

Arts & Entertainment

Nash Rambler and crew take a love boat to Borneo

The Nash Rambler: Randy Ewing plans to siphon oil fields belonging to his half-cousin J.R. He hires cheap help, then shoots Nash Rambler for messing around. Mona Lovecraft helps frame Rambler as the villain. Duncan Drumm, Went Thathaway and Lois Terms volunteer to avenge the injustice. The FBI has Ace King tail them. After they get him fired, Drumm hires King to tell J.R. about the oil swindle. When tables are turned, everyone except Randy gets rich. Randy is later sent to death row for murdering King.

Chapter Eighteen

Adventures end, while stories continue.

It was like a die-hard Ford Fairlane past its heyday. Nash Rambler thought. He happened to be at the wheel of just such a car. Yogi, as his friends called him, inherited the beater secondhand from Boo Boo, which was what the same friends, namely the Honeys, Went Thathaway and Lois Terms, called Duncan Drumm. The rusty trusty Fairlane ran fine, though Yogi's Zen approach to shifting gears was wearing out the clutch. The other difference was a dashboard Buddha whose eyes winked according to the turn signal.

Aimless motoring, Yogi's first involvement with any sport, was a healthy step in broadening his horizons beyond the central art of sitting. He busted with wellness, the Honeys said. Driving was Yogi's yoga. He marveled at the way scenery opened before him, swept past in changing perspectives, then closed behind him. In profound meditations, he sped and ran stop lights. Nevertheless, the Honeys told him, his conversion from inward Taoist inaction to outward Confucianist action was positive yin opposing the negative yang of Ace King's death.

Yogi never rained but he poured. High on the thrill of vehicular traffic, he cruised to Snidely Building Services one day, said "Garcia sent me" and got his vacuuming job back at the bank where he first met Randy Dwing, the rogue who shot him. Yogi was scarcely short on cash. His motivation was strange and Confucian. He grew enchanted with his floor partner, an old wino named Abel Finn who was never at a lack for soapbox rhetoric. He frequently bought Finn pints of Mad Dog and they drove around in the Fairlane after work. Near nirvana, Yogi accumulated a number of tickets.

Went and Lois were married and already had a little bear in the honeypot. The Honeys addressed the gravid belly as Pooh, a derivative of the ancient Chinese term p'u, meaning the uncut wood. Pooh's godparents were to be Yogi and Boo Boo, who were also the best men at the casual wedding. The Honeys had moved out of Miss Happ's bomb shelter and lived in the top floors of a vacant downtown building they had bought and refurbished. Went kept as busy as ever. He had a patent pending on a walking TV, a television with advanced robotic features he had developed.

The move from the bomb shelter was almost of neces-

sity. The front yard was perpetually clogged with world media people, as Miss Happ's artificial heart had broken the previous record held by Barney Clark's ticker. The landlady's senile babbling had put "raygun-atomics" on the map as a fashionable buzzword, an umbrella term encompassing all the perils of modern times. ABC ran a story of Went's walking TV, Reuters picked up the Nash Rambler saga, and Miss Happ's press secretary was negotiating movie rights.

Boo Boo did well, too, as he never did otherwise. He could afford to pass on a heirloom like the Fairlane, the former mobile HQ of his vigilante army. He had a new silver wing-doored DeLorean, Mona Lovecraft's. He bought it at a public auction, along with most of Lovecraft's estate, like her Southwood bungalow and chain of

the longer story, though, Boo Boo got a monopoly. The Islamic prayer rug that Ewing had found Yogi and Lovecraft Tantrically entwined on, still showing the blood stain from the gunshot wound, was used as a bedspread in the guest room of Boo Boo's Southwood bungalow.

The swank pad vividly embodied and recalled the infamous hot tub and toddies party. Shotgun holes still riddled the woodwork in the foyer right where Lovecraft had admonitorily put him when Boo Boo jollied Ewing into a slugfest and Yogi stole the millionaire's keys. The whirlpool in the sunken den was sticky with the memory of King's near electrocution, when he was pitched into the Jacuzzi, dressed in bionic excess in secret spy devices. The dunking was one of many events that ended with the big period put in King's head. But it was only marginally related, because in adventures, unlike in stories, causation did not march single-file, but crosswise.

