

THE VIOLENCE, REVENGE, REAGAN,  
AND A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL ISSUE

December 1985

\$2.00

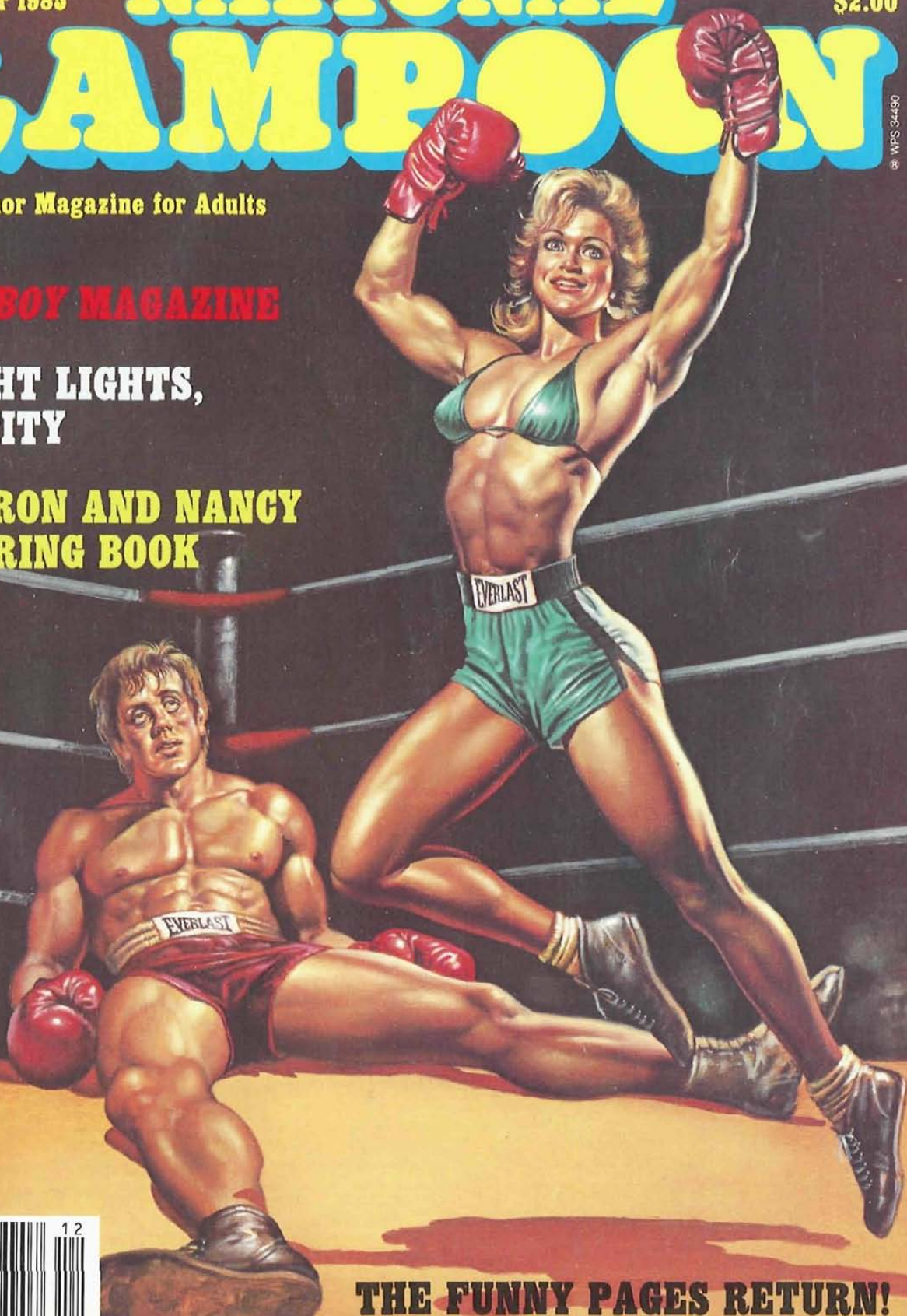
# NATIONAL LAMPLOON

The Humor Magazine for Adults

**SLAYBOY MAGAZINE**

**BRIGHT LIGHTS,  
BIG PITY**

**THE RON AND NANCY  
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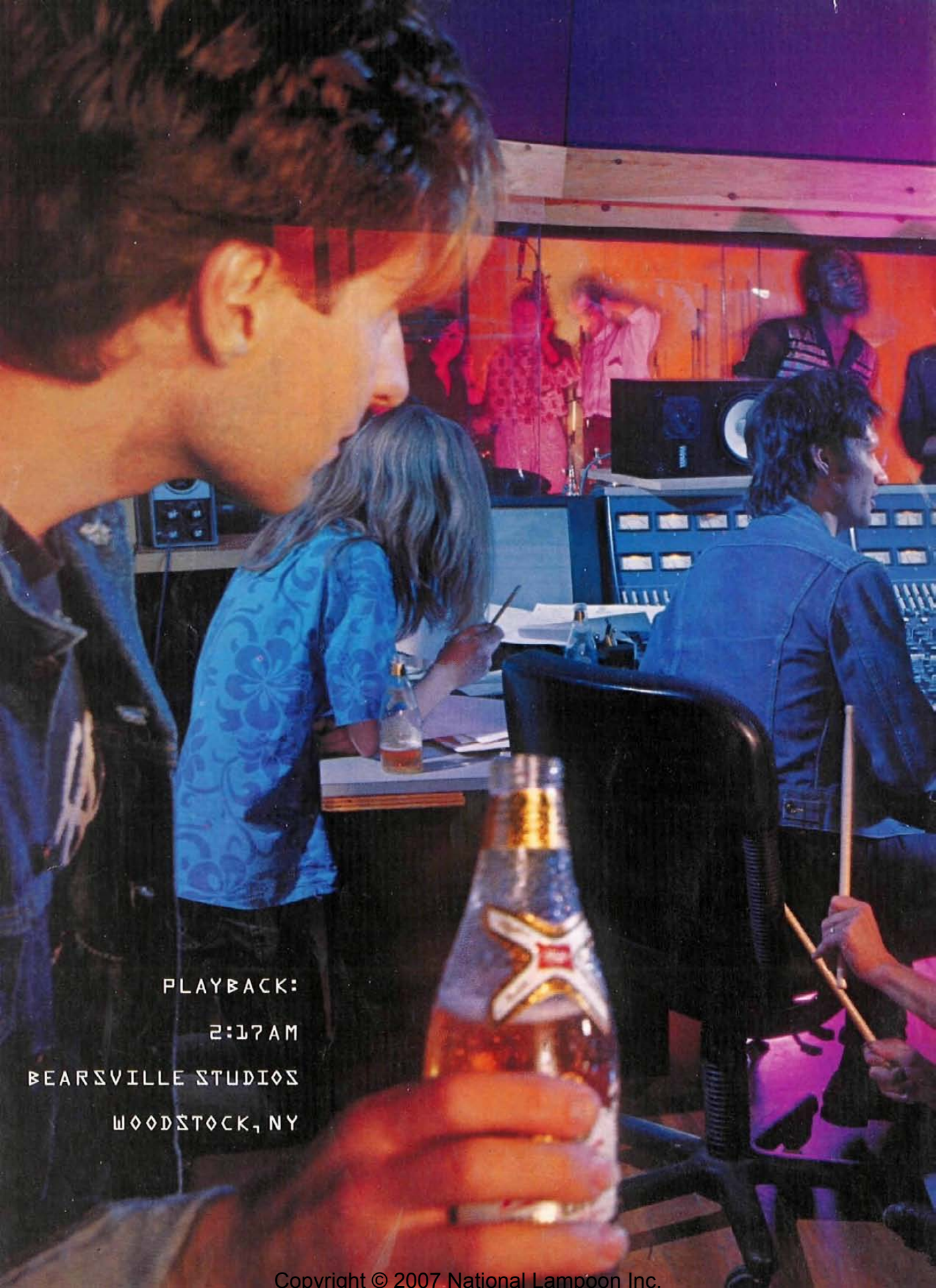


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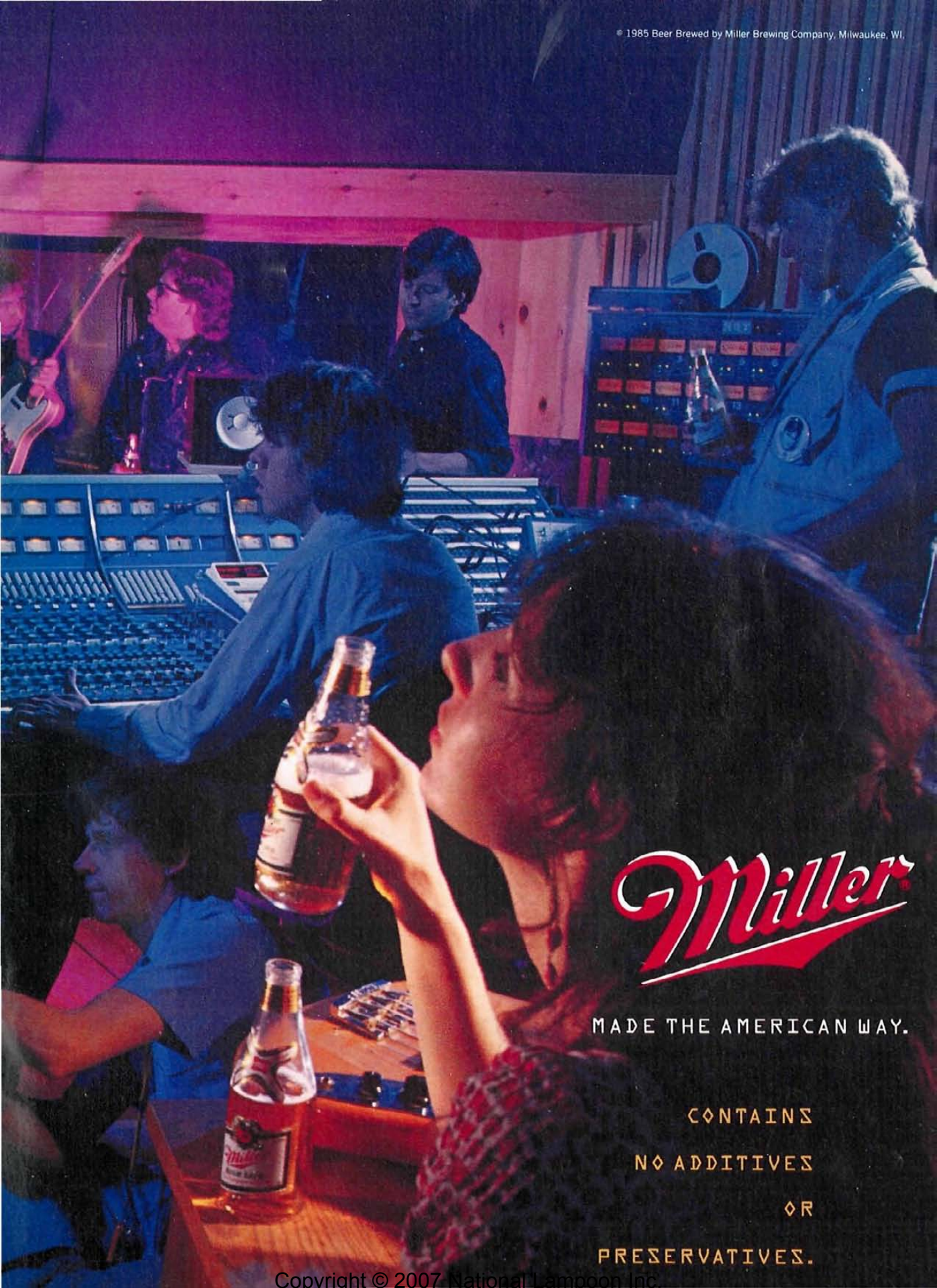


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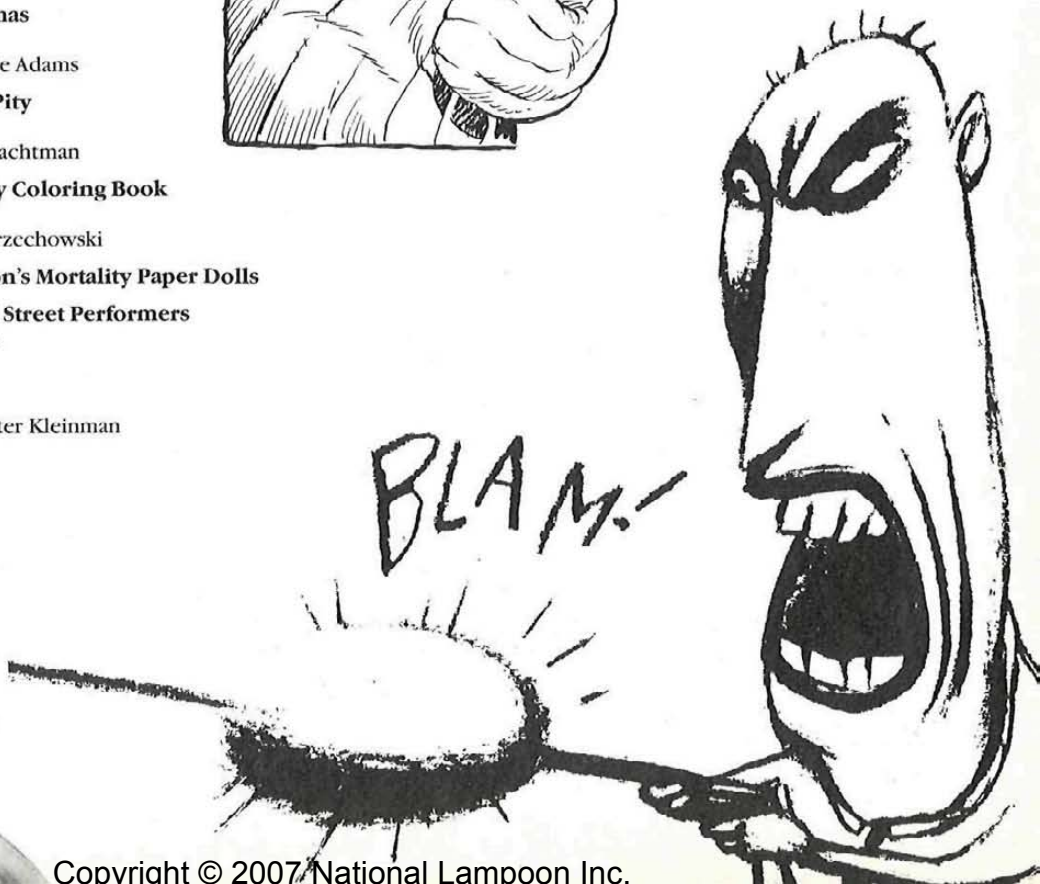
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MADE THE AMERICAN WAY.

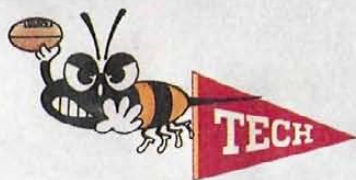
CONTAINS  
NO ADDITIVES  
OR  
PRESERVATIVES.

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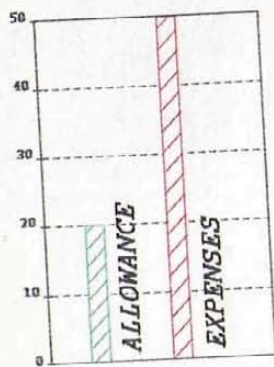


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What a super gift. I mean like **BIG** type. SMALL type. And even *italic type*. And **FOUR** colors I can change with a button. No matter what paper I type on, it looks great. And look Ma, **NO ERRORS**. I can see all my mistakes in the little window **BEFORE** I print them. (If neatness counts, maybe I'll get better grades this term.)

It's got a great memory. And I bet you didn't know it works with computers... **Hint. Hint.** Plus it makes charts and stuff that are unbelievable.



This is a chart of my allowance versus my expenses.

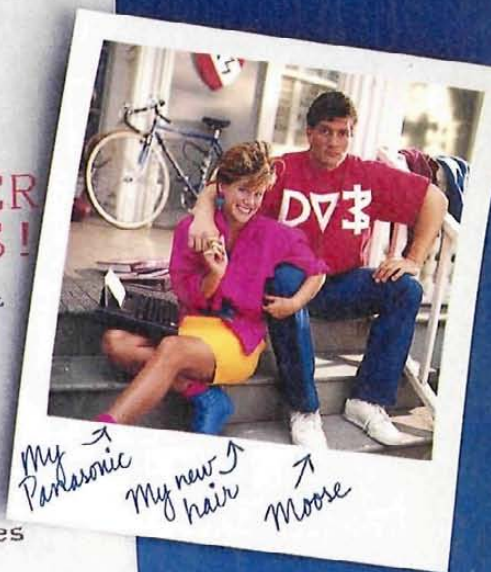
But the best thing is, it's so little and light, I can study anywhere. Which has done lots for my social life.

Speaking of which, I've made lots of **SUPER** friends. You're gonna love **MOOSE**. He plays football and I'm helping him pass *English*.

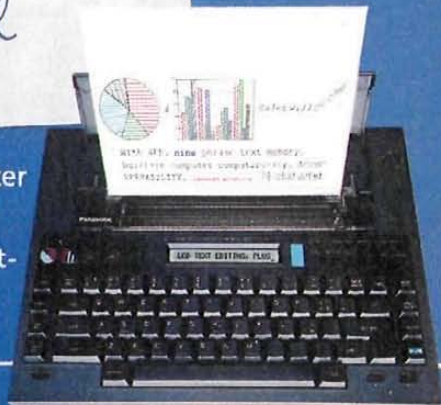
Well, gotta run. Moose is waiting.

P.S. I cut my hair.  
It's real **HOT**.  
It's **REAL** short.

XXX000  
Ginnie



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# EDITORIAL

Christmas just isn't Christmas anymore. When I was a kid I used to get a half-dozen handkerchiefs for Christmas. Every year. And every year my father used to bring home a five-pound bag of Christmas candy. My brother and I used to pool our funds and buy something for my mother, something like a scarf or a belt, and the old man would get a pair of socks.

In school we used to sing Christmas songs, and I knew every one of them. I had a soprano voice so high that they had to remove the chandeliers in the auditorium. The boys sang higher than the girls. I assume that, at age twelve, they still do.

But kids nowadays are different.

They don't get gifts for Christmas. They're paid homage.

Recently we visited a friend's home. I checked out what his twelve-year-old son is getting for Christmas:

An E.T. robot which walks, eats, wets, and talks on the telephone. Of course, all it says is "Steven Spielberg gets 8 percent of what you paid for me."

One electronically controlled "Star

Wars" defense system which will shoot down any missiles sent into his bedroom by next-door neighbors.

An autographed caricature of Pee-wee Herman.

An autographed caricature of Jodie Foster.

An illustrated book on kung fu.

An electric guitar with a picture of Sting on it.

A miniature Mercedes-Benz.

An exact replica of the city of Hiroshima, after the bomb.

An autobiography, all pictures, of Sylvester Stallone.

The complete recorded works of Julian Lennon.

An autobiography of Julian Lennon written in crayon.

A donation, in his name, to "We Are the World."

A John Candy piggy bank.

An atomic submarine for use in the family swimming pool, especially equipped to destroy fungus.

A ten-year-old girl that walks, eats, wets, and talks on the telephone. Of course, all she says is "Bob Guccione

gets 8 percent of what you paid for me."

A subscription to *Gentlemen's Quarterly*.

The child's parents estimated that his Christmas gifts cost approximately \$1,445,786.66, or \$1,445,784.21 more than my handkerchiefs.

And his father didn't even buy any Christmas candy.

Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night!



Matty Simmons

**This month's cover** was conceived by the editors and painted by famed portrayer of pugilistic potentates Boris Vallejo. It is titled "Us Gals Ain't Goin' Down No More," and we think the public will swallow it even if she won't. Sly fans, don't fret, your main man will be back and getting in his licks in a rematch with Honey Liston in the upcoming steamy sequel, *Rocky 69*.

—P.K.

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Share the refreshment.*

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking  
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# LETTERS

Sirs:

You slam, I slam, we all slam for Islam!  
Ayatollah Khomeini  
*Teheran, Iran*

Sirs:

Show me a sailor with a gun, and I'll  
show you a salt with a deadly weapon.  
Adm. Henny Rickover  
*c/o The Officers' Club*

Sirs:

What has a mustache, leads a band,  
and died for our sins?  
Give up?  
Saviour Cugat!  
Cootchie, cootchie!

Charo  
*Las Vegas, Nev.*

Sirs:

Don't stop me now! I'm on a roll!  
The Pillsbury Dough Boy  
*Dairy Case, U.S.A.*

Sirs:

Next time you liberal Commie swine  
or one of your sluts wants to kill an  
unborn baby, think about this:  
If the Virgin Mary had had an abortion,  
what would I put on the dash of my  
Mercedes?

Pat Buchanan  
*Washington, D&C*

Sirs:

Chet's nuts roasting by an open  
fire,  
Jack Frost nipping at your hose,  
Tiny twats with their pies all  
aglow,  
Merry Christmas, fuck you.

Rat King Cole  
*Not in heaven*

Sirs:

Not only is tan a non-power color and  
to be avoided for that reason, but it is  
also very likely to show those few stray  
drops of urine an executive shakes off  
his executor.

John T. Molloy  
*Dressed for Success, U.S.A.*

Sirs:

I don't see why people make such a  
fuss over President Reagan's once having  
played second fiddle to a chimp: I've  
been doing that for six years.

George Bush  
*Out of the Picture, U.S.A.*

Sirs:

You wanna know the secret of how I  
got that chick to come around in the  
Garden? I promised to name a douche  
after her.

A. Serpent  
*Madison Avenue*

Sirs:

What's Latin, wears fruit salad on its  
head, and is a Commie plot to let vermin  
get away with murder?

Give up?  
The Carmen Miranda Act!

Big Ed Meese  
*Washington, D.C.*

Sirs:

What's the difference between  
origami and Ronald Reagan?  
One's a folding art, and the other's an  
olding fart!

Roslyn Carter  
*Plains, Va.*

Sirs:

Are you looking for a recipe for bat-  
tered wives?  
Well, first you take fifty pounds of  
flour, stir it into thirty gallons of milk...

Henny Batterman  
*Sue Falls, Iowa*

Sirs:

It's high time we Americans woke up  
to a great threat to one of our most pre-  
cious natural resources:

Women are using up all of America's  
available iron.

James Watt  
*Secretary of the Interior  
Bellevue Hospital*

Sirs:

The difference between a Ritz and a  
cunnilinguist? Zat is easy: one is a snack  
cracker, vile ze other is a crack snacker.

Dr. Ruth Vestheimer  
*Lifetime, U.S.A.*

Sirs:

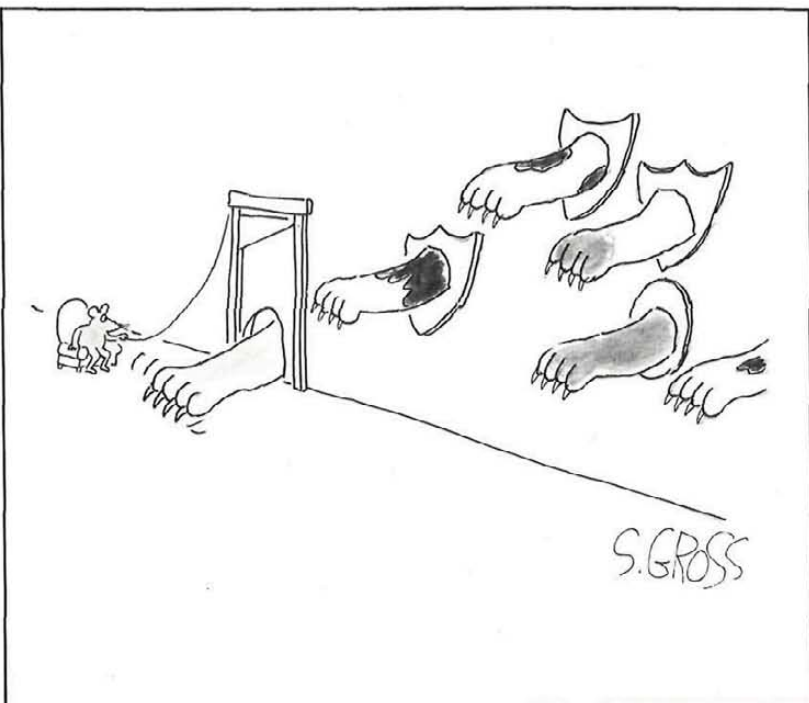
What's French, lives ten thousand  
leagues under the sea, and writes terse  
messages to his crew?  
Captain Memo!

Henny Cousteau  
*c/o Davy Jones's Lockair*

Sirs:

What do you call two well-hung  
homosexuals having sex? Long fellows  
sharin' AIDS.

Kneel Diamond  
*West Hollywood, Calif.*  
continued on page 15





# WE'RE HERE!

Cute.  
Clever.  
~~Mischievous.~~  
Intelligent.

COMING TO HOME VIDEO IN NOVEMBER.

STEVEN SPIELBERG

PRESENTS

# GREMLINS

GREMLINS

STARRING ZACH GALLIGAN

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MUSIC BY JERRY GOLDSMITH·EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS STEVEN SPIELBERG  
FRANK MARSHALL·KATHLEEN KENNEDY WRITTEN BY CHRIS COLUMBUS  
PRODUCED BY MICHAEL FINNELL·DIRECTED BY JOE DANTE


AMBLIN  
ENTERTAINMENT

PG  
PARENTS STRONGLY CAUTIONED


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# PHOTO PHUNNIES



WE HAVE TO WRITE SOME PHOTO PHUNNIES FOR THIS ISSUE. C'MON, YOU GUYS, WE'RE GOING TO PRESS IN THREE DAYS.




WHY DON'T WE DO THE ONE WHERE THE OLD GUY IS FUCKING A HOOKER IN ALL THESE WEIRD POSITIONS AND IN THE LAST FRAME SHE SAYS TO HIM, "ARE YOU COMFORTABLE?" AND HE SAYS, "I MAKE A GOOD LIVING."




NAH, NOT THAT OLD CHESTNUT.




WHY DON'T WE DO ONE WHERE ALL THE EDITORS SHOW THEIR TITS, EXCEPT WE'RE WEARING PASTIES BECAUSE, AFTER ALL, WE'RE NOT SLUTS.



SPEAK FOR YOURSELF, MAN.




FORGET IT, I'M NOT GOING TO SHOW MY TITS AND MAKE A FOOL OF MYSELF.



I GOT AN IDEA — WE CAN DO THE ONE ABOUT THE FOUR GAYS IN THE BATHTUB AND A WAD OF SPERM RISES TO THE SURFACE AND ONE OF THEM SAYS, "OKAY, WHO FARTED?"



THAT'S DISGUSTING.



MATTY WILL NEVER LET US DO IT.



I GOT IT — HOW ABOUT WE JUST WISH ALL THE READERS A MERRY CHRISTMAS?



NAH, THAT'S STUPID.

NEW MR. BOSTON<sup>®</sup> NUTCRACKER<sup>™</sup> SCHNAPPS

# A BABY BOOMERS GUIDE TO NUTCRACKER<sup>™</sup> SCHNAPPS.

## WHAT TO WEAR WITH A NUTCRACKER<sup>™</sup>



Just grab whatever's on top of the laundry pile. Or, if you want something that's pressed, take it from the bottom. Virtually anything goes—faded jeans, old crew-neck sweaters. After all, Nutcracker's style always matches anything. Except, of course, Nehru jackets.

## WHAT TO TALK ABOUT WITH A NUTCRACKER<sup>™</sup>



Whatever you do, don't discuss stock fluctuations, mortgage payments or certificates of deposit. A Nutcracker is a light drink for light conversation with a strong preference for top 40's esoterica, red-dogs and flea flickers, vintage sports cars, and *Dynasty*.

## WHAT TO LISTEN TO WITH A NUTCRACKER<sup>™</sup>

File away those stodgy classical masterpieces and bop to classic 45's. Do the swim with Jan and Dean or the Surfari's. Reminisce over the Hully Gully, the Hanky Panky or



the Freddie. Nutcracker's fresh, light taste will keep your toes tapping all night long. Be Bop A Lu La, we don't mean maybe.

## WHEN TO ENJOY A NUTCRACKER<sup>™</sup>

A notoriously late riser (it usually doesn't get moving until mid-afternoon), Nutcracker is nevertheless wonderful company the rest of the day. Sip it anytime, anywhere. Enjoy it on the rocks or on the sand. By a secluded



pond or in a crowded pool. A Nutcracker's even great when basking by a glowing T.V.—it's cool, refreshing, quiet, and won't pose moralistic questions during pro-wrestling.

