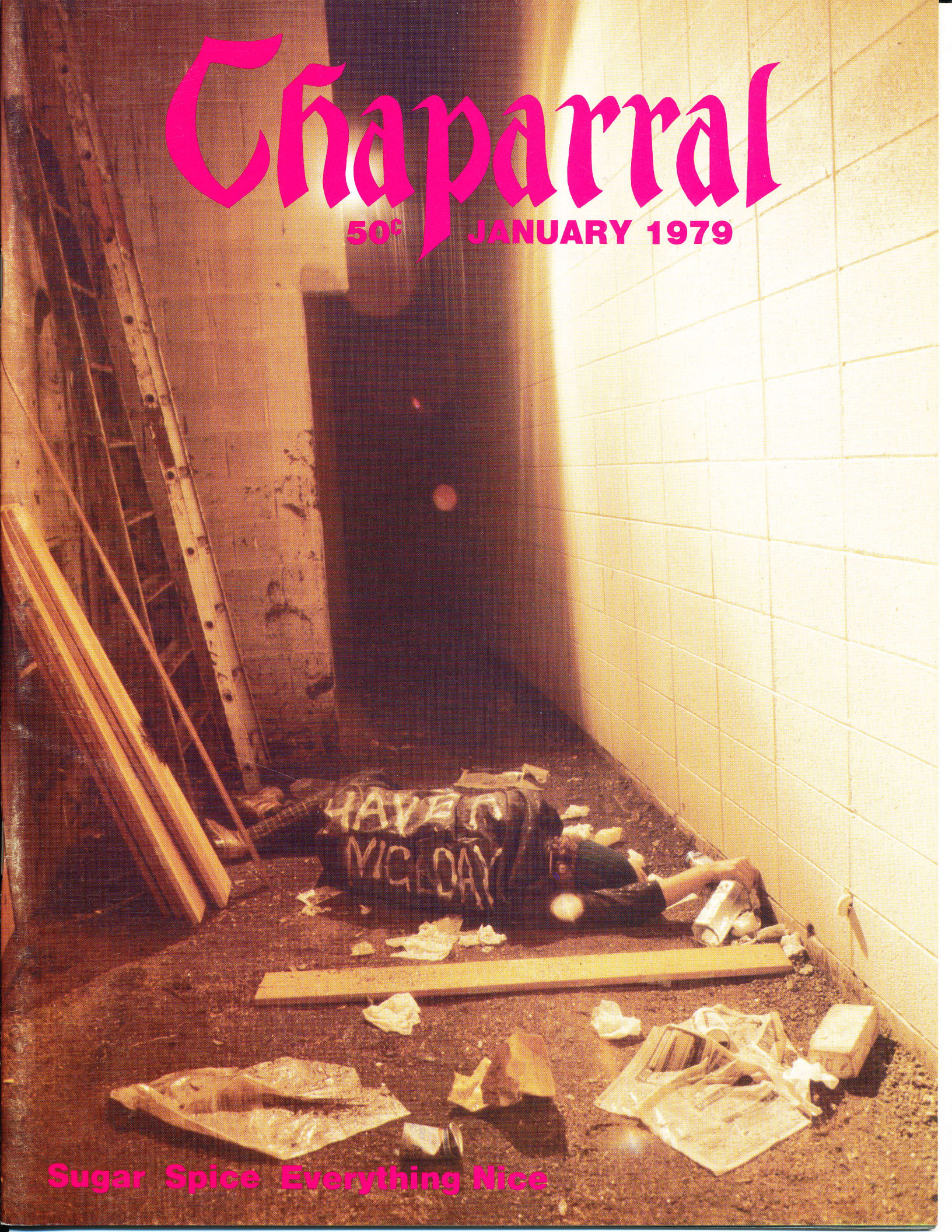


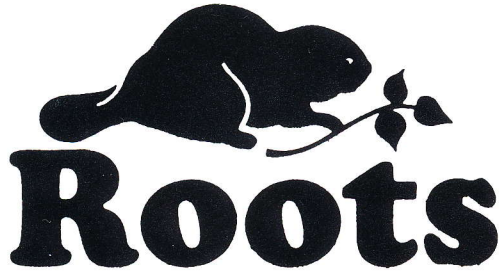
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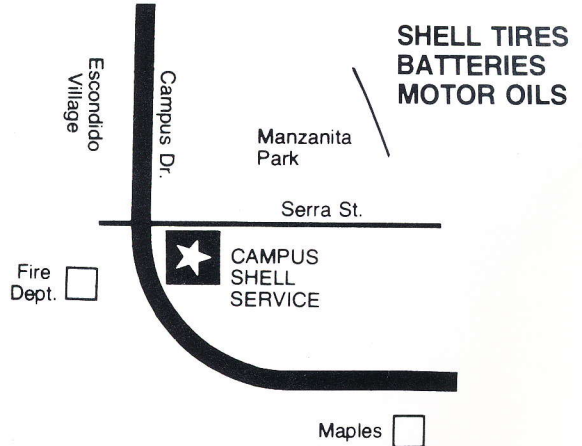
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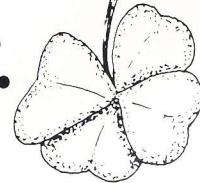


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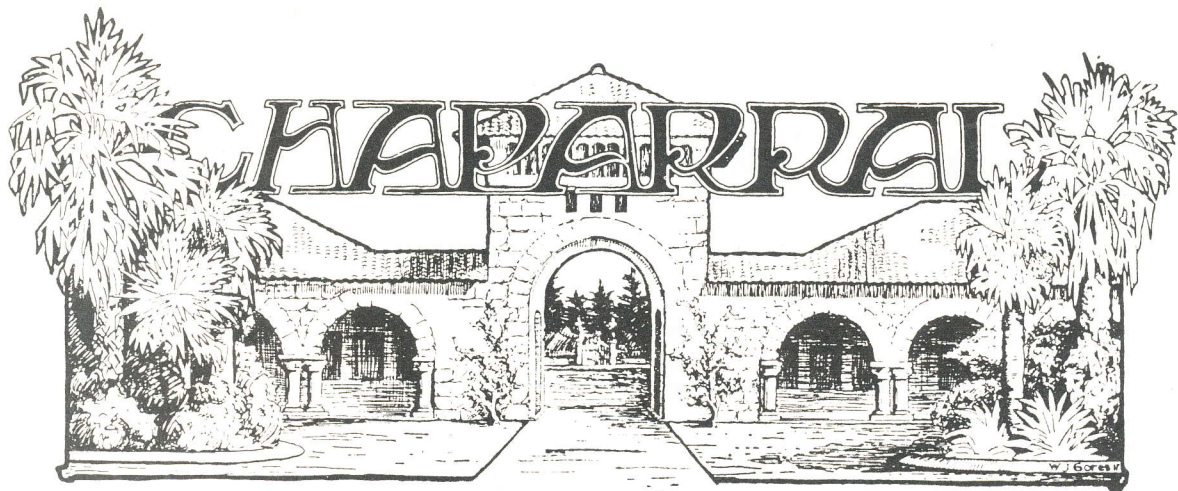
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volume 80, number 3/january 1979

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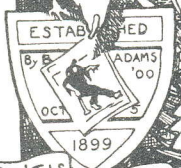
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TIS  
 BETTER TO  
 HAVE LIVED AND  
 LAUGHED

THAN  
 NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT  
 ALL.

## REFLECTIONS

### NOW THAT

the transgressions of last quarter are indelibly etched on your transcript, you'd better realize that Winter Quarter is New Frontier time. "Yeah, this quarter I'm really going to study. I'm going to

keep caught up and no more mid-week parties for me. Why

this quarter, I'm not going to sleep through a single class!" Yeah? Well frankly Jack, it's doubtful.

Winter Quarter never ends. Fact: it's going to rain. Fact: if it doesn't, you'll have to take two minute showers and listen to enchanting ditties like "Brown is bad, yellow is glad." Fact: all the Freshmen are going to receive letters from "my girlfriend back home" about how important their love is but. Fact: less parties. Fact: basketball instead of football. Fact is, Bub, that

Winter Quarter festers like a bed sore from too many all-nighters. Winter Quarter is an all-nighter. There may be a light at the end of this tunnel, but it's fluorescent.

"Wow, sounds bad." Sure does. As soon as you get that first problem set you're going to crack, oozing yolk over neatly typed pages.

"Not me!" Yes, you. Winter Quarter separates the six-figure lawyers from the high school teachers. And Pal, you're out.





# You Must Leave Now

by Jim Sarina



January's a little early to harangue you seniors about the "real world" but if you don't read it here you'll get it from your father along with mumblings about keeping your powder dry. So, pay close attention and take notes.

The first caution is virtually unreported simply because so few live to tell about it. Shortly before graduation you will likely decide to buy a nice suit to impress the interviewers. Good thinking. And after you've spent \$250 for a suit you'll think "What the heck, I may as well spring \$25 for a shirt to go with it." Bad thinking. Very bad thinking. Why? Because when you try the shirt on you will be cut to death by a thousand pins. Try as you may you can never get all the pins out of a new shirt. It's impossible. And few live to testify.

There's one more thing I should mention. That is, don't buy clothes which have the designer's monogram on them. Of course, this doesn't apply if your father is president of the firm and you'll be starting at V.P. However, in any other case, you'll have to work your way through personnel. A typical interview might start like this:

"Say, that's a nice tie you have on."

"Well thank you. It's a Yves St. Laurent."

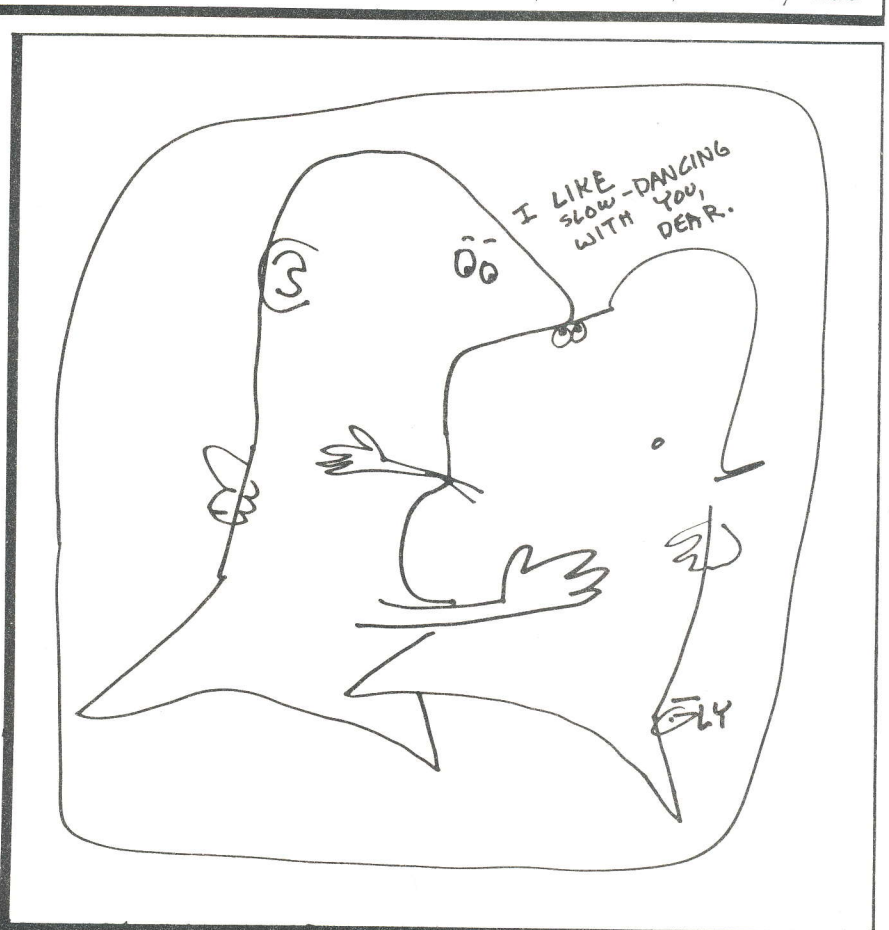
"Ah, second hand. I remember when I just got out of school. Didn't have a cent to my name and the old man had even less. The Depression, you know. There were eight of us in the family and . . ." So, no designer

monograms. Go for the little alligators. Those are acceptable and personnel knows that they aren't second hand as where would you find two people dumb enough to buy something like that? A word of warning to the wise, though. Specify to the salesman that you want little alligators, not little crocodiles. Alligators raise their upper jaw while crocodiles lower their bottom jaw. There's a difference.