Boo Boo did do some remodeling. For instance, he felt Lovecraft had a downright antisocial supply of gravity boots, which attached to one's feet and could then, in the name of good posture, be hooked to bars or pipes along the ceiling. Finding it difficult to entertain when he was inverted and face-to-thigh with his guest, Boo Boo bought and installed boots and bars enough for everyone to hang out like bats in the rec-room. For added convenience, he turned the TV upside-down and put a coffee table underneath them.

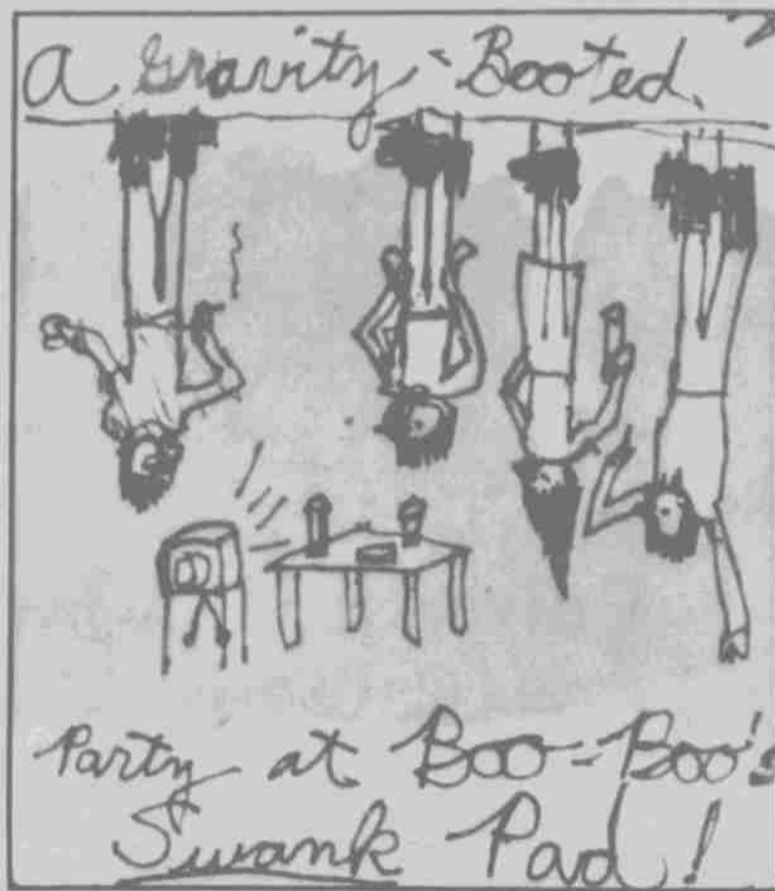
Yogi, Boo Boo, the Honeys and Pooh were just so suspended the day they, the blood rushing to their collective heads, decided to buy group tickets on a chartered cruiser to the other side of the world. Went had brought over his prototype ACTV walking television and also the video camera Lois had won in the Ed McMahon sweepstakes. He cleverly arranged them so the picture on the screen showed the four of them with their feet on the ceiling and the ACTV standing on the floor, with the picture on its screen showing the four of them standing on an antigravity floor and the ACTV on the ceiling, with the picture in the picture in the picture alternating forever toward infinity, which could never be reached at electronic speeds. Yogi was quick to ascribe it Zen significance, something to the effect of "the eternal flux of levity and gravity." Pooh distorted Lois' antigravity figure in a humorous way, which, when pointed out, caused them to laugh and shake the loose change from their pockets into their cocktails below.

"We should all hop a love boat to Borneo," exclaimed Boo Boo, who had grown an inch taller since he took up gravity boots.

The suggestion came out of nowhere and led single-file to Micronesia. As the luxury liner tooted off into the sunset, Boo Boo quoted to them all, "Wave goodbye to sanity."

Adventures begin, while stories continue.

-David Wood



weight spas. She was court-ordered to repay the legacy she had copped from Clinton Visegrips, the old inventor she had married when she was 17. Due to a similarity to the Groucho Marx case, she and her lawyer, public prosecutor Jack Grafft, were exiled from Lincoln.

Taken on face value as a memory aid for organizing and recalling the adventures for which they are the continuing story, Boo Boo's acquisitions were heirlooms of higher magnitude than even the Fairlane. Because of the difference between adventures and stories, ironies sprang along the interface, too. Lovecraft Spas once won the fat, neurotic and lucrative market that Duncan's World-Famous Relaxation Spa, Inc. lost when it filed religion-exempt on its returns, was audited and closed. In

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