## WHAT TO EAT WITH A NUTCRACKER<sup>™</sup>

Baked Brie and Pâté de Campagne have their place. But it isn't here. No, an evening with Nutcracker Schnapps demands humbler snacks, and lots of them. Chomp on some chips. Gnaw at some pretzel nuggets. Even nibble at some goldfish.

You'll be amazed at how versatile it is. Which, in a nutshell, is the whole idea behind Nutcracker. A Mr. Boston Nutcracker Schnapps.



# MR. BOSTON<sup>™</sup> TOPS IN SCHNAPPS

PEACH ORCHARD<sup>™</sup> • STRAWBERRY • APPLE • PEPPERMINT • CINNAMON • CHOCO-MINT<sup>™</sup> • SPEARMINT

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# Yes, Muffy, There Is a Ronald Reagan

(But Don't Ask Him for Anything)

by Paul Somers, Jr.

**O**f all the words written about Ronald Reagan, the most remembered are those penned by an editorial writer of the National Review for publication on Adam Smith's birthday in 1984. The National Review had received a letter from a girl named Muffy MacIntosh asking if there really was a Ronald Reagan. This was the editorial writer's now-famous answer:

#### IS THERE A RONALD REAGAN?

We take pleasure in answering the touching communication below and are indeed grateful that its author is among our readers:

Dear Editor:

I am twenty-one years old.

Some of my Commie friends say there is no Ronald Reagan.

I am writing you because my business prof says, "If you see it in the *National Review*, it's so."

Muffy MacIntosh  
1776 Jay Gould Hall  
Tufts University  
Boston, MA

Muffy, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the cynicism of a skeptical age. They do not believe

what they cannot see. They believe in nothing beyond the confines of their little minds. All minds, whether they be men's or presidents' or children's, are little. In this great universe of ours, Muffy, man is a mere insect, an ant, as compared with the boundless world about him, and his intellect minuscule when measured against the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge.

Yes, Muffy, there is a Ronald Reagan. He exists as certainly as wealth and cronyism and duty-free BMWs exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! How dreary the world would be if there were no Muffies. There would be no yuppies, then, no satellite dishes, no *Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous* to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment except in the awareness of our intrinsic worth and the satisfaction of helping our fellow human. The eternal light with which avarice fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Ronald Reagan! You might as well not believe in the CIA! You might get your daddy to hire men to watch the homes of America's poor to see if supply-side economics really works, but even if they did not see bene-

fits trickling down to those poor wretches, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, either, but that is no sign that he does not exist. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see CIA agents directing a coup in a godless foreign land? If you think you did, better keep quiet about it, unless you would like a one-way helicopter ride. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world.

You tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the citizens who ever fudged on their income tax returns, could tear apart. Only MX missiles, farm mortgage foreclosures, two-dollar school lunches, cuts in Medicare and Social Security benefits, and reduced minimum wages for teenagers can push aside that curtain to reveal the supernal beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Muffy, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

No Ronald Reagan! Thank God he lives, and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Muffy, he will continue to make glad the heart of privilege.

Coming in  
March



Women

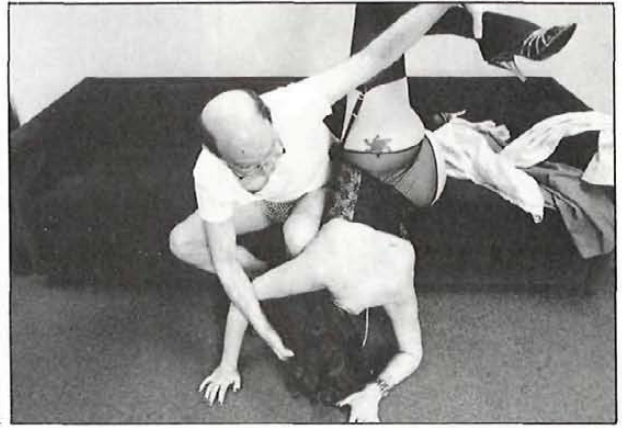
# Grolsch®

HOLLAND BEER



Nothing  
less  
than  
Holland's  
best.™

# PHOTO PHUNNIES



continued from page 8

Sirs:

Who takes short snorts?  
We take short snorts!

Twenty-seven People  
in Any Disco Bathroom

Sirs:

What speaks with an Afrikaner accent,  
supports apartheid, and can launch torpedoes  
while cruising at speeds of up to sixty knots?

Give up?  
P.T. Botha!

Henny Mandela  
Pretoria, South Africa

Sirs:

We have developed nuclear capability.  
Call off the Japs or else. This will be your  
only warning.

Werner von Whale  
c/o General Delivery, Pacific Ocean

Sirs:

One more joke about my mama, and  
I'm gonna tell my daddy.

Jesus Christ  
Heaven

Sirs:

How do I spend the day after Christmas?  
Oh, the usual: go to the Elks Club  
and blow a few bucks....

Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer  
The North Pole

Sirs:

Please advise your readers that my  
new book, *Cooking with Dentistry*, is  
available in paperback starting this  
month. In this exciting new volume I  
describe ten wonderful new ways to pre-  
pare tartar sauce, six new and delicious  
ways to whip up flavorful fillings, and a  
secret recipe for tongue gumbo. I know  
you're salivating just reading this, so lean  
forward, rinse, and don't chew on the  
left side for an hour.

DeeDee Hess, D.D.S.  
Über Bitburg

Sirs:

My father used to tell me: When you  
are about to eat a meal, wait until every-  
one has been served before you begin on  
yours. Before you get up from the table,  
always ask to be excused. When a  
woman gets up from the table, help her  
with her chair. When a woman is putting  
on her coat, help her with it. Always  
hold the door for a woman. If you're  
going to be late, call and notify the peo-  
ple who are waiting for you. Always say  
please, and never forget thank you. But if  
a tennis umpire ever says anything to  
you, tell him as loud as you can to "fuck  
off and suck the big one."

John McEnroe  
Forest Hills, N.Y.



## It's small until you turn it on.

This AM/FM stereo weighs only 2.1 ounces, but you won't take its sound lightly. Because it has the dynamic power output of much larger models. Yet it fits in your palm, your pocket or clips onto your belt. Even the headphones are tiny. So turn on the RP-33 or the even smaller, FM stereo only, RP-30. There's nothing small about the way they sound.

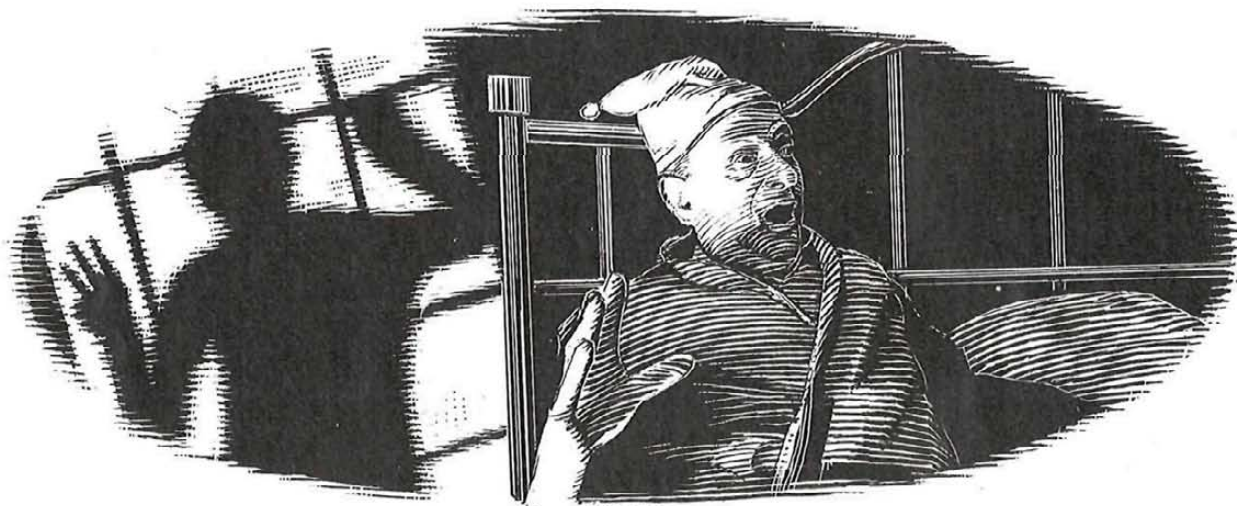
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# A Christmas Carol in Harlem

by Tony Kisch

## I The Ghost of Jacob Lipchitz



Marc Taflet

To begin with, Lipchitz was dead. Don't let anybody tell you different. For seven long years he had lain cold in his grave at Mount Sophie Orthodox Cemetery in deepest, darkest Bronx. A lifetime behind the cage in the pawnshop, fingers and eyes tripping lightly over stolen stereos and bogus baubles, only to end up as just another slab of cold pastrami in the kosher boneyard. Yes, Jacob Lipchitz was well and truly dead, but his spirit could get no rest. There was as yet one small piece of business left to transact before his mortal soul could file for Chapter 11.

Abraham Harsch had never removed the name of Lipchitz from above the pawnshop's door. There it remained, as if to crown the three brass balls bedecked with half a century's worth of pigeon

shit: HARSCH AND LIPCHITZ—PAWN-BROKERS. For fifty years the business had stood at 130th Street and Lenox Avenue, the only Jewish concern in Harlem to have survived three wars and *both* blackouts. (Indeed, for Harsch and Lipchitz the Holocaust referred not to the Nazi extermination of the Jews but to the three days of looting during the summer of '77.) What was death, reasoned Abe Harsch, after a man had endured Mayor Lindsay? Harsch and Lipchitz it had been, and Harsch and Lipchitz it would remain.

As for Abe Harsch... what a grabby, stingy, foul-smelling, penny-kissing covetous old man he was! He dealt in misery, cagerly snatching from countless needy hands the most treasured possessions, only to grudgingly dole back a

fraction of their worth. He despised laughter, for it earned him no interest; he loathed joyful songs, for he could not stuff them into his safe. It goes without saying that of all the holidays, Harsch hated Christmas most of all. The old man had long done his best to ignore Christmas. This was one year, however, that Christmas would not ignore Abe Harsch.

Upon this particular Christmas Eve, Abe sat in his pawnshop, sifting through the week's receipts. It had been an unusually good week, and he could not help chuckling to himself as he sorted the papers. Mistaking this greedy laugh for holiday spirit, Bubba Crotchit, the cheerful old black janitor, welcomed the carefree mood.

"Hee-hee-haw!" bellowed Bubba, leaning on his broom. "Sho' be nice



hearin' you git merry on Christmas, Missuh Harsch!"

"Bah!" barked the old man, his laughter gone. "Bah! Schwartzes! Vot good dis Christmas crap doing me already? I should celebrate losing a day's business? I should laugh at paying you a day's wage wit no soivices? Bah! Keep sweeping!"

"Okay, Missuh Harsch," muttered Bubba Crotchit, wearily pushing his broom. A look of worry suddenly flashed across his face: "Ah still gits tomorrow off, huh, Missuh Harsch? Ah gots to be wif my fambly, 'cause..."

"Yeah, yeah, you get it, same as usual!" screamed Harsch. "Bah! Schwartzes!"

At the end of the day, as was his habit, Abe Harsch closed the shop and quickly left Harlem before dark. Taking the subway home to Brooklyn, he sat down to his usual miserly dinner: a stale kaiser roll with a dab of margarine and a glass of flat seltzer. After scanning the newspaper for discount coupons, he grumbled disgustedly and prepared for bed.

No sooner had the old man settled into his bed than he heard what sounded like the dragging of heavy chains across a bare floor. Cursing loudly, he turned over and tried to sleep. The sound, however, became louder, until Harsch realized it was coming from his own apartment! Suddenly, at his bedroom door, there appeared an apparition, weighed down with chains. Taking a long, hard look, Abe Harsch screamed, "Oy! It's the ghost of Jacob Lipchitz!"

"Abe, you don't miss a trick," replied the ghost in a deep, eerie voice. "You're still the same, only the kaiser rolls are different. Me, they always gave gas."

"Tell me, Jacob," said the startled Harsch, "why do you visit me, so far from the Bronx? You didn't come back just to talk about heartboin."

"Ain't dot the truth, Abe!" sighed the ghost dejectedly. "I schlepped here on important business. For you, I got a piece good news!"

"You vuz always good when it came to business, Jake. So how good the news?"

"Abe," resumed the ghost, "you gonna be haunted by three spirits. One tonight at one o'clock, then one at three o'clock, then one at five."

"You call this news good?" yelled Abe.

"Listen already, you're getting a blessing. Otherwise you could end up like me, wandering around like a schmuck! Dis way you get a chance to reform and be a mensch. Such a chance I didn't get. ...Anyway, dot's the whole brisket, Abe. You won't see me no more. Already I'm behind schedule, schmoozing wit you!"

"Jacob!" cried Abe to the phantom as it faded from sight. "Come back! Where's dot two dollars I lent you?"

But it was too late. The ghost of Jacob Lipchitz was gone. And Abe Harsch, suddenly very tired, fell back in his bed, sound asleep.

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## III Christmas Past

tion: a young boy in a yarmulke and prayer shawl! "So who are you already?" cried the frightened Harsch. "I've had enough with ghosts for one night!" The youthful spirit smiled and said in a loud, clear voice, "Listen, you old piece of schmutz, your troubles ain't even begun yet. I am the Ghost of Christmas Past. Didn't Lipchitz tell you?"

"Yeah, yeah," sighed Abe. "But who listens to Lipchitz?"

"So get up already," barked the boy. "You and me, a little walk we're gonna take."

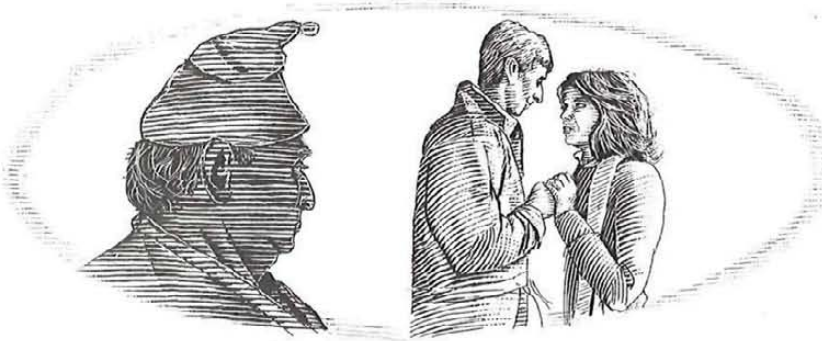
As he took the spirit's arm, Abe Harsch suddenly found himself in strangely familiar surroundings. An acrid smell filled his nostrils. "Spirit!" he cried. "We're in Katz's Fish Store!"

And so it was. The sign on the door read SHLOMO KATZ—PICKLER OF CHOICE FISH. It was here, in a small shop on Orchard Street, that the young Abe Harsch had first worked some fifty-five years earlier. The kindly Katz also ran a small loans business in the back of the shop, and it was here that Abe first learned the basics of the money changer's art. "Do you remember?" asked the spirit.

"Are you kidding?" cried Abe excitedly. "Look—Katz is showing me my first emerald baguette with diamond cluster!"

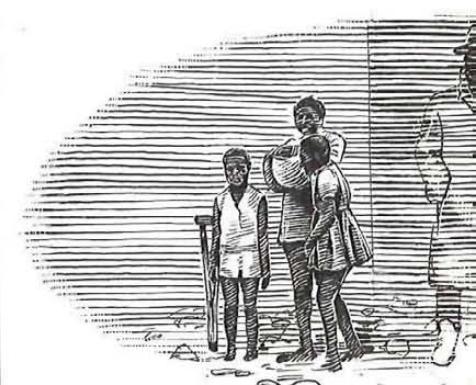
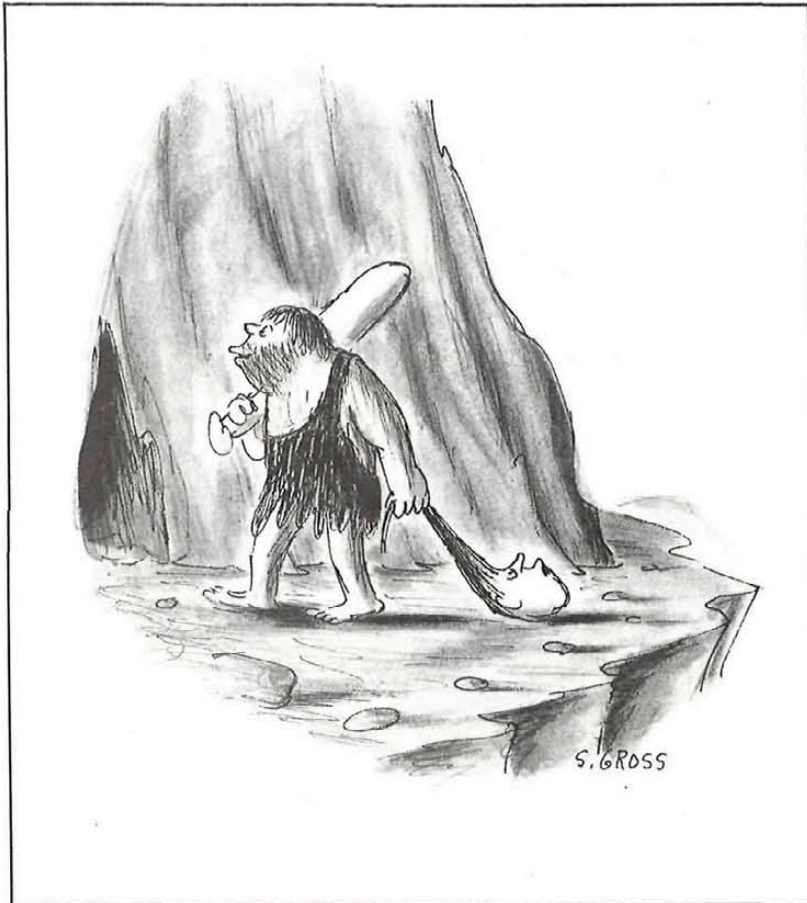
This was true. In the small office at the back of the shop, Katz, with jeweler's spyglass, was busy scrutinizing the gems while he lectured the young Abraham on the art of recognizing valuable gems. The great pickler's brine-hardened fingers turned the precious bauble so that it caught the light and sparkled. "Ya see dis," said Katz. "Dis ain't no hunkajunk!" The door to the office opened and a pretty, dark-haired girl called to Katz, "Poppa, Mistuh Nadler wants four pounds stoigin, fresh!"

Harsch gripped the spirit's arm and cried with amazement, "Ghostperson! Look! It's Katz's daughter, Feldshuh! We



When Abe Harsch awoke it was pitch-black, and he grumbled to himself, "Oy! Such a dream! I've got to cut out the rich food." As he lay awake figuring what the cost of a nightly pat of oleo amounted to yearly, he was startled by

the chime of his grandfather clock. The old clock struck one and stopped. The next instant, the old man heard his bedroom door slowly creak open. Light suddenly filled the room, and there stood before the bed a strange appari-



were engaged, until Leo Gelt, the tailor, stole her away. He used to let out Sophie Tucker's drawers, and Feldshuh couldn't resist that show-biz glamour!"

Even as he spoke, Harsch watched tearfully as the lovely Feldshuh took the arm of his younger self and cooed seductively, "Abie, do you want to help me salt flounder?"

"I should have fought for her!" cried the old man bitterly. "Instead I ran to Harlem with Lipchitz!"

"Dot's the vay the beluga bounces," offered the spirit cheerfully.

"Shaddap, ya little bastard! Take me away! I can't stand no more of dis! Please, spirit, enough already!"

And miraculously, Harsch found himself back in his Brooklyn bedroom. He fell into another deep sleep.

### III

## Christmas Present

Abe was not surprised when he awoke to his clock tolling the hour of three. "Here vee go again," moaned the old geezer as he loosed a tremendous fart. "These ghosts are giving me gas...."

Before he had time to fix himself some bromo, the bedroom door flew open and yet another spirit wafted in. This one was a tall black pimp, bedecked in purple, yellow, and orange. His Italian shoes had three-inch block heels, and on his conked head sat a derby plumed with peacock feathers. His fingers shone with rings, and when he smiled he showed his teeth, which were crowned in gold.

"Bah!" mumbled Harsch. "Bah!"



# There may be Walkerschnappers right in your neighborhood.



*"Dear Mom and Dad: Just a quick note to thank you for the really nifty fountain pen...."*

Schvartzes!"

"Yo! Uncle," cried the spirit. "What be hap'nin'?" The dusky ghost wrinkled his nose and frowned. "What died in here, old man?"

"Just some gas," said Harsch sheepishly. "Lemme get some bromo...."

"Got no time fo' dat, blood! Ah be's dah ghost o' Christmas Present, an' we gots bizness, y'heah?"

"Awright, awright," sighed Abe. "I'm ready."

"Well, let's ride." And with that the two were suddenly on the sidewalk next to a lime-green Cadillac Eldorado. He opened the door, grinning. "Hop in, Hymie!"

The pimpmobile soared high over the dark Harlem streets, finally settling on a block of particularly wretched bombed-out brownstones.

"Urrrp!" belched Abe.

"Now, Uncle," laughed the spirit, "we goan ta look in on some folks y'all ought to know better."

With that the two floated up the stoop of a dingy tenement and then found

themselves in Apartment 1C. Children ran about everywhere, and the color TV blared out an old episode of *The Flintstones*. The din was unbearable. Out of the bedroom, the only other room in the apartment, came a monstrously fat black woman wielding an iron skillet. As she swung this weapon, trying to bean any of the nimble young scamps, she screamed, "Shut dah fuck up, you goddamn little pieces o' shit! Y'all knows yo' fathuh be here any minute!"

"He ain't *my* fathuh!" shrieked fully a third of the cheery brood in unison.

"Nebuh mind dat shit!" yelled their mother. "Jus' shut yo' goddamn moufs!"

"Ach, Himmell!" cried Abe Harsch. "Dot's Bubba Crotchit's wife, Philene! Last I hoid, dey only had *thoiteen* kids...."

"'Bout time you caught up on thangs, old man," chuckled the spirit.

When all the little devils had finally quieted down, shuffling footsteps could be heard in the hall. The door opened, and in came Bubba Crotchit, holding a frozen turkey, which dripped on the floor.

"Merry Christmas, y'all!" cried Bubba. "Merry Christmas!" screamed all seventeen voices.

"Merry Christmas, mah fat ass!" snarled Mrs. Crotchit. "Dey don't take dese damn food stamps over to dat A&P, so iffen you wants any trimmins fo' dat plucked buzzard, yo' best come across wit some *real* cash!"

Bubba handed a few worn dollars to his wife and she waddled out the door. Smiling broadly, Bubba noticed one particularly scrawny child in leg braces, quietly munching paint chips.

"Why, if it ain't my Li'l Slim! How you feelin' dis Christmas Eve?"

"Okay," grumbled the child. "Ah's hongry!"

"Well, yo' mama gonna have dinner cookin' right soon. You know the doctor say you not to eat dem paint chips!"

This only made the crippled child chew more determinedly. The door opened once more, and Philene Crotchit entered, her arms full of groceries.

"Li'l Slim!" she hollered. "Spit out dem paint chips!"

She then set down the bags and plopped wearily onto the sofa.

"The peoles down to the welfare say they want to put Li'l Slim in a foster home. Ah's jus' 'bout deesgusted 'nuff to let his crooked ass go!"

"Now, sugar," soothed Bubba. "You knows we loves Li'l Slim. Mebbe Missuh Harsch gonna gimme a raise dis year."

"Ha! Dat ol' bastard ain't given you no raise in fo'teen years. He ain't about to start now!"

Bubba sighed. "Oh, Missuh Harsch ain't so bad...."

"Oh yeah? Ah like to cut his wrinkled old neck, dat no good sonuffa...."

"Ah wants turkey!" screamed Li'l Slim. "Cook mah suppah!"

His mother fixed an evil stare on him. "Shut yo' mouf 'fore Ah whomps you wif dis skillet!"

Old man Harsch could not believe his eyes. "Vot a situation. Dot Bubba's got some life."

"Pitiful, ain't it?" answered the spirit.

"If I knew tings vuz dis rough, I would maybe slipped him an extra dollar or two."

"You all heart, Hymie," laughed the spirit. "Keep watchin'!"

The noise in the tiny flat was almost deafening now as the smell of onions and fatback perfumed the air. The children were all shrieking and waving paper plates, except for Li'l Slim, who weakly beat his crutch against the wall.

"Oy! Spirit!" pleaded Abe Harsch. "Get me the hell outta here! I know it's all my fault! Such a stinker I've been!"

"You said it, bro'," answered the spirit, and the old man found himself back in bed once more. He farted loudly and fell asleep.



"Good news, Mrs. Mostyn. Those lumps on your breasts are nipples."

# IV Christmas to Come



When Abe again awoke, he found himself staring at the third ghost, this one quite unlike the previous ones. It was dressed all in black, carrying a long scythe. A hideous skull seemed to grin from beneath a black hood, and a bony finger beckoned him.

"Don't tell me," grouched the old man. "It's five o'clock."

This spirit did not answer, for in fact it couldn't speak. It only waved its bony hand for him to follow.

"Okay, okay, Mr. Personality. It's all right, don't talk, I know this routine by heart." And with that Abe got up and took the spirit's arm.

Suddenly they were in a dark hallway. A door with a sign that said "Reception Room 4" was slightly open, and they wafted in. It was a funeral parlor. In the middle of the room there was an open casket, and a few people dressed in black shuffled around, talking softly.

"Who's the stiff?" whispered Abe to the third spirit, but he was answered only with silence.

One of the mourners, a balding middle-aged man, said to a frumpy woman, "The old vulture looks real natural dead. I wonder where all the moncy's going."

"Spirit!" cried Harsch. "Dot's mine nephew, Sol, and his wife. They're two witless bums, I can tell you."

In another corner of the room a black man and his wife watched the others as they filed by the casket.

"C'mon, Philene, let's pay our respects."

"What for, fool?" she sneered. "'Cause of that stiff, we could never even pay our bills."

"Look," gasped Harsch. "It's dot lovely couple, the Crotchits!"

Overcome by curiosity, the old man floated over to the casket. He peered inside, then recoiled in horror. "Gevalt!" screamed Abe. "Dot's me! Spirit, oh Spirit! Take me home! I'll help everyone! I'll be a friend to *all* the schvartzes! Puerto Ricans, too! Please!"

# Your office could be crawling with Walkerschnappers.



# PHOTO PHUNNIES



# V A New Day



The next thing the old man knew, he was back home in Brooklyn. This time, however, it was a bright new day—Christmas Day! Abe Harsch danced about the room with glee. He dressed quickly and took a wad of bills from under his pillow.

"It's gonna be a merry Christmas! I hope you spirits are listening to dis!"

He then ran to the kosher butcher and yelled, "Hello, Sy! Give me dot big tokey, the biggest one you got!"

"Dot's thoity pounds," said the butcher. "You the same Abe Harsch wot runs the pawshop in Harlem?"

"Dot's me, Sy! Gimme dot tokey!"

Then Abe took the great bird and hopped the subway to Harlem.

"Hello, schvartzes!" he yelled as he burst into the Crotchit home. "Get rid of dot frozen dreck! Now *dis* is a *boid*!"

With that he handed Philene Crotchit the succulent turkey. He turned to the astonished Bubba and pushed his remaining money into his hand.

"Why, Missuh Harsch," the janitor gasped. "Dey mus' be ten or 'lebben weeks' wages heah!"

And everyone cheered Mr. Abe Harsch and they all sat around the color TV and ate the wonderful turkey and watched *The Flintstones*. Old Abe cried with joy as he turned to Li'l Slim.

"And you, mine boychik, you will get the best doctors money can buy!" And the old man picked up the little waif's crutch and flung it away.

"You'll never need this again!" the old man said. All eyes were wet as they turned to Li'l Slim. The tiny lad then picked up his fork and plunged it into Abe Harsch. "Goddamn you!" he cried. "Goddamn ALL you mothers!"

# Your best friend may be a Walkerschnapper.





# T R U E

A 7-Eleven convenience-store clerk in Largo, Florida, was accosted by a robber wearing a pair of underpants over his head. "He was looking through the leg holes," the clerk told police. *St. Petersburg Times* (contributed by Robert Powers)

For the past five years, Wayne VanVelsor of Little Falls, New Jersey, has typed out messages in red ink on dollar bills. Most read something like this one: "Single man, 36, in northern New Jersey wishes to meet a woman 21 to 36 to date and have lasting relationship with." All contain his telephone number.