Now I must admit that I've ignored the women in this tour-de-force of the fashion world but

with good reason. I don't know anything about women's fashions and I doubt that anyone does. Although similar circumstances didn't deter me from commenting on the men's world, in this case it's of little consequence as women have a natural advantage in today's business world: they're good at dull, repetitive tasks. Like talking to men.

For the first six months of your new job you won't do a thing. Not a thing. Unless, of course, you end up at Jack-in-the-Box in which case you'll make a lot of Jack Tacos, Bonus Jacks with extra secret sauce, and have all the personality of a plastic Bozo; but let's leave the liberal arts majors aside for a while and get back to the big buck boys. Like I said, for your initial six months you'll do nothing. Ignore any temptation to bring this to the attention of your boss. More importantly, don't find something else to do. Something else useful, that is; if they had






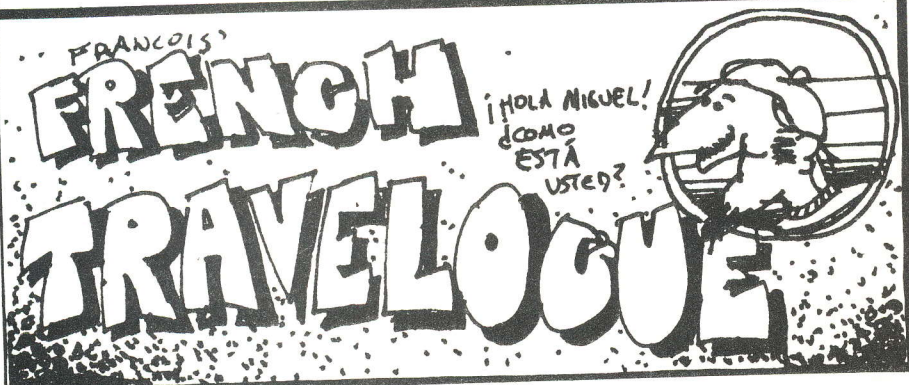
wanted you to do that they would have assigned you to not do that. Learn to be creatively idle. Don't bother your boss about it as he's busy doing your work, and anyway he knows all about it. They have to see if they can trust you before they assign you to anything important. If they can't they'll shuffle you off to management. If you start in management expect to be bungling from day one. In any case don't worry, you'll be well paid and in two years you can do all the work while the new people sit around, and make more money than you do. But that's a later chapter and I

can only inoculate you for the first half year. One more thing about the office, as you'll come to know it. When somebody mentions office politics to you, don't say you'll register Republican or Democrat.

While we're on the subject of politics let me warn you of a coming transformation. When you see your paycheck cut to 60% of its advertised value by taxes you will begin to reconsider certain long held values. Maybe we don't need so many knee-jerk liberal social programs or that sitting duck nuclear carrier. You'll be

amazed at how much your father learned while you were at school.

Summing up the rules for your first six months: don't buy any new shirts; don't wear clothes with designer monograms or little crocodiles; do wear little alligators; don't do anything at work (unless you're in management); and don't annoy your boss about it; register at the polls only; join the National Taxpayers Association while you can still get student rates; do talk to men if you're female; and finally, keep your powder dry regardless of your sex. 



trionphe des bruits, toujours present est le vainqueur. il serait incommode de vous incommoder par toutes ces banalites, retournons au: "soyons\*bref" et finissons ce suspense.)

... Les chandelliers ne repondent plus, les bougies ont bien fondu et, de la troisieme pampe au rez-de-chausse, l'etrange lumiere venue d'ailleurs laisse apercevoir deux ailes blanches, un boulet, un masque reel, une image retrouvée,

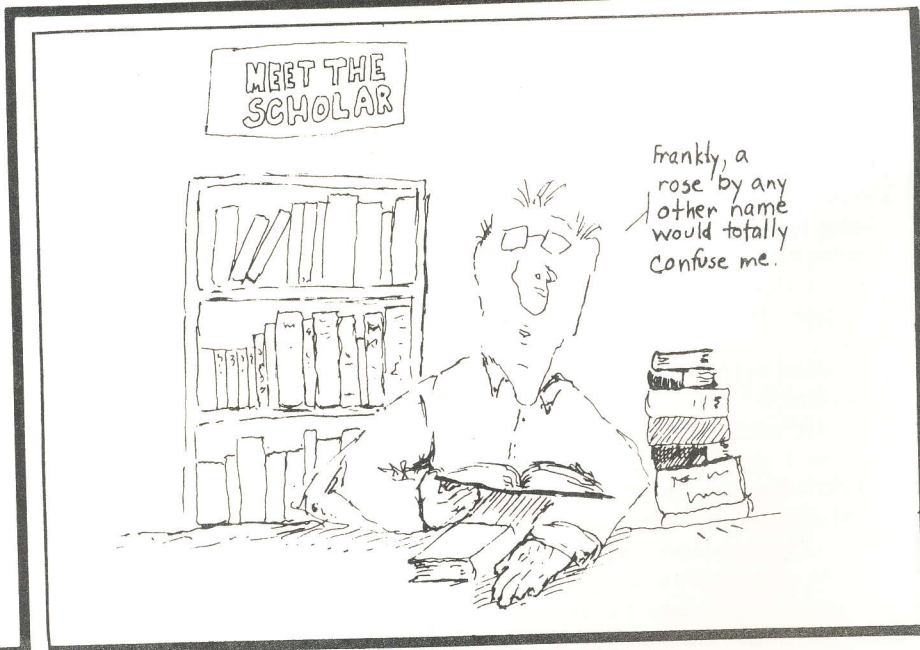
... les fleurs du mal sont deja lu et l'etrange musique est bien connue!!!! ...

... dans ces chateaux de france, dans des fantomes et ces secrets, dans tous les murs et les pierrailles, les vieux donjons, les sensations, monsieur Daniur, premier 'elu dans les annees du bon passe travaille son savoir, ses illusions perdu ses droles de sorties font le spectacle ...

... plus loin que la campagne, du cote des villes et des ennuis, dans le beton toujours vainqueur ...

... le beau jardin que viola donne spectacle avec robes et distinctions. ... Daniur; premiere vedette: ... dans un chateau de france aux vieilles empreintes, seul,

dans sa grosse cage, cloe de mareindalle est effraye par les eclairs. (et oui, que voulez-vous amis des temps, pour qu'un chateau soit embelli, pas allume mais eclaire, l'orage,





une splendeur sans pareil, mais, mettez-vous dans les jupons du beau cloe:

- que diriez-vous ?
- que feriez-vous ?

. . . . certes, ils ne sont pas tous mechants, leurs reincarnations se vaut de la restitution des faits et lieux et non de la destruction d'une nouvelle ame . . . .

. . . mais un fantome reste un fantome et toute ame qu'elle qu'elle soit se retourne vers l'angoisse et le tourment.

(obelix, s'il avait connu ce fait serait

bien depourvu d'une nouvelle et etrange venue . . .)

mais qu'obelix reste a asterix et que cloe retrouve son pre . . . .

. . . . personne ne put dire exactement ce qu'il advint de l'ami cloe.

- disparition ?
- reincarnation ?

le prochain visiteur de chateaux pourra s'il en a le temps vous le conter . . . surement . . .

. . . . ha! qu'il fait bon de vivre sous les toits

de Paris en cette epoque de l'annee. heureux printemps finissant. se relayant de ses bourgeons aux douces gleurs d'un bel ete toujours presse.

. . . . il n'y a pas grand monde a cette heure-ci dans le beau jardin de Paris. monsieur Daniur, bien fatigue, repart vers les cam-

pagnes, vers la nature, vers le silence et vers son toit.

dans un chateau de france parmi les murs et les pierrailles, les vieux dongeons les sensations,

monsieur Daniur, premier elu revet sa belle chemise blanche de nuit,

porte son boulet encore bien lourd et disparaît dans un dallage sculpte d'oiseaux et de serments.

il est deja tard je viens d'entendre le numero douze des cloches de la pendule.

minuit sonne, je m'envais me coucher . . . .

. . . monsieur Daniur, lui seul devra veillier.





# Sex, Drugs, & Violence



P. Vasquez



The masterfully-equipped Cessna Citation jet streaked through the ionosphere, comfortably winging its way to the base of the Andes Mountains — Villavicencio, to be more precise. The particular destination is about ten miles outside of town, deep in the lush Andean forests and nearly inaccessible, unless one is fortunate enough to have a llama, a helicopter or some such specialized mode of transportation.

Dwellers within this winged wonder included Fred Lacoste, the pilot who could fly anything with wings; Buster Backrack, the hang-tongued steward; Jeanine Weaver, the lady of good taste and fine form; and of course, Navik Gloudemain, the former mercenary and gun-runner, now a respectable figure in the international drug smuggling trade. All were relaxing in their own way as they swept along towards Colombia. Navik and Jeanine posed like good Americans as they lounged in their chairs reading books. Jeanine was deep into a Harlequin romance, while Navik pondered the fate of Iyle Forkue.

"Hey, scum-sucker, what you think you're doing?"

I turned to the voice, revolver in hand and let loose with three well-placed bullets. Wasted the bastard. His flippant tongue would haunt me no more.

"Up yours, Forkue, you bleeding piece of period pie." He was still alive. I approached him with gun held forward. "You wanna eat lead, maggot face?"

Hawkins was sprawled out in front of me, and winged angels were at his side. He looked up at me. "I'm going to Heaven." He smiled. I hastened the journey, firing once into the right frontal lobe. "Eat dung-heaps," I said to the mess that was once a head.

It's a tough world. All steel and lead and concrete. I don't give a flying jumbo what some mother nature fruitcake might say about wonderfulness, 'cause you can be damn sure that he's out for his own self-interest. It's not the world itself that's so goddam cracked, it's the goddamn people.

Like, the fleecing factory don't screw ya, it's the blessed bastards running it who ram it so bad. They're the guys that make the conditions. I mean, an empty factory never hurt nobody, right?

Yea, and I hate it. Almost as much as I hate the Oakland Raiders or the New York Yankees. Those guys really blow the proverbial pud. Like a lot of other people.

Sometimes I just wanta piss on the whole thing, but other times I decide to take really drastic measures, like killing people. It's more permanent. Really keeps 'em in place. Like goddamn Hawkins. I think I might miss him some, 'cause he was a real smartass. Kept me sharp.

Then again, it's nice to see him dead. He won't be bothering me anymore, and sure as hell won't interrupt my messing around with his old lady.

"Sorry about the mess," I tell her.

"Good riddance," she says. "He was a goddamn pipsqueak."

"Yea, and a twerp to boot."

"He always came in less than two minutes. I know he didn't love me."

"Not like me, hunh?"

"Not at all, lover. Come here and keep me company. I'm a widow now."

I put the gun back under the pillow and hop on top once more. Ride 'em cowboy.

The book was put down, Navik Gloudemain pulled the red-hot Pall Mall from his lips as he peered out from the jet's window, nearly oblivious to the tickling tongue of the woman on his left. It has been a long journey, but touchdown was approaching. Lightly tracing fingers drew a pattern on his head and shoulders.

"Oh, Navik, do you love me?" asked the woman.

"Sometimes." He could see it was quite dark outside.

"Do you love me now?" Her eyes tried to see into his, but the tinted glasses denied her access. He was staring forward to the huge face of Marilyn Monroe which tantalized him from the compartment's front wall.

The steward came by and left him a rum and coke on a silver tray. Navik moved the woman's arm so that he could drink the rum. He downed six ounces in four full swallows, before proceeding to snort the coke lines into the outer regions of his nasal cavity. He felt exhilarated.

"Jeanine," he began, "I'll love you now."

Down below, a solitary path cut the jungle terrain for a space of five hundred yards. It was the perfect landing spot for a Citation, the quickest and most manueverable jet in the world. Awaiting its arrival from the night skies was the usual contingent of herbs and harvesters, along with the more unusual and unseen third party, the Colombian narcotics squad.

"Five minutes until we land, sir," said Fred's voice as it rolled crisply from the intercom into the darkness of the fore-chambers. Jeanine and Navik were entwined in a lover's position that connoisseur of carnality referred to as "plunging for the depths."

The Cessna went into a low banking turn as it circled over the darkened field.

Jeanine and Navik dove deeper and deeper into each other.

From below, powerful battery-operated floodlights generated to life.

Pressure was geometrically increased as they progressively surged onward.

The plane readied for the final approach.

Their aim was the fine line between pleasure and pain — the place where torture becomes ecstasy.

It came down low and tight over the trees, descending onto the primitive landing field with incredible force.

Navik, with textbook finesse, guided them further and further along, pulling the acquiescent Jeanine down with him.

As the wheels hit paydirt, the brakes were smoothly applied.

With one final far-reaching plunge, they reached their destination, touching the sweet murky bottom, and sinking themselves in its entirety for but a moment before exploding to the surface.

