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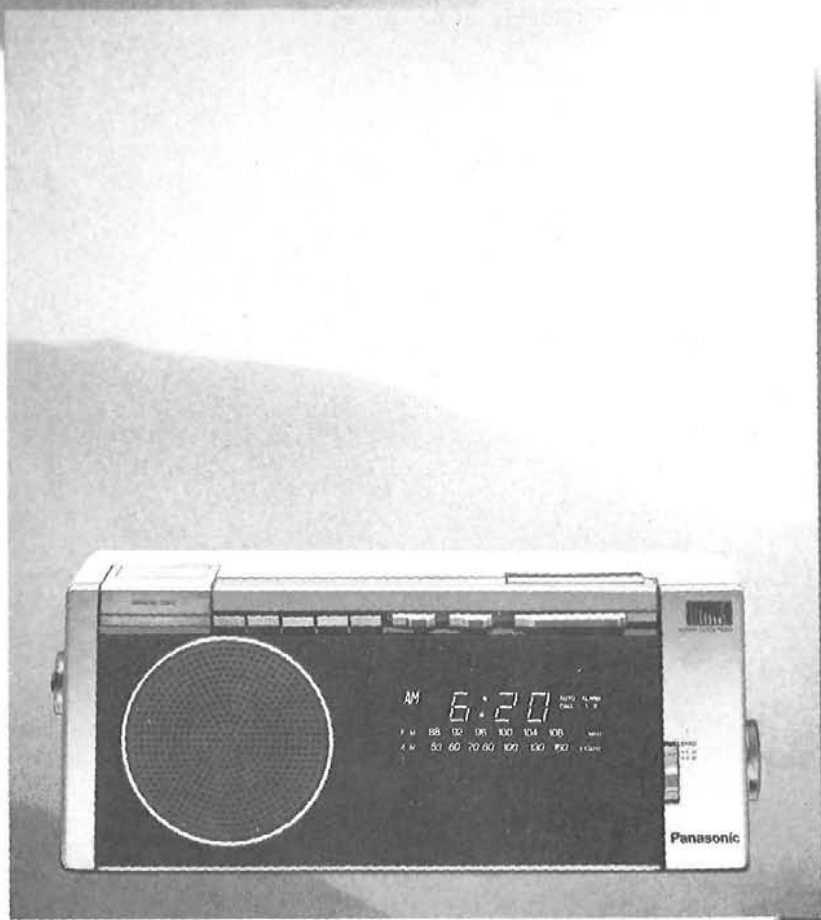
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The new Panasonic talking clock radio. It says a lot for itself. \*9 volt battery not included.

**Panasonic**  
just slightly ahead of our time.

December 1983  
Vol. 2, No. 65

**6**  
**Editorial**

**10**  
**Letters from  
the Editors**

**12**  
**Christmas  
Gift Books**  
By Peter Gaffney

**14**  
**Crippled Seals  
for Children**  
By Bob Pomerantz



**18**  
**Fun and Games  
in the  
White House  
Basement**  
By Joseph Killorin Brennan



**23**  
**Time  
of the Month**

**32**  
**Off the Subject**  
By Sean Kelly

**34**  
**Foto Funnies**



**36**  
**I'm Dreaming  
of a White Trash  
Christmas**  
By Peter Gaffney,  
Kevin Curran,  
Fred Graver,  
and Glenn Eichler

**40**  
**The ABC's of  
Reaganomics**  
By Sean Kelly  
and Rick Meyerowitz



**51**  
**On Broadway**  
By Kevin Curran  
Illustrated by  
Tony Salmons



**54**  
**What Do  
You Call a Guy  
with No Arms  
and No Legs...**  
By Sean Kelly  
Illustrated  
by Mark Marek

**59**  
**Needless-  
Market  
Christmas™  
Book 1983**  
By Fred Graver  
and Mitchell Kriegman  
Cover illustration by  
Cynthia Watts Clark  
Photographed by  
Ronald G. Harris



**68**  
**A Child's  
Christmas  
in Jail**  
By Leslie Fuller  
Illustrated by  
Sean Early

**72**  
**Ron Hauge's  
Year of  
Rejected  
New Yorker  
Covers**  
By Ron Hauge

THE  
NEW YORKER



**78**  
**Bisbee Family  
Christmas  
Offerings**  
By Gerald Sussman  
Illustrated by  
Phil Scheuer

**81**  
**True Section**  
Edited by  
John Bendel

**89**  
**Funny Pages**



**96**  
**NatLamp  
Contest #27**  
By Michael Grossman





## **Music To The Michelob<sup>®</sup> Drinker's Ear.**

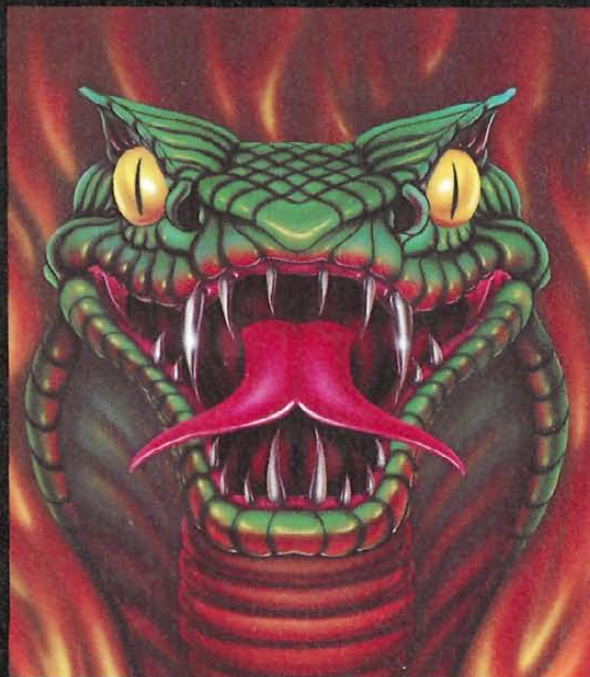
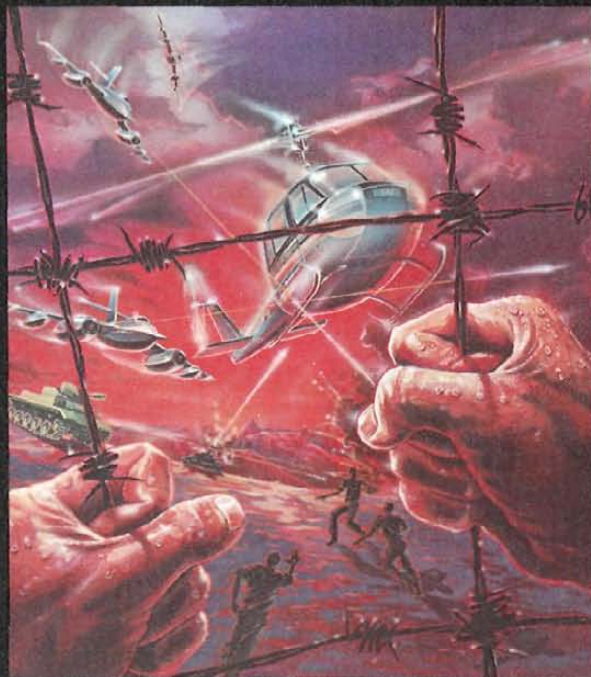
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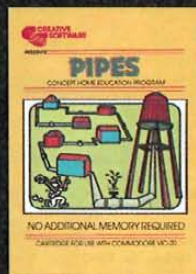
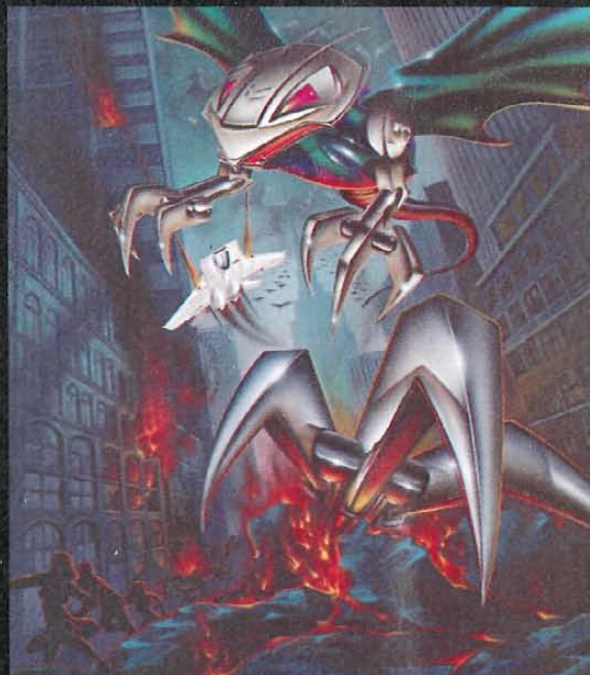
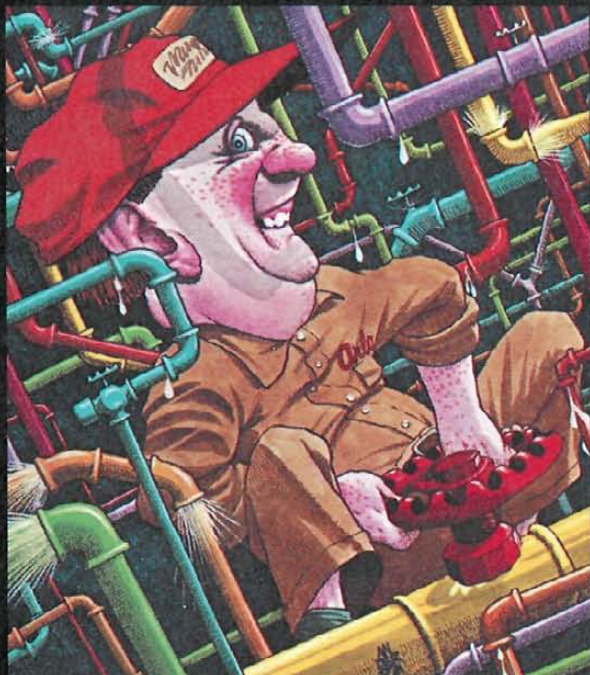
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# S O F T W A R E



# editorail

With editor-in-chief L. Dennis Plunkett on "vacation," our guest editorialist this month is contributing editor Mitchell Kriegman.

**N**O ONE LIKES TO DEAL WITH sadness and tragedy. We all face with dread and trepidation the day when the telephone rings and we learn that our fathers and/or mothers are dead. Anyone who has experienced the loss of even a pet gerbil carelessly strangled or of a tiny overhanded green turtle has known a depthless sorrow and an endless private grief that *no one* else can ever really understand.

One thing we *do* know about tragedy is that it is always deeply personal. How can we feel the anguish of a pretty young wife, just back from the exhilaration of an aerobics dance class, who has just discovered her young successful commodities-consultant husband lying on the bathroom floor in a pool of blood after having hacked his beautiful face and wrists to shreds, and who hears her blue-eyed two-year-old child laughing and giggling in the nursery, completely oblivious to the tragedy? We *cannot!* Tragedy is a private affair.

There follows from this first thing we

know about tragedy, a second thing. Tragedy was *meant* to be private. Those who experience it should be allowed and even *encouraged* to crawl into the dark recesses of their private lives, those dark corners of their apartments, those secluded closets and hidden places where we all go when we grieve and wish we did not exist. The last thing an enormously successful model who has just been disfigured by a freak flash of a photographer's light that has implanted shards of broken glass in her delicate and enchanting features, the last thing such a poor, grotesque creature craves is a night at Studio 54 amid all the beautiful people! Let's face it, no one wants to find the tragedy of his or her life emblazoned in printer's ink on every newsstand in the country for all to see and create sick Helen Keller-type jokes about. We at the *National Lampoon* know and understand that people need and deserve to keep their private tragedies... *private.*

Thus it was with great sadness that we read a recent issue of *Rolling Stone* wherein appeared a short article about the fortunes and misfortunes of our publication. *Rolling Stone* saw fit to publish the "fact" that L. Dennis Plunkett, our editor-in-chief, *doesn't*

*exist.* You can imagine the frightened looks of betrayal on the faces of little Jody Plunkett and Dennis Jr. when their friends and playmates showed them *in print* that their daddy *doesn't exist!* We all know how cruel children can be to each other, and certainly the taunts and eventually the mud fights and roughhousing that ended in Dennis Jr.'s broken thumb from being strung up to the school jungle gym with the guts of his pet cat Amos, and Jody's vomiting fits after being forced to swallow the entire issue of *Rolling Stone* after it had been rolled in dog doo, should come as no surprise. Kids will be kids, and it is not their fault that *Rolling Stone* chose to print the malicious "truth" about Plunkett.

Fortunately, Louise Plunkett was not confronted with the same kind of viciousness. She was with her husband at the time, deep within the recesses of New York's Sloan-Kettering Institute for Cancer Research, holding his cool, limp hand as the doctors debated whether to try a set of radioactive implants or perform surgery for a second time on the brain of the cancer-racked man who had once been one of America's funniest, most aggressive, and truly brilliant humorists.

It has not been easy these last few

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months to keep this ugly "revelation" in *Rolling Stone* away from Mrs. Plunkett, and in an ironic way we are thankful that she is so absorbed with her own affairs. Certainly the plight of Lulu, their youngest, has preoccupied her of late. Doctors are hopeful that the seemingly mild case of hiccups that has developed into Malindronic Epilepsy is reversible, and will not result in a permanent nervous disorder. And of course the sad fate of her sister, Lorna, whose right hand was dredged up by Japanese divers searching for the debris of the Korean 747, must have preoccupied Louise over the past months.

The second operation on the already fragile L. Dennis Plunkett was more successful in many ways than originally hoped. The lack of control in his now constantly quivering lower lip, the hair loss and shriveled posture were all expected and considered temporary. (Sexually, Louise had given up hope long ago, and with a tear in his eye Dennis had given his assent to her fulfilling her needs elsewhere. He is that kind of guy.) The pneumonia gave everyone a scare for a while until the massive doses of the new miracle antibiotics and steroids were successful—although they did result in the grotesque explosion of Dennis's right eyelid, leaving him blinded and slightly

disfigured. Still, Louise, buoyed by the surgeon's assurances that he had "scooped out all the tumor," was looking forward to nursing Dennis back to consciousness.

Then, as always, the unforeseen occurred. A slip of the anesthetist's hands or the carelessness of a well-meaning but inexperienced nurse—who is to say what caused that near-fatal mixture of nitrous gas and oxygen? Whatever the reason, medical science is not perfect—and L. Dennis Plunkett lies now in a deep coma, unaware of the horrible tortures his children are suffering as a result of the careless and ill-informed journalistic freewheeling style of one *Rolling Stone* reporter. "New Journalism," indeed!

Tragedy is a private matter, and personal illness and grief, although not something to be denied, are the private, sad territory of the individual, not the mandate of any national magazine, not even *Rolling Stone*, with its reputation for sticking to the facts. But we imagine Dennis would bear no hard feelings toward *Rolling Stone*. He might even think it all *hilarious*, in that twisted, offbeat, aggressive, and zany way he had of viewing everything.

We hold no hard feelings either; we just want little Jody, Dennis Jr., tiny Lulu, and that noble woman Louise

Plunkett to know that it isn't true—that the man you know and love *does* exist—if only in the hearts and minds of everyone on our staff. We think Dennis would appreciate that. I'm Mitchell Kriegman.

#### Where Do They Get the Time? Dept.

... It seems like only ten months or so ago that many of our *Lampoon* regulars found themselves in various publishing houses around town, jolly up the editors and signing big fat contracts. Now, as the Christmas season approaches, the fruits of their labors can be found in bookstores all across America, holding their own against monstrous picture books and boxed sets of Harlan Ellison.

Among the offerings: Gerry Sussman's visionary *Not Quite the TV Guide*, from the princely folks at Crown; Mimi Pond's revealing *Secrets of the Powder Room*, from the owlish types at Holt, Rinehart and Winston; Mark Marek's incisive *Patient's Revenge*, from the warm hearths at Fireside; John Caldwell's superlative *The Book of Ultimates*, from the hyphenated folks at McGraw-Hill; P. J. O'Rourke's rather impolite *Modern Manners*, from the farmers at Dell; and Bill Griffith's timeless *The 1984 Zippy Calendar*, from the decisive minds at And/Or Press. (I'd also like to slip in a mention for a friend of the editors, Marc Gallant, who has a book coming from the bovines at Knopf, entitled *The Cow Book*.)

If it seems to you that there are just too many book-writing contributors for the number of publishers in this crazy world, you're absolutely right! Therefore, several collaborative efforts round out the list, including: Henry Beard and Rick Meyerowitz's towering *Dodosaurus*, from the Harmony kids at Crown; Ron Barrett and Gary Hallgren's explosive *The White House Pop-up Book*, from the cocky editors at Bantam; and Sam Gross's effort to round up every *Lampoon* cartoonist who didn't have a publishing contract this year, and a few who did, in a prophetic collection entitled *Why Are Your Papers in Order: Cartoons for 1984*, from the doorbell-ringers at Avon.

All of which means that you should have no problem finding gifts for those special laughter bears on your Christmas list this year.

**Cover:** Contributions in memory of photographer **Michael Watson** can be sent care of this magazine to the Committee to Stop the Dominoes Here, No Here... No Here, Really, Stop, Please.

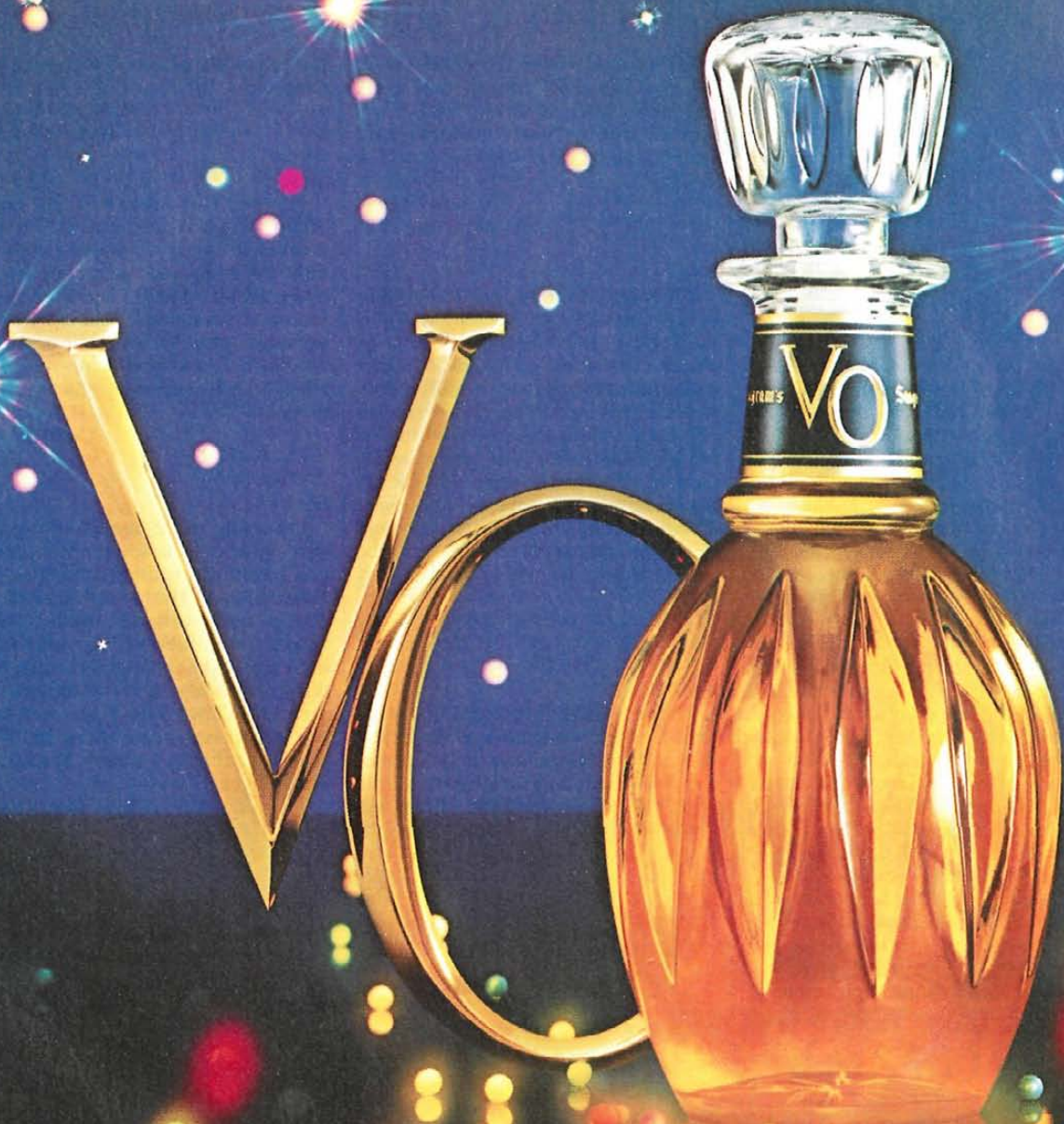
—M.G.

## THE PERIODIC TABLE OF SWEAT SHIRTS

STRIPED SLEEVES NO COLLAR	
HOOD AND POCKETS	
HOOD NO POCKETS	
COLLAR AND POCKETS	
COLLAR NO POCKETS	
CREW NECK POCKETS	
CREW NECK NO POCKETS	
SHORT SLEEVE POCKETS	
SHORT SLEEVE NO POCKETS	
COLLAR-STRIPED SLEEVES	

Stuart Leeds





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**S**IRS: I THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE TO know how I spend my Christmas. I like to decorate the house with all sorts of holiday doodads and things. We put up the usual tree with all the trimmings. And then we string up a lot of gingerbread men and chocolate dogs and candy canes. My wife makes those little patchwork bags that we fill up with cookies and candies and we hang them up around the house. I also put up our special holiday wallpaper that has old Grandma Moses Christmas scenes on it. We really love that old wallpaper. I bought tons of it so we can put it up and take it down just for the holiday season. This is the time I also indulge in my secret passion—baking pies. I do all the holiday favorites and my special variation of an English recipe my grandmother gave me called Piffle and Poof. It's a *genoise* that's been soaked for weeks in rum, brandy, sour cream, and chives.

Then I wake up from this dream and realize that I'm in a motel outside of Cleveland with a bimbo I picked up at some bar and both of us look like bags of shit.

Billy Martin  
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

That was very nice, Billy. Well, for me Christmas is traditionally the time our family likes to have a small feast and drink the blood of Christian babies. It's getting harder to find good-quality whole blood that comes from the young ones, but we have a supplier in Galilee who guarantees us that it's fresh and pure. My wife used to take out the glass wine goblets and we would all drink a toast to the independent state of Israel. I think I'm going to cry.

Menachem Begin  
Tel Aviv

Sirs:

Oh, Menachem, you card. Me? Why, I thought you'd never ask. On Christmas Day I like to dress up in a costume and ring doorbells and say "Trick or

Treat." I love to see the reactions on people's faces. Of course, they don't recognize me, so they think it's a weirdo who gets her holidays confused. I don't care. I know what I'm doing.

Barbara Walters  
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

Christmas, huh. I spend it with Barbara Walters. No, my friends know how much I like girls—foxy ladies, we used to call them a few years ago. I've got a collection of over two hundred foxy ladies in my wardrobe closet, next to my leather suits and my boots. I just hang up the ladies like they were my clothing, my leather suits. My friends always buy me a dozen foxy ladies every Christmas, and I buy a dozen more and I put them on hangers in my wardrobe closet, next to my leather suits and my boots.

Eddie Murphy  
On location

Sirs:

Thank you, Mr. Murphy. On Christmas Eve I get together with Orson Welles, John Houseman, Telly Savalas, and Bill Cosby, and we all go to a little church in my neighborhood and get down on our knees and pray all night

for renewals of our TV-commercial contracts.

George Plimpton  
Upper East Side

Sirs:

For me, Christmas is a big family affair. We go all out and do the old-fashioned family Christmas with the kids, the aunts and uncles and friends and whatnot. I love it. And all the usual food and trimmings. And then we all exchange gifts. And as a true gesture of holiday love and friendship we all exchange and wear each other's underpants.

Carol Burnett  
Maui

Sirs:

I'm going to be honest with you. I don't give a fuck about Christmas. I don't do anything different on that day. What do I do? The same thing I always do. I get up, I work on my body a little, I have a few soft-boiled eggs and some herb tea, make some phone calls, read scripts, and have a few meetings. The same shit I always do. I get more done on Christmas than any other day of the year. Probably more work than you'll have all year, Carol.

Sylvester Stallone  
Los Angeles, Calif.



"Butchie's asleep, you should have no trouble with him. The first switch is the porch light. The one in the middle's for the living room, and this one will suck the face right off your skull. There's pizza in the fridge: we'll be home by eleven."



Sirs:

They talk about George Lucas and his great special effects, but I think the "Little Rascals" series has ten times better special effects. I'd like to see George Lucas try to film a cardboard box filled with kids flying down a hill at ninety miles an hour, with or without seriously injuring most of them.

Hal Roach, Jr.  
*Perpetual Warble, Del.*

Sirs:

HELLO. Hello. HELLO. Hello. IS ANYBODY THERE? Is anybody there? ECHO. Echo. YOO-HOO. Yoo-hoo.

Some Asshole  
on a Mountaintop

Sirs:

The other night me and the guys played poker with a man named Mr. Predicto, whom I met at the bus stop. It was incredible. We didn't even have to deal the cards. Mr. Predicto would just hold the deck up to his head and tell everyone what they would be dealt, how much they would bet, and who would win. And what a lucky guy, too! By the end of the night Mr. Predicto

had cleaned me out of my two hundred dollars, plus he owned my car, my house, my trailer boat, and my wife. All the guys' stuff too. But I'm healthy and alive and that's what matters. God, it's great to be Polish!

Donald Polasky  
*Simpletown, Va.*

Sirs:

Should I piss and brush my teeth before breakfast, or after? If I piss first and brush my teeth before I eat, then I'll feel fresh and clean. But if I wait until afterward, I'll have more to piss and brush, and besides, I'll save time, because I'd have to rebrush anyway after a meal. Any advice you could tender would be greatly appreciated.

Ross Cranley  
*Providence, R.I.*

Sirs:

You think Leon's bad? You think Michael's bad? Let me tell you something. I was the baddest fighter in the family, but somebody had to go out and earn a buck while my two brothers spent their days in the gym.

Gummo Spinks  
*St. Louis, Mo.*

Sirs:

Do you know how many third-graders it takes to screw in a light bulb? Seven, maybe eight, because they're all puny and short and they have to stand on each other's shoulders to reach it and some of them are fat, too, and have braces. And once they reach the light they probably couldn't figure out how to do it anyway because they're all really dumb, too.

Helen Keller  
*Tuscumbia, Ala.*

Sirs:

It's weird—whenever I sing in the shower I sound just like Joe Schmuck.

Frank Sinatra  
*Ol' Blue Eyes, Calif.*

Sirs:

How do I spell relief? I'll tell you how I fucking spell relief: R-E-L-I-E-F. None of this R-O-L-A-I-D-S shit! Fuck! Do you spell belief B-O-L-A-I-D-S????! Do you spell shit S-H-O-L-A-I-D-S????! Or cunt C-O-L-A-I-D-S????! Fuck, no! Christ, this pisses me off!!!

Henry Maurer  
*Chicago, Ill.*

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 83)



## A new Shure phono cartridge can improve your sound more than a new \$500 receiver.

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DECEMBER 1983 · NATIONAL LAMPOON 11





Lavishly illustrated? Are you kidding?  
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## Christmas Gift Books

BY PETER GAFFNEY

**B**OOKS AS GIFTS? LISTEN. GIVING books instead of real gifts to the people on your Christmas list isn't going to win you any friends, and, given the prices of these so-called "gift" books, it certainly isn't going to save you any money. Talk about dumb ideas.

Be that as it may, they didn't give me any choice about writing this article, and I see no reason why you should have any choice about reading it. Just keep those eyes of yours glued to the page, and don't make any sudden moves. It just so happens that there's a huge coffee-table edition of Washington Irving's notebooks (Alfred A. Knopf, \$125) poised right above your head, and, if you take your eyes away for even a second, it's going to come crashing down on your skull.

And now here's a sampling of this holiday season's offerings from the biggest and the best New York publishing houses, the very same publishing houses, as a matter of fact, that stubbornly refuse to publish *my* book, even

though it's a thousand times better than any of these. Bitter? Sure I'm bitter, but don't let that spoil *your* fun.

### Over \$100

*The Wood Book.* An extravagant volume consisting entirely of finely crafted mahogany. The perfect coffee-table book, and a slightly more practical companion piece to last year's *The Marble Book* and this summer's *The Book of Water.* \$960.

*The Paganry of Clowns.* I found this book very, very scary. Does anybody else think clowns are really creepy? I know I do. Am I crazy, or what? \$295.

*The Hours of St. Ignatius.* Another expensive reproduction of a religious book from the Middle Ages that you can't read because it's in Latin. However, this one isn't illuminated or illustrated in any way. \$540.

*The Poconos.* Japanese photographer Akira Matsuda obtained permission from the United States government and, more surprisingly, from his pub-

lisher to spend a drunken weekend in the rarely well-photographed Pocono Mountains of Pennsylvania. Includes full-color plates of beautiful Mount Airy Lodge, comedian Buddy Hackett making a joke about farting, a heart-shaped bathtub, and the photographer's right shoe. Plus infrared photos of Adele Bernstein's thighs, taken in the dark. \$470.

*The 1980 Census.* Your fiancée is fucking your best friend; your dad is gay; and other facts you should know about the American population, hidden amid millions of pointless statistics about income and ethnic background. Cheap paper and computer-printout format make this the ideal gift. In ten thick, gary volumes. \$315.

*Enough Mountains, Already.* People are generally real impressed with Ansel Adams, even though the poor guy's pictures never even earned him enough money to buy color film. This is another collection of hilarious outtakes from Adams's photography: rugged vistas obscured by Ansel's chubby fingers, eagle shit on the lens, etc. The text, by some goon from the Sierra Club, is unbearably fawning and completely misses the crazed, Belushi-like spirit underlying Adams's project. \$260.

*The Hardcover New York Times.* Actually, this isn't a book but a subscription to the newspaper. Each morning delivered to your door will be the *Times*, leather-bound and printed on expensive vellum. \$936.99 (with coupon).