VanVelsor claims to have met twenty-three women through his advertisements on the more than 13,500 dollar bills he has circulated. *Philadelphia Inquirer* (contributed by G. Vanderlek)

Charged with rape in Duval County, Florida, John Ted Wright had both his girlfriend and his common-law wife testify that they suffered vaginal lacerations and bleeding during intercourse because his penis was so large. There were no such lacerations on the rape victim.

However, Judge James L. Harrison would not allow Wright to submit photographs of his penis as evidence. According to the *National Law Journal*: "The trial court permitted the photographer to testify that Mr. Wright's penis was nine inches long 'in the flaccid state.' But Judge Harrison refused to admit testimony that its circumference measured five and a half inches.

"Judge Harrison also refused to admit a wooden model of Mr. Wright's penis and rejected a defense

request that the defendant be permitted to display his organ to the jury." (contributed by James C. Fleming)

Forty-three-year-old R. Tony Pisa ran for the office of selectman in Middletown, Massachusetts, on a tough anti-crime platform. Pisa also headed a committee to keep the state from building a jail in his hometown. "We don't want a lot of undesirable people coming into our town," he said.

Pisa himself had been released from prison just one year earlier after serving fourteen years for murder. *Philadelphia Daily News* (contributed by Mark Brakeman)

In Grand Rapids, Michigan, two men were injured while building a bomb. The device exploded, according to the *Grand Haven Tribune*, as "the pair were trying to close a gunpowder-filled pipe by beating the end with a sledgehammer." (contributed by Chip Rowe)

Police in Oakland, California, responded in force after a man armed with two semi-automatic rifles began firing on officers in patrol cars. Without taking cover himself, the man fired repeatedly at officers as they arrived on the scene. However, officers did not return fire, and after being surrounded by a massive force of police, the man finally surrendered.

While all this was going on, bystanders stood calmly by and watched the action. Asked why they didn't at least take cover, one man said, "It looked like he only wanted to shoot at police." (California) *Highway Patrolman* (contributed by Scott Gross)

Thirty-nine-year-old Gary Pearl of Louisville, Kentucky, filed for disability payments after suffering a nervous breakdown over what he claimed was the stress of working with blacks.

"I'm not very outgoing like I used to be," he explained. "I have nightmares about blacks trying to kill me." (Hackensack, New Jersey) *Record* (contributed by Duck Divet)

This item was clipped from an unidentified Canadian newspaper:

"Colombo—Tamil secessionist guerrillas freed a journalist yesterday, twenty-four hours after they kidnapped him on bicycles and forced him to sit on the handlebars as they pedaled away." (contributed by Warren Dubeau)

In Arabi, Louisiana, a McKenzie's bakery was robbed by a man who passed this

note to a clerk: "I want two buttermilk donuts and three glaze. I also want \$51. Don't get nervous. I love you all." *New Orleans Times-Picayune* (contributed by Nancy A. Collins)

A London street vendor was fined 300 pounds for "tastelessness beyond the bounds of credibility" for selling T-shirts commemorating the Brussels soccer stadium tragedy during a game between Liverpool, England, and Juventus, Belgium, in which thirty-eight fans were killed. The shirts read "Liverpool 38, Juventus 1." *AP* (contributed by Mr. and Mrs. Jeffrey Matthews)

**Contributors:** We'll pay ten dollars for every item used, twenty dollars for photos. Send to: True Facts, *National Lampoon*, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

## Job Opening of the Month

This ad appeared in the (Honesdale, Pennsylvania) *Wayne Independent* and was contributed by Peter M. Propst.

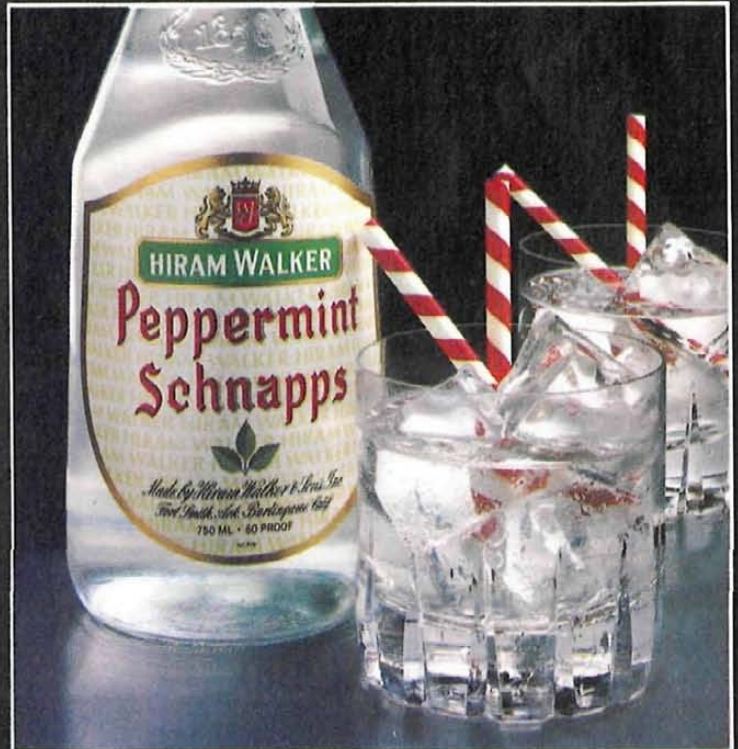
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# TRUE

## Signs of the Times



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# Make two great kids happy this Christmas!



RONALD G. HARRIS

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

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

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

## National Lampoon Baseball Jacket

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) ..... \$33.95

## National Lampoon Frog Shirt

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

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



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**National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary Anthology, Deluxe Edition**

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



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



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**"National Lampoon's European Vacation" T-shirt (A-2003)** A fine garment, in full color, glorifying the hit film with a similar title. It bears the inscription "I'm not here, I'm in Europe." \$6.95

**National Lampoon Mona Gorilla T-shirt** Since 1970, Mona Gorilla has represented *National Lampoon*. Only Mona has that gioconda smile. Identifies you or your giftee as a member of the literati. (TS-1019) \$4.95

**National Lampoon "That's Not Funny, That's Sick" T-shirt** The amusing shirt favored by actors and *artistes* involved in the touring theatrical production of the same name. Yet no one wearing this shirt will be ushered to poor seats in an eatery. (TS-1026) \$5.95

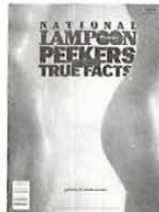
**National Lampoon's New Animal House Baseball Jersey** For fans of the film, and a terrific shirt to boot! (TS-1031) \$7.00

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

**National Lampoon's Animal House Baseball Jersey** Says "We can do anything we want, we're college students!" on the back. And with ¾-length sleeves, you can keep more of your arm clean when you slide into second. — S — M — L (TS-1028) \$7.00

**National Lampoon's Peekers and Other True Facts**

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



(BO-1038) ..... \$2.95

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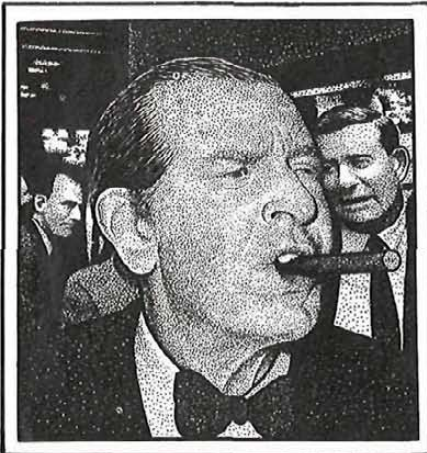
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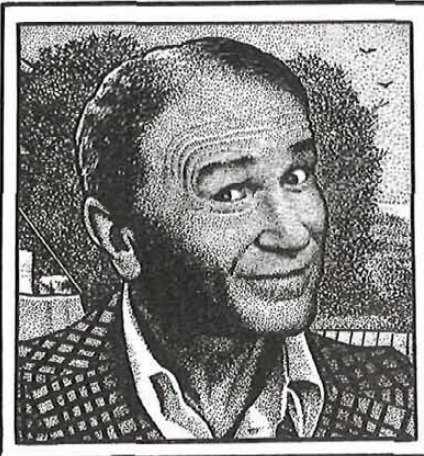
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# SPECIAL REPORT TO THE PRESIDENT: TOWARD AN IMPROVED U.S. FOREIGN POLICY, PREPARED IN SECRET BY THE SINATRA COMMITTEE

AS LEAKED TO GEORGE BARKIN

## Introduction

Over the years critics have assailed President Reagan's foreign policy as mindlessly lurching from one bullying confrontation to another. These critics claim that they can discern no intelligent pattern, no concrete plan for the achievement of any specifically defined objectives.

While we at the National Lampoon can't answer for the "intelligence" of any such plan, the fact that one exists is undeniable: we've seen it. How it was that the National Lampoon obtained this highly confidential report, deemed too sensitive by government officials to be made public, we are not at liberty to say. You can be sure the decision to print this material was an agonizing one. For we were well aware that publishing such an important foreign policy document in a humor magazine might

serve to undermine its impact. Nevertheless...

A brief word concerning the background and nature of the following materials. Immediately upon beginning his second term in office President Reagan assembled a blue-ribbon committee of distinguished Americans—some experts in foreign policy, some not—and sent them on an expenses-paid, worldwide, fact-finding, troubleshooting mission. Their instructions were to gather as much firsthand information as possible and, based on the accumulated data, offer suggestions toward an improved foreign policy. The committee members, all handpicked by the president and Mrs. Reagan, included Jesse Helms, Ed McMahon, Phyllis Schlafly, Jerry Falwell, Molly Ringwald, and Mr. T. The chairman of the committee was Frank Sinatra.

We sincerely hope the publishing of this admittedly highly sensitive material does not embarrass any of the committee members, especially those of them with connections to the powerful Gambino crime family.

The Editors



On the eve of their departure the president and Mrs. Reagan hosted a gala dinner for committee members and their friends. Afterward guests were treated to an assortment of Crusader Rabbit cartoons. "They've always been the president's favorites," said Mrs. Reagan.

# SOUTH AFRICA

## Apartheid

Submitted by Committee Member Jerry Falwell

American public opinion concerning this issue remains unanimous: apartheid stinks. Senators and congressmen who proudly voted against every piece of civil rights legislation in this country over the last twenty years loudly declaim their abhorrence of this practice. Why is this so? By constantly portraying apartheid in a negative light, slanting newspaper and TV reports so that only the "bad" side of apartheid is shown, a self-appointed group of atheistic pro-abortion liberals have manipulated the American people into adopting this view—even those of them who should know better. They have made an honest and unbiased appraisal of apartheid impossible—until now.

How many times after a particularly frustrating experience with a black person have we Americans said, "Jeez, I wish they'd all just go

back to Africa"—or something like that. Well, the white South African can't say that because he's already in Africa—with them. Now we can begin to gain some perspective on the complexity of this problem.

In South Africa everything is upside down. When Americans use the term "minority group" we know exactly who we're talking about—anyone whose skin is darker than week-old hamburger meat. But in South Africa white people are the minority group—white people whose ancestors came from England and Holland, genuine bluebloods, for chrissakes—and the hamburger-meat people, the black people, are the majority.

Obviously a system had to be developed to bring order to this chaos. This system was apartheid. All apartheid does is make sure that the idiosyncratic nature of South African demographics (i.e., blacks outnumbering whites by more than twenty to one) never, ever interferes with the white man's God-given right to act as if he's in the majority no matter how badly he's outnumbered. It's that simple.

After I'd briefed my fellow committee members on my findings, Senator Jesse Helms remarked, "To quote that immortal social philosopher Kinky Friedman, 'Black is beautiful, tan is grand, but white is the color of the Big Boss Man.'" To that I say, amen.

## The Economy

Submitted by Committee Member Jesse Helms

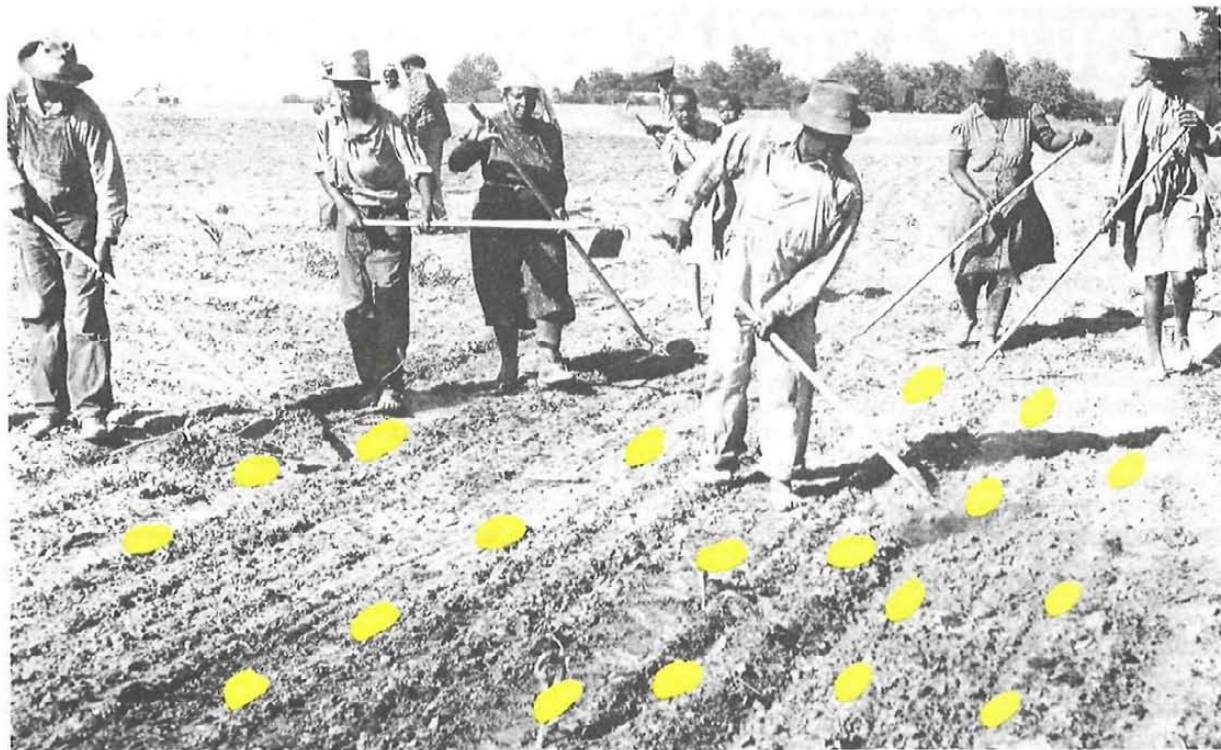
The backbone of the South African economy is the Krugerrand. Krugerrands are grown on sprawling farms reminiscent of the grand old cotton plantations that once were the pride of Dixie. There is, though, an important distinction between today's South African "Kruggerbooger" (the Afrikaner term for these persons) and his nineteenth-century Mississippi cotton-pickin' cousin. Kruggerboogers—men, women, and children—are all, believe it or not, free. Now, that's not the impression you'd get from reading our Communist-dominated press, but nonetheless it is so. I can assure you, Mr. President, that each and every Kruggerbooger is free to pick as many Krugers as he wants.



These freshly picked Krugerrands will be flash-frozen at the plantation and then taken by truck to the port city of Cape Town. From there they will make their way around the world.



"After twenty-two hours of Kruggerboogin' I have to come home, clean the house, do the laundry, fix dinner for my family, and see to my sick aunt. Now they're talking about making me get out and vote. No, thanks, I just don't have the time." From the sworn testimony of Felice Mugawbee (pictured above), called before the Sinatra Committee July 19, 1988. •



AP/Wide World

Every spring men, women, and children begin to ready the soil for the life-giving Kruger seeds. Later, at harvest time, each one of these 'boogers will pick five hundred pounds of Krugerrands during a normal twenty-two-hour work shift.

## Appendix S.A.-21 The Tutu Tapes

Immediately upon arriving in Pretoria, as per the instructions of the secretary of state, the committee inquired into the Botha government's recent sentencing of Bishop Desmond Tutu to twenty years' hard labor. Though the South Africans have refused publicly to give a reason for their action, they were kind enough to make available to us all the evidence in the case, which we herein present.

The following conversation was secretly recorded by the South African security police. The speakers are Bishop Desmond Tutu and an unidentified white woman.

Bishop Tutu: I say, this fish is good, isn't it?

White Woman: Rather. Would you care for some more wine?

Bishop Tutu: Yes, I would, thank you.

White Woman: Why, Bishop, you haven't touched your sprouts.

Bishop Tutu: I don't dare. They give me gas.

White Woman: Here, then you take my carrots and I'll... [end of tape]



AP/Wide World

Informed sources speculate that Nadine Bukkes (left) is the woman whose voice appears on the incriminating tape. Was a fish dinner with such a *miskelt* worth twenty years' hard labor? The committee can only wonder.

## NICARAGUA

### Sandinista Teen Beat

Submitted by Committee Member Molly Ringwald

Sad to say, Nicaraguan young people don't show much enthusiasm for the kinds of music and clothes that American kids like. The Reverend Jerry Falwell says that's because they're all being fed out of the same

Marxist-Leninist trough—whatever that means. Falwell says lots of silly things. In Managua, he snuck into my room late one night with a colorfully illustrated Spanish Bible under his arm and asked me if I'd ever seen a grown man's wee-wee. I screamed and he ran out, taking my Bible too. Anyway, one day when I was by myself I met this real neat guy. He looked like Anthony Michael Hall with dark hair and a suntan. He was a captain in the army. He took me home to meet his mom and dad, and I ate dinner with them and had a real good time. He told me that before the Sandinistas took over things were very bad, that poor people couldn't afford to go to doctors or send their kids to school or get decent food to eat. He said now with the Sandinistas things are great. People are still poor and they don't have doctors or schools but they don't have to look at some guy named Somoza's photograph all over the place. He said

we shouldn't bother invading Nicaragua 'cause the people are so poor they'll have another revolution soon anyway and maybe bring Somoza back or some other guy who hangs his picture all over the place. I told him that I didn't know much about this Somoza guy or these Sandinista guys but who cares about poor people anyway. Then it was time for me to go back to the hotel. When I got there, Falwell was sitting in the lobby, selling Spanish Bibles.

## Managua After Dark

Submitted by Committee Chairman Frank Sinatra

We don't need the contras to overthrow the Nicaraguan government, Mr. President. The Sandinistas are going to die of boredom. Under Somoza this town swung—there was booze, broads, and gambling casinos open twenty-four hours a day. But since those Marxist *teste di cazzo* took over you can't even buy a good time. For example, the other night me and committee member Ed McMahon were cruising downtown Managua looking for a little action. It's not even ten P.M. and all the bars are closed and the streets are empty. So we're just walking around, and after about an hour we come upon a little señorita standing on a corner. She was a good-looking doll, except that she had a mustache like Pancho Villa. But Ed had been nipping from his flask all night and was blind drunk, so he goes and puts the move on her. Ten minutes later he comes back.

"What happened?" I asked.

"She was a pro, Frank."

"You mean a whore?" I shouted. I was really excited, because as long as there are pimps, whores, junkies, and stuff like that, American business still has a chance down here. But no such luck.

"She was a Commie whore," Ed said. And then he took a long pull from his flask. "She was gonna charge me fifty bucks to discuss Marx's theory of surplus value. Yeeeh!"

Listen, Mr. President, they don't even play my record "New York, New York" here. All they listen to is Julio Iglesias.

Like I said, Mr. President, they're gonna die of boredom.



Committee member Mr. T smuggled this canon past Nicaraguan authorities and into the hands of the contras by wearing it around his neck as a pendant. Here he is shown demonstrating the weapon to the "moral equivalent of our Founding Fathers."

## ISRAEL

## The Christian Superpower and the Jews

Submitted by Committee Member Jerry Falwell

Pursuing a militarily strong and aggressively Christian foreign policy is not easy. Each region presents us with its unique difficulties, and likewise requires a specifically designed response. In this matter our relationship with Israel is most instructive.

As the law of Moses is the dung heap from which the flower of Christianity sprung, Christians of necessity have always felt compelled to assess their attitudes toward the "chosen people." My own tally sheet looks something like this:

Good Things	Bad Things
	Killed Our Lord, Jesus Christ
	Think they are better than other people
	Tight with a dollar
	Invented Communism
	Make schlocky karate films
	Always looking for an angle
	Always stirring up the Negroes and trouble in general
	Too clever
	Too pushy
	Exist primarily on Chinese food (Note: China is a Communist country)
	Their women are promiscuous and encourage it in others, then practise abortion
	Make too much money
	Control the banks and the leftist media, like <i>Reader's Digest</i>
	Have their own secret language—Yiddish

Nothing new here. So why in the name of God are we spending billions of Christian dollars on these people? Because the Israeli army is the only thing holding back a human tidal wave of Communist/Muslim fanaticism that is determined to overrun the whole Mideast and gain control of three-fourths of the world's oil supply, thereby effectively enslaving all of Europe. And after they've accomplished that they're going to turn their slaving jaws toward us. This in itself is reason enough to make a bargain with the devil—well, almost. But there's more, sort of—an added bonus, if you will, for supporting Israel. For us, the Jews in Israel are like the blacks in Africa—out of sight, out of mind, and out of our schools, country clubs, and work places. No Son of Abraham who stays put in Israel is ever going to take money out of my pockets or make love to my wife. But if we slacken our support for Israel, and the Arabs and their paymasters in the Kremlin get the upper hand, those Hebes are going to make a beeline straight for the U.S.A.

My research has proven beyond any doubt that there are not three million Israelis but thirty-three million, most of whom are cleverly hidden in condominiums that have been built with hidden partitions. These unseen thirty million subsist silently on bagels and potato pancakes, awaiting a mass departure for Miami Beach. This must be avoided at all costs. Therefore, we must keep supplying both Israel and its neighboring Arab states with the weaponry necessary for them to continue their military standoff. Keep the Arabs in place and the Hebrews out of Florida.

# SOVIET UNION

## Takin' on Gorbachev

Submitted by Committee Member Mr. T

Sooner or later, Mr. President, you're gonna have to meet Gorbachev, and bein' as so I spent some time with the dude when the committee was in Moscow, I thought I'd offer you some tips on how to deal with the man. First off, he's a lot younger than you—in fact, you probably got twenty years on him. He's also in A-1 shape—got strong arms, a bull neck, and some mean, powerful, bad-ass legs. I pity the fool who gets caught in one of his scissor locks, 'cause legs like that can squeeze a man's bowels clean. Which reminds me: the Russian ain't gonna care that you got fifteen feet of your guts sittin' in a glass jar on a shelf in the Smithsonian Institution. The man is cold, and he's gonna go for your weak spot, so watch out.

Now when you first meet the dude—I guess Secretary Shultz or somebody like that will introduce you—don't be intimidated. Get right up in his face and stare him down. But let me warn you, Gorbachev's got



The "Russian Backbreaker" is Gorby's most dangerous hold. It even proved effective against King Olaf of Norway, who is a huge hulk of a man.

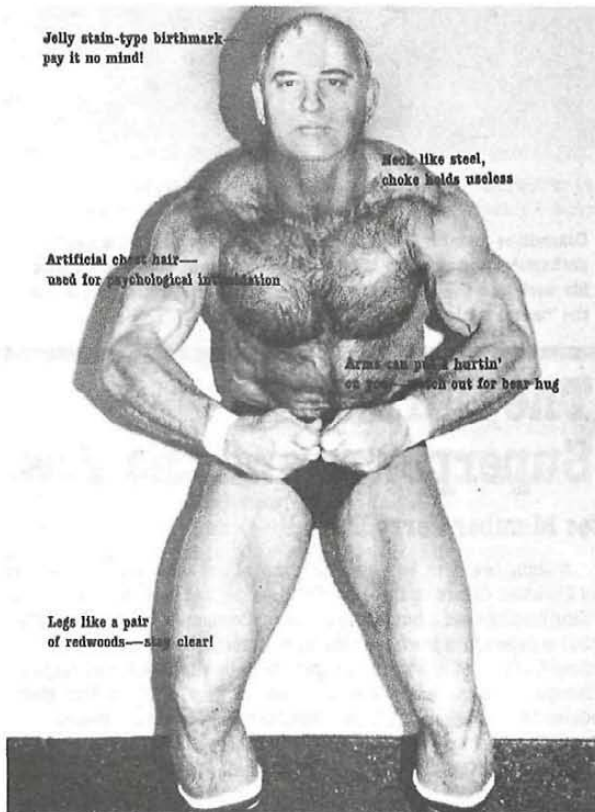
Jelly stain-type birthmark—  
pay it no mind!

Neck like steel,  
choke holds useless

Artificial chest hair—  
used for psychological intimidation

Arms can punch hartin'  
or hug—watch out for bear hug

Legs like a pair  
of redwoods—stay clear!



what looks like a big jelly stain in the middle of his forehead—don't pay it no mind, don't let it break your concentration. I pity the fool that looks at that jelly stain, 'cause he's gonna lose the psychological edge.

Let's see what we got so far: a mean, powerful opponent twenty years younger than you with smarts enough to have all of Europe and half the U.S. Senate eatin' out of his goddamn hand. So here's what we gonna do—we gonna stall his ass. Simple as that. He wants to talk about Star Wars, you bring up Afghanistan; he accuses us of violatin' the ABM Treaty, you accuse him of violatin' human rights. And if, for some reason, he backs you into a corner, you act like you're sick and say you gotta go lay down for a while. Five or six sessions like this and he's bound to get the message: We don't do no business with Commie chumps, and we pity the fools who do.

## THE UNBORN

### Keeping the Unborn Safe from Communism

Submitted by Committee Member Phyllis Schlafly



In the past, Mr. President, you have always reserved your greatest compassion and respect for the unborn citizens of this country. You have been their strongest ally, their champion, as it were, ready to do battle with any person or institution that would deny them their rights as unborn Americans. It is in their name that I file this report.

Foreign policy does not originate in the State Department, nor, with all due respect, the Oval Office. Foreign policy begins in the womb at the moment of conception. Likewise, the crusade against Communism should not stop this side of the labia minora, but must be taken into the wombs of the women of the world.

By building up our military strength you have done more than any of your predecessors in keeping those of us who have been born safe from the threat of Soviet totalitarianism. But in none of your policies do you provide for the protection of the unborn against Communist aggression. Nor have you at any time consulted with the unborn and elicited their views on potential foreign policy decisions.

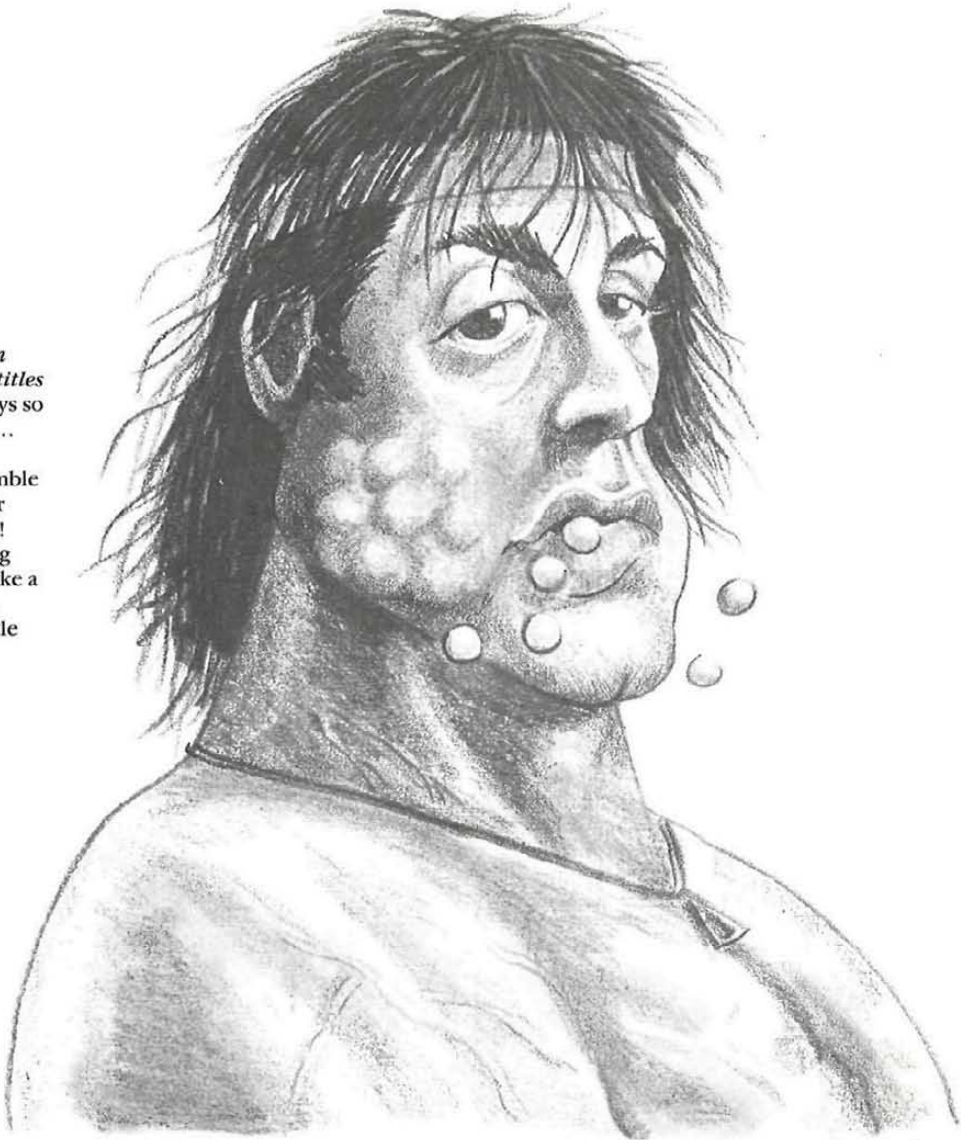
The unborn know you are their friend, and that is why your attitude has been so hard for them to understand. I have promised them that I would make this appeal to you. They are waiting for your response. They are the true moral majority.