The plane heaved and shook as it bounced along the runway, before coming to a quaking stop a mere twenty yards from the jungle.

"Whew! That was great," panted Navik in one of his few expressions of spontaneity.

Jeanine felt surges of energy cascading through her diminutive form. "Oh, heaven," she sighed.

Outside, the floodlights were dimmed and the dark forms of nearly fifteen people approached the plane, hauling bundles and sacks with them.

Navik stood up weakly, before regaining his balance. Jeanine helped him get dressed, gently massaging his most tender areas as she did so. Navik hugged her, much to her surprise. He rarely showed such compassion. But then again, they had rarely shared such a consuming and mutually satisfying experience.



"We're ready to load, sir," came the pilot's voice.  
 "Coming," replied Navik into the inter-com. He took his .44 Magnum from the luggage area as he walked toward the door. Waving to Jeanine, he then stepped outside. Jeanine pulled a blanket over her naked shoulder, and began to dream about swimming pools.

In the crisp morning air of Villavicencio, a rush of activity surrounded the plane. Three hundred pounds of cocaine and two hundred pounds of Colombia's most resinous weed were loaded in the back area of the jet, which had already been considerably diminished in size by the extra fuel tanks.

Navik sampled the different varieties of coke, leaving the grass to the discriminating taste of Buster Backrack. Upon finding the drugs of exceptional quality, and telling the sellers it was low-grade stuff, they worked out a price of ninety-five thousand for the entire batch. The bargaining done with, he consulted the pilot to obtain reassurance concerning the engines' capability to maneuver with the increased weight.

"Hey, no problems, Mr. Gloudemain," said Fred. "Hell, we got them turbines purring so pretty it'd take twelve tons of the stuff to slow us down."

Even accounting for Fred's propensity to exaggerate, Navik figured they would have no major concerns with this, their largest shipment ever. They would be home free until they landed.

The last of the supply was lifted into place and all were able to disperse when a sudden rush from all around the landing strip's edges caught them unaware. It was the

detachment of Colombian police, most likely motivated by the recent bounty of \$8500 per captured smuggler offered by the U.S. government.

Navik saw a circle of about twenty cops moving in with automatic weapons. He winced as he crotched the Magnum. Everyone raised their hands, since most of them were unarmed.

One officer was commanding the rest. He spoke to Navik. "Hey gringo, come here." The man smiled as Gloudemain came over with his arms up.

"You want dollars?" asked Navik.

"Si."

"Good. I give twenty thousand yankee dollars."

The man laughed. "More, senior."

"Thirty thousand."

The man shook his head. "Feef-tee."

"I only have forty," said Navik with piercing eyes.

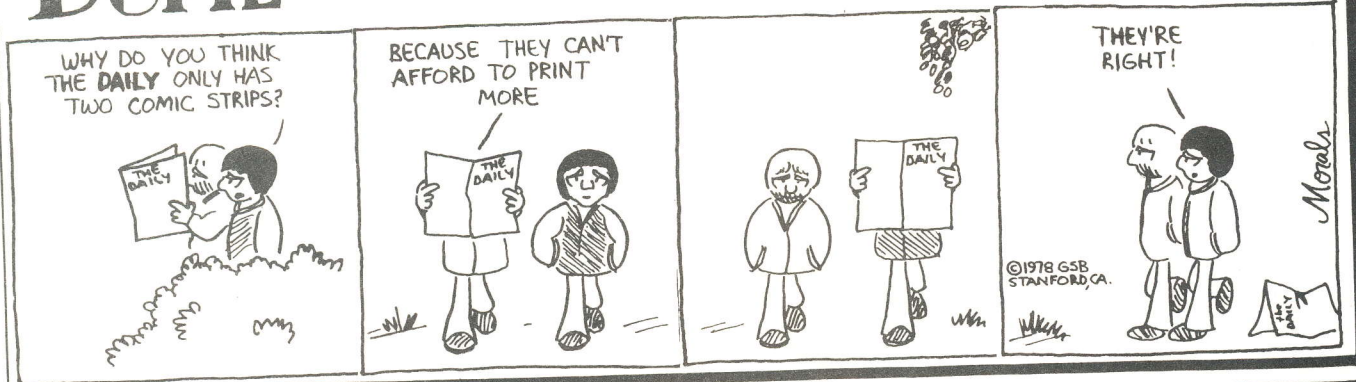
The policeman smiled. "You give me feef-tee thousand or you ass get carved with rusty razor blades and you plane become a house of pleasure."

Navik momentarily thought the offer over. "O.K. I pay." He started for the plane.

"I go with you," said the capitan.

Navik had a supply of sundry money which he kept for just such an occasion, but there was one problem involved: after paying off the bandido coppers in counterfeit bills, he was very effectively cementing his own garden, because their renegades would undoubtedly become nasty should he ever return. Navik did not want to close down this most profitable of his operations. The only

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solution was to attack the problem at its source and wipe out the pests. It was a challenge of some significance, but his mind was feeling adventurous.

He opened the cabin door and let the capitan step. "After you," he said as he pointed the the way. The rotund one proceeded before him.

The capitan stood looking around the plush quarters. "Nice," was his summation. He had obviously spotted Jeanine. As Navik walked in, the capitan was moving towards the dormant form of the sleeping woman. The cabin door swung closed.

"Very good, Mr. Gloudemain. You have done yourself well — or more accurately, about medium-rare." The capitan was facing Navik, who was looking rather curiously at him.

"Don't you recognize me, pal? Thornbrook, FBI. I'm here on special assignment: to nail your slimy ass to the door so tight you won't be able to breath." He barked as he laughed.

Navik sat down heavily. He inspected the man's features more closely. "Thornbrook . . . Thornbrook . . . oh my God. Didn't I, didn't I kill you a few years ago?" The man was smiling as he nodded. Navik continued in confusion. "At that butcher shop in . . . in New Orleans?"

"You thought so. After all, a severed head is not often restored to life." The "capitan" opened his shirt to expose a thin line which roamed about his neck and shoulders.

"But how?"

"Computer soldering," explained Thornbrook. "They've made synthetic duplicates of the human neural canals through the use of computers."

Navik was silenced by the unreality, or rather, the super-reality of his predicament. The FBI man continued.

"If there hadn't been back-ups johnny on the spot, you'd have never seen me again. Too bad you left in such a hurry. You missed all the real excitement. Like seeing people's faces at the hospital when my head was brought through in a plastic meat bag." Thornbrook was relishing this moment. "And you know what — they completely sterilized me, they goddamn detoxified me with x-rays. It's taken me three years and seven months to recover, and now I want to live. Know what I mean?"

Navik knew exactly what he meant. "So what do you want from me?" Gloudemain was looking for a price tag to buy him out of this nightmare.

Thornbrook paused. "I see you haven't forgotten me. Well, tell you what. I need remuneration, lots of it. So add a hundred grand to the 'feef-tee,' give me the plane, and all its accessories." Thornbrook was glancing at Jeanine's prostrate form. "I wanna see just how sterile I am."

Navik smiled and walked over to him. "Tell you what," he began as he put his arm on Thornbrook's shoulder, while Thornbrook's pistol retrained itself on Navik's gut. "I'll give you the plan, the . . ." At that moment, Navik gripped the man's neck, pinching the nerve with all his strength. The response was immediate. Thornbrook clutched, dropped the gun, and passed out.

"Scum sucker." Thinking quickly now, Navik picked up his double-barrelled automatic repeating sawed-off shotgun (the Winchester .44) and drew the Magnum from his drawers with a sigh of relief. He stood up next to the door



for a moment, released the safeties on both weapons, and then kicked open the door, jumping to the ground while at the same time opening fire on anything that wore a uniform and didn't look American. Of course in dawning light one could not see much of anything, so Navik pretty much shot at everything. With the Winchester blasting tales of desolation from the left, he proved a very effective harvester, needing to shoot only eight times as he pivoted in a circular direction. He had taken every one of them unexpectedly. This is like swatting sleeping flies. Navik thought as he watched bodies disintegrate into chewing tobacco right before his eyes. "Eat lead, you donkey sucking maggots," howled the victor as he finished the morning massacre.

No shots were returned and bodies lay everywhere. A few men stood motionless, not knowing what to do. "Out of here, before I get mad," directed Navik. They started running away. "Not you," he yelled to the quick-footed pilot.

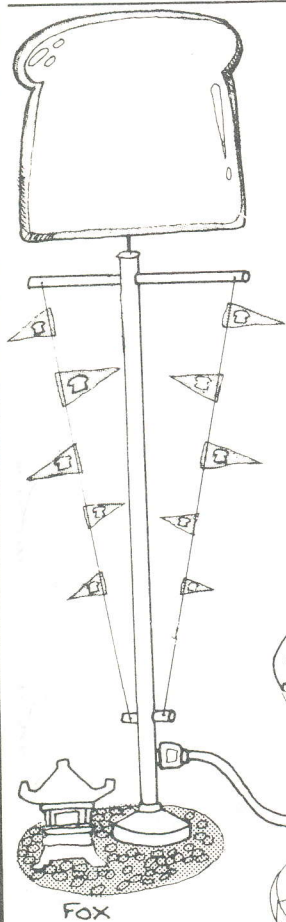
When order had been restored, the plane hurriedly took off. Thornbrook was dropped off somewhere over the Pacific Ocean from the uniquely designed bomb bay doors, his funeral oratory consisting of "Good riddance, you goddamn pipsqueak."

Jeanine had slept through everything. She was still lying down, her firm and robust flesh curled up next to Navik Gloudemain. He was smoking another Pall Mall and reading the further adventure of Iyle Forkue.

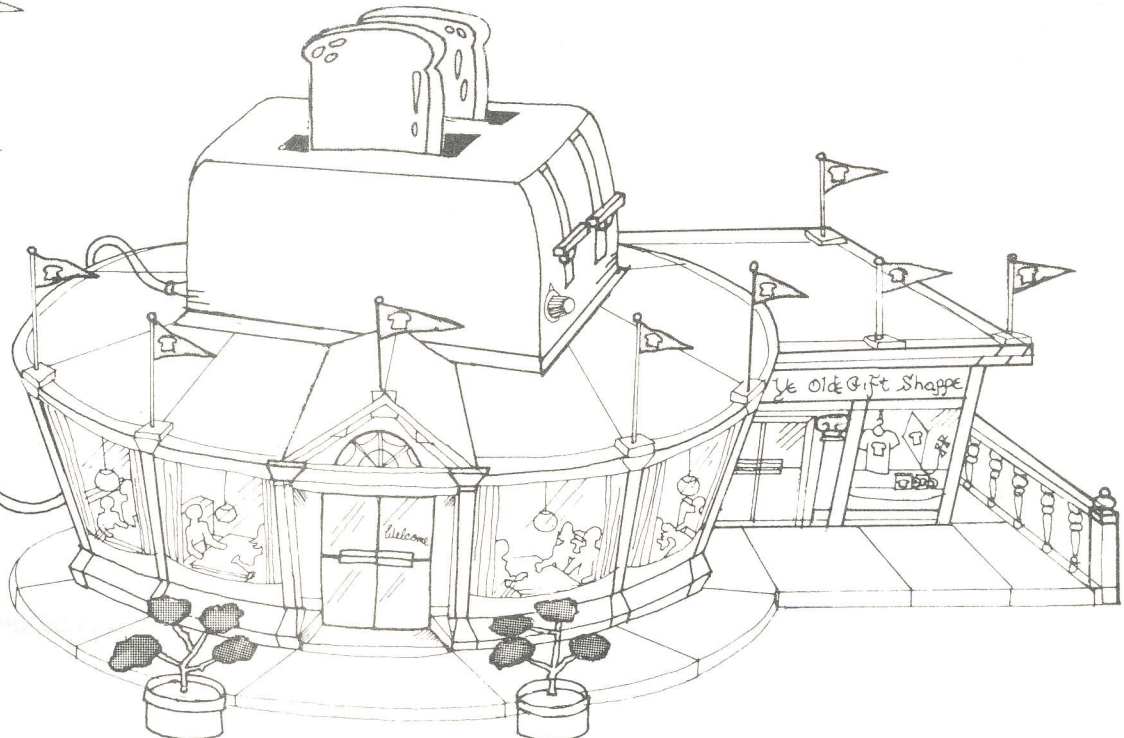
"You're so wonderful," said Jeanine with succelence. "I try," came the fertile response.