### \$50 to \$99

*Nancy Reagan, Working Out, and Those Wily Oriental Businessmen.* The sequel to last year's *Cats, Sex, and the Royal Family* is nothing if not timely. \$87.50.

*Rubens's "Life of Maria de' Medici."* I saw this exquisite series of paintings, executed by the richest and most gifted of the Flemish masters, when I visited the Louvre, and I don't seem to recall it featuring black-and-white stills of porn star John (Johnny Wadd) Holmes. I suspect a mistake at the bindery. Even so, this should make a fine addition to anyone's collection of art books. \$79.

*Cosmos II: The Wrath of Khan.* by Carl Sagan. Yet another awkwardly sized book about your universe in its entirety, illustrated with photographs of apparently unrelated objects ranging from distant planets to obscure ancient Egyptian ruins, and filled with simple-minded explanations of complex phenomena, as well as the author's pet theories of time and space presented,



of course, as fact. \$67.50.

*Finley: Our Forgotten President.* James Whittaker Finley, the man who served briefly in the Oval Office between Eisenhower and JFK, has been virtually ignored by historians and the public alike. Perhaps people in the late fifties were just too busy with other things to notice that this quiet, dull, hardworking man was their chief executive. This new book, chock-full of photos, remedies the oversight. \$62.

*A Sensitive Manual of Lesbian Sex.* All right, the pages of my copy of this beautifully illustrated volume are all stuck together. I want to know who's responsible. \$58.95.

#### **\$10 to \$49**

*The Earth from Space.* Unfortunately, photographer Fred Phelps was unable to obtain a berth on the space shuttle *Challenger*, as he had planned, but he was able to rent a very large stepladder. You'll be awed by how small and fragile our world looks from a distance of twelve or thirteen feet. \$45.

*The Book of the Five Aces.* It's hard to believe that the observations of a fifteenth-century samurai warlord could be of much use to the modern American businessman. In fact, it's very hard to believe. \$36.50.

*The Rosenberg Complaint.* The Rosenbergs were guilty, I tell you, guilty, guilty, guilty! If anything, they got off too easy for what they did to this great country. The author of this new book, who spent almost ten years painstakingly researching the facts of the case, doesn't seem to agree, however. \$29.95.

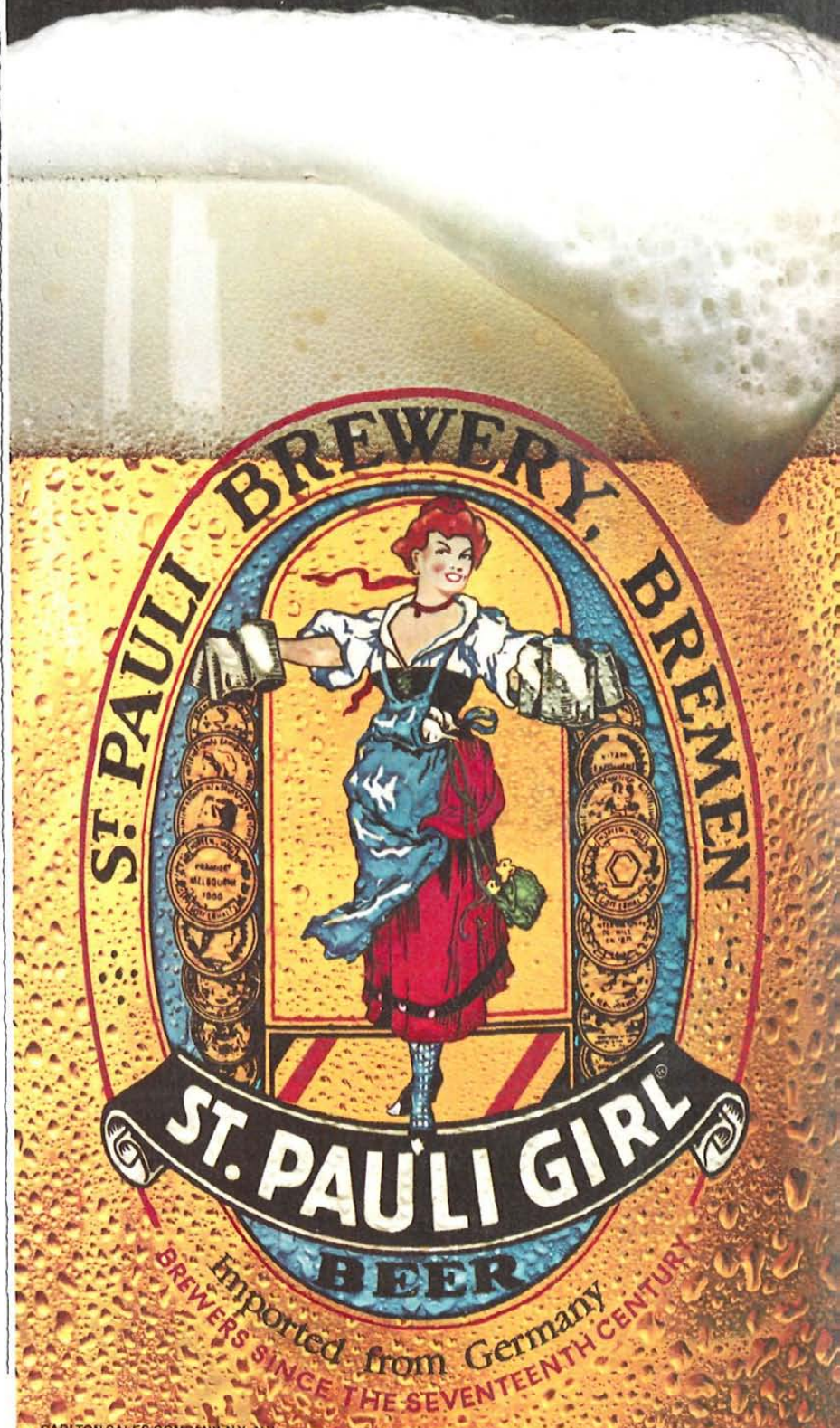
*The Big Lunch.* A chronicle of literally everything Ernest Hemingway ate between 1917 and 1954, when he was awarded the Nobel Prize in literature. Seventeen full-color plates, heaped high with steaming victuals, provide an interesting if somewhat messy complement to the text. \$26.

*Salvador,* by Joan Didion. I'm not sure whether this book is about Salvador Dali or the crisis in Central America, but in any case it's obvious that our favorite annoying woman writer has once more taken on a subject that's far too big for her limited talents. \$15.99.

#### **\$1 and under**

*Milky Way.* This is not a splendidly illustrated book about our galaxy. It's a candy bar. Nonetheless, it's a candy bar with all the drama, color, and relevancy of Dr. Carl Sagan. 35¢. ■

# You never forget your first Girl.



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As an age-old way of life is threatened, a concerned Canadian government hires a public relations firm.

## Crippled Seals for Children

BY BOB POMERANTZ

**T**HE 1984 SEAL HUNT IS NEARLY upon us and, barring drastic measures, promises to be a repeat of the dismal failure that was Seal Hunt '83.

The European Economic Community's ban on the importing of baby-harp-seal pelts, which spelled disaster for last year's harvest, has been extended. Alas, the candyass environmentalists have been only too successful in painting the sealers as a heartless gang of war criminals.

It's not simply lost money at stake here. Certainly the ten to twelve million dollars that used to be injected annually into the depressed Maritime economy by the smashing and skinning of defenseless, yelping balls of fluff is no small potatoes. Thousands of East

Coast families stayed on the respectable side of solvency by hunting the "whitecoats."

But what we mourn even more is the likely passing of a noble tradition. For centuries, Newfoundland youths have been initiated into manhood by setting their boots on the treacherous ice floes off Labrador and the Gulf of St. Lawrence and "spearin' a swile." Delivering the fur to market and bringing home the flippers so Mom can bake seal-flipper pie has put hair on the chests of generations of pubescent Newfies.

And swiling goes on giving long after that first baby whitecoat has been clubbed. March is a crushingly dull month for the fishermen of the frozen Atlantic outposts, and cutting out with the "boiys" for a fortnight of skull-

bashing is good, manly fun. "Better bash a seal than the wife," as the saying goes.

Sure, the sealers are worried that the party is over. Likewise the pro-hunt federal government, which would gladly lick wooden shoes, jackboots—any Old World footwear—to see the ban lifted and win back those European fur markets. But nobody has been able to turn around the hunt's negative image—until now.

The Feds recently commissioned Immanuel Kunt and Associates—the same PR firm that got us all eating potato skins—to find a way to restore dignity and liquidity to the hunt. Kunt found FIVE ways, which we reveal here for the first time. (This report is classified.)

**1. Operation Candid Camera:** Requires the sacrifice of fifty Newfoundland lads, preferably Catholics. Send them out unarmed, accompanied by a film crew, on a seal-photographing expedition. Make it known that their sweet snapshots will be sold to raise money for Jerry's kids.

Meanwhile, Ministry of Fisheries scientists will have injected the targeted herd with mind-altering drugs. The hallucinating sea mammals will mistake the boys for Bismarck herring and nibble them to death. Naturally, the mass mutilation will be broadcast live by satellite to the world.

As humankind reels in horror, Fisheries personnel will announce that an exotic disease has infiltrated the nervous systems of North Atlantic harp seals, turning young and old alike into sex-starved killers.

Sightings will be reported of dirty old seals in raincoats swimming up to the docks of St. John's and fondling young sea cadets. At the same time, doctored photographs will be released of Brigitte Bardot engaged in a daisy chain with a depraved seal pup and a lesbian Greenpeace volunteer.

Seal Hunt '84 will then commence in the spirit of a holy crusade, with the world cheering on the virtuous swilers.

**2. Operation Seal Mitzvah:** Stresses tradition. Given that sealing turns Maritime boys into men, the proceedings are to emphatically take on the look and feel of a cultural-religious ceremony, duly telecast to the world.

Friends and relatives will gather on the ice floes as the Seal Mitzvah boy dons sou'wester skullcap and tartan prayer shawl. Then, under the strict supervision of a Canada Packers butcher, little Joey stuns, skins, and apologizes profusely to the first baby



# How to get through winter if you don't know a St. Bernard.



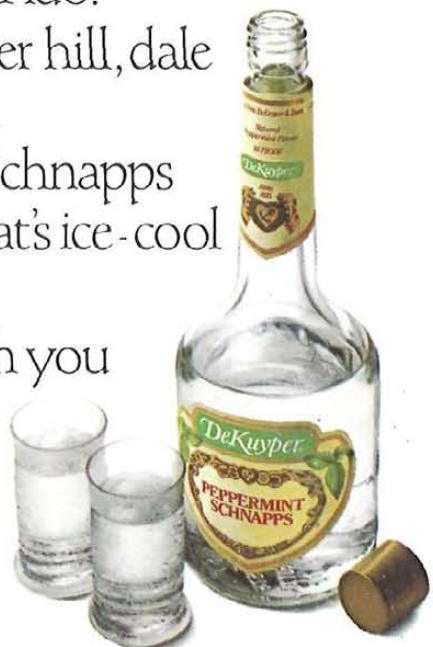
Since you can't always find a St. Bernard when you need one, it's nice to know there's something equally welcomed and infinitely more accessible. DeKuyper Peppermint Schnapps.

Instead of flapping your arms and hollering for help, a simple "Yo, Fido!"

brings brisk peppermint refreshment over hill, dale and mogul via your faithful companion.

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So why wait for a St. Bernard to reach you when you can reach for DeKuyper® Peppermint Schnapps. It'll brighten up your winter faster than you can say "bow wow."



## DeKuyper Peppermint Schnapps.

Peppermint Schnapps, 60 Proof, John DeKuyper & Son, Elmwood Place, Ohio.



seal of the season.

The Seal Mitzvah boy proclaims, "Today, I am a Newfie," and the festivities begin. Guests retrieve their place cards and are seated at tables groaning with fiddlehead kugel, seal flipper, and cream cheese on a bagel; seltzer; and chopped liver sculpted into harp seals.

Following the head-table speeches, a Fisheries representative presents the youth with the requisite fountain pen and a gold-embossed sealing license. Then, to the strains of Sammy Glick and his Goodtime Orchestra, everyone dances the Alleycat.

The Seal Mitzvah is nothing but a diversion. As attention is focused on the jolly ceremonials, professional swillers will be off in the background ripping the kishkes out of baby seals to fill their pelt quotas.

### 3. Operation Family Reunion:

Designed to bury the perception that swillers and seals despise each other. The hunters shall present themselves to the mother seals as long-lost brothers who would like to get acquainted with the family.

At first contact with the suspicious mother seal, the hunter shall blink his eyes in amazement and exclaim, "Can it be? Yes, yes! It is my beloved sister! Bernice, I haven't seen you in donkey's years!"

After a spontaneous embrace, the

sealer explains that an extended sea voyage has prevented him from writing and, yes, the years have altered his appearance dramatically. A few choice reminiscences complete the ruse.

Once mother has swallowed the bait, the hunter gingerly approaches baby seal, grins, and says, "So how is my favorite nephew [niece] doing today," then produces a jar of herring tidbits.

When the time is right, Uncle Billy suggests it wouldn't do junior's education any harm if he [she] accompanied uncle on a brief sight-seeing tour of the Gulf. Baby is led to the brightly painted sealing ship, then taken below deck to the "nursery." Here, out of earshot of mother seal, the whitecoat shall be relieved of his herring tidbits and butchered alive in the usual manner.

As far as the world knows, the sealers have turned over a new leaf and are repenting their sins. In reality, the stiffed seals are shipped directly to the continent, processed, and sold as imitation baby sealskin coats at inflated prices to unsuspecting consumers.

**4. Operation Mukluk:** No one reproaches Canada's noble natives for hunting seal—it's a well-known myth they kill only as many as are necessary to feed, clothe, and shelter their families and never waste a single scrap. No purveyors to the fashion industry, these funky, frugal folk.

On this premise, Parliament announces that the entire 1984 seal hunt is being turned over to the Eskimos, to upgrade their pathetic sub-poverty-line level of existence.

The Feds issue disguises—hooded parkas, mukluks, snowshoes, and wax lips—to Newfoundland swillers. While the Newfies are busy in the shadows dumping seal carcasses down ice holes and rushing furs shipside, a dozen authentic Eskimo families will make like Nanook for the media.

Eskimo squaws will demonstrate seal-oil cooking, smear seal blubber on bread, and insulate the frigid igloos with sealskins. The men will be shown frugally mixing ground seal meat with Hamburger Helper and using the seal whiskers as dental floss.

As the viewing public warms to the sight of malnourished Eskimo children filling their bloated stomachs with McBlubbers, the bulk of the baby-seal meat and other by-products will be sleeping with the fishes, the furs en route to Frankfurt to be reincarnated as toilet-seat covers and dashboard-ornament souvenir Ookpiks.

**5. Operation Mr. T:** Clearly, the main reason people are so down on the slaughter of baby seals is: the critters are so gosh-darned *cute*! Soft, cuddly white fur, adorable little hind flippers, and soulful, sweet young faces that would put a pickle in the pocket of Roman Polanski.

Nobody says "boo" when turkeys have their heads chopped off, or when piglets are lined up against the abattoir wall and shot, because pigs and turkeys are double-bag ugly.

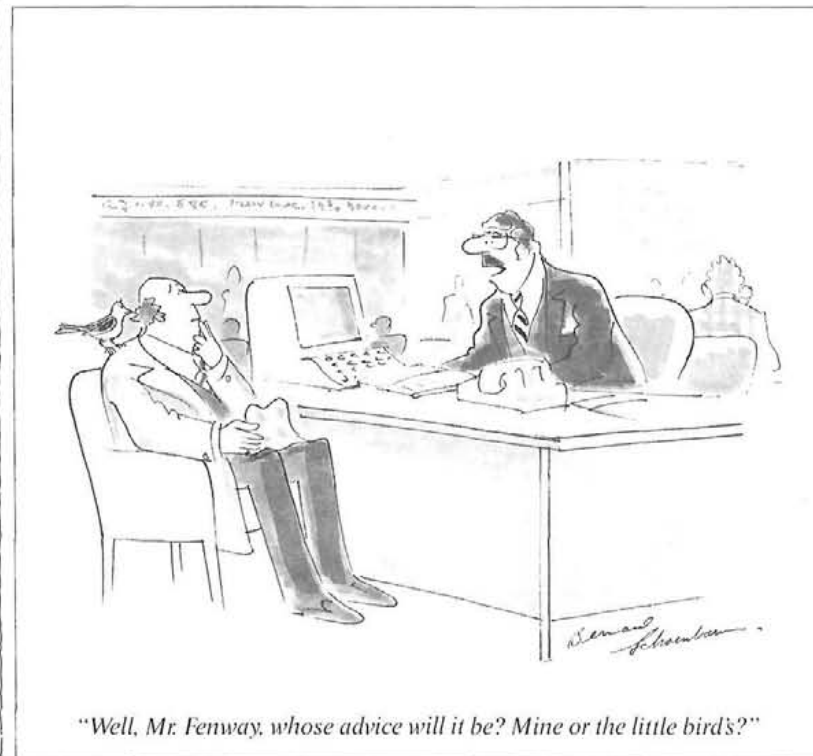
Solution? We make the whitecoats triple-bag ugly! Suggest flying in an army of professional makeup artists and stylists to "prep" the seals before the hunt begins.

When the Greenpeace types arrive, they'll behold creatures so disgusting, they'll beg the hunters to put them under the knife. We'll give them Mr. T Mandinka haircuts and big, fat, hairy warts. We'll make them cross-eyed and force them to wear Indira Gandhi masks.

We'll train them to speak in Punjabi accents so that even the Greenpeace-niks will want to push them under subways. We'll hang furry dice from their flippers, twist their whiskers into dreadlocks, and spray them with skunk oil.

Unfortunately, not even Newfies will want to go near them, let alone wear them. It'll make for a tough season all around.

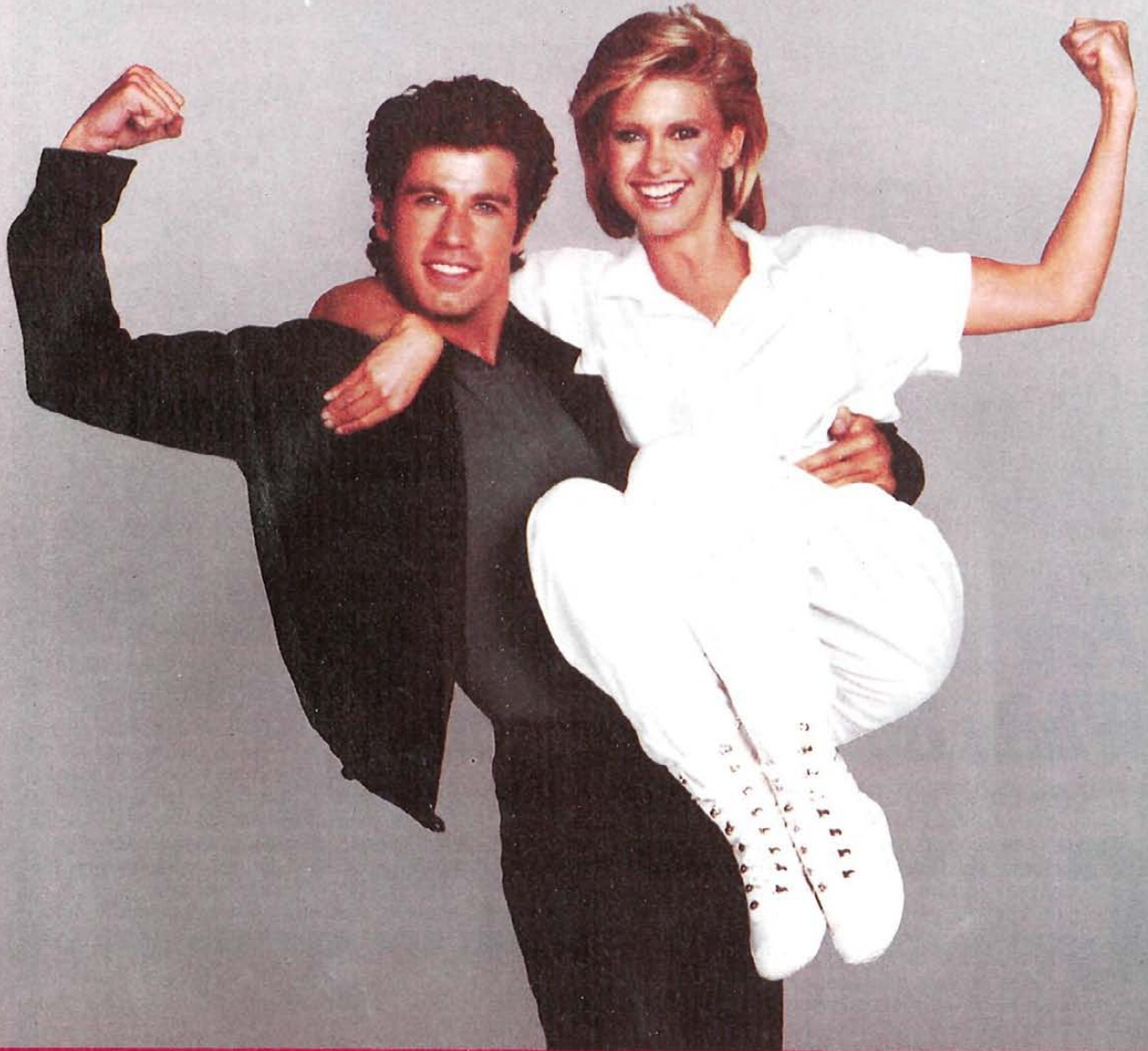
But then, there's always Seal Hunt '85.



"Well, Mr. Fenway, whose advice will it be? Mine or the little bird's?"



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## *Fun and Games in the White House Basement*

BY JOSEPH KILLORIN BRENNAN

**C**ASPAR COULD SMELL THE cigars six levels down—cheap, bottom-leaf stogies, the kind that gave off the rolling, wispy smoke of smoldering truck tires. That, and the stench of sweat unwashed and dried again, drifted up the elevator shaft into the high-tech nostrils of the secretary of defense: Caspar (the friendly ghost-maker) Weinberger. And there was also a hint of dried piss—wino piss, completely devoid of food traces—just the fetid residue of cheap muscatel.

"Have the Marines been pissing in the elevator shaft again?!" the secretary demanded of his companion, James S. Heil. "I ordered a stop to this, Siggie!"

The captain of the Marine Guard swayed a bit; massive doses of Ritalin had somewhat weakened him. "Don't give me that shit, Cap. We're below street level now, remember?"

The secretary nervously objected. "I don't see why the same historical decorum we show the public upstairs in the Green Room can't be practiced on

the code-access floors below!"

"Have you ever been in the Reagans' private quarters?" Siggie retorted. "They're animals! Nancy hasn't washed her underwear since the inaugural, and the old man still lights his farts!"

Caspar blanched. Although he commanded the most awesome death force in the history of the planet, Cap believed in good taste. He made a mental note to have the president's office sprayed for lice.

When they hit bottom, they had to kick the elevator doors open. The room before them was jam-packed with career politicians and bureaucrats, and the heat and cigar smoke made a two-pronged offensive on Cap's well-being. The only light came from crude pitch torches punched through the sheetrock walls. Straw was underfoot, and the secretary reached back to his childhood memories to place that stench of manure.

"Dick Allen got some of the boys from NSA to come over and fix the place up," Siggie said. "A hell of a job, huh?"

"Horse dung!" Cap countered, imagining the camera placements. That Allen, what a prince! Many a man would be compromised here tonight.

"Well, well, well," whined an effeminate voice from behind. They turned to find little Davie Stockman hopping up and down, dressed like a beatnik: felt beret, goatee, sweatshirt, the usual, except for a rhinestone dog collar around his neck. From it a leash led into the presidential suite, which was guarded by ugly Secret Service agents on a mean drunk. "Have we got a show for you!" cried the pint-size economist.

"I liked those hermaphrodites last week," Captain Heil said.

Stockman pranced toward a ring of low walls in the room's center that Cap had thought was an animal pen. "See, this is the pit, and over there on the chalkboards, they'll be keeping track of the bets..."

"Hold it!" Cap ordered. "What's the entertainment, Dave? Mr. Ed?"

Before the young budget director could respond, a savage tug on his leash lifted him off his feet and dragged him horizontally back through the doors. Cap and Siggie were now led to their places by ambassadors of out-of-favor nations. Each wore a sign pinned to his back that said "Kick Me."

Among the crowd, Cap noticed Jesse Helms in a chiffon muumuu, sitting with a group of black transvestites. Tip O'Neill was there, draining quart after quart of warm Champale poured directly into his gullet by attendant union officials. Cap tried to contain his disgust. Years of Washington life had taught him the excesses of government. He had heard about Lyndon Johnson



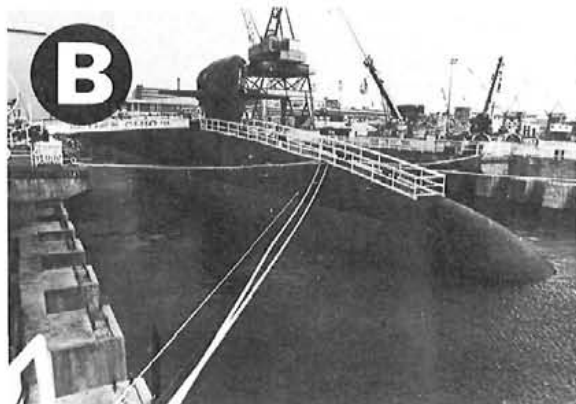
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attending top-secret meetings wearing nothing but a diaper with the presidential seal on his ass. He had watched Nixon pick his nose and wipe it on Kissinger. Jerry Ford had delighted in watching gerbils mate for hours. But this California crowd was different, he thought. The bottled water out there must make you violent, like what's his name, Manson. Ronnie personally supervised nerve-gas tests, and kept an "after" picture in his wallet from the neutron-bomb trials over Nam.

Armpit to armpit, the bastards around Cap fought for better views. Quart bottles of flat Old Milwaukee were all there was to drink. Cap got charged fifty bucks for his beer, while everyone else paid a nickel. When Stockman reemerged he gave orders, and the Secret Service rudely evicted the Joint Chiefs of Staff from the presidential box, yanking them out by their hair. (The generals had been peddling cheap dope in dime zip locks, chanting "Smoke, smoke!")

Davie screamed, "Gentlemen, gentlemen!" above the hysteria. No one thought he was talking to them. "I give you the president of the whole U.S., Ron the Don, as we call him around here, the leader of the Free World, and I do mean free! Let's hear it for Mr. Reagan. Sir!"

The chief executive came out of his suite riding an MX mock-up, whooping and yehawing like Slim Pickens in *Dr. Strangelove*, whipping his cowboy hat against his chaps. "Ride her down!" he hollered, bucking away on the big papier-mâché missile, and the place went bazonkers.

Nancy rode behind her man, rustic-chic in Rough Wear by Calvin. You could see the dirt caked on her neck, and her pit rings were a mile wide. Ed Meese and son brought up the rear, riding tricycles.

"I hate those Meeses to pieces," Cap admitted.

Soon, Stockman regained order and began the show. "Tonight, in performance at the White House Basement—the Mass-Murder All-Stars!"

Cage doors on either side of the ring flew back and out came Death Row's finest: Richard Speck, Juan Corona, Charles Whitman, Albert DeSalvo, Ted Bundy, Ed Gein, and John Wayne Gacy, alongside the less famous Hillside Strangler and Elmer Wayne Henley, who with partner Dean Corll once took down twenty-six in Houston.

"We also have international celebrities," the beatnik Stockman rapped on. "The Yorkshire Ripper and the Indian Hammer Murderer are with us this evening!"

Joyous hoots and general approbation swelled from the mob. Many of the gladiators waved to admirers in the crowd, particularly in the Pentagon section. The president and his party were gobbling handfuls of reds, nose-fuls of angel dust. The justices of the Supreme Court beside Cap kept swallowing nut cups filled with T's and Blues. Sandy O'Connor wasn't wearing his drag outfit tonight.

"The first match on our card this evening," Stockman announced, "will be the Windy City Wonder, John Wayne Gacy, against America's answer to the migrant invasion, Juan 'Killer' Corona!" The applause was thunderous as the combatants entered the ring. "Say, does everyone know what temperature it is in John Wayne Gacy's basement?" Davie teased the crowd. "Forty below!"

At that moment of general hilarity, Corona looked completely outclassed. Minus one eye, overweight, and scared, he kept muttering something about his brother doing the fighting for him. Gacy, meanwhile, was working the crowd for sympathy in his Bozo the Clown outfit. Ron kept calling Gacy "The Duke," and no amount of rebuttal from his aides could convince the president that Gacy was not one of his oldest friends, a Commie-hating B-Western stuntman.

"Place your bets!" Stockman ordered. "Remember the rules. You may wager only authorized funds from your congressional appropriations. And no fair using lobbyist bribes, either!"

Though his job entailed slaughtering millions each day, Cap found no sport in this barbarism. His office in the Pentagon wasn't speckled with blood nor littered with severed limbs. The secretary wanted out, but the rabid fans entangled him, waving their Treasury authorizations at Stockman. The big money was down on Gacy, yet now the room looked to Cap. The Defense Department had the most to lose.

"Kick a billion on Corona," Cap blurted out after Siggie's elbow found his ribs. The president was staring Pershing 2's right through him.

Gacy began to circle Corona. Under the so-called rules, each had to use the tools of his trade. Corona had the machete he had used to fertilize Little Feather River, and the Duke had long thin balloons that he was squeakily tying into dog shapes. Gacy circled Corona, his clown feet flapping. Around them, lunacy bloomed. Spit, curses, spilled beer, and venom cascaded into the pit.

"Rip his lips off!" someone shouted behind Cap's ear.

With one deft feint and parry, Gacy

lunged and drove a balloon straight through Big Juan's heart. A roar went up. Gacy quickly twisted and knotted together a nifty Napoleon hat and plopped it on the head of the stone-dead wetback butcher. The Commander in Chief went berserk, promoting Gacy to under secretary of genocide on the spot. Jerry Ford leaped from his seat to embrace the little-boy killer, but one of the plates in the back of Ford's skull came loose, clearly exposing the wiring. The ex-president was escorted out, giving up his seat to Gacy.