Illustrated by Jeff Wong

**T**o Sylvester Stallone: yo, *diction lessons* and...and *English subtitles* that go under everything he says... we can understand anything he says... and, and... a little *gook*—actually, a robot manufactured to closely resemble a little gook—whom he can shoot or knife or bayonet or just blow up! Yo!! What? You say they're already making Rambo dolls?! And they're gonna make a bunch of dead-gook dolls? Fabulous. What a lucky Christmas for some little eight-year-olds this is gonna be.



To Nancy Reagan: an *image*, so she can stop this bullshit about trying to get people she really doesn't give a shit about to stop taking drugs. Hell, Nancy, clean up Beverly Hills first! There's more cocaine being used there nightly than in Harlem over a long weekend. And try to get to see the kids more, Nance—they're going to hell without you around. You give the dog more attention than you give them. The kids need you, Nance. Fire your PR man. Listen to us. A picture of you on the lawn with little Ron and the other kids and the grandchildren—socko stuff.



# Look What We've Got for Christmas



To the Pentagon: a *bammer*, six nails, a pair of pliers, and an electric light bulb, courtesy of *NatLamp*. That assemblage should save the taxpayers, oh, roughly, eleven million dollars.

To all those political hacks who have been running the Environmental Protection Agency: a *weekend home* at Three Mile Island...and a dash of plutonium in your cup of water, folks.



To Howard Cosell: a *lifetime contract* at an unheard-of fee to broadcast jai alai matches in Mexico, Central America, Norway, or anywhere else where his voice will not be heard nor his face seen on our TVs and radios.



Globe Photos

To Jamie Lee Curtis: a *pair of panties*. Wear only this in your next film. For chrissake, Jamic, how the hell could you do a picture called *Perfect* and not show your perfect breasts? That's cheating!



M. Childers/SYGMA

To Christopher Guest, a former *National Lampoon*-er and the husband of Jamie Lee Curtis: an *invitation to NatLamp's* First Annual Pajama Party, to be held at "Ratso" Sloman's place. Bring Jamie and the above-mentioned panties.



D. Kirkland/SYGMA

Also: a *one-night booking* at Harrah's in Atlantic City the night of the First Annual Pajama Party at "Ratso" Sloman's place. Since you now can't make it to the party, just send Jamie and panties.

To Prince: a *personality*.

To half the TV producers in Hollywood: a *Xerox machine* so they can duplicate perfectly the shows being produced by the other half.

To Patrick Buchanan: a *ventriloquist's handbook*, so he doesn't have to write everything down for the president.

To Reggie Jackson: another *car*, another *plane*, another *mansion* in another city. Rewards for striking out two thousand times in one career.

To Edwin Meese: the *Bland and Empty Award* for 1985. Never has so little competence been rewarded with so many top jobs.

To Madonna: *singing lessons* and the sheet music to "Swanee" so she can do Al Jolson on one knee and maybe stay put onstage for at least one song. For chrissake, stop jumping around like that!



To Governor George Deukmejian of California, Senator Bill Bradley of New Jersey, and Senator Jesse Helms of North Carolina: *some keen political advice*. Duke: Stop being so goddamn convivial! Stop smiling so much! Stop being so forceful and outspoken! Stop trying to be Ronald Reagan! You're not, kid. Try being more reserved. Be bland! Bill: Holy shit, Bill! People are forgetting the fucking basketball. Carry it with you. Shoot it occasionally. Even in the Senate. People forget, Bill. We can't let them forget you were an all-American and a Knick. Get rid of the briefcase. Carry the fucking basketball. Look what his athlete's image did for Jack Kemp. Does he ever let the electorate forget he was an all-American and all-pro, that he was one of the game's great quarterbacks? Hell, no! Jack gives away—yes, gives away—footballs wherever he goes. He has a truck filled with footballs that follows him wherever he goes, and he signs the

goddamn pigskins and gives them to the people. That's why he's one of the favorites to replace Ronnie when the old guy totters out of office. You've got to stop thinking legislation and start thinking votes, Bill. More people like you because you were a basketball player than because you're a senator from some little manufacturing state with foul air and polluted cities. Hell, nobody likes Jack because of his politics. Nobody even understands his politics. Including Jack. He keeps talking about lowering the taxes and cutting the debt; anybody who can add and subtract knows you can't do that. He should remember that if you throw more passes you have more interceptions. (That's how Jack remembers things.) But the key is that people don't even listen to Jack. They just look at him and see—all-American. Think it over, Bill. Helms: You're like Deukmejian, only in reverse. For God's sake, speak your mind! Say something! And Jesse, stop worrying about the little guy so much. This is America. It's every man for himself. Another thing, Jesse, say something nice about the South African government. Remember what your granddaddy said, Jess: "Ah'm not for separation of the races, Ah'm not for apartheid, Ah'm for *SLAVERY!*" Don't just sit there. Say something!

To Teddy Kennedy: the *Nothing Accomplished Award* for the last quarter of a century. Never has a man who has meant so well, had so much opportunity, and stayed so long done so little.



To Jerry Lewis: a *place in the booth* at the jai alai games in Mexico with Howard Cosell. Can you imagine those two egos together in a small room? And if we hear once more how they love ya in France, Jerr, we'll throw up! The only thing you got going for you, Jerr, is that you're still funnier than Dean Martin. But George Bush is funnier than Dean Martin.

To New York City: one *enormous pot-hole* to replace the thousands of smaller

indentations that pockmark the city and screw up our cars and our feet and swallow our small dogs.

To Woody Allen and Bill Cosby and Richard Pryor and Bill Murray and Chevy Chase: a *six-hour movie* that they can all do together so we can have the best and happiest six hours in a theater in our lives. Maybe Dustin can be in it too, because when he wants to be funny he's truly brilliant. What is happening to us? Why are we saying nice things about people?

To Tip O'Neill: *retirement*—please! So maybe the Democrats can get a leader in the job who'll give us less bullshit and more results.



To Kathleen Turner: You can come to "Ratso" Sloman's *NatLamp's First Annual Pajama Party*, too.



To Rachel Ward: You, too.

To young people who want to be schoolteachers knowing that their average starting salary is \$14,500 and that the starting salary of a major league baseball player is \$60,000: a *copy* of the Ted Williams book *How to Hit a Curveball*.



To Liberace: You *can't* come to "Ratso" Sloman's *NatLamp Pajama Party*. Your gift is you get to sit in the booth with Cosell and Lewis. It would add a little glitz to the utter boredom.

To Bob Woodward: *good luck* with your new book about Mother Teresa. Listen, check out the leper colonies. They have some hot stuff on the old lady. Real details on her drug habits and her sex life. We know you'll get the right stuff on her, Bobby. It was terrific the way you fucked old John Belushi in *Wired*, dishing up all that stuff that only he could confirm, which he couldn't because unfortunately he was dead. And don't forget the movie rights. Maybe you can get Joan Collins to play the title role?

To Joan Collins: the *title role* in the film version of Bob Woodward's next book, *Mired*, the story of Mother Teresa's battle with a life of sin. Costumes by Nolan Miller.

To the American Dairy Association, who used "America the Beautiful" as background for a milk commercial on television: *the use of "Bulgaria, O Beautiful Bulgaria"* so they can screw up some other country's songs instead of ours. If they don't like that one they can use "Albania, You Are the Home of the Free and the Land of the Goat" or "Liechtenstein, I Love You, Baby," which are, of course, the national anthems for Albania and Liechtenstein and are in the public domain and would both be appropriate in commercials for yogurt, sour cream, or curdled milk.

AP/Wide World Photos

Nancy Ellison/SYGMA



To Santa Claus: Get with it! Here's a *gift certificate* to Jack LaLanne. Lose some weight! Get some new clothes. Get rid of the boots. That went out with the sixties. And dye your hair. Nobody wants an old guy on the job. And get rid of the reindeer. Try a helicopter.



To Dom DeLuise: Get with it! Here's a *gift certificate* to Jack LaLanne. Lose some weight! Get some new clothes!

And Dom, get a funny script for a change!

To David Steinberg: *talent*. Sing! Dance! Be funny! Do something!

To the folks in charge at Union Carbide: *Mount Sinai Hospital* in New York, so that every year or so when you fuck up and kill or damn near kill a couple of thousand people, you can have your own hospital to send people to. It'll save you millions. It'll give you another great opportunity to show the public how caring you are and...and...you can rename it. How about the Union Carbide We Killed You but We're Gonna Take Care of You If You Have Blue Cross Sanitarium.



To Bob Dylan: *one more shot* at getting young America off its money-grabbing ass. One more cause. One more awakening.

To Peter, Paul and Mary: Not you. You can retire.

To Mario Cuomo and Bob Dole: *some more keen political advice*. Don't run for president, please. It's hell on humorists when *both* candidates from *both* parties are intelligent, perceptive, and concerned. You'll never make it, fellas, you're too good!

To Bob Woodward: *good luck* with your other new venture, *Inspired*, an exposé of the pope. As in previous books, stay with the heavy stuff. Don't believe that Polish bit. The guy was born to a Red Chinese family in Toledo. He isn't even Catholic. He was in show business until he was sixteen, traveling with rock bands through Bangladesh. This information should give you a good start. As usual, don't bother to check out anything. This could be bigger than *Wired*

or your next one, *Mired*. How about one on Saint Thomas Aquinas? He was into nose dust, sen-sen, and Classic Coke. He also slept around a lot. You could call it *Tired*.



To the world's great warriors, Maggie Thatcher and Ronald Reagan, who in recent years have scored stunning victories with their invasions of the Falklands and Grenada: the *General George S. Patton "Blood and Guts" Award* and a free shot at the Madras Islands. Imagine the *New York Post* headline: "Maggie & Ron Romp in Madras!" You'd each be reelected. Way to go, Ron-Bo! In addition to being an inspiring president, you've become a brilliant military leader, which our research indicates is thanks mostly to your hitch in the Army during World War II at the formidable Warner Brothers Studios in Burbank, where you successfully and almost single-handedly repulsed all enemy attempts to invade Hollywood.

To Bob Guccione: a series of stunning *nude photographs* of Marie Curie, Sandra Day O'Connor, and Florence Nightingale in full color. The black-and-whites go to Hugh Hefner. The real sordid stuff like the pas de deux of Ethel Merman and Evita Perón goes to *Hustler*.

And, finally, to Joan Rivers: *National Lampoon's Comedy Award of the Year*. Millions and millions of people listen to this lady regularly on the late Johnny Carson's show. Thousands more see her in nightclubs, at fund-raising, and at Halloween parties. People hang on her every word. She is taped, recorded, memorized. And yet—and this is what makes her great—not one humorous statement has ever crossed her lips. She just talks loud! That's her secret. And nobody's noticed it yet. So, if you want to be the life of the party, the center of attraction, or even a "star," talk loud. Joan did, and now she wears a different grotesque dress every day.

# W

hat is it? Come on, guess. Pick the magazine up and turn it over and over and shake it gently to see if it rattles. "Hmmm..." you say, "what could it possibly be?" Give up? Why, it's *money!* Yes, fabulous, wonderful money—secret treasure of the moderns. Isn't it nice? We knew you'd love

it. It goes with everything, and it's always in good taste to have plenty of beautiful, fashionable money. Don't you think so? Say thank you.

What? What's that? You say you don't see any money? Well...to tell the absolute completely honest truth, we aren't giving you any money after all. What we're giving you is a gift certificate. And all you can get with it is a five-dollar discount on a subscription to the same magazine that gave it to you. Some treat, huh? Oh well, at least it's *sort of* like money. I mean you can buy something with it. *Part* of something, anyway. Well, part of *one* thing, actually. If you were prettier, it might have been a nice brooch.

Okay, now, fill in your name, address, and anything else asked for in the certificate, write out a check for the term of subscription to the *National Lampoon* you would like (one year, two years, or three years), subtracting *five dollars* from the amount listed for each of those periods. For example, if you want a one-year subscription, which normally costs \$11.95, subtract five bucks and write out a check for \$6.95. If you have no check of your own, get a money order or bank check. You still get the five-dollar savings. If you have a checking account but there's no money in it, don't—let's repeat that—don't send it to us. Send it to *Playboy*.

Now, you get the same five-dollar savings for a two- or three-year subscription; merely deduct the five dollars and send in your payment and the gift certificate.

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# Why I Love Christmas

by John Waters

**B**eing a traditionalist, I'm a rabid sucker for Christmas. In July I'm already worried that there are only 146 shopping days left. "What are you getting me for Christmas?" I carp to fellow bathers who haven't even decided what to do for Labor Day. As each month follows I grow more and more obsessed. Around October I startle complete strangers by bursting into my off-key rendition of "Joy to the World." I'm always The Little Drummer Boy for Halloween, a grouchy one at that, since the inconsiderate stores haven't even put up their Christmas decorations yet. November 1 kicks off the jubilee of consumerism, and I'm so riddled with the holiday season that the mere mention of a stocking stuffer sexually arouses me.

By December I'm deep in Xmas psychosis, and only then do I allow myself the luxury of daydreaming my favorite

childhood memory: dashing through the snow, laughing all the way (ha-ha-ha) to Grandma's house to find that the fully decorated tree has fallen over and pinned her underneath. My candy-colored memories have run through the projector of my mind so many times that they are almost in 3-D. That awful pause before my parents rushed to free her, my own stunned silence as I dared not ask if Granny's gifts to us had been damaged, and the wondrous, glorious sight of the now semi-crooked tree, with balls broken, being begrudgingly hoisted back to its proper position of adoration. "O Christmas tree! O Christmas tree!" I started shrieking at the top of my lungs in an insane fit of childhood hyperventilation before being silenced by a glare from my parents that could have stopped a train. This tableau was never mentioned again, and my family pretended

it never happened. But *I* remember—boy, do I remember!

If you don't have yourself a merry little Christmas, you might as well kill yourself. Every waking second should be spent in Christmas compulsion; career, love affairs, marriages, and all the other clutter of daily life must take a backseat to this holiday of holidays. As December 25 fast approaches, the anxiety and pressure to experience "happiness" are all part of the ritual. If you can't maintain the spirit, you're either a rotten Communist or badly in need of a psychiatrist. No wonder you don't have any friends.

Of course, You-know-who was supposed to have been born on Christmas, but the real Holy Trinity is God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Santa Claus. You don't see fake Josephs and Marys in department stores asking kids what they want, do you? Face it, mangers

continued on page 78



Jeanette Adams

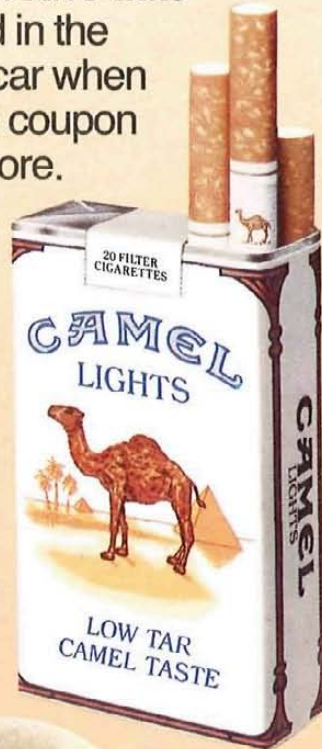
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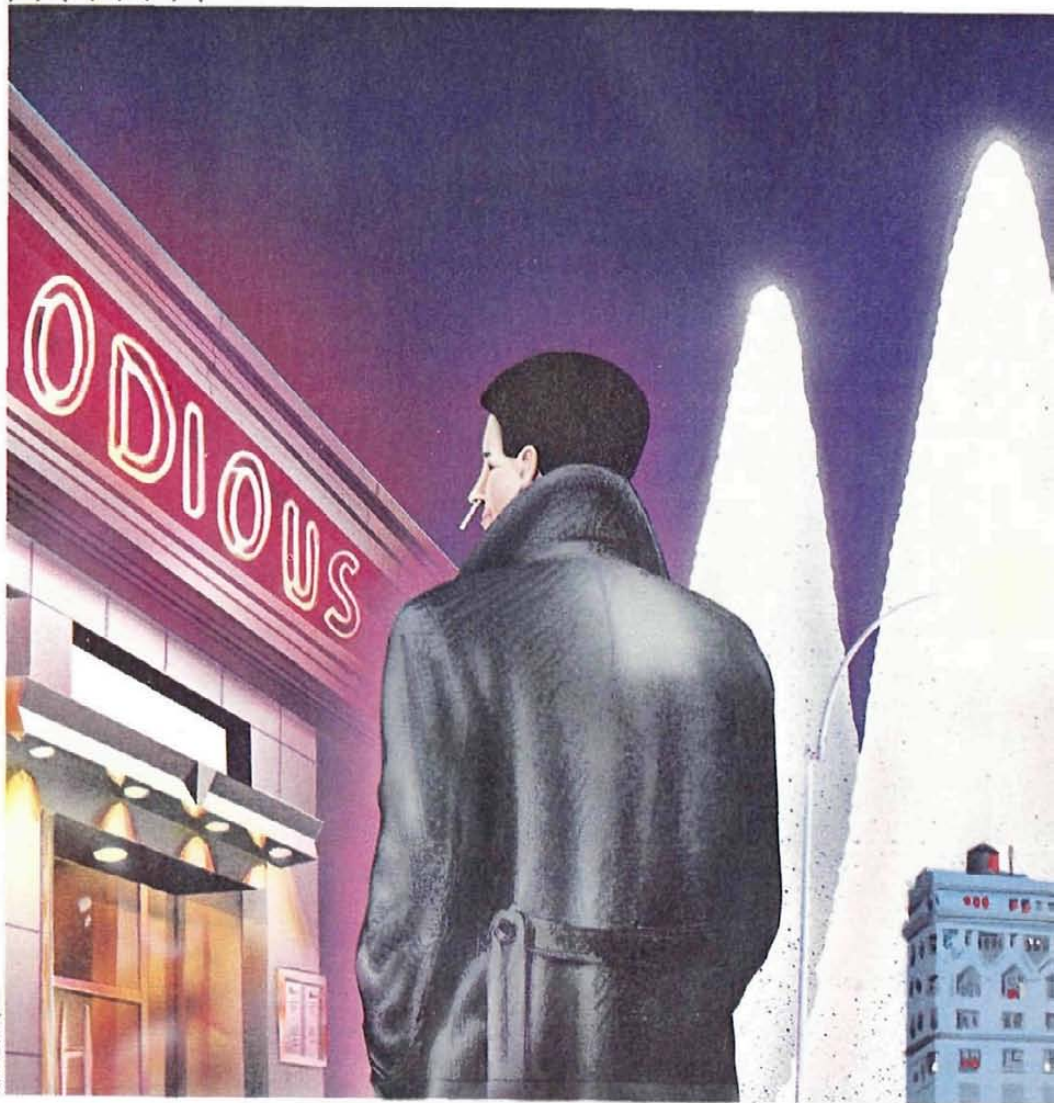
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IT'S SIX A.M.  
DO YOU KNOW  
WHERE YOU AREN'T?

You're not the kind of guy who would normally be in a sleazy disco at six in the morning, but you're sure acting like you are. You're lying on your back in a puddle of beer. You're talking to a girl who weighs three hundred pounds easy. She's hovering above you like a float in the Thanksgiving Day Parade. Her voice sounds like a blender full of carrots underwater. It's drunk, you're six A.M.

To make matters worse, the future of your job hinges upon a meeting you're to have with your boss, the Geek, in three hours. Yet there's nothing you'd rather do less than go out and greet the day. You hate meeting strangers. If you go out you'll sweat like a cold martini glass in the sun. The light will vaporize your brain cells, and you don't have many to begin with. The Colombian Tap Dancers in your head are tired. They don't feel well and they have gas. They need Colombian Tap Dancing Powder. It occurs to you that the reader will not readily accept this lingo for drugs anymore. If you think that the reader won't accept this much, just wait.

You get up off the floor and gingerly proceed to the bathroom with the fat girl. You've spent 90 percent of your life in bathrooms for the last year or so, and ask yourself if this is because you're constipated. You say to yourself, no, I don't think so...and then your brain trails off like a retarded comet.

The two of you squeeze into a stall. She's as big as a house. The one you vacationed in at the Cape last year. It was a mansion, an incredibly big house, something large. You arrange four lines of Colombian Tap Dancing Powder on a tiny, shiny mirror. You perform this feat with the skilled ambidexterity of a magician. Then you wonder how the magician got in, and kick him out. You roll your last dollar into a tube, and exhibiting respiratory élan, you power two lines from mirror to nostrils *tout de suite*. Colombian Tap Dancing Powder. Ah-one and ah-two.

You put the mirror under the fat girl's face. She voraciously grabs the "tube" as if it were a rolled-up piece of pizza. She sucks up her two lines like an elephantine Hoover, and then the mirror and your hand as well. Your good right hand is buried in her nose like an ostrich with its head in the sand. You can't pull it out. You wonder what your meeting with the Geek would be like if you attended it with the fat girl, your hand irrevocably crammed up her schnozzle. It wouldn't look bad if you were doing research for a piece about the proboscis of a corpulent teenager.

But you're not.

You get the fat girl to lie down on the floor. Once there, you put the sole of your foot on her forehead for leverage. She asks what you're doing. You cleverly tell her that you're practicing a new dance. She starts to cry and asks you if you're sure you know what you're doing. You tell her not to worry, you've done this kind of thing thousands of times before. You hope she realizes what kind of a witty, fast-track guy she's dealing with.

When you finally manage to pull your hand out of her nose, it feels like it's been reborn. You and the fat girl walk out onto the dance floor.

"God, I love toot," she says. "Have you ever noticed that the best words in the world begin with *t*?"

"Not really," you say. You're scanning the dance floor for Dash Burntbottom, the friend who maneuvered you here in the first place, when the evening was young and you could flourish. You're not sure of what to make of Dash. He's your best friend or your worst enemy. He's either your health food or your bag of potato chips, your Perrier or your rum and Coke; you're not sure which. Somewhere you have friends who really care about you, who speak the language of human understanding. But you only speak English and French, and Dash is fun. More fun than a barrel of junkies. Dash has only one goal in life: to have one drink in every New York hip spot in a single evening. Simple arithmetic tells us that there are over two thousand hip spots in New York and that a standard Manhattan evening lasts about twelve hours. This means that on the evening Dash is to perform his precarious feat, he'll have to have a drink in 166 night spots an hour for twelve hours straight. He's been practicing for a long time.

Now the memories of the evening hang around like stale puffs of cigar smoke in the ancient tavern of your mind. Ten hours ago things weren't so bad. You and Dash were snorting Colombian Tap Dancing Powder with naked debutantes. Then you painted the town red. You couldn't believe how pissed the mayor was. You were careful to obey the Burntbottom Rule of Perpetual Self-Promotion, one drink per stop. En route in the limo, you chugged champagne and ran over Puerto Ricans. But somewhere along the way you jumped onto a speeding train of Colombian Tap Dancing Powder and rode it way past your stop. Burntbottom could talk you back into action, but he left with the French princess who lives in Egypt, the one with cheekbones in her forehead. At this very moment they're snorting pure Colombian Tap Dancing Flakes and throwing ten-dollar bills out the window as they watch reruns of *The Honey-*

*mooners* in Italian.

"Think about it," the fat girl says.

"Tarts, tuna, TV..."

You're getting it. "Tarantulas, turpentine, tits..."

"Tea, turkey, tarts..."

"Tusks, Teflon, bathroom tiles."

"Bathroom tiles? That doesn't start with *t*." She looks at you as if she's looking at a spook. It was something you did or didn't say. Your eyes follow her as she walks out of the disco, but as soon as she's gone they roll back to you.

It's worse outside than you expected. Christ on the cross never felt this bad. Your mind feels like a Swanson's frozen turkey potpie. The worst thing about the street is that its only occupants are the kind of people who go to bed early and get up early. The sort of people who have families and love their children and take on responsibilities in life. How much *fun* can that be?

THE LEPER BABY  
LIVES!

The last five hours are gone. Gone as if peeled away by a giant potato peeler. You're on the subway, for some reason reading the *New York Post*. Maybe it's the *Post*'s headlines that get you. Today's reads: LEPER BABY CONTAMINATES BRONX. Halfheartedly you read the details, but you're not really into it. A baby caught leprosy, and now the disease has spread throughout the Bronx. But you have a meeting with the Geek. You're two hours late, and drunk. To hell with the Bronx. You have enough problems of your own.

You know that your meeting with the Geek is not going to go well, and you wonder how you ever even started at the magazine. Was it in the mail room or the men's room? Your job is to check every "fact" in an article. If an article about penguins states that they have bad breath, you have to go to the zoo and kiss one. If it goes on to state that they are frigid in bed, you wouldn't be surprised. Nevertheless, it's the most prestigious magazine in America. To buy a copy you have to prove that you make more than eighty thousand dollars a year and live in Connecticut. You've always wondered why they never thought of a name for it.

At the other end of the subway car, a bum who was only talking to himself a minute ago is now strangling an old lady. You weigh the pros and cons of intervention. You're wearing a four-hundred-dollar Pierre Cardin overcoat. There's the outside chance that the bum might touch you. It's not as if the old lady is your grandmother or anything.

The Geek will not be in a good mood.

The last article you checked facts on was a travel piece written by a blind ninety-year-old Frenchman who dreamed the whole thing up. One day last week the Geek moved up the deadline, from eight weeks to seventeen minutes. Although you did catch a few mistakes, several hundred errors found their way into print, including two typos in the title. You tell yourself that some people can't take a joke.

You decide to help the old lady at the end of the car. It's boring, but it's not as if you have that much else to do. You stand up and menacingly look at the bum. Luckily, he walks away from the old lady; you don't have to spring into action after all. *The old lady is dead. It's the first break you've had in a long time.*

Once inside the building you nod to the elevator operator, who nods back. With a little training, he could perform your job better than you. You reflect on this as if it were a mirror from hell. The elevator safely takes you to the forty-seventh floor as if it were pulled by a hidden cable. The only thing that could save you now is something fatal, like leprosy. But the Leper Baby is in the Bronx. Or what was the Bronx.

### THE DEPARTMENT OF FACTUAL CAUCASIANS

The first person you see in the Department of Factual Caucasians is Madras Skirt. You've worked with her for two

years but never noticed how beautiful she is. She could win the Miss Universe contest. And she's warm and friendly to you, takes a budding interest in your life. On a scale of 1 to 10 you'd rate her a 20.

Suddenly you realize that nobody is going to believe that you never noticed her before. For a moment you worry about suspended disbelief, but then you tell yourself not to worry. Nothing you've said so far is believable anyway. That thought hits you like a ton of pricks. You realize that nobody will believe that a magazine gopher who probably makes eight dollars an hour can afford a five-thousand-dollar-a-week cocaine habit, and four hundred dollars a night for drinks and cover charges. You decide to go on anyway, to plow ahead like a tractor through a wheat field of words.

*When I have nothing to say,  
My lips are sealed.  
Say something once,  
Why say it again?*

—PSYCHO KILLER

*Qu'est-ce que c'est?* It's a sign that Madras Skirt has made for you.

"Nothing personal," she says. "Just that you're starting to drive us all a little crazy. Ever consider detox?"

You mean to continue the conversation but the Geek is standing in the doorway. If looks could kill you'd be dead and buried. You'd be as dead as a dodo, lifeless as a rock. A hard-boiled egg in the chicken coop of life. Marianne Geekcounter, five foot six, 140 pounds

of editor meat, is staring at you. "It's eleven fifteen," she says. "You were supposed to meet with me at nine o'clock sharp." She'd like nothing more than to drive a sharp Popsicle stick of insults through your brain.

