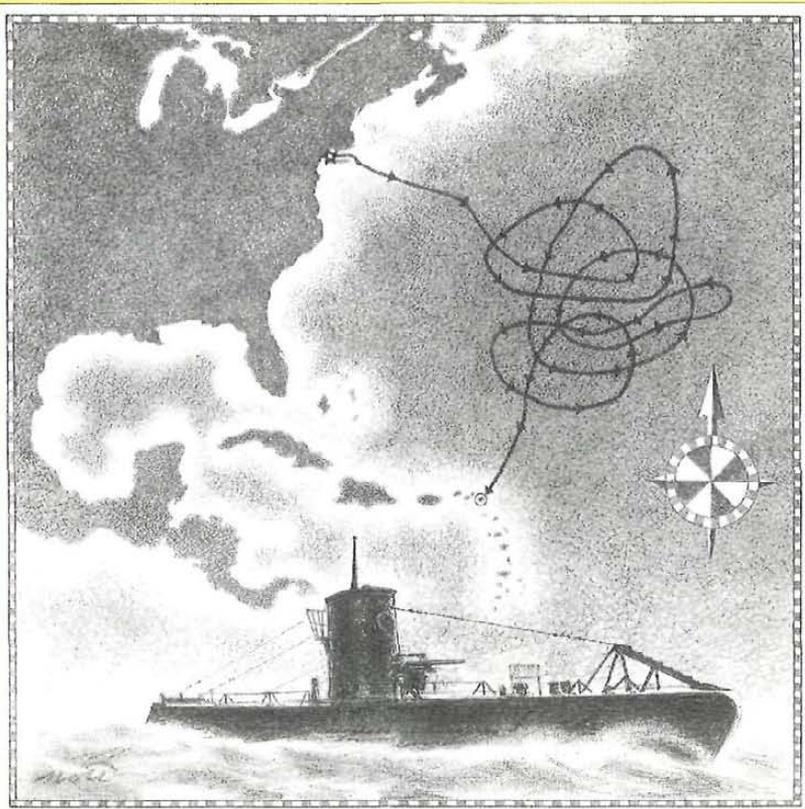
DAS *Love* BOOT

BY TED MANN

PETERFISHWASTRYING to cook an egg in his toaster-oven. He cracked the egg onto a slice of bread and slid the result into the machine. Peter hoped by this means to shave a minute or two off his breakfast prep time. This would give him a couple of extra minutes with the *Daily Racing Form*, and a couple of minutes' handicapping time can really make a difference in one's wad diameter. Or so Peter Fish thought. Anyway, the egg system didn't seem to be working out. The white of the egg ran off the edges of the bread and dripped onto the radiant metal below, creating a measure of grayish smoke and a wet old dog of a stench.

"I guess what I've encountered here are the physical limitations. There comes a point in speed breakfast preparation where additional effort is superfluous, kind of a Newtonian sort of barrier that can't be broken, and I'm just pushing right up against it." Peter Fish unplugged the toaster-oven, talking to himself, and he heard his doorbell ring.

Bambino Dragonetti stood outside Fish's door, tapping his fat forefinger absentmindedly on the horseplayer's doorbell. Dragonetti was a soldier. If he had been in the real army, his rank would have been colonel. He wasn't in



"We went sort of southeast for a while, and then we went east, and then we went north, and then we went west, and then we went south, and then we went east, and then we went north, and then we went west, and then we went south, and then we went east, and then..." So spake Peter Fish, owner of U-328.

the real army. He worked for Tony the Seahorse, who could have been in the *Guinness Book of World Records* as the world's oldest and most vicious gangster, except that Tony the Seahorse did not seek that sort of attention. It was precisely the sort of thing that would upset Tony the Seahorse, and bad things happened to people who upset Tony, like being melted or debarked and milled. Tony the Seahorse liked Superman comics and sometimes he would say, "Send that guy to the fuckin' Phantom Zone." After that, anything could happen.

Peter Fish silently and cautiously clicked open the peephole in his door and saw Bambino Dragonetti standing outside. The soldier looked unconcerned, with a look on his face as if he might be whistling or something.

"Bambino Dragonetti," thought Fish, "has come here to kill me. I can either open the door and get shot like a man or I can pretend I'm not home and spend the remainder of my brief life in perpetual terror. Well, even a short nervous, anxious life is better than being completely dead..."

"Hey, Fish," said Dragonetti in a normal speaking voice. "I know you're in there. I saw your iris in the peephole. Open up, I'm not going to kill you."

"Oh, no," said Peter Fish in precisely the same tone. "I'm not going to open up, Dragonetti. I know you. You would say you weren't going to kill me and then when I opened the door you'd just shoot me anyway. Isn't that the truth?"

"Well, that is true, Mr. Fish. Very well thought out too. You know how you can tell I'm not going to shoot you? You want to know?"

"I'd like to know. But it better be logical or I'm not opening the door," said Peter Fish.

"Well, you see, if I wanted to, I could shoot you right through the door. A door like yours, Mr. Fish, offers very little resistance to a nine-millimeter slug. It's just a hollow, standard-sized door blank, Mr. Fish. A door like yours is really a joke. I say that with all due respect. I mean, I know you didn't pick it out yourself."

Peter Fish opened the door. "Come in," he said.

"This V-8 is a very good juice. Better than tomato juice," said the enormous killer, sitting on Peter's couch. He sipped his drink thoughtfully. "I can't really taste the celery juice in it, though. I guess I just don't have a very good tongue. Still, I like to know it's there. That celery juice is supposed to work wonders on certain parts of your health."

"Yes," said Peter Fish agreeably.

"Well, I guess I better get to the point, Mr. Fish. I don't want to waste your



"There's nothing as invigorating as a storm at sea. It's a combination of negative ions and the ozone in the air," said Peter Fish, who directed U-328's maiden passenger cruise.

time. I know you've got a lot of hand-capping to do before the first race." Dragonetti paused thoughtfully. "Tony the Seahorse is dying, Mr. Fish." The soldier raised his hand to silence Peter. "Please, no regrets. He has had a long life and a successful one and has enjoyed the fruits of his labors far beyond the term allotted most men. Now as he stands upon the brink of the eternal he looks back over his life and sees something that bothers him. He sees your Uncle Flounder Fish.

"Tony the Seahorse says he should not have had your relative Flounder whacked out. He would like to make it up to you somehow. So, being a practical man, he has decided to leave you a bequest in his will. Rather than flowers or something, Tony the Seahorse really regrets having your uncle whacked out and he wants to make his peace with you. He wants you to forgive him. Will you do that, Mr. Fish? It would make an extremely dangerous old man very happy."

"Sure," said Peter. "anything he wants, Bambino. But, listen, you know, my Uncle Flounder isn't dead. Hell, last week he conned the doorman out of the key to my apartment here, got in, and stole my coffee maker. I know it was

him. He never flushed the toilet. That's his trademark."

"Yeah, well, you and I know your uncle is alive, and I personally feel very sorry for you. But Tony the Seahorse, he has no idea that your uncle is still alive. None whatsoever."

"Well," said Peter tentatively. "don't you think somebody should try to explain to... to your employer that he's making a mistake?"

The gargantuan murderer hesitated. "Well, we thought about that, Mr. Fish. We really gave the notion a lot of thought. We decided it was a terrible idea."

"Really?"

"Really, Mr. Fish. An absolutely insane idea."

"I see..."

The mobster glanced at his wristwatch. "Well, I've got some other family matters to attend to, Mr. Fish, so I'll be off now. You'll hear from Tony's executor in a few days. A week, at most."

Peter Fish followed the organized criminal out of his apartment. He rode down in the elevator with a heavily perfumed, middle-aged woman and her small dog. The dog kept chewing and pawing at his shoelaces. "It's the smell. Your foot smell," explained the woman.



"Submarining really makes for hearty appetites. I doubt whether our passengers would have been able to eat frankfurter-and-ketchup pancakes if this were not the case," suggested Peter Fish, the entrepreneur behind the U-328 cruise.

LOOK, GENE," SAID FISH to his doorman, "I am about to go to midtown Manhattan. That is an area up around Thirty-fifth Street, Gene. I am not going to steal yachting magazines from dentists' offices, Gene. I am going to the reading of Tony the Seahorse's will. I am a beneficiary, Gene."

"Gee, that's great, Peter. Do you think he left you anything?"

"Yes. Yes, he did. Now, Gene. Now, as I am soon to be a man of increased standing and position, I want you to do me a favor."

"Anything you say, Mr. Fish. You're the tenant."

"I want you to stop giving the key to my apartment to my Uncle Flounder in exchange for a twenty. Got it?"

"Sure, Mr. Fish, sure. It's just, he is your uncle and he always has a good story, you know? Last time he said it was an emergency to do with puppies ordered by you. You know I don't like to take no chances where puppies are concerned."

"Gene," said Peter Fish, "you like to

take twenties."

"He won't get in again, Mr. Fish. You can take that as a promise from me."

Peter pulled a twenty from his pocket and gave it to the doorman.

The brass plate on the attorney's desk was a long one, running almost half the way across the mousy, balding man's desk. It read: Arthur Myles Hertzog K. Villanueve CLXIV. The lawyer gestured in explanation at the nameplate. "I am the one hundred and sixty-fourth member of my family to bear that name."

"No kidding?" said Peter Fish as the lawyer sat down on the opposite side of the desk.

Arthur Myles Hertzog K. Villanueve CLXIV cleared his throat. "In view of the rather unusual nature of the bequest, I think I had better tell you a little bit about how it came about.

"At the end of World War Two, Admiral Doenitz ordered the remnants of the submarine fleet of the Third Reich to surrender to the British. The U-fleet was ordered scuttled by the British Admiralty, and, by and large, this order was carried out.

"In one case it was not carried out, by and large, or at all. The naval officer in charge of U-328 and U-422 was in se-

rious financial difficulties as a result of rash wagering practices. In order to discharge his obligations he was persuaded to turn over command of both submarines to Mr. Trethewy's associates."

"Mr. Trethewy?" said Fish, startled.

"Tony the Seahorse," nodded the attorney.

"I'm sorry, I always just assumed that he was a guinea, I mean an Italian."

"No. Mr. Trethewy came from a landed English family. They still have their seat in Kent. From earliest childhood it was his ambition to become a powerful mobster. He succeeded.

"Mr. Trethewy acquired the two U-boats on the strength of a rumor he had heard, a rumor that suggested that Prohibition was about to be reintroduced in America. He planned to employ the vessels to transport spirits across the Atlantic Ocean from Scotland to his submarine pens in New Jersey. As we know, the Volstead Act was not reintroduced, which was profoundly irritating to Mr. Trethewy. He traced the rumor to its source, which proved to be your uncle, Mr. Flounder Fish.

"That was when he ordered your uncle...um...um..."

"Whacked out," suggested Peter Fish helpfully.

"The soldier charged with executing...um...Mr. Trethewy's orders apparently misheard him and, thinking Mr. Trethewy had said 'Founder Fish,' eliminated the man in charge of the Fulton Street fish market. By the time the error was discovered it was deemed imprudent to inform Mr. Trethewy, who had a very peppery temper.

"Some years later Mr. Trethewy came to deeply regret his actions regarding your uncle. He found late-night cruises on the subs pleasantly relaxing and enjoyed the power that owning them gave him over some of his colleagues, in particular those who rode the Staten Island Ferry...if you catch my drift.

"For these reasons Mr. Trethewy has left you his submarines, their pen, and the land upon which it sits. He did not leave you anything toward their maintenance. You will have to worry about that yourself. Now, would you be so kind as to sign these documents?"

"Two subs. Two goddamn U-boats! Guy thinks he kills my uncle and he leaves me two goddamn U-boats. What the hell am I gonna do with two U-boats?" Peter drove toward the Jersey shore, where his boats were penned. In the pocket of his loud, bagged-out sport jacket rested a bulge that felt pleasantly like a pimp-sized wad of bills but was sadly the title to all that remained of the once mighty underwater navy of the Third Reich.

"Shit," said Peter. He pulled off the road into the driveway to the sub pens.

He stopped in front of a high, chain-link gate topped with barbed wire, got out, and unlocked it with a key given him by Tony the Seahorse's attorney. Then he drove on down the gravel lane to the hangarlike structures at the water's edge.

PETER JUMPED FROM the cement dock side of the pen onto the hull of U-422. He landed with a hollow boom, almost lost his balance, and recovered. He walked forward to the bow and was tugging at some canvas, trying to get a look underneath at what he assumed was some kind of cannon. He heard a voice from behind him.

"Hey, you! You in the idiot sport jacket! What the hell you doing here?"

Peter looked across and saw a black man with a rag tied around his head peering angrily at him from the con tower of U-328. "I should think you would know better than to meddle in S.S. business, you stupid *Schwarze*. Your precious Doenitz is a traitor to the Reich; he is finished. I am in command here now," said Peter.

"Look, you goddamn loony," the black man said, "these are top-secret American intelligence submarines, which no one alive is supposed to know about, according to the president himself. I don't know how you got in here, but if you don't get the hell out right now, I'm going to call the chief of the CIA and the FBI, who's having his lunch downstairs, and he'll hook up batteries to your head so you don't remember nothin' and all you'll have are two burnt patches where your ears used to be."

"I was under the impression," said Peter Fish, "that these were Tony the Seahorse's subs, which he left me in his will. If they are really secret U.S. subs, well, maybe I got the wrong submarine pen. Is there another one down the road, do you know?"

"Just a minute," said the black man, and ducked down. He reemerged wearing a greasy captain's hat in place of the greasy rag and made his way over to the deck of U-422, leaping aboard with a nimbleness Peter envied. "I suppose you can prove what you say?"

Peter produced the enormous wad of documents given him by the lawyer.

"Well, I guess this is all right. You are an important *man of respect*, sir?" asked the black man.

"No, I'm a gambler. A horse gambler. Peter Fish. Who are you?"

"Carl Polk, Captain Carl Polk, com-

manding U-328 and U-422. I'm also chief engineer."

"Well, tell me, Captain, what kind of shape are my boats in?"

"Well, sir, overall," said the captain, "they are in good shape. I just put all new seals and gaskets in 328, but 422's a different story. We got a missing rear elevator and it's damn hard to get parts these days, so I gotta fabricate, and, well, I've had my hands full with the work on 328. Doesn't she look great?"

Peter Fish looked over at the U-boat, noting the German naval ensign hanging limply from the stern staff, a large swastika painted on the con tower, and some vessel silhouettes painted below the swastika—presumably the wartime kills of U-328. By their number Peter judged she had been pretty successful.

"Yeah. She looks great, Captain. But do we have to have all that Nazi stuff on her?"

"Well, sir, Mr. Seahorse always liked that Nazi stuff. He said people was more inclined to respect a U-boat with a good load of Nazi stuff on her. Nazis scare the dumps right out a lotta people's asses, sir."

"Just the same, Carl, I'd like to take the stuff off. You know, I just wouldn't feel comfortable riding around with all that on the boat. Maybe it's because I'm

a Jew, Carl."

Captain Carl looked crestfallen as he nodded his agreement. "That's probably just what it is, sir. Well, it's a shame you're a Jew, sir, but I guess it's too late to do anything about it." The captain looked sad. "I guess I might as well get to work and get it off there."

"Look, Carl, why don't you paint a lot of Panamanian stuff on her—you know, get a big flag, whatever you like, make her look good."

The captain brightened considerably. "That's a fine idea, sir. Fine. Now, I wonder if you could tell me how we will be paying for the upkeep of the boats now, sir? Are you a wealthy type of gambling Jew?"

"No, Carl, I am not. That's why we're going the Panamanian route. We're going to put these boats to work. We're going to take fishing charters, take tours, run freight, do anything else we can think of. We'll make a fortune. Now I've got to go take care of the paperwork, see the bankers, and so on. I want us to be semilegal for our first charter next week!" With some difficulty Peter clambered back onto the dock from U-422. "Oh, yeah, I almost forgot," said Fish, turning to his captain. "What about crew? Won't we need crewmen in matching black bulky sweaters?"



"Square dancing proved popular with the passengers, as it doesn't require much space if you do it wrong," according to Peter Fish, U-328's cruise organizer.

"Well, sir, there is a shortage of experienced U-boat men now. We've got two pretty good men and a cook. But if we take passengers, they'll have to help out."

"Participation-adventure cruising aboard a glamorous U-boat," said Peter. "I'll get right on it, Carl!"

THE MARITIME-LOANS officer at the Chemical Bank regarded Fish unemotionally. "You want to borrow thirty thousand dollars to begin a submarine charter business, and you wish to secure the loan with two U-boats?"

"They were surveyed only last year. Both are sound and the surveyor's certificate is right there."

"That is not the primary cause of my concern, Mr. Fish. I wonder about the viability of the business. I wonder whether you will find sufficient numbers of wealthy retired people with a desire to work for two weeks in cramped quarters on a former Nazi warship. The Chemical Bank has no wish to find itself holding a couple of U-boats in lieu of its thirty thousand dollars. I don't think our chairman could use them for business entertainment."

"Don't be too sure about that. We're having a fighting chair installed on U-three-twenty-eight. If your chairman likes bill fishing, that's really the way to go. Why don't you just check?"

The loan officer depressed a button on his intercom. A flat voice ordered, "Start talking."

"Sir," said the loan officer, "do you enjoy bill fishing, and, if so, do you think you would enjoy doing so from the stern of a U-boat?"

There was a pause. "That is one of the stupidest questions I have ever been asked," Peter Fish rose to leave. The voice continued, "I should think everyone would be aware that catching a white marlin is one of the most awesome experiences life has to offer a man, and to do so from the stern of the most lethal weapon in the naval arsenal of the Third Reich would be an unforgettable gem-hard and gem-bright epiphany."

"Thank you, sir," said the loan officer.

"It never hurts to check," said Peter Fish as the man stamped his loan "approved."

WE SAIL BENEATH THE WEATHER was the headline on Peter's ads. *Enjoy deck games, deep-sea fishing, skeet shooting, and fine cuisine while cruising aboard an authentic German U-boat.*

Participate in the operation of the vessel and come back a seasoned submariner.

The ads worked surprisingly well, and there was a full complement of passengers standing excitedly on the dock at the submarine pens the following week.

Peter surveyed the milling mob of overweight, middle-aged passengers. They chattered, gestured, and snapped cameras, and what, what was that enormous mound beside them? Surely it couldn't be...

"Should I start getting der luggages of plastic aboard, sir?" asked Gus, one of the two crewmen.

"Do that, Gus," said Peter Fish. "Too bad I cashed their checks," he thought. Down below, Captain Carl checked the batteries and Martha the cook struggled with a two-hundred-pound sack of pancake mix in the tiny galley. Gus's brother, Martin, the other member of the crew, carried the suitcases his brother dropped down from the con tower. Martin took them forward and tossed them onto the narrow bunks. Many of the suitcases rattled and jingled as a result of the drop. Others leaked oils and liquors or pungent insect-repelling goo. Martin didn't care. He didn't care that all these substances were leaking down onto the bedding of the narrow bunks, rendering them more horrible than they already were. Martin did not like passengers on the U-boat. Martin liked the taste of battery acid licked from his fat fingers, and the bite of it in a small cut, and the sharp prickling sting it created around his cuticles. He liked the stale air and the smell of his own sweat and the sound of his brother, Gus, sleeping. That was good. Very good. This was not. He hurled a red polyurethane suitcase hard against the bulwark.