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**H**OUSE OF **T**OAST

4032 EL CAMINO REAL, LOS ALTOS

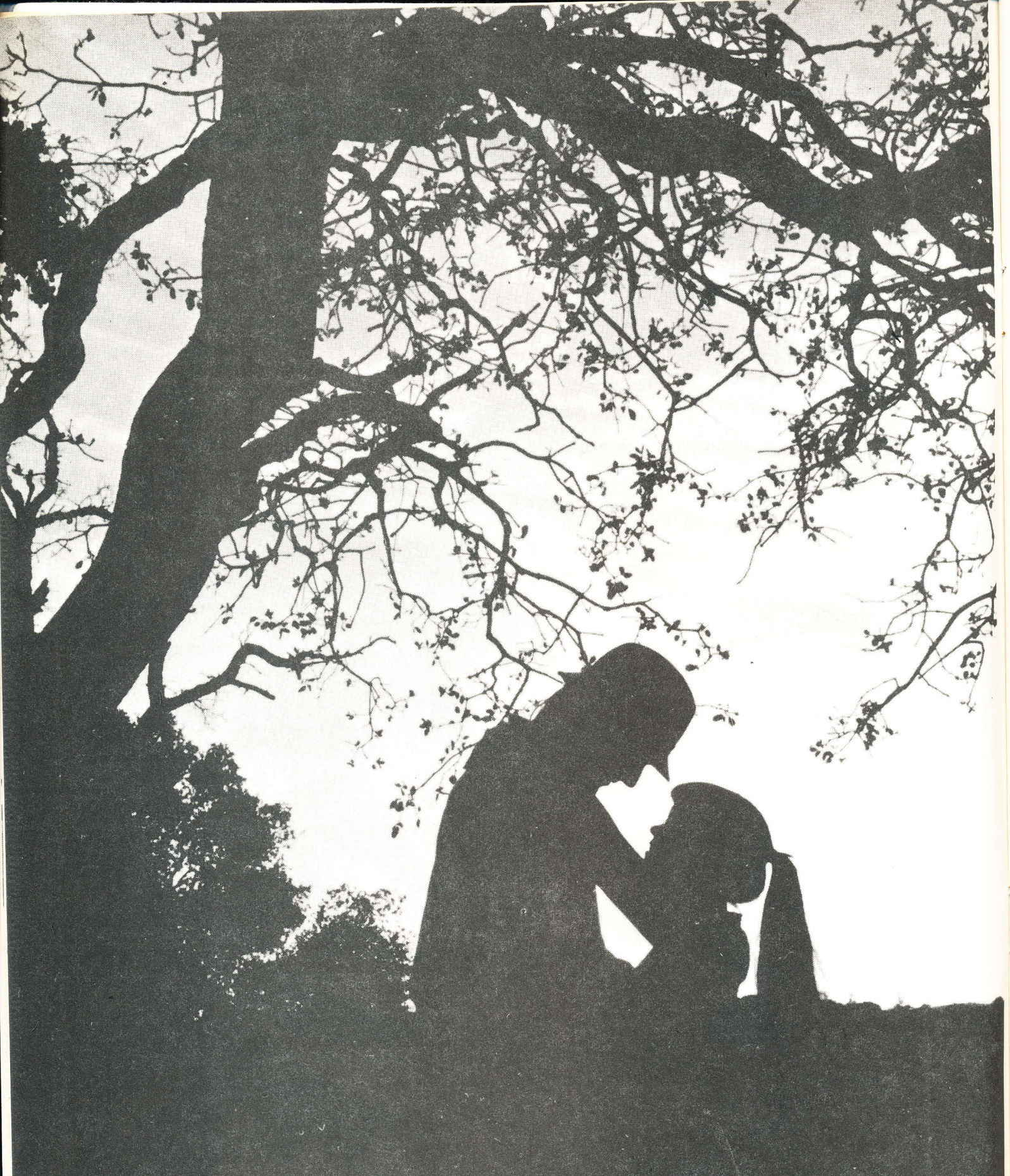


# CATaracts



Hallmark Section



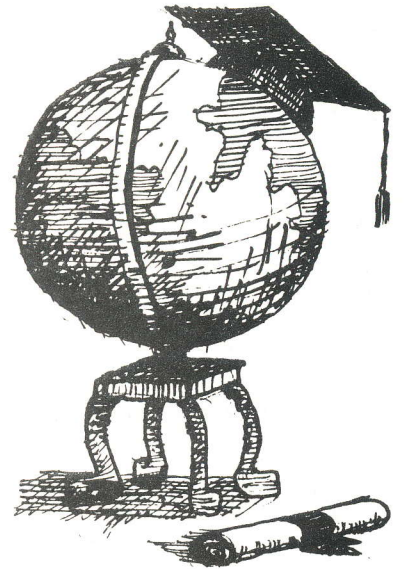


"But there's nothing half so sweet in life  
As love's young dream."

Roman Polanski



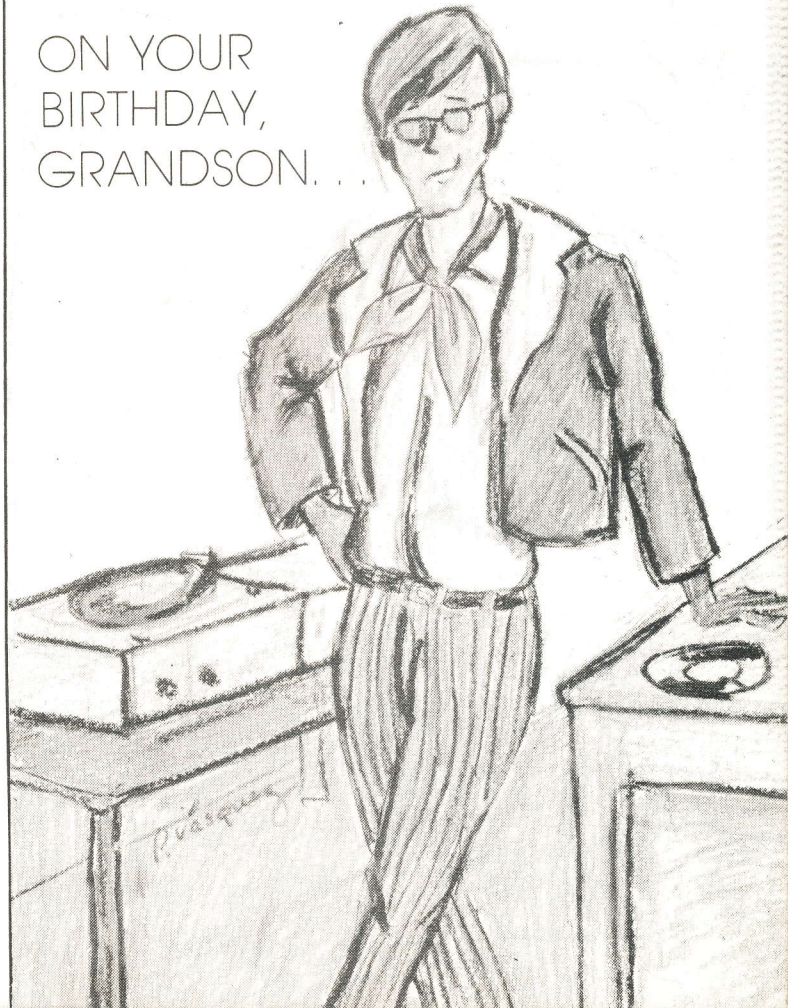
TO MY NEPHEW  
ON HIS GRADUATION  
DAY. . .



99WEMEANITMAN



ON YOUR  
BIRTHDAY,  
GRANDSON. . .



THX 1138





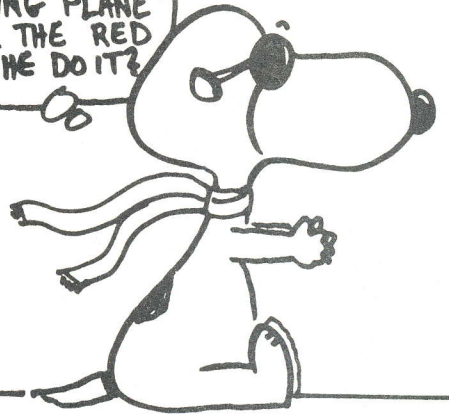


May your "journey" down the  
"crossroads" of life bring you  
success always.  
Sincerely,

To a real cool cat!  
"Hip"py Birthday!!



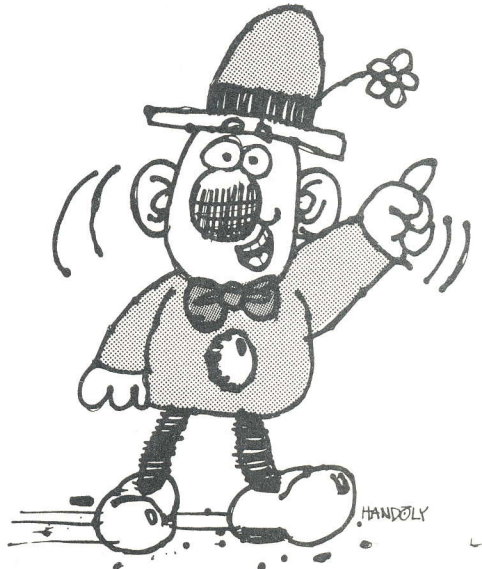
HERE'S THE WWI PILOT  
IN HIS FIGHTING PLANE  
LOOKING FOR THE RED  
BARON! CAN HE DO IT?



60PUSISDEAD-191F



SORRY THIS CARD  
IS LATE BUT..

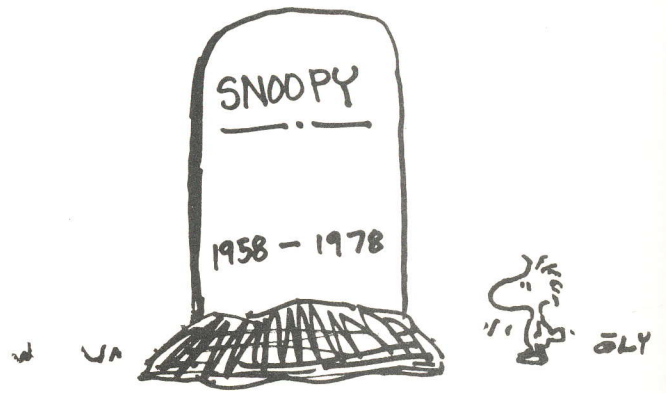


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HANDOLY



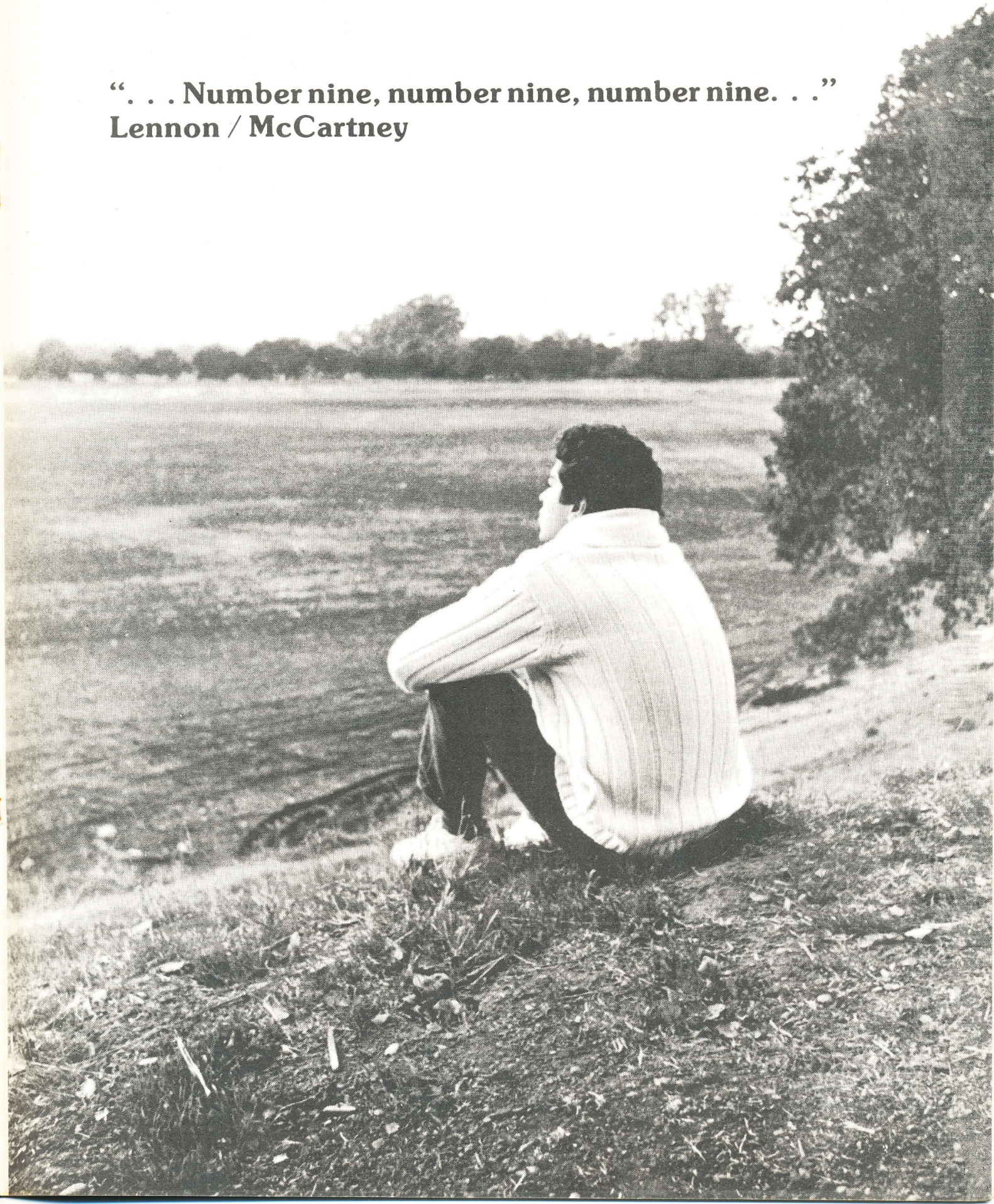


OUR DEEPEST SYMPATHIES!