In her office her first comment is intentionally gelid. "You have absolutely destroyed the credibility of this magazine," she says. "Because of you our reputation is worthless. Further, your work has been nothing but terrible for two years, and you've never once come in on time."

You yawn. Who needs this shit? You wonder who Dash Burntbottom is having lunch with.

"Do you have anything to say?" she asks.

"Do you know a good restaurant in the neighborhood for *coq au vin*?" you ask. "What?" she asks.

Never mind. She wouldn't know anyway. "Does this mean I'm fired?"

"Yes, get the hell out of here."

Who put the bee in her bra? You see now that you like her, feel sorry for her, there's something mysterious about her. Why this occurs to you on the day she fires you is also a mystery.

You feel as if you've jumped off the high diving board of your life and belly-smacked into mediocrity. If you listen hard enough, you can nearly hear yourself falling from grace.

In the Department of Factual Caucasians, Madras Skirt offers condolences and a chance for a home-cooked meal at her house. A home-cooked what?

"Meal," she explains, and goes on to talk about something that ordinary people do when they're hungry. You realize that a good woman like this could put you back on your feet. She'd make you well again, fix the hole where your heart used to be. She'd put you back in the driver's seat and you could take charge of your life.

How boring.

Out in the street, a black man stands beside a row of giant cages. "What can I get you, mah man?" he asks.

"How about a gram of Colombian Tap Dancing Powder?"

"Say what?"

"Whaddya got?"

"I got ani-mules," he says. "I got gen-u-ine pythons, tigers, and wolverines." You once did research for an article about street hawkers. A lot of them are rip-offs. How do you know if it's a real python or a cheap imitation?

"You have tigers?" you ask.

He opens a cage. "I got here a gen-u-ine, one hundred percent Si-ber-ian tighah," he says. "This here is more pussy than you've seen in a long time!" Bright teeth, big kitty. "Normally a cat like this one go for two thousand dollars. But I'm gonna give you a special



*"Have you got anything that clots blood? I've got diarrhea from biting a hemophiliac."*

continued on page 77

THE

RON

A DAY IN  
THE LIFE  
OF  
PRESIDENT

SCRIPT:  
THE EDITORS

ART:

ROB  
RZECHOWSKI

and

NANCY

COLORING BOOK



EVERY MORNING AT THE CRACK OF 6:30 A.M., THE PRESIDENT STARTS  
HIS DAY BY WAKING UP.

HELLO, PETE? I, UH, JUST CALLED ON BEHALF OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE ... A LITTLE MORE COFFEE, GEORGE ... TO, WELL, CONGRATULATE YOU ON BREAKING TY COBB'S RECORD ... WHAT'S THAT? ... OH ... WELL, UH, WHEN YOUR DADDY COMES HOME, MAKE SURE HE GIVES ME A CALL.



THE PRESIDENT ENJOYS A BREAKFAST OF EGGS, LOW-FAT BACON, AND PRUNE JUICE. HE ALSO MAKES CALLS TO WORLD LEADERS CONCERNING MATTERS OF NATIONAL IMPORTANCE.



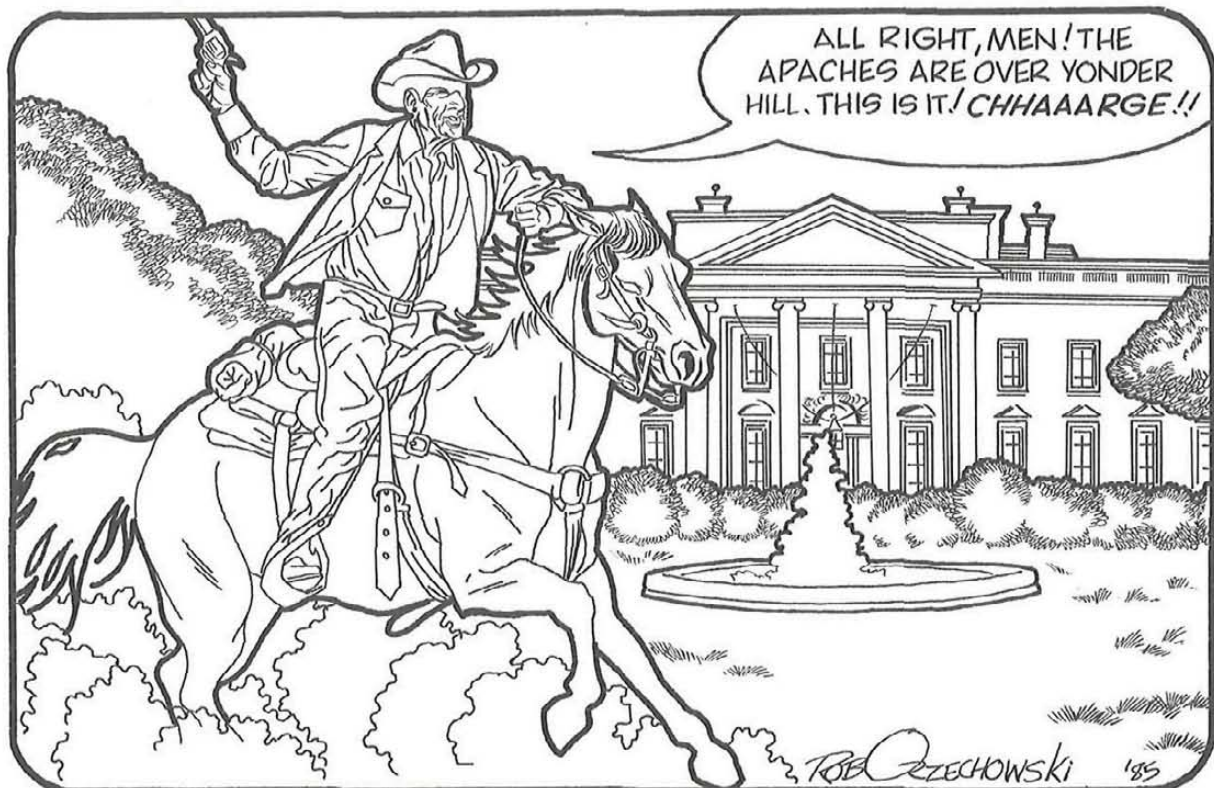
AFTER BREAKFAST, THE PRESIDENT REVIEWS THE PROBLEMS OF THE DAY.



*AFTER LUNCH, THE PRESIDENT OFTEN MAKES A SPEECH TO AN IMPORTANT GROUP OF CONCERNED CONSTITUENTS.*



*THE PRESIDENT THEN OFTEN LIKES TO MEET INFORMALLY WITH THE GROUP AFTER HIS SPEECH.*



ALL RIGHT, MEN! THE APACHES ARE OVER YONDER HILL. THIS IS IT! CHHAAARGE!!

IN THE AFTERNOON, THE PRESIDENT SPENDS TIME WITH A TRUSTED ADVISER.

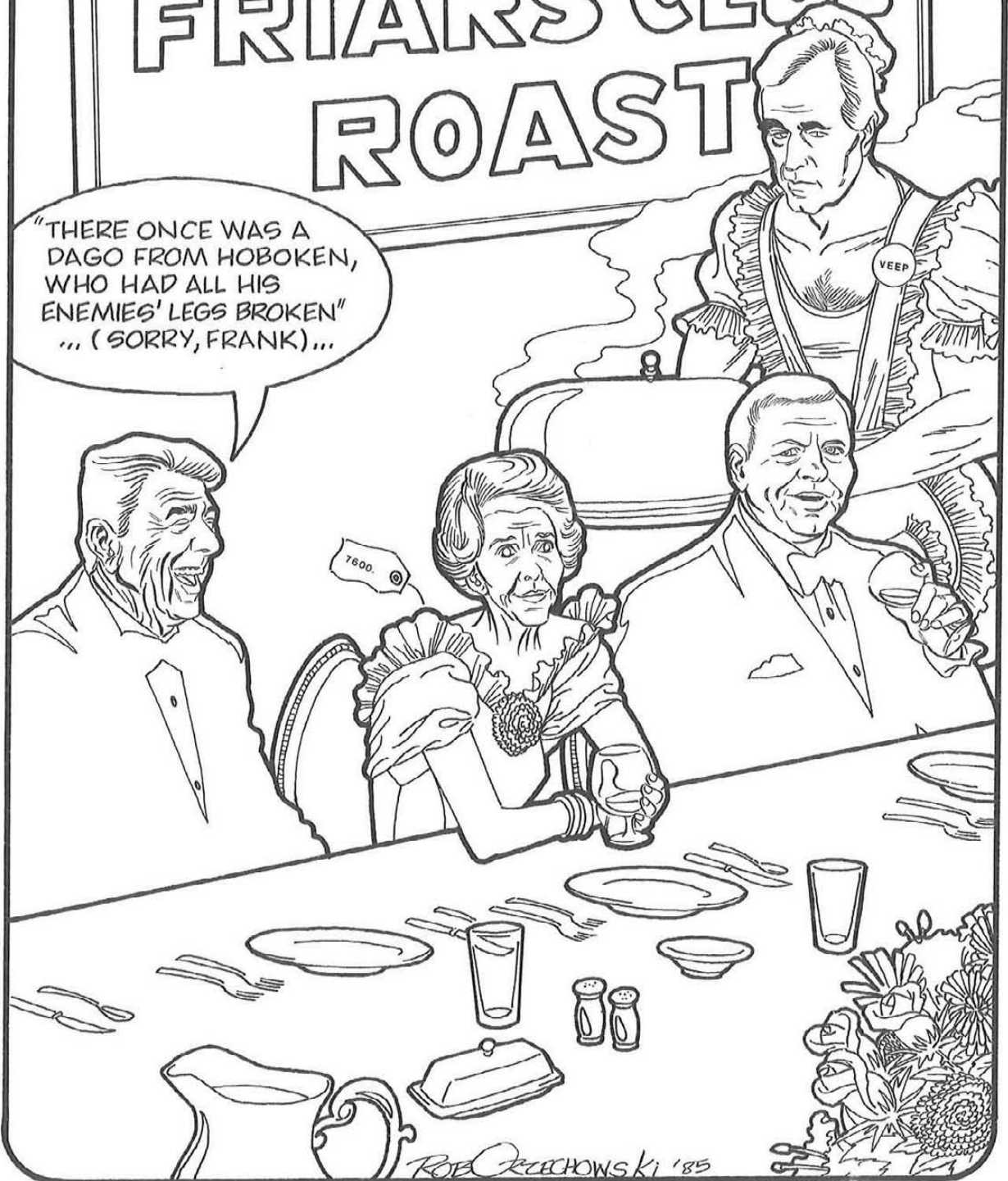


FREQUENTLY, THEY CONFER FOR HOURS ON MATTERS OF STATE.



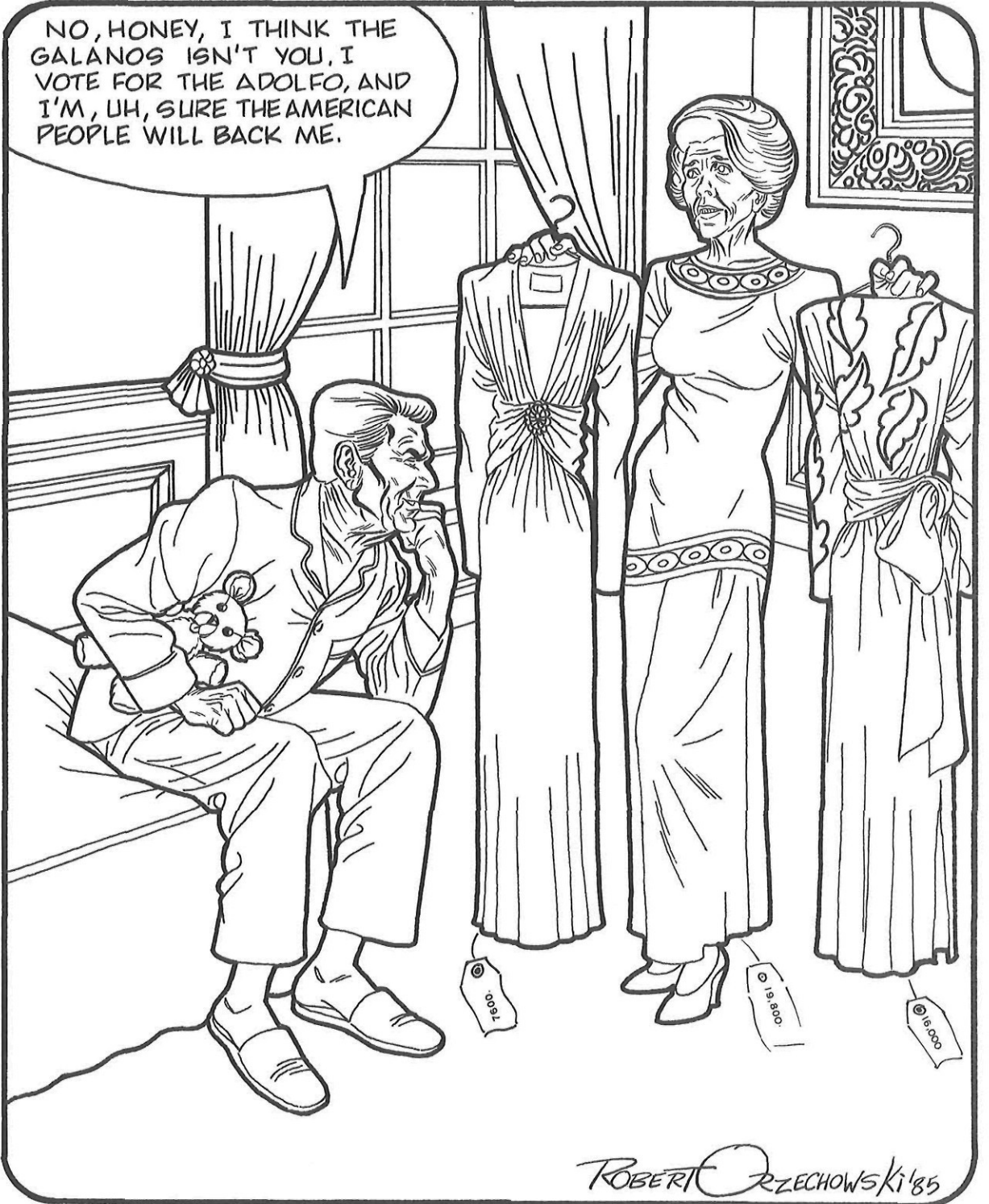
# FRIARS CLUB ROAST

"THERE ONCE WAS A  
DAGO FROM HOBOKEN,  
WHO HAD ALL HIS  
ENEMIES' LEGS BROKEN"  
... (SORRY, FRANK)...



THE PRESIDENT REGULARLY HOSTS IMPORTANT STATE  
DINNERS FOR WORLD DIGNITARIES.

NO, HONEY, I THINK THE GALANOS ISN'T YOU. I VOTE FOR THE ADOLFO, AND I'M, UH, SURE THE AMERICAN PEOPLE WILL BACK ME.



SOMETIMES THE PRESIDENT IS UP UNTIL THE WEE HOURS OF THE MORNING MAKING DECISIONS THAT CAN CHANGE ALL OF OUR LIVES.



AT ANY TIME, AN EMERGENCY MIGHT ARISE, AND THE PRESIDENT MUST BE READY TO HEED THE CALL OF HIS GREAT OFFICE.

Uncle Gahan Wilson's

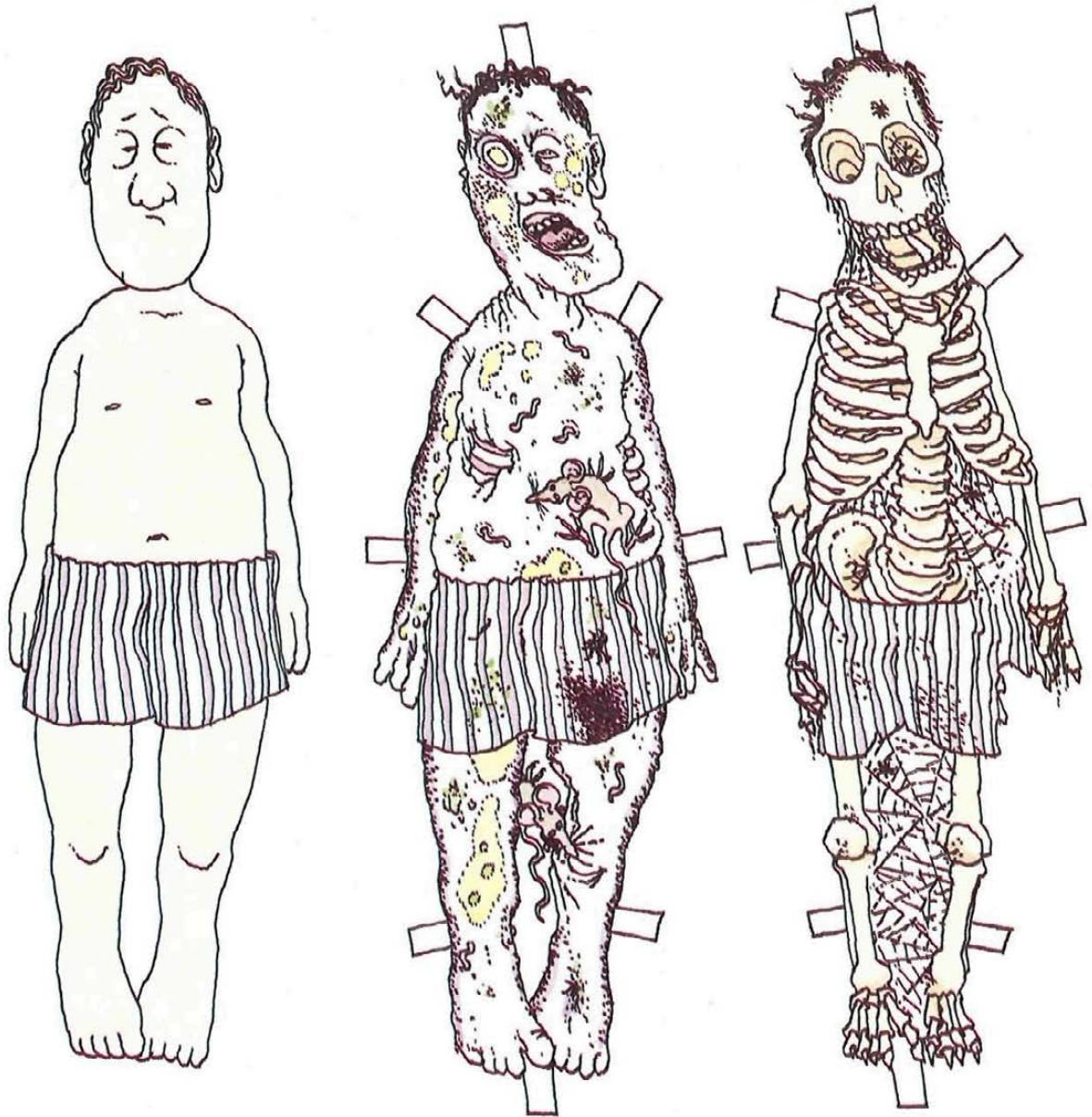
# MORTALITY PAPER DOLLS

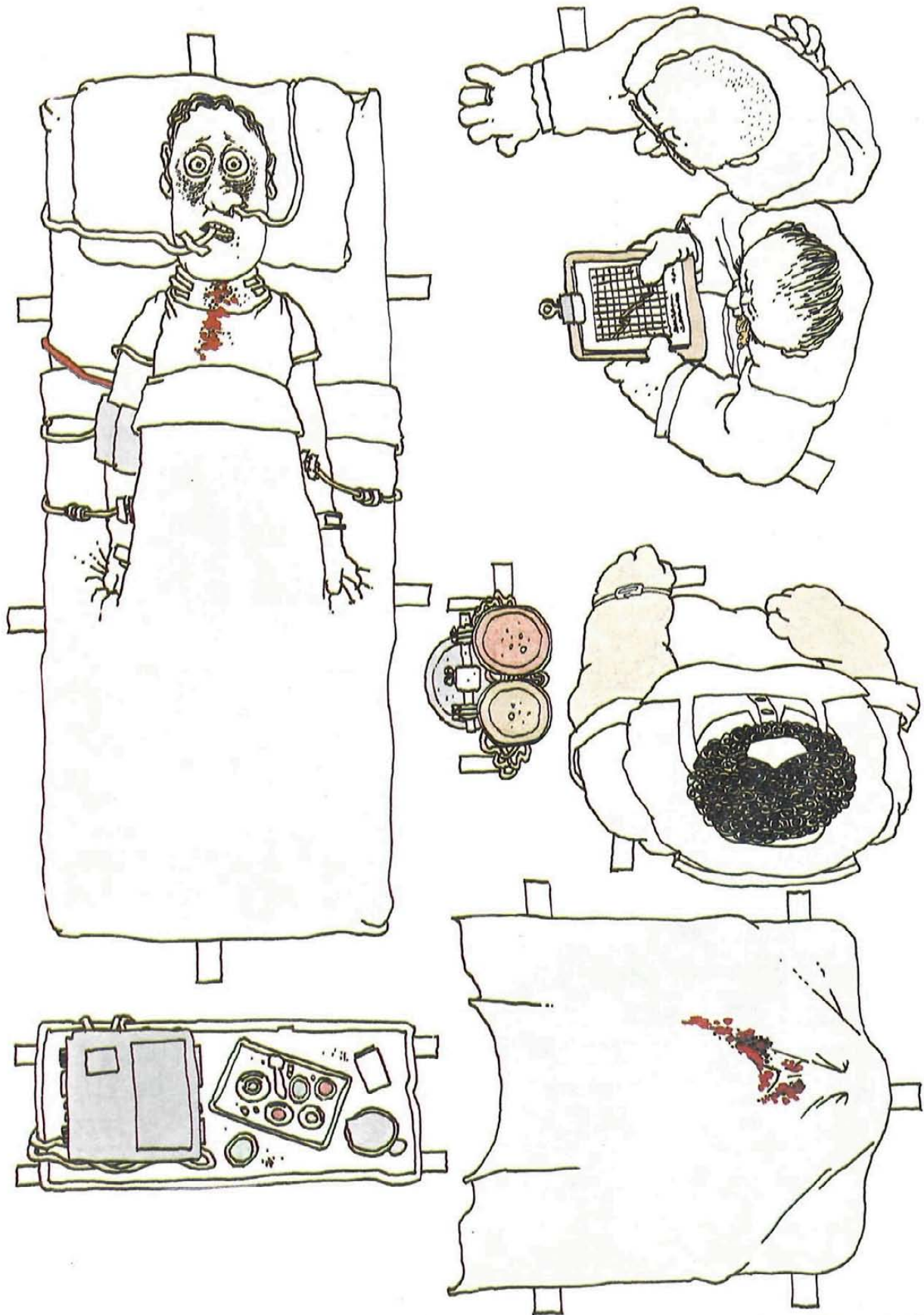
Okay, you cutups, here's a chance to have a little fun and games with one of the darndest things that happens to anybody: death!

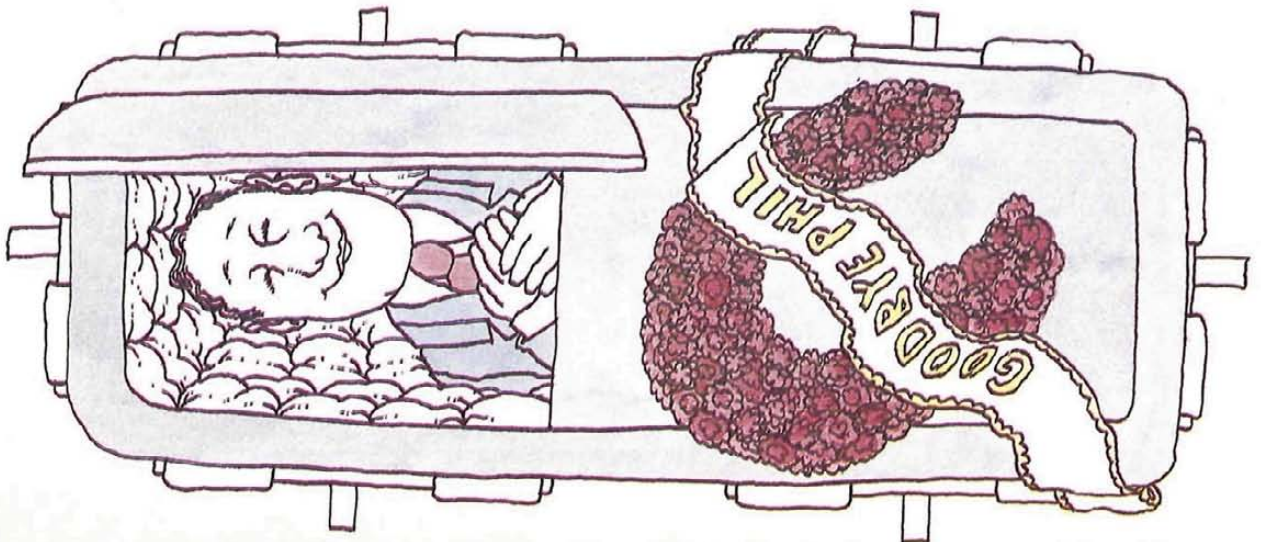
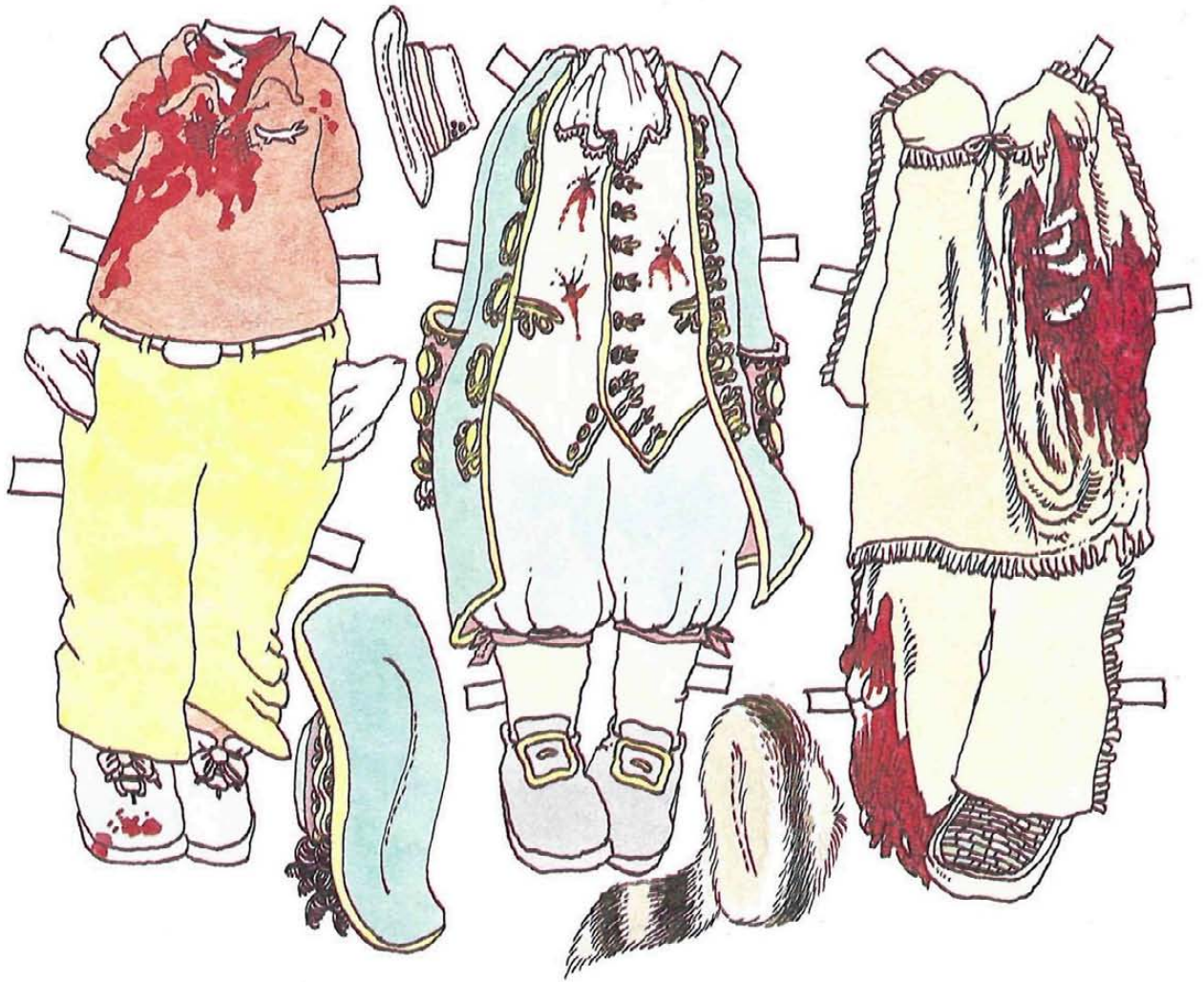
Just cut out the little fellow in the striped shorts, then cut out his various costumes and toys, and you'll be all set to go and so will he!