In the next match, Chuck Whitman climbed up on the fence and blew Dick Speck away in the first second. Ted Bundy versus Albert DeSalvo was a bore. They circled, fainted, and generally tried to con each other, until Whitman wasted them both from fifty yards, to the general approval of all. Ed Gein, the original Psycho Killer, though advanced in years, managed to kill, gut, and dress down the Hillside Strangler, but he himself was turned into a lampshade when Elmer Henley took a tag from the Strangler and jumped Gein from behind. Henley was nailing Ed to an improvised altar when Stockman released the Yorkshire Ripper and the Indian Hammer Murderer. The vivid free-for-all that followed would have turned the stomach of a Hun. In the end, only Gacy and Whitman remained standing.

"Get 'em, Duke!" the leader of the executive branch exhorted above the frenzied din. Behind him, the chief executive officers of the top Fortune 500 corporations were passing a pint of Ripple as they made their bets.

Then, before Stockman could start the championship bout, Gacy charged across the ring and garroted the University of Texas sharpshooter from behind. Cries of "Foul!" were drowned in one loud familiar shout.

"Hold everything!" All heads turned to the door. Big Al Haig had crashed the party. "I'm in charge here!" he cried, launching a ground-to-air missile from his back, vaporizing Gacy, clown suit and all.

Ron the Don took command. "You're not wanted here, Haig!" he chided his former secretary of state. "We only want real mass murderers. Come back with Dean Rusk or Harry Truman, maybe even Kissinger, but you're strictly small potatoes, Al!"

"All right, Mr. President," Haig smoldered. "If it's mass murderers you want..." He turned to his bodyguards. "Send for my second."

The whole room froze in anticipation. Who could outslaughter these pros? Stalin was dead and Pol Pot was



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The RX-735 is unquestionably Mitsubishi.

And it's only second to one.



**Diamond Collection: RX-735.**

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busy out of town. Then through the door came Nixon, heavy of beard and baggy of face, all strung out on ludes.

"You and me, Ron! Let's go," he babbled. "To the death, you punk! I'll show you how to destroy a world!"

The feverish betting that followed greatly swelled the national debt. Try as she might, Nancy couldn't restrain her husband. Ron stripped down to his lichen-covered skivvies while Nixon was being greased up with Crisco, and Haig cracked vials of amyl nitrite under his nose. Caspar couldn't take another foul minute of this. He tried to squeeze out, but Nixon shouted after him.

"Stick around, Cap! In another second, I might be your boss again!" Cap grudgingly returned.

Nixon had hair everywhere on his body, which Reagan used effectively in handfuls to get a takedown. The two demented statesmen grappled furiously, humping, grunting, and heaving. Ronnie bit Dick's leg, and Dickie knuckled Ron in the eye. They exchanged rabbit punches and groin kicks and slogged back and forth across the muddy pit, to the delight of the maniacs assembled. At one point, they got too close to Nancy, and the former hack actress stretched out a leg to stomp the spike heel of her Adolfo pump into Nixon's eye.

"You and Sammy Davis Jr., eh, Dick?" the rabid First Lady cackled, flicking Valiums into her mouth from a Pez dispenser.

Reagan was in better shape and took control of the match now, showing off for the crowd by slowly beating Nixon senseless. He jumped up and down on top of Nixon, and suddenly, in the eyes of everyone there, Nixon was getting his, getting what he had given them all those years. Cap Weinberger leaped to his feet, chanting "Stomp Nixon!" along with all the others.

But the old vice-president was just dogging it. As Ronnie was about to finish him off with a roundhouse Mexican body drop and optional head butt, Nixon pulled a straight razor out of his boot. The crowd tried to warn Ronnie, but Nixon whipped that gleaming blade up under the president's turkey wattles.

"What'll it be?" Nixon shouted. In a smoky, darkened basement, the power elite of our great country almost to a man gave the thumbs-down signal. Cap alone gave the thumbs-up. In his mind's eye, he saw how the next morning's banner headlines would read: "GIPPER GIVES UP THE GHOST; Beloved President Succumbs in Sleep; Nancy Beside Him to the End; Bereaved Associate Weinberger a Suicide." ■



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America's Jolly Good

\*\*\*\*\*

# Time of the Month

DECEMBER EDITION

## Prez Sends Security Guards to Lebanon

PRESIDENT RONALD REAGAN, AVOIDING a confrontation with Congress over the War Powers Resolution, has announced that, as of today, all Marines currently in Lebanon will "no longer be considered Marines, but American Security Guards."

In keeping with the order, Marines will be ordered to discard their regulation uniforms and wear navy blue hats, shirts, and trousers instead. In addition, all Marines will have to wear thick black shoes and carry large but ineffective guns on their belts.

"This should settle the question once and for all," Reagan told reporters. "Now it's just like going into a department store. Having those security guards in a store is as good as having policemen there, although they aren't policemen. And having American Security Guards in Beirut is just as good as having Marines there, although I won't have to tell Congress why I'm keeping our soldiers there, allowing

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 24)



American Security Guards on duty in Beirut.



Philippine tourism officials display the warm welcome for which their country is so well known.

## Reagan, Marcos Sponsor Philippine Junkets

**I**N A BOLD MOVE SIGNALING A new era of cooperation between their countries, President Ronald Reagan and President Ferdinand Marcos of the Philippines have announced that they will host a series of "Political Education Junkets" for all American presidential candidates.

"This is a bilateral effort that will forever link our two countries in political history," Reagan commented.

"We'll roll out our red carpet," Marcos claimed, "from the military welcome at Benigno Aquino Memorial Airport, to the police escort through Manila, to the hearse back to the airport. Everyone who comes will be treated well, believe me."

President Reagan proudly added that "U.S. taxpayers won't be paying one cent for these trips. All of the money has been donated anonymously. This donor has picked up the fare for the one-way tickets and everything.

Did I say one-way? I meant two-way, I mean both ways, for the trip there, and for the body coming back. Ooops."

Reagan has stated that he will not be going on the trips. "I'm the president now," he told reporters. "I'm not a candidate."

## Australian Panic!

CITIZENS OF AUSTRALIA ARE IN A panic over recent announcements by the U.S. Surgeon General, who claims that new "antigravity" boots and exercise devices can cause spinal injuries and high blood pressure.

"We're bloody upside down all of our lives," Australia's Surgeon General has countered. "My God, I can feel the blood going to my head right now. I think I'm gonna burst. Better get me a Foster's!"



(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23)

them to be shot at and killed, when the reason is best kept secret, just between me and a few close friends."

In addition, Reagan lashed out at critics who claim that he has deliberately involved American troops in overseas hostilities with no regard to his political responsibilities as Commander in Chief.

"These are *not* hostilities," Reagan claimed. "Those Druse militiamen are just doing their jobs. Now, if they were to call us names, or if they really didn't like us *personally*, then it would be hostile. But I don't think they hate us, they're just doing their jobs."

In conclusion, Reagan told his audience, "The minute I get wind that those Druse militiamen are calling us names or fighting dirty, then I'll get mad and send in the Marines." ■

## 162 Members Stand Tall at Family Reunion

DES MOINES WAS THE SITE THIS YEAR of the annual legendary Rection family reunion. The patriarch of the family, Hugh G. Rection, told reporters he was "proud and pleased" to be surrounded by the entire clan, which totals well over 150 people.

"People used to think of our family name as some kind of gag, put in the phone book by crazy kids," Hugh commented. "Well, someone calls our house, and I tell him I'm damn proud to be a Rection."

Sons Tyne E. Rection and Ivan E. Rection were in attendance, as well as grandson Ted "Shorty" Rection, cousins Howard E. Rection and Norma Z. Rection. E. Mensie-Rection represented the English branch of the family.

Unable to attend was Jack S.E. Rection, Hugh G. Rection's younger brother, who was ostracized from the family years ago after he changed his name to "Big Red" Eric T. Rection. "He carried a good thing too far" was a comment heard by many family members about the absent Rection.

Motel staff hosting the reunion were immensely pleased with the family's patronage, and found nothing amusing in their customers' names. "They're just regular customers to me," claimed motel manager C. D. Boner. ■



Arab oil minister Sheikh Yamani angrily denounces other OPEC member countries after meeting.

## Laffs, Yuks, Hoots Riddle OPEC Summit

**A** WAVE OF PRACTICAL JOKES SO disrupted a recent meeting of the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries that one Arabian oil minister left the summit in a reported "huff."

"You call this funny? No. It is not funny," Sheikh Ahmad Zaki Yamani told reporters as he boarded his plane. "Funny is something else, but it is not this. I would not call this funny in my presence if I were you."

Yamani was fuming over an embarrassing incident the previous evening, when an article on vibrating eggs from *Penthouse* magazine was mysteriously substituted for a speech Yamani was about to deliver on oil-price supports.

The switch, which Yamani did not discover until midway through the speech, when he reached a particularly raunchy passage about vaginal stimulation, was only the latest in a series of bizarre practical jokes that have disrupted the conference's efforts to find a solution to price disputes among OPEC member nations.

Earlier in the summit, Venezuelan representative Hernando Ortega flew into a rage when he discovered a large "Kick Me" sign on the back of his suit during a crucial meeting of the steering

committee. Ortega's pleas for moderation in crude-oil-depletion allowances had been ignored at that meeting.

It is not clear who is responsible for the pranks, but there have been allegations of CIA involvement—allegations vigorously denied by several CIA agents who were observed hanging around the Geneva hotel where the conference is being held. "We're here on vacation, so please leave us alone," the agents said, and went back to filling hundreds of condoms with water. Asked about the condoms, they replied, "That's a part of our vacation fun we're not at liberty to discuss."

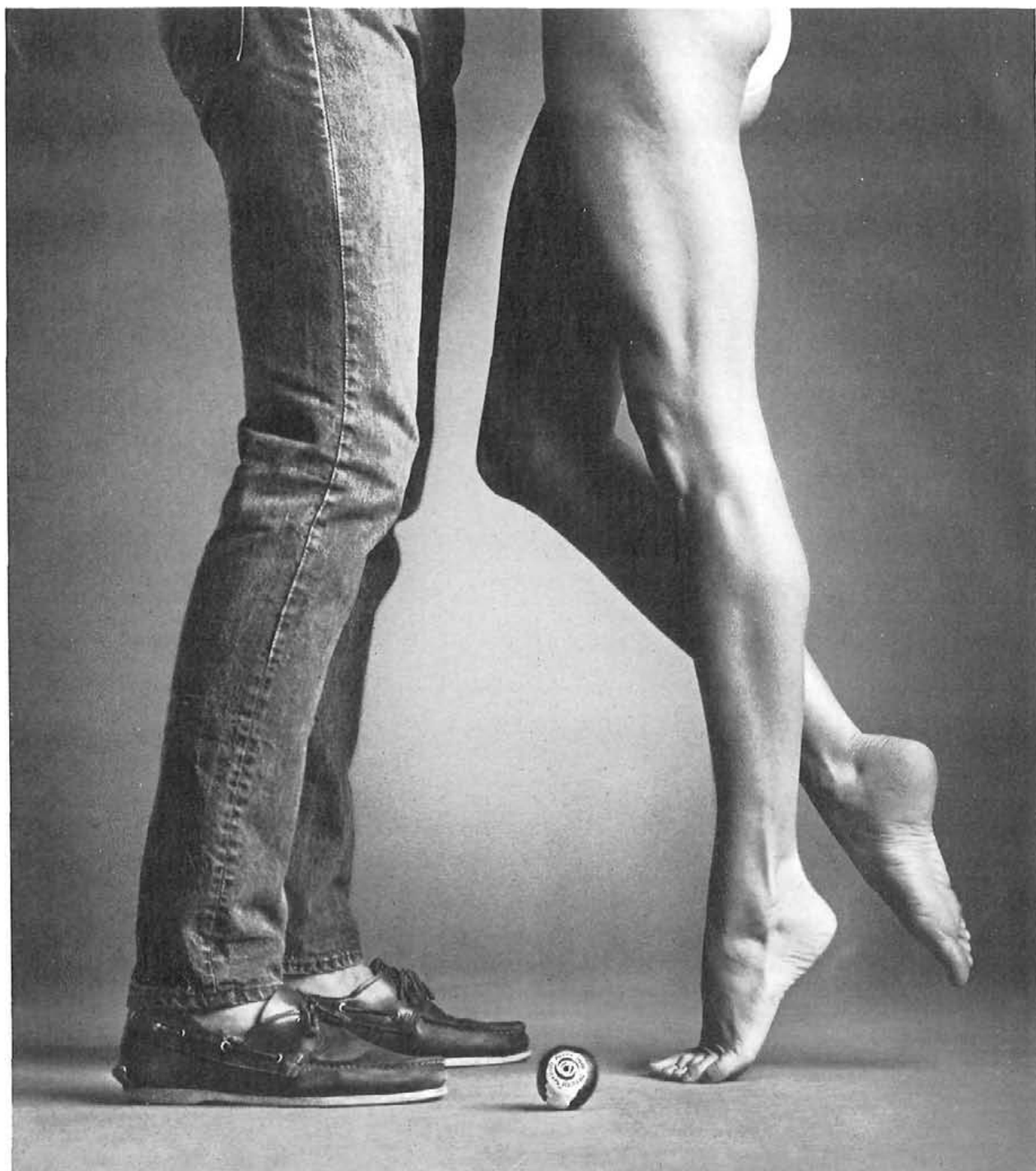
Reaction to the mysterious pranks has not been entirely negative. "Somebody short-sheeted my bed," remarked Libyan strongman Colonel Muammar Qaddafi, an opponent of the controversial price supports, "but otherwise I'm having the time of my life." ■

**Time  
of the  
Month**

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# "The Gabor's Are Frauds," Claims California Woman

A WOMAN WHO CLAIMS SHE IS THE fourth Gabor sister announced at a press conference today that her sisters are "frauds who have been bilking the American public for years." Debbi Gabor, thirty-eight, of Tarzana, California, a suburb of Los Angeles, said, "My sisters have been pretending to be movie stars just so they could get on talk shows, marry tycoons, and start wig companies."

She went on to say that none of her glamorous sisters, well known to the American public, was ever in any movies. "Have you ever seen them in anything? Have you? Okay, besides 'Green Acres.' Anyway, that was just a fluke."

Miss Gabor, a successful real estate agent in the San Fernando Valley, warned the press that her sisters would

deny her accusations. "They've been living in this fantasy world for so long now that they've begun to believe it themselves. Eva denies that I'm even her sister."

Reached at their homes in Beverly Hills, Paris, and Miami Beach, Eva, Magda, and Zsa Zsa all denied the accusations. Eva Gabor did indeed insist that Debbi Gabor was not her sister. "Really, dahling," she was quoted as saying, "it's preposterous. How could it be true? Our dear mama, Jolie, would never have named her child *Debbi*."

Zsa Zsa, speaking to a correspondent from "Entertainment Tonight," said, "How ridiculous. Everyvahn knows I was in movies." Asked to recount exactly which movies she was in, Zsa Zsa replied, "Don't be a fool, dahling. You insult me. I was in...ah...ah

...*Mars Needs Women*...I tink. Unless it was Agnes Moorehead..." She declined to comment further.

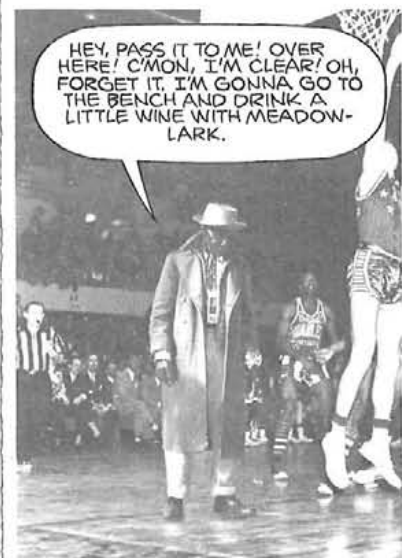
Jolie Gabor, mother of the famous sisters, said, "Debbi was a change-of-life baby for me, and she nefah gave me a moment of peace. I safed her from the Communists when ve fled from Hungary, and dis is de tanks I get."

Debbi retaliated by saying, "We're not even Hungarian. We're Negroes, and we're from Detroit." ■



"I vorked hard for everything I haf," claims Zsa Zsa Gabor. "And if you gif me a minute, I'll be able to tell you just what day it vas that I vorked so hard." ■

# Globetrotters, Practically Dead, Call It Quits



HEY, PASS IT TO ME! OVER HERE! C'MON, I'M CLEAR! OH, FORGET IT, I'M GONNA GO TO THE BENCH AND DRINK A LITTLE WINE WITH MEADOW-LARK.

Holden "Curly" Neal, the Globetrotters' 105-year-old forward and ball-handling expert, as he appeared at the team's final performance. He stopped bothering to wear a uniform several years ago, opting for warmer street clothes.

DURING A TEARFUL PRESS CONFERENCE at New York's Madison Square Garden, the Harlem Globetrotters announced their retirement and expressed gratitude to three generations of Globetrotter fans. "We just want to say thank you, man," a woeful Ellis "Goosesnaple" Jones told reporters. "But now we're washed-up, unfunny old guys, and we should just admit it." Jones went on to tell a gloomy tale of half-filled arenas and customers jeering the performance of players such as Holden "Curly" Neal, his arthritic, stricken appendages ironically mimicking his nickname as he launched into his last "Mr. Dribble" routine. Neal, believed to be somewhere in his hundreds, lost sight of the basketball five seconds after he began, and continued to spin and weave elaborately, literally bouncing "thin air." When the crowd tired of the unrehearsed pantomime and careened ice cubes off Neal's liver-spotted bald head, knocking him unconscious, the rest of the team tried to patch things up with their famed "magic circle." As the opening strains of "Sweet Georgia Brown" wafted from the loudspeakers, Marvis "Chimpola" Minx

opened with a behind-the-back pass that flew twelve feet over the head of intended recipient Ed "Waterfountain" Freed, abruptly ending that segment of the show. Attempting to finish on an upbeat note, "Sudden" Sam Jeepers grabbed a bucket of water for the customary "pail of confetti" gag and dumped it over his own head, spoiling everything. ■

# Greeley to Seek Own Level on TV

FOLLOWING THE SUCCESS OF "THE People's Court," the daytime program that brings viewers into the courtroom, NBC-TV has announced a new program, "The People's Confessional."

The show's host will be Father Andrew Greeley, author of the best-sellers *Thy Brother's Wife* and *The Cardinal Sins*, who will listen to the intimate secrets of other priests in his Chicago church as cameras zero in on close-ups of the sinners' faces. Greeley, promised fifteen thousand dollars a week, says he's interested in televising "only the most lascivious" confessions, like "sex between priests and children, sex between priests and animals, and other grotesque humiliations." ■



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# Jews Milk Faith in New "Whey"

YET ANOTHER OFFSHOOT OF THE JEWISH faith—this group advocating a strict dairy diet—has begun to clog city street corners with proselytes and leaflets.

The new sect, Jews for Cheeses, preaches the eating of only dairy foods, a practice it derives from a Torah edict that forbids, among other things, boiling a goat in its mother's milk.

In order to bring their practices into focus, Jews for Cheeses have, to a significant degree, rewritten Jewish law and custom to their own specifications. For example, while retaining the Five Books of Moses and the Talmud, they have revised the "Half and Halftorah." They have also furnished an updated version of *The Dairy of Anne Frank*. In addition, traditional Jewish songs have been rewritten to "Hava Na Gouda" and "Shalom Albumen."

The sect has kept much of Jewish ceremony, including the rite for thirteen-year-olds, which it terms the "Camembert mitzvah." It also celebrates many of the same holidays, such



Jews for Cheeses tend to their flock.

as Egg Foo Yom Kippur and Rosh Hashanegg Nog.

The big cheese for the outfit, Rabbi Meir Kahannukuh, calls his group's "homolewnization" a necessary process toward "retaining the purity of the Jewish religion. Unlike our cousins, the Jews for Jesus, we are, truly, the 'whey' of God."



Another victim of guerrilla brutality grieves at the thought of going home.

## Salvadoran Foot Soldiers Losing Toehold

THE PROVISIONAL PRESIDENT of El Salvador has accused guerrillas in his country of "fighting a war of debilitation rather than an honest, masculine, *mano a mano*, *hombre* war of death and blood and trails of still-warm intestines." Alvaro Magaña specifically cited reports that the guerrillas had taken to shooting government soldiers in the foot in record numbers.

According to Magaña, over 30 percent of the Salvadoran army regulars have been shot in the foot in recent months, including entire platoons who have gone out on patrol only to return within minutes sporting bleeding foot wounds. "It's a very insidious form of psychological warfare," he said. "Our men return from battle pretty much unscathed, fit and ready to fight in all respects, except that they can't walk and are therefore useless as soldiers. We are forced to send them back to their families and farms, where they languish in depression over the fact that they can't serve for the glory of El Salvador."

Magaña requested an additional

\$100 billion from Washington to be used in the construction of bulletproof combat boots and the purchase of new parachutes. "There's something wrong with the parachutes we have now," he explained. "They are very hard to maneuver, and the soldiers keep landing badly and breaking their feet."

## Weather Alert

THE NATIONAL WEATHER SERVICE, responding to critics who claim their broadcasted warnings are too mild to be effective, has revised its warning messages to read as follows:

"Hey, shit-for-brains! Get your goddamn ass out of the street and into a hole, 'cause there's hellfire coming from out of the sky. Maybe you don't care what happens, but personally we'd rather not pick up your windblown, rain-soaked carcass out of the street after this shitstorm blows over. So do us a favor and move inside now. You think we're kidding? Go tell it to the Red Cross, piss-ant!"



# 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!

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Say it ain't so, Joe" with this all-new Black Sox jacket that celebrates the pathological liar, cheat, and scapegoat in us all. It's slick-looking, with a genuine silklike feel. Looks great while you're sitting on the bench watching everyone else play.

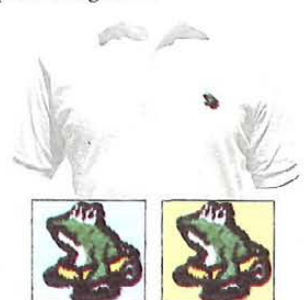


(TS-1030) ..... \$31.95

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

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



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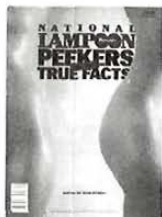
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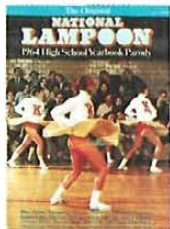
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BY SEAN KELLY



In the month of October, Anno Domini 1983,  
The Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, having nothing better to do,  
Took under consideration the Mystery of the Incarnation,  
Noel! Noel! Sing we now Noel!,  
For that Pawtucket, R.I. (O little town of Pawtucket!),  
An incorporated municipality, did municipally intend  
"To sponsor a Nativity scene in an otherwise commercial Christmas display,"  
In excelsis Deo,  
And were opposed, on First Amendment grounds, by the very worst  
Kind of religious fanatics, anti-religious fanatics, but supported  
By the Justice Department, whose friend-of-the-court brief maintained  
"That the crèche would preserve a part of our heritage."  
O tidings of comfort and joy.  
No carpenter, virgin, ox, ass, angel, shepherd, or Magus was called to testify,  
None of the above being considered, traditionally, friends of the court,  
And the duly subpoenaed Spirit of St. Francis, original  
Creator of Crèches, was unavailable, out of town, in  
Lebanon, El Salvador, or some other  
Godforsaken place.  
There was no question in anybody's mind that the Madonna  
Was not eligible, under the circumstances,  
For a federally funded abortion  
(What Childe is this?).  
And moot as well was the well-displayed figure of Holland's ancient  
Archbishop Nicholas,  
Patron saint of children (all present agreeing  
He has become part of our heritage: a jolly old elf, who  
Sees you when you're sleeping, knows when you're awake,  
Knows if you've been bad or good, he taps phones, for goodness sake!).  
Among exhibits deemed inadmissible at the proceedings were  
Next season's expanded commercial plans for the local Lingerie Shoppe's  
slogan,  
"Wise Men Do Their Shopping Here!" or the bank's equally catchy  
"Jesus Saves"; but  
Under cross-examination, a Chamber of Commerce guy admitted  
To having slightly altered a part of our heritage already  
By repainting Rudolph's nose Red White and Blue;  
On the other hand, certain of the ACLU types were forced to admit  
To being Jewish. Adeste, fideles!  
In the end, before it could be generally agreed whether  
A boy born in poverty and eventually executed by the Duly  
Constituted Authorities was indeed part of our heritage,  
Concerned Members of the Private Sector came forward  
And volunteered to construct and maintain the crèche  
With private funds, on private land. But where?  
(There was no room at the Holiday Inn.)  
Long lay the world, in sin and error pining,  
Until in keeping with the spirit of the season, a compromise was reached  
Among men of goodwill, and the Nativity was placed  
In a universal, ecumenical place of worship, in Pawtucket, R.I.:  
The Shopping Center.  
(And the small child Jesus smile on you.)





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**Nothing was stirring but  
Seagram's Seven and...**



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CHALVINIST PUS POUCH.

YEAH, LINES LIKE THAT WENT OUT IN THE FUCKIN' FIFTIES.

GOD, GUYS LIKE THAT MAKE ME ASHAMED TO HAVE A COCK.







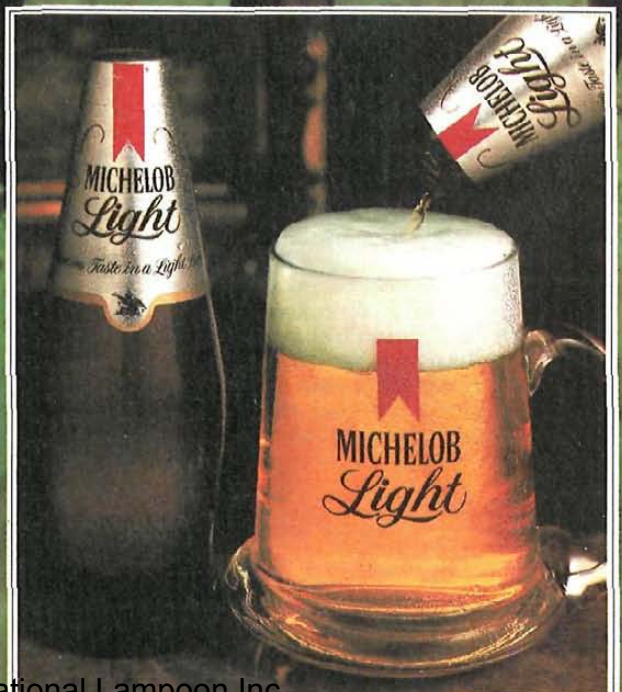
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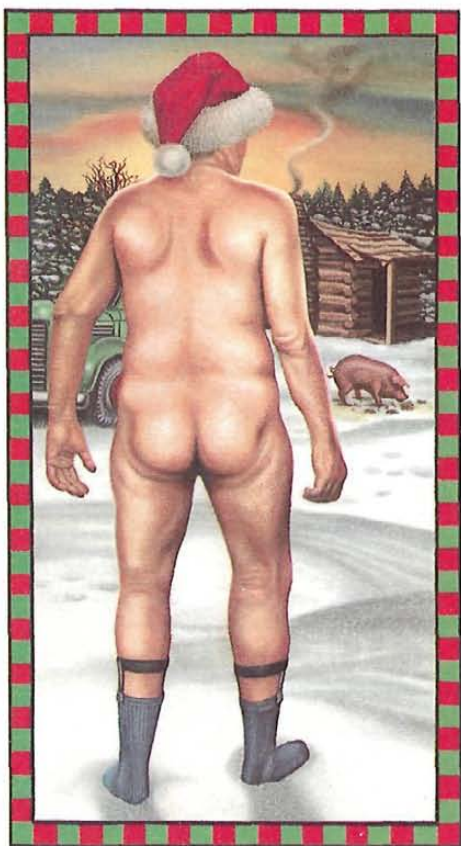
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## MIRACLE IN MALLIS COUNTY

BY PETER GAFFNEY

IT BEIN' THE DAY BEFORE CHRISTMAS, Daddy said Lew-Bob and me better go down to Glitsford and get some vittles for Christmas dinner, and he said we'd get whupped real good if we wasn't back by dark with a big fat tom turkey. I don't know how Daddy expected us to buy a turkey when he didn't give us no money; I guessed we'd just have to figure that one out when we got to Glits-  
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 48)



## A Reggae Christmas Carol

BY KEVIN CURRAN

HE WAS DEAD; HELL, YES. EVERYONE knows that, even readers of *Rolling Stone*. The man went to the big ganja plantation in the sky and puffs down on all of us now. Some say that's why the smog has gotten so much worse in Los Angeles.

Billy Joe Scrooge of Havisham Hollow, West Virginia, was very much alive, though. It was late December and be-  
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 56)





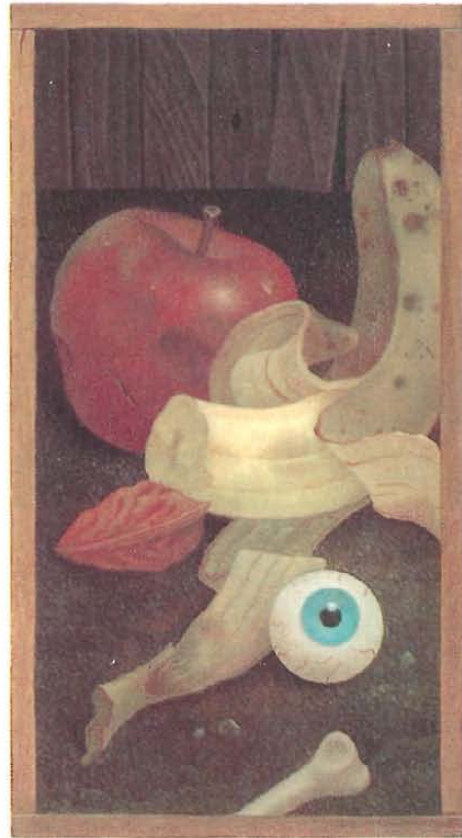
## The Gospel According to Luke-Bob

BY FRED GRAVER

AND IT CAME TO PASS IN THOSE DAYS, that there went out a summons from the Court, that Jo-Jo Pyle should face charges of being drunk and disorderly and resisting arrest.