BETTER LATE  
THAN NEVER!



**“ . . . Number nine, number nine, number nine. . . ”**  
**Lennon / McCartney**





# the Brady Bunch

"We're going canoeing! We're going canoeing!" Cindy and Bobby Brady burst into the kitchen where Alice cheerfully sliced shaggy Shep's dinner. She looked up from the steak at their cleanly beaming faces.

"Oh don't take me," she quipped. "I'd sink the whole tub."

"Of course you're going, Alice," Cindy chirped, her golden pony-tails bouncing happily. "Yeah," Bobby said, playfully tossing a chunk of meat to Shep. "Dad says everyone's going. Do you need any help packing? Greg and Peter are helping Dad load the canoes, Mom and Marcia are at a charity benefit and Jan is waterproofing the T.V. Aren't you excited?"

Alice could only smile as she finished preparing dinner. "No, I don't need any help, and yes, I am excited. Now why don't you two run along so I can finish cleaning up." As the two youngsters bounced merrily into the spacious living room, Alice slowly shook her head. "Those kids," she said, polishing the chrome on the refrigerator.

At six o'clock the next morning, bright and early, the shiny green station wagon was loaded up and ready to go. "Alright, kids, everyone in the car," Mr. Robert Brady said, finishing off his orange juice. The girls were the last to climb into the back seat. Marcia had called her latest boyfriend to say good-bye.

"Gosh, Marcia," Greg said once they were on the road. "We're only going to be gone for the weekend."

"Yes, I know. But he's kind of special," Marcia said.

"OOoooooooooh," Bobby said.

"Quiet, Bobby," Cindy snapped precociously. "I'm sorry, Marcia, he's really quite immature."

"Sure, but that's OK. He'll grow up someday." Marcia smiled kindly at her younger brother.

Bobby said, "I can hardly wait" and told a bad knock-knock joke.

At the wheel, Mr. Brady smiled boyishly. "So kids, is everyone as excited as Bobby is about going canoeing and roughing it in the wilderness?"

"Uh-huh," the chorus sounded.

"By the way, Mom," Jan said, "did you bring your blow dryer? I forgot mine."

"Yes, honey," Carol Brady reassured her sprite daughter. "I just hope we brought enough food."

"Don't you worry, Mrs. Brady," Alice said, also in the front seat. "If we eat everything we brought, we'll roll down that river."

It took only a little while for the merry ensemble to reach the Wigotdaclapta River. The Brady kids popped out of the station wagon like jack-in-the-boxes when it pulled to a stop at a small gas station. They sniffed jubilantly at the clean mountain air.

"Look at the trees. There are so many of them," Jan

said.

"And so much green, too," Peter said. "I love the outdoors."

While Mr. Brady went into the gas station to get directions, the kids wandered up the road adventurously.

"Does anyone hear banjo music?"

"Yeah — it's coming from that house over there." Greg pointed to a small grey shack with a porch, where a slight figure sat plucking a banjo.

"How can anyone go upstairs in a house like that?" Bobby said as they walked closer.

"Sshhhh."

"Yuch," irrepressible Bobby spoke up again, pointing to the banjo player. "He looks kind of weird."

"Quiet, Bobby," Greg said. "He's mongoloid. I read about it in science. We shouldn't make fun of him."

"It's not his fault, Bobby."

"Right, Marcia." Greg nodded his head. "Anyway, Bobby, how would you feel if you head looked like a peeled grapefruit someone had stepped on?"

"Gosh." Bobby looked down at the ground with shame. He had learned his lesson. Peter played his transistor radio louder than the banjo and everyone cheered up.

"Alright, kids, everyone on the shore!"

"Last one down the river's a rotten egg!" The three shiny aluminum canoes slapped the water and the merry crew slimed aboard them, wearing bright orange life preservers.

"Got it!" Mr. Brady exclaimed from the beach, clicking an instamatic camera. Alice nearly tipped a canoe when she got in, but otherwise the launching went smoothly. Within moments, the expedition of three canoes was slipping quickly down the broad river, energetically singing camp songs just slightly out of key.

By the time noon rolled around, everyone was ready for lunch and the eager beavers paddled to the nearest bank. "Last one out's a rotten egg!" Greg and Peter tied the canoes to trees while Marcia and Jan spread the picnic blanket and Cindy chased a chipmunk around a tree, giggling effusively. Mr. Brady put his arm around his wife. "We should do this kind of thing more often," he said. She smiled and compared her hand to a dried leaf.

The picnic was spread and the happy family and maid gathered around the red and white checkered blanket. Suddenly, two older-looking men with whiskers, smudged clothing and floppy hats burst from the underbrush. One of them was carrying an old gun and the other drooled.

"You must be from the next campsite," Mr. Brady said, extending a hand to the men. "I'm Robert Brady and this is my wife Carol. . ."

"Hello."

". . . and the kids Greg. . ."

"Hi."



"... Marcia ..."

"Hi."

"... Peter ..."

"Hi."

"... Jan ..."

"Hi."

"... Bobby ..."

"Hi there."

"... and, of course, Cindy—"

One man took Mr Brady's hand and bit him between the fingers while the other pushed him to the ground. Mrs. Brady, obviously flustered, combed Cindy's hair. "Why don't you join us?" she said. "We were just about to have lunch."

"Yes, please do," Marcia said.

"Yeah, Mister," Bobby put in. "I'll even show you my marble collection."

The two strangers kicked the food all over the picnic blanket, getting potato salad on their scrappy boots. "Do you get the feeling that they aren't so hungry?" Alice said, catching a piece of chicken in mid-air and taking a bite out of it. "What's wrong, fellas? If you want a date you can just ask nicely." The second man moved towards the maid and pulled violently on one of her arms. "Oh you cad," she exclaimed. "Pull a little harder and I'll marry you tomorrow." With a push she was on the ground and the man grabbed Greg, who had been whittling a tie clasp, and dragged him behind a nearby fallen tree. "You really know how to hurt a girl," Alice said from the ground.

"Gosh," Peter said. "They've got Greg."

There were sounds of ripping clothing. "You a big boy, ain't you?" the man said to Greg. "Don't y'all try nuthin or move an eyelash," the unclean man with the gun said with a strange accent, "or you be dead real quick."

"Really quick," Marcia corrected. "What's wrong, Mom?" Mrs. Brady looked concerned.

"Honey, do you think the kids should be watching this?" she asked her husband.

"You're right, Carol," he said, brushing dirt off of his windbreaker. "Alright, kids, everyone turn around."

"Awwww, Dad."

"You heard me." They turned around.

"But Greg has all the fun!" Bobby said.

"Don't worry, Bobby," Mrs. Brady soothed. "When you grow up, you're going to have just as much fun as Greg."

"Squeal like a pig!" The strange man yelled out from over by the tree.

"Oink, oink," Greg said.

"Cock-a-doodle-doo," Bobby said.

"Baaah-baaaah," Cindy said.

"All right, kids, that's enough," Mr. Brady warned. "The man was talking to Greg."

"Various sounds came from the fallen tree and Mrs. Brady was still concerned. "I guess we shouldn't of invited them to stay for lunch," she said. Her husband affectionately tapped her left elbow. "It's no one's fault, honey," he said.

"Shame about all that lunch, though," "Alice said, looking over at the fallen tree. "They're going to be some hungry folks around here after this is over."

"Don't worry, Alice," Cindy said sprightly, picking toadstools. "Marcia, Jan and I know how to make a


scrumptious casserole from natural vegetation. You just leave it to us."

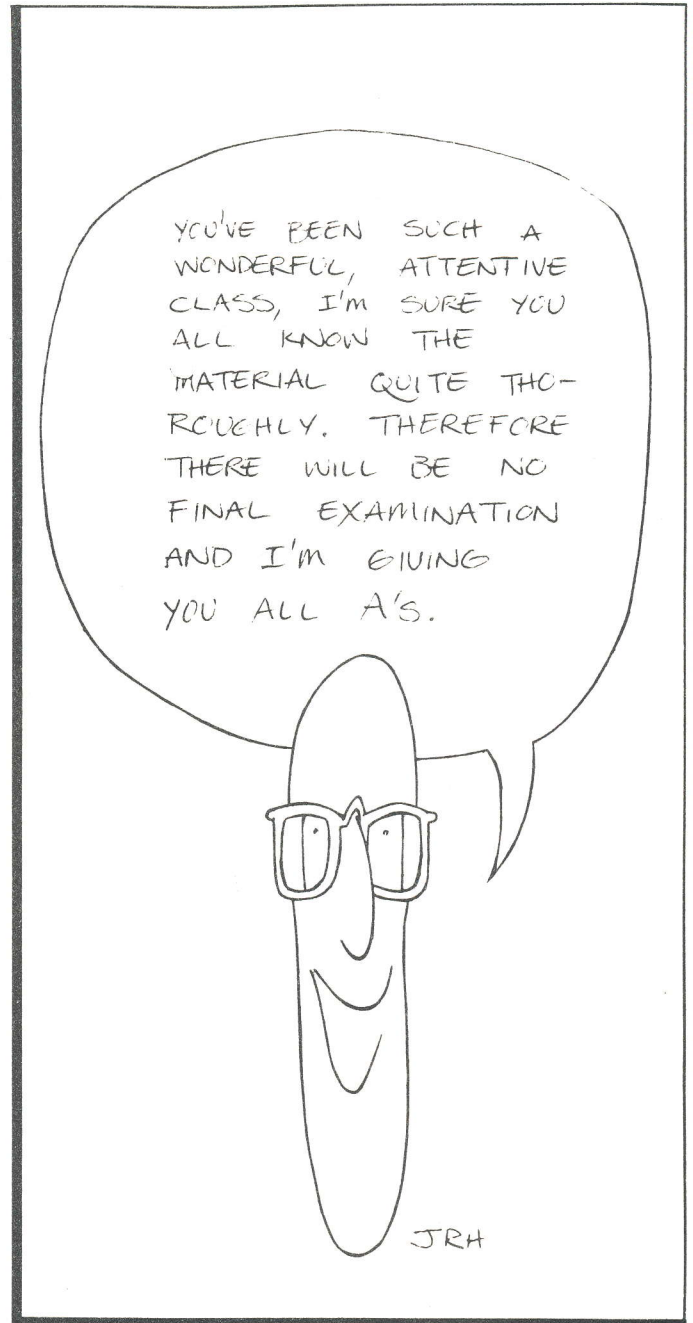
"Yeah," exclaimed Peter. "And Bobby and I found a big kettle of grape Kool-Aid left by some other campers that we can use for refreshments."

The industrious youngsters prepared the new lunch, and the two mountain men were finished just in time to join in the feast.

"How are you, Greg?" Mrs. Brady asked Greg, who seemed to be back to normal. He stared off into space with an empty grin on his face.

"Wow," he said. "That was better than spin-the-bottle."

Mr. Brady looked uncomfortable. "We'll talk about this later, young man," he said. After a big lunch, everyone decided to take naps. 





**1894-1978**



Norman  
Nockwell



# What Is Nice

Hello Socrates.

Good day, gentle Sterculius.

And how are you, Socrates?

Fine, thank you.

That's nice.

Excuse me, Sterculius, if I sound presumptuous, but your last statement indicates that you are a man of great knowledge.

Surely I do not know what you mean, Socrates.

A moment ago you said "that's nice" on hearing of my excellent health. If we may pursue this subject a little further I should like to know just what is nice for this is a subject which I have long pondered to ill avail.

Why, your good health, Socrates.