The first page hands you the basics; the second gives you all you need—a twenty-four-hour nurse, expensive specialists, plasma bottles, a bed tray full of useless pills, even a sheet to pull over his head!—to wipe out his life's savings before he dies; and the third page gives you three period deaths—modern mugging, assassination by the Three Musketeers, and a mountain man partially bear-eaten—plus a handy container.

There is one little problem: if you want to play with all three pages you're going to find that cutting the stuff on this page automatically destroys page 60, so if you want to enjoy all three pages you'll just have to run out and buy another copy of the *National Lampoon*! But that's life.



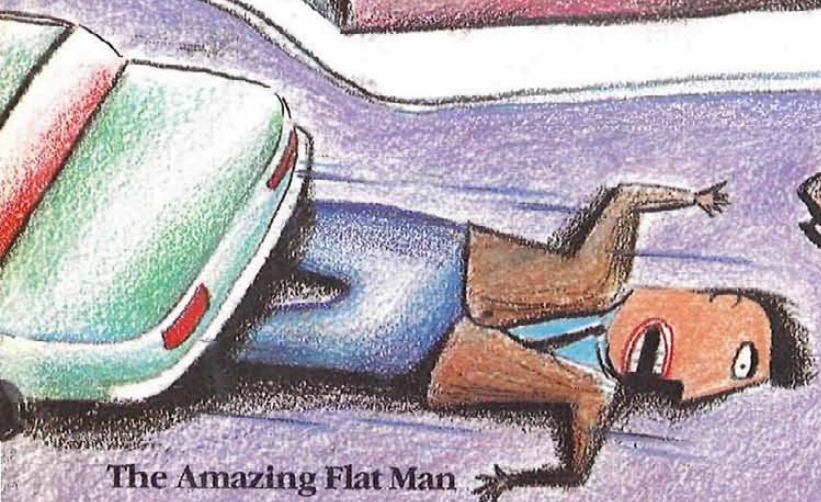




Largely  
Unnoticed

# Street Performers

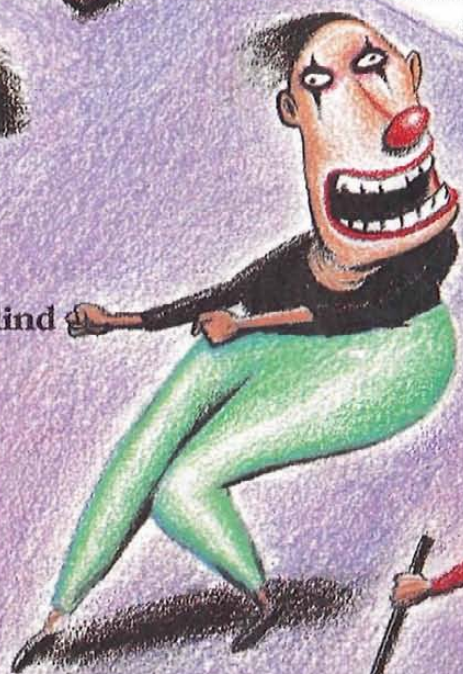
by Buddy Hickerson



The Amazing Flat Man



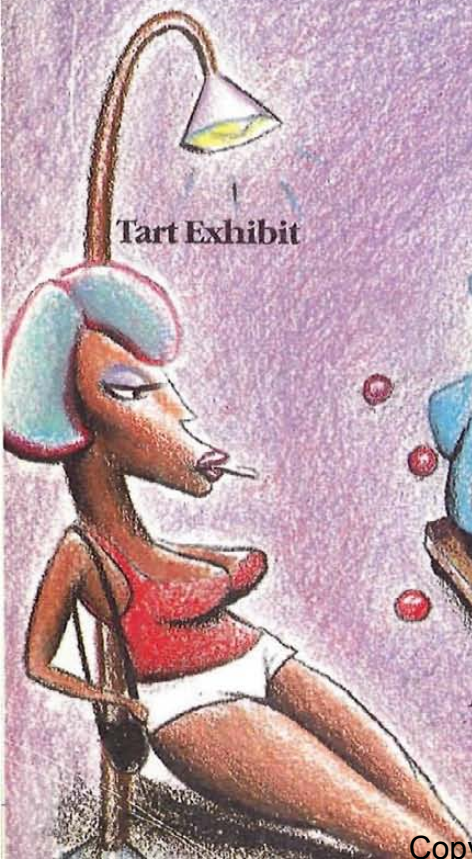
Okay....  
This is really  
funny....I am  
now pulling an  
invisible  
rope!



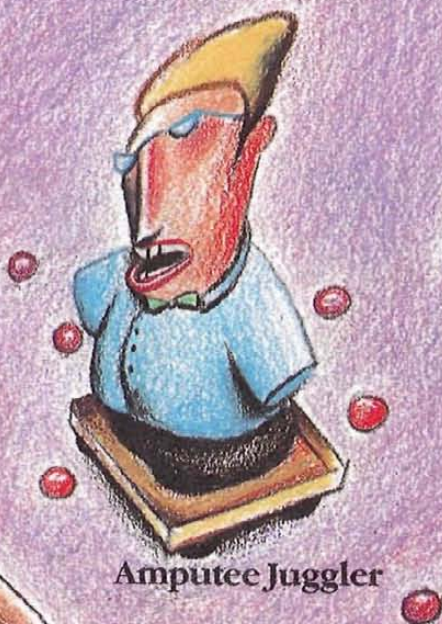
Mime for the Blind



Marcel Co

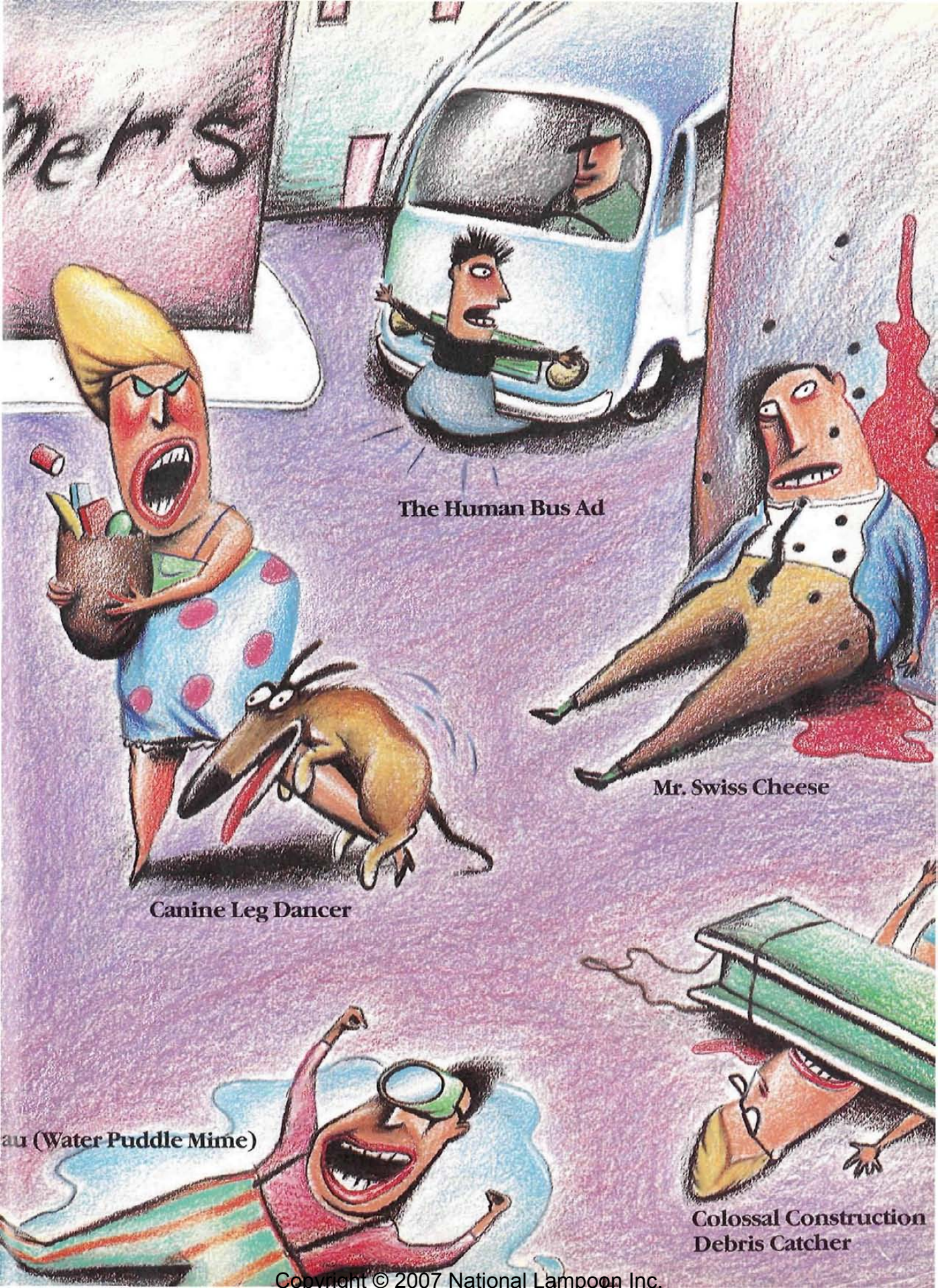


Tart Exhibit



Amputee Juggler





The Human Bus Ad

Mr. Swiss Cheese

Canine Leg Dancer

au (Water Puddle Mime)

Colossal Construction  
Debris Catcher



# PRICELESS COLLECTOR'S ITEMS FROM NATIONAL LAMPOON

## BOOKS

- National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary Anthology, Volume I** Half of our best tenth anniversary book ever—and the first half. \$4.95
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- The Best of National Lampoon, No. 5** The best stuff from 1973-1974. \$2.50
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- The Best of National Lampoon, No. 8** Jokes started getting more expensive in 1976-1977. \$3.95
- The Best of National Lampoon, No. 9** But we managed to hold the line on prices during 1978-1980. \$3.95
- National Lampoon's Animal House** The full-color, illustrated book on which the movie was not based. This came later. \$2.95
- National Lampoon Deluxe Edition of Animal House** Carbon-dating has proven this edition's longevity to be worth an extra two bucks. \$4.95
- Cartoons Even We Wouldn't Dare Print** Not in the magazine, anyway. Disgusting. \$2.95
- Son of Cartoons Even We Wouldn't Dare Print II: A Sequel** Even worse than the first. \$2.95
- National Lampoon True Facts** The original, uncensored work, now available in English. It all happened. \$2.95
- National Lampoon's Peekers and Other True Facts** All true, all new. To be without one won't do. \$2.95

## MAGAZINES

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- JUNE 1972** / Science Fiction
- JULY 1972** / Surprise!
- AUGUST 1972** / The Miracle of Democracy
- SEPTEMBER 1972** / Boredom
- NOVEMBER 1972** / Decadence
- DECEMBER 1972** / Easter in December
- APRIL 1973** / Prejudice
- MAY 1973** / Fraud
- JUNE 1973** / Violence
- JULY 1973** / Modern Times
- SEPTEMBER 1973** / Postwar
- OCTOBER 1973** / Banana Issue

- DECEMBER 1973** / Self-indulgence
- MAY 1974** / Fiftieth Anniversary
- AUGUST 1974** / Isolationism and Tooth Care
- SEPTEMBER 1974** / Old Age
- NOVEMBER 1974** / Civics
- JANUARY 1975** / No Issue
- FEBRUARY 1975** / Love and Romance
- AUGUST 1975** / Justice
- SEPTEMBER 1975** / Back to College
- OCTOBER 1975** / Collector's Issue
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- FEBRUARY 1976** / Artists and Models
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- DECEMBER 1976** / Selling Out
- JANUARY 1977** / Surefire Issue
- FEBRUARY 1977** / JFK Reinaugural
- MARCH 1977** / Science and Technology
- APRIL 1977** / Ripping the Lid off TV
- JUNE 1977** / Carcers
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- OCTOBER 1977** / All Beatles
- NOVEMBER 1977** / Lifestyles
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- JANUARY 1978** / The Role of Sex in History
- FEBRUARY 1978** / Spring Fascism in Preview
- MARCH 1978** / Crime and Punishment
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- AUGUST 1981** / Let's Get It Up, America!
- SEPTEMBER 1981** / Back to School

- OCTOBER 1981** / Movies
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- DECEMBER 1981** / What's Hip?
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- JULY 1982** / Sporting Life
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- SEPTEMBER 1982** / Hot Sex!
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**\$3.00 EACH**

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- FEBRUARY 1983** / Raging Controversy
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- JULY 1983** / Vacation!
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- OCTOBER 1983** / Dilated Pupils
- NOVEMBER 1983** / No Score
- DECEMBER 1983** / Holiday Jeers
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- APRIL 1984** / You Can Parody Anything
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- AUGUST 1984** / Unofficial Olympics Guide
- SEPTEMBER 1984** / Fall Fashions
- OCTOBER 1984** / Just Good Stuff
- NOVEMBER 1984** / The Accidental Issue

**DECEMBER 1984** Except for issue Number One, this may well become the rarest "old" *National Lampoon* of all. It's the last issue in the familiar *National Lampoon* format, which remained intact for nearly fifteen years. The issue after this introduced the new one-of-a-kind format. \$4.00

- JANUARY 1985** / Good Clean Sex
- FEBRUARY 1985** / A Misguided Tour of New York
- MARCH 1985** / The Best of 15 Years
- APRIL 1985** / The Best from Europe
- MAY 1985** / Celebrity Roast
- JUNE 1985** / The Doug Kenney Collection
- JULY 1985** / Youth at Play
- AUGUST 1985** / All-New True Facts
- SEPTEMBER 1985** / Lust Issue
- National Lampoon Binders** Vinyl binders with tough metal "rods" \$5.50 each, \$9.00 for two, \$12.00 for three. — Quantity
- National Lampoon Case Binder** Fits many types of magazines. \$6.95 each — Quantity
- National Lampoon Binder** With all twelve issues from a given year. Well, not exactly given.
 

— 1975	— 1979	— 1983	— Vinyl binder
— 1976	— 1980	— 1984	— Case binder
— 1977	— 1981		\$24.00 each
— 1978	— 1982		

It is imperative that I acquire the items checked above in order to keep my home humor collection complete. I am enclosing \$1.50 in postage and handling for my order if it's under \$5.00, and \$2.00 for said charges if the order totals more than \$5.00, a small price to pay for U.S. postal delivery. If I'm a New York State resident I'm adding 8 1/4 percent sales tax, which is another matter entirely.

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Total amount enclosed \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Tear out the whole page with items checked, enclose check or money order, and mail to:  
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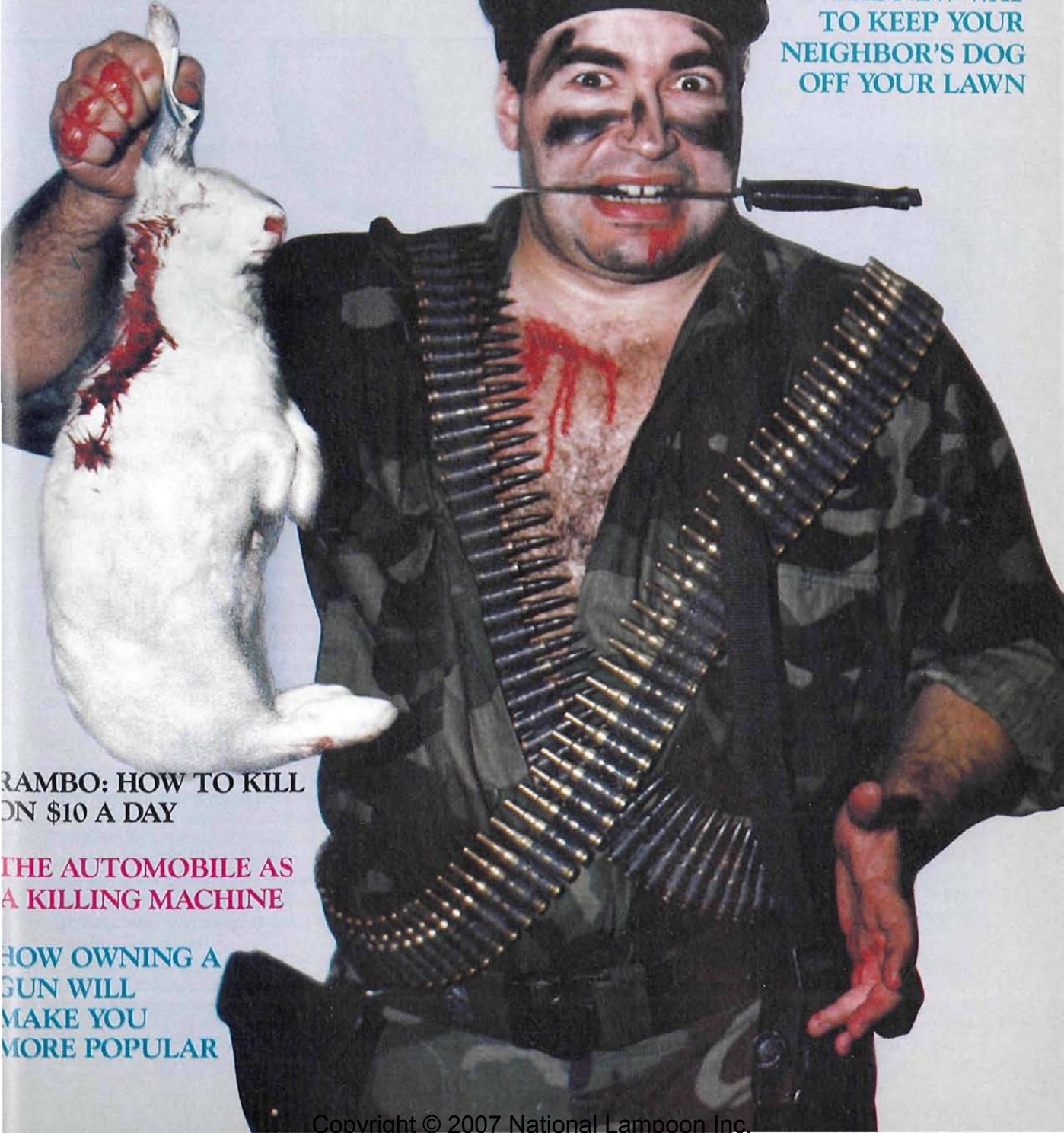
# SLAYBOY

THE MAGAZINE OF MAYHEM

DECEMBER 1985 • \$3.50

DEATH: THE ASTONISHING NEW  
CURE FOR AIDS

LAND MINES:  
THE NEW WAY  
TO KEEP YOUR  
NEIGHBOR'S DOG  
OFF YOUR LAWN

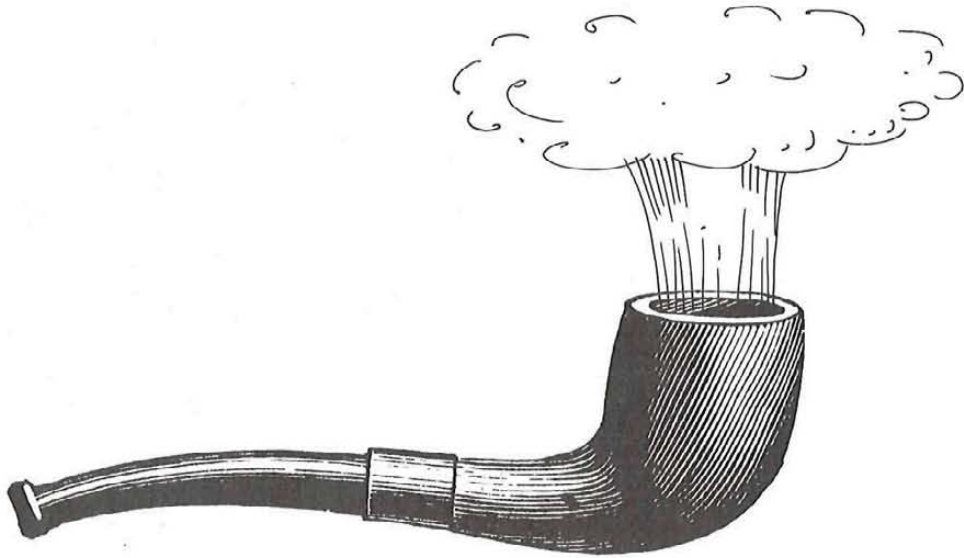


RAMBO: HOW TO KILL  
ON \$10 A DAY

THE AUTOMOBILE AS  
A KILLING MACHINE

HOW OWNING A  
GUN WILL  
MAKE YOU  
MORE POPULAR

# A MESSAGE FROM HUGH HEFNER



**Y**ou may have noticed that PLAYBOY has changed its name—we are now SLAYBOY—and its format. Beginning with this issue, this magazine will dedicate itself not to sex but to violence.

Why, you may ask? Why is the world's pioneer sex magazine changing its name from PLAYBOY to SLAYBOY? Why is the magazine that is read by millions of thinking people all over the world deserting its intensive coverage of lust, nudity, intercourse, foreplay, sex education, the latest in birth control devices, and pictures of famous women in the buff to devote itself instead to murder, brutality, butchery, genocide, and just plain old physical force?

Because you, the reader, demand it. That's why.

We regretfully announce that surveys we have taken over the past two years indicate that sex is passé. It is generally known that the circulation of PLAYBOY and other so-called men's-entertainment magazines has been dropping. Why? Tits are obviously no longer an attraction. We regret this sincerely. PLAYBOY, more than any other institution in world history, popularized the tit, and we are deeply saddened to see it go the way of the horse-drawn carriage, the steamboat, and Ex-Lax. But time moves on. Progress is vital to our way of life and changes are inevitable.

People go to movies now to see Rambo kill thousands of yellow people or to see Rocky beaten to a pulp and then, to the sound of heart-stirring music, see him come back and beat

someone else to a pulp. Our murderers are now celebrities; witness Son of Sam, Charles Manson, John Hinckley, and others who are now part of American folklore thanks to many great works of literature, sterling TV dramas, and magnificent films. Chuck Norris, who barely speaks the English language, is a star because he can hurt people, and Arnold Schwarzenegger, who can't speak the English language, is a star because he can cave in a chest with a single blow.

*Miami Vice* is one of our most popular television shows because the heroes in their Giorgio Armani suits can kill and kill slowly and painfully. The A-Team, led by the apelike Mr. T, can wipe out an entire police department with a wrathful attack. There are women who kill with guns and knives and sewing needles and kids who kill with mind-zapping techniques and monsters who kill in the usual monstrous ways.

Death has become our most popular entertainment.

And we're not going to let you down.

In this and future issues of SLAYBOY, you'll see mayhem and brutality as you've never seen it before. But we'll stick to the tradition which made PLAYBOY a legend. Everything will be slick and classy and expensive.

In future issues we're planning some great things for you, including:

- Norman Mailer on garroting your only child.
- Max Lerner on why we should destroy every village in Nicaragua, with illustrations by Vargas.

- Full-color photos taken in the Detroit morgue.

- On-the-spot coverage from Lebanon, Northern Ireland, and South Africa, with reportage by Dan Rather, Bob Woodward, and Henny Youngman (take my life, please!).

- We'll feature the latest line of weaponry instead of our customary fashion spreads: automatic rifles, grenades, poison gas, and an article by Cap Weinberger on the Pentagon's most recent innovations in the art of killing.

- We're even sending Art Buchwald to Afghanistan to give you a lighter-side report on the warfare in that beleaguered but exciting country.

And much, much more.

So that's it. No more tits. No more beautiful girls spread-eagled on zebra skins, no more dirty jokes, no more in-depth interviews on the sex lives of our leaders.

You want rough, we'll give you rough!

Violence doesn't have to be sold behind the counter at convenience stores anymore.

Fiercely yours,

Hugh M. Hefner  
General  
SLAYBOY

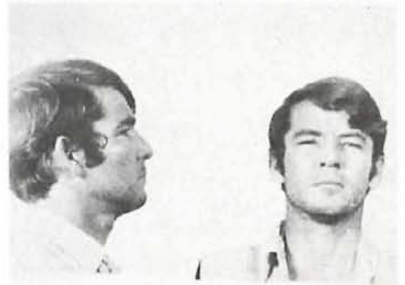
P.S. To our advertisers: We expect to deliver a bonus of more than two million readers per issue with this popular new format. Because of this increase in circulation we will be raising our advertising rates.

# SLAYBOY

vol. 32, no. 12—december, 1985

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The Young Miss Foxhole

P. 113

**COVER STORY** You first saw our crack mercenary Boris Norris lurking in the background of our *Girls of Zimbabwe* spread in September 1984, but with our new format we'd thought you'd like to see even more of him. This cover—designed by Art Director Will Westmoreland and shot by Contributing Photographer Mathew Brady V—should keep you satisfied till Boris kicks down some Sandinista doors in a future issue. Kudos to Fray Bandy's makeup and Mr. Caspar of Foggy Bottom's hair styling, and a special thanks to the Angola National Park for the wild rabbit. Delicious!



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# UP AND AT 'EM

*there are no atheists  
where this foxhole  
is concerned*



Dusty Foxhole is a study in contrasts. At first meeting she's soft, demure, supple —just the kind of girl you'd like to take home to Mother. But still waters run deep.

Just check out her eyes. Behind those orbs there's a battle raging, and woe unto the man who crosses Dusty's path when her fuse ignites.

*(continued on page 101)*

SLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Dusty Foxhole

BUST: 44 WAIST: 22 HIPS: 38

AMBITIONS: To find a man who can carry his own weight as we fight side by side in a world where the strong survive

TURN-ONS: pulling a grenade pin out with my teeth, oiling my Uzi

TURN-OFFS: peace, sitting in an outdoor cafe making small talk, Alan Alda

FAVORITE BOOKS: Mein Kampf, Well, any CIA field manual

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Sly, Stallone, Mr. T, Chuck Norris, Charlie Manson

FAVORITE SPORTS: all blood sports, especially baby seal hunting

IDEAL MAN: violent, sadistic, thoughtless, insensitive, carnivorous, neo-Neanderthal

FAVORITE MOVIES: I Dismember Mama, Straw Dogs, The Wild Bunch, The Deer Hunter, any Walter Hill movie



Here I am at 6 months. What a bombshell!



Age 7. I took a deep breath and blew 'em all away.



Age 10. Are you new in town, sailor?

SLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





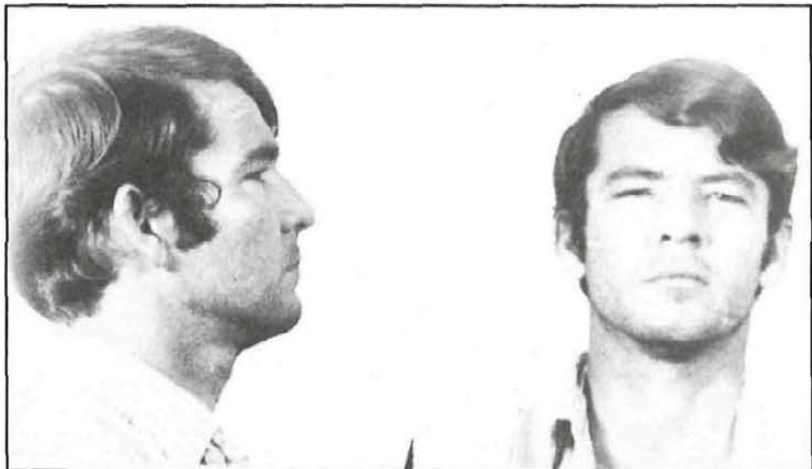
*Dusty Foxhole*



# BOYS OF THE BIG TEN

They're here! You, the readers of SLAYBOY, have asked for the FBI's Ten Most Wanted List, and now you've got it. Maybe you'll relate to some of these fellas 'cause, hey, there's a little bit of them in all of us. Remember, all information was given to us directly by the Federal Bureau of Investigation. What you have here is "just the facts, ma'am."