"Roll up your sleeves, please," said Peter Fish as the first pair of passengers achieved the bottom of the gangway.

"Why? Why do you want to see our arms?" the husband of a three-hundred-pound trophy specimen asked. His shirt was an Astroturf-green Lacoste. The wife had a face that would look like a manatee's, except it was slightly hairier and the skin was not as smooth.

"Well, now, I have to give you a little injection," said Peter Fish. "There's some jagged metal on these old U-boats and we have to give you a tetanus shot. Safety first, is our motto. One of our mottoes."

The couple reluctantly rolled up their sleeves, mumbling and grumbling all the while. Captain Carl emerged from below and began helping passengers up the staples to the top of the con tower and advising them on the best and safest method of making a descent. Despite his care, three stupid passengers

fell off the ladder, as did one that was too fat and one that was very drunk. The surly Martin, stationed below, picked up the injured roughly and escorted them forward through the narrow hatches to their sleeping quarters.

"But I can't possibly fit in here," a great petulant blob of a woman complained to Martin.

"You should not have allowed yourself to become so round," he replied, and walked rudely away.

"I thought we got staterooms," said the woman querulously, plucking at the "privacy curtain" that would turn the bunk from a cramped, uncomfortable pallet into a stifling, cramped uncomfortable pallet.

After all the passengers were aboard, the captain started the diesels, Gus cast off, and the sub began to make her way out of New York Harbor. Peter lined up the passengers at the periscope, to give them a look at the Statue of Liberty.

"There she is, the three-hundred-foot-tall green woman with a torch and a clipboard that symbolizes all that is best about this great nation of ours," said Peter. The temperature below was Fahrenheit 97, the temperature at which fat people perspire most profusely. Already they were complaining.

"Mr. Fish, can we go up on deck?"

"No, not until we're at sea; it isn't safe here in the harbor," said Peter Fish, thinking, "Not safe for me, that is, since I'm not supposed to carry passengers."

Martha the cook entered the chart room and posted the dinner menu, scallop-and-hot-dog pancakes. Beer. Bananas.

Captain Carl shouted down from the con. "Peter, there's a Coast Guard cutter heading for us. What do you want to do?"

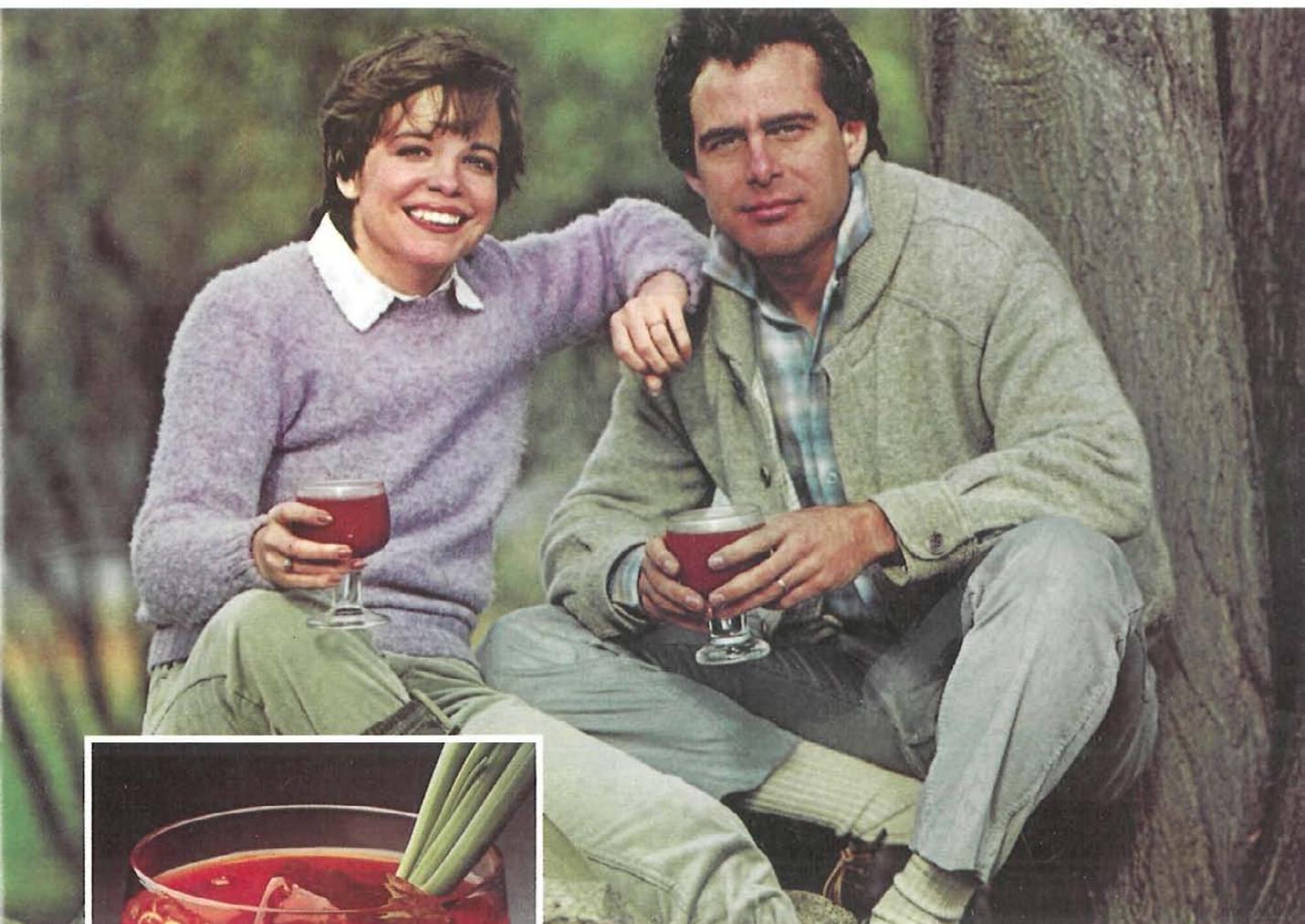
"Guess."

THE DIVE SIREN started its awful repetitive whooping and Carl dropped down from the con, the hatch clanging shut behind him. "Get them forward! Get these mammals forward!" Gus and Martha the cook began driving the startled and astonished passengers forward into the torpedo room. In the scramble, pieces of skin and swatches of cruise dresses were left hanging from the narrow hatches; pants were torn, knees barked, heads bumped, and several noses bloodied.

"Flood forward! Get those fucking elevators trimmed!" screamed Captain Carl at the unperturbed Martin, who

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 52)

"Somewhere soon you'll discover our Puerto Rican white rum."



**"It's better than gin. Better than vodka.
That's why we mix our Bloody Marys with
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*International Banker Manuel Zambrana
and his wife Kristine, owner of gourmet coffee stores*

More and more people are discovering that Puerto Rican white rum makes a better tasting Bloody Mary than gin or vodka. And that it's better with tonic or soda and in a screwdriver.

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Children's Letters to S

COLLECTED BY

Dear Santa
Clas Van Bula
We are very
Pore. My parents
do not have any
money at all. Does
this mean you will
not come to my
home? Fuck you.
Sincerely yours,
Orly Radle

Dear Santa Claus von Bulow
I have been wanting to know how
are the way you get your syringe
down the right chimney. Do the
needles put get poked into the
bricks and break or have the plungers
got banged and squirt out the
medications all over you? What
do you do if you are wet with
the medications and have nothing
to squirt? Is there not a Chris
mas then? That would be awfully
sad. When you come to my house
be sure to feel okay to use the
double French doors by my
disgracing sisters bedroom for
in accidents like the chimney.
I will leave them open.
Leslie Weinscott
Age 5

Dear Santa Claus von Bulow:

Does it bother you that Mrs.
Santa is such a lazy bones
all of the time? It must be
pretty hard to work all year long
on your duties for Christmas
without any help from her. Does
that make you mad? It makes
me mad. It makes me want
to punch her a few times
until she gets up off of her
big butt and does her share
of the work. Maybe you need
a new Mrs. Santa Claus
von Bulow.
Your friend,
Miriam Fowler Van Dam
13 6

Dear Santa Claus von Bulow,
I made up a song for you.
Here it is:
You won't ever, should
you won't even cry.
You won't even move,
I'm telling you why.
Santa Claus has been
to your room.
Do you like this song?
Sincerely
Janson Trillington
Age 6

Santa Claus von Bülow

TOD CARROLL

Dear Santa Claus von Bulow,
My friend says that your elfs make the insulin ,but I wonder how they do it. DÜesn't it mean that they need a whole bunch of sophisticated machinery and a giant laboratory andstuff? Where do elfs get stuff like that ? I thought they only use hammers. Can you make insulin with hamers? I don't think so. But then why not just use the hammer instead of the insulin ? That's a good idea. Hammers would work a lot faster I bet than waiting around for someones blood to lose all of its oxygen and all Bat stuff. Wap! Wap! Right on the head.

Gerald Medvers Buller III
Age 9

Dear Santa Claus von Bulow
Last year I left you milk and cookies and a long letter and a ~~set~~ stocking and everything. But when I got up on Christmas morning the bitch was still alive. Please don't bring it again this year.
Sean Lennon
Age 6
The Dorky, Maryland

Dear Santa Claus von Bulow,
Will you still be able to visit everyone on Christmas eve when you moves to jail? What if the big junkie prisoners jumps on you and take you bag of points? Or what if the men in the hole and some fail puts you ass in the hole and some real ugly bald-headed psychoman who ate his family like a cannibal is in there with you? He might mess you so bad you can't be Santa no more. I cry on my pillow just thinking about this.

Your friend
R. amad Uki Mustafa
Roosevelt Turner
age 9

the every year wish
for Happiness
and Christmas and
the the the

Babb Jr.

In my salad days my father gave me a slice of advice I have been digesting ever since.

"You are what you eat," he told me. "Especially if you're a cannibal. Ha ha! Get it?"

One consequence of this remark has been to make me more than ordinarily curious about people's dining habits. But by the time I returned home from the East last September, I had had my fill of the appetites and table manners of the human race. Only Fatsby remained exempt from my distaste—Fatsby, who more than any other person I shall ever meet appreciated completely the magical possibilities of food. If we truly are what we eat, then Fatsby, with his infinite store of hope, and wonder, and leek puree, was everything.

I went east to be a bun salesman. Everybody I knew was in the bun business, and at their suggestion I took up lodging on Long Island. There, where two sugarloaf-shaped hills face each other across a small bay, are the communities of East Ham and West Ham—so named for the resemblance of these geological structures to a mirrored pair of canned and cloved Eastertime butts. West Ham was choice to East Ham's prime, and it was there that, early in the summer, I rented a small flat in a gingerbread-style boardinghouse beside Fatsby's mammoth wedding cake of a mansion.

Soon after installing myself I called upon the Thyme B. Cumins. Thyme's wife, Maizee, was my second cousin once removed, and I had known Thyme in college, where he had gained fame for once consuming thirteen deluxe hoagies at a single sitting. His family was prodigiously wealthy, and since graduation and his marriage he had traveled, with his wife, around America and Europe in search of professional hoagie-eating competitions in which he could relive, and perhaps transcend, that early triumph. That he found none was, for Thyme B. Cumin, tragic. The bright light of early success often throws the rest of life into shadow, like a dinner haunted by the memory of its own superior hors d'oeuvres. So it proved with him. Thyme and Maizee had spent the previous year wandering restlessly from place to place, wherever people ate provolone and were rich together.

Their home in East Ham was a large, cheery Colonial house on the bay, garnished with porches and balconies. On one of these Thyme B. Cumin now stood—solid, muscular, typically gruff and impatient.

"I'm a meat-and-potatoes man," he said after we exchanged greetings. "Let's go inside."

We walked through a side door into a bright room as cool and white as the interior of a refrigerator. In its center stood a large couch upon which floated two young women, hovering lightly like dabs of whipped cream crowning a banana split. The younger of the two looked familiar to me. She moved with a kind of sure, athletic economy, like a woman long used to cracking open her own lobsters. The other girl, Maizee,

was linguine thin, and pale as cream. She beamed at me with bright eyes and held out her small, bony hand.

"We're having corn on the cob!" she said with breathless excitement. That was a way she had, investing the most pedestrian meal with fantastical significance, as though this corn on the cob were the most special, perhaps the last, corn on the cob on earth. "Jordan Almond, this is my own dearest cousin, Mr. Nick Carraway."

"Carraway?" Miss Almond said with faint amusement. "You must be very wry."

"You don't have to be Jewish to be wry," I replied patiently, having traded these quips since childhood. Then I remembered where I had seen that handsome, somewhat mocking

face before. Miss Almond had adorned the cover of a recent issue of *Bon Appétit*, as the subject of an article praising her skill as a baker.

"I know a nice clam bar in West Ham," Miss Almond said coolly, after I had mentioned where I was living.

"Oh, clams are so wonderful!" Maizee cried. "Thyme, aren't clams the most wonderful thing!"

"No," her husband said. "I don't care for clams."

"I met a man named Fatsby there once," Jordan Almond said.

"Fatsby?" Maizee demanded. "What Fatsby?"

"I'm a meat-and-potatoes man," Thyme B. Cumin announced. "Can't stand clams."

This strangely tense dialogue was interrupted by the appearance of a butler, who whispered something in Thyme's ear, at which he rose abruptly and strode

from the room.

"You must be terribly happy in West Ham, Nick," Maizee said with a deep melancholy that startled me. "You can eat anything you want, when you live alone. Isn't that right, Jordan? Terribly happy..." Suddenly she got up and ran into the hallway, slamming the door behind her.

I looked quizzically at Miss Almond. "Is there something—"

"Shh!" she whispered, straining to overhear the muffled words that floated to us from the hallway like damp Sugar Pops adrift in their milky dregs.

"What?" I asked. "What's going on?"

"Don't you know?" she said, eyes on the closed door. "Thyme's got some little tart in town."

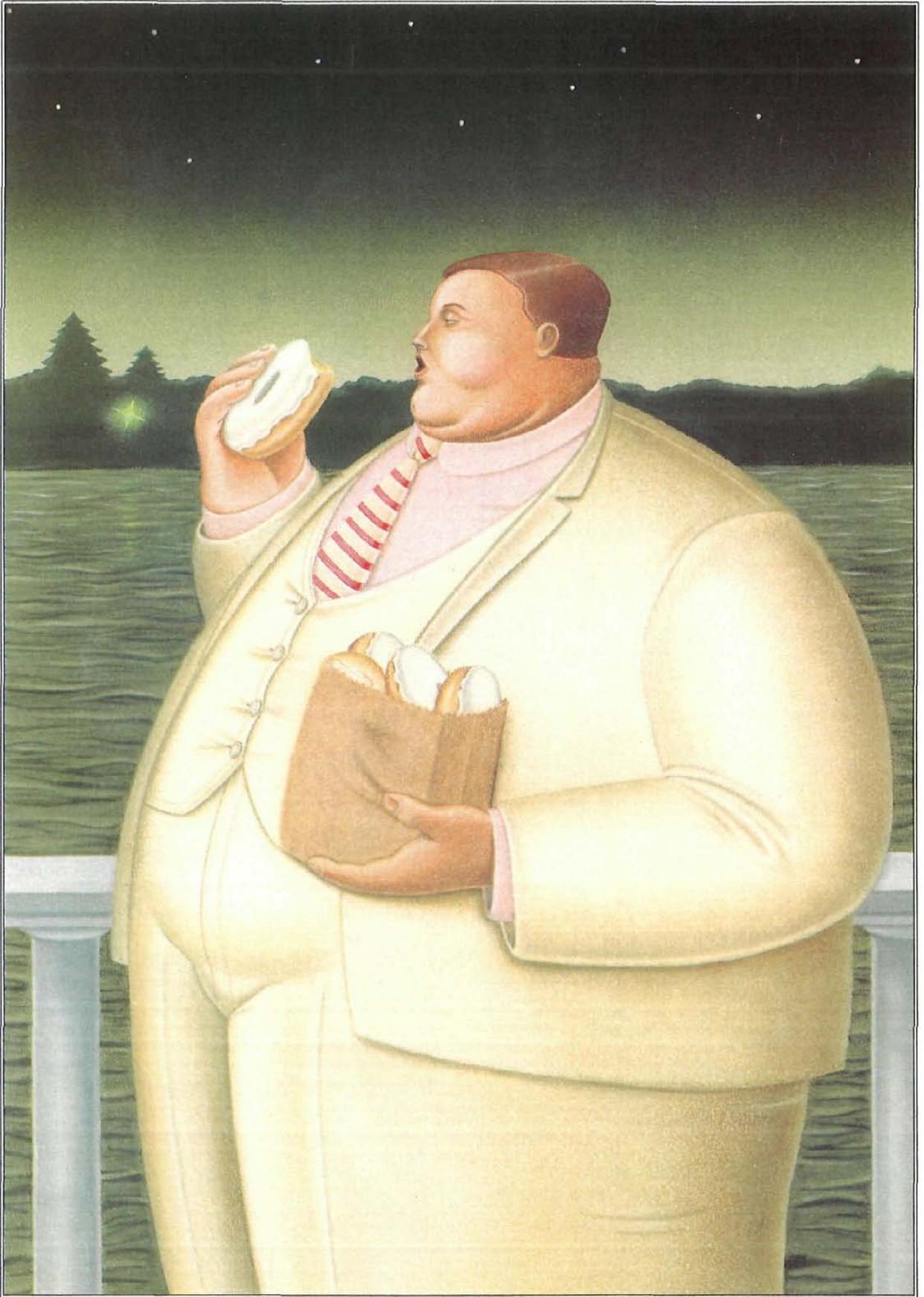
"And Maizee—"

"She's miserable. All they ever have is hamburgers and ribs, hamburgers and ribs..."

Dinner was an effortful, gloomy affair of overcooked hamburgers and cloyingly sweet spareribs. Finally I thanked my hosts and drove back to West Ham. While walking from my car to the porch steps, I spotted a heavy silhouetted figure on the veranda of the huge mansion next door. Fatsby—for it was undoubtedly he—appeared to be munching something, and gazed out across the wine-dark bay toward a solitary green light distinct as a gumdrop. I thought to introduce myself to him, but all at once he downed the remainder of his

The Great Fatsby

BY ELLIS WEINER



snack and vanished into the house. Only the green light remained, hovering against the darkness like a jelly bean, or jujube, or other small lime-flavored candy.