2 And this summons was first made when Wallace was Governor of Alabama.

3 And everyone who received that summons had better show up, or his  
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 66)



## THE GIFT OF THE MAGPIE

BY GLENN EICHLER

ONE FOOD STAMP AND EIGHTY-SEVEN cents. That was all. And sixty cents of it was in blood-caked pennies. Pennies earned one and two at a time by visiting the hospital and the free clinic and the burn center and selling pints of blood until one's cheeks drained with the silent impunity of having sold so much blood that a silent dipstick in the brain was screaming "Add a quart!" One  
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 38)



# MAGPIE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37)

food stamp and eighty-seven cents. And the next day would be Christmas.

There was clearly nothing to do but flop down on the shabby little couch and howl, only the couch had been sold some time before the table was repossessed. So Del-Rae did the next best thing, flopping down on the dirt floor and howling, pausing only to kick a small rat turd out of the way.

Now, there were two possessions of Del-Rae and Raydell Young in which they both took a mighty pride. One was Del-Rae's beautiful set of corneas. People from all over Corn Hollow County had commented on those corneas. Del-Rae was known for her stunning clear blue eyes, the irises as unpolluted as a just-cleaned toilet with a new supply of Ty-D-bol, the pupils blacker than black, the whites only occasionally marred by a broken blood vessel of the tiniest magnitude. That she had a slight problem with nearsightedness was her and Raydell's secret; so far as anyone else knew, Del-Rae's eyes were her greatest asset. And folks agreed: without those corneas—those hypnotic, mystical corneas—her eyes would be nothing.

The Youngs' other pride and joy was Raydell's moose head. The moose had been shot by Raydell's great-granddaddy, back in the days before the Dust Bowl, when the Youngs had owned both a rifle and some bullets. It had been handed down from generation to generation until it stood today under a blanket in what had been Del-Rae and Raydell's living room before the wall collapsed and made it part of

the kitchen. Raydell would take it out and polish the antlers every Saturday night.

Del-Rae stood up and dried her eyes, glancing at her reflection in the hubcap that Raydell had turned into a vanity mirror. She saw the beautiful corneas and faltered for a minute; then she pulled on her coveralls and a Caterpillar T-shirt and was out the hole where the door used to be.

Where she stopped the sign read: "Dr. Bernard. Organs of All Kinds." One flight up Del-Rae ran, collapsing at the top and not moving until her meager supply of blood had recirculated. Bernard, fat, drunk, dripping mucus, hardly looked the "Doctor."

"Will you buy my corneas?" asked Del-Rae.

"I buy corneas," said Bernard. "But I'm fresh out of anesthetic, so it may smart some."

"Give it to me quick," said Del-Rae.

Oh, and the next two hours Del-Rae tripped over everything. But she didn't mind; in fact, she loved it, all of it, even doing a few improvised soft-shoe routines with her new cane. She ransacked the K mart "looking" for Raydell's gift, then the 7-Eleven, then Sears. It wasn't until she got to the Baptist Mission Thrift Store, however, that she found exactly what she wanted, at least according to the clerk's description and what little impression she got by running her hands over it.

It had surely been made for Raydell and no one else. There was no other like it in any of the stores, that was certain. It was a meticulously stuffed and preserved moose body, arranged in an action pose, with the left foreleg raised as if to walk. This moose, whoever he was, had been a proud and

mighty creature, with powerful muscles and a stance of authority—just the impression Del-Rae got from Raydell's great-granddaddy's moose head. Del-Rae had been quite the seamstress in her time, in fact throughout her whole life right up until she had had herself blinded a few hours ago. She knew that after a period of adjustment she'd be able to join this body with Raydell's head to create a moose with an almost invisible seam. She was in heaven.

When Del-Rae reached home her intoxication gave way a little to prudence and reason; it had occurred to her that Raydell might be ticked off at having a sightless wife. She stood in the living room/kitchen for several hours, putting her hair in tight little braids and practicing singing "My Cherie Amour," hoping to dispel any awkwardness with this little joke.

Raydell was never late, and at six o'clock he walked promptly through the door hole, carrying a deposit bottle and three spark plugs he'd found in his daily search through the town dump. Del-Rae stumbled forward to meet him, banging her leg on a cinder block they'd meant to turn into a pillow someday. Her bandage fell off, and Raydell froze, his eyes fixed on her. There was an expression in them that she would not have been able to read even if she could see.

"What the hell..." he said.

"Raydell, honcy," she cried, "please don't be mad! I had my corneas cut out because I couldn't have lived through Christmas without giving you a present. You won't mind, will you? I just had to do it. Say 'Merry Christmas,' Raydell, and let's be happy. My cherie amour, lovely as a summer's day..."

"You've cut out your corneas?" asked Raydell laboriously, as if he had not arrived at that patent fact yet even though his own mother had sold her pineal gland last year to buy a George Jones concert ticket.

"Cut 'em out and sold 'em," said Del-Rae. "Don't you like me just as well anyhow?"

Raydell seemed to come out of his trance. He enfolded his Del-Rae, hugging her, gently guiding her lips to his as she attempted to kiss his ear. "Of course I like you just as well," he said. "You'll always be my life, my love, my own little frosted Pop-Tart. But if you'll unwrap this package you'll see why you had me going for a spell."

Del-Rae tore at the package, then felt around the contents within until her joy turned to tears. What should have been a dream come true turned into a sad, somebody-done-somebody-wrong song.

For there lay The Glasses—the sleek, mold-injected, fracture-resistant





Hello Kitty glasses that Del-Rae had worshiped for so long in a Woolworth's window. She knew without groping them that these were the ones with the little rhinestones in the corners of the frames, the ones she'd always tease Raydell about and say, "If I had those, boy, I'd be something. Really something."

"The optician at Woolworth's gave me a special deal," Raydell said quietly. "He said if I didn't tell his boss, he'd put in a special pair of all-purpose near-sighted-folks' lenses that would fix your eyes up good and you wouldn't even have to come in for a subscription. So I did it, only I'm not so sure right now that these glasses are gonna help you any."

Del-Rae clutched the glasses to her bosom, fighting back the tears. At length she looked up with a hopeful smile and said, "I could save up and have them put in dark lenses."

Suddenly she jumped up—Raydell hadn't seen his present yet! She stumbled backward until she felt the moose body, hidden carefully under the sheet they'd bought when they'd had a bed. She yanked the sheet off and, knowing Raydell would be staring at the moose, said, "Isn't it a beauty? I hunted all over town to find it. I'm gonna sew your great-granddaddy's head on here if you thread the needle for me, and then I bet we'll be the only couple in Corn Hollow County with a whole moose!"

At first, Raydell didn't say anything. Then he smiled, and in a quiet voice said, "Del-Rae, I love you more than anything, more than any old Christmas present, I can tell you that there. I don't need a moose, not so long as I have you. I sold the moose head to buy the glasses, and besides, that's a horse carcass you got there, and a pretty old one too. I'm starving—what do you say we skin Trigger here and have a Christmas feast?"

The magpie, as you know, were two birds—wonderfully wisecracking birds—who wreaked havoc everywhere they went. They perfected the art of senseless cruelty. Being wisecracking, they bruised and maimed and assaulted and heckled and jeckled, and were never called to account. And here I have lamely related to you the uneventful chronicle of two dirt-poor children in a doorless shack who most unwisely sacrificed for each other their corneas and moose head, respectively. But in a last word to the wisecracking, let it be said that those who laugh at the sale of others' corneas and moose heads are the wisecrackingest. Of all who give and receive pain, such as they are wisecrackingest. Everywhere they are wisecrackingest. They are the magpie. ■



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# The ABC's of Reaganomics

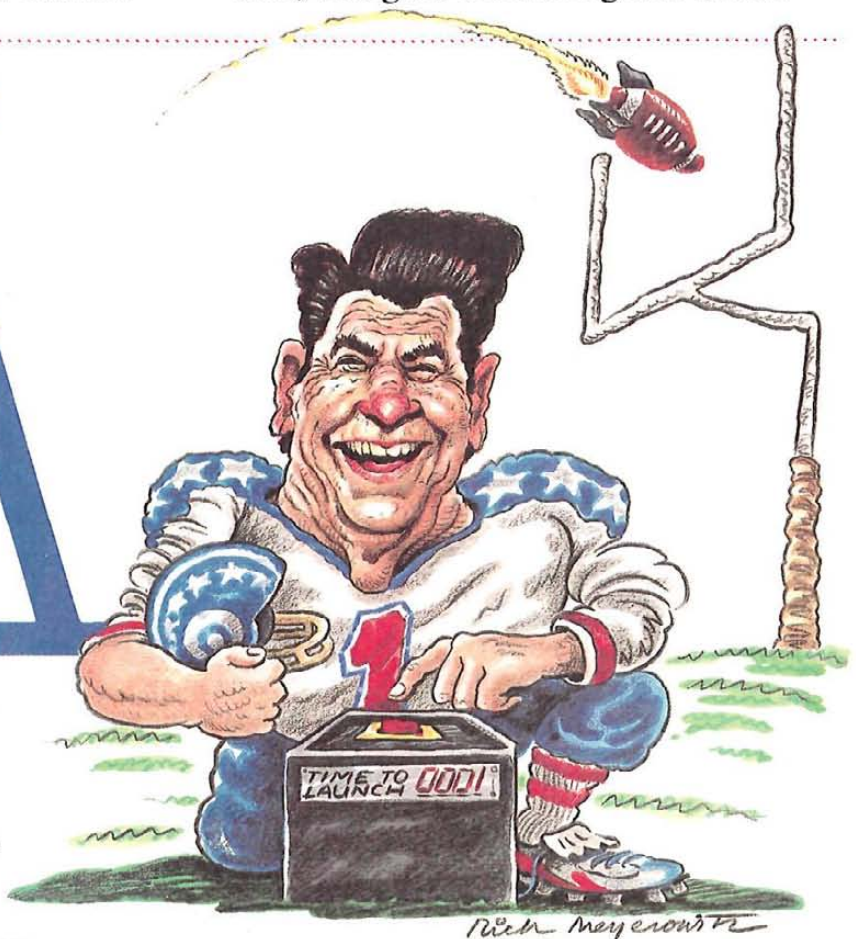
BY SEAN KELLY AND RICK MEYEROWITZ

Admit it. Sometimes when you see the Aged Incumbent selling wheat to the Evil Empire, you're confused. When a "Right to Life" administration cuts back on health care, you're perplexed. When a conservative regime proposes to pave the national parks, you're puzzled. When a laissez-faire policy results in mergers and monopolies, you're downright bewildered.

Well, listen. It's really so simple a child can understand it. Hell, David Stockman can understand most of it. And doubtless somewhere in the confidential papers of the Reagan presidency, to be declassified half a century after the nuclear Armageddon, there is a simple, easy-to-read guide to how it all works, prepared by Milton Friedman's staff, that goes something like this....

# A

A is for atom, the answer to all  
The aches that annoy us,  
the angsts that appall;  
It will power our plowshare,  
make swift our bright sword,  
And assure our quick flight  
to the arms of Our Lord!





# B



B is for Bonzo, whose bedtime we viewed  
Way back then, at the Bijou. The audience  
booded,  
But the star's career blossomed. He's working  
these days  
With a whole cast of monkeys! (Experience  
pays.)

# C



C is for cheese (as in "Cheese? Let 'em  
eat it!")—  
A choice source of protein and fat.  
Behaviorists gaze on amazed. Can you beat it?  
Bait placed in a trap by a rat!

# D



D is for demagogue, dangerous, dumb,  
Deceitful, destructive, and dense.  
*Far* right on most issues, *extreme* right on  
some,  
But constantly straddling—defense.

# E



E's for experts and energy. M is for mass,  
And c's for the speed of light;  
When the latter gets squared, experts say,  
be prepared  
To kiss your end good-night.

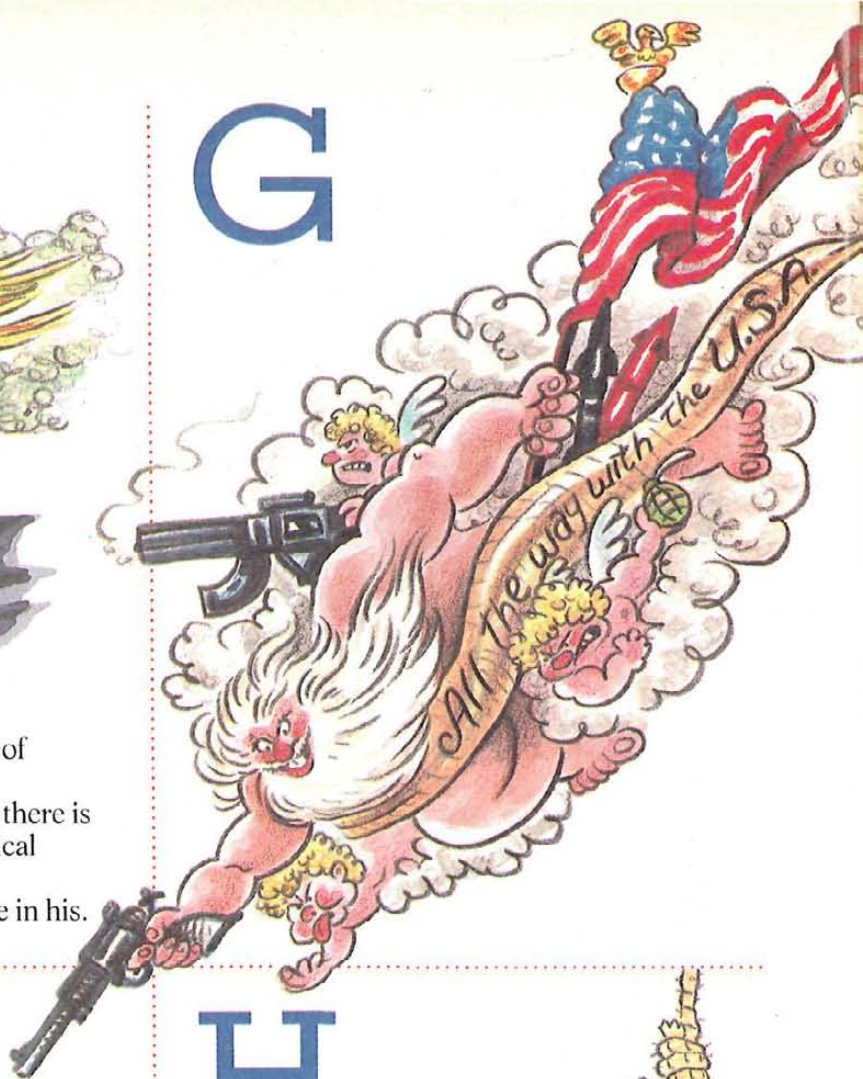


# F



F stands for Fearless Falwell, firm foe of fermentation,  
Who'll fight each faithless pagan that there is  
For the God-sent right of private biblical interpretation—  
Then he'll kill you, if you don't believe in his.

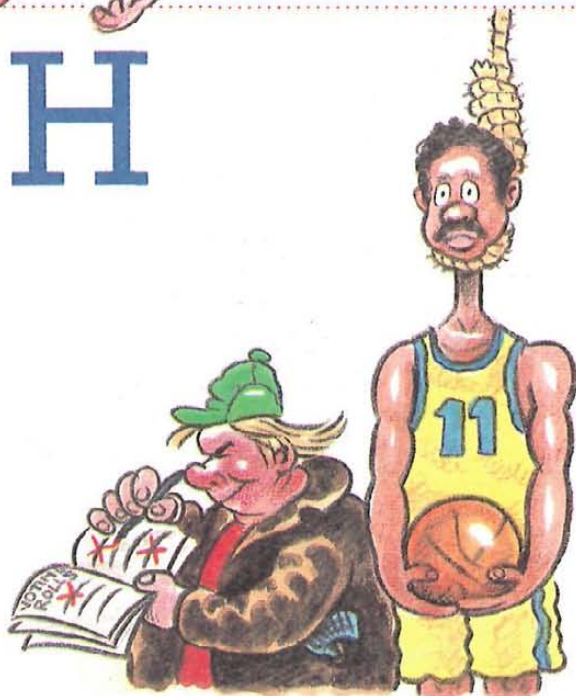
# G



# H



G stands for God: the great, ghostly, and grim,  
Our government's guardian and guide;  
With our guns we'll avenge any insult to Him  
(Provided He stays on our side).



H is for hanging and handguns. We need  
One to have, and the other to hole.  
Guns are handy for making a bleeding heart  
bleed;  
Hanging's black population control!

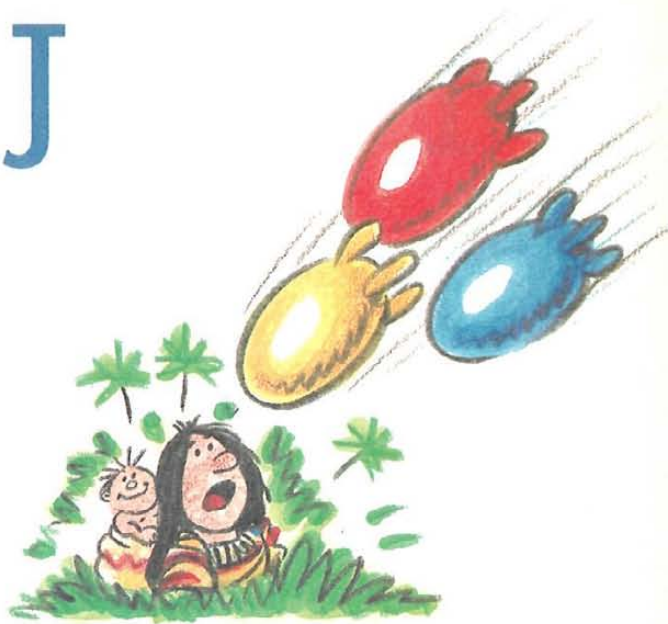


# I



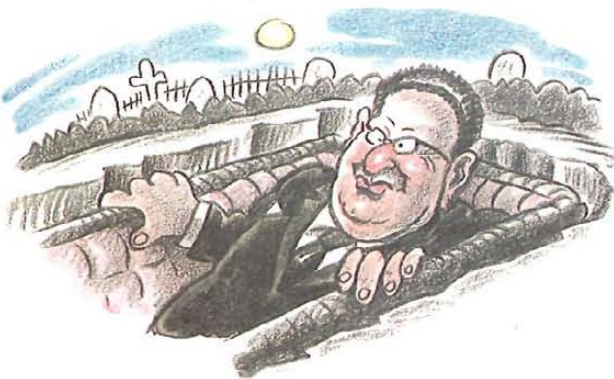
I is for income from interest investment,  
Incentives to industry, increments too  
(While U is for underdog, and unemployment).  
The I's have it. (Took it from U.)

# J



J's (by jingo!) for jelly-bean jollity! Jesus!  
While jets over jungles keep juntas jacked up,  
Our jokes about jobs and our jests  
about freezes  
Have just about got the whole country  
cracked up!

# K



K's for Henry the K, not kaput anymore,  
But redux as kibitzer-adviser,  
A Bismarck in peace, and a Clausewitz in war,  
But he *ought* to stop calling Ron "Kaiser."

# L



L's for labor. That's liege lord Ray Donovan's  
turf.  
"Laissez-faire!" blazons his gonfalon. "Gird  
Your loins!" cries he loud, "and let each  
loyal serf  
Follow, Hoffa League, Hoffa League onward!"



# M



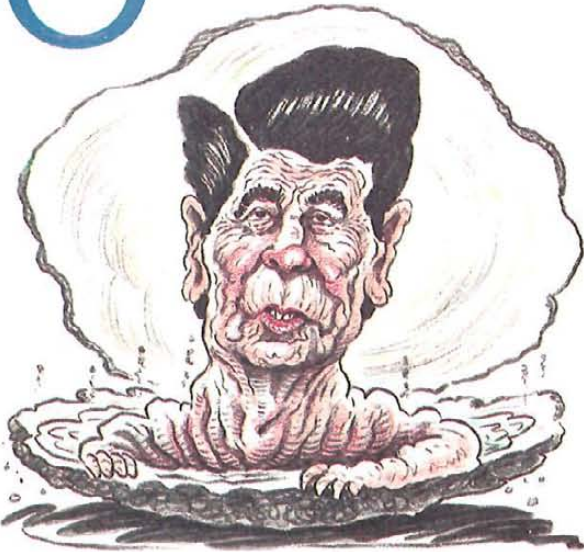
M's for the market, a dead cert to surge,  
 Predicts Milton, who ain't no dumb bunny,  
 When Mafia mobsters and military merge  
 To make mills of Monopoly money.

# N



N is for Nancy, a nifty wee gun  
 Near her pillow nights Ronnie must roam;  
 And N's for the nasty big hair-trigger one  
 She nocturnally needs when he's home.

# O



O is for an opponent! Officials Democratic  
 Their lists of listless liberals rescanned,  
 To find a candidate as canny, cute, and  
 charismatic  
 As this oyster-faced and odious old man!

# P



P is for poverty. Every poor pauper  
 Our prez holds perpetually close;  
 They're politely provided a "net," as is proper.  
 (Plutocrats get their piece from the gross.)



# Q



Q's for quarterback. That's who Ron is  
on this team,  
Without question. The Gipper. Yes. Quite.  
And coach Kemp calls the plays—so the line  
is extreme-  
Ly unbalanced... and all to the right.

# R



R is for right (as in "Eyes right," my friend),  
And one right we hold dearer than breath:  
The right to tell *you* to bear arms to defend  
*Our* right to bear arms—to *your* death.

# S

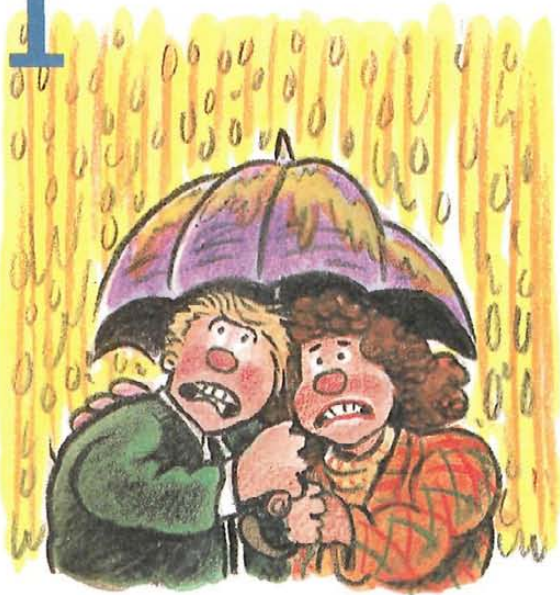


S is for squeal rule. Doc's gotta tell Mom  
If it seems Sis is set on seducing—

For where will we get all our unemployed from,  
If the working class stops reproducing?



# T



T is for trickle-down. Try as you might  
 To stay tactfully far from the top,  
 When the Titans upstairs have a piss fight,  
 You're certain to feel the odd drop....

# U



U is for un-American, ungrateful, ugh!  
 we hate 'em!  
 Utopians who fail our ultra-loyalist exams—  
 Untouchable until they scorn our umpteenth  
 ultimatum—  
 Then we'll make them utter uncle (with our  
 SAMs).

# V



V is for vision. Television. Very cool, that  
 medium,  
 But via it, our great communicator heats  
 the air!  
 Viva the vacuum! With one voice sing:  
 "O laudamus tedium!  
 Vote global-village idiot for mayor!"

# W



W is for wilderness: the wily wolf, the wary  
 Whale, waving weeds, woods, waters—all  
 of these  
 Are wards now of a weirdo visionary  
 Who cannot see the forest OR the trees!

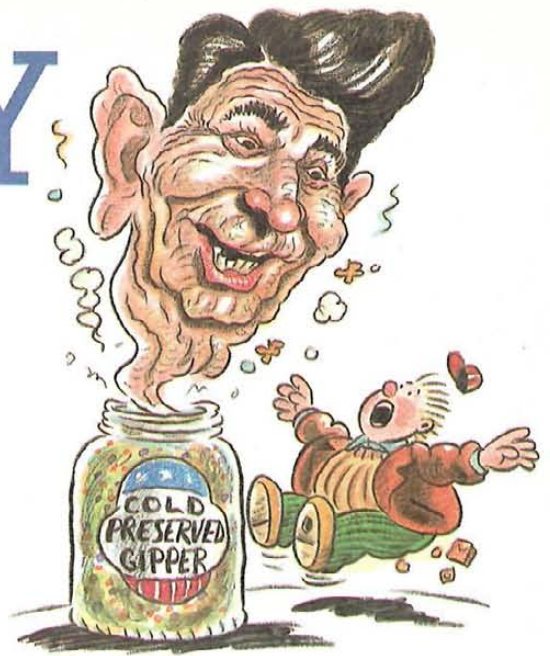


# X



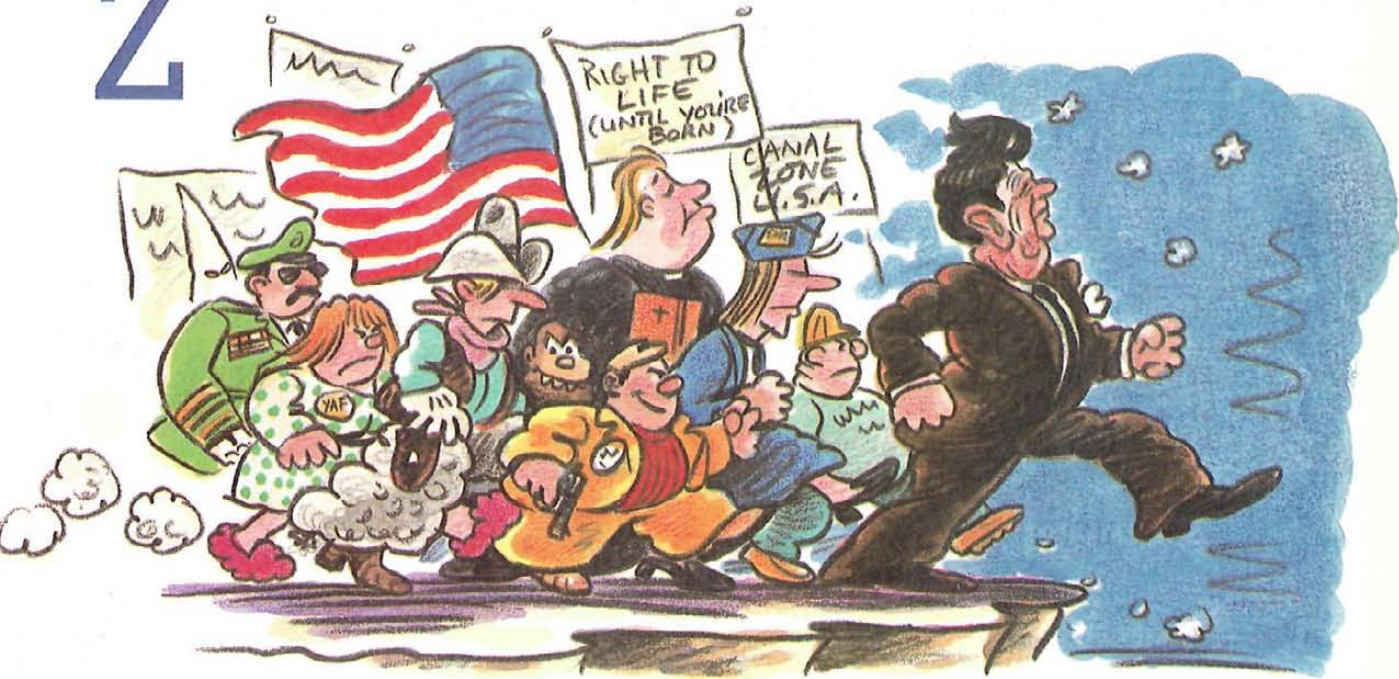
Let X stand for the unknown (to xenophobes a notion  
 Execrable to the Xth power). Thus  
 We execute an ex-officio X-ray explosion....  
 Let X denote the ex-great planet, us.

# Y



Y is for youth, which we know must be served.  
 Ron's not young. Yes, he yields that. And yet  
 If the yokels conclude that he looks  
 well-preserved,  
 He'll serve youth four more years. *En  
 brochette.*

# Z



Z's for the zealots who follow our hero,  
 Paid zillions in well-laundered fivers,

And Z is for zapped (as in gooks), and for zero  
 (As in options, and ground, and survivors).



# MIRACLE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36)  
ford, and gettin' there wasn't going to be easy, what with the snowfall and the bridge bein' out at Rictis Crick.

Now that was the year Maw was down sick with the milk pox, and us kids had to do 'most all the chores ourselves, since Daddy was usually drunk off his head. I didn't much like the thought of going off with Lew-Bob and leavin' Sissy all alone with Daddy, but it didn't seem like we had much of a choice, so off we went, hikin' down Cooper's Ridge toward the State Road.

It was a bad year for snow in them mountains, and I wished we had more clothes on than just Maw's old nightgowns. I felt 'specially bad for Lew-Bob, what with him coughin' so bad that winter and with the one leg shorter than the other, but there weren't much I could do, other than try to keep his mind off the cold by makin' fun of the big ole birthmark that covered up half his face. He got to cryin' and I got to laughin' so hard that before we knew it we was across Rictis Crick and almost into Glitsford.

Glitsford was a city bigger and grander than any we ever seen before we got kicked out of Tennessee and had to come to Mallis County. They had a jail and two stores, and I reckon there must of been over a hundred people all

crowded up together there. They was even talkin' about bringin' in the electricity, but Daddy always laughed that off. "Hell," he'd say, "this is the year 1983, not 2525." Then he'd usually fall over dead drunk, and we'd all get to kickin' and spittin' on him.

Lew-Bob and me was walkin' down Main Street, thinkin' about how we was ever going to get us a turkey—and we didn't have no bright ideas, neither—when we saw a crazy man dressed up like Santy Claus, standin' right there in front of Lester Ingraham's store. Now I seen guys dressed up like Santy Claus before, but they's usually ringin' bells and askin' for money. This crazy man was just standin' there, lookin' real funny-like.

Well, anyhow, when Lew-Bob saw this Santy Claus Man, he got all excited and wanted to go over and talk to him. I tried to tell Lew-Bob that this crazy man wasn't *really* Santy Claus, but Lew-Bob wouldn't have none of that. "If he ain't Santy Claus," Lew-Bob demanded, jumpin' up and down on his one good leg, "then who is he?" It was a fair question, I had to admit.