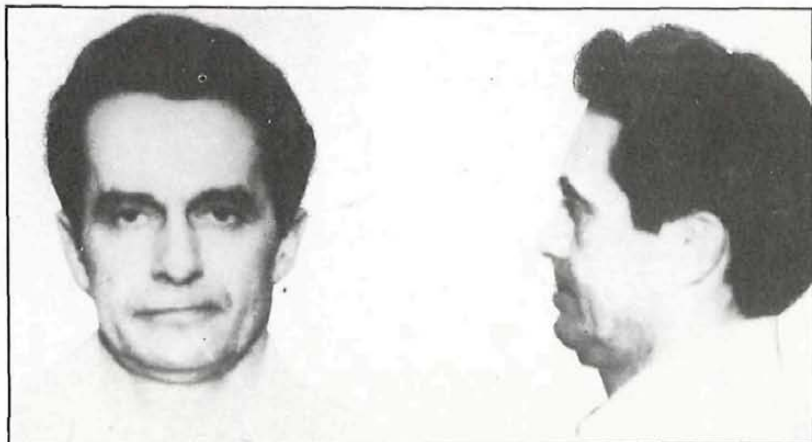
Lohman Ray Mays, Jr. is forty-two and a hard man to pin down. Footloose and fancy-free, Lohman has escaped from both a Tennessee and a North Carolina correctional institution. Lohman likes to let off steam by shooting people. He murdered one man in North Carolina and once shot a police officer who was annoying him. His other hobbies include armed robbery, aggravated assault, concealing stolen property, and firearms violations. Although he's been convicted of several violent crimes, Lohman is a quiet and soft-spoken individual. And he's cute, too!



Michael Frederic Allen Hammond is a forty-year-old drug abuser who likes to share his drugs with anyone who has enough money to purchase them. Mean Mike is suspected of being involved in a drug-related murder of five people in 1980 in Kansas City, Missouri. Mike loves to travel, sometimes with his brother Charles Earl Hammond, who also happens to be a "Boy of the Big Ten." Despite his bad reputation, he does have a soft spot, as evidenced by a tattoo reading "Mom" on his right arm.

Hailing from Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, Donald Eugene Webb, fifty-four, has been everything from a butcher and car salesman to a burglar and bank robber. Don loves to assume other people's identities. He's been known as A.D. Baker, Donald Eugene Perkins, Stanley Webb, Wilfred Y. Reams, and many other colorful names throughout his infamous career. He's allergic to penicillin, loves dogs, is a flashy dresser and a big tipper. Catch Donny if you can, but remember: be careful! This white male is being sought in connection with the murder of a police chief who was shot twice at close range after being brutally beaten about the head and face with a blunt instrument.

*(continued on page 92)*



# F U N N Y



# PAGES



## OLIVER ON WHACKO LAND

OLIVER'S NEW PAL, NUTZY KUKU, HELPS HIM PICK HIS DINNER FROM THE FROZEN-FOOD TREE!

HOLD ON! DON'T TAKE THAT DINNER--IT'S GONE THAWED! YOU EAT ANYTHING GONE THAWED AND YOU'LL THROW UP AND GET THE SHITS AND DIE!

JEEZ!

...IN NUTZY'S HOUSE...

OK--LET'S EAT! I'LL TURN ON THE SHOCKBOX!

DON'T YOU DEFROST THESE?

WASTE OF TIME! THE WHOLE IDEA IS THEY'RE QUICK--RIGHT?

GOD! THE BOX JUST TOSSED OUT LOTS OF DEAD SOLDIERS!

GREAT, AREN'T THEY?

I THINK THAT OLD LADY WAS KILLED BY A CAR!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE MESS. IT ALL EVENTUALLY SLIDES INTO THE OBLIVIOBIT!

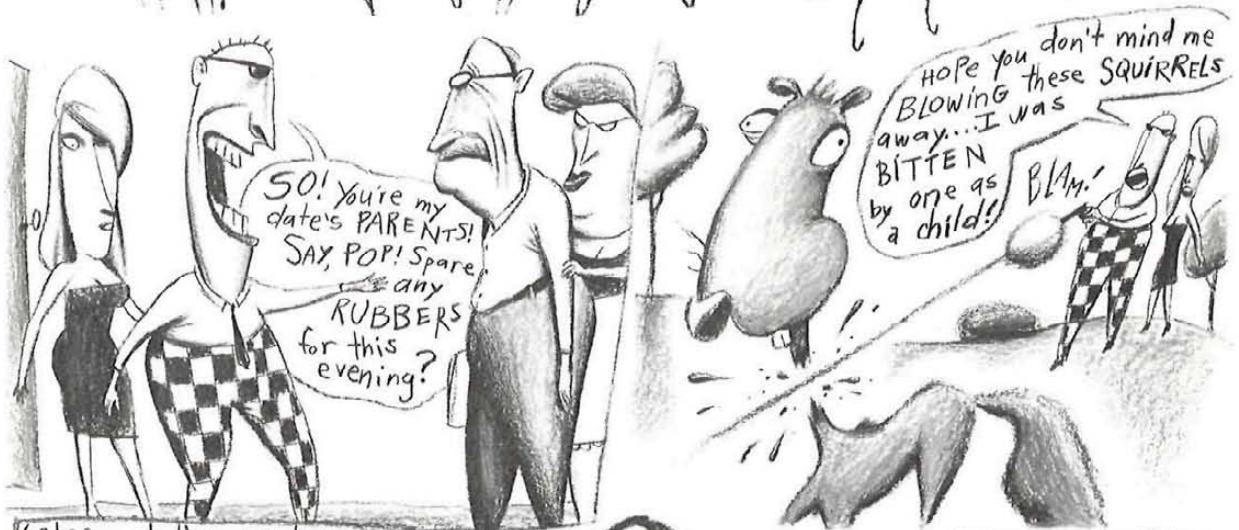
HEY! HOW ABOUT THOSE STARVING BABIES, OLLIE?

ACTUALLY, WE'VE GOT SOMETHING JUST LIKE THIS BACK HOME WE CALL THE TV NEWS.

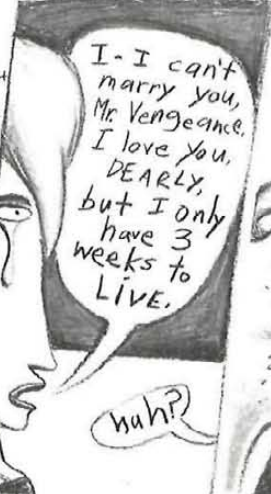
WOW!

# MR. VENGEANCE

by  
Buddy  
Hickett Son



Later... at the restaurant...



# TIMBERLAND TALES



by  
B.K. Taylor  
© 1985

KATHLEEN AND FRIENDS ARE GATHERED AT HER CABIN TO CELEBRATE CHRISTMAS EVE - THE PRESENTS HAVE BEEN PASSED OUT WITH DR. ROGERS AND CONSTABLE TOM HAVING RECEIVED COLORFUL TIES, KATHLEEN A FASHIONABLE NEW HAT, AND EVEN FOAM (MAURICE'S DOG) SPORTS A FINE NEW COLLAR, AS THEY AWAIT THE ARRIVAL OF SANTA, MAURICE IS USING HIS NEW CAMERA TO PRESERVE THE TREASURED MOMENT.

THE GROUP HAS BEEN STANDING PATIENTLY WAITING FOR MAURICE TO SNAP THEIR PICTURE WHEN...

OKAY, MAURICE, PRESS THE BUTTON WE CAN'T HOLD THIS SMILE!

I THINK I'M GOT IT NOW SAY JEESE!

THAT'S 'CHEESE,' MAURICE... SIGH.

DAT'S RIGHT - I'M CAN NEVER REMEMBER DAT WORD.

PRESS IT!

SNAP!

GREAT! THAT SHOULD BE ONE OF THE WORST PICTURES EVER TAKEN OF US.

DIS IS SO MUCH FUN I'M CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

ISN'T IT ABOUT TIME FOR US TO DRESS UP THE CONSTABLE LIKE SANTA CLAUS FOR MAURICE?

SNAP!

MAURICE, I THOUGHT I HEARD SOMETHING ON THE ROOF!

'EY - DO YOU TINK IT WAS SANTY CLAUS!?

COULD BE!

GRRRRR

AS THEY SNEAK OUT THE FRONT DOOR, KATHLEEN DIVERTS MAURICES ATTENTION.

YOU'D BETTER CHECK THE FIREPLACE, MAURICE.

YOU BET!

OKAY, TOM, WHEN WE GET UP THERE WE'LL LOWER YOU DOWN ON THIS ROPE.

BE CAREFUL!

MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE... THE CONSTABLE HURRIEDLY CLIMBS INTO THE SANTA COSTUME.

I'M DON'T SEE ANYTING!

KEEP LOOKING, MAURICE!

HURRY!

OKAY, NOW - GET READY!

HO HO HO, HERE I COME!

...EASY, NOW WE -

SAY JEESE!

SNAP!

AHUK! I CAN'T...

AND SO ENDS ANOTHER MEMORABLE CHRISTMAS IN TIMBERLAND - AND TO ALL A GOOD NIGHT - B.K.T.

# TROTS AND BONNIE



© 85 SHARY FLENNIKEN

continued from page 50

break because I like the look of you. Today he be yours for twenty dollars."

You're not sure. Tiger starts with *t*. "Do you have any badgers?"

"Do I have any badgers? Sheet. Does a bear shit in the woods?" He has a one hundred percent Canadian badger. "This badger used to dealing with dumb Canucks," he says. "Smart guy like you, he be eating out of your hand in no time!"

You want to buy the badger but decide not to. You're not sure why you wanted to buy it. Maybe it's because you feel that you've been badgered your whole life.

## THE FUTILITY OF FICTION

On the train home you pick up the late edition of the *Post*. The leprosy plague has caught on faster than break dancing, and everyone in Brooklyn is dead. You wonder if anybody will notice.

Somebody has left an envelope on your door. It's from Burntbottom.

Old Sport:

Sans a tad of success have tried to reach you at the orifice all day. Hip hip hooray and all that good shit to a man who avoids his house of employment, or so boasts the Burntbottom, but it makes it quite impossible for one to reach you, old beam....

Must beg a favor from you, amigo—carry it out and you've found a friend pour toujours! Appears that a cousin from Cincinnati (let's keep this one clandestine, shall we?) is in town for the week and has the audacity to expect the company of the Burntbottom for an evening. Droll, eh? Naturally, the Burntbottom would generously oblige (*one must think of heritage, or at least inheritance, eh?*) but suddenly tonight have a date with Isadora Goocybottom, grande dame of the Goobers and Raisinets fortunec, la belle dame sans merci! Do be a good comrade and meet her for drinks at the Oak Bar followed by dinner, what? We promise you shares in the Burntbottom Dinner Club, and something from *gramma*, if you get my drift. And who knows, said couz may prove to be a pièce de résistance! Merci!

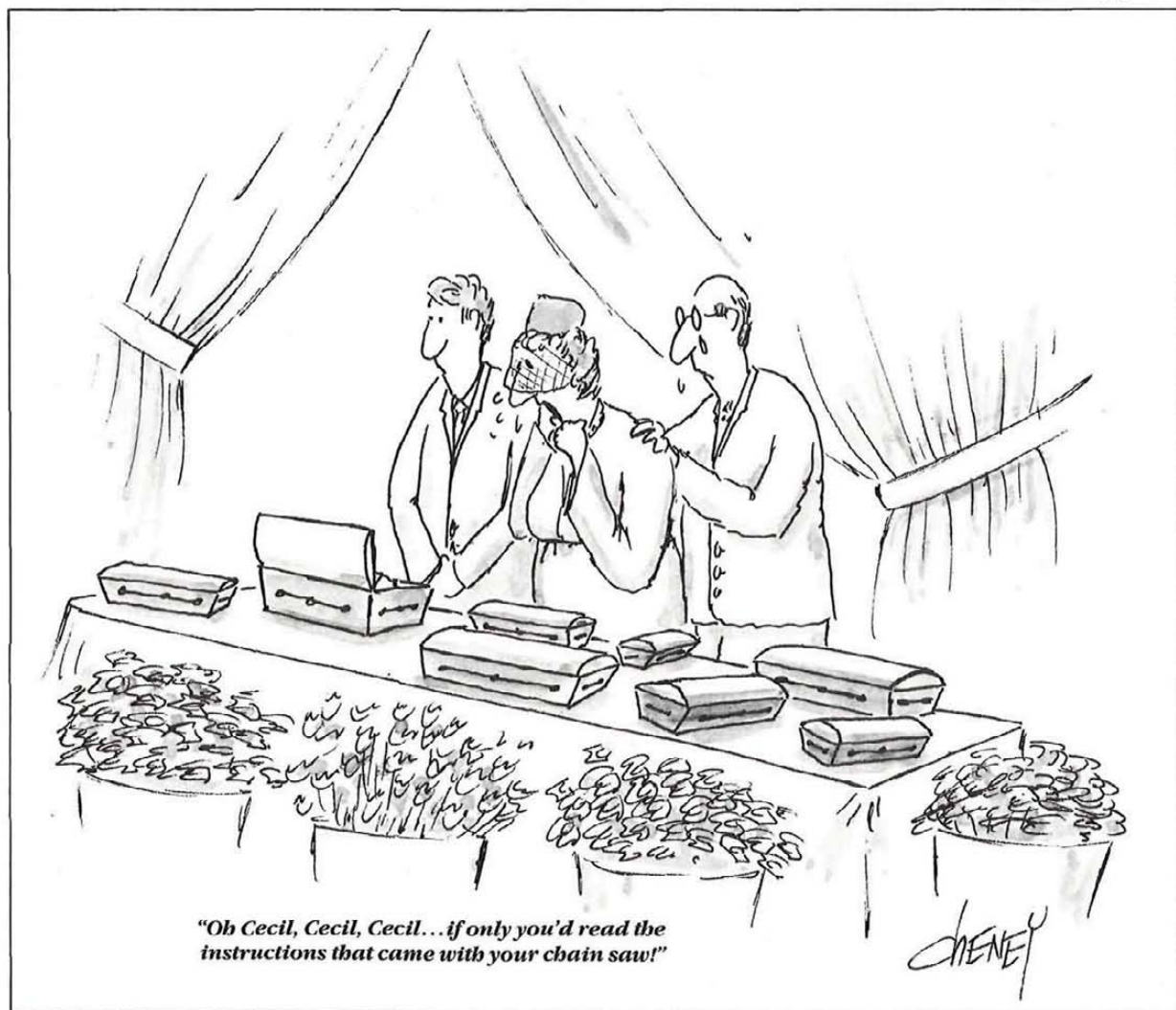
As always, love your tic.

A Burntbottom from Cincinnati? You've heard of skeletons in the closet, but this is a find to equal Mount Vesuvius. But you don't have time for any of this. You have to write some serious fiction. With great remorse you sit down and put a piece of paper in the typewriter.

My wife was a slut from the first day I met her.

Cursing, you pull the paper from the typewriter. That's not how you really feel about her. She was a beautiful woman who was living in a cave in Africa when you first found her. You moved her to the city, cleaned the apartment, and did all the cooking. You let her beat you at cribbage. Soon she wanted to start modeling. You thought nothing of it. In less than five weeks she left you for a ninety-pound Parisian glassblower named Sneaky Pierre. Now you see her face on every magazine cover on the newsstand. The memories momentarily smolder in

continued on page 84



# Short story.

"Keep 'em compact," we said.

So our lens designers came up with a 35-70mm zoom only 2.75 inches long. And a 70-210mm zoom that's a mere 4 inches.

Together, they give you virtually all the focal length you'll ever need.

Which means that if you've been searching for the perfect pair of lenses, your search has just come to an end.



## COSINA®

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continued from page 45  
are downwardly mobile. True, swiping a sheep or a wise man for your apartment from a local church is always good for a cheap thrill and invariably gets you in the paper the next day. And Madalyn Murray O'Hair (the publicity-crazed atheist saint) always gets a rise by successfully demanding in court the removal of Nativity scenes from her state capital on Christmas Eve. But we all know who the real God is, don't we? That's right, the Supreme One, Santa Claus.

But if you think about it, Santa Claus is directly responsible for heroin addiction. Innocent children are brainwashed into believing the first big lie their parents ever tell them, and when the truth finally hits, they never believe them again. All the stern warnings on the perils of drugs carry the same credibility as flying reindeer or fat men in your chimney. But I love Santa Claus anyway; all legends have feet of clay. Besides, he's a boon to the unemployed. Where else can drunks and fat people get temporary work? And if you're a child molester—eureka! the perfect job: clutching youngsters' fannies and chuckling away, all the while knowing what *you'd* like to give them.

Of course, to many, Santa is an erotic figure, and for these lucky revelers, the Christmas season is a smorgasbord of raw sex. Some people just go for a man

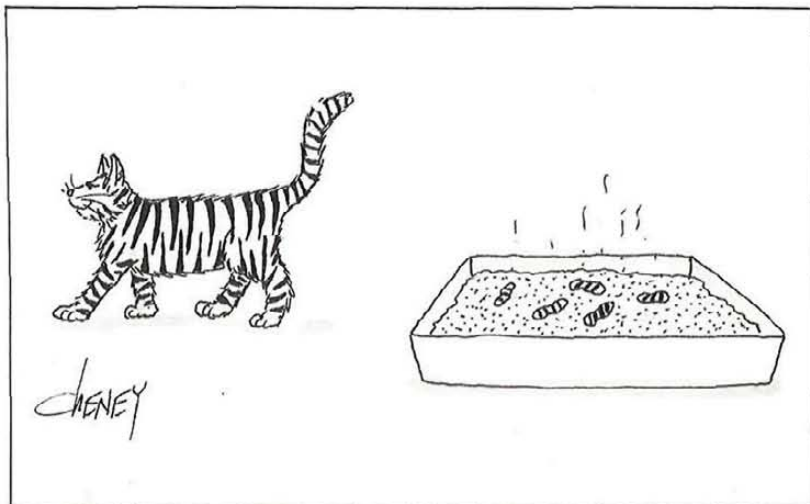
in a uniform. Inventive entrepreneurs should open a leather bar called The Pole where dominant wrinkle fetishists could dress like old St. Nick and passive gerontophiliacs could get on all fours and take the whip like good reindeer. Inhaling poppers and climbing down mock chimneys or opening sticks 'n' stons from the red-felt master could complete the sex-drenched atmosphere of the first S&M Xmas bar.

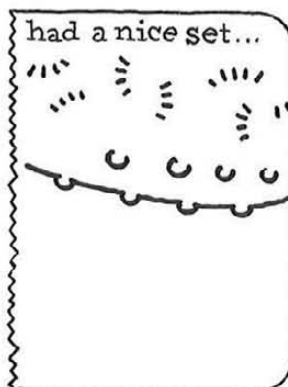
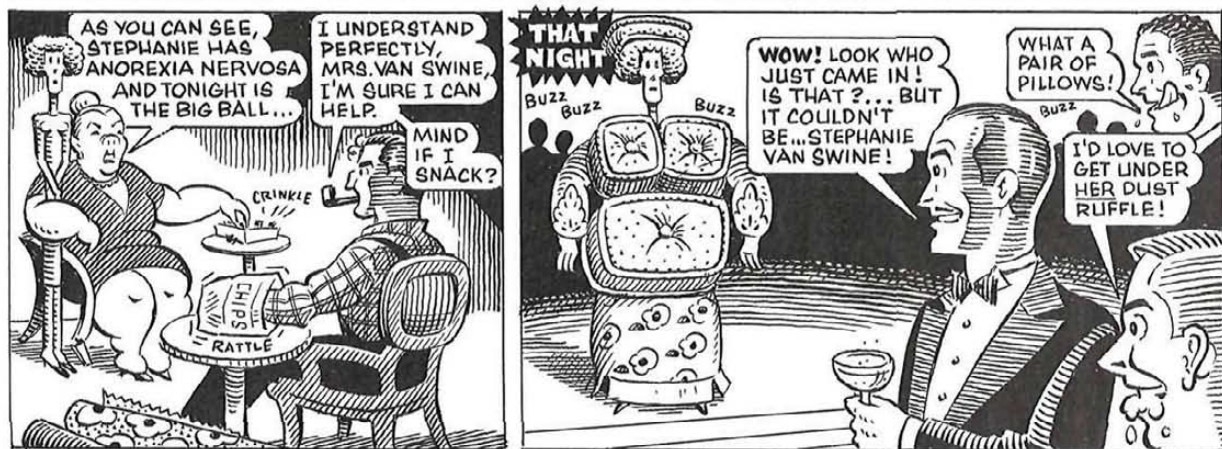
You could even get fancy about it. Why hasn't Bloomingdale's or Tiffany tried a chic Santa? Deathly pale, this

never-too-thin-or-too-rich Kriss Kringle, dressed in head-to-toe unstructured, oversize Armani, could pose on a throne, bored and elegant, and every so often deign to let a rich little brat sit *near* his lap before dismissing his wishes with a condescending "Oh, darling, you don't *really* want that, do you?"

Santa has always been the ultimate movie star. Forget *White Christmas*, *It's a Wonderful Life*, and all the other hackneyed trash. Go for the classics: *Silent Night*, *Bloody Night*, *Black*

continued on page 86







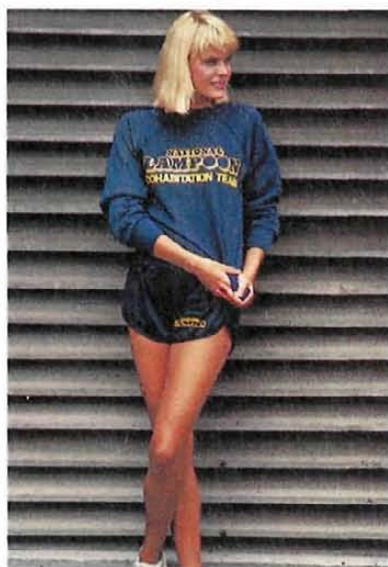
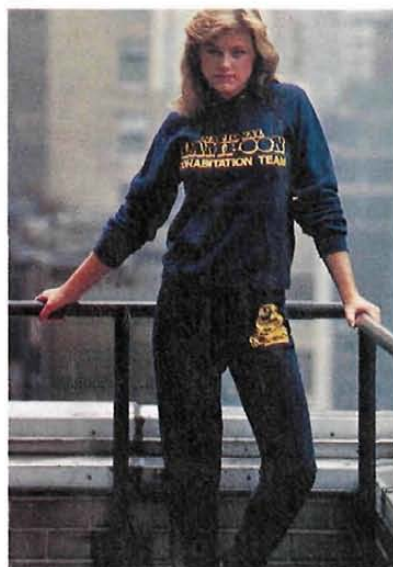
# THE PEOPLE WHO BROUGHT YOU THE MAG THE RADIO SHOWS, THE BOOKS, THE COM NOW GIVE YOU THE ONE THING YOU REALI

Unisex sports apparel from world-famous

## NATIONAL LAMPOON

— authentic styling and fit and

brilliant, eye-catching graphics. Buy them now before your favorite store sells out.

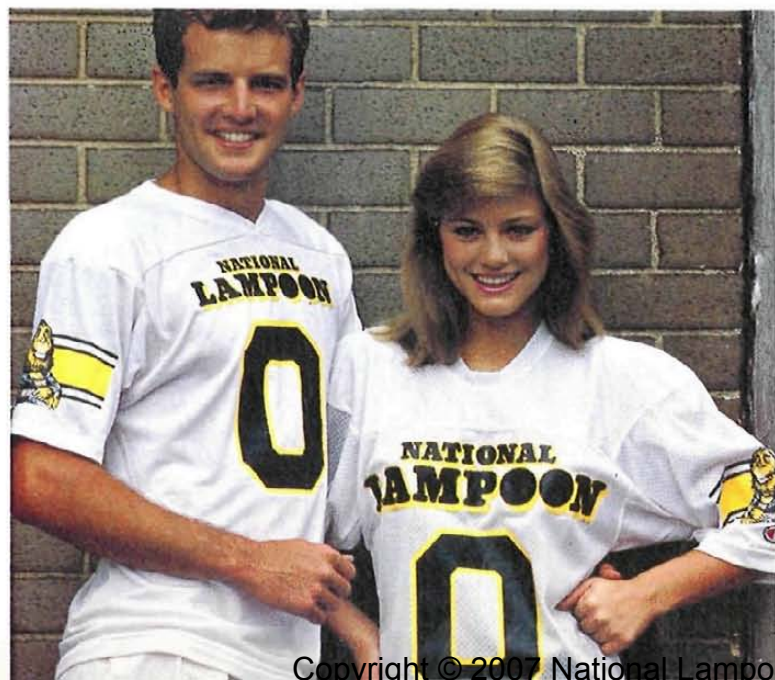


**C100-ACRA HOODED SWEATSHIRT.** The jocks will sweat with envy when you wear this extra-warm sweatshirt with pockets. Wearing it signifies you won your letter on the infamous *National Lampoon* Cohabitation Team. Exceptionally high quality. Made of 50 percent Creslan® acrylic fiber/50 percent cotton. Raglan sleeves, convenient center pouch pocket, double-thickness hood with drawstring, and ribbed knit cuffs and waistband. In navy, with yellow lettering. S-M-L-XL. \$18.95

**C101-ACRA SWEATPANTS.** A fitting companion to the Acra hooded sweatshirt. A fleece warm-up pant made of 50 percent Creslan®/50 percent cotton. With drawstring waist and elasticized ankle. In navy, with a yellow Mona Gorilla on the left leg. S-M-L-XL. \$14.95

**C102-ACRA SWEATSHIRT.** Same specs as the hooded shirt, but without the hood. In navy with yellow lettering. S-M-L-XL. \$13.95

**C103-MARATHON 80 SHORTS.** The Cohabitation Team wear these with the Acra sweatshirt for quick takeoffs. 100 percent nylon tricot running short with matching liner and inside key pocket. Doubles as bathing short. In navy, with yellow *National Lampoon* imprint. S-M-L-XL. \$9.50.



**PF 74DS-AUTHENTIC FOOTBALL JERSEY.** You'll look like Joe or Josephine Montana and be able to throw the bomb when you wear this 100 percent-nylon-mesh authentic football jersey, the same one used by most NFL teams. Ours is more distinctively styled with our logo on the front and the famous Mona Gorilla in full color on both sleeves. White, in sizes S-M-L-XL. \$26.95

**VPP63HS-AUTHENTIC FOOTBALL JERSEY.** Same as above, but made of 50 percent nylon plaited/50 percent cotton, specifically designed with cotton inside next to your skin for comfort and absorbency. White, in sizes S-M-L-XL. \$20.95

# TOR JOHNSON MEETS THE LORD OF ELTINGVILLE ON A TRAIN BY DREW FRIEDMAN

©1985

THE LORD OF ELTINGVILLE DELIGHTS IN THE COUNTRYSIDE FROM HIS PRIVATE TRAIN COMPARTMENT.



I DESIRE  
INTELLECTUAL  
STIMULATION.

TOR JOHNSON SEARCHES IN VAIN FOR HIS PRIVATE TRAIN COMPARTMENT.



THE HISTORIC MEETING TOOK PLACE MARCH 15, 1962, 8:22 P.M. (MOUNTAIN TIME) AS FOLLOWS:



CAN TOR  
COME IN? TOR  
GETTIN' TIRED  
AN' HUNGRY.

ENTER-  
TAINING.



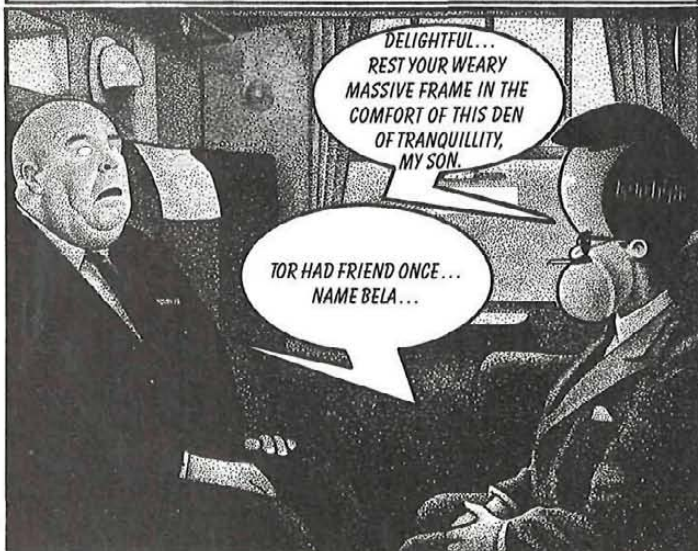
TOR GRATEFUL...  
YOU BE FRIEND  
FOR TOR?



BUT OF COURSE.  
OUR FRIENDSHIP WILL  
SPAN THE GLOBE AND  
REACH ILLIMITABLE  
HEIGHTS.