CHAPTER II

About halfway between the Hams and Manhattan is a fast-food restaurant, its immense yellow-arched symbol and the words OVER 52 BILLION SOLD dominating the landscape and dwarfing the small, Dijon-mustard-colored building on the other side of the highway. In this two-story hovel are three shops, one perennially for rent, one a dilapidated garage, and the third an all-night greasy spoon advertised by a stark black-and-white sign in its filthy window reading QUALITY FOOD. It was in this luncheonette on the edge of nowhere that I met Thyme B. Cumin's mistress.

Thyme and I were sharing a train to the city one afternoon when, as it took on passengers in that near-deserted station, he said, "Come on, I'll buy you a burger" and almost physically forced me out of the coach. In the coffee shop, surrounded by dull Formica tables, and desultorily mopping a long stained counter, was a man with a complexion the color of Coffee Mate gone sour.

"Two burgers with the works, Frankfurter," Thyme said after a curt word of greeting.

The counterman nodded wearily and said, "You sure do like my burgers, Mr. Cumin." Then he stamped his foot and scowled at the floor. "Damn rats. Gotta get more poison."

But Thyme barely heard him, for his attention was fixed upon the woman who emerged from the kitchen. She was amply built, and exuded a spicy, hot-tamale vitality that some women do. Her eyes on Thyme's, she said to her husband, "Make a new batch of fries, Joe, so a person doesn't drop dead from starvation already, why don't ya."

"Sure, Sugar."

As her husband worked the grill, Mrs. Frankfurter leaned over the counter toward Thyme. "I like a man who likes his meat," she breathed.

"Yeah," he said huskily.

"Bet you can handle your buns real nice, too."

"Thanks."

"You probly got a lot of cabbage stashed somewhere, huh?"

"Maybe."

"Mind if I put your pickle in my mouth?"

"Go ahead."

It went on like this for half an hour, until finally we finished and left, with Thyme arranging secretly to meet her in town.

CHAPTER III

There were picnics at my neighbor's house all summer. Hundreds of guests swarmed eagerly over tables of food like ants attacking a fallen Hershey's Whachamacallit. Thin, nervous girls roved from roast to turkey, ravenously crammed juicy slabs into their tiny mouths, masticated, and swallowed. Then they ran upstairs, stuck a manicured finger down their

throats, and reemerged a few minutes later, ready again to prowl. Seersucker-clad men nibbled crab *impérial*, laughed guiltily, and nibbled again. Everyone found something they liked, and forced it upon a spouse, a date, a stranger. Dump trucks groaned up to the main lawn and with a squeal of winches released their loads of canapés in an avalanche of caviar, crackers, chicken livers, and mushrooms. Helicopters fluttering overhead like odd mechanical hummingbirds loosed torrents of sparkling pink punch on the laughing, gorging multitudes. The vast, deep swimming pool was one evening drained at a guest's drunken command, and filled with ginger ale and vodka, following which spectacle a titanic earth mover roared slowly up to its lip and pushed into it, as though launching a battleship, a three-ton block of raspberry sherbet. A wheel of brie, huge and massive as a Mayan calendar, was hoisted on ropes and hung like a gong, to be struck by whatever reveler could manage to lift the 400-pound cucumber frown in, so breathless rumor averred, from Thailand.

And, everywhere, one heard conflicting, yet equally decisive, reports concerning Fatsby.

"He invented kale," swore one dapper fellow at the balsamic-vinegar stand.

"No, he was involved in an imported-anchovy caper," claimed a strawberry blond from Little Neck.

"I am told he once did something illegal with parsley," announced an elderly gentleman in a herringbone jacket.

It was in the midst of just such conversation, one evening, that I turned to a rather corpulent man in a vanilla suit at my table and asked, casually, "And what's your theory? About our host, I mean?"

"My theory?" he said with surprise. "Why, I mean, I thought you knew, old spam. You see, I'm Fatsby." Then he smiled and said, "Here. Have an egg roll."

"Oh, no, thank you," I stammered by way of apology. "Besides, you seem to be a little low on Chinese mustard, and—"

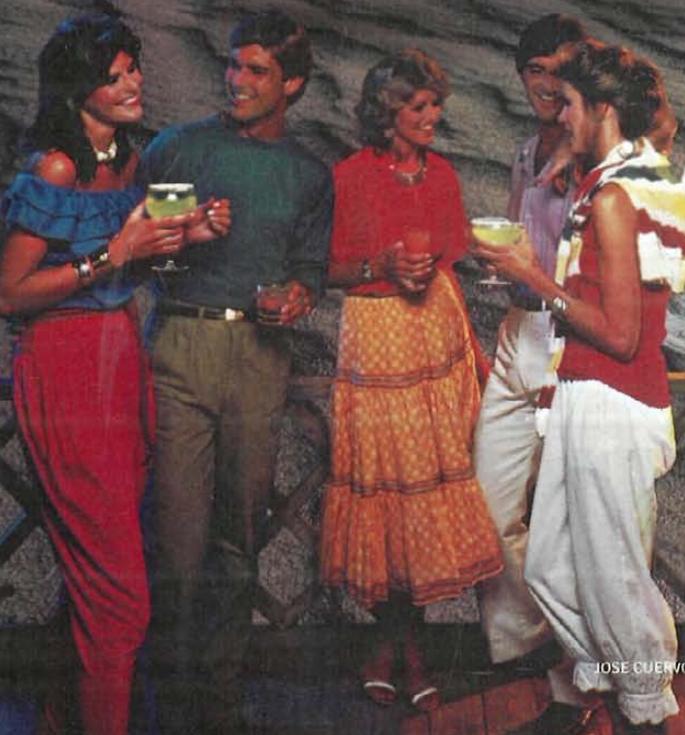
I shall never forget the look that briefly crossed his face. It was an expression not only of dismay but of a certain suppressed rage. All at once the vague, sinister suggestion that he had "once done something illegal with parsley" assumed a startling plausibility. "Not enough Chinese mustard...?" he murmured. Then he caught the attention of a passing butler and said, "Howard, go to China and bring us back some mustard." The butler bowed, took Fatsby's proffered handful of money, and left. Fatsby turned to me and, once more the relaxed and obliging host, said, "Sorry, old spam. Meanwhile try the shrimp. It's rather nice."

CHAPTER IV

After the picnics, late Sunday morning, there were more picnics—"brunches," Fatsby called them. His array of guests on these mornings-after matched or exceeded that of the soirees. From East Ham came the Jack Cheeses, Senator and Mrs. Bibb Lettuce, Dr. Serrano Pepper and his wife, Cayenne, and the Spencer Steaks. From West Ham came Miss Pearl Onion, the society singer, and her frequent escort,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 64)

It's all true.

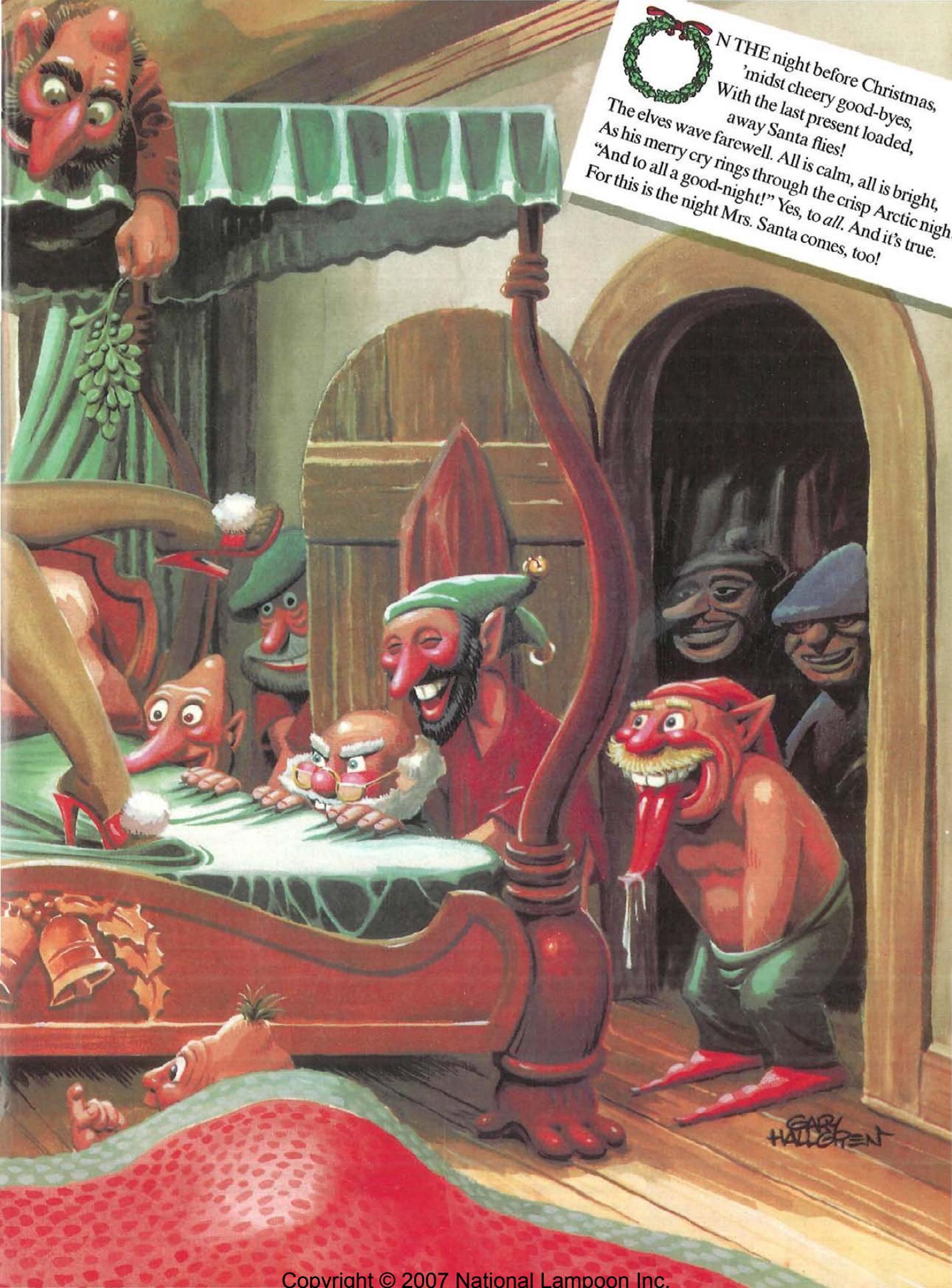


Cuervo
Premium Tequila

JOSE CUERVO TEQUILA, 80 PROOF IMPORTED AND BOTTLED BY © 1982 HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN.

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ON THE night before Christmas,
'midst cheery good-byes,
With the last present loaded,
The elves wave farewell. All is calm, all is bright,
As his merry cry rings through the crisp Arctic night
"And to all a good-night!" Yes, to all. And it's true.
For this is the night Mrs. Santa comes, too!

National Lampoon's Best Ever, Most Expensive

Office Xmas Party

BY L. DENNIS PLUNKETT

ALTHOUGH THIS PAST year wasn't a great one, financially speaking, for the old *Nat Lamp*—or, indeed, for anyone in the erstwhile-lucrative gags-'n'-smut-publishing biz—we figured “What the hey!” and really kicked out the jams, big-bucks-wise, for our famous annual Yuletide blowout. Pictorial highlights of our seasonal hijinks appear below.

The girls in the mail room (which office wags refer to as the fe-mail room, for obvious reasons!) scored big in the Christmas grab-bag sweeps: Day-Glo Fun Wigs™ for Billie and Bobbi, a Laff-Riot Dribble Glass™ for Sue, and an outrageously outsized beer mug for Coretta (a confirmed tea-totaler)! The foxy lady with the seltzer bottle could not be identified—just some kook off the street, we guess; senior editor Ted says it's important she get in touch with him, about a medical matter.



Jacques (pronounced *Jak-wez*), the company jester, was just a costumed cutup we kept around for luck. (Rubbing his hump worked every time.) Here we see him “partying”—that is, taking advantage of June, an associate art director, who has been rendered temporarily upside down by several glasses of New York State muscatel. Jacques was dismissed early in the new year, and right now he's nobody's fool.



Photographs: RDR Productions



Mandy and Candy, the subscription girls, were off on a fact-finding tour of Kuwait. Their temporary replacements, Sandy and Randy (above, with balloons), are every bit as cute, clever, and competitive. When you send in your subscription coupon (located elsewhere in this fun-packed issue) please specify whose sales appeal did the trick for you!



Charlene "the Klepto" Curtiss, a state-subsidized rehabilitation project of editor Fred "Bleeding Heart" Graver, took a few tokes on a funny cigarette and recidivism set in for the pretty ex-con! She almost got away with the chairman's gaily wrapped pen-and-pencil set, but Santa arrived in the Saint Nick of time to make a citizen's arrest; moments after this pic was snapped we put the cuffs on her!



Several pounds of costly imported hors d'oeuvres later, we clustered round the tree, and Linda, the publisher's niece (and putative heir) had a precious gift for one and all! As readers familiar with this sort of drivel can well imagine, before the night was out we made Mary, jumped for Joy, and Caroled. (Gerry, is that enough copy? Can I go home now? Please? It's Christmas Eve, for God's sake! I got a family, man...)

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

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

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

NOTE: THIS MATERIAL MAY CONTAIN TRACES OF IRONY, BUT NOT ENOUGH TO SUPPLY THE DAILY MENTAL-HEALTH REQUIREMENTS OF THE AVERAGE ADULT HUMAN.

DAS LOVE BOOT

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40)

responded merely by chanting out the sub's depth in meters. Already the air felt foul to Peter Fish. "Level off at fifty meters; steer ten degrees left!"

"Oh, I can't breathe!" wailed a woman's voice from somewhere forward.

"I want complete silence! Do you hear me? The next person who makes a sound will take a torpedo tube to the surface!" Captain Carl glanced over at Martin, who was listening on the headset.

"Prop bearing zero-two-zero. Captain. I think we've lost them," Martin whispered.

"Hold this heading. I'll be in the chart room," Captain Carl looked at Peter. "Would you join me, sir?"

"Look," said Carl, sweeping a tube of Bain de Soleil off his chart table. "we've got a spot of trouble. If the Coast Guard is really suspicious, they can get on the Department of Defense and have those bastards track us by satellite. I think our best bet is to get into international waters as quickly as possible

and cruise for a while. When it looks good we can run into Saint Barts or somewhere and dump the passengers at night. I don't think we can risk taking them back to New York with the knee-deep sailors on our ass, sir."

"Well, I don't think that's a problem, Carl," said Peter Fish. "I'll just tell them they get two extra days of cruising in exchange for the inconvenience of being dropped outside New York. Of course, we only have food for a week, but there's plenty of pancake batter for the extra two days, and, who knows, maybe we'll catch an edible fish."

A couple of hours later the sub resurfaced and Peter Fish addressed his passengers below. "I'm proud of you passengers," the ship's P.A. squealed briefly, and he adjusted a knob.

"The genuine simulated Coast Guard-evading crash dive was, thanks to all of you, successful. In the next few days we'll be practicing more of these maneuvers, as well as playing deck games, fishing, and, uh, getting drunk. I know it will seem difficult at first, especially for the fatter, more querulous passengers. But on a submarine everybody works together. It's like our fates are all bound up in an inextricable weave. If one person drowns on a submarine, it's

like a little bit of each of us got drowned. So I know you'll all reach within yourselves and find that extra something that will help you crab and scramble back and forth through the narrow hatches in order to help us adjust the trim on your boat. And now I think "cookie" has got some of her special pignoli-nut pancakes steaming on the galley table. So it's meal call."

Carl's voice drifted down from above. "Could you get up here, Mr. Fish?" Peter climbed up to join his captain on the con. The captain pointed to the foredeck. "Our lives are turning to shit," he said.

There was a small Chris-Craft stranded on the deck. Her crew, three hirsute maniacs, one of whom was directing the others by motioning with a short-barreled submachine gun, was frantically laboring to get a huge plastic-wrapped bale overboard. Two other bales bobbed astern. Their voices carried quite clearly to the con.

"Captured, we must have been fuckin' captured by Baby Doc's nigger navy," said one. "I knew we couldn't trust the guy with the wraparound mirror shades. I've been in this business a long time, man. I know you can't trust guys with wraparound mirror shades?"

"No, man," said the other laboring individual, "this is a fuckin' U-boat, man. Fucking Haitians don't have no fuckin' U-boats, man. I'll tell you what it is, man. These guys are part of Hitler's Lost Command that, like, never stopped fighting the war because they were, like, too heavy into being Nazis, man. Oh, gawd! I've got an Avon paperback all about them right on my bunk! They do all the stuff in the Bermuda Triangle. Oh, gawd! They'll ice us. For sure, they're going to ice us." The last bale went overboard with a splash.

Peter Fish looked at his captain. "We appear to have picked up some pot-smuggling types, Captain. Since you picked them up, I think it's only fair you get rid of them."

"I'll take full responsibility, sir." He called to Martin below. "Prepare to roll to starboard," he said. Then he spoke to the stranded craft through the bullhorn. "Attention, pot smugglers! You have been captured by the Black Shadow, vessel three-twenty-eight of the second fleet of the Greater Caribbean Pirates' Naval Cooperative. If you do not resist us, you will be allowed to live and to retain your vessel. We are interested only in Grey Poupon Dijon mustard."

"For our pancakes," suggested Peter Fish.

"Have you any aboard?"

"Yes, man, we got some, sir," said the smuggler with the gun.

"Good. Send one of your men up here with the mustard. After we have in-



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spected it, and if it is satisfactory, we will execute a thirty-degree starboard roll and dump you."

"It's a deal, man!"

One of the Chris-Craft's crew clambered overboard and sprinted toward the con, holding high a jar of mustard.

"Martin," said Captain Carl, "execute starboard roll." Suddenly the ship began to roll heavily to starboard. The smuggler with the mustard struggled to maintain his footing against the roll, squeaked like a pig, gave up, and hit the ocean. The Chris-Craft followed him seconds later. From below could be heard the sounds of breaking glassware and complaining passengers. "Correct the roll," said Captain Carl to Martin.

"Hey, man, what about your mustard?" cried the smuggler as he floated astern.

"All ahead full," said Captain Carl.

"Pancakes," explained Peter Fish to a passengers' delegation, "are the perfect food. A pancake contains all the minerals, vitamins, and rare amino acids that our bodies need to construct the complex miracles we call proteins. They govern our glands and the electrolyte

balance in our hearts and hearterial systems. If we ate nothing but pancakes over our whole lives, we would never die and never get cancer, according to some studies."

"What studies?" demanded the leader of the passengers' antipancake delegation.

"College studies," said Peter. "Look, it's only been six days. You can't expect to feel the full benefit of the pancake diet instantly. You people have been messing up your systems for years with cauliflower and hamburgers and stuff, and you can't expect to get rid of that overnight. Now excuse me, I have to go look over some course changes."

Peter was in the chart room eating a large, greasy, corn beef and Grey Poupon Dijon mustard sandwich when Martin jerked open the door. Peter looked up from the semitransparent corona of grease around a clump of beef that had fallen onto the chart near Antigua. "Yes, Martin?"