We didn't have time to dawdle and worry about that, though, 'cause it was gettin' late, and we had to figure a way to get a turkey without havin' to put down no money. I was studyin' the matter real hard, but I couldn't come up with nuthin' except to walk right on into Mr. Ingraham's store, grab the big-

gest turkey he had, and then run like hell. In a way that'd be stealin', I guess, but I didn't figure Daddy'd mind, long as we wasn't caught. I thought to myself that it was real lucky that I happened to have brought along a shootin' piece.

After some deliberatin', Lew-Bob and me walked into Mr. Ingraham's store. I had to reach up and grab the big turkey that was hangin' in the window, 'cause Lew-Bob, bein' born without any thumbs, wouldn't of been able to hold on to it. Mr. Ingraham didn't even notice what we was up to until we was halfway out the door, but then he started screamin' his head off, callin' us all kinds of names and shoutin' for the sheriff.

Well, pretty soon I knew we was in trouble, 'cause people were comin' out of all the buildings nearby to find out what was the matter. I figured Mr. Ingraham might not of seen our faces, so I ditched the turkey behind the waterin' trough, and then Lew-Bob and me just stood there, lookin' real innocent.

I figured we was done for when Mr. Ingraham came right up to us, askin' out loud if we took his turkey, but out of the blue that crazy man dressed up like Santy Claus came over and said that it wasn't us, that we'd been there talkin' to him the whole time. That took the wind out of Ole Man Ingraham's sails, and he went stompin' off someplace else, and the rest of the crowd sort of broke up.

By now I was real curious. "Just who are you, mister?" I said to the crazy man. "I know you're not Santy Claus, 'cause my daddy told me that Santy Claus don't come to Kentucky, but what you just did for Lew-Bob and me is just about the best Christmas present we ever got."

The Santy Claus Man looked at me and said, "You sure are dirty, poor, and stupid, son, but if you'll help me out, I'll tell you who I am and why I'm here."

"Course I'll help you, mister," I said. "What do you want me to do?"

"Well, first of all, I'd rather not have to look at Lew-Bob anymore."

The Santy Claus Man and me talked for a while, and he asked if I could get him a place for the night. I said he was more than welcome to stay with us, and he said he 'preciated the offer, since he had to lay low for a while, on account of he was in Kentucky on secret business. So we all headed back up the State Road toward home, Lew-Bob hobblin' along about a quarter of a mile behind us so the Santy Claus Man wouldn't have to look at him. After fording Rictis Crick up by Stafford Hollow and then climbin' up Cooper's Ridge, we finally made it home, though the Santy



*"In light of our efforts to alleviate overcrowding in the prisons, I take an especially dim view of your little scam."*



# Wild!

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**Two Fingers**  
TEQUILA

## Two Fingers is all it takes.

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Claus Man had a real hard time of it. He sure didn't look like he was used to life in the hills.

"You actually live like this?" he asked when we pulled back the cloth that covered the doorway of our place. "This is absolutely disgusting. If I found out that the least expensive of the scores of Thoroughbred horses I own were quartered like this, you bet there'd be a lawsuit."

"Don't you mean reindeer, Mr. Claus?" asked Lew-Bob, coughin' up a small amount of blood. He still couldn't get it through his head that this wasn't Santy Claus.

Sissy, who was sittin' in the corner tendin' after Maw, spoke up. "You lookin' for a little Southern hospitality, Mr. Claus?" she asked, pulling up her tattered dress and smilin' with her broken teeth and scab-encrusted lips.

"My God," the Santy Claus Man said. "You can't be more than thirteen years old. This is obscene."

"Mister, you gotta understand that we live a little different here in Mallis County than they do up there at the North Pole," said Lew-Bob.

"Well, what the hell?" the Santy Claus Man said. "I'll do it for the experience."

That was the last we saw of the Santy Claus Man for a couple of hours, and while he was out in the pig shed with

Sissy, darkness began to fall, and the cold roused Daddy from his slumbers in the chicken coop. He staggered on into the house and started hittin' Lew-Bob over the head with a two-by-four, just like he always does, and then Maw got to sobbin' and her lungs started to fill up with pus. Right about then the Santy Claus Man wandered in, lookin' a little dazed and without a stitch of clothing on him.

"It's Sissy," he said. "I think she's dead."

Daddy looked over at the naked stranger and said, "Well, you're a guest here, mister, so don't you worry about it." And then he went back to bangin' Lew-Bob over the head.

"Look, I'm an important man," the Santy Claus Man said. "I can't let it get out how this girl died."

"It's okay, mister," Daddy said. "Once it thaws, we'll put Sissy in the back of the truck and drive her up to Indian Notch, and then we'll just throw her down into the ravine. Come spring there won't be much left, what with the bears and the turkey vultures, and nobody'll be any the wiser." Then Daddy got this funny look on his face. "'Course, might be worth somethin' to you for us to go to all that trouble. Say, about ten dollars." Daddy sort of grinned.

The Santy Claus Man grinned back. "I think that could be arranged, sir." And then—I don't know where he got it—he produced a checkbook and began writin' away. "I have here a check for one *million* dollars, drawn on the Chase Manhattan Bank. Won't you take it as a token of my heartfelt appreciation?"

Lew-Bob got up off the floor and wiped the blood off his face. "You are Santy Claus, after all." For once I thought he had to be right. Who but Santy Claus would come to your house on Christmas Eve, accidentally kill your little sister, and then write you out a check for a million dollars without even battin' an eye?

"No, I'm not Santy Claus," the Santy Claus Man said, "but you might say I'm the closest thing to Santy Claus you can find in this country. I'm David Rockefeller."

"David Rockefeller?" said Daddy, scratchin' his head. "I heard tell of a David Rockefeller up New York way. Real rich feller, and just as ugly as you. But what in tarnation would David Rockefeller be doin' down here in the heart of Mallis County, Kentucky?"

"Well, don't let this get around," replied the Santy Claus Man, now revealed as the famous international banking mogul, "but I'm here on a special mission for the Trilateral Commission. Mallis County is going to be the site of a huge international jetport, and I'm here putting a little money into the right hands."

"I guess that makes sense," Daddy said, hawkin' up some phlegm. "I always said these hills'd make a prime site for a big ole jetport, didn't I, Lew-Bob?"

While we all was starin' on in awe at the Rockefeller Man, who should walk in but Sissy, missin' a few teeth but otherwise alive and well.

"I thought you were dead," the Rockefeller Man said stupidly.

Sissy smiled. "You play rough, Mr. Claus, but you don't play no rougher than Daddy."

"I's keepin' your check anyhow, Mr. Rockefeller," Daddy said.

"And you're welcome to it, sir," said the Rockefeller Man. "But now I have to go. There's a private helicopter waiting for me behind the ridge, and I have pressing business to attend to back in New York. Merry Christmas, my friends, and good night."

With that the Rockefeller Man, still naked as a jaybird, vanished into the night.

"God bless you, Mr. Rockefeller," Daddy called after him. He turned to us with a smile. "That feller sure has a dinky prick," he said, and then went back to beatin' on Lew-Bob. ■



"Rachel, meet Bob. Bob was just telling me how much he'd like to stick his filthy penis down your throat till you choke.... But I assume he was only joking."



THEY SAY THE  
CHRISTMAS  
LIGHTS ARE  
BRIGHT

# ON BROADWAY

A VISIT WITH  
TOMMY TUNE  
AND FRIENDS

STORY: KEVIN CURRAN  
ART: TONY SALMONS  
LETTERS: PHIL FELIX

TOMMY TUNE,  
NOTED BROADWAY  
CHOREOGRAPHER  
AND ACTOR, AND  
HIS GOOD  
FRIEND TWIGGY  
DINE IN A POSH  
MANHATTAN  
RESTAURANT.

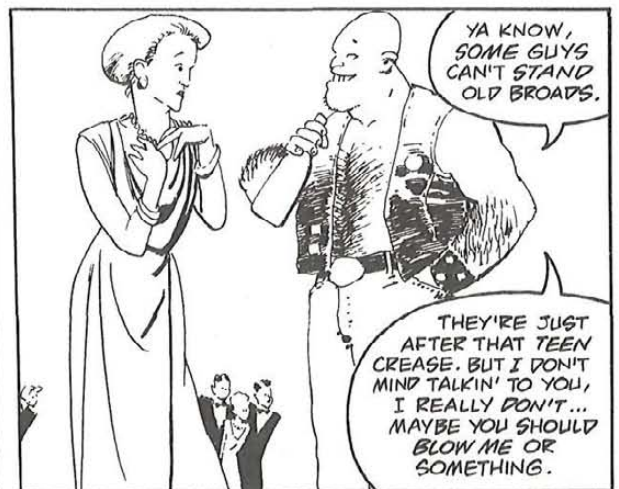
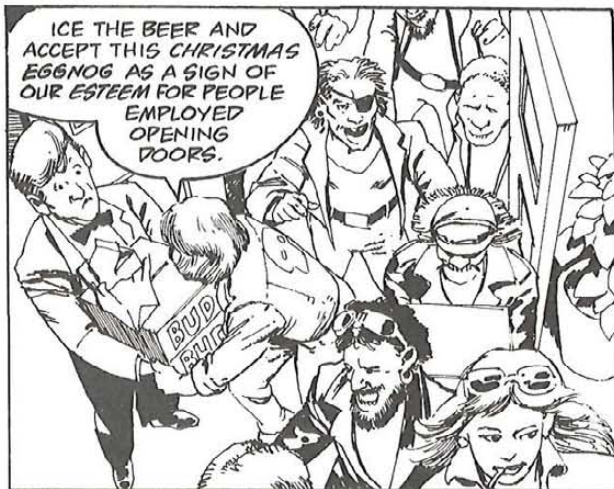
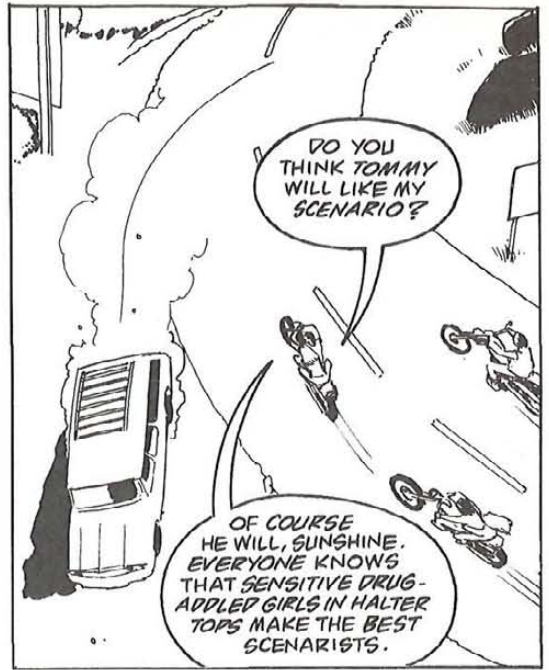
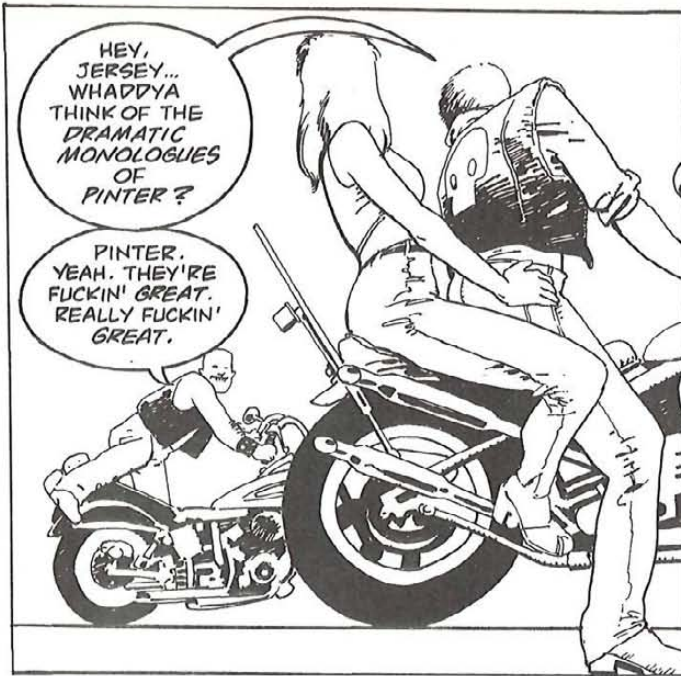
CHRISTMAS  
IN NEW YORK.  
THERE'S NOTHING  
LIKE EATING RAW  
FISH WHILE CLIT-  
TING FRIENDS  
TO BITS.

I'M GLAD TO SEE TOMMY TUNE  
REMAINS AN INNOVATIVE FORCE  
IN THE AMERICAN MUSICAL  
THEATER.

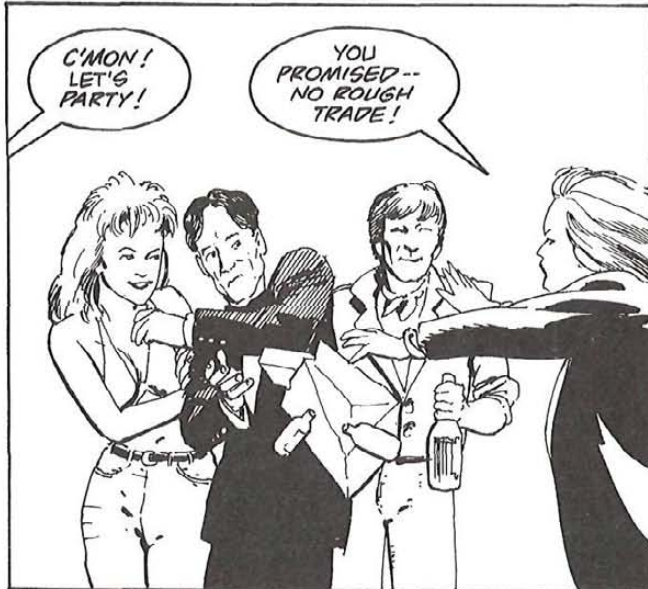
YEAH.

COULD WE GO SEE  
HIM? TO, YOU KNOW,  
SAY HELLO AND  
STUFF?











# What Do You Call a Guy with No Arms and No Legs Who's Been Dropped into the Middle of the Ocean?



**Bob**

BY SEAN KELLY

DESPITE DR. BARBARA ("BABS") TUCH- man's severe scolding about the rotting fiber of society, the decline of civilization, the sunset of the Judeo-Christian tradition and all, paperback books of Truly Tasteless, Gross, Really Gross, Utterly Disgusting, Sexist-Racist, and Completely Revolting Jokes continue to be published and purchased.

Warner Books' entry in this fiercely competitive field (to be published in January, just in time for Feast of the Epiphany gift-giving) is *A Book Called Bob*, compiled, with the help of the

*NatLamp* staff, by editor Sean Kelly, who does not give any of them credit on the title page. Typical.

Herewith, a sampling of same, illustrated for your added reading pleasure by our very own Mark (New Wave Comics) Marek. Mark. Hmmm. Good name for an artist with no arms and no legs...

*From A Book Called Bob by Sean Kelly, to be published by Warner Books in January 1984. Copyright © 1983 by Sean Kelly.*

What do you call a guy  
with no arms and no legs  
who's helping to change a tire?

**Jack**

What do you call a guy  
with no arms and no legs who gets  
left behind in a restaurant?

**Tip**

What do you call a guy  
with no arms and no legs  
who's just been disinterred?

**Doug**

What do you call a guy  
with no arms and no legs who comes  
in your mailbox once a month?

**Bill**

What do you call a guy  
with no arms and no legs  
who smells like livestock?

**Barney**

What do you call a guy with no arms  
and no legs in a nudist colony?

**Seymour**

What do you call a guy  
with no arms and no legs  
flying over the fence?

**Homer**

What do you call a guy  
with no arms and no legs painted  
with dragons, ships, and sunsets?

**Van**

What do you call a guy  
with no arms and no legs  
who's being thrown  
across the surface of a pond?



**Skip**



What do you call a guy with no arms and no legs in Tiffany's window?

**Jules**

What do you call a guy with no arms and no legs on the president's desk?

**Vito**

What do you call a guy with no arms and no legs exposing himself in St. Patrick's Cathedral?

**Seamus**

What do you call a guy with no arms and no legs with a desk job at the precinct?

**Booker**

What do you call a guy with no arms and no legs who's been nailed to the wall?



**Art**

What do you call a guy with no arms and half legs?

**Neil**

What do you call a guy with no arms and no legs who's upside down in the end zone?

**Spike**

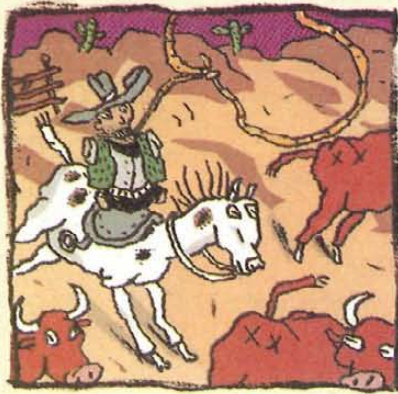
What do you call a guy with no arms and no legs with a bad cough?

**Fleming**

What do you call a guy with no arms and no legs who's been run over by a steamroller?

**Miles**

What do you call a guy with no arms and no legs who's stealing cattle?



**Russell**

What do you call a woman with no arms and no legs on bread?

**Marge**

What do you call a woman with no arms and no legs every four weeks?

**Flo**

What do you call a woman with no arms and no legs but who's very popular with the boys?

**Hedy**

What do you call a woman with no arms and no legs who has an enormous ego?

**Mimi**

What do you call a woman with no arms and no legs who's floating face down in the pool?



**Fannie**

What do you call a woman with no arms and no legs surrounded by hungry truckers?

**Dinah**

What do you call a woman with no arms and no legs who's piled high with English produce?

**Lori**

What do you call a woman with no arms and no legs who's frequently over the counter?

**Cher**

What do you call a woman with no arms and no legs who's being stared at by gypsies?

**Crystal**

What do you call a woman with no arms and no legs hanging from the ceiling?



**Tiffany**

What do you call a woman with no arms and no legs and only one eye?

**Iris**

What do you call a woman with no arms and one leg shorter than the other?

**Eileen**

What do you call a Japanese woman with no arms and one leg shorter than the other?

**Irene**

What do you call a woman with no arms and no legs who's being kicked around by Englishmen?

**Erin**



# REGGAE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36)

ginning to snow as Billy Joe counted the day's take from the filling station he owned. Damned if he took home more'n chump change since the Interstate had been laid down, passing him by, thought Billy Joe. The green tin box holding the receipts was jammed with tens and twenties.

Outside Billy Joe's warm, glass-enclosed office the falling snow was starting to accumulate in the beginning darkness. The snow layered the top of the gas pumps and mixed into the grease puddles, fluffy white on top of viscous black, as though a tiny angel had wandered over the spot and been pulled into the murk by an apelike hand, bubbles ceasing after a few seconds, the specks on top the only sign that a struggle had ever taken place.

And the flakes fell on Bobbie Cratchit, twenty-nine, married since seventeen and the father of five or so, as he sniffled in his green Army jacket and rammed the gas hose into another pathetic worn-out shell of a car, cursed with the ghosts of body rot and missed payments.

"Fuckin' A, it's cold out here," thought Bobbie as he checked the oil in a '67 Delta 88. "Man, I wish I had some brandy or an education or something. Then I'd feel better."

Bobbie shoved in a quart of 10W-40 and accepted payment, a combination of crumpled-up singles and loose change, from a woman who looked too

much like a pig for anyone to look like when you see them and you're not on powerful drugs. Bobbie removed his gloves and tried to straighten out the bills, his hands reddening from eight-degree weather, wind whipping snow into his eyes, nose runnings starting to freeze into his scraggly mustache. "Hey, this is the life," he laughed to himself, turning and almost bumping into the braided, wild-eyed Rastafarian.

The frightening Rastaman fixed Bobbie with a steady glare. "Hey mon, no weather be working dat hard all day. Go home so wife no cry cry so long."

"Why, you colorful ska-dancin' sum-bitch, I wish to hell I could bugger out," thought Bobbie. But looking again into the Jamaican's eyes, he felt no more discomfort or indignity could mark him today, and saying, "Well, fuck the fat man. It's practically Christmas Eve," he dropped the hose and headed toward his car and the twenty-minute drive home.

The Rastaman entered the office and stood wiping the snow from his dreadlocks as Billy Joe hunkered down low over the record books, looking them over real carefully to see whether some coolant-fluid distributor had gotten the better of him. When he felt the shadow over him he jumped up and exclaimed:

"Bob Marley! They said you wuz dead. What the hell you doin' dragging your black ass 'round these parts?"

Marley shrugged and lit up a massive joint. "Here, have, mon," he said, offering the flaming newspaper to Billy Joe.

"Shit, I don't touch that stuff no more," Billy Joe grinned, whipping out a bottle of sour mash from his desk drawer. "We ain't in Nam no more."

Billy Joe and Bob had fought together over in the jungles of Vietnam. It was a part of Bob Marley's life he hadn't talked about often.

The two buddies threw around old times for a while before Marley came to his point. "I and I see dat ya got none dere Christmas spark in ya, bwai. See I send to ya friends to see later." And with that he disappeared.

Billy Joe would have been amazed, but after the last slug of whiskey he had passed out cold on the desk, head rolling around atop a spare-parts catalog.

At a little past three in the morning, a blast of cold air roused Billy Joe and sent him reeling toward the soda machine to get four or five cans of Coke to take the edge off his dehydration. "Shit, no muthafuckin' quarters," said Billy Joe, digging into his Levi's. "Maybe this big guy in chains has some. Hey, Bubba, got some change on ya?"

"I am the Ghost of Christmas Past," said the Spirit, rattling his chains angrily, for he had suffered greatly in life and did not wish to be referred to as "Bubba." Next he grabbed a startled Billy Joe by the shirt collar and flew him into the dark sky above the gas station.

They flew a spell, over Gerald's Recaps and the Minute Cafe and the used-car lot that had the monkey, Billy Joe grasping the Spirit by the neck, not worried about people thinking he was a homo because he was so scared.

Finally they came to a filthy tar-paper and splinter shack, a place where dirt would be considered a good meal. There they saw an old man with three teeth in his entire head rocking back and forth on what passed for a porch in what passed for a chair, drinking corn squeezings from a jug and muttering thick-tongued about Nigrus and the gummamint. And then the Spirit showed Billy Joe a small boy crying in a corner in the back room because he had been whipped for no reason by a man half mad to begin with, enraged by alcohol and lust for his own daughter.

Billy Joe took all this in and said, "Yeah, life's a shit river, Spirit. Those whippin's made me tough and taught me what life's about. As for Sis, well, we all gotta grow up sometime. As long as we're here in the past, though, there's this gal I remember lived a ways down the road there, not more'n thirteen, fourteen now, I guess. Nicest little piece that's ever been 'round this god-forsaken county, and in a year or two she'll have run off with a patent-medicine salesman. But tonight..." Billy Joe laughed and gave the Spirit of Christ-



"What'll it be, big fella?"



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

*You've got what it takes.*  
**Salem Spirit**

*Share the spirit.  
Share the refreshment.*



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mas Past a whack on the shoulder. "Thanks a lot, Bubba. See ya 'round."

And he strode off down the road whistling as the Spirit rattled his chains.

The next night found Billy Joe asleep in his own bed, though once more drunk. As he rolled over to get more of the blanket around him, he found himself pulling on something strange. Trying to get a bead on it, he looked narrowly through his puffed eye slits. "Four hands and two beards," he muttered, letting go and rolling over.

But the Ghost of Christmas Present would hold no truck with double vision. Grabbing Billy Joe around the waist, he soon had him flying once more through the air, cursing.

"Goddamn know-it-all sumbitch, I oughta split you wide open with an ax, you mooseshit apparishun," yelled Billy Joe, for the night air suited him not well.

"Nice mouth," said the Spirit.

After a while, they hovered over the outskirts of town, over a tiny, poorly constructed heap of wood in need of paint. Outside lay parts of junk cars, battered transmissions oozing slippery pink fluid, sad rusted mufflers that'd never muffle again, worn gaping-holed

bodies, and more. A scabrous mongrel hound bayed insanely at the moon.

"This is the home of Bob Cratchit," said the Spirit.

"Shit, how can he afford to keep a dog on his salary?" questioned Billy Joe. "I wonder if he's been into the Coke machine..."

The Spirit shushed him with a rap on the head, and revealed to him the inside of the Cratchit home. There stood Mrs. Cratchit, ribbons in her hair and sweat on her brow, figure almost completely gone, feverishly garnishing the Steak-umms that would comprise the Christmas feast. "These onions and Fritos sure look good on top, don't they, Kathy Lou?" she said, offering her oldest daughter, a blond, ponytailed charmer of twelve, a whiff of the pan.

In another part of the room, two younger Cratchits, a dirty-faced boy of six and a girl of seven, watched an animated Mr. T cartoon on a small black-and-white TV. They kept whacking the side of the set with the flat of their palms so that there would be more than half of Mr. T at a time. Gulping down Hostess Sno Balls and RC Cola, they took joy in whacking each other almost as often as they did the Philco.

Betty Lee, the ten-year-old, came back from her shift in the mines and began to wash up in the sink. "Sissy looks like the bride of Mr. T," laughed one of the youngsters, commenting on the great amount of toxic coal dust that adhered to Betty Lee's pretty face. For that, a cake of Lava soap was bounced off his head.

"All right, I seen enough," said Billy Joe, hefting his big beer gut around in a serious way. "I know what happens next. Cratchit's gonna traipse home from church with his little boy, the one what got his legs smushed underneath the tractor. Shit, you're a Yankee ghost, right?"

The Spirit nodded his head.

"Well, I thought so. Y'all never give us Southerners credit for knowin' nuthin'. I saw that Christmas special with Mr. Magoo. I know this story."

Billy Joe stalked off toward the woods, yelling loudly.

"All right, you muthafuckin' candy-ass Spirits, get out of those woods. I know y'all hidin' in there watching."

The Spirits began to emerge, tentatively, from their outposts, and floated above the beer cans and potato-chip bags that surrounded the opening to the forest.

"Okay. You're all out here, and to prove I ain't no hard guy, I'm gonna give a big party here for Cratchit and his kids, and whatever other scraggly asses want to come."

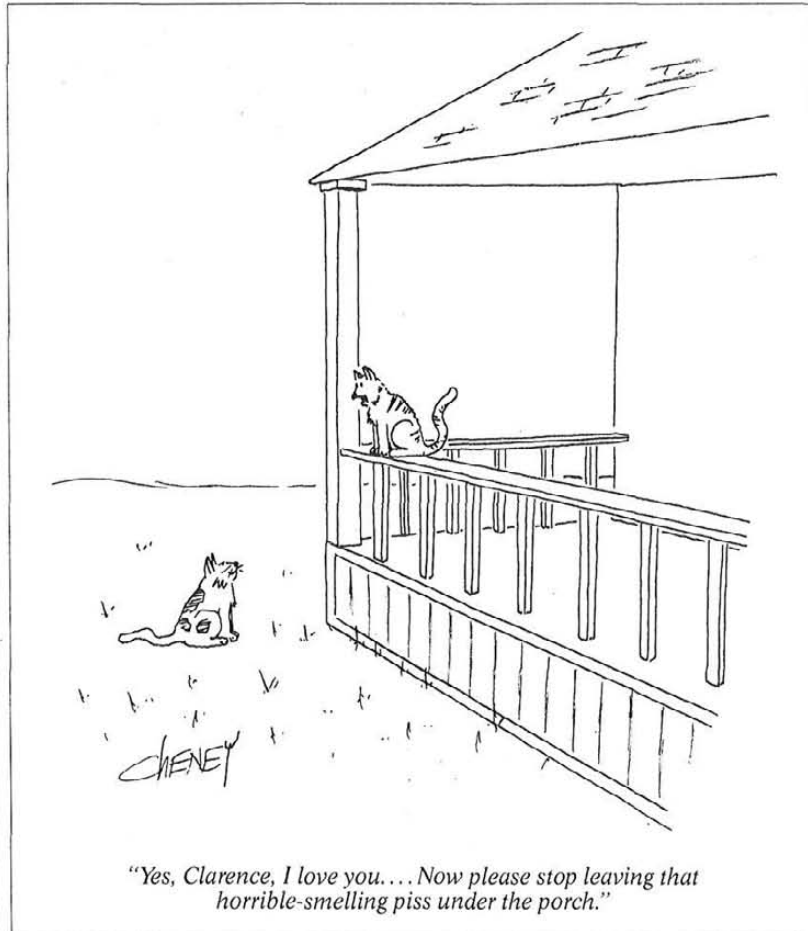
Bobbie and his son Timmy-Bob came down the road just in time to see Billy Joe throw a roll of bills at a confused spook.

"Get me some whiskey, a dozen big birds, six kegs, a mess of potato chips and crackers 'n' cheeses, potatoes, pie, and all that other Christmas shit and get your glowing, evanescent ass back here on the double. We're gonna party big."

Billy Joe squinted further into the woods. "Is that you in there, Bob Marley? It's hard to tell against them dark trees. C'mon out, boy, we're gonna have us a time."

And what a time they had. The Cratchits and their neighbors ate as if they'd never seen food, and Bobbie tugged on Billy Joe's sleeve and said he was a helluva guy and he was having the time of his life, even if he did have to cuss out one of the Spirits for getting a bit too friendly with Kathy Lou. Billy Joe said Bobbie was a helluva guy and gave him a ten-buck-a-week raise. Bob Marley played and sang till dawn.

And out at Billy Joe's Garage, the Ghosts of Christmas Past and Christmas Present pumped gas, made change, and checked the oil. Even on Christmas, someone's got to mind the store.