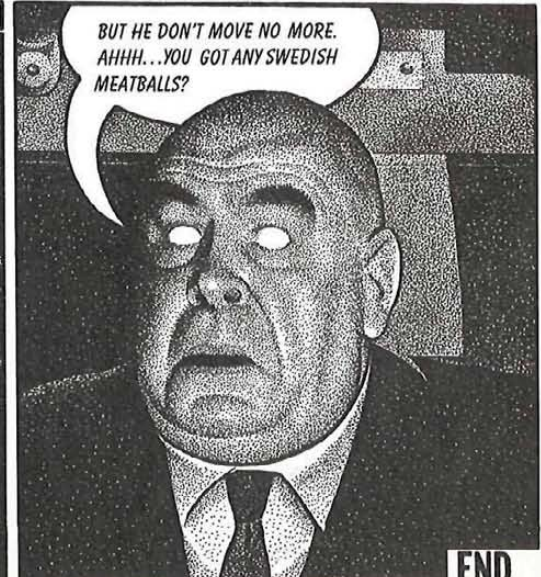
AHHH...  
TOR GONNA  
SIT NOW, MR.  
MAN WITH  
BIG HEAD.

THE BELOVED SWEDE MAKES HIMSELF AT HOME WITH THE LORD.



DELIGHTFUL...  
REST YOUR WEARY  
MASSIVE FRAME IN THE  
COMFORT OF THIS DEN  
OF TRANQUILLITY,  
MY SON.

TOR HAD FRIEND ONCE...  
NAME BELA...



BUT HE DON'T MOVE NO MORE.  
AHHH...YOU GOT ANY SWEDISH  
MEATBALLS?

END

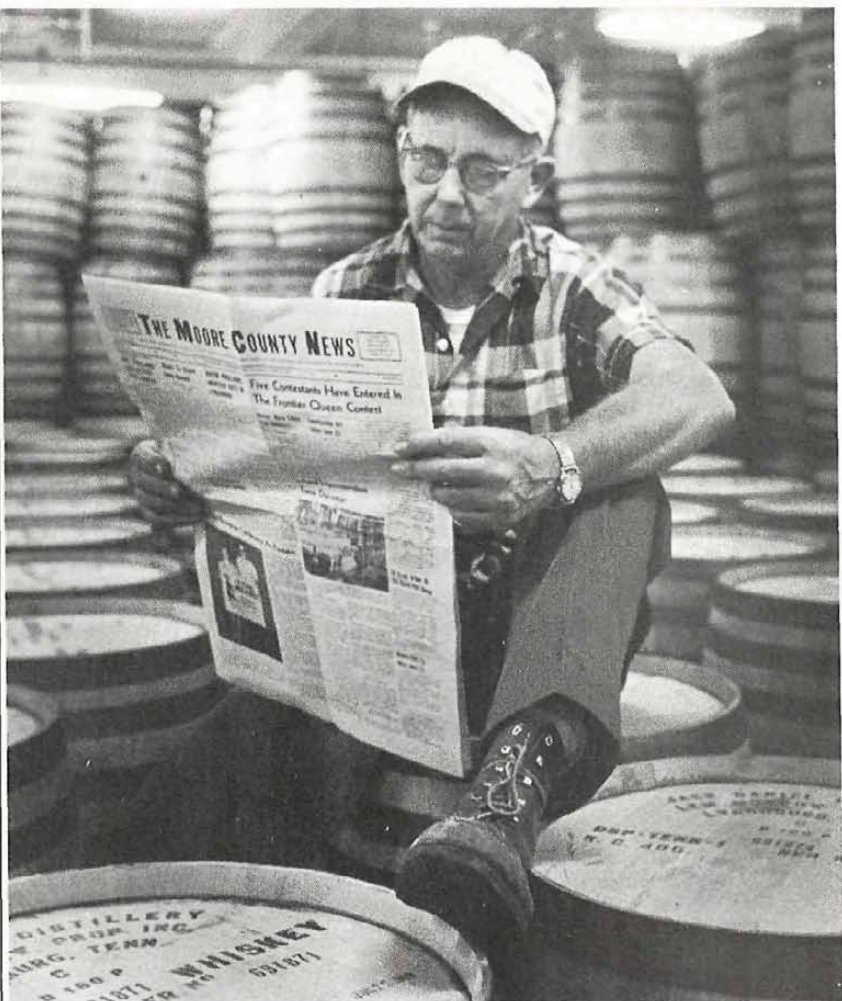
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I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

George S. Agoglia  
Publisher



If you'd like the latest copy of this little newspaper, drop us a line.

THE MOORE COUNTY NEWS can be read in five minutes. That's all it takes to keep up with Moore County.

Occasionally, you'll see an article on Jack Daniel's Distillery. Like when Jack Bateman broke his arm unloading wood in the rickyard. Or when Frank Bobo (our head distiller) had his grandson born. But normally we don't make the paper much. You see, we've been charcoal mellowing whiskey here at Jack Daniel's since 1866. And according to the editor, there's no news in that anymore.



CHARCOAL MELLOWED DROP BY DROP

continued from page 77  
the ashtroy of your parched soul. You try again.

Amelia was a beautiful woman with deep, soulful eyes, eyes that lit up the tunnels to her heart, lit those tunnels as brightly as the lights that coal miners wear on their heads when they search in vain for something that will turn out to be black and bituminous and dusty. She was as fragrant as one of those real pretty flowers that grow in brown clay.

In many ways, she was a slut from the first day I met her.

A knock at the door saves you the agony of actually doing something constructive. Lights and bells go off at Dash Burntbottom's entrance. Then you turn off the burglar alarm.

"Hey, old man, quick well how to do?" He races into your apartment like a lightning-fast car on a slow dull street of memories.

"Have you got any of that powder around here?"

"Not a trace of it, except what I've spilled." Colombian Tap Dancing Powder has accumulated like so much other debris on the floor of your life.

"Always thought that I could have happy hunting in your home, my boy," he says. "To hear that you have none on hand burns, shall we say, Burntbottom's bottom. Still, I suppose the flake on your floor is far superior to what we buy on

the street, and 'tis a far better thing to snort your floor than your mirror, what with all the dead skin that's commonly left in an apartment." He laughs at the idea and then promptly drops to his hands and knees and starts snorting up your whole carpet.

Somehow the very thought is depressing... Amelia's dead skin all over your apartment.

"This is a pretty bad line," he says, violently inhaling your powder.

"You should read the one I just wrote," you reply.

"Assume you got memo, old man?"

You nod.

"Well, after your date with couz, why not meet me at Odeon? Have date with more ladies lined up in the evening."

Your heart splits at the very idea. You decide to check out the options before you sell.

## THE NIGHT M I F F E D

At the Oak Bar, a petite blonde is reading *The Catcher in the Rye*. You figure to hell with the cousin, this is the girl for you. You approach her. "Have you heard about the failed attempt to update that book that some guy recently wrote? It's the mealy-mouthed, 1980s, all-yuppie edition. It's told in the second person.

You can't imagine how bad it is. It focuses on the New York City scene, making fun of it the whole time the guy is indulging in it. What a loser."

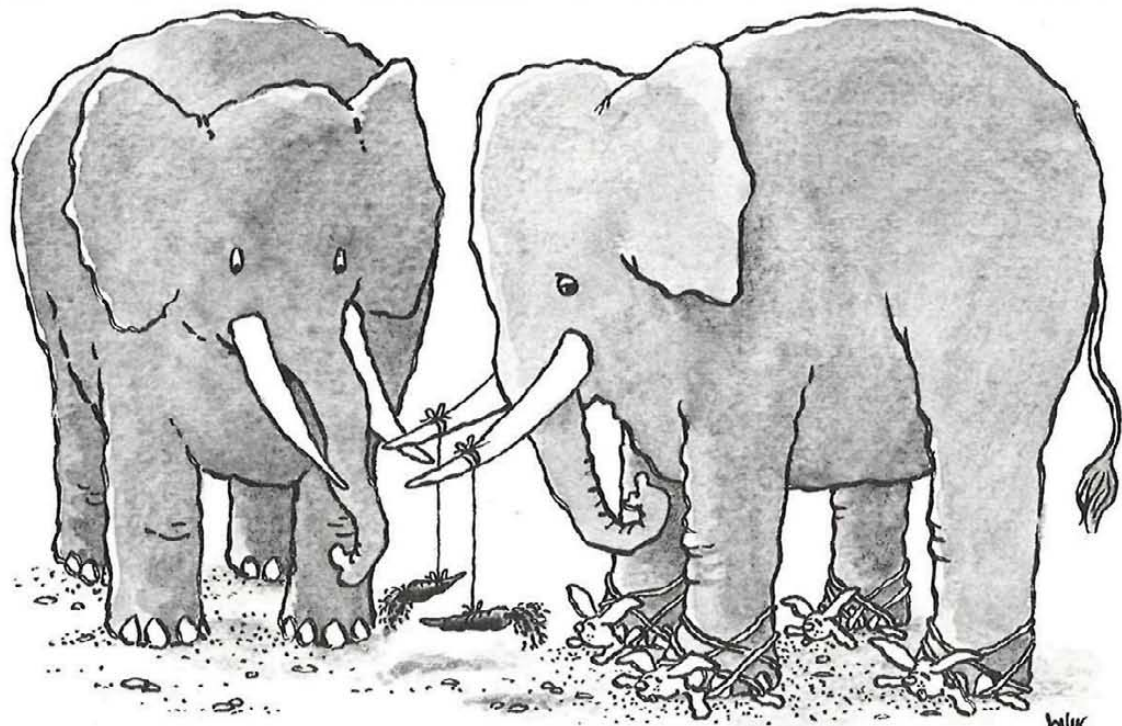
"No, tell me all about it," she says, dropping the book as she smiles up at you. She's as cherubic as a cherub. You decide that she would be the kind of girl you could move to the country with. She'd cook you bacon and eggs in the morning, and wouldn't run away with Sneaky Pierre.

Suddenly Dash Burntbottom rolls in like a snowball from a ski slope. After generous confusion on all parts, he introduces you to his cousin. It's too good to be true. You chat briefly and discover that her eyes are like coal miners' lights to her soul. Here is yet another woman who might save you from disaster. You think about it. No, you'd better screw it up. Better let this one slide.

You get out of there fast. Dash Burntbottom has caught another trainload of fast-track fun, and you jump on board. You leave the cousin standing in her tracks and jump into a cab.

## N O W I T ' S G O I N G

The Colombian Tap Dancers ate their Wheaties this morning. They're dancing up a storm. Lights, cameras, action. The moment that you and Dash enter the



"You shouldn't feel too bad. I think it's remarkable they managed even one jump."

party you see signs that there will be drugs. "Line for Lines Forms Here," they read.

"Well, hey, look who's here," Burntbottom says into your ear. "The lady of the lens has graced this affair."

"Who?"

"Your future ex-wife, alas."

You see the profile from the distance. You'd recognize that nose anywhere. You spent all the money for your mother's operation on Amelia's nose, even though it was perfect to begin with. Seven operations. It's her, all right. The guy she's with looks European. You wonder if his muscles are real. If so, you wonder if he'd let you borrow them.

At this moment he has your wife naked and on the floor in front of everybody. Anger pushes through your body like businessmen through the revolving front door of an office building.

Eventually she walks over to you. She lightly kisses you on the cheek. "How's it going?" she asks.

A small laugh erupts from your throat. Pretty soon you're pounding the tables, you're laughing so hard. You run to the window and throw it open. You laugh long and hard into the night. "Ha ha ha, ho ho ho," you say. Back in the apartment you're still laughing up a storm. If laughter were rain you'd be soaked clean to the boner.

The next thing you know you're in a

bedroom and Dash Burntbottom is standing over you. "Not the best of shows, old man," he says. You realize that you're talking to his cousin on the telephone. "I just wanted to tell you my mother died," you say.

## NOW THAT MOTHER'S DEAD

She baked bread a lot. She croaked about three days ago. So you forgot.

## BYE - BYE BABY

The red sun of dawn rises like a flag up a pole. You're staring south, at the World Trade Center. Two giant buildings of incredible tallness. They appear to be holding up the sky. "Give me all your dough," they seem to be saying. You try not to think of the events that have led you here. Of the people who tried to help you. Of how all of this from start to finish has been your own fault.

As you walk along, a *New York Post* truck noisily motors up the street. A bundle of papers flies off the end of the truck and lands at your feet. The headline is huge: **LEPROSY CURE FOUND!** You don't even know if you're glad.

As you pass a bakery, the smell of warm crusty dough envelops your nostrils. It reminds you of how your wife used to smell in the morning. Warm and doughy. A man is standing in front of the bakery. You smile at him but he doesn't return your smile.

You ask him for a roll. He tells you to get lost.

"Look," you say, "I'll trade you these shoes. Lloyd & Haig. A hundred and forty-five bucks a pair."

"I dunno," he says. "Duh, which one's Lloyd?"

"No, no. That's the brand name."

He thinks about it. He isn't sure. "Hang on a second," he says. He walks into the bakery as you take off your shoes. He comes back with a bag of rolls.

In an act that's overly symbolic you get down on your knees and bite into the bread as if taking Communion for the first time. You have to chew it slowly, you haven't eaten real food in nearly six years.

You hear the screech of the limo tires as they skid to a stop. A horn inside the hood honks like a desolate Canadian goose. Dash Burntbottom rolls down a window. "Come on, old sport," he yells.

You're going to have to do everything all over again.

You think of yourself as the kind of guy who wouldn't be in a sleazy bar without shoes at six A.M....



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*Christmas*, or the best art film of all time, *Christmas Evil* ("He'll sleigh you!"). This true cinematic masterpiece only played theatrically for a few seconds, but it's now available on videocassette, and no holiday family get-together is complete without it. It's about a man like me, a man completely consumed by Christmas. His neurosis first rears its ugly head as he applies shaving cream to his face, looks in the mirror, hallucinates a white beard, and begins to imagine that he *is* Santa Claus. He gets a job in a toy factory, starts snooping and spying on the neighborhood children, and then rushes home to feverishly make notes in his big red book: "Jimmy was a good boy today" or "Peggy was a bad little girl." He starts cross-dressing as Claus and lurks around people's roofs ready to take the plunge. Finally he actually gets stuck in a nearby chimney and awakens the family in his struggle. Mom and Dad go insane when they find a fat lunatic in their fireplace, but the kids are wild with glee. Santa has no choice but to kill these Scrooge-like parents with the razor-sharp star decorating the top of their tree. As he flees a neighborhood lynch mob, the children come to his rescue and defy their distraught parents by forming a human ring of protection around him. Finally, pushed to the limits of Claus-mania, he

leaps into his van/sleigh and it takes off, flying over the moon as he psychotically and happily shrieks, "On, Dancer! On, Prancer! On, Donner and Vixen!" I wish I had kids. I'd make them watch it every year, and if they didn't like it, they'd be punished.

Pre-holiday activities are the foreplay of Christmas. Naturally, Christmas cards are your first duty, and you *must* send one (with a personal handwritten message) to every single person you ever met, no matter how briefly. If this common courtesy is not reciprocated, never speak to the person again. Keep computerized records of violators and hold the grudge forever; don't even attend their funeral.

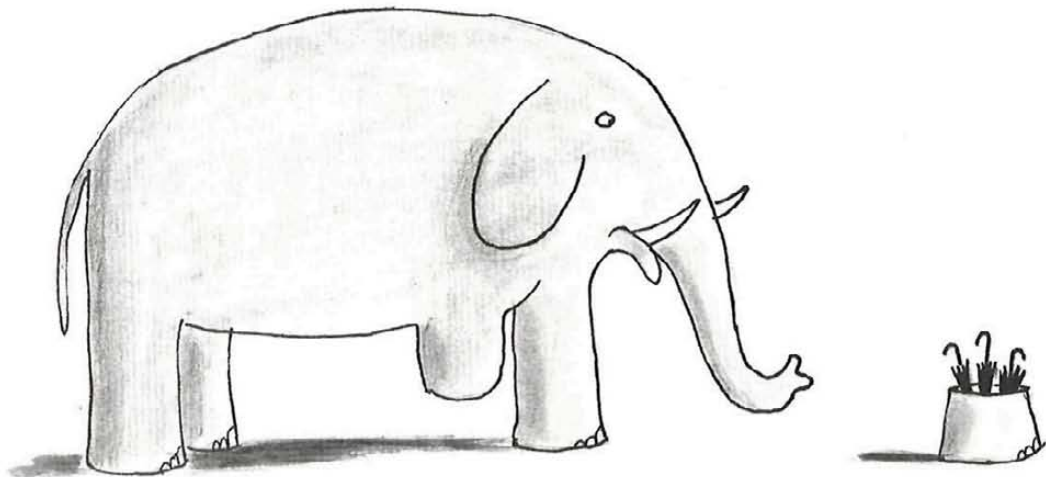
Of course, you must *make* your own cards by hand. "I don't have time," you may whine, but since the whole purpose of life is Christmas, you'd better *make* time, buster. We Christmas zealots are rather demanding when it comes to the basic requirements of holiday behavior. "But I can't think of anything..." is usually the next excuse, but cut those people off in mid-sentence. It's easy to be creative at Christmastime. One year I had a real cute idea that was easy to design. I bought a cheap generic card of Joseph and Mary holding the Baby Jesus and superimposed Charles Manson's face in place of the homeless infant's. Inside I kept the message "He is born." Every-

body told me they loved it and some even said they saved it. (For the record, I'm against donating your cards to nursing homes after Christmas. One would think that after all these years on earth, senior citizens would have had a chance to make a friend or two on their own. Don't do it!) This season, I'm dying to produce my dream card that I've wanted for years. I'll be sitting in a Norman Rockwell-type Christmas scene, dressed in robe and slippers, opening my gifts moments before I notice a freak fire that has begun in the tissue paper and is licking and spreading to the tree.

Go deeply in debt over Christmas shopping. Always spend in exact correlation to how much you like the recipient. Aunt Mary I love about \$6.50 worth; Uncle Jim—well, at least he got his teeth fixed, \$8.00. If your Christmas comes and goes without declaring bankruptcy, I feel sorry for you—you are a person with not enough love inside.

You can never buy too many presents. If you said "Excuse me" to me on a transit bus, you're on *my* list. I wrap gifts for nonexistent people in case somebody I barely know hands me a present and I'm unprepared to return this gesture. Even though I'm the type who infuriates others by saying "Oh, I finished my shopping months ago" as they frantically try to make last-minute decisions, I like

continued on page 88



S. GROSS



## Knots to You

Hey, you...yeah, you—the one reading this ad. C'mere, I wanna talk to you. Take a good look at yourself in this mirror here. Like what you see? Of course you do. But just think how much more you'd like what you saw if you saw yourself wearing one of these brand-new, never-been-worn-before, 100 percent-material-guaranteed-quarantined-knottable-portable-fashionable-noticeable **NATIONAL LAMPOON TIES!!!!**

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to go into the stores at the height of Christmas mania. Everyone is in a horrid mood and you can see the overburdened, underpaid temporary help having nervous breakdowns. I always write down their badge numbers and report them for being grumpy.

If you're a criminal, Christmas is an extra-special time for you and your family. Shoplifting is easier and cars in parking lots are loaded with presents for your children. I even know people who cut down fully decorated trees from neighbors' lawns when they can't afford one of their own. Since everyone steals the checks you must leave for the mailman and garbagemen, I like to leave little novelty items, like letter bombs. Luckily, I live in a bad neighborhood, so I don't have to worry; the muggers live in my building and go to the rich neighborhoods to rob. If you're quick, you can even steal the muggers' loot as they unload the car. Every child in my district seems to get rollerskates for Christmas, and it's music to my ears to hear the sudden roar of an approaching gang on skates, tossing back and forth like a hot potato a purse they've just snatched.

"Santa Claus Is a Black Man" is my favorite Christmas carol, but I also like *The Chipmunks' Christmas Album*, the Barking Dogs' "Jingle Bells," and "Frosty the Snowman" by the Ronettes. If you're so filled with holiday cheer you can't stand it, try calling your friends and going caroling yourself. Especially if you're old, a drug addict, an alcoholic, or obviously homosexual and have a lot of effeminate friends. Go in packs. If you are black, go to a prissy white neighborhood. Ring doorbells, and when the Father Knows Best-type family answers, start screeching hostilely your favorite carol. Watch their faces. There's nothing they can do. It's not illegal. Maybe they'll give you a present.

Always be prepared if someone asks you what you want for Christmas. Give brand names, the store that sells the merchandise, and, if possible, exact model numbers so they can't go wrong. Be the type who's impossible to buy for so that they have to get what you want. Here's my 1985 list, and I've checked it twice: the long-out-of-print paperback *The Indiana Torture Slaying*, the one-sheet for the film *I Hate Your Guts*, and a subscription to *Corrections Today*, the trade paper for prison wardens. If you owe someone money, now is the time to pay him back, mentioning at the same time a perfect gift suggestion. If you expect to be receiving a Christmas stocking as a forerunner to a present, tell the giver right off the bat that you don't go for razor blades, deodorants, or any of the other common little sundries but anticipate stocking stuffers that are orig-

inal, esoteric, and perfectly suited to you and you alone.

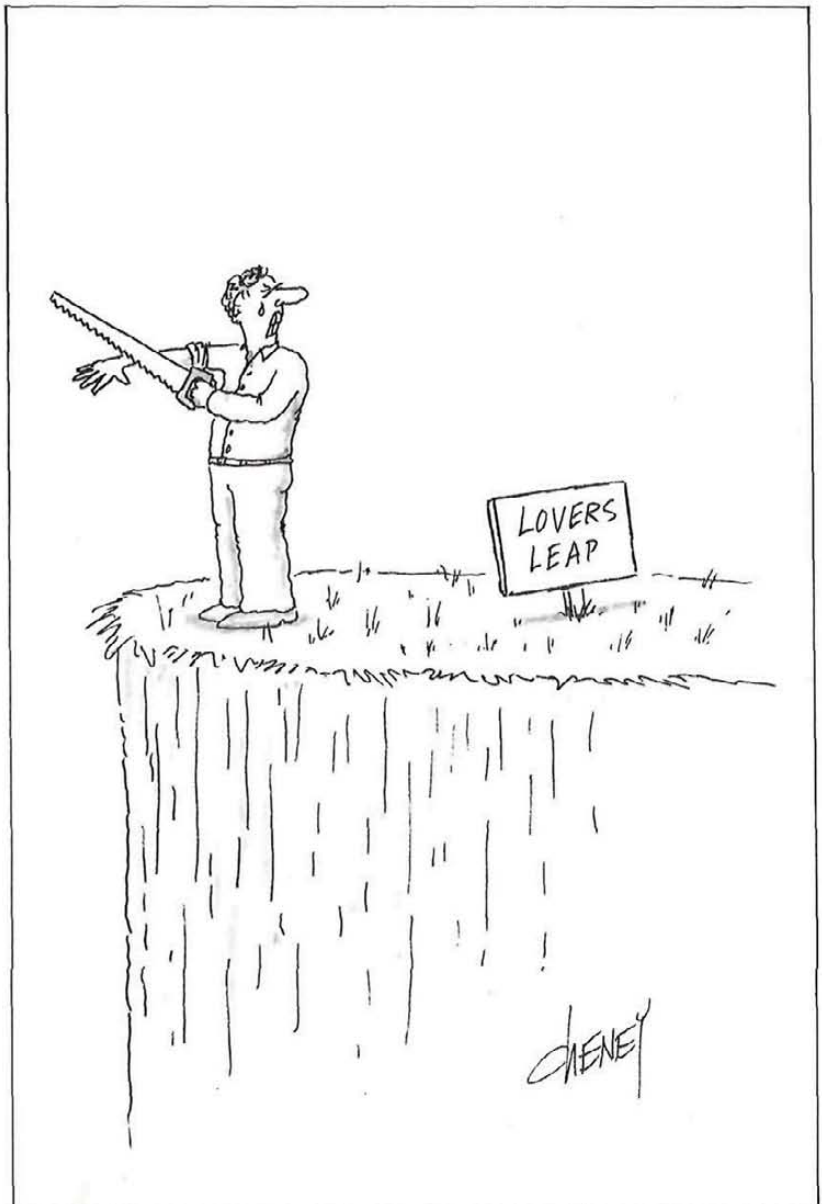
It helps to be a collector, so the precedent is set on what to expect as a gift. For years friends have treated me to the toy annually selected by the Consumer Affairs Committee of Americans for Democratic Action as the "worst toy" to give your child at Christmastime. "Gobbles, the Garbage-Eating Goat" started my collection. "That crazy eating goat," reads the delightful package, and in small print, "Contains: one realistic goat with head that goes up and down. Comes complete with seven pieces of pretend garbage." This Kenner Discovery Time toy's instructions are priceless: "Gobbles loves to eat garbage when he's hungry, and he's ALWAYS hungry.

1) Hold Gobbles's mouth open by the beard. Stuff a piece of pretend garbage

straight into his mouth and 2) pump the tail until the garbage disappears." It ends with an ominous warning: "Feed Gobbles *only* the garbage that comes with the toy," and in even smaller print: "If you need additional garbage, we will, as a service, send it to you direct. For 14 pieces of garbage send \$1.00 (check or money order; sorry, no C.O.D.) to..." I can't tell you the hours of fun I've had with Gobbles. Sometimes when I'm very, very bored, Gobbles and I get naked and play-play.

Over the years my collection has grown. There's "My Puppy Puddles" ("You can make him drink water, wet in his tray, and kiss you"), "Baby Cry and Dry," about whom the watchdog group warned: "Take her out of the box and she smells, the odor won't go away," and

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continued from page 88

"Baby Cry for You": "The tears don't just drop out, they whoosh out in a three-foot stream." Of course, I still covet the winner of the first annual prize (before my collection began)—a guillotine for dolls. Take that, Barbie! Off with your head, Betsy Wetsy!

No matter what you think of your presents, each must be answered with an immediate thank-you note. Thinking of what to write can be tricky, especially for distant relatives who send you a card with two crisp one-dollar bills inside. Be honest in your reply—"Dear Uncle Walt, Thank you for the two dollars. I bought a pack of Kools and then put the change in an especially disgusting peep show. It was fun!" or "Dear Aunt Lulu, I was thrilled to receive your kind gift of five dollars. I immediately bought some PCP with it. Unfortunately I had a bad reaction, stabbed my sister, set the house on fire, and got taken to the hospital for the criminally insane. Maybe you could come visit me? Love, Your nephew."

I always have an "office party" every year and invite my old friends, business associates, and any snappy criminals who have been recently paroled. I reinforce all my chairs, since for some reason many of my guests are very fat, and after a few splintered antiques, I've learned my lesson. I used to throw the party on Christmas Eve, but so many guests complained of hideous hangovers

I had to move up the date. No more moaning and dry-heaving under their parents' tree the next day as their brothers and sisters give them dirty looks for prematurely ejaculating the Christmas spirit.

I usually invite about a hundred people, and the guests know I expect each to get everyone else a present. Ten thousand gifts! When they're ripped open at midnight, you can see Christmas dementia at its height. One thing that pushes me off the deep end is party crashers. I've solved the problem by hiring a doorman who pistol-whips anyone without an invitation, but in the old days, crashers actually got inside. How rude! At Christmas, of all times, when visions of sugarplums are dancing orgasmically through my head. One even brought her mother—how touching. "GET OUT!" I snarled after snatching out of her hand the bottle of liquor that she falsely assumed would gain her (*and her goddamn mother*) entry.

I always show a film in one room: *Wedding Trough* (about a man who falls in love with a pig and then eats it), or *Kitten with a Whip* (Ann-Margret and John Forsythe), or *What Sex Am I?* (a clinical documentary about a sex-change operation). When it's finally time for the guests to leave, I put on the mass suicide People's Temple tapes and everybody runs for the door; they know

they'd better get home, Santa's on his way.

Christmas Day is like an orgasm that never stops. Happiness and good cheer should be throbbing in your veins. Swilling eggnog, scarfing turkey, and wildly ripping open presents with your family, one must pause to savor the feeling of inner peace. Once it's over, you can fall apart.

*Now* is the time for suicide if you are so inclined. All sorts of neuroses are permitted. Depression and feelings that it somehow wasn't good enough should be expected. There's nothing to do! Go to a bad movie? You can't leave the house between now and January 1 because it's unsafe; the national highways are filled with drunks unwinding and frantically trying to get away from their families. Returning gifts is not only rude but psychologically dangerous—if you're not careful you might glimpse the scum of the earth, cheap bastards who shop at after-Christmas sales to save a few bucks. What can you look forward to? January 1, the Feast of the Circumcision, perhaps the most unappetizing Holy Day in the Catholic Church? Cleaning up that dirty, dead expensive Christmas tree that is now an instant out-of-season fire hazard? There is only one escape from post-Christmas depression—the thought that in four short weeks it's time to start all over again. What're ya gonna get me?

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