"It is the deck games, Mr. Peter. We are out of the shuttlecocks. They have all blown overboard."

"What! I bought a hundred and

forty-four shuttlecocks."

"Well, it is the fatness of the passengers and the windage. The windage affects the trajectory of the shuttlecocks and they land in the waters. The passengers are in rebellious states. Shall I issue sidearms to the crew, sir? Martha the cook is afraid for her life to serve tonight's weakfish pancakes as well?"

"We may not need to do that, Martin. They say there is a hell of a storm brewing up just south of us. There's nothing like a storm at sea to bring people together."

By six o'clock that night the passengers were begging Captain Carl to take the U-328 below the stormy surface waters. "A storm at sea is a great experience, the most invigorating type of experience a middle-aged person can have for the price. Why don't some of you people put on oilskins and safety harnesses and go above? Let the wind howl through your hairnets and get some salt water in your Eustachian tubes."

Please, they begged, take us down. Martin complained bitterly that passageways were slick with vomit. Of course, he liked the smell. Finally, Captain Carl, with Peter Fish's reluctant consent, gave the dive order. When they were below and the U-boat stopped her sickening rolls and pitches, the passengers retired, grateful and exhausted, to their bunks. Peter gave them an inspirational speech before letting them sleep, droning on for ten minutes about the sea and submarining and the fine qualities embodied by the passengers.

"That," he said to Martha the cook, "will make them feel very good when they debark in Sint Maarten tomorrow. They'll be so proud of themselves for having weathered the worst storm in ninety years, they'll probably forget to write to their hometown newspapers about us."

When the last passenger passed gratefully down the gangway in Sint Maarten clutching a plastic U-328 handbag, Peter turned to Carl.

"From now on, we take only private charters. Carl. In fact, we have one coming aboard this afternoon. A Mr. R. Vesco. Wishes to make a discreet business trip to Colombia. We'll drop him there and pick up some cargo, and then, back to New York."

"What cargo? I don't carry no drugs."

"God forbid," said Peter Fish. "It's checks. Checks drawn on U.S. banks. We'll take them back to New York, deposit them, and return to Colombia with the proceeds."

"That's fine," said Carl. "Listen, since we're not carrying passengers, could you tell Martha not to make any more pancakes?"

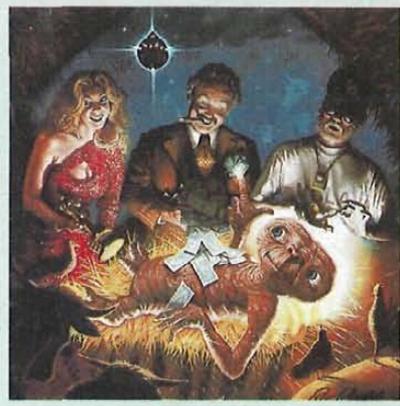
"I already have," said Peter Fish. ■



A Christmas Sermon

I SUPPOSE THAT, by now, most of you have seen the motion picture *E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial*. It's a wonderful movie, full of excitement and warmth. Except for a few lines of its dialogue—quite unnecessary to the story, I might add—I would have no hesitation in recommending the film to the entire family.

But, you know, as I was watching *E.T.*, I couldn't help being reminded of another story. It's a beautiful story—older than *E.T.*, but the similarities are quite remarkable. Listen: This is the story of another mysterious stranger, a person who



appeared “and dwelt amongst us” a long time ago. They tell of strange lights in the night sky over the little town where this person was first seen here on earth.

This person—let's call him our hero—was not wealthy or powerful; his first dwelling place was a humble one, exposed to the elements. But in spite of his strange manner and appearance, there was something special about this stranger, a gentleness that little children were the first to see, and love.

Now, this mysterious visitor to our planet was

too good, too kind, too gentle for this world. Wicked men hated him, and hunted him, to mock him, and torment him, and put him on cruel display.

At the end of the story, this other E.T., this wise and loving person, sadly, dies. But that isn't really the end, you see.

For, by some power beyond our human understanding, this person—the extra-terrestrial hero of this other tale of mine—came back to life. For he could not die! And they say he lives... forever!

Now, does that story sound familiar? I hope it does. Because, of course, I have just told you the story of Frankenstein's monster.

Merry Christmas.

E.T. cetera

D.C.

What If E.T. Were Discovered in Different Movies by Different Children?

BY TOD CARROLL



LORD OF THE FLIES

Memorable Scene:

Jack and his Tribe of Ululating Child Savages Find E. T.

JACK, THE REDHEADED CHIEFTAIN of four or five boys who've been stranded on a desert island, is creeping along a pig run, looking for dung, fresh tracks, and, ultimately, meat. Several boys fan out at his rear, each naked and brown, save for wild gashes of colored clay smeared across their chests and caked around their eyes and cheeks. Their hair is vile and coarse,

bursting from scalps in long spikes or mashed flat in cakes of mud, salt, and blood. Anxiety seeps along the ether; jungle nerves burn beneath flesh as the boys move noiselessly across moist formations of humus and roots, eagerly fingering their spears. They'd all seen a brilliant, pulsing constellation of lights descend on the crags at the top of the island the night before; Jack pronounced that the event was a demonic signal from the *beast*, and that slaughter must be done as appeasement.

A lump distends and shifts beneath the covert. Fire-hardened spears rise above the hunters' heads as Jack slinks closer, baring his teeth and hissing spoilt, fevered air past his swollen tongue. A screech cuts the chalky hot sunlight, followed by a sudden pene-

tration of the lump through the matted creepers and tendrils of the jungle floor. "It's a tortoise," one of the boys whippers. "Kill the tortoise. Bash its head!"

"Home," the creature bleats forlornly, retracting an unusually long neck. Jack brandishes a demented, flaring grin. "Sucks," he says. "We don't want to go home. We want to have fun." As if by predesign, a chant begins in perfect unison. "Kill the talking tortoise that doesn't want to have any fun. Spill its blood!"

Recalling the squealing, fat-tusked boar they'd stuck and slit and pouched and roasted the night before, clawing and tearing at it like hyenas, the boys let out their ululating war cries and close in around the creature like maniacal, all-powerful jaws.



THE OMEN

Memorable Scene:

Damien Dresses Up E. T. in a Priest Suit and Makes a Game of Hiding Him in a Closet Full of 200-Pound Black Wolf Dogs from Hell

DO YOU LIKE MY FRIENDS?" Damien inquires. "I lock the door at night and my friends come up from the earth to play."

"Home," the moon-eyed creature from space utters plaintively.

Damien smooths his delicate child's hand across the monstrous skull of a wolf dog, smiling at it, as if the two beings are possessed of a single, diabolical force. "But this is your home now,"

Damien oozes in slow, drawn tones, lolling his tongue in the pocket of his cheek, teetering his head from side to side. "We're your new family, and we're going to take care of you?"

A low, rolling growl rises from deep in the belly of one of the animals; another wolf dog flicks its eyes toward E. T. and contracts its lip above the sockets of a dozen terrifying fangs.

E. T.'s head withdraws into an accordion of scaly folds, stiff and shivering.

"Now we must have a family entertainment," Damien rasps. "Shall we play the dress-up game?"

"Yes. I want to be a priest and tease the rest of my family with consecrated water," Damien answers in another voice, as if speaking for the catatonic creature. Ceremoniously, Damien curls

a Roman collar around E. T.'s neck, then drapes him in the black blouse and suit jacket of a priest.

"Damien?" a voice calls from the hallway. "Are you in there? The door's stuck."

Damien quickly moves out of the closet and closes the door. He crawls into his bed and, using a beam of devil energy from his candescent eyes, shuts off the room light and turns a key in the knob still rattling in the hand of his mother. "Just sleeping, Mommy," he says groggily, as his mother peeks in.

"Well, good night, darling. We'll have to get this door fixed in the morning."

"Yes, Mommy," Damien croaks softly, eager to hear how the spaceman is doing with his gigantic wolf dog friends in the closet.



OUR GANG, IN ROBOT WRECKS

Memorable Scene:

Spanky and Alfalfa Blow Up E. T.'s Ship When It Interferes with One of Their Schemes for Making Easy Money

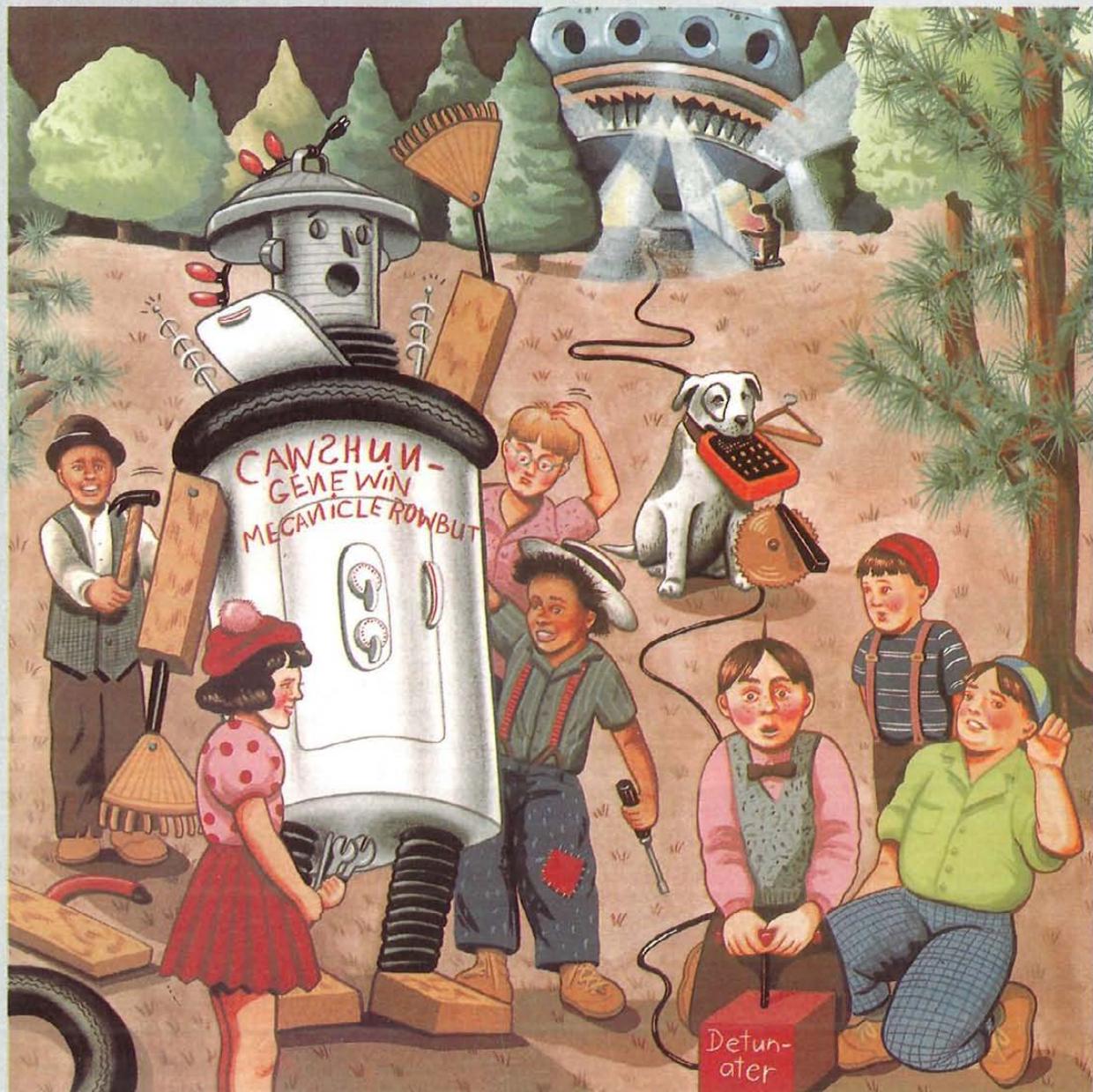
WHEN MILLIONAIRE SOCIETY matron Muriel Colthwaite Von Hayduke buys a house near their neighborhood, the Gang offers to move her furniture in order to earn enough money to hospitalize an escaped

zoo monkey that Stymie mistook for his father and bashed with a watermelon. The woman hires them, but only on the condition that none of her belongings receives a single scratch, including a priceless grand piano. Spanky, who's been reading a magazine on science and industry, notices an article about robots and how mechanical slaves will soon be used to attack Nazi positions with the effectiveness of ten times as many men, and how, at war's end, fantastically tall buildings and superhighways and vast ocean liners will be constructed entirely by remote control.

"Let's build a furniture-moving row-but," Spanky suggests to the others. "Then we can earn the dough to fix the monkey without lifting a finger." After a

great flurry of sawing and pounding, a colossal creature takes form, a creaking, wobbling anatomy of barn siding, garbage-can lids, old tires, moonshine stills, washing machines, and Christmas-tree lights. Froggy starts up a motorcycle engine in the robot's chest as the rest of the Gang pushes it upright and bangs on its legs to get it moving. At first nothing happens; then, suddenly, the robot begins to spin in circles, thrashing its arms and squirting thick jets of steam from its eyes and ears. A moment later, the robot crashes through the Gang's clubhouse and demolishes several hedgerows before lurching into the woods and falling over on its side. "It's not very smart," Darla complains.

"That 'cause it maybe be needs a
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 72)



ET cetera



EXT. RIVERSIDE, CALIF. NIGHT. A sleek black superstretch limo of incredibly futuristic design flashes west along the L.A.-Vegas freeway...



CUT TO: INT. LIMO. The Chairman and his sidekicks are en route. But, oh-oh, looks like little Sammy might get left behind!



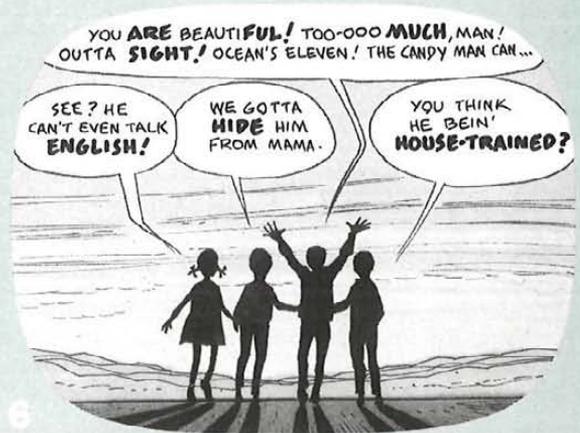
V.O.: He's black, he's Jewish, he's got only one eye. He's all talent, and he's hundreds of miles from home!



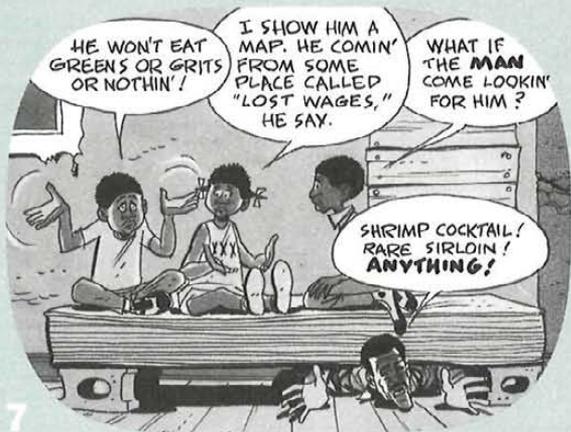
CUT TO: EXT. NIGHT. Three typical, adorable American youngsters are talking about... what else?



SFX: CRASH. THUMP. TINKLE.



L.S. HOLD. MUSIC UP: MAIN TITLE THEME. SLOW FADE. DISSOLVE.



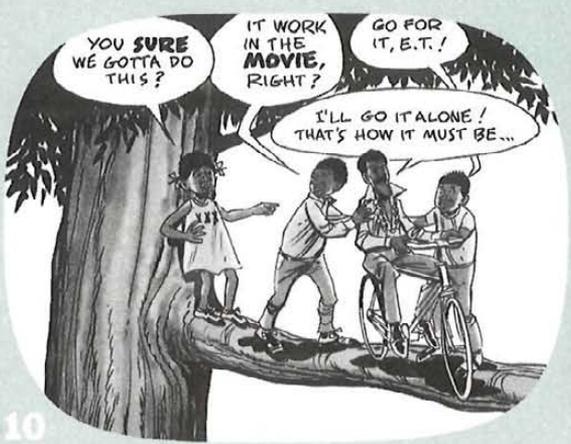
7 UP ON: INT. THE KIDS' BEDROOM. Scattered around, the odd pathetic broken toy--or, better still, nothing at all. A bed.



8 ANGLE ON: THE DOOR. MUSIC: STING. The mother enters.



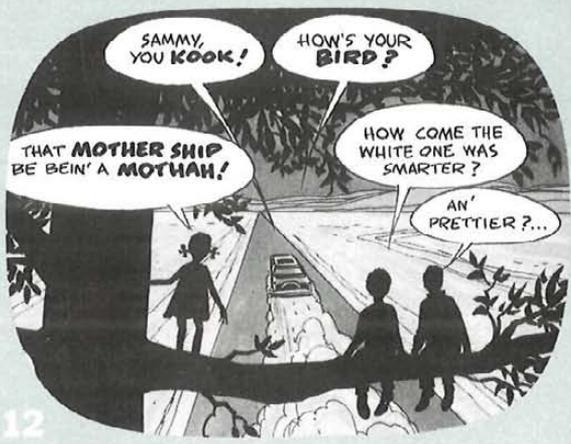
9 CUT TO: INT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT. SFX (FROM TV): THE SOUND TRACK TO ROBIN AND THE SEVEN HOODES. Sammy recognizes The Chairman, begins singing and dancing maniacally.



10 V.O.: Fearful lest their little friend be captured and forced to perform like a gibbering monkey, the children resolve to help him escape.