Yet is it not true, Sterculius, that a tune well-rendered on the lyre is nice as well?

Quite nice.

And the lyre itself is nice if for no other reason than its ability to make pleasing sound?

Yes.

And could we not go a step further and maintain that one's health is indicative of one's character? That is, if I am sick I have done wrong, if I am well I have acted virtuously. Does this not follow, Sterculius?

It does indeed, Socrates.

Then it clearly follows that if I am in good health I am nice. Yet we have determined that a lyre is nice. Thus we can conclude. . . .

We can conclude that you are a lyre!

I beg your pardon Sterculius. Why do you insist that I am a liar? Explain yourself carefully so that I may know.

Your own reasoning revealed it to be true but a moment ago, Socrates. But tarry, here comes fair Eohippus.

Good day Socrates and young Sterculius.

Pleasant greetings, Eohippus.

Have the gods favored you with a job yet, venerable Socrates?

No they have not, Eohippus. That is, not since the oracle of Apollo stated that I was the wisest man in all Athens.

Socrates is a lyre, Eohippus.

May I be thrown into the pit of Tartarus if it is not true!

But in our conversation a moment ago, Socrates, just before Eohippus came, you insisted it was not true.

I said no such thing Sterculius. You are putting lies in the mouth of one who is not a liar.

And now this! You are full of contradictions ( *βυλλισκίτ* ) today, Socrates. You are beginning to sound much like a Froshist.

Sterculius, I cannot see the logic of your reasoning. But let us not allow this to obscure our search for the greater truth: that is, What is nice?

I should like to offer a definition if I may, Socrates.

Please do, Eohippus, and with great haste, lest I should die before this seed has been planted in the fertile soil





which is my life thoughts. Not only have I pursued an answer to this question of what is nice, but I am warmed to know that I have finally met somebody who is clearly wiser than myself, for surely a far greater wisdom that I possess is necessary to arrive at this exquisite truth. You shall reign in my mind with the stature of a God, fair Eohippus, if you would please to tell me just what is nice so that I may become your disciple. Then if I do wrong I may tell people that Eohippus bade me do it for he is a greater and far wiser man than myself. For would not my accusers then be obliged to turn me loose and rather seek Eohippus for punishment and an explanation of my behavior? We must answer that they would indeed. Tell me then, Eohippus, what is nice?

*Eohippus died of boredom moments ago, Socrates.*

Who said that?

*Your internal oracle, Socrates.*

Who said what, Socrates?

My good Eohippus. I thought I heard a voice, but it was nothing. Pray tell me, what is nice? Tell us so that Sterculius and I shall know.

*And me too.*

Silence, Oracle!

But Socrates, I have not yet begun to speak.

No, go on Eohippus.

Are you well, Socrates? Perhaps you have had a bit too much of the demon spirit which steals men's minds.

You are quite right, Eohippus, but please to continue.

*Nice is a city in France.*

I do not know what you mean, Eohippus.

Possibly because I have not said anything. Socrates, you are drunk, although I must confess that I am surprised to hear myself say it.

*... but mice served in spice are twice as nice.*

Sterculius, did you say that?

No Socrates, but I'm afraid I must agree with Eohippus. You are beside yourself today. It were better than you go home.

I am not drunk, I tell you.

But a moment ago...

May we proceed to the question at hand? I would respond thusly, could we not also say the chicken soup with rice is very very nice? Indeed we could. You have offered a characteristic, not a quality, and this is what I truly desire to know.

I have offered you nothing, Socrates.

Nor I.

*The quality of niceness is not strained.*

Please to explain yourself more clearly.

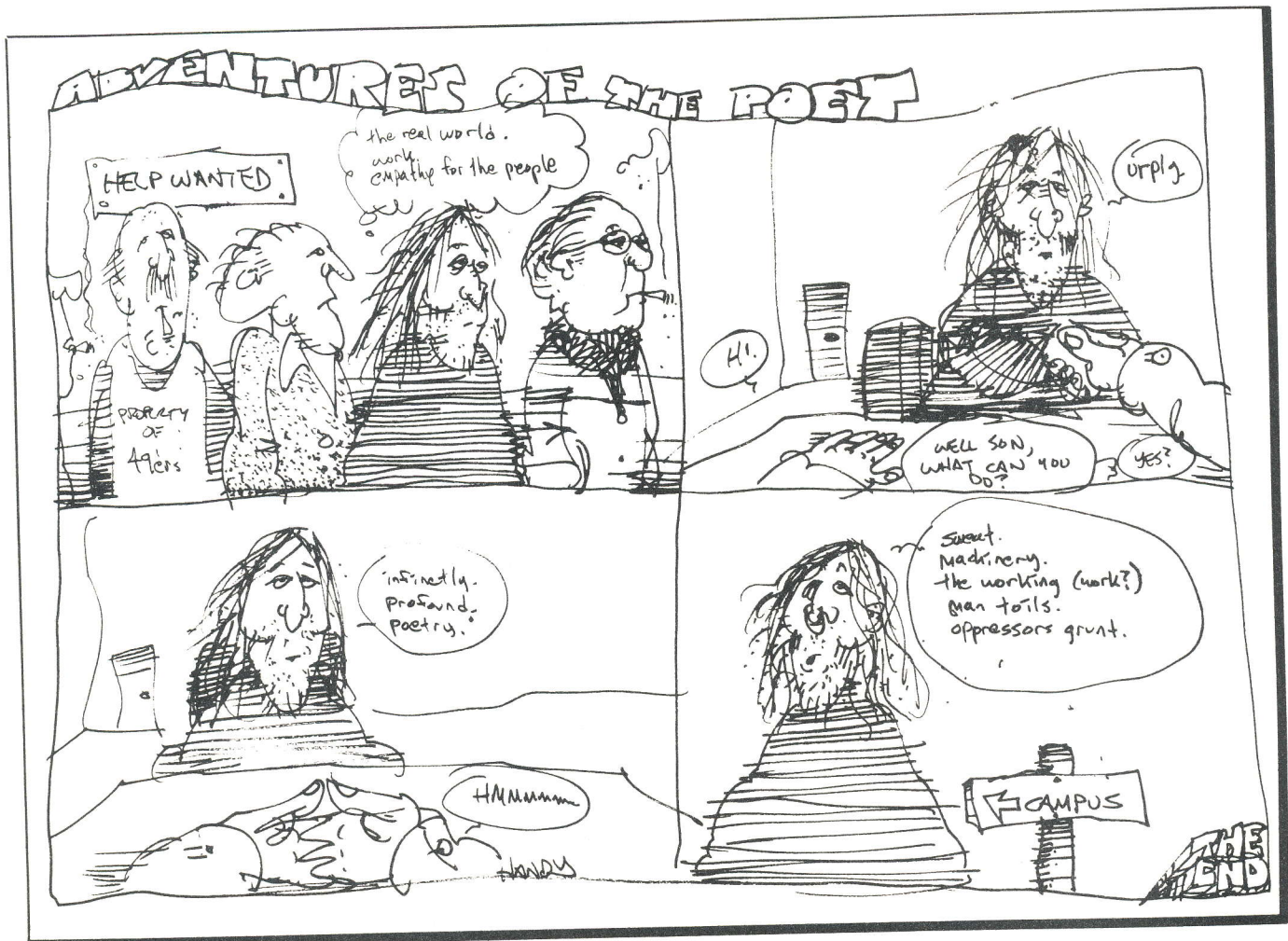
This is too much for me. I leave filled with great sadness. Good day, Socrates.

I too am sorry that things had to end thus. Good bye, Socrates.

*Can a man his own quietus make with a bare bodkin?*

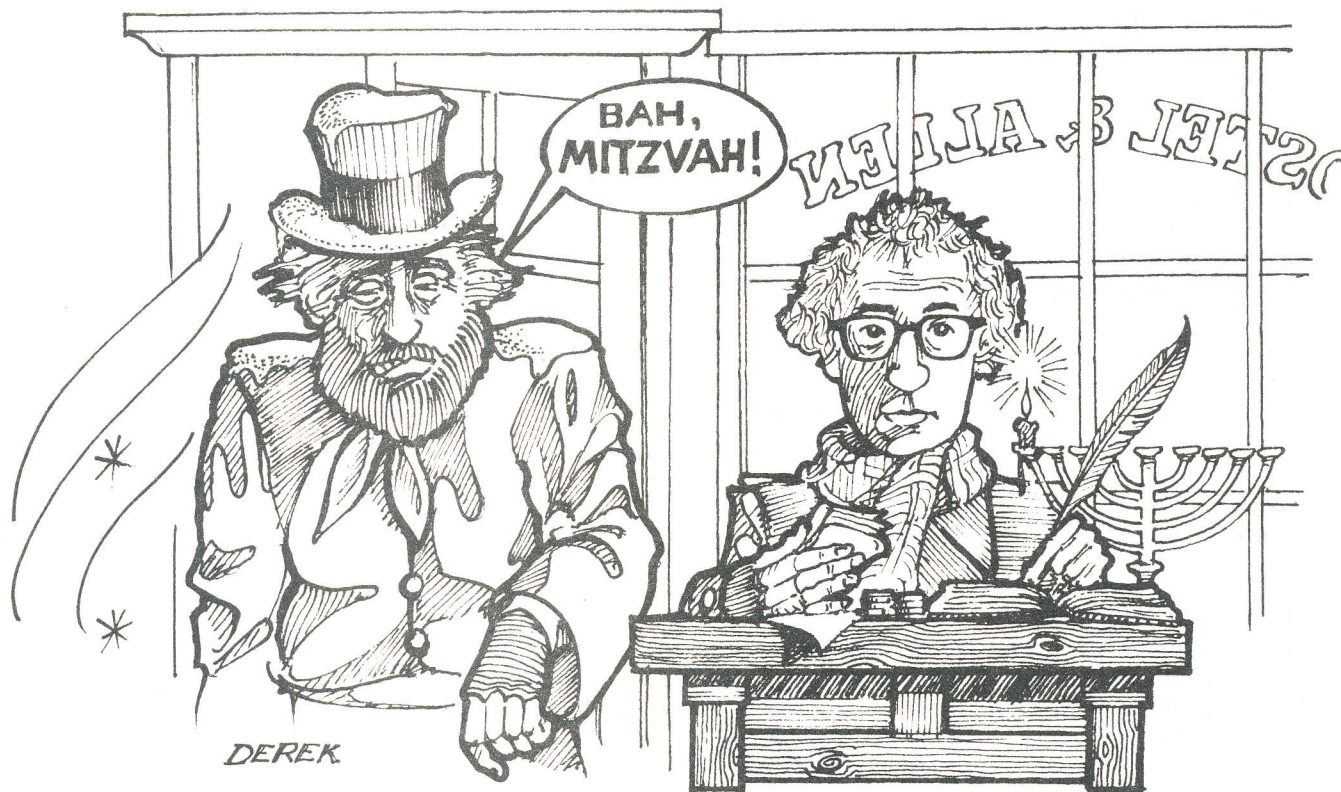
Indeed he can.

*And yet, could we not say...*





# A CHANUKA CAROL



## —Stave I—

They buried Gatsby that grey day in West Egg. There is no doubt whatever about that. The register of his burial was signed by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker, and the chief mourner. Meyer Wolfsheim signed. Once he and Gatsby had been partners, but Wolfsheim quickly had the windows of the office repainted to read "M. Wolfsheim; Stocks, Bonds, and Mutual Funds." And so Meyer Wolfsheim stepped up from side-street drugstores in Chicago, bootleg alcohol, and fixing World Series games to a respectable life swindling the elderly out of their life savings in shaky commodities deals.

The door of Meyer's small office was open so that he might keep his eye upon his clerk, Jake Goldstein, who was in his smaller, even more dismal office copying market quotations. Meyer's office was cold, but Jake Goldstein's was even colder. There wasn't much he could do about it as Meyer kept the thermostat locked up in his own office. So Jake Goldstein shivered in the draft and imaginatively

tried to warm himself over his forty watt desk lamp.

"A Happy Chanuka, Uncle! God save you!" cried the cheerful voice of Meyer's nephew, on his way out to a charity ball.

"Bah!" said Meyer Wolfsheim, "Chumbug."

For the Chanuka season, with its trappings of gaiety and festive feelings, served only to spurt the remnants of Meyer's conscience into action. And to counter these seasonal guilt pangs, Meyer's disposition took a decided turn for the worst.

He spied Jake Goldstein huddling over the desk lamp.

"Jake Goldstein! Turn off that desk lamp! Who pays the electric bills around here? Mein Gott, all that free sunlight and all he can think of is wasting money."

Wolfsheim walked across the office, threw the window open, and tossed the lamp thirty stories to the pavement below.