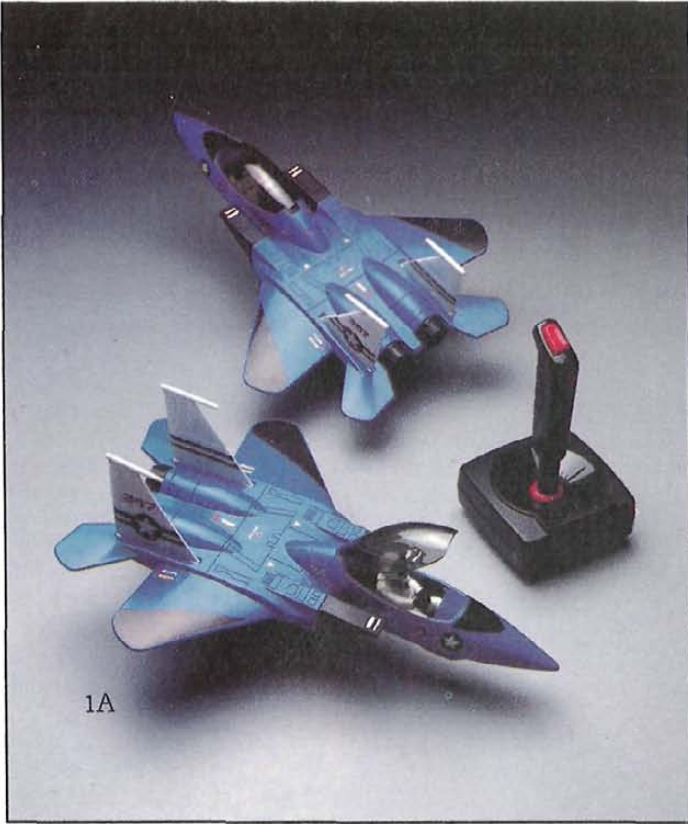




Needless-Market  
CHRISTMAS™ BOOK 1983

*Cynthia Watts Clark*





The cover of our 1983 Christmas™ Book is a vision of children celebrating the ultimate Christian festival, in true Christian fashion. It features our new spokesperson, Nancy Reagan, and her husband reaching a final solution about the problem of conflicting holidays at the end of the year.

1A. If you have a problem with the holiday conflict at the end of the year, let Needless-Market help you solve it with these F-14 jet fighters. Radio-controlled, these jets have the capability of knocking out several menorahs with one strafing run. 250.00 (2.50). Armaments.

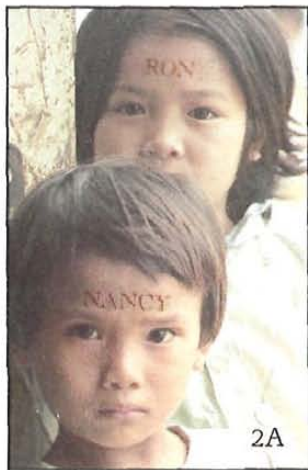
As Needless-Market celebrates another holiday season, we are proud to present our first Christmas™ spokesperson, the woman who put the ™ back in Christmas.™ Nancy has personally selected many of the gifts in this catalogue, gifts that she herself will be giving this holiday season. Call them entertaining, call them thoughtful, call them cute—or call us collect, using the American Express card.

1B. Nancy is featured here with her very own Nancy wig, designed by Herr Helmut, using the same fine synthetic materials Nancy wears. It's the same wig worn by Sandra Day O'Connor, Mrs. George Bush, and many other fine women in the current administration. Perhaps you would like to wear one, too? 200.00 (5.00). Herr Helmut.





1B



2A

## LEST WE FORGET...

Do you realize that there are children in Third World countries who have nothing to eat, nothing to wear, and little hope of survival? Millions of little girls in Chad, Uganda, and Central America with nothing nice to wear, not even one pair of designer jeans? Who will never have their hair styled by Sassoon, or have a makeover by Elizabeth Arden?

Sure, you've given to CARE and Save the Children. But what did you get out of it? A photo of a swollen little child with mouth disease? Can you show that to your friends? And when that child grows, what guarantee will you have that he won't forget you while leading a rebel insurrection?

2A. Prestige Giving has designed, exclu-

sively for Needless-Market, a new program to give you real satisfaction in your charitable efforts. ENGRAVE THE CHILDREN ensures that your cash will clothe and feed children of the Third World for an entire year. What's more, each child will be branded with your name on his forehead.

Nancy and Ron each have over 400 children in Guatemala alone with their names engraved on the child's forehead. Almost half of the Palestinian refugee children in Lebanon have had "Betsy" carved with a hot poker on their skulls, thanks to Mrs. Bloomingdale. But, if you are modest, we'll gladly burn "Anonymous" on the child's face. Specify color and nationality. 85.00 (3.75). From Engrave the Children.



# CHRISTMAS™



## PAST

Ron and I have been celebrating Christmas™ together for many years. We've given each other gifts from around the world, ranging from the elegant (jewel-encrusted saddlebags) to the crazy (jewel-encrusted jelly beans). This year, we'd like to share with you some of our favorite Christmas™ Gifts from the Past.



1963

3A. G.E. Light Bulb. Just one of the bright ideas Ron had while working as the host of "G.E. Theater." Whenever I look at the one Ron gave me twenty years ago, I remember what he said that Christmas.™ "To free enterprise, the capitalist system, and cranberry dressing, Honey Bundle." Oh, that Ron! 15.00 (3.00). Hardware.



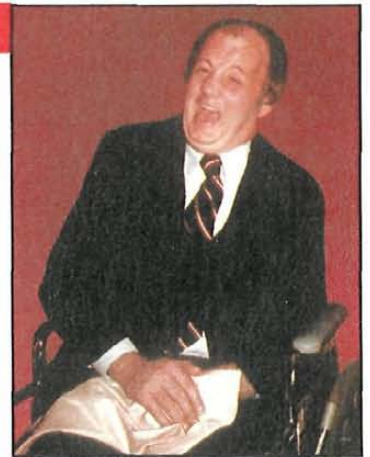
1942

3B. Nurse Nancy Doll. Here it is, a fine remembrance of *Hellcats of the Navy*, the first film Ron and I did together. Pull the string and hear ten reasons why socialized medicine will never work. 14.00 (2.00). Medical Supplies.

1982

3C. James Brady for a Day.

Ron gave this one to several of our friends who had been personally threatened. James is the only man in America who has proven his ability to absorb the impact of the most powerful handguns, shot by the most crazed of crackpots. James is also a fine conversationalist, although he tends to stutter and slur his speech at the end of the day. When ordering, specify date and alternate. James is *not* available for dinner parties, but then again you wouldn't really want him to be, since he tends to mess. 500.00 (14.00). From Personal Security.





# CHRISTMAS™

Gifts  
\$25,000  
and Under

# PRESENT

**4B**

You can't beg one of these beauties from our First Lady, but if you're not black, Jewish, or Hispanic, you can buy one! Getting a "Best Friend" note from Nancy is as easy as sending us whopping amounts of cash and including personal details. Imagine the surprise on Christmas Day when your loved one opens that envelope from the White House and reads:

Dear Beppi:

It was just oodles of fun snorkeling with you and Snooks last weekend at the Yacht Club. You are my best friend ever in the world. I'm glad we got to talk about Estelle Armstrong—she *is* a bitch out of hell!

Love,  
Nancy

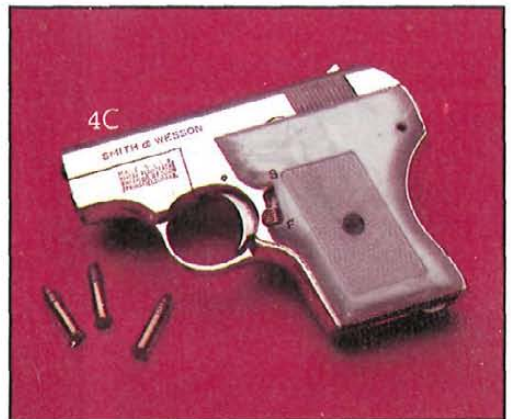
All orders must be accompanied by birth certificate, to avoid embarrassment to the First Lady. 2,500.00 (.20). Add 500.00 for Catholics.



4B

**4C**

This delicate sterling-silver pistolette, its handle inlaid with the finest pearl, is terrific for those chilly late nights when your man is away—because in this day and age, even a woman in the White House isn't always safe. Equipped with a sophisticated "soft action" trigger, it will fit perfectly under your pillow or purse. Larger models available for inner-city elegance and safety. Caress it, kiss it, shoot it. 700.00 (20.00). Annie Oakley Shop.



4C

**4A**

This exquisite L.A. Slugger of solid gold is embossed with Vicki Morgan's own signature. An exact replica of the sturdy slut-swatter that Vicki never really grew to appreciate, this beautiful gift is rumored to have unusual supernatural properties that will ensure that your marriage endures. But if it doesn't, this lovely gift will help you give that "other woman" what she deserves. If only my friend Betsy had kept one around the house! There's more gold in this lovely conversation piece than in all your Krugerrands. Created by Nogucci of Beverly Hills. 25,000.00 (15.00). From Sporting Goods.



4A



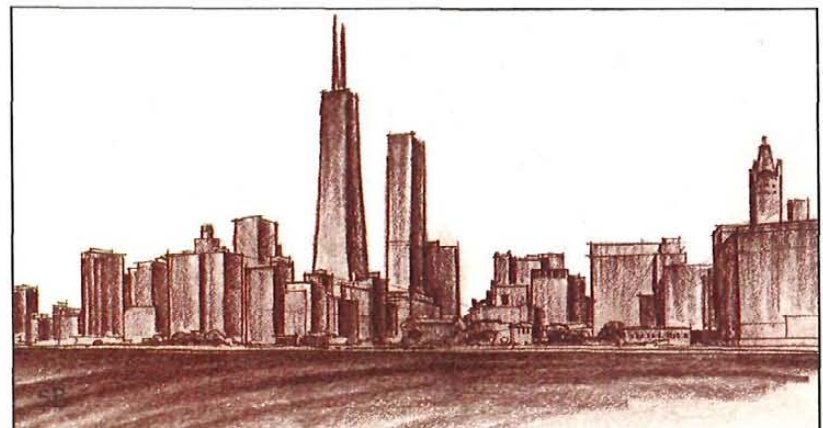
# IN GOOD TASTE



5A. Nuttier than a fruitcake, and twice as nutritious, here's John Block's Week's Worth of Food-Stamp Food.™ This is the very same grocery selection made by Secretary of Agriculture Block and his family last summer, wrapped in stunning Nancy™ brown paper bags. Includes: macaroni and cheese, beans, nonfat dry milk, Spam, Spam Helper, starch, starch, and more starch. Comes with a book of solid-gold food stamps, wonderful mementos of this thoughtful gift. 2.058.00 (18.75). From Hunger.



5B. Here's the perfect confection for those who like their sweet little towns made just a bit sweeter. At your request, Christo will commemorate the election of Harold Washington by dropping seven tons of the finest Swiss chocolate on the Windy City. Imagine...chipping layers of dark bittersweet heaven from the Hancock Building...gobbling a Dan Ryan-cum-Hershey Highway...dipping your finger into a luscious Lake Michigan. 1,000,000.00 (15,000.00). Specify Dark or Nostalgic White. From Epicure.





# A GIFT FOR HIM 1983

If you're reading this catalogue, you're the kind of man who has everything. No one gave it to you—you earned it, and if you didn't you bought it for a lot of money. You've planned ahead, making sure that when they sent you out to pasture, you *owned* the pasture.

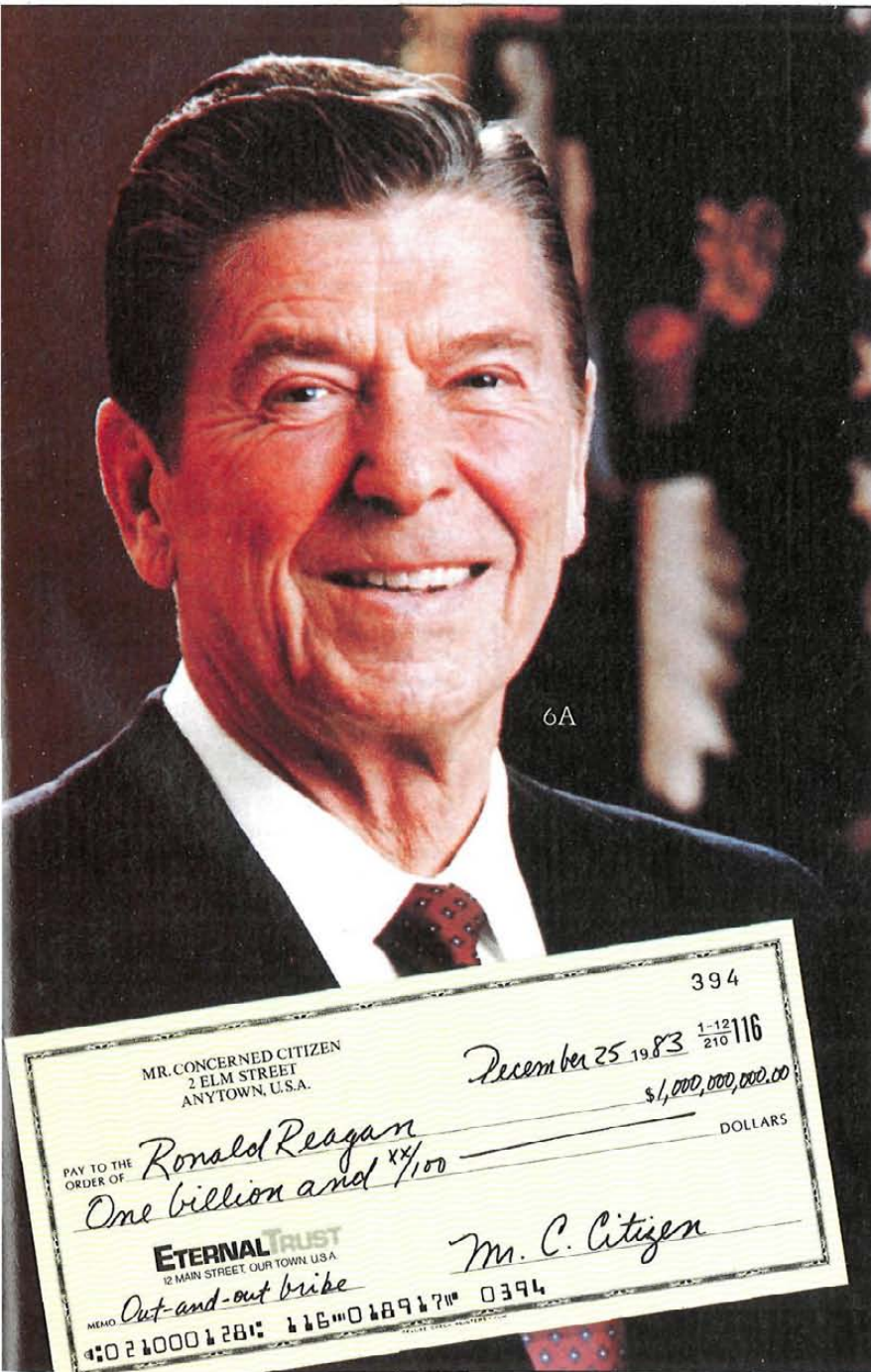
But isn't it time the world saw it

your way for a change? How many times have you said to yourself, "If I ruled the world..." Well, now you can!

6A. You can manipulate world politics—from Libyan confrontations and Lebanese negotiations to fiddling with the exchange rate—for a day. The president will do *your*

bidding, for a fee.

Imagine ordering a naval blockade of your foreign competition, making quick investments in South Africa, or sending troops onto your neighbor's estate! It's all up to you, for a small donation to the national debt. 1,000,000,000.00 (no delivery charge). From State Affairs.



6A









get him *registered* and *in line*,

32 Simon took he *him* up in *his* arms and blessed God and said,

33 *Hoooooooooooooooooooooooooooo-eeeeeeeeee! Great God Almighty!!!*

34 And Jo-Jo and Mary-Jo marveled at those *things* which were spoken of Jesus-Jo, and thought about calling a *cop*.

35 And there was one Annie-Mae, a snake handler and prophets and regular on the *Oral Roberts show*,

36 And she coming to the County Office in that *instant* gave thanks likewise unto the Lord, and spake of *him* to everyone in the County Office, until she was asked to take up the *pail* and the *mop* and return unto her *job*.

37 And when Mary-Jo and Jo-Jo had performed all things according to the Law of the Lord, and the Lord of the Law, they returned to Ozark.

38 And the child grew, and learned to read a little bit, and to play the *guitar* until he sounded better than Glen Campbell, *by God*.

39 Now his parents went to Birmingham every year for the State Fair.

40 And when he was twelve years old, they went up to Birmingham to have themselves a *time*

41 And when *the time* was had, as they returned, Jesus-Jo tarried behind in Birmingham, and Jo-Jo and Mary-Jo knew not of *it*, because they were "fucked up beyond belief."

42 But they, supposing him to have been sleeping in the back of the *pickup* all this time, went a day's journey, and they sought *him* under the bedsprings and used-car parts and old tires there

43 And when they found him *not*, they turned back again to Birmingham, seeking him.

44 And it came to pass that after three days, they found *him* in the Main Tent, sitting in with Glen Campbell and Roy Clark,

45 And all that heard *him* were astonished at *his* ability to pick that *thang*

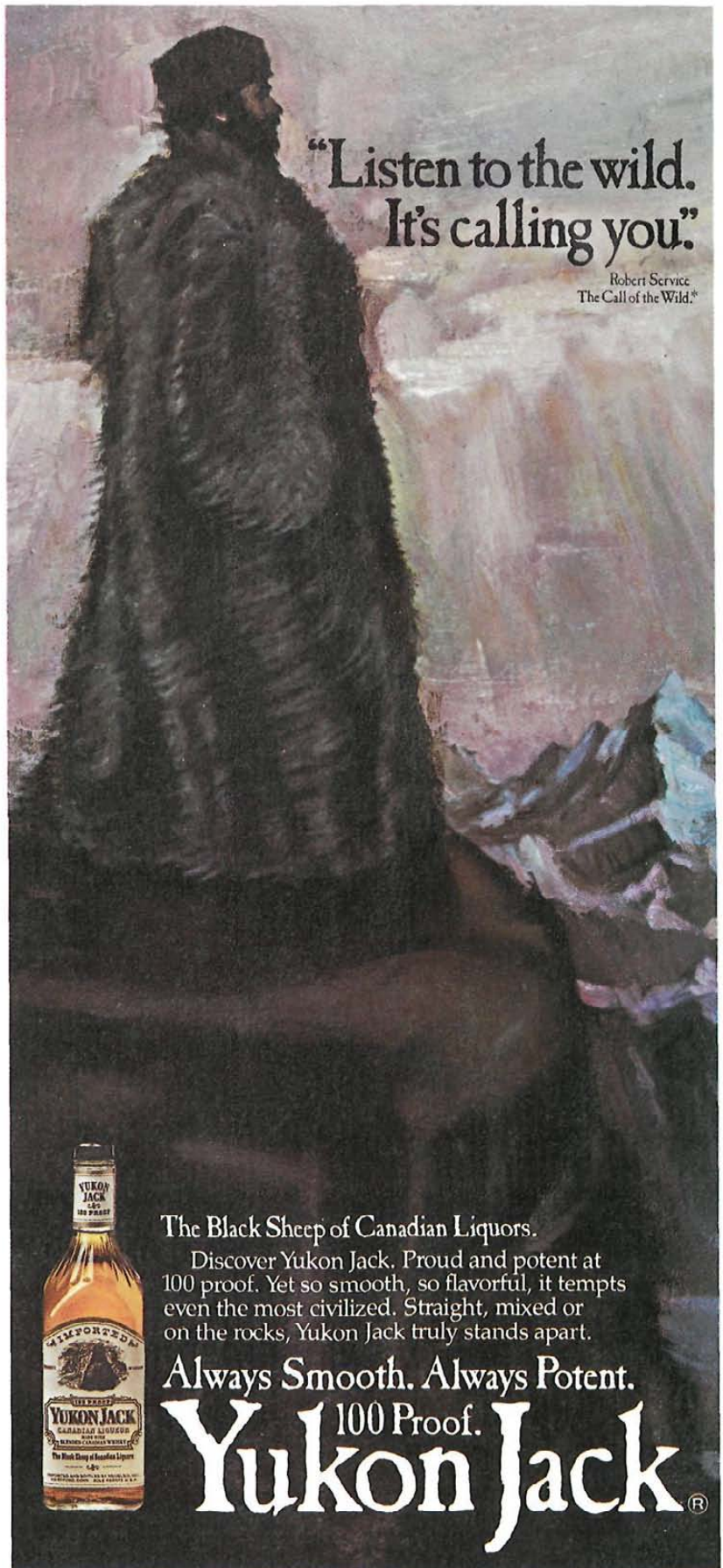
46 And when they saw *him*, they were *amazed*, and Mary-Jo said unto him, "*Jesus Christ*, where the *hell* have you been?"

47 And he said unto them, "*How is it that you got in without paying? Wist ye not that I must be about getting into show business?*"

48 And they understood *not* the saying which he *spake* unto them.

49 And he *went down* with them, and came to Ozark, and wasn't *let out* of their sight; but Mary-Jo still kept these sayings in her heart, because the *Enquirer* paid five dollars a week for clever children's sayings.

50 And Jesus-Jo increased in pickin' and grinnin', and in favor with God and man and those who hand out contracts in Nashville.



**"Listen to the wild.  
It's calling you."**

Robert Service  
The Call of the Wild\*


The Black Sheep of Canadian Liquors.

Discover Yukon Jack. Proud and potent at 100 proof. Yet so smooth, so flavorful, it tempts even the most civilized. Straight, mixed or on the rocks, Yukon Jack truly stands apart.

Always Smooth. Always Potent.

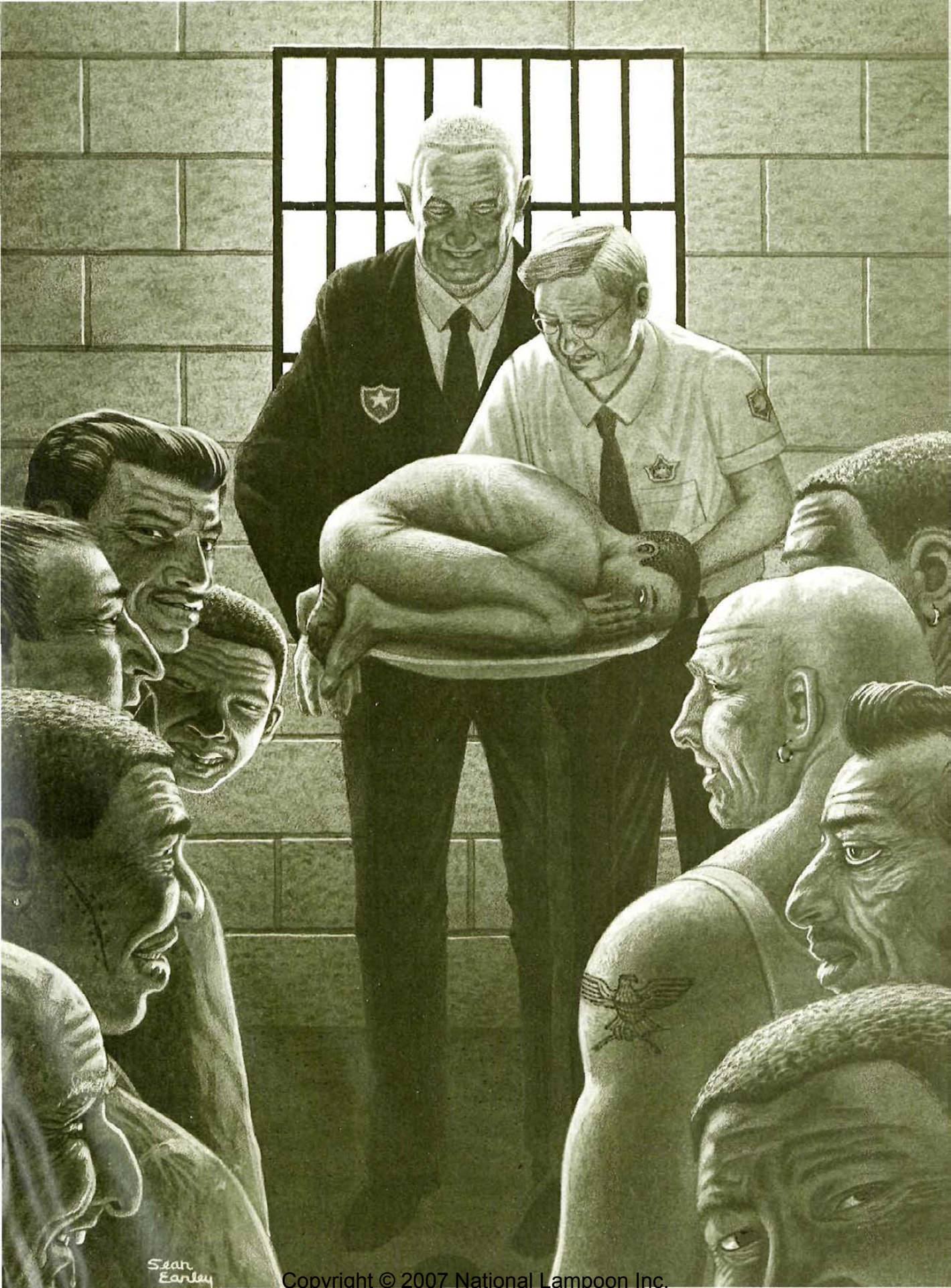
100 Proof.

**Yukon Jack**®



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





Sean Earley

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# A CHILD'S CHRISTMAS IN JAIL

BY SAGIMI ABREKA (a k a DYLAN WASHINGTON)

**O**

ne Christmas was a lot like another in those bent-over and broken-open-like-a-twelve-gauge years of my asunder-torn youth, so that now, in the piss-dripping and solitarily-confined institutional-green stillness just before nodding, I can never remember whether I got five to ten when I was fifteen, or ten to fifteen when I was five.

The book was thrown at me bird-early, hurled black binding-foremost at a wee and cocky Newark man-child, hurled by fungus-faced and off-jerking judges to ensure that all my wee felony-eyed misdemeanors avalanched down toward the Jersey-newed court of little Juvenals, until they



drifted, exhibit by exhibit, consecutive and concurrent, onto the bench of a dishonorable hizzoner, to be shoveled at me with a gavel.

In goes my coffee-hued meat hook into that heap of glistening slush and out comes whatever I can half-remember: a Yiddish-cracking widow of eighty-four, peremptorily relieved of her pocketbook; a Rican-Puertoed hunchback, gagged and bound and kicked into that good night, not gently. Out comes so many window-smashed liquor marts and Eleven-Sevended knockovers at either end of a green-eyed gun that the book—and not the Good One—was bounced off my wool earlier than most, earlier, even, than the rosy dawn of my rosebud anus, that pink Mae West which yet maintains my small frame afloat on the sea of maximum security.

When it was only my tenth year to heaven, Christmas had come to be known as the day of an extra pack of Luckies and a conjugal visit. Doing time held me green and dying, though I sang in my chains like Michael Jackson.

It was on Christmas Eve—or perhaps it was April—that I skulked, green-eyed, though my eyes are brown, in the cell-blocked shower stall, watching Moose Milkwood bleed to death. Someone was always bleeding at Christmas.

I had just offered my apple-puckered anus to Moose in exchange for another day of life. I was young and easy in the mercy of his means, and soon the force that through the green fuse drove Moose's mojo drove my green rage, even though I am black. While I was still under Milkwood, I seized the French butcher's blade from his butch-

ing hand, and with it I blasted the roots of his tree. Still writhing in his corn-holed spasm, Moose felt ripe with Deaths and Entrances. After I sliced his apple balls, I performed urban renewal upon the condominium of Moose's heart. Moose, who had thought he was coming, was going. And as he raged against the dying of the light, Moose recited the poetry of Rod McKuen.

A holiday wreath of my serial-numbered playmates soon circled us, like crap-shot schoolboys, laying piss-anted wagers as to how long it would take Moose to go, kicking and screaming, into that good night. But Moose only grimaced like a fish and spat more blood-reeking verses from *Listen to the Warm*.

Like rods of lightning, our buttlicked and shit-suckling guardians descended upon our Christmas-showered mischief. Although they grinned, turd-lipped, above their key rings, they were not infused, as we were, by a holiday spirit. Worst was Big Joe Tannenbaum. At his plea, the air sprang alert with the siren song of sirens, singing their siren song. It sounded like "O Little Town of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania," from where Moose Milkwood hailed.

With his last geyser of Rudolph-reindeered blood, Moose deserted Rod McKuen for Clement Moore, saying "Merry Christmas to All and to All a Good Night and Fuck You!!"

Moose's final carol turned my friends and me into wassail-willed revelers, convicted Saint Nicholases frenzied with Christmas cheer, minus the goodwill toward men. We cut Joe Tannenbaum into three green-eyed

pieces, good for planting. "Oh, Tannenbaum!" cried his vomit-breathed colleagues, Noel Schwartzkopf ("The First Noel") and Noel Weisskopf ("The Second Noel"). We cut them into six green-eyed pieces.

"Jesus Christ!" they said, because it was Christmas (or perhaps it was July).

How we felt our green-eyed oats that day! How we romped in the semen-stenched halls! In riotous play we scampered, liberators, napoleoning through sardine-crowded cells and on toward the Tower, where badged and limp-dicked putzes crouched.

"Adeste, fideles!" we called to our brothers as we passed. From the yard and the latrines and the mystery-meated dining room they all joined us in our pucky play.

Years and years and years ago, when I was just a thimble-shlonged punk, when there were grizzly bears and dragons in the Tombs, and hatchets the color of wardensblood, when we cradled Saturday night specials in our tattooed arms like Baby Jesuses, listening to the sirens caroling us from outside: "God Rest Ye, Merry Gentlemen!"

But here beside me a small boy tries to tell me about Attica and New Mexico.

"That's nothing," I say. "We fueled our daft and happy pranks with special zeal and a great deal of South American marching powder, the Mother Lapland who kept our Christmases white, the Siberian-wanded fairy who frosted all our snowmen."

"Were there motherfuckers then, too?"

"There were wonderful motherfuckers," I say. "And the most wonderful of all was Emmanuel Greensleeves, with arms the size of subways and cicatriced with switchblade graffiti all over his espresso-colored body. Emmanuel had a perfect sense of what was or was not green. He was the red-eyed Rudolph who led our Christmas slay. He had his own punk, too—Harold 'Pelotitas' Angel—whose Havana rectum was so grand it could hide dozens of cigars for Emmanuel. 'Hark, Harold Angel sings!' we said, listening to Emmanuel do a body search of Angel for cigars that Christmas, though not with his hands."

"Were there presents then?"

"Oh, yes. Wonderful presents. Emmanuel dispensed them from a big Christmas box he had been hiding under his floor. There were the Useful Presents: Luger-eyed Magnums and Magnum-eyed Lugers and axes snuck from Topanga fire stations and M16s from Brooklyn and teeny-tiny Nancy-Reaganed derringers from D.C.