11 SLO-MO: Bicycle falling through sky, and into brightly lit speeding limo. MUSIC: THEME UP, and HOLD.



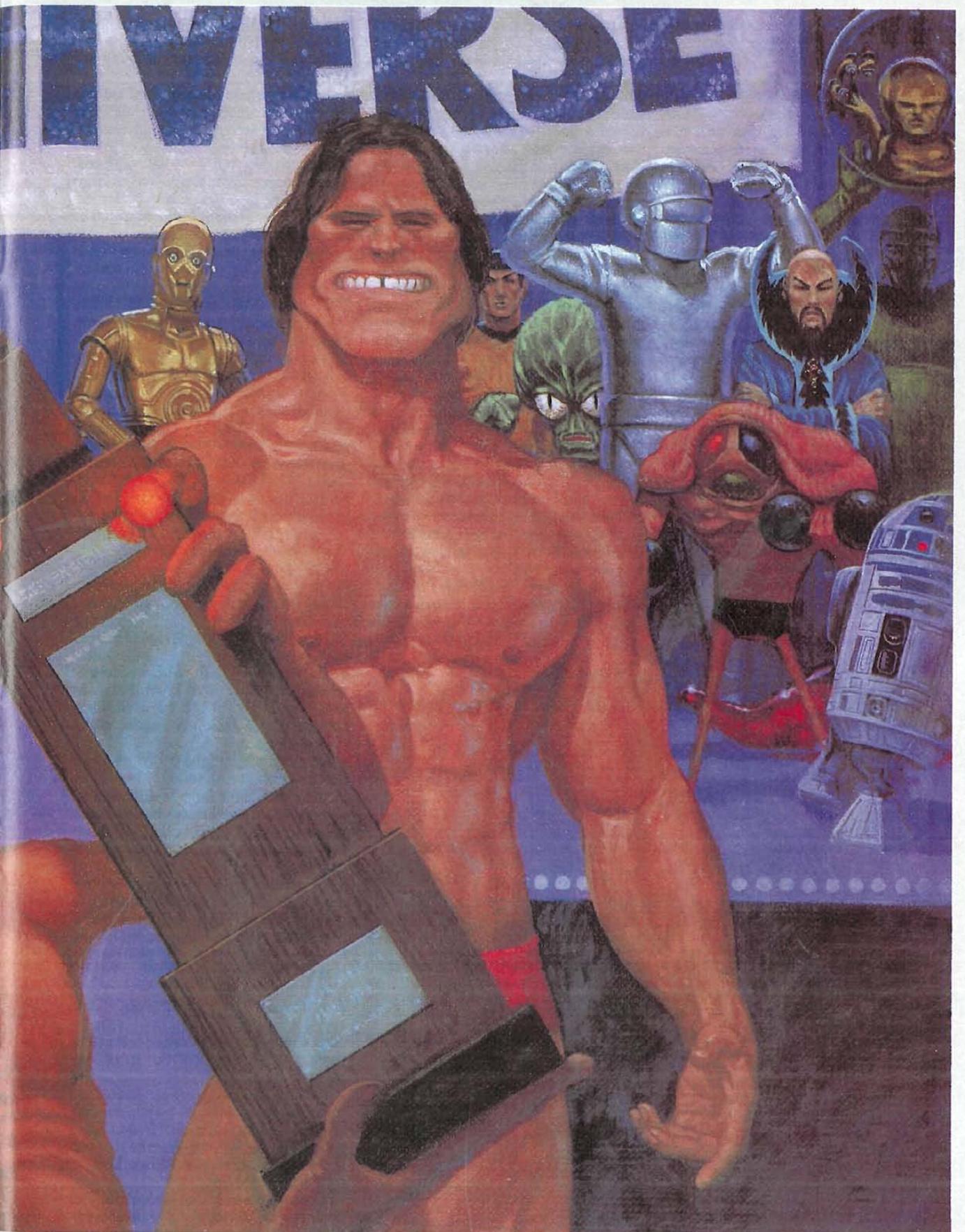
12 MUSIC: HOLD, FADE. SLOW DISSOLVE. SUPER: THE END.

E.T. cetera

MR. UN



The Real Mr. Universe Contest



Fatsby

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46)

Mr. Rocky Road, the prizefighter. Over here was Caesar Salad, the ventriloquist, chewing the fat with his dummy, Waldorf; over there was the controversial psychiatrist Dr. Mayo Naize. All these people came to Fatsby's picnics.

One morning a custard-yellow Cadillac pulled up to my house and, with a three-toned melody, summoned me to a ride to town with Fatsby, where I was to meet Jordan Almond for lunch. As we set off I noticed that he seemed uncharacteristically ill at ease, and, if possible, chubbier than usual.

"I know you've heard a lot of poppycock about me, old spam," he said. "I just want to set the record straight, because I have a favor to ask of you. You see, my family is from North Dakota, where we've owned a great many potato farms for several generations. Some years ago I fell very much in love with a noodle heiress. Well, you can imagine the scandal—noodle people and potato people are of course mortal enemies—and her family forbade the match. When she ran off with a Wisconsin cheese man, I...I took it rather hard... And so I...I eat to forget..."

At lunch Jordan Almond told me how, some years earlier, when she and Maizee were growing up in Louisville, Maizee had been a thin, pale girl who had gone "absolutely nuts" over a young man named Jay Fatsby, who had started a gourmet catering business in town. "She just adored his chicken Kiev," Jordan explained. "And as she continued to see him, Maizee ate more and more—and she gained weight! She filled out. I'd never seen her so happy.

"Then someone got sick on one of Fatsby's meals—some nervous old dowager—and he'd had to leave town. He wanted Maizee to go with him, but she was so young. Well, after he left, she was desolate. She stopped eating and became almost anorectic. She met Thyme at a Kentucky Derby barbecue, and when he proposed a week later, she said yes. The night before the wedding I found her in her hotel room, and she was a mess. She'd sent down for a lot of fancy veal and fish dishes, with heavy French sauces and everything, and she was practically incoherent. We cleaned her up, and had her stomach pumped, and the next day she married Thyme and that was that. She never mentioned Fatsby again—until I asked you if he was your neighbor."

Jordan then relayed Fatsby's request: Would I consent to invite Maizee to my

house for lunch, and let him come, too? I agreed, and remarked on the coincidence of Fatsby's mansion being so near to Maizee's home.

Jordan Almond looked at me oddly. "But it's not a coincidence at all!" she said finally. "He bought the place so he could be near her."

Then that was it. Fatsby held feasts of sybaritic excess, all to impress a girl who had "adored his chicken Kiev." In that fading afternoon light I marveled at the stubborn, devious mysteries of the human heart, and taste buds, and stomach.

CHAPTER V

Fatsby arrived a half hour early on the day of the lunch.

"I thought I'd bring over a few things, old spam," he said haltingly, and motioned to another man behind him. Instantly a squad of seven chefs filed past me into the kitchen and, before I could object, set about preparing trout amandine, wild rice with herbs, green beans sauté, and an assortment of petits fours. I, my poor roast chicken no longer needed, escorted Fatsby into the parlor.

"This isn't necessary," I told him. "You're trying to overwhelm her with food. Food isn't love."

He looked at me incredulously. "Food isn't love?" he said, astonished. "Why, of course it is!"

Then the doorbell rang, and Maizee, thin as a bread stick, her milk-white dress brilliant against the spinach soufflé green of the lawn beyond, smiled ecstatically. "And will everything be terribly delicious, my sweetie pie?" she trilled.

I ushered her into the parlor, and was shocked to find it deserted. Then from the direction of the kitchen came a mild clearing of the throat, and Fatsby stood there miserably, bearing, like a pudgy butler, a platter of crudités and a small dish of pale pink dip.

He entered self-consciously with the tray as Maizee loitered in polite terror. I said, idiotically, "Oh, the dip is here," and Fatsby stuttered, "Um...yes." Then I hastily withdrew. From behind the closed kitchen door, over the subdued clatter of the chefs, I heard Maizee say, with wonder, "You made this dip, didn't you, Jay?" Murmurs followed. After a decent interval I seized a tray of mushroom puffs and noisily reentered the parlor.

Maizee and Fatsby were sitting on opposite sides of the worn couch, gazing into each other's eyes. He munched a verdant stalk of broccoli, she nibbled a pale cauliflower bud. When he saw me Fatsby stood up.

"The dip is superb, old spam," he said heartily. For a moment I think he actually believed I had made it. "Look



"Try to see things from my point of view."

here, I thought I'd show Maizee my kitchen. You come too?"

Fatsby's kitchen was predictably immense. Maizee stared with something approaching awe as Fatsby dashed here and there, opening the polished wood cupboards, gesturing impatiently into the closet-sized refrigerator, dismissing with a cavalier wave the extra-large feed tube of the Cuisinart. Finally, with a dramatic flourish, he stopped before a tall, narrow cabinet.

"This is the spice closet," he said. "I have a man in India who ships spices to me whole, and the staff grinds them here." Throwing open the door, he began unloading jars and tins and bottles into Maizee's arms. There were herbs and spices of every imaginable color and form—leaves and powders, berries and barks, golden garam masalas and field green bouquets garnis. I heard a sound, and saw that Maizee was crying.

"I'm sorry," she said through a trickle of salty tears, smiling and weeping with sweet-and-sour emotion. "I think I'm allergic to this fenugeek."

"greek," Fatsby said softly.

"Yes," Maizee said. "Greek."

[CHAPTER VI]

Jay Fatsby was born James Fatz, to poor parents who owned a German luncheonette in Fargo, North Dakota. I know this because, later, Fatsby told me his true history. Young James was afflicted with that most American of diseases, the desire to make a killing in the food industry. He possessed a wild, unrestful talent, and enough native wisdom to know that, in America, quality was subservient to convenience. When, while roaming the country in search of his destiny, he met Ray Cork, a San Diego entrepreneur, he was ready.

Cork mentioned that he was considering buying out a pair of brothers named Macdonough who had started a hamburger stand somewhere. But Cork worried about the start-up costs for a quantity of beef sufficient to launch the enterprise on a large-enough scale. Fatsby listened, nodded, and gave his advice in a single word. It was enough to crack open the perfect coconut of his future. When Fatsby arrived in Louisville, he brought with him a new name (adopted from a Fargo potato company where he had worked for a year) and the first in a continuing series of payments made him by a grateful, and increasingly successful, Cork. He enrolled in and graduated from cooking school, after which he met Maizee.

Thyme came with Maizee to Fatsby's next picnic. The two men met, for a reason I no longer remember, in the

smoked-fish pavilion.

"Do try the salmon, old spam." Fatsby said provocatively.

"I don't like salmon." Thyme replied, as though responding to an insult. "I'm a meat-and-potatoes man."

"Well, then, there is a fine leg of lamb over there," Fatsby said agreeably, pointing across the yard.

"Lamb isn't meat."

"Oh, Thyme, don't be awful tonight," Maizee said with forced brightness. "Lamb is meat. Isn't it, everybody? Isn't it just?"

Later, when I found myself alone with them, Thyme said, "Who is this Fatsby, anyway? Some kind of fast-food hustler?"

"He made absolutely millions in catering," Maizee said slowly. "One year he did every single bar mitzvah in Baltimore without ever serving chicken chow mein."

"Says you. I think I'll find out about him."

After they left I stood with Fatsby on his rear terrace and watched as the few thousand remaining stragglers excavated a pit, then slaughtered and barbecued a bull.

"She didn't like it, old spam," he said, grim. "Maizee didn't have a good time."

"Of course she did," I said ineffectually. "The Swedish meatballs were de-

licious—"

But his thoughts were of a night years before. On a porch swing in trembling spring moonlight he gazed into the eyes of a woman who had grown soft and round on his coq au vin, his *estouffade de boeuf*, his *gratin dauphinois*. He bent to her, knowing that when he kissed her he would be pouring the roiling froth of his shapeless, eternal dream into the fixed and finite Jell-O mold of a single mortal woman. Then their lips touched, and she opened for him like an artichoke, and the recipe was complete.

[CHAPTER VII]

Several days later Maizee invited me for lunch. Jordan, and also Fatsby, would be there. My neighbor had told me that Maizee had been visiting him fairly frequently of late—"for pastry lessons." I looked forward to the afternoon with a kind of fascinated dread.

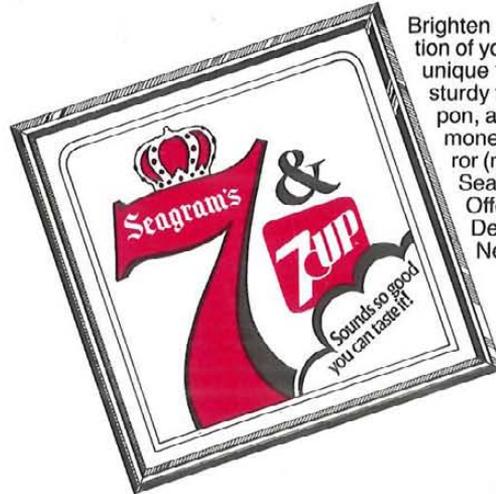
The occasion was one of unrelieved tension. On the rear patio Thyme shook Fatsby's hand and, as we sat on cushioned chairs, said gruffly, "Sloppy Joes for lunch, if that's okay with you."

"But it's *divine* with him," Maizee cried. "He can eat anything. Like most civilized human beings."

"Sloppy Joes are fine, old spam," Fatsby said nervously.

"We're all *mad* about your sloppy

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Joes," Maizee insisted, a bit wildly.

Thyme looked at her and said, "I want to talk to you." We watched as husband and wife stepped inside.

Fatsby muttered quietly, "This is dreadful."

"Sometimes she puts her foot in her mouth," Jordan said.

I added, "And her voice. It's—"

"Her voice is full of honey," Fatsby said suddenly. There was a pause.

"No," Jordan said. "Her voice is full of...rummy?"

"Her voice is full of chutney," I tried.

"Her...her tummy is full...no..."

"Her voice is full of yummy," Fatsby said.

That was it. Maizee's voice was delicious, a confection that, for every second you heard it, brought a delightful, evanescent satiation.

Thyme and Maizee returned. She sat opposite Fatsby and murmured, "You're such a gentleman. You *would* eat anything, wouldn't you..."

"Well—"

She looked into his eyes too long, and said, "And you can cook anything, too."

Thyme stared. His wife had confessed she loved another man, or, at least, his cooking. Quickly she fluttered, "Oh, let's not eat here! Let's go to town and have a nice big steak!"

Thyme snorted, nodded decisively, then stood up and began herding us up and through the door into the house. "You don't like sloppy Joes?" he barked

at Fatsby. "Fine! Let's go to town, then. We'll all have Szechuan fried brains, or something. I can eat crazy stuff, too."

We were appalled into helplessness. Fatsby said, "Look here, old spam, that's not necessary—"

"No, I want to," Thyme insisted. "It's Maizee's idea, and she has great ideas. But I want to drive your car."

"Mine?" Fatsby said.

"Yeah. I happen to like Cadillacs. Okay?"

We stood in an eddy of confusion, looking at one another.

"Oh, that's silly," Maizee said, taking Fatsby's hand. "Thyme, you take Jordan and Nick in your car, and I'll go with Jay in his." She led Fatsby off toward the custard Eldorado.

Desperate to avoid the trip, I protested that I couldn't wait, since I hadn't any breakfast that day...

"Don't worry," Thyme snarled as we climbed into his white Mercedes. "We'll stop at that nice little roadside joint and grab a burger. Tide you over till lunch."

Despite my and Jordan's halfhearted protests, we pulled up to Quality Food. Inside, Frankfurter wanly buffed the counter, looking pastier and paler than ever. Thyme ordered three hamburgers, and while they sputtered on the grill he glanced anxiously around. A noise coming from the floor above drew his attention.

"Got my wife locked in up there, Mr. Cumin," Frankfurter explained.

"Found out those trips to town of hers weren't quite kosher. Gonna sell this place and get outa here. Besides..." He indicated with his chin the yellow sign outside. It now read 76 BILLION. "Them fast-food chains are breakin' my back."

Thyme looked panic-stricken. First his wife and now his mistress were escaping his control. He bolted his hamburger in three bites and urged us to eat ours in the car. Frankfurter wrapped them in waxed paper, and as we settled into the seats I glimpsed curtains parting in a window on the second floor. Calling frantically out to us, her cries inaudible over the din of passing traffic, was Sugar Frankfurter.

In the city, we ended up, by some miracle of coordination, at the Oak Room at the Plaza. Thyme declined a menu and ordered a steak; Jordan chose a chef's salad, I a plate of lamb chops, and Fatsby the linguine and mussels. Maizee refused to order.

"Come on, damn it, eat something," Thyme snapped. "Get the prime rib."

"I don't want your prime rib," Maizee whispered.

"You can share my linguine," Fatsby said tenderly.

"If she's sharing anybody's food, it'll be mine," Thyme said, wheeling on him. A waiter clashed carving knives three tables away.

"She hates your meat and potatoes," Fatsby said. "Look at her, old spam. She's wasting away eating your meals."

"Me?" Maizee said, her laugh edging hysteria. "Why, I'm the healthiest, happiest little girl in the whole—"

"She hates your food the way she hates you," Fatsby declared. "I'm the one she loves. Not you. Never you, with your pathetic well-done pot roasts..."

"What?" Thyme exclaimed. "You're telling me who's pathetic?" He appealed to Maizee. "You know how he made his money? It was fast food, all right. You know what they make their burgers out of? Kangaroo!"

"It's extremely tasty," Fatsby said gently to Maizee. "You'd like it, darling. I'll make you a stew sometime—"

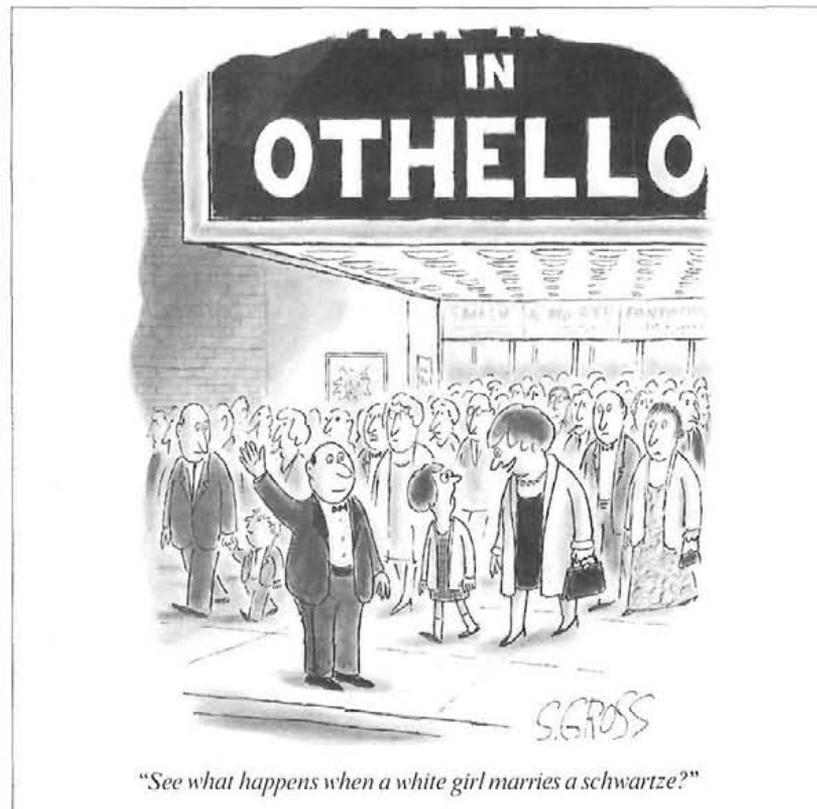
She looked at him, not with horror but with unrecognition. "Please, Thyme, I want to go home," she said with effort.

Fatsby persevered for a few more fruitless minutes, explaining, denying, pleading for understanding. But Maizee only retreated from him more and more, until at last she begged to leave, just as the waiter brought our orders.

"You go with Mr. Fatsby in his car," Thyme said. "You'll be okay now. I'm gonna finish this steak."