"And the temperature in this office! It feels like Miami Beach in August. Have you been tampering with the ther-



mostat behind my back? Answer me, you spineless gefilte fish!"

"No sir, Mr. Wolfsheim. . .," Jake Goldstein sputtered, "It's just that I find it hard to copy figures when I'm wearing gloves and it is ten below outside and, well, I thought. . . ."

"How many times do I have to tell you Goldstein, if I wanted you to think, I would pay you to think, not to copy figures from one set of books to another. Now get back to work. I'm docking you five minutes pay for this conversation."

"Oh Mr. Wolfsheim, before you go, one favor please. Could I please leave fifteen minutes early today in order to buy Chanuka presents for my poor destitute family who live in a tiny house in the Bronx and considering as how this is Saturday and it is six o'clock already and the stores won't be open much longer and I really would like to buy some Chanuka presents for them, especially poor Stumpy Sol."

"I have no pity for you Goldstein, or for your typical working class troubles. As a matter of fact, I despise you. You may leave now. You're fired."

"Oh thank you, Mr. Wolfsheim. I'm eternally grateful." Jake Goldstein groveled as he headed out the door.

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### Stave II

---

Jake Goldstein trudged through the newly fallen snow towards his house. Ahead he could see the electric ornament in the window spelling out "Happy Chanuka." Inside the house, Sophie Goldstein was washing the floor for the third time that day as the paper boy was coming around to collect that night and what would he think if the floor was dirty? The daughter, Menachem, was getting ready for her date that evening with a nice young pre-medical student from NYU. Stumpy Sol, the invalid son, was making obscene telephone calls from his iron lung. At least someone could enjoy the heavy breathing. Sophie had always thought that breathing was much too strenuous an activity for a young boy, and besides there was always the possibility he could pick up Polio in a Public Restroom so there was no sense taking chances, was there?

Jake Goldstein entered the tiny house and hung up his hat and overcoat. The door blew shut behind him.

"Jake Goldstein, you're home early! It's only eight o'clock!" Sophie cried from the kitchen where she was now making chicken soup.

"Yes dear, I was fired this evening by kind Mr. Wolfsheim."

"Oh Jake Goldstein, you schmuck, I told you you should have gone into business with my brother Sid. Now see what we've got — nothing. What will I tell the girls at B'nai B'rith?"

"Never mind dear, I'm sure we'll think of something."

"No, no, we're ruined. Our bills are months overdue, and tomorrow the electric company will turn off our power and heat, and that surely means the death of us all, especially Stumpy Sol. And on the first day of Chanuka no less!"

"I'm sure things will work out somehow . . . maybe a miracle will happen."

"A miracle? Here on 42nd Street? Nah."

Radiant young Menachem burst out of the bathroom.

"Goodbye Mama and Poppa . . . I'm off on my date with the sincere young pre-medical student."

"Outside it snows, and still she goes on the date," Sophie wailed, "Don't forget your rubbers!"

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### Stave III

---

Meyer Wolfsheim tossed and turned in the palatial mansion in West Egg. It used to belong to Daisy Buchanan, but she couldn't keep up the payments after Tom left her over that silly business about the motorcar. So Meyer foreclosed on the mortgage and turned her out into the snow.

The clock struck midnight, and still Meyer Wolfsheim could not sleep.

"Chumbug," he said. "This doesn't seem kosher to me."

And a distant voice responded "Right you are, Meyer Wolfsheim, this is the Ghost of Chanuka Past."

"Ghost, shmost. . . . I don't see no white sheets or hear any clanking chains. What kind of ghost do you call that?"

"Look, I don't complain. Frankly, Meyer, it's a job and times are tough. I try, but cranks like you sure make things tough on a guy trying to earn a living."

"Alright, alright . . . so give me the lecture already."

Jay Gatsby appeared in the corner.

Meyer sat up abruptly.

"Gatsby! You're looking well. God, what a sharp linen suit. How much did it set you back? I could've gotten it for you wholesale."

Gatsby spoke in a hollow voice. "Meyer, remember the Chanuka parties we used to have here in West Egg? A crop of caterers would come down with enough colored lights to make a giant Chanuka bush of my enormous gardens. Buffet tables were laden with glistening hors-d'oeuvre, dark salads of harlequin designs and turkeys bewitched to a dark gold. God that Fitzgerald knew how to write. But always, as the orchestra played yellow cocktail music and the lights grew brighter as the earth lurches away from the sun; the bar in full swing, floating rounds of cocktails permeating the garden outside, always someone would ask the question. Meyer Wolfsheim? No, he's a gambler."

Gatsby hesitated and then added coolly: "He's the man who fixed the World Series back in 1919."

Meyer Wolfsheim sat up in bed. "Gatsby, Gatsby . . . explain it to me . . . what does it mean?"

But Gatsby was gone, sent to the bottom of his Italian tile swimming pool by the bereaved Wilson.

As the hours til dawn slid slowly past, Meyer Wolfsheim was troubled by a nightmare, in which he saw The Ghost of Chanuka Presents.

"Uncle Meyer, please buy me the chocolate Monopoly game I saw on the first page of the Neiman-Marcus catalog. Only six hundred bucks."

"Uncle Meyer, buy me a Porsche 928. Silver, with a sunroof."

"A stereo system."

"Cash."

"A trip to Acapulco. Everyone's going."

"Stanford tuition."

At that, Meyer Wolfsheim woke up with his heart aquiver.

"What do you think I'm made out of, money? Lyman, you goniff, eight thousand a year? Maybe I should get into



the education racket myself.”

The first light of dawn appeared in the east, but still Meyer Wolfsheim could not sleep. A tapping on his front door drew him downstairs. A cleancut young man with a badge was standing on the porch.

“Mr. Wolfsheim? I’m the Ghost of Chanuka Futures, provided by the Internal Revenue Service.”

“Is this what you bums do with my tax moneh?”

“Interesting that you should say that sir, as our records show that you haven’t paid any taxes over the last twenty years.”

“There must be some mistake. See my accountant.”

“I’m sorry Mr. Wolfsheim, you don’t get an accountant.”

“What are you talking about?”

“Mr. Wolfsheim, you’re in serious trouble. No donations to charity, no alms for the poor, not giving Jake Goldstein a promotion, no immediate family, and kicking your dog, just to name a few offenses.”

“Ah, my lawyer will get me off. I’ll plea bargain to a lesser charge.”

“I’m sorry Mr. Wolfsheim, God doesn’t plea bargain. So long for now. I’m sure we’ll be meeting again soon . . . perhaps very soon.”

The clean cut young man turned and walked down the driveway and disappeared into the early morning fog.

#### Stave IV

It was dark and cold in Jake Goldstein’s house on the first night of Chanuka. Jake and Sophie huddled over the menorah and its two feeble candles. Stumpy Sol wheezed in the background. Menachem had run off with the sincere young pre-medical student.

All of the Goldsteins’ earthly possessions had been sold, or burnt in the fireplace for warmth. Nothing was left in the house except for a few dried beans and a plastic dreidl. Jack and Sophie were spinning the plastic top to decide how to split up the last remaining beans.

“Hay. Give me half.”

“Double or nothing?”

At that moment a tapping came at the door. Jake and Sophie Goldstein, expecting that the Sheriff’s deputies had at last come to turn them out into the snowy night, remained silent.

“Jake Goldstein, Jake Goldstein, open up. It’s me, Meyer Wolfsheim.”

Jake Goldstein quickly sprang to open the door, and there was Meyer Wolfsheim, filled with Chanuka spirit as no one had seen the likes of before. In his hands were Chanuka presents for the family, a fat roast goose, plenty of cranberry dressing, potato latkes, blintzes with sour cream, noodle kugle, macaroons, and hot borscht. Best of all, thoughtful Meyer Wolfsheim had brought a portable electric generator for Stumpy Sol.

“Gosh thanks Mr. Wolfsheim,” Sol wheezed.

“I was just in the neighborhood and thought I’d drop in and see the place, Jake,” said Meyer Wolfsheim sheepishly.

Jake Goldstein pumped Meyer Wolfsheim’s hand.

“I don’t know how to thank you, Mr. Wolfshiem.”

“Oh Jake Goldstein, you are my loyal employee and

like family to me. I came by to tell you that you’re rehired at double your old salary.”

As Sophie served the Chanuka dinner, Meyer Wolfsheim entertained Sol with tales of Sam the Chanuka Man and Mutual Fund pools.

After dinner, the happy four gathered in front of the Chanuka bush Meyer Wolfsheim had brought and sang carols.

“I had a little dreidl,

I made it out of clay . . .

And when it’s dry and ready,

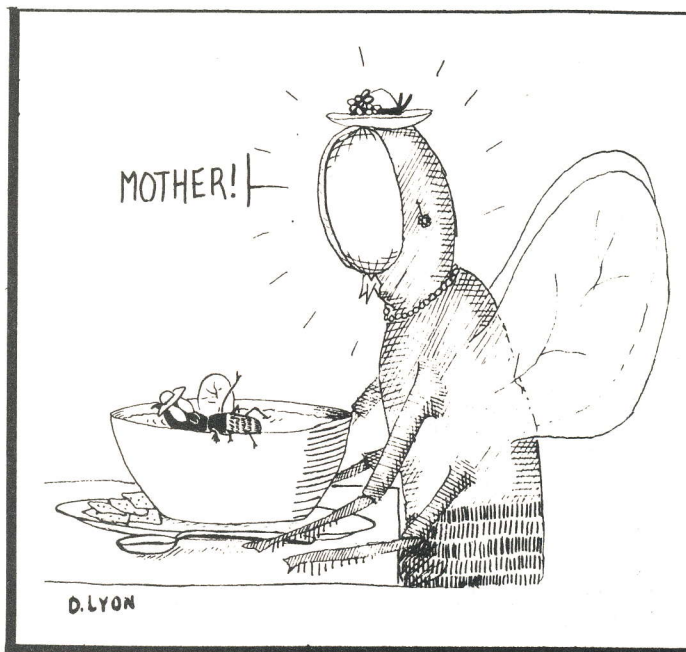
then dreidl I shall play. . .”

Meyer Wolfsheim’s eyes glistened as he remembered the dreidls he used to play with as a boy in the old country. Then the Great Idea hit his cash register-like mind. Americans love to gamble, and what better way than by spinning a top with cryptic Hebrew letters on it. Why Meyer Wolfsheim had just outcrapped craps!

#### Stave the Last

The window on the office has been repainted once again, to read “Wolfsheim and Goldstein’s Dreidl Emporium.” Yes, dreidl mania was sweeping the country, with parlors from Miami Beach to Vegas, inspiring three Robert Stigwood films, and a TV series called “High Rollers.” Jake Goldstein had become a millionaire practically overnight and had moved into the old Gatsby mansion in West Egg. Sophie Goldstein was overjoyed at having six acres of linoleum to wax every day. Fortune had even smiled on Stumpy Sol, who had moved from his Iron Lung to an electric wheelchair. He could even roll out on the dock and look at the green light on the end of Daisy’s dock. Gatsby believed in the green light, the orgiastic future that year by year recedes before us. It eluded us then, it eludes us now, but that’s no matter — tomorrow we will run faster, stretch our arms farther . . . And one fine morning—

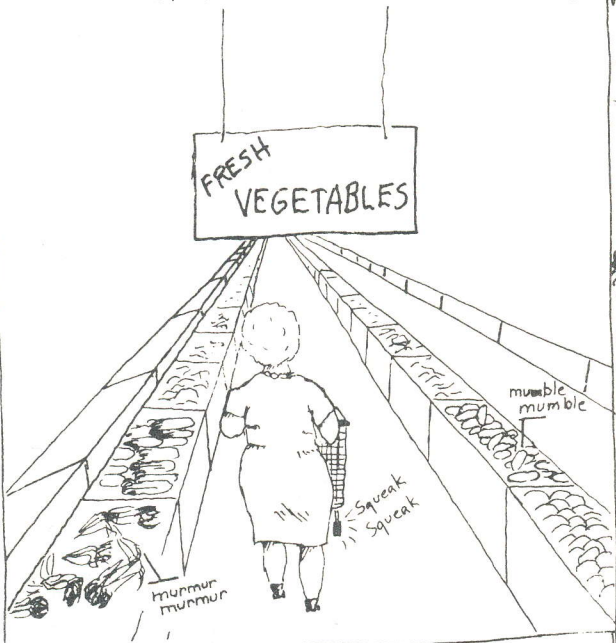
So we beat on, boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past. And a lone figure stands on the end of the dock.