"And there were the Useless Pres-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 76)





# Isn't It About Time You Sold Out?

**N**ow that the greedy and ambitious National Lampoon Company and the utterly ruthless Cardinal Industries have sold out to each other, it can be *your turn!*

Upon receipt of your check or money order for \$12.00 (\$10.00 plus \$2.00 for postage & handling), restrictive, incentive-destroying Federal Trade Commission regulations will require us to mail you an attractively boxed, brightly colored deluxe edition of our totally unethical, incredibly realistic board game: *National Lampoon's SELL OUT!*

Included are dice, markers, Assets, Friends, Breaks, Connections (good and bad)—in fact, everything you need to make your

move out of the daily grind into the fast lane, screw your buddies, and make the Big Score!

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Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ hermetically sealed boxes containing *National Lampoon's SELL OUT!*, at \$10.00 plus \$2.00 (postage and handling) each.

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635 Madison Avenue  
New York, N.Y. 10022

New York residents,  
please add 8¼ percent  
sales tax.





# RON HAUGE'S YEAR OF NEW YORKER REJECTED COVERS

**A**SK TEN PEOPLE to name a place where gentle forest animals coexist with humans beneath towering skyscrapers, a city paradise where everyone you meet is brotherly and polite and you could eat off the sidewalks if you wanted to, they're all so clean.

Chances are, all ten people will respond with the same three words: New York City.

Perhaps we neglected to mention that these ten people live in some Third World country you've never even heard of and have never actually *seen* or *heard about* New York, but fifteen years ago a Peace Corps

worker papered his first outhouse wall with the covers of some *New Yorker* magazines he'd brought along to read. And that's been their only glimpse of the city.

That's how it is on the cover of *The New Yorker*: quaint, friendly, spotless, trouble-free. But there's another New York, a city you won't see on a *New Yorker* cover. The city where you wouldn't eat off the sidewalk if Jesus himself appeared and said, "Go ahead and eat, it'll be okay." We are referring now to the New York City that's in the state of New York in the United States of America—a real place you could really visit if you wanted to but you don't because you're smart.

You've heard the stories; eight million of them, all ending with a scream.

These drawings were sent to *The New Yorker* to give the real New York equal time on the magazine's cover. The rejection slips were always quaint, friendly, spotless: "The editors are saddened to see you wasting so much good money on postage."

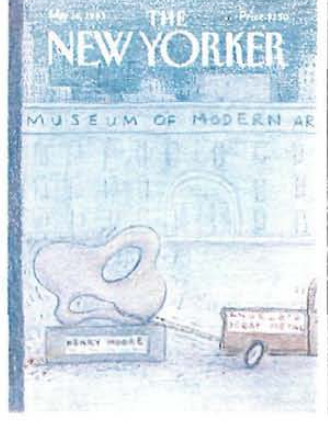
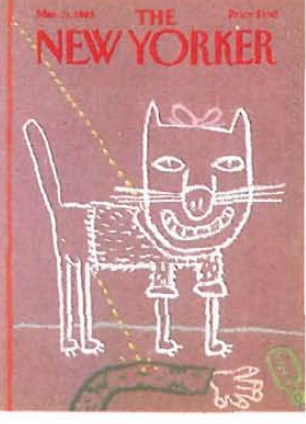
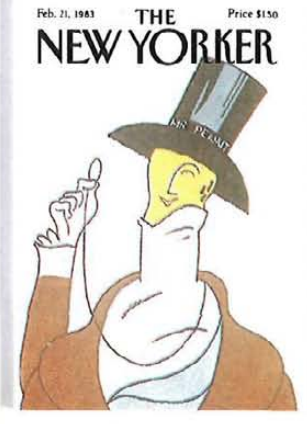
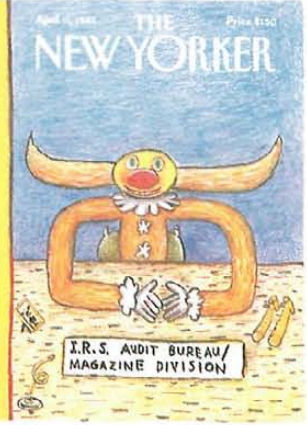
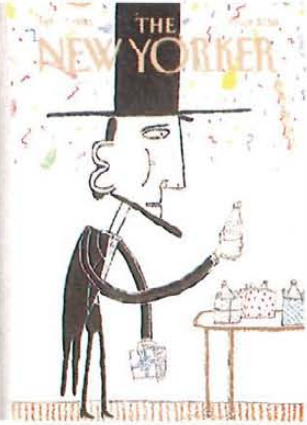
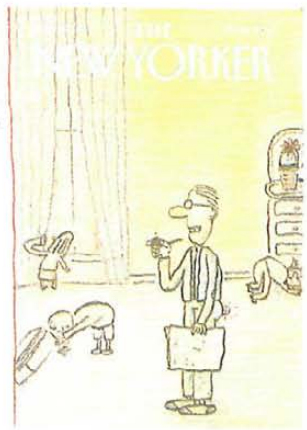
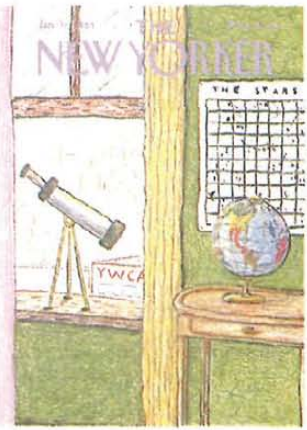
*Ron Hauge's drawings have been rejected by many leading publications, among them The New Yorker, Esquire, Rolling Stone, New York, Playboy, Saturday Review, Vanity Fair, and The New York Times Magazine. His work is still occasionally rejected by the National Lampoon.*



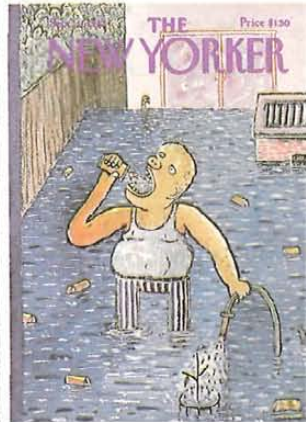
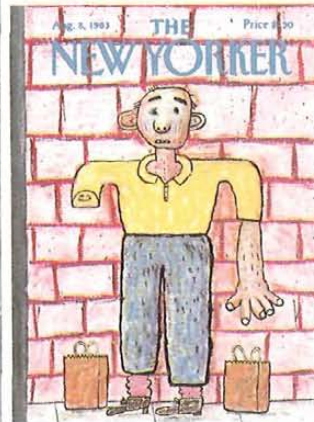
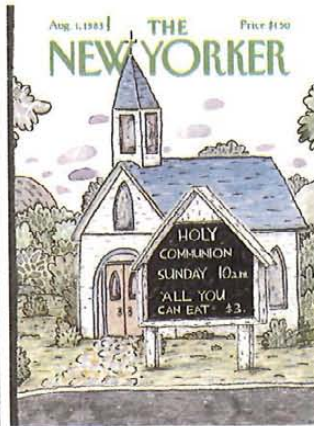
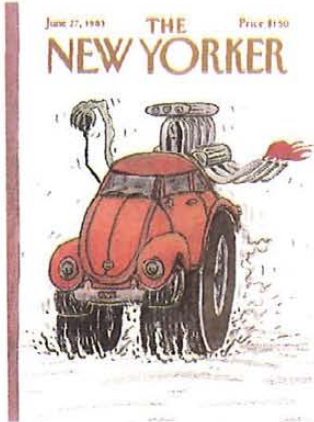
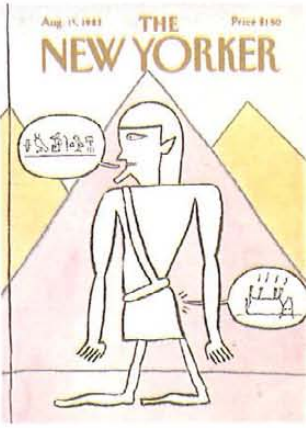
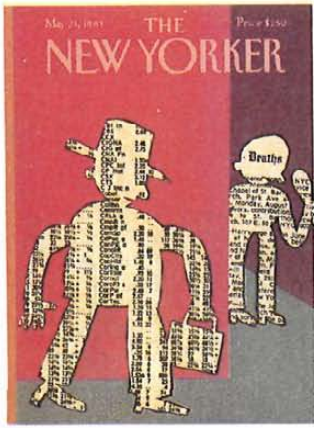
Jan. 24, 1983 THE NEW YORKER Price \$1.00













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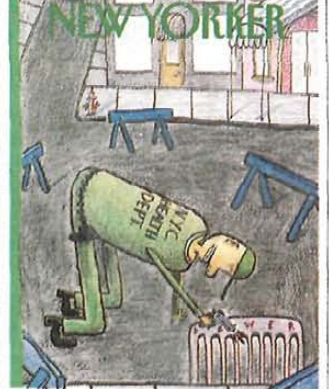
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THE NEW YORKER Price \$1.50



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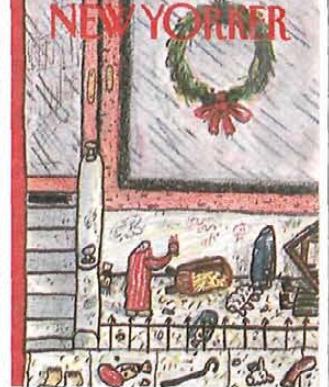
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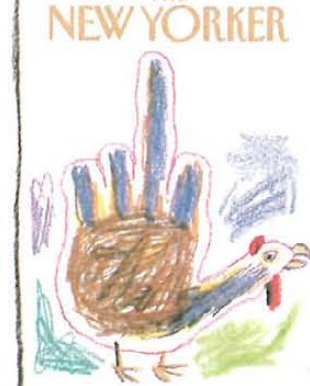
Sept. 26, 1983 THE NEW YORKER Price \$1.50



Oct. 24, 1983 THE NEW YORKER Price \$1.50



Nov. 21, 1983 THE NEW YORKER Price \$1.50



THE NEW YORKER Price \$1.50



Oct. 3, 1983 THE NEW YORKER Price \$1.50



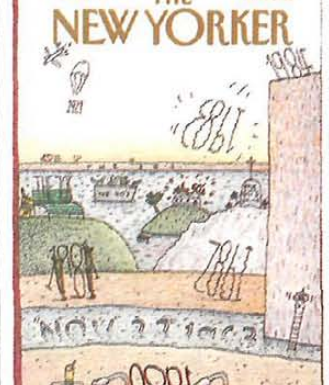
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THE NEW YORKER Price \$1.50





# CHILD'S XMAS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70)

ents, too: tire irons from Emmanuel's cousin in Harrisburg, and buffalo-size baseball bats autographed by Reggie Jackson and Vicki Morgan, and wooden boards with fire-toothed nails slouching from them toward Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, and pokers from Lefrak Village and machetes from Vietnam and expensive cutlery from Southampton kitchens and needles from the von Bulows' Newport cellar, and wonderful long chains that made a gay, crooning sound like Harold Angel We Have Heard When High."

"Tell me more about the presents."

"Well, they were better than all the flakes and crystals in Peru falling from the sky. We bounded into the Tower to find our old, white-haired warden, Julius Israel, and show him our wonderful new toys.

"A fine Christmas!" he said, straining against the barbed wire which bound his honky-white limbs until they turned many brilliant colors. Julius Israel was a cock-sucked and crap-consuming water closet, and we all threw our shiny new hatchets into his face, Emmanuel first. Glee dripped from our souls like Welsh rarebit.

"Outside, the sirens caroled us with 'O Come, O Come, Emmanuel, and Ransom Captive Israel!' But it was untimely. As he lay in an Atlantic tide pool of his Christmas blood, Israel recited the poetry of Leonard Nimoy, while the rest of us decked the halls with bodies and entrails and severed heads and a little mistletoe."

"Were there pigs then, like in our joint?"

"There are always pigs at Christmas. The same pigs. And on this Christmas morning, with floodlit and megaphoned litanies from a choir of worshipers outside, we saw the pig chief, Bernie 'King' Wenceslas.

"Quick," said a side pig, "King Wenceslas, look down upon the feast of Stephen!" Stephen was an academy-trained German shepherd who was at that moment nibbling on the isolated limb of some turd-lipped guardian, probably The Second Noel. Wenceslas asked for a plain brown bag into which to expel his lunch, to which he added several Czech prayers his grandmother had learned in Prague in 1948. Now there was a Christmas!

"Wenceslas's exotic mood cheered us all. 'What shall we give them?' I said. 'The First Noel?'"

"No," said Emmanuel. "Let's give them Tannenbaum."

"And one, two, three—to Stephen's green-eyed delight—we hurled the cold leftovers of Joe Tannenbaum down into the Midnight Clear, singing 'Joy to the World' for all the located and networked news cameras, better than Three Dog Night.

"Then a small, dry voice—like Kim Carnes on laughing gas—seemed to join our singing. The voice came from the other side of the Tower door, like a ghost, or the ghost of a child.

"What child is this?" said Emmanuel Greensleeves. It was the first time I had ever seen him tremble. If it was a ghost, had it come to punish or to rehabilitate?"

"Perhaps it was the shade of George Raft," said Harold Angel, an expert on second comings.

"Perhaps it was Gary Gilmore," said Emmanuel.

"Perhaps it was Kim Carnes on laughing gas," I said.

"But I think I knew to whom that voice belonged. It belonged to the child who was myself, the self who had never been to jail, who would never make a cleat sandwich from a human face or shower with prurient butches, Hale Felon, Well Hung! It was the voice of the child who was myself, another self I would know but never be, a different manner of child, who frolicked in a different manner of Christmas, in a different, blue-eyed book.

"The only greenness in the voice was the green, green, green-eyed grass of home, which jangled us, and so we removed our asses from that place.

"When we stopped running, we were all snug in our beds, while sugary visions plum-discoed in our heads: strings of little wop Christmas lights and marijuana wreaths and boughs of Buddy Holly and Tupperware wassail bowls brimming with spiked Hawaiian punch and Kraft cheese logs and Velveeta striped with red wine and Famous Amos cookies, and bayberry-scented hookahs, and panty hose hanging by a fireplace, and copies of *Hustler* waiting for us under a tree decorated with gaily wrapped boxes of blow.

"And instant mashed potatoes with Chef Boy-ar-dee gravy, and black-eyed peas and green-eyed peas and hashish stuffing and lime gelatin with fruit cocktail and Oscar Mayer cans of ham and many treasures from the valley of the Jolly Green-Eyed Giant.

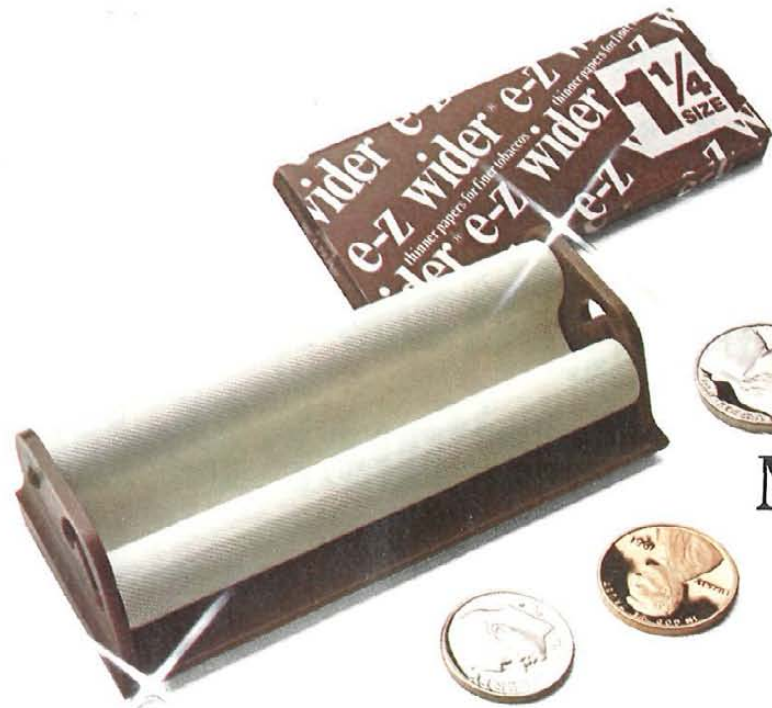
"And apple-cheeked children and banana-cheeked uncles and kiwi-cheeked grandmothers and papaya-cheeked domesticated animals. And topless dancers feasting on a butterball turkey that looked like Julius Israel.

"Always, on Christmas night, there was music. Emmanuel played a Sony blaster. Angel played a green-eyed Panasonic marked down to \$49.95. I listened to Tannenbaum's Walkman and watched *The Red Shoes* on Betamax. It was very cozy in the joint. Harold Angel sang 'O Holy Night' in the original Latin, and the rest of us joined him with 'Break Forth O Beauteous Heavenly Light.' We sang 'O Magnum Mysterium' and 'Stabat Mater' and 'Would You Like to Ride in My Beautiful Balloon?'"

"Looking out at the nut-brown cockroaches scurrying home after last-minute shopping, I could still see the lights of the pigs and television cameras and mayors and governors outside, and hear their sirens caroling us. The night was not silent, but it was green. And in my greenness, I got into bed. I said some words to the close and mother-fucking darkness, and then I beat off, and then I slept."







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Earl, Sr.

Bathsheba

# We're Busy As Bees and We Do a Honey Gourmet Holiday

## A Holiday Message from the Bisbee Family

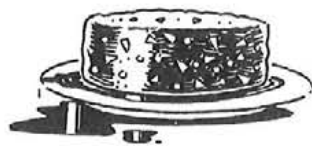
It's getting near that time of the year when you think of holiday entertaining and feasting and all sorts of good times. This is the time of the year when you want to set a real good table and be real proud of what you serve. We at Bisbee Farms make it our business to give you real holiday eating pleasure (also eating pleasure you can enjoy all year round).

My wife, Bathsheba, is the boss of the kitchen, cooking up batches of this and that and making sure the neighborhood kids don't steal too many cookies. My sons, Earl, Jr., Nehi, and Bobo, take care of the crops and the animals and most of the fish. My daughters, Bovina and Valvoline, help out Mom and do some pretty fancy cooking themselves. I sort of handle the foreman's chores and the little business things. Since we're all so busy most of the time we don't get a chance to wish you all a happy holiday individually, so my family asked me to say it for them—and I will. Happy holiday and happy gourmet eating from the Bisbee family!

*Earl Bisbee*

Earl Bisbee, Sr.  
Fort Chenango, Florida

## Grandma Bisbee's Holiday Cheer Fruitcake



Grandma Bisbee isn't with us anymore. She's gone to that great gourmet-food heaven, God bless her. But we still

make her luscious, intoxicating holiday fruitcake exactly according to her secret recipe, a recipe that uses over a gallon of fine bourbon whiskey for every cake. You can cut this cake with a knife or you can squeeze it like a sponge and drink it, like most folks around here do. That's really the best way to consume it. Then you can suck on the fruits and nuts, and then you can whoop it up and have a good time! A real gourmet treat for traditional holiday entertaining and for when guests drop in unexpectedly.

**Grandma Bisbee's  
Holiday Cheer Fruitcake . . . . . \$14.95**

## Miss Valvoline's Holiday Gravy



When our daughter Valvoline was fooling around the kitchen stove one day, Mom started to shoo her out, because she was busy cooking up one of her traditional gourmet masterpieces. But I took a taste of what little Valvoline was doing and I said to Mom, "Hold on, this girl is on to something that'll make what you're cooking taste even better!" Valvoline was fixing up her own made-up recipe for all-purpose holiday-style gravy, the best darn gravy you ever tasted, or I'll eat my genuine alligator belt! Valvoline won't tell us what she puts into her holiday gravy, except plenty of leftover bones and stuff from our gourmet meat recipes, plus a pinch of this and a dash of that from her secret spice chest that she won't show a soul. It all comes out rich and zesty and full of spunk, like the gravies your old colored housekeeper used to make. Valvoline, bless her, is a born gourmet chef!

**Miss Valvoline's Holiday Gravy—Goes great on anything!**

One quart . . . . . \$6.50  
One gallon . . . . . \$10.00

## Bisbee Farms Steamed Baby Egret in Paper Bags



Our littlest boy, Bobo, developed a taste for baby egret when he was just a tot himself. The boy was a born gourmet. And when he was old enough to climb a tree, what he'd do is catch us a big batch of egrets every Saturday, and we'd have a feast! Well, Bobo is almost grown now, but he still loves his egret and he still catches 'em for us. Only now he gets 'em almost every single day. He's a smart one, is Bobo. He sneaks up behind the mama egret with a piece of very very thin steel wire and, well, he sort of guillotines her. And then he scoops up all the little babies before they can make a move.

And now Bobo's catches are your next holiday gourmet feast, because Mom Bisbee prepares 'em the best style in the world, steamed in their own juices with plenty of butter and herbs and spices in a brown paper bag. Yes, your egrets come already steamed in the bag. To re-heat, just press the little aerosol button on the side of the bag and it will expand to full-blown size, then pop it in a 350-degree oven for ten minutes and it's ready.

**Baby Egrets in Paper Bags  
(package of six) . . . . . \$29.95**



# ... at Bisbee Farms, ... of a Job Bringing ... Foods to You!



## Bisbee Farms Everglades Crabsters in Our Special Holiday Potpies



It's not a crab, it's not a lobster. It's a crabster, and it lives only in the most treacherous waters of the Everglades where very few boats can navigate. We got a running order for the biggest, fattest crabsters our man Benny can catch. Benny has been crabstering for over forty-seven years. Heck, he's beginning to look like one!

As you would think, the crabster tastes a little like lobster, a little like crab—only a lot better than both! It's mostly all meat, and even the thin shell tastes good. You can have your crabster boiled or steamed, baked or barbecued—but our older daughter, Bovina, likes to do hers as crabster potpie. She uses the crabster shells for her crust and puts lots of good things inside the pie, along with the crabster meat. She's real proud of it, and so are we!

**Crabster Potpie**  
(average weight 11 pounds) . . . \$19.95

## Bisbee Farms World-Famous Smoked Lazy Beaver



Around the Everglades we got this eccentric strain of beaver that, believe it or not, hates to work. In fact, he is just

plumb lazy! Most folks think he is a funny animal and leave him alone, but one day I got to thinking of how good a beaver like this might taste, because he's so round and plump and likes to pamper himself a lot—just lying on a rock and taking in the warm Florida sun.

So I trapped me a male and female lazy Everglades beaver, and I domesticated them and raised them to breed. I mean, the whole Bisbee family got involved raising these animals. We fed them T-bone steaks, baked Idaho potatoes with sour cream and chives, and apple pie à la mode. No tree bark and river plants for these beavers! And they got real French mineral water and four massages a day. Nothing was too good for them. You've heard of "contented cows"? Well, you don't know contentment till you see a herd of my beavers loping around, smiling with those funny buckteeth. That must be one of the reasons why my beavers taste so good!

Now, as soon as the beavers are at the peak of plump perfection (they're almost as big as ponies), I smoke them and cure them according to my grandpa's old Everglades recipe, which he claims he got from a real Seminole Indian. After three years of smoking and curing, my lazy beavers are ready. Naturally, you want to know what kind of taste sensation my smoked beaver is. I'll try my best to describe it, even though words alone simply can't do the job.

Your first impression when you bite into it is the sweet and zesty taste of a crown roast loin of pork, with just a hint of leg of lamb. As you chew it, it seems to take on the taste of a Maryland capon with just a touch of the richness of Long Island duckling. There's no "gamy" taste to my beavers. Remember, they're highly domesticated. And underneath it all is the smooth, succulent, and smoky undertone that reminds you of Virginia ham at its best. That's just a hint of what my beaver tastes like. Why, folks around

Fort Chenango have even written poems and songs about it, and I'll be happy to send them to you.

My smoked lazy beaver comes ready to heat and eat, in thirty-pound loaves, at only \$89.95 each.

**A word of advice:** Since I put aside only a small amount of my smoked beaver for mailing (I've got to honor my friends' and neighbors' requests first), I suggest you order your holiday supply real quick. If you order now, I'll send you my special Holiday Sampler Package, absolutely free! It consists of a half dozen plump, juicy smoked beaver toes. A big toe is a meal in itself, and each one is handsomely gift wrapped and guaranteed to come to you in perfect eating condition. You'll recognize the package by the picture of "Smokey the Beaver" on it. Smokey is our mascot—the first beaver I trapped and put out to stud. And he's still going strong!

**Bisbee Farms**  
**Smoked Lazy Beaver . . . . . \$89.95**

**No such thing as ordering too early. Order right now. If you don't order right now, we may be all out of what you want. Supplies of gourmet foods are limited. Call us collect 24 hours a day, 365 days a year. 909-555-7867. Do it now before you forget.**



Fort Chenango, Florida  
The Belly of the Everglades



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- DECEMBER 1972**/Easter
- SEPTEMBER 1973**/Postwar
- AUGUST 1974**/Isolationism and Tooth Care
- SEPTEMBER 1974**/Old Age
- NOVEMBER 1974**/Civics
- JANUARY 1975**/No Issue
- MAY 1975**/Medicine
- AUGUST 1975**/Justice
- SEPTEMBER 1975**/Back to College
- DECEMBER 1975**/Money
- APRIL 1976**/Sports
- OCTOBER 1976**/The Funny Pages
- NOVEMBER 1976**/Special Election-Year Issue
- JANUARY 1977**/Surefire Issue
- FEBRUARY 1977**/Kennedy Reinaugural Issue
- APRIL 1977**/Ripping the Lid off TV
- JUNE 1977**/Careers
- JULY 1977**/Sex
- SEPTEMBER 1977**/Grow Up
- OCTOBER 1977**/Beatles
- NOVEMBER 1977**/Lifestyles
- DECEMBER 1977**/Christmas in December
- JANUARY 1978**/The Role of Sex in History
- FEBRUARY 1978**/Spring Fascism Preview
- MARCH 1978**/Crime and Punishment
- APRIL 1978**/Spring Cleaning
- JUNE 1978**/The Wild West
- JULY 1978**/100th Anniversary Issue
- AUGUST 1978**/Today's Teens
- SEPTEMBER 1978**/Style
- OCTOBER 1978**/Entertainment
- JANUARY 1979**/Depression
- MARCH 1979**/Chance
- APRIL 1979**/April Fool
- MAY 1979**/International Communism and Terrorism
- JUNE 1979**/Kids
- JULY 1979**/Sports
- AUGUST 1979**/Travel
- SEPTEMBER 1979**/Potpourri
- OCTOBER 1979**/Comedy
- NOVEMBER 1979**/Love
- DECEMBER 1979**/Success
- JANUARY 1980**/Fantasy
- FEBRUARY 1980**/Tenth Anniversary Issue
- MARCH 1980**/March Miscellany
- APRIL 1980**/Vengeance
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- JUNE 1980**/Fresh Air
- JULY 1980**/Slime, Swill, and Politics
- AUGUST 1980**/Anxiety
- SEPTEMBER 1980**/The Past and How It Got There
- OCTOBER 1980**/Aggression
- NOVEMBER 1980**/Potpourri
- DECEMBER 1980**/Fun Takes a Holiday
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- FEBRUARY 1981**/Sin
- MARCH 1981**/Women and Dogs
- APRIL 1981**/Chaos
- MAY 1981**/Naked Ambition
- JUNE 1981**/Romance
- JULY 1981**/Endless, Mindless Summer Sex
- AUGUST 1981**/Let's Get It Up, America!
- SEPTEMBER 1981**/Back to School
- OCTOBER 1981**/Movies
- NOVEMBER 1981**/TV
- DECEMBER 1981**/What's Hip?
- JANUARY 1982**/Sword and Sorcery
- FEBRUARY 1982**/The Sexy Issue
- MARCH 1982**/Food
- APRIL 1982**/Failure
- MAY 1982**/Crime
- JUNE 1982**/Do It Yourself
- JULY 1982**/Sports
- AUGUST 1982**/The New West
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**A** POLICE HELICOPTER DELIVERING Ronald McDonald to a McDonald's restaurant crashed before a stunned crowd outside the Detroit fast-food outlet.

"Ronald McDonald came out of the wreckage in a somersault," said one eyewitness. "Everyone gasped. He walked behind a rubbish bin and seemed to spend a few minutes getting control of himself, then he turned and raised his hands toward the crowd and said, 'Hello, everybody.'"

The helicopter pilot was taken to a nearby hospital, but McDonald left immediately after his show and was not available for comment.

"He went back to McDonaldland," said an employee of the franchise. *Detroit Free Press* (contributed by Steve Szilagyi)

CLAIMING HE WANTED THE OPPORTUNITY to "unite all the countries of the world through bowling," Clifton William Zang, thirty-one, pleaded guilty to double homicide in Hillsboro, Oregon. Zang admitted to shooting his former girlfriend and her lover to death before turning his .22-caliber rifle on himself. Blinded by the self-inflicted wound, Zang pleaded guilty to the murders in exchange for a lighter sentence.

"Now I have the opportunity to be the first blind professional bowler," he explained. *The Oregonian* (contributed by Mike Fitzpatrick)

PERFORMING IN CAPETOWN, SOUTH AFRICA, swordsman El Hakim asked a volunteer from the audience to check the sharpness of his sword's blade. But before Hakim could explain exactly what he expected, the volunteer took the sword and plunged it into Hakim's back.