A moment later Fatsby and Maizee were gone.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 73)



A • FIELD • GUIDE • TO The Little People OF • NORTH • AMERICA

GENTLE READERS, WE TRESPASS UPON your valuable etc. to call to your attention a lavishly illustrated volume published at a recent date by Bantam Books, containing, as it does, a good deal of arcane, amusing, and useful lore concerning the existence, habits, and whereabouts of certain preternaturals native to these shores.

Its title is *The Secret*; its text was

written by your humble servants, Ted Mann and Sean Kelly, quondam editors of this publication; the soft sculptures of the diminutive "immortals" were executed by JoEllen Trilling and photographed *in situ* by Ben Asen.

Herewith an excerpt. (Do not fail to hasten out and purchase your personal copy of this publication, which could be greatly to your advantage).

S MALL • BUSINESSMEN *Eine kleine Nock Mückenstich*

Range: It is the custom of wealthy celebrities, when they are accepting awards and tributes, to thank "all the Little People behind the scenes." Behind the Little People, in turn, are Small Businessmen. The Little People work for *them*.

These clever wee creatures can be found the world over: haggling over sickly sweet coffee in Middle Eastern cafes, bargaining between puffs of noxious herbs in Oriental bazaars, and, here in America, slamming their tiny fists upon the desks in small (naturally) claims court.

Habits: These diminutive entrepreneurs have frequently been accused (by the small-minded) of petty larceny. But while he does, occasionally, sell short, the Small Businessman is much too concerned with his stature in the business community to short-change anyone! He often complains (and small wonder) that he is facing extinction as a result of encroachment upon his markets by Corporate Giants and the Tax Burden.

History: The American Small Businessman is probably a Red Inking of (low-



land) Scottish extraction, although he might also be descended from the French "*petits bourgeois*," those wizards of "*ledger de main*." In the Old Days, whenever a dragon's lair was discovered, some warrior elves would make so bold as to try to steal the dragon's gold hoard. The Small Businessman used to set up a ticket booth at the mouth of the cave.

In the sweatshops of Small Businessmen, the basic fabric of our economy was woven and our money laundered. Two examples of entrepreneurism which they recently inspired are "Rural Cottage Industries," a mammoth cartel producing prefab cottages, and "Mom and Pop Stores," in which wealthy urban orphans can purchase a nice new set of parents.

Spotter's Tips: The Small Businessman is seldom far from a telephone. By means of this instrument, he makes *small* talk into the *wee* hours—and a nice *little* profit. Traces of his handiwork can often be detected in *small* print. He is known to be *short* on cash at tax time and a *tiny bit* slow paying bills. His skill at maintaining a *low* overhead *dwarfs* that of a large corporation.

THE PHILHARMONIC ORC

Cacophonous gloriosus

Range: Enormous chandeliered mausoleums named after extinct robber barons are the customary haunts of these myopic Neanderthals, but they may also be seen—and heard—on Public Television, FM radio, wine-bar Muzak systems, BMW cassette decks,

and wherever gouty millionaires doze in red plush seats beside their buxom spouses.

Habits: The Philharmonic Orc high-browbeats the citizenry into believing that he and *only* he has the right to

make loud noises—or, for that matter, any noise at all. To this end, he has created an inefficient dinosaur of a noise-making machine, the Symphony Orchestra, to which respect, homage, and bucks must be paid.

He hushes you with a lordly hiss, should you chance to cough during a pause in his machine's noisemaking. His victims leap to their feet shouting "bravo" (for men) and "brava" (for women) during other pauses. He reserves for himself the right to be first clap in and last clap out.

He is the moving spirit behind the granting of vast sums of public money to subsidize art forms which are patronized largely by persons with vast private wealth. If music be the food of love, the Philharmonic Orc is providing food stamps for the upper class.

He has insidiously hornswoiggled us all into the certainty that only music composed before 1900, as interpreted by seven dozen of his monkey-suited thralls, is *serious*.

History: The Philharmonic Orc claims kinship with both the Phantom of the Opera and the emigré Sugar Plum Fairy. He also maintains an unholy marriage of convenience with the Culture Vulture.

For reasons difficult to fathom, the Germans, Italians, Russians, and French all proudly claim him as their own. Like the Vampire, a similarly attired, decadent, and aristocratic monster, the Philharmonic Orc came comparatively recently to the New World—but he wasted no time inspiring the *nouveaux riches* of the Main Line, wild frontier, and Barbary Coast to erect (by public subscription) Operty Houses, those gauche and gilded temples sacred to his cult.

These days he is more likely to cause the construction (by tax deductible donation) of a square-mile-sized, prestressed concrete neo-fascist-styled, totally unnecessary acoustical joke called The (*fill in the politician's name here*) Center for the Performing Arts.

Spotter's Tips: An overture (*con brio*) of clinking crystal and silver cigarette cases snapping; a pizzicato of popping collar buttons; an arpeggio of uncultured pearls; a scherzo of stomach noises; a continuo of muted flatulence; a crescendo of self-satisfied sighs; a diminuendo of sucked dentures; and a coda of sonorous snores.



M AÎTRE · D'EAMON

Taboo d'hôte

Range: From the wine racks to the coat-check room, from the sanitary hand-drying machine in the restroom to the basin of melting mints by the cash register, from the "have it our way" roughage window to the garbage-gobbling clown can in the parking lot, the Maître D'eamon calls America's many elegant eateries his home away from home.

Habits: The Maître D'eamon sees to it that when you arrive at a restaurant, the parking lot is full, but a smiling young man is there to take your car. When you escape the restaurant some hours later, the smiling young man is not there. Neither is your car. That is the work of the Maître D'eamon, whose highest calling is to give his victims an evening they will never forget.

When you enter a restaurant to celebrate your anniversary (after planning the occasion for weeks), it is the Maître D'eamon who concocts a mix-up in the reservations. It is he who arranges for you to wait at the bar for an hour with three intoxicated salesmen until the captain says, "Oh, have you been waiting long? We should have a table for you any minute."

Forty minutes later, you are seated. The mysterious stains left on the tablecloth by the Maître D'eamon give you something to talk about until your waiter gets back from the dentist. The Maître has kindly seen to it that you are seated right by the kitchen door, so you have a chance to see how real dishwashers smoke marijuana. (Look at the cook. Did you know they worked with their shirts off?)

At last your dinner arrives. You do not recognize it, thanks to the Maître D'eamon. It was under his influence that you ordered what looks like a briquet from the bowels of Mordor's Mount Doom, and a frozen *something* from icy Lapland.

Dessert? Coffee? A liqueur? *Just the bill?* Very well.

The Maître D'eamon has seen to it that the restaurant does not take credit cards. A check? The restaurant does not take checks. Cash? It does not take cash. Krugerrands. The restaurant takes Krugerrands.

As you are leaving, the D'eamon inspires your waiter to tell you how much the staff enjoyed watching you eat with all the wrong cutlery. You exit the restaurant to the gales of the busboys' laughter and the sight of the captain's palm, patiently waiting for his tip.



No inconvenience is too great for the Maître D'eamon, so long as it is *more* inconvenient for *you*.

History: The Maître is un-American. He is unspeakable, uncivilized, inhuman: the Maître D'eamon is French. Arriving in America with Lafayette, he first conveyed his lack of manners to Jefferson's butlers in Monticello. From there, he moved north to the capital, where he currently inflicts a four-star

array of annoyances on devotees of Michelin and McDonald's alike.

Spotter's Tips: You will find this creature wherever you find hammered copper coats-of-arms on the walls, tufted Naugahyde dining nooks, unlimited salad bars, the piano stylings of Hugh LaGoon, sink-sized brandy snifters, a wine list as big as a family Bible, and a waiter whose hair has been painted on... by the Maître D'eamon himself.

GEODESIC GNOME

Mustus aqueductus

Range: The Geodesic Gnome's range is functionally determined. Depending upon his needs, abilities, and the ground and climate conditions, he can be virtually anywhere. Design, the prime concern of the Geodesic Gnomes, is not simply what *isn't*, nor what is *wished for*. Design is what *should be*. Thus, they glimmer and tower from Manhattan's skyscrapers, all in a (van der) Rohe, to downtown Houston, the best little Bauhaus in Texas.

Habits: Geodesic Gnomes are the sources of most architectural inspiration, though they have been known to addle the pate of the odd contractor as well.

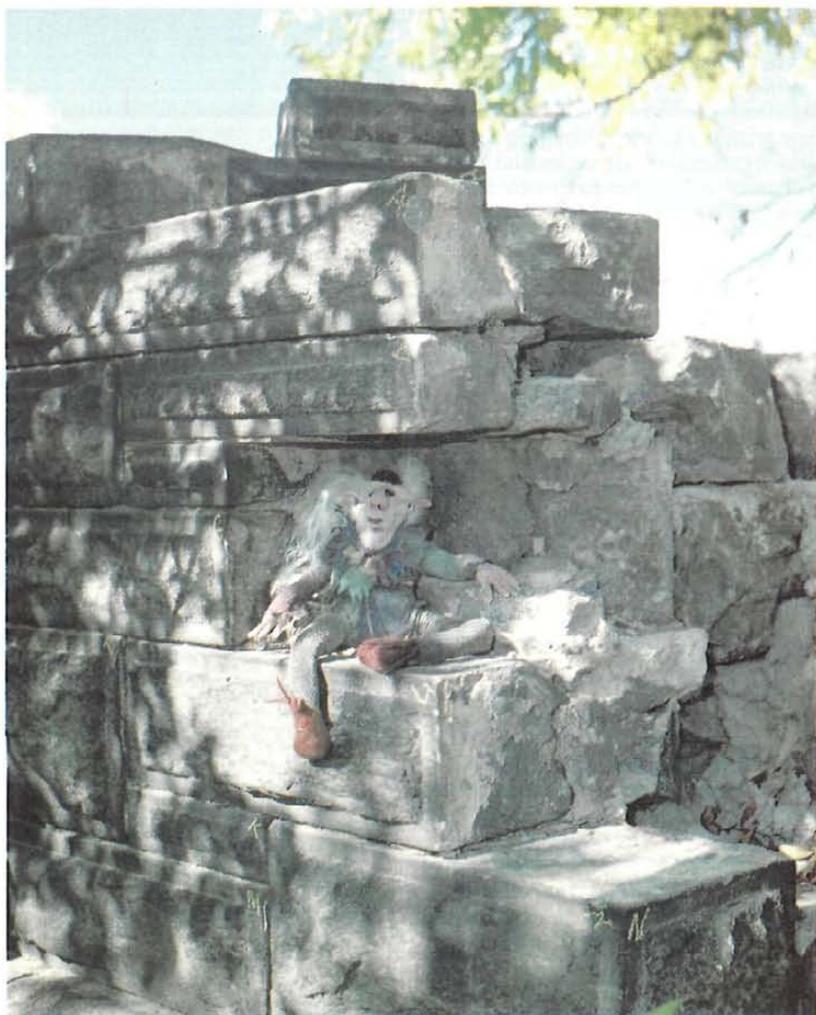
They are small and love to sleep on architects' scale models, which they demand be executed precisely and completely. Thus, the scale model of anything from a redesigned library to a suburb always looks terrific, however uninhabitable the creation is when rendered in reality.

The Gnomes urge bold experimentation and flights of fancy. They inspire dreams, visions—castles in the air, if you will. And castles in the air they get, with very drafty basements.

Gossamer-roofed arenas in the snow belt, skywalks that sway in time to music, and mile-high towers that shed their windows like autumn leaves are among their accomplishments.

Nor do they neglect interiors—anyone who has hurtled headfirst into a conversation pit or walked smack-dab into a plate-glass room divider has met the Geodesic Gnome.

No American architect has gone entirely uninfluenced by them. The genius who first designed Murphy closets for his clients' homes (as well as self-dumping drawers) was in the thrall of the Gnome. Legal considerations require that we withhold that architect's name, but we can tell you he later went on to design the first rotating insurance company headquarters. Buckminster Fuller, perhaps the Gnome's best known victim, showed this influence clearly in his early design for an underground aviary for tropical fowl, which was built in the late 1950s near Hojo, New Mexico. This subterranean bird house intended to use the heat of adjacent mud springs to cut heating costs; however, the poisonous fumes and solvent properties of the mud first killed all the birds, then caused the entire structure to collapse upon itself. To this day, geysers spewing



feathers and steam serve as an example to young architects of the creative influence of the Geodesic Gnomes.

History: There is no doubting this creature's Nordic origins. They are as Scandinavian as a shin-ripping coffee table, and Germanic as a looming, trembling cantilever. They were banished from the Teutonic Old World when the Rainbow Bridge to Aasgard, an early construction of theirs, collapsed under a party of returning Valkyries.

None of the useful and attractive native dwellings in the North and East of the New World—igloos, longhouses, teepees, etc.—appealed to them. But they were truly excited by the sight of the pueblos of the Southwest, which inspired the Gnomes' great City Planning Breakthrough Idea—the vertical slum.

Any Urban Renewal Program which

takes a sprawling community of working-class people, bulldozes it, and builds in its place a mile-high cabinet in which the middle class can be filed away is the work of the Geodesic Gnome.

Spotter's Tips: By the presence of any of the following structures and artifacts, one may know that the Geodesic Gnome has been up to his tricks: hexagonal, tinfoil toilet seats; an apartment gutted to resemble a loft; a loft baffled to resemble an apartment; square coffee cups; cutting boards of stainless steel and sinks of butcher block; industrial compounds planted on the rich Midwestern loam; polyester-pipeline-sprinklered, air-conditioned, domed, and doomed farms in the Southwestern desert; the paving over of forest, field, and stream for a thruway to the Nature World Park.

LEFT WING SYMP/RIGHT WING TROG

Pox populi, Sinister dexterque

Range: These two highly political, argumentative, and totally symbiotic creatures prefer to stalk such public forums as the podia of awards ceremonies and the sidewalks in front of embassies, but they may also be found in humbler settings, such as state chambers, barber-shops, and the corridors of detox centers in depressed urban areas.

Habits: By means yet unknown, these inseparable creatures shape the opinions of the opinion shapers. It has been suggested that through water fluoridation, the Symp lures young folk to the Left, while the Trog summons their elders to the Right with a stern clarion call, in a deep, daddy-like voice.

It was once believed that the Trog-Symp was a two-headed creature, its twin (and empty) skulls joined at the nose, the better to exchange glares. In fact, they share a heart (half-hard, half-bleeding) and not one mortal protégé of either is uninfluenced by the other.

Thus, the radical Liberal, protesting one governmental agency's invasion of his files and telephone, has much in common with the extreme Conservative, objecting to another governmental agency's attempt to register his rifle and audit his tax returns—for both are moved to lodge their principled complaints with the same (and yet another) governmental agency!

There is nothing more pleasing to the Symp-Trog than the sight of two mortals defending to one another's death each other's right to disagree.

History: Resembling as they do the traditional "Winged Victories" of France and the radical "Red Cap" *Foletti* of Italy, these contrary conjoined creatures were clearly born of mixed French and Italian parentage in the Old World. Before emigrating to the New, they divided their time between homelands, laying the groundwork for the astonishing number of strongly opposed and universally despised political parties which to this day succeed each other in their respective European capitals.

Arriving late to the New World by the standards of the first fairy emigrants (there was so much to do in the homelands), these politics-loving creatures reached America on the *Mayflower*. Upon landing at Plymouth, the once-persecuted Puritans, erstwhile disciples of the Left Winged Symp, were confronted by prospects of vast power and real estate, and instantly converted to

the side of the Right Winged Trog.

At the Constitutional Convention, the Trog inspired John Adams while the Symp supported Thomas Paine. When Adams eventually assumed the presidency, the Trog cheered; the Symp convinced Citizen Tom to split for France.

Since then, the Trog-Symp has inspired Americans to take belligerent and opposing sides in civil wars, their own and other people's (Spain, Vietnam, Ireland, El Salvador...).

A consensus is commonly supposed to emerge from the colliding and often paradoxical opinions advocated by the LWS/RWT. Who can quarrel with a *two-party system*? And if, instead of a consensus, a pork-barrelling stalemate results, who can deny that a two-

headed, bipartisan beast is yet superior to the four-headed fairy of this kind which haunts Canada or the one with the thirteen-way split personality that is the scourge of Mexico?

Spotter's Tips: Both the Trog and Symp hibernate between elections, living off their store of little-known facts. Periodically, they emerge to view the issues, but return to their hole immediately if they see even the shadow of doubt. At election time, they emerge and lend candidates not just the courage to confront the issues but the stamina to recite them endlessly. Look for signs of them wherever slogans such as "Who needs a slogan when you can have a promise?" are heard. ■



Statement of Ownership

Statement of Ownership, Management, and Circulation
(Required by 39 U.S.C. 3685)

1. TITLE OF PUBLICATION: National Lampoon. 2. DATE OF FILING: September 15, 1982. 3. FREQUENCY OF ISSUE: Monthly. A. No. of issues published annually—12. B. Annual subscription price: \$11.95. 4. COMPLETE MAILING ADDRESS OF KNOWN OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. 5. COMPLETE MAILING ADDRESS OF THE HEADQUARTERS OR GENERAL BUSINESS OFFICES OF THE PUBLISHERS: 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. 6. FULL NAMES AND COMPLETE MAILING ADDRESS OF PUBLISHER, EDITOR, AND MANAGING EDITOR: Publisher: Julian L. Weber, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Editors: Tod Carroll, Sean Kelly, Ted Mann, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Managing Editor: Glenn Eichler, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. 7. OWNER (if owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual, must be given. If the publication is published by a nonprofit organization, its name and address must be stated.): NL Communications, Inc., 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, of which 100 percent of the stock is owned by National Lampoon, Inc. 8. KNOWN BONDHOLDERS, MORTGAGES, AND OTHER SECURITY HOLDERS OWNING OR HOLDING 1 PERCENT OR MORE OF TOTAL AMOUNT OF BONDS, MORTGAGEES, OR OTHER SECURITIES (if

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I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

Julian L. Weber
Publisher

OUR GANG

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59)

b'ain," Buckwheat says, rapping his finger against the creature's empty sheet-metal head.

The Gang is stumped until Pete the pup appears, dragging an electrical wire in his mouth. Spanky sees that the wire stretches deep into the woods, follows it, and discovers its terminus: a peculiar assemblage of saw blades, phonograph arms, and electronic spelling games. "Hey, this would make a great brain for our robot," Spanky beams, gathering up his find and stuffing it into the robot's head. Spanky's right; soon the Gang's lumbering, automaton heap is groaning and whirring across Mrs. Von Hayduke's yard, hefting couches and bureaux and half-ton armoires as if they were sticks.

By nightfall, the job is nearly done; all that remains is the grand piano. "How come its brain is making that clicking ratchet noise?" Froggy asks, as the robot hoists the piano over its head and plods toward the house. Suddenly, a collection of amber and ivory lights materializes in the sky and begins to descend, growing larger and more complex as it moves through the clouds. Electric power flickers in the house. Wind surges and flurries; the robot sways, nearly dropping its load. "What's going on here?" Mrs. Von Hayduke barks crankily. "If anything happens to that piano, you'll not be paid a cent."

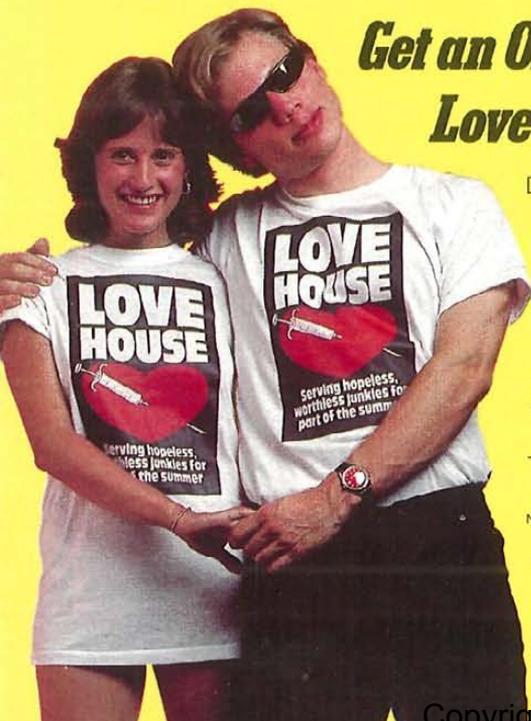
Alfalfa gets an idea. In a flash, he and Spanky return from their shattered clubhouse with crates of black powder and dynamite, which they scatter on the ground beneath the ever-lowering circle of lights, now discernible as a bowl-shaped craft, shaking the ground like an earthquake, generating great forces of electromagnetism and wind. "Hurry! Set the detonator," Spanky yells as the robot totters closer to a fall. "We'll blow up that crazy spaceship and then the air disturbances will stop and our robot will be able to carry the piano to the house without falling down."

A ramp drops from the craft; a small, upright, reptilian creature with immense eyes waddles to it from the trees and ascends. "Home," it squeaks, as the charges go off, blasting the creature and the strange glowing vessel to cinders.

Unfortunately for the Gang, the explosion is also too much for their robot. It swerves across the lawn, staggering in wild circles, just as Stymie's injured monkey appears. The robot finally stumbles, dropping the piano on the monkey. Mrs. Von Hayduke calls the police, who arrive by the hundreds and chase the Gang to the horizon, real fast, like in an old-time movie. ■

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Fatsby

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66)

We ate rapidly and without speaking, save for the single full-mouthed mumble from Thyme, "Needs salt." Then we paid the bill and set off in Thyme's car for Long Island, and death.

George Wilson, the mechanic whose garage was next to Joe Frankfurter's doomed greasy spoon, witnessed the tragedy.

"I was working on a Pontiac in the afternoon, and the garage door was up, and I saw this big yellow Caddy pull up to Joe's. This fat man and this real skinny gal get out, and she's saying, 'But they never even heard of tarragon here,' and he says, 'Don't worry, I'll tell them how to make it!' Then they went inside. But fifteen minutes later, here they come running out, and she's crying, and he says, 'How was I supposed to know they used pressed chicken breast?' I didn't see them get in the car, but just then Sugar Frankfurter comes running out waving their check in the air, yelling, 'Hey, what about this, ya lousy stiff!' But the car just backed up right into her and peeled out and drove away."

Thyme, Jordan, and I stopped to see, drawn by the crowd, the police cars, and the ambulance. Thyme's reaction when he beheld the inert heap of Sugar Frankfurter's body was to steel himself and speak gruffly to her husband. Only once we were back in the car and driving toward home did he begin to weep, saying, "That damned fat man and his damned chicken salad!"

They dropped me off in West Ham, and I was just approaching my house when I saw Fatsby, staring from his veranda at the green dock light across the bay. I hailed him and approached his huge, dark mansion.

"I told her it was crazy to drive without eating," he said quietly.

Then I guessed everything. "Maizee backed up into Mrs. Frankfurter?"

He nodded. "I suggested she eat something, before she fainted, so I pulled into that awful coffee shop. Maizee wanted chicken salad, so I told the man there how to prepare it, but he laughed and that poor woman served us some horrible thing made out of pressed chicken roll. Maizee jumped up and ran out, and insisted on driving. So I gave her the keys and... but, of course, I'll say I did it, old spam." He shook his head. "I suppose we should have ordered *salade nicoise*."

[CHAPTER VIII]

The final events of the tragedy are only generally known. Frankfurter, after a night and day of misery and de-

rangement, tracked down the yellow Cadillac that Wilson saw, until with fated inevitability he arrived at his destination. Fatsby, meanwhile, had asked his chefs to prepare a hot vegetable curry, its certain pain perhaps a gourmet's penance for all that had transpired. Frankfurter somehow penetrated the house and made his way to the kitchen, where it took less than a second to deposit the rat poison he bore into the simmering golden stew.

Even Fatsby, whose palate vibrated like the shell of a violin at each note of flavor that sounded on his tongue, was unable to detect the poison amidst the complex turbulence of the curry. His butler discovered his body an hour later; Frankfurter's corpse lay a few feet away. He, too, had tasted of the fatal dish. It was probably the finest, if briefest, meal of his sad, drab life.

[CHAPTER IX]

I made the funeral arrangements. I was not surprised to learn that Thyme and Maizee had left town, reportedly to attend a chili festival in Texas. They, or rather Maizee, sent not even a wreath.

Nor did any of the ravenous hundreds Fatsby had fed arrive to bid him rest in peace. I thought I might have to comprise the entire funeral party until, the day before the service, I received word that Mr. Heinrich Fatz from Fargo, North Dakota, would attend the funeral. I met him at the airport. He was a large, beefy German immigrant,

whose florid complexion and Old World accent seemed out of place on "the Island."

"I saw ze news on television," he said soberly. "He vas a strange boy, our Jems. Look vut I discovuhd in his dresser ven ve vere cleaning it out."

He handed me a piece of paper yellowed with age and limp from endless refolding. It was a recipe for French toast, scrawled in a boy's spindly hand.

French Tost à la James Fatz

Beat egg in bowl with milk. Add a lot of cinamin to taste. Dip in bread, cook in butter in pan. Put strawberries or anything you like on top. Only use real maple syrup.

"He vas a chenius viss food, dat boy. Couldn't wait to get out of our little restaurant. Never liked our Cherman food—alvays French! French! French!"

Fatsby believed in fine food as he believed in that lime-green light over Maizee's dock. His love for Maizee was a sauce he had years ago abandoned, and could not now pull together, no matter how many picnics he planned, how many delicacies he dispensed. That green light represented the unity of food and love that yearly we discover to be illusory. Yet we try harder, buy imported ingredients, scheme for more cookbooks and Calphalon, until one fine meal...

So we eat on, bloated but still fervent, borne back queasily to each new repeat. ■



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TRUE SECTION

True Facts

SCHOOL-BOARD MEMBERS IN Portage La Prairie, Manitoba, Canada, voted to rid their school system's lunchrooms of exploding dinnerware. The board was told that a number of dishes, advertised as unbreakable, had blown apart into jagged shards while sitting on a cafeteria counter. In supporting the decision, one board member noted: "Dishes that blow up after just two years of normal use are just too dangerous." *CP* (contributed by Ron Currier)

IN A TOURIST GUIDE TO AN AMUSEMENT park in Kobe, Japan, native writers gave the following English-language descriptions of the park's "riding machines": "Double Loop's Coaster: Two somersaults from twenty-eight meters high. Can you stand this fear? Viking: Your boat is rolled as if it is a leaf in the stormy sea. Weightless feeling attacks you! Swing Around: Your body jumps up high and high by repeated space walk. Polyp: You will be in a state of stupor by unique motions of an octopus's paws. Dodge 'M: Get a kick by a crazy car against the rules. Cinema 2000: Everybody can stand by a forceful screen. Tagada: You are jumped as if you are a parched sesame by a dancing flying pan. Magic House: Look! This house overturns! What do you want to do? Air Fighter: Take an aircraft and drop your front one. Rock 'n' Roll: After you ride on a can, you are brandished and inverted." *Eastern Economic Review* (contributed by R. Tschudi)

THE WASHINGTON STATE BOARD OF Funeral Directors and Embalmers reprimanded William A. Allen of Allen's Evergreen Funeral Home in Seattle for "irreverential handling of the body of a deceased person." According to officials of the Washington Department of Licensing, Allen went to the Brentwood

Manor Nursing home in nearby Tacoma to pick up the body of a resident and, within view of the patients there, took the man's body and "dragged it, bumping, down the stairway and the hall!" Allen denied the charge, saying that he didn't think the body had "bounced on the stairs." *Seattle Times* (contributed by Bill Muse)

VIC OROZCO, THIRTY, WAS JAILED BY Vail, Colorado, police after he allegedly bit Bill Dolmayer, twenty-six, on the nose. The incident took place in a local bar called Cyranos. *Vail Daily* (contributed by Michael Hopwood)

FLORIDA OFFICIALS PAROLED EIGHTY-year-old Rolland "Doc" Slatzer after he swore never to drive in the state again. Slatzer, who is legally blind, had been convicted of manslaughter in the deaths of three young girls he ran over while

driving. Upon his release from the state prison in Lawley, Florida, he was asked if he thought about the girls. "I never think of them," he replied. "Why should I? I never saw them." *UPI* (contributed by Lorraine M. Laskoff)

A FAMILY OF TWELVE ASIAN REFUGEES was burned out of its Denver, Colorado, home after they tried to build a fire in a plastic imitation fireplace. *Rocky Mountain News* (contributed by Raymond F. Elsner)

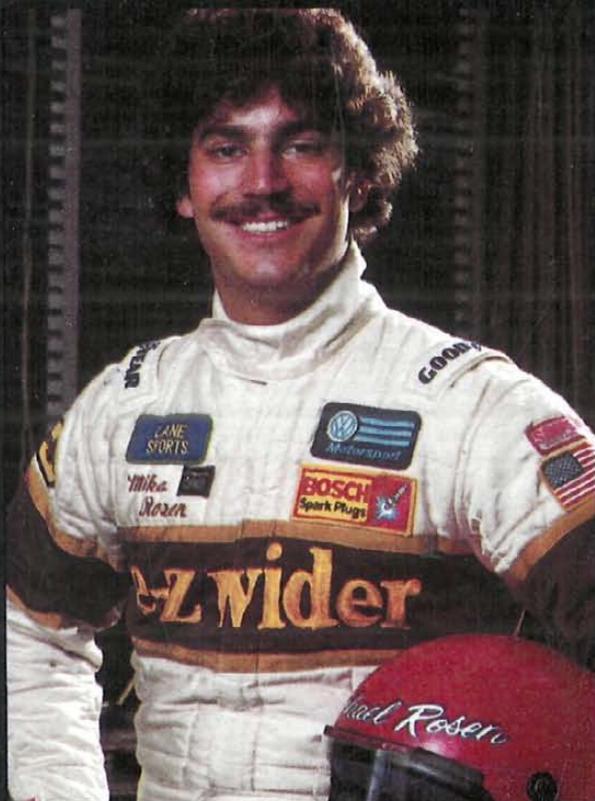
IN FAIRFAX COUNTY, VIRGINIA, PRINCIPAL John Martin urged removal of the classic novel *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* from school curricula, calling it "racist," "poison," and "anti-American." Martin is principal of the Mark Twain Intermediate School. *Washington Post* (contributed by Joe Ellis)

At the... press... Bill, a Democrat... who is perhaps the... State Republican Chairman... Please see Byrd, Page

Crash kills House and 4 others



This photograph and headline appeared on the front page of the *Virginian-Pilot*, a Norfolk, Virginia, area newspaper. The House referred to was actually the late G. Robert House, Jr., a passenger on the plane. (contributed by Henry C. Whelchel)



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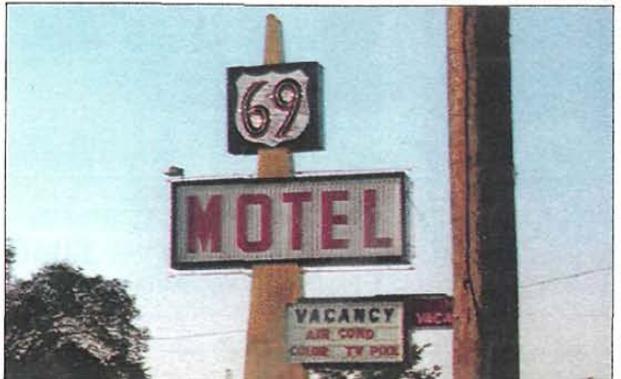
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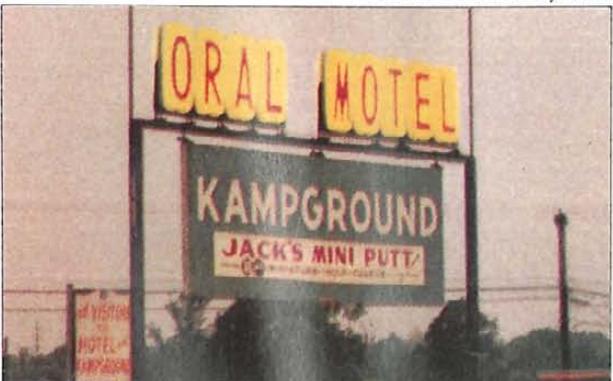
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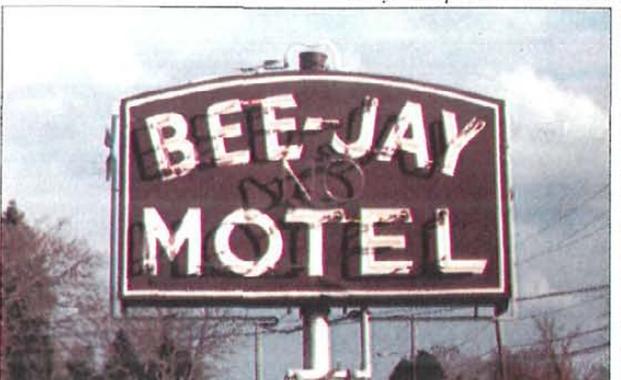
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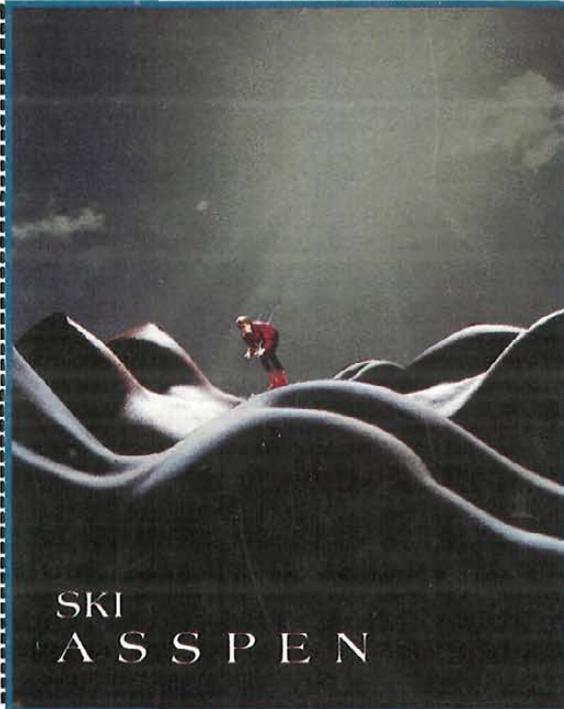


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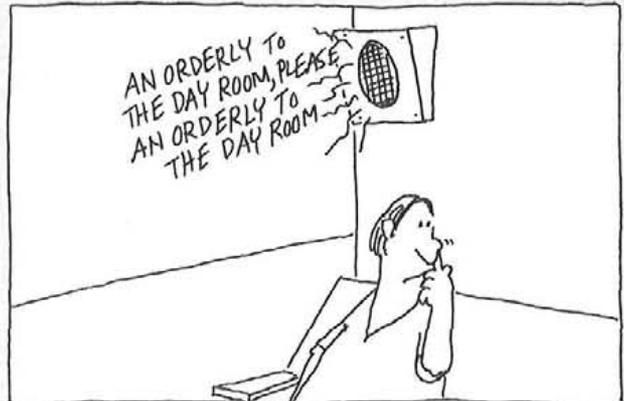
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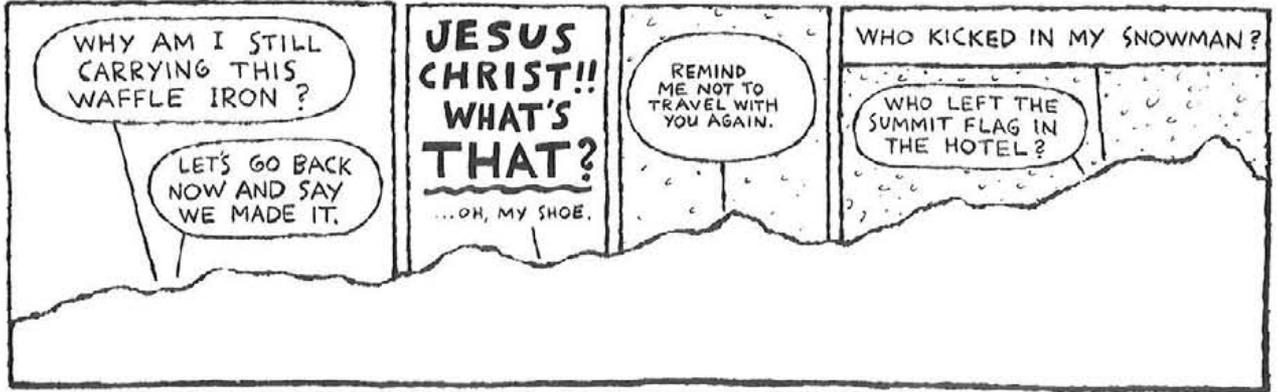
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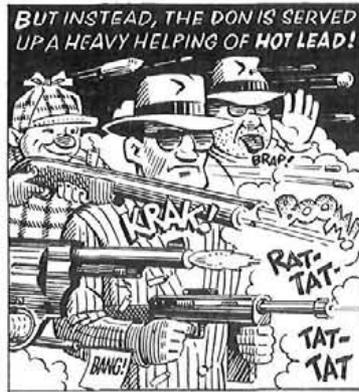
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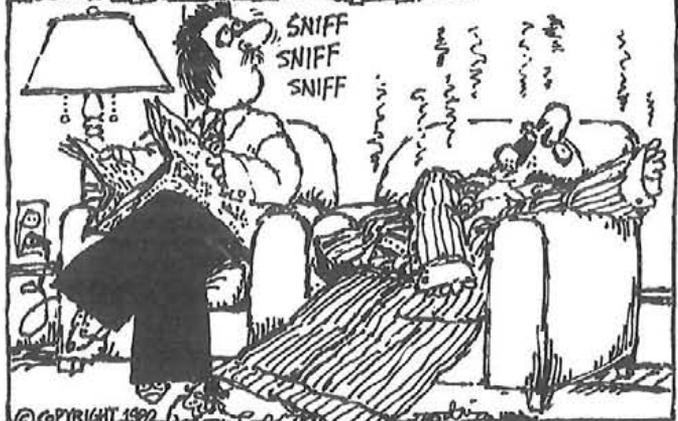
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...UH, JOE, IT'S BEEN 6 DAYS SINCE YOU DIE — UH, PASSED AWAY AND, WELL...WELL, DARN IT ALL, JOE, I DON'T LIKE SAYIN' THIS, BUT YOU'RE STARTIN' TO HAVE AN ODOR. I'VE BEEN ROLLIN' BAN DEODORANT ON YOU FOR 3 DAYS AND TODAY ALONE I USED UP 4 BOTTLES AND IT'S NOT DOIN' ANYTHIN'—YA SEE WHAT I'M SAYIN', JOE? SO YOU GOTTA GET EMBALMED TOMORROW FOR SURE!