"I guess he just misunderstood," said Hakim after recovering. *Globe* (contributed by Jim Woodward)

AFTER AN AUTOPSY SHOWED THAT WEALTHY widow Virginia Mayes, seventy-six, had suffocated in her Beach City, Texas, home, authorities launched an inves-

tigation into what they called "an almost perfect crime." A ten-month probe, however, revealed that Mrs. Mayes hadn't been murdered at all, but rather had blacked out, rolled off her bed, and smothered in her own shag carpeting. *AP* (contributed by Phil Maenner)

A MAN NAMED SPIKE BROOKS PLACED AN ad in the *Atlanta Journal* that read as follows: "\$250 reward for information resulting in the recovery of two abstract tempora [sic] finger paintings removed from my office at 2120 Marietta Blvd. in May or June, 1975. One painted by former President (then Governor) Jimmy Carter, and signed by him. One painted by a chimpanzee from Atlanta's Yerkes Primate Center." (contributed by Michael and Janice Goddard)

## Watch It...



**Other than that, though, have a good time. (Signs displayed at Buchanan Pump Services & Supply Company in Pound, Virginia, photographed by Gary Stuber of Procius, West Virginia)**

DESPITE THE EFFORTS OF WOULD-BE RESCUERS who applied the Heimlich maneuver, fifty-nine-year-old Nettie Shaw of Morgantown, West Virginia, died at a bingo game after she choked on a nickel-size bingo chip. *AP* (contributed by Christopher D'Ablemont)

AS PART OF A MASS MAILING PROMOTING the availability of new equipment, the Pacific Telephone Company sent 12,000 announcements to the town of

Paradise, California. Unfortunately all 12,000 pieces of mail—a forty-seven-foot stack, according to postal authorities—were addressed to the same person. *AP* (contributed by Ron Hooker)

SIX PEOPLE WERE TAKEN TO THE HOSPITAL after a fight involving some 150 people broke out at a London, England, charity event called "Good Neighbors Day." *Houston Chronicle* (contributed by George Courtmanche)

AFTER WAKING UP TO WHAT SHE DESCRIBED as a "loud noise," Evelyn Muxart, twenty-two, of St.-Etienne, France, found herself with a splitting headache and blood in her hair. "I went to wash up and felt a little dizzy," she said, "so I went back to bed and fell asleep."

After complaining of headaches for ten days, Muxart collapsed at work. Doctors then discovered there was a .22-caliber rifle bullet lodged in her head. Her thirty-year-old husband was charged with attempted murder when he admitted shooting his wife. *UPI* (contributed by Steven Prevost)

WHEN A PORTAGE COUNTY, WISCONSIN, man received a call from his son, who had been arrested for drunk driving and possession of controlled substances, he went to the son's safe to get bail money. After repeated attempts, though, he was unable to open the safe. So he loaded the two-hundred-pound safe into his car and drove to the jail, where he gave the combination to a deputy. The deputy succeeded in opening the safe, where he found hashish, LSD, hash oil, and two pounds of marijuana, as well as eight hundred dollars in cash.

Additional charges were filed against the son, who remained in jail. (Wisconsin Rapids) *Daily Tribune* (contributed by Ken Heltsley)

FUNERAL DIRECTOR JOHN LESLIE CHAIE, twenty-eight, of Cochrane, Ontario, was convicted of murdering his wife, Karen Lee, twenty-five, despite his claim that he shot her accidentally while trying to kill the family cat. *The Province* (contributed by Henry J.E. Nowak)

JANE ARFSTEN, SIXTY-FIVE, OF PEORIA, Arizona, died after being run over in a K mart parking lot three times by the same car. Seventy-one-year-old Margaret Sucharski, the car's driver, was backing out of a parking space when she apparently hit the gas pedal instead of the brakes and backed over Mrs. Arfsten. She then panicked when by-



# The New Santa

by Bill Moseley



SANTA CLAUS FOR ADULTS ONLY



standers began shouting at her.

"When she panicked she put the car in drive and went forward and ran over Mrs. Arfsten again," said a police spokesman. "Now people were yelling 'Hey, wait, wait, wait,' and she put it in reverse and ran over her a third time."

Mrs. Sucharski told officers her car was new and she wasn't accustomed to driving it yet. *Arizona Republic* (contributed by Martin Kolner)

A JUDGE IN GENOA, ITALY, ACQUITTED A twenty-one-year-old woman charged with obscenity for sunbathing in the nude, but convicted three naked men who were arrested with her. The judge explained that "the male anatomical conformation can become obscene even unconsciously." *UPI* (contributed by Richard W. Stewart)

ACCORDING TO THE *NEW YORK TIMES*, 1,600 Egyptian policemen fought a massive two-hour gun battle with smugglers on camels in the desert outside Cairo. No injuries were reported on either side. (contributed by Harold Blackmon)

THE AFRICAN NATION OF BURUNDI, home of the tall Watusi tribe, recently received a foreign-aid grant from the Reagan administration—ten thousand dollars' worth of basketballs. *Cincinnati Post* (contributed by Robert D. Scott)

PRIVATE AMBULANCE SERVICES IN Fulton County near Atlanta, Georgia, have begun fighting over victims. Six ambulance companies in the county compete for the fifty to eighty dollars plus mileage they can charge for each patient delivered to the hospital.

Local authorities say that ambulance crews have argued over dying cardiac patients and blocked each other's ambulances from leaving accident sites with patients. In one case, an ambulance attendant was convicted of stealing the ignition keys from a competitor's vehicle at a heart attack scene, and an ambulance-service owner claims that after his workers had placed a splint on the arm of a man trapped in a wrecked car, a second ambulance crew arrived, "jumped in and ripped our equipment off, and physically pulled the guy out of the car." *AP* (contributed by Victor Anderson) ■

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# LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11)

Sirs:

I don't think it would be bad at all to live in a banana republic, because you could have fun watching all the women eat bananas and think, "Wow, that reminds me of something that's not eating a banana." Of course, if you were dragged out of bed in the middle of the night and tortured, then executed as a dissident due to the instability of the government, you might feel differently. But I still like the part about the bananas and women.

John Squash  
Buffalo, N.Y.

Sirs:

The good thing about having a test-tube baby is that if you decide you don't want to keep it you can knock the beaker over.

Emma Kushner  
Crabshambles, N. Mex.

Sirs:

I need fillies with long legs and tantalizing eyes, so don't send me any ugly old mares, because I won't screw them no matter what you've promised their owners.

Secretariat  
Lexington, Ky.

Sirs:

I keep wondering what it would have been like if there had been just one little switch in history. I mean, what if George Kennedy had been gunned down in Dealey Plaza, and JFK had gone on to win an Academy Award for his moving, funny portrayal of Paul Newman's sidekick in *Cool Hand Luke*? Do you think maybe I'd have better luck with girls? Would my boss be more inclined to give me a raise?

Mickey Lewis  
Johnson City, N.Y.

Sirs:

I don't want to say that I have a big cock, but I went skinny-dipping in Loch Ness a few years ago and people are still talking about it.

Kenny Zollo  
Horsedick, N. Dak.

Sirs:

It's true "Charo" rearranged is "Roach." But if Richard Pryor had spelled his name with an "e" instead of an "i" and one less "t," he would have been Charred Pyro.

Peins Haed  
Alphabet Soup, Wis.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 85)



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Sirs:

I've been working on my master's thesis in psychology, and yesterday I misplaced all my notes. I searched all day for them and, of course, as always happens, I found them in the very last place I looked. . . . . But then again, I don't know of anyone who keeps looking for something after he's found it. Oh, my God! That's beautiful! I can use that in my thesis!

Brick N. Brack  
Collegetown, U.S.A.

Sirs:

Oh no! I think I have crabs! Oh no, there's one! There's another one! They're all over me! Oh, help me! Please help me!

The Pacific Ocean

Sirs:

It seemed like just the other day I was in this beautiful field and, being kind of tired, I thought I'd take a little nap, just a short snooze. Well, damned if I didn't wake up almost a hundred years later. Now, it's not so much the lapse of time that bothered me, but moths had eaten up every last shred of my clothing, and the field that I fell asleep in had become a high-rise development. So there I was, running stark naked through a condominium complex looking for my wife and kids. And I always hoped I'd never repeat my father's mistakes.

Skip Van Winkle  
Catskill Mountains, N.Y.

Sirs:

Wow, like holding this torch is really a drag. Like, I hope this freaking harbor air doesn't give me zits or something—oh, gross. Wow, look at that cute guy down in that ferryboat—like, he'd never go for me. And wow, this gown is, like, killing me. Oh, I just freaking hate myself!

The Statue of Puberty  
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

The greatest book ever written? *Moby Dick*? *The Grapes of Wrath*? *War and Peace*? Nope. The greatest book ever written is this collection of poems called *Love Apples* that my girlfriend got published through Vanity Press. Pick up a copy, why don't'cha?

Sal Mignetti  
Thousands Poorer, Pa.

Sirs:

Boy, could I go for a nice, juicy trailer park right now!

A Tornado  
Omaha, Kans.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 87)

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Sirs:

No, I'm not gay. No, I don't get some kind of weird, sensual thrill out of fondling wild animals. No, I don't get naked and swing from tree to tree on vines screaming "Oh, oh, I want to be a woman" when we're filming on location in the jungles of northeastern Surinam, home to an exotic assemblage of rare animals and birds constituting a unique and delicate tropical ecosystem. The truth is, I don't get off on anything. I'm just too damn old.

Marlin Perkins  
*Somewhere in the bush*

Sirs:

Avast, me hearties! A gold doubloon for the man who brings me an illegal copy of *Return of the Jedi*. ahhr!

A Video Pirate  
*Hong Kong Harbor*

Sirs:

Maybe Hitler's diaries weren't true, but I still believe Hitler took over Europe and fought the United States and the Soviet Union just to impress Jodie Foster.

Hugh Trevor-Roper  
*In a bowler hat*

Sirs:

Look, I'll give you a friendly tip. The reason none of us extraterrestrials have been making contact with your planet is that your food is so bad. I mean it. Chinese, Mexican, New England, French, it's all swill, and everyone in the galaxy knows it. You should hear the Earther jokes going around Alpha Centauri. So get in a few zadplatz joints, or a fried mewp house, and maybe we'll start dropping by for a cup of lepp.

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Sirs:


I was amused by your little story on Mick Jagger and drugs in which Mick swears that he would never use Quaaludes. Well, this guy that I work with down at the mill, Raymond P. (not his full name), takes ludes with Mick all the time, and then they go to this secret place together, fuck lots of girls, and then make contact with the alien vessel. Or so they say.

Craig "Buck" Strick  
*Owego, Ky.*

Sirs:

You don't even want to know what I, Fatty's evil twin brother, did with my Coke bottle.

Faggy Arbuckle  
*Hollywood, Calif.*



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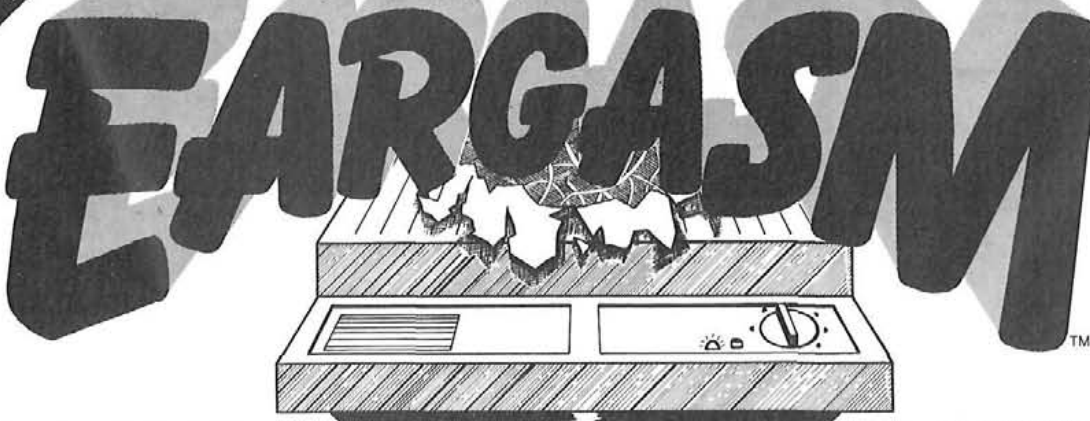
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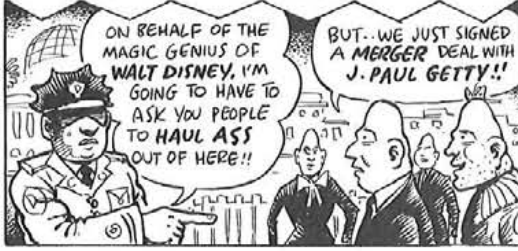
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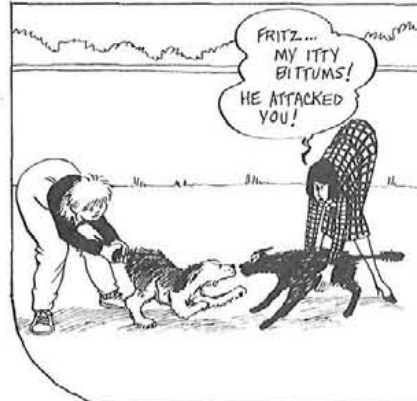
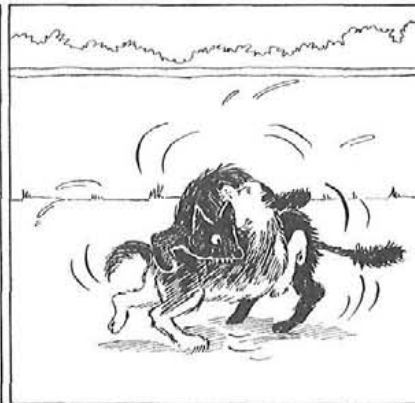
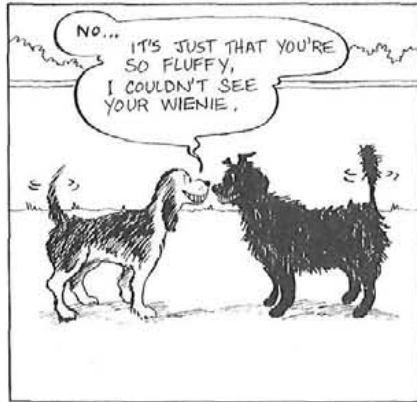
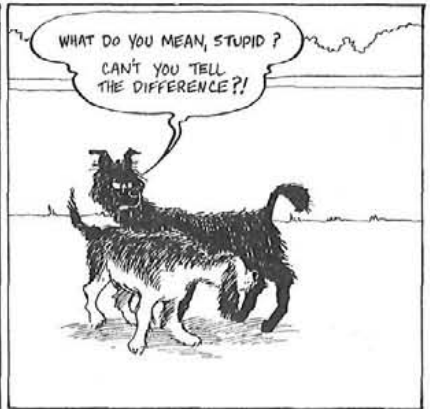
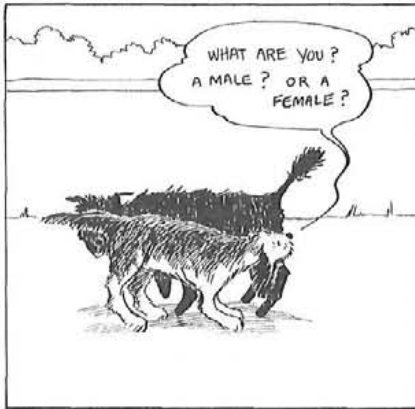
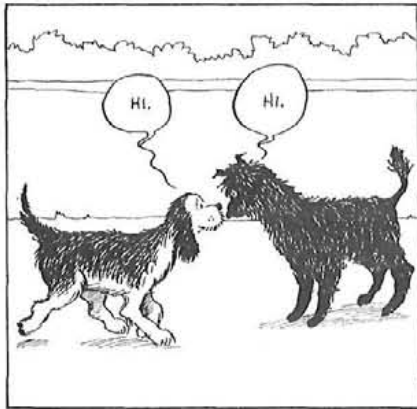
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# TROTS AND BONNIE



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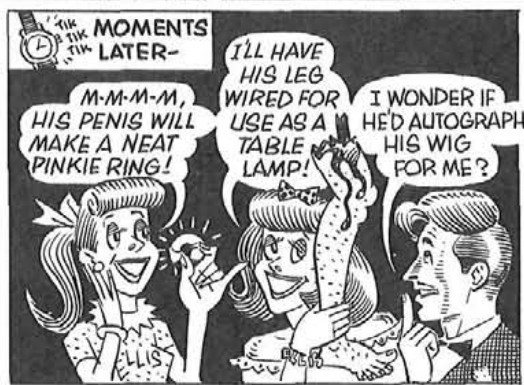
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# RAY and JOE THE STORY OF A MAN AND HIS DEAD FRIEND

**THE STORY...**  
 AT THE MENTION OF "NEWARK" (A CITY IN NORTH NEW JERSEY) JOE DOES THE IMPOSSIBLE—ALTHOUGH UNQUESTIONABLY DEAD, HE LEAPS TO HIS FEET AND WITH TOTAL ABHORRENCE UTTERS, "NEWARK!?! YECCCKHHH!!!"



I DON'T KNOW HOW, JOE, BUT YOU SPOKE! YOU'RE DEAD AND YET YOU JUMPED UP AND SPOKE!

I NEED A DRINK! THERE'S GOTTA BE AN EXPLANATION FOR THIS... HOW CAN A DEAD MAN TALK?



...AND HE JUMPED TO HIS FEET! HOW COULD HE DO THAT?

## at CALABRESE'S FUNERAL PARLOR

MR. CALABRESE, YOU AIN'T GONNA BELIEVE THIS, BUT JOE SPOKE!

YOU'VE BEEN DRINKING! I CAN SMELL WHISKEY ON YOUR BREATH.



I JUST HAD ONE DRINK, 'CAUSE I WAS SHOOK UP SEEIN' JOE JUMP UP AND TALK...

OH? YOU SAY HE ALSO JUMPED UP? DID HE ALSO DRINE YOU DOWN HERE? HEH, HEH, HEH!!!



I'LL GO DOWN AND SEE MR. CALABRESE, THE FUNERAL DIRECTOR. MAYBE HE'LL KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT THIS...

PLEASE, MR. CALABRESE, DON'T MAKE JOES! JOE REALLY JUMPED UP AND SPOKE!

WELL, YOU MUST ADMIT—THAT'S A FANTASTIC STORY YOU'RE TELLING ME...



A GUY COMES TO SEE ME AND HE TELLS ME ABOUT HIS GIRLFRIEND AND HOW SHE'S IN THE HOSPITAL VERY SICK AND DYIN', AND HOW HE WANTS HER TO STAY WITH HIM AFTER SHE'S DEAD, JUST LIKE JOE STAYS WITH ME...



I SEE...

... HE USES MY PHONE TO CALL THE HOSPITAL AND THEY TELL HIM SHE DIED, BUT BEFORE SHE DIED, SHE SAID THAT SHE WANTED HER BODY TAKEN BACK AND BURIED WHERE SHE WAS BORN — IN NEWARK—AND JUST WHEN THIS GUY TELLS ME THAT, JOE JUMPS UP AND SAYS—



**NEWARK!?! YECCCKHHH!!!**

CONTINUED

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Mimi Ponds's  
**Famous Waitress**  
SCHOOL  
TODAY'S LESSON  
**Sexual Politics**  
MIMI PONDS © 1983

SEXUAL POLITICS WILL NEVER DISAPPEAR FROM THE FIELD OF WAITRESSING.

MORE COFFEE, SWEETIE PIE?

SURE, BABY!

IF IT DID, THE JOB WOULD BE BORING.

DO YOU REQUIRE ANY MORE ENERGY UNITS IN SOLID OR LIQUID FORM?

NEGATIVE. PLEASE INVOICE ME.

THE NAME OF THE GAME IS TIPS...

WARM YOUR CUP, HON?

I SAID TIPS!

NO, IT'S TOO WARM ALREADY!

OH HONESTLY, MR. PHILBO!

OH, CHRIST!

...AND NOT HAVING TO FLIRT WITH CREEPS.

AND AH WANT SUM WHIPPED CREAM ON THAT, SUGAR — YEW KNOW WHAT AH MEAN?

STUBBART HAS YES

BENNETT INSPECTOR

GIRL WANTED NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY

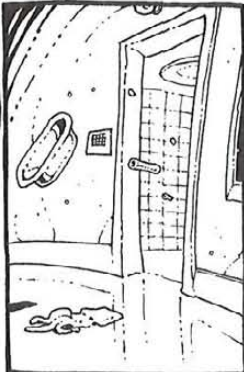
JUST TRY TO MAINTAIN YOUR DIGNITY.

BABY, DID YOU KNOW YOU'RE JES' SITTING ON A CREDIT CARD?

MONEY, IT'S AN IRA ACCOUNT, AND THERE'S A SUBSTANTIAL PENALTY FOR EARLY WITHDRAWAL.

**RICK GEARY**  
© 1983

THIS MONTH:  
A MEDICAL  
DISAGREEMENT



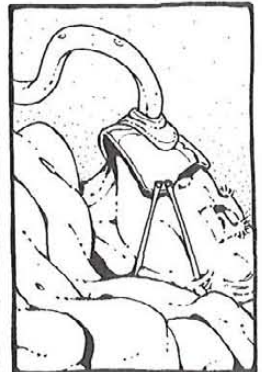
THERE SEEMS TO BE A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION HERE IN OPERATING ROOM 7.



THESE TWO SURGEONS ARE DOING BATTLE...



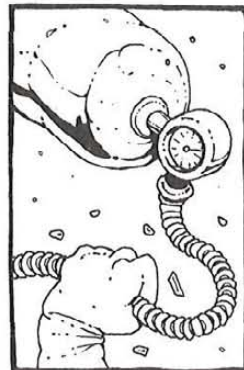
OVER WHICH PARTICULAR METHOD IS ADVISABLE...



FOR OPENING THIS POOR FELLOW'S CHEST CAVITY.



DR. B TAKES A KNUCKLE TO THE EYE.



DR. Q IS RELIEVED WITH AN OXYGEN TANK.



SOMEONE'S WATCH GETS CRUSHED.



THE VICTOR



PATIENT SEEMS TO BE DOING QUITE WELL.





# FAMOUS COMIC ARTISTS SCHOOL

BY BRUCE COCHRAN

## LESSON # 721

### ADJUSTING YOUR CHAIR

THERE ARE TWO BASIC POSITIONS FOR THE COMIC ARTIST'S CHAIR: "TOO GODDAMN HIGH" AND "TOO GODDAMN LOW". IF YOU HAVE INADVERTENTLY MANAGED TO ADJUST YOUR CHAIR TO A COMFORTABLE POSITION YOU WILL NEVER BE ABLE TO DRAW FUNNY, AS ALL HUMOR IS BORN OF PAIN AND SUFFERING.





# TIMBERLAND TALES

by B.K. Taylor



DOCTOR ROGERS  
KATHLEEN  
MAURICE THE INDIAN BOY  
CONSTABLE TOM  
THINKED TO HAVE A SMALL AMOUNT OF BRAIN DAMAGE.

THE CHRISTMAS SEASON JUST WOULDN'T BE COMPLETE FOR CHILDREN WITHOUT A VISIT WITH OLD ST. NICK. THE NEARBY MISSION IN TIMBERLAND IS HOSTING A GET-TOGETHER WITH SANTA AT THE LOCAL ORPHANAGE, WHERE WE FIND MAURICE, CONSTABLE TOM, AND FOAMY WAITING IN LINE....



OH BOY, CONSTABLE TOM, I'M SO NERVOUS! DIS IS MINE FIRS TIME I'M TALK TO SANTY CLAUS!

THEN IT'S MAURICE'S TURN....



WELL WHAT CAN SANTA DO FOR YOU, LITTLE MAN? HO, HO, HO.

I'M SO 'APPY TO TELL YOU, SANTY! COULD I'M 'AVE A FLEA COLLAR FOR MINE DOG, NEW SHOES FOR ME, SOME OREO COOKIE, DA KIN' WIT DAT WHITE STUFF IN DA MIDDLE, A NEW SLED, MAYBE AN ATARI SPACE INVADERS GAME, AN'...



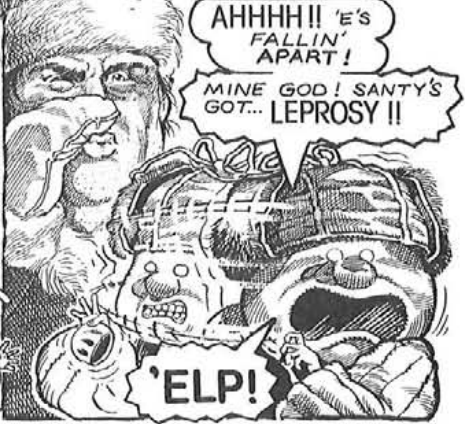
MY, YOU WANT A LOT! HO, HO, HO.

YEAH... DEN COULD I'M 'AVE ONE DOSE BIG STAR WARS SPACE-SHIP - DOSE REAL BIG...



MAURICE'S FLAILING ARMS DISLUDGE SANTA'S BEARD AND NOSE....

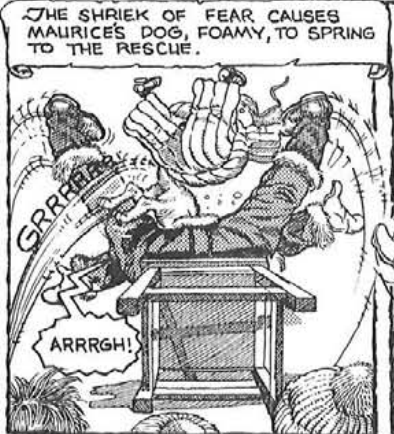
BOINK!



AHHHH!! 'E'S FALLIN' APART!

MINE GOD! SANTY'S GOT... LEPROSY!!

'ELP!



THE SHRIEK OF FEAR CAUSES MAURICE'S DOG, FOAMY, TO SPRING TO THE RESCUE.

GRRRRR!

ARRRGH!



THE CHILDREN PANIC, AND ONE OF SANTA'S HELPERS RUSHES IN TO ASSIST.

GRRRRR!



ORDER IS RESTORED, BUT...

THAT DOES IT! NOW YOU AND YOUR DOG - OUT!

BUT...



THE OTHER CHILDREN CHIDE AS THE GROUP SADLY DEPARTS.

AND STAY OUT!

LEPROSY! HUMPH!!

WHAT A TURKEY!

YOU ALMOST KILLED SANTA!



LOOK LIKE WE DONT GET NO CHRISTMAS PRESENT DIS YEAR....



'DEY PROBABLY SEN' POOR SANTY TO ONE DOSE LEPROSY ISLAND IN 'AWAY!...

... AND DAT MEAN WE DONT GET NO PRESENT NEXT YEAR, EIDER... SIGH:

MOO...

Happy Holidays! B.K.T.

© 1983 B.K. Taylor





## How Big Is Billy's Ulcer?



POOR BILLY. LAST season was rough on him. And let's face it, Billy's the kind of guy who tends to internalize his problems instead of sharing them, reaching out

to all of us around him who, between our beers and ballpark franks, would be only too glad to be really supportive of his getting in touch with his real feelings. Honest, we wouldn't laugh at him if he wanted to cry a bit, or be angry at his mother, or sleep with three pairs of his father's old slippers....

But no, that silly Billy Martin keeps it all bottled up inside, and as the learned Fred Astaire once observed, "Something's gotta give." That something is Billy's intestinal wall, and we're talking a high-speed, rural-road blowout of a hole in there! How big? Well, our crack team of *NL* gastric-tract specialists has told us that your guess is as good as theirs, so give it a try! Our winner will be chosen at random, in much the same manner as the next guy Billy punches out in an elevator, or the next Yankee manager.

### HEY, FUNSTERS!



OUR LATEST PRIZE IS THE CASIO PT-30, A THIRTY-one-note mini-keyboard instrument with built-in rhythms, chords, eight instrument sounds, a memory to play it all back, and a display window to show you what's being played. You can even store your tunes in a separate cassette recorder with this baby, so enter early and often!

"That perforation's such a monster, I have no doubt the following item could slip right through it. Without even touching the sides, I bet. Yup, uh-huh, think so."



An umpire's thumb



Art Fowler's pink slip



A dead seagull



18" of George Brett's bat



George Steinbrenner's desk



Yankee Stadium

1  2  3  4  5  6

MEDICAL SCIENCE CAN WORK MIRACLES. I've marked the corresponding object, and I'm sure that once Billy's doctors know what size hole they're looking for, they'll have him up and eating spicy foods again in no time....

Send to: Make Mine Milk  
National Lampoon  
635 Madison Avenue  
New York, N.Y. 10022

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_  
STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

**McJackpot!**  
David McKeynolds of San Antonio, Texas, wins Contest #25 and an Audiovox phone simply by voting for contest editor Kevin Curran! Can a government career be far behind?



9 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

© 1993 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

# Winston. America's Best.



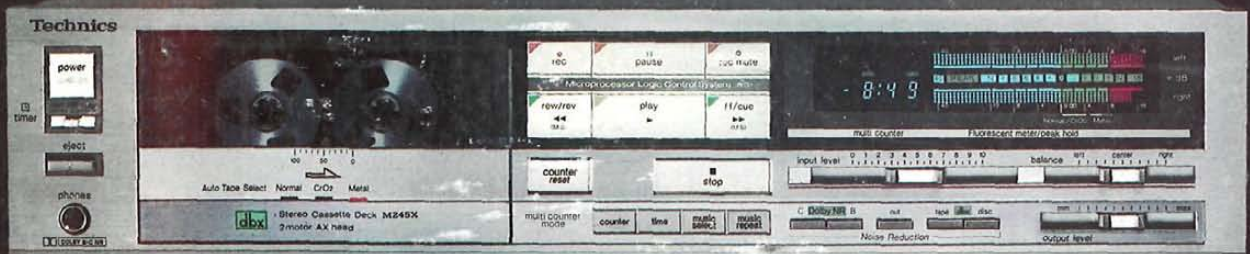
Join the first team.  
Reach for Winston.

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



# They don't just reduce tape noise. They eliminate it. Technics cassette decks with Dolby® B, C and dbx.®

This remarkable series of Technics cassette decks represents an important technological advance in the fight against tape noise. Because unlike other decks that give you only one or the other, Technics now gives you: Dolby B noise reduction for compatibility with your present tape collection. Dolby C for compatibility with the new "C" encoded tapes. And dbx to eliminate virtually every decibel of audible tape noise. All in one deck.



dbx is effective because it compresses a musical signal so its dynamic range is cut in half. When the tape is played back, the original dynamic range is restored, but the noise level is pushed below the level of audibility.

This allows loud passages to be recorded without distortion and soft ones without hiss.

These Technics cassette decks go on to give you computerized performance: microprocessor feather-touch controls. Music Select to automatically find any song on the tape. Music Repeat to replay a song up to 16 times. And a remaining time display to tell you how much recording is left on a tape.

In addition, there is automatic tape bias and EQ setting, expanded range (-40db to +18db) three-color FL meters to handle all the dynamic range dbx gives you, the accuracy and precision of two-motor drive and more.

Explore all of the Technics cassette decks with Dolby B, C and dbx. After all, why own a deck that just reduces tape noise, when you can own one that also eliminates it. Technics.

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**Technics**  
The science of sound