THE NEXT DAY...

MR. CALABRESE, THIS IS MY FRIEND JOE. HE'S DEAD AND I'D LIKE TO GET HIM EMBALMED. WAAT'LL IT COST ME?

OH, I GUESS A HUNDRED DOLLARS SHOULD DO IT. HEY—YOU SHOULD'A BROUGHT HIM IN SOONER, HE'S STARTIN' TO GET RIPE!

YOU WANT HIS EYES CLOSED? IT'LL COST ANOTHER \$10.

NANH, I DON'T WANT HIM TO LOOK LIKE HE'S SLEEPIN', THEY'RE OKAY LIKE THEY ARE.

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SUIT YOURSELF. YOU CAN PICK HIM UP ABOUT 4 O'CLOCK.

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HEY! YOU TOLD ME A HUNDRED BUCKS! YOU GOT \$129.95 HERE! WHAT'S THE EXTRA \$29.95 FOR?

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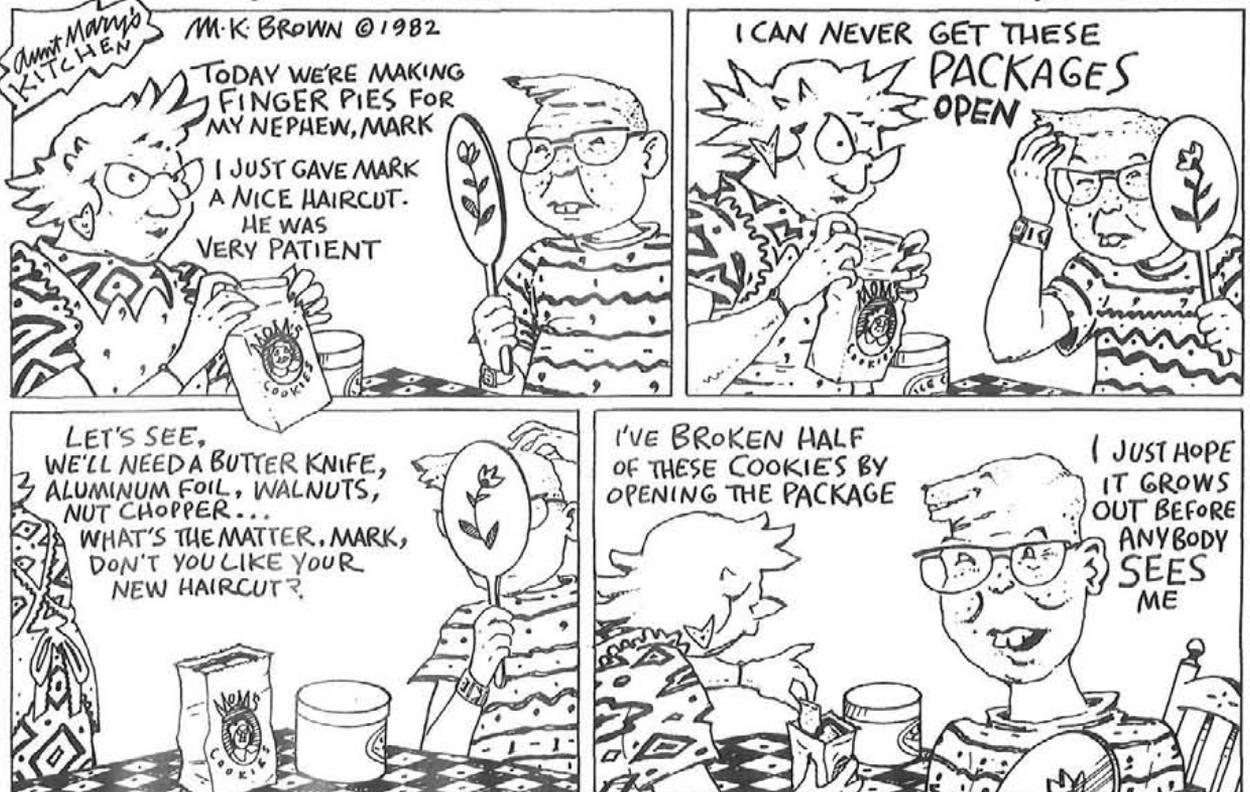
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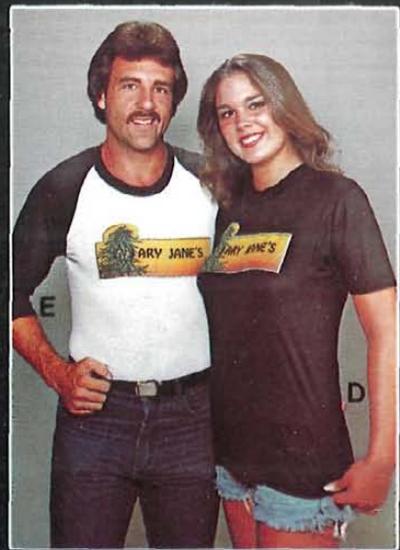
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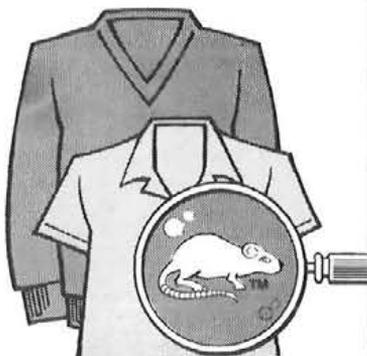
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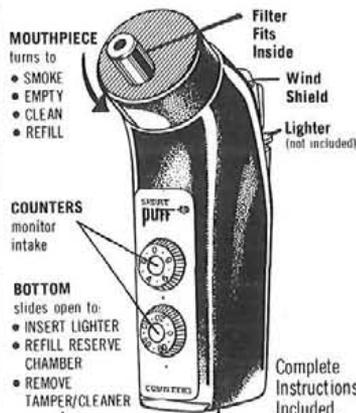
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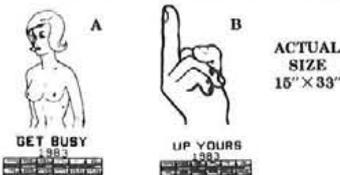
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Letters

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29)

Sirs:

A gorgeous young redhead was taking a shower when she heard a knock at the door. Calling out "Who is it?" she promptly received the answer "Blind man." Leaving the shower, the well-stacked young beauty went to answer the door wearing nothing more than a bathing cap. Upon opening the door, she discovered an ordinary young man, ogling her with pleasant surprise.

"Where doop glorp fung gliuch fizzle fizzle fizzle

THERE IS NOTHING WRONG WITH YOUR EYES. WE ARE EXPERIENCING TECHNICAL DIFFICULTIES WITH OUR JOKE. PLEASE STAND BY.

Sirs:

People always asked me if there was anything going on between me and Lee Majors. We being the only two bionic people on earth, people naturally assumed we were "made" for each other. But with Farrah always hanging around, when was there time?

I did admire his super power (as much as he admired mine) and would have gladly brought him home to take

apart and play with if I could. But I'm happier than ever now. I have my own stunt man to play with—my new husband, Henry Kingi. The only thing that worries me is that if Henry falls on the "Dukes of Hazzard" set, he'll break—and his parts aren't replaceable. He's not bionic like me and Lee.

Lindsay Wagner
Stuntville, USA

Sirs:

My wife's been on my tail for thirty-five years about World War II. She's a nut for thank-you notes, and she feels that since I had such a nice time over in Europe, I ought to send a note to somebody. But I don't know who. The invitation came from the U.S. Army, but the war was held by the Germans, and to make matters more confusing, I spent my time in France. She says I ought to send three notes, but I say that's just making Hallmark rich. Who should I send it to?

Loren T. Crattle
U.S. Army, Ret.
Patton, North Dakota

Sirs:

Know what I do for fun around here? I swipe a whole bunch of death warrants off the governor's desk, sign

his name to them, and mail them to all the prisoners on Death Row, marked "Sentence to be carried out immediately." Scares the living shit out of them.

The Black Janitor
Gov. Bob Graham's Office

Sirs:

You know that horrible melted cheese that is served on toast? Well, most of the time I have heard it called Welsh rarebit, but also, sometimes, Welsh rabbit. Now, Welsh rarebit may be a stupid name, but at least it's obscure enough not to be patently stupid. As for people who call it Welsh rabbit, they're related to the variety of fucking goof who thinks it amusing to refer to a basement apartment as a Polish penthouse; except, of course, they aren't funny. Personally, I think the only thing to call it is scum on a slab, and the only thing to do with it is whip it into the nearest ditch. Yours sincerely...

Bird Wyrdd
Wiggle Dick, Wales

Sirs:

We always hear you white people talking about "Indian summer." Well, here on the reservation we have an expression called "white-man winter." White-man winter doesn't stop when it's supposed to, breaks all its promises of spring, and keeps bothering you well into April, not unlike the white man. So fuck you.

The Last of the Mohicans
Wounded Knee, S.D.

Sirs:

Isn't it true that there's a new program through the public schools where you can go to Denmark as a foreign sex-exchange student? Because I want to be a dancer on "Solid Gold," only not as a boy. Please let me know soon, because I'm a senior next year.

A High-School Hopeful
San Francisco, Cal.

Sirs:

I'm a devout believer in Method acting. I research the role I'm playing and actually become the character. In my next film I play a little Italian guy from the Bronx who yells a lot.

Al Pacino
NYC

Sirs:

It has come to my attention that there is a great deal of hunger in this country, and that young children, in particular, are not getting enough to eat. As this is a land of abundance, this puzzled me. Here are two thoughts that I would like you to put together. One: many times young children, when first eating at the



"Sorry, but we've decided not to help you anymore.
The general feeling is that you've been exploiting us all these years."

table, are placed on a telephone book to elevate them to the proper level. Two: many rural areas have very small telephone books.

Is it not possible that these rural children are not reaching the table because their telephone books are too small?

V. S. Naipaul
India

Sirs:

When a human loses his mind, people say, "He's a vegetable." Well, he's *not* a vegetable, and he never will be. Not all of us are stupid, you know. Except eggplants. I've never met one that had any brains at all.

Tommy the Tomato
Garden City, N.Y.

Sirs:

Is it possible to remain a sixties hold-out if you have two kids, wear your hair short because it doesn't look good long with so much of it missing, and have lost all respect for minority groups long ago? I need an answer soon, because I have to decide if my next paycheck goes for a pound of Hawaiian or a case of Johnnie Walker Black.

Everybody Our Age
Suburban Wagon, USA

Sirs:

I've been reading a lot of articles about celibacy lately. I'm nineteen years old and I've been celibate all my life, and I think it's the pits.

Roger Adelman
Union City, N.J.

Sirs:

Q: What's the difference between eating Twinkies and shaking hands with Herve Villechaize?

A: You don't have to stoop over for Twinkies. And they don't sweat or have dirty little nails either.

Ricardo Montalban
Cordoba, Cal.

Sirs:

Would you please tell Norman Mailer that if he doesn't stop ejaculating on my crypt, Joe DiMaggio is going to beat his brains out with a baseball bat?

Marilyn Monroe
Forest Lawn Cemetery

Sirs:

Did you realize that the pill and panty hose were invented in the same year? Does it make any sense? Why would you need them both? Anyone who can shed any light on this subject should contact me soon. I'm writing my doctoral on the subject.

A Sixties Historian
Columbia University



AT JACK DANIEL'S DISTILLERY we never have to go too far to find our Christmas tree. The woods around here are full of them. So getting a good one is never a problem. We hope you won't have to go to too much trouble getting ready for the holidays either. So you can sit back and enjoy this happiest of all seasons with your family and good friends.



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Tennessee Whiskey • 90 Proof • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery
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Placed in the National Register of Historic Places by the United States Government.

Contest #15

How Many Jelly Beans Are in Ronald Reagan?

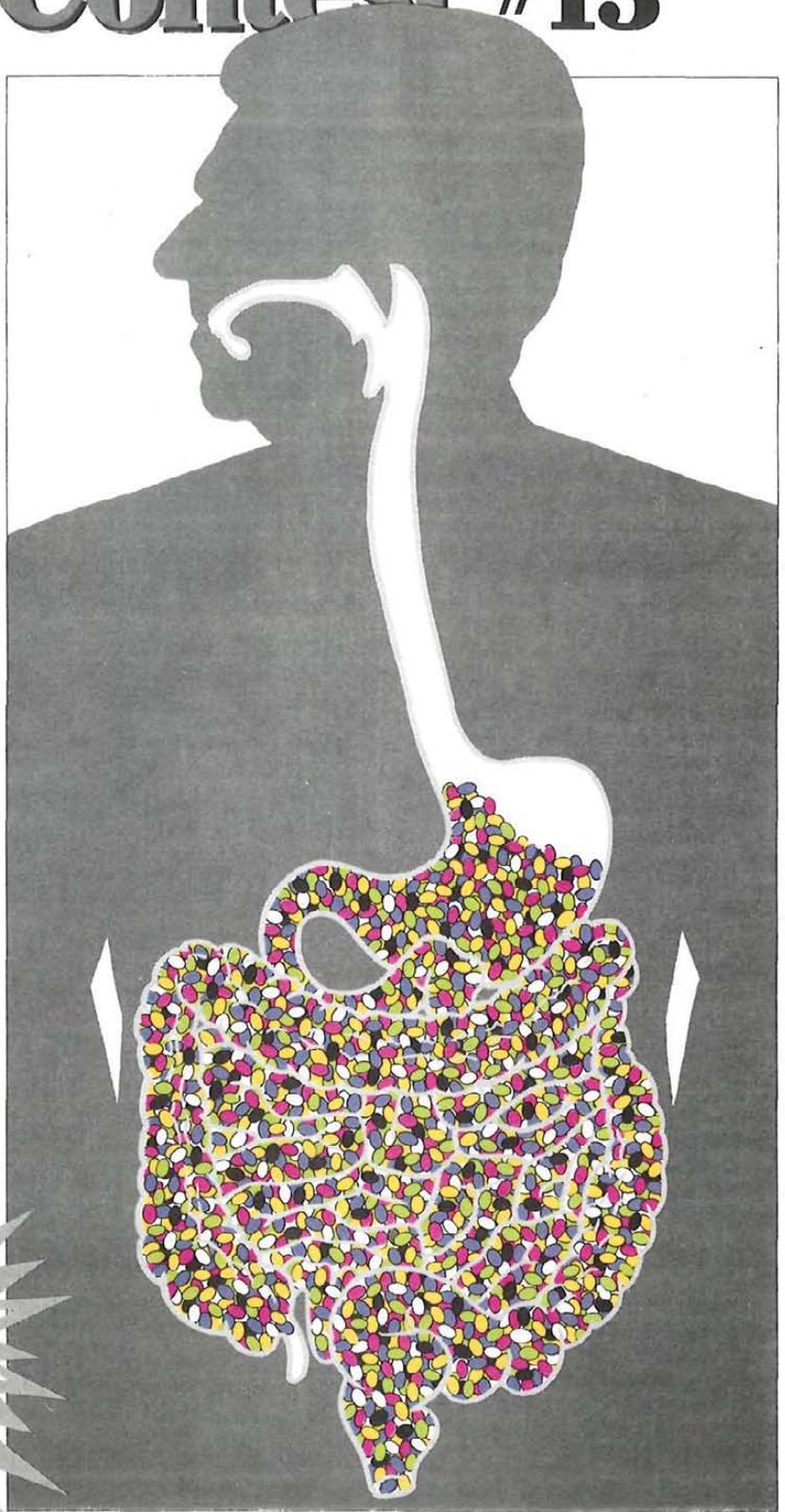
HIGHLY QUALIFIED SOURCES IN the White House have told us that President Reagan suffers from a "serious but not critical blockage of the colon," which has been traced to a large collection of undigested jelly beans. Reports differ somewhat, but it is estimated that he has been unable to move his bowels for nearly three years.

Anyway, if you can guess how many jelly beans he has in his colon, we'll send you a *National Lampoon* Black Sox T-shirt, suitable for wearing.

I think Ronald Reagan has _____ undigested jelly beans in his colon.

Send coupon to:
 Jelly Beans
National Lampoon
 635 Madison Avenue
 New York, N.Y. 10022

NAME _____
 ADDRESS _____
 CITY _____
 STATE _____ ZIP _____



Hold the wedding!

Contest #11 is all over. Victoria Orłowski, from New Jersey, won it. Don't be offended if you live in another state. Phone her up and congratulate her. It's how you play the game that counts!

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

You've got what it takes.

Salem Spirit

*Share the spirit.
Share the refreshment.
Smooth mild Salem menthol.*

KING: 17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine, 100's: 18 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.



No conventional turntable delivers the accuracy and control of this one: Technics SL-6 Programmable Linear Tracking Turntable.

The problem with a conventional turntable-tonearm is that it arcs across the record surface. So it is capable of true accuracy at only two points in its arc. Where the stylus is precisely aligned with the record groove.

The Technics SL-6 Linear Tracking Turntable goes beyond that. It actually duplicates the straight-line motion of the cutting arm that originally mastered the record. This enables the Technics SL-6 to deliver true accuracy at every point on the record. First note to last. There is none of the tracking error, skating force error or distortion that accompanies a traditional tonearm.

And the SL-6 ensures this accuracy with some outstanding technological advances. Including a microcomputer-controlled system that constantly monitors the stylus-to-groove angle and automatically makes corrections.

But linear tracking is just the beginning. There's the

precise control you get with the Technics random access programmable microcomputer. At the touch of a button, you can set the SL-6 to play any selections you want, in any order. You can even repeat or skip selections.

There are still more features that help the Technics SL-6 perform so impeccably. A precision direct-drive motor. Sensors that automatically select the correct playing speed.

Our patented P-Mount plug-in cartridge system delivers optimum tonearm/cartridge compatibility along with simplified cartridge installation.

And all of this technology has been neatly placed in a turntable about the size of a record jacket.

Accuracy, control and musical pleasure beyond the conventional. The Technics SL-6 Programmable Linear Tracking Turntable. Just one of the sophisticated and "intelligent" turntables from Technics.

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