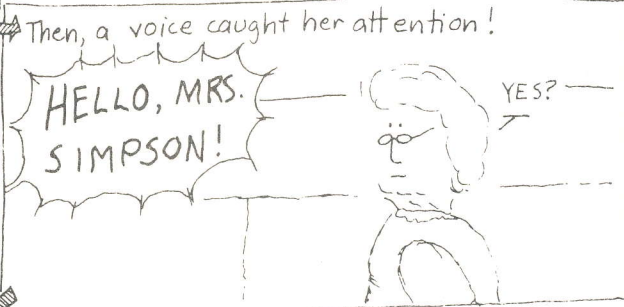
# INCIDENT IN A GROCERY STORE BY D. LYON

On Oct. 17, a Saturday, Mrs. Simpson went on her usual shopping rounds at the AP in Greenburg

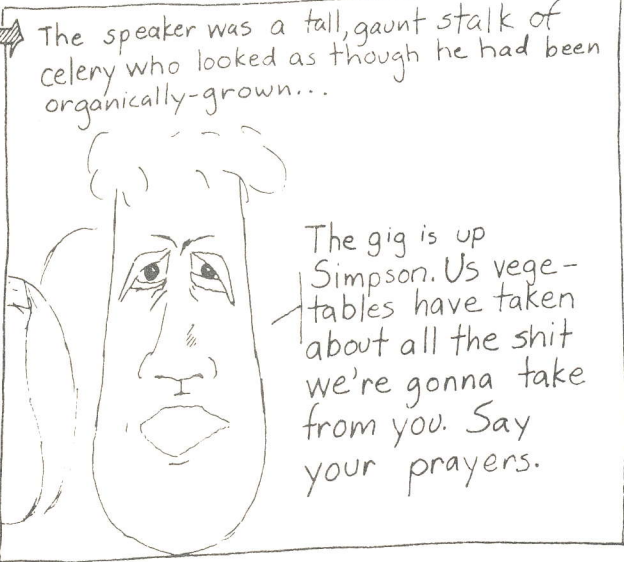
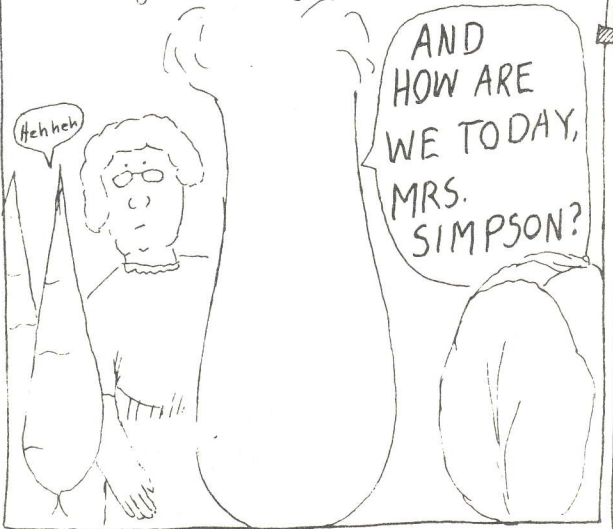


Nothing unusual about the day, oh, maybe she was buying a bit more butter than normal, what with the cakes she was making and all, but nothing substantially different... Except for a noise, a small, uninteresting whispering coming from the vegetable freezer. If Mrs Simpson had been a bit more attentive, or if the wheel on her cart hadn't been squeaking quite so loudly she may have heard this noise...

and then a shuffling sound. But she didn't. She just kept on wheeling her squeaky grocery cart through the supermarket labyrinth.



It was a group of vegetables!





But what have I done?  
 ... asked Mrs. Simpson, and the vegetables recounted the seemingly innocent statements she once had made...

"No, these carrots are tough!"

"No, I don't like asparagus"

"No, this lettuce is withered."

"No, this eggplant is too expensive"  
 Such things are common talk in any grocery store. But in the freezer, where vegetables sit for days, having only their self-pride to hold on to...

Such statements burn like no oven can...  
 Put a sack over her head!  
 Bitch!  
 Bruise her!  
 Let's knock on her head and see if she's ripe!

Long, tedious hours in the deepfreeze had changed the normally docile vegetables — their hearts had become crisp, their reason — overpowered. They had become a dangerous homicidal vegetable mob, a revenger of past produce abuse — and they had picked Mrs. Simpson as their unfortunate victim...

Needless to say, Mrs. Simpson was scared.  
 She turned to run...

But stepped on an uninvolved banana...  
 SPLUT!  
 CRIPES!

AND FELL!  
 Squeak  
 Squeak

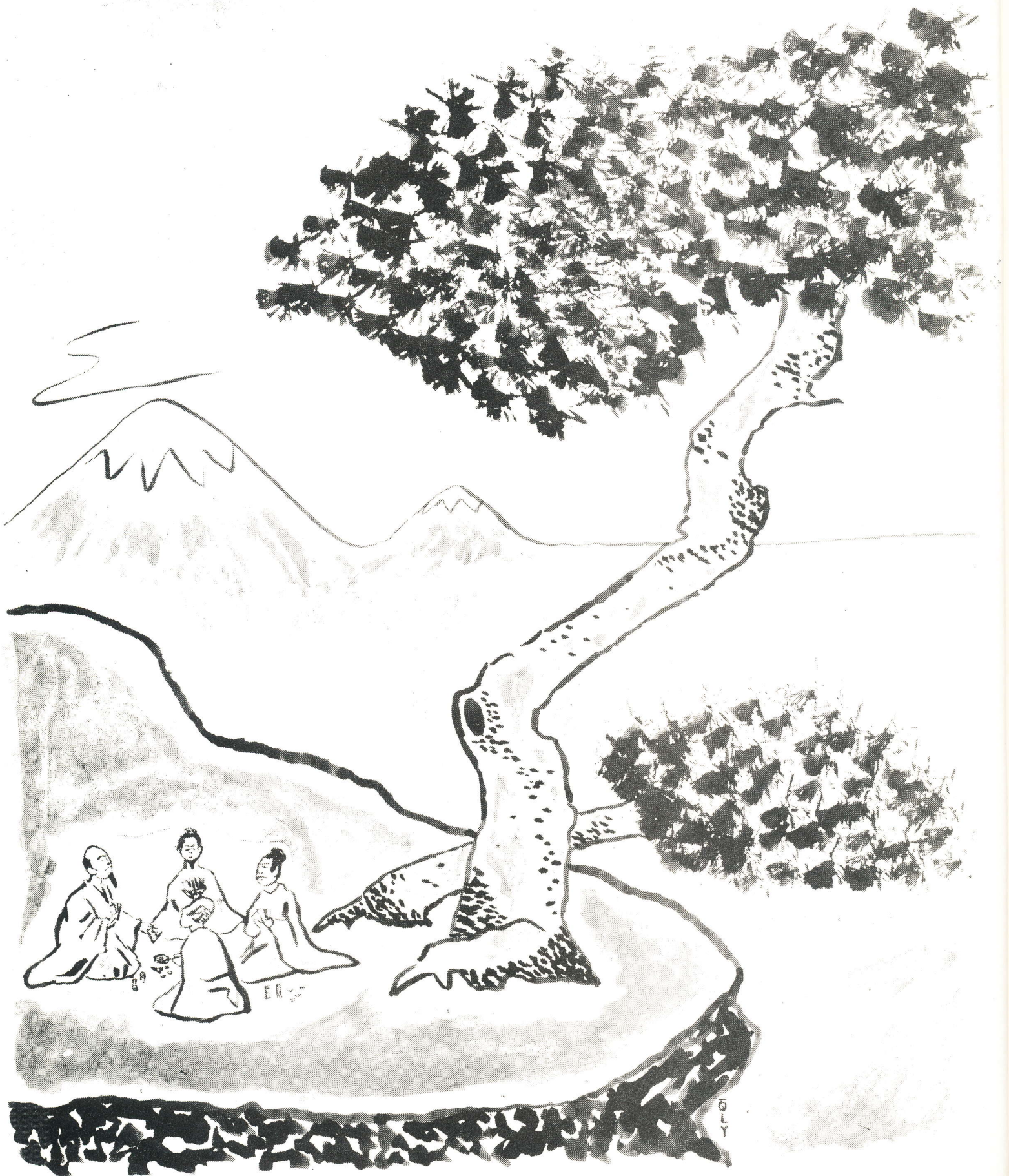
Squeak  
 Squeak

Mrs. Simpson was old; the floor was hard. The fall dealt a blow to her head that killed her instantly...

Gee!

The vegetables returned to their bins, trying to forget their awful crime, trying to believe they weren't responsible. When the authorities found the body and pieced together the story, they had no choice but to destroy every vegetable in the store and hope that it would never happen again. The End







# TAO TE CHING

The Tao Te Ching, an obsolete yet infinitely practical book, is practically infinite in its scope. Written a really long time ago by Lao Tzu, the work has been translated more frequently than any other work except the Bible and, possibly, Love Story.

The philosophy of Lao Tzu is simple: Life is a doughnut. The sage dunks himself into the coffee of existence. While the doughnut soaks in the espresso of life, and slowly crumbles to the bottom of the cup, the hole does not get wet. Tao, then, is the whole, where the hole is equal to some of its parts. Tao is wholesome.

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The questions are many:

What is life?  
Where can happiness be found?  
Which path must one pave to attain the truth?  
How many roads must a man walk down,  
Before you call him a man?

---

An object is an entity, a one.  
Add another object and they are two.  
Another 9998 objects  
And we have the ten thousand things.

---

He who sees, does not look.  
He who hears, does not listen.  
He who tastes, does not consume.  
He who touches, does not feel.  
He who smells, does not bathe.

---

Tao does not define man.  
Tao does not define life.  
Tao does not define the world.  
Tao does not define the universe.  
Tao does not do much.

---

Life is a lie.  
In death there is truth:  
Dead men tell no lies.

---

“That which is” is not.  
What is not cannot be.  
Can a bee not be a bee?

---

The essence of Tao  
Is an expensive gift.


---

He who speaks of Tao, cannot know Tao.  
He who cannot speak of Tao, gesticulates.

---

Knowledge is present yet unseen.  
We have it yet our pockets are empty.  
We know not what we know,  
Yet we know not what we know not.  
No, not.

---

In the beginning: nothing.  
Several days later the Tao.  
The Tao defined the ten thousand things.  
Without Tao the ten thousand things could not be.  
Without dictionaries reality would cease to exist. 



## **BOOK REVIEW:**

# **We All Make Mistakes**

Every cloud has a silver lining and, according to History Professor Knead Tinyeer, author of the new bestseller "We All Make Mistakes," history's lining must be brought out more into the limelight. In his new book, Tinyeer expounds on history from the dawn of time to the present with a fresh approach which is sure to be popular with the post-Watergate generation. "History," he writes in the introduction, "has been, for the most part, a downer; a tool wielded by mankind of various generations to lay-down guilt trips and create negative energies. We need to be nicer and more considerate of our pasts." The following are excerpts from several chapters of "We All Make Mistakes" (i,219 pp., Stanford University Press, \$16.98).

### **EARLY CONQUERORS**

... and yet no one realizes that Ghengis Khan and Attila the Hun were both honored noblemen, knew how to play chess and had proud parents (Ghengis, it is said, once gave his adoring mother 200,000 Ukrainians on her birthday) ... These men were both true warriors of heart who gave many rather boring cultures, such as Lithuania, some interesting stories to tell their children if, of course, they survived.

### **THE CRUSADES**

The worst aspect of the Crusades was that neither side had invented gunpowder, which unfortunately, can't be blamed on anyone. As a result, conflicts were drawn out and of no value at all. The Crusades did, however, deplete the world population of Turks and make modern man appreciate the beauty of nuclear weaponry once he got around to discovering it (see Chapter XXIII: Hiroshima and a Sayonara to Arms).



## VARIOUS PLAGUES

Nobody can deny that the plagues were unpleasant, but most seem not to understand where we'd be without them . . . I don't pretend to, and yet I know, through applying the lessons of history, that it would be somewhere else . . .

## U.S. WESTWARD MOVEMENT

The extermination of millions of Native Americans during westward expansion is a feather in everyone's guilt cap in this day and age. One gets the impression that greedy white men eagerly pushed their red brothers into Eternal Wampum? Nothing could be more distorted! Anthropologists and Freudian psychologists have now discovered through reanalysis of Native American cave and color-by-number paintings that the poor devils suffered from a mammoth death wish. And, when one looks at the facts, one can see that only a group with serious psychological abnormalities would fight against guns with crude spears, bows and arrows . . . Another interesting theory on the slaughter of the Native American people is that this type of thing just tended to happen at this point in U.S. history. Look what happened to Custer, and he just asked for a trim on the sides. Yes, in many ways it is easy to see that the case of the American Indian is best summed up by the Frenchman who said "Que sera, sera."

## NAZI GERMANY

Adolph Hitler has been greatly maligned and misunderstood by historians, mainly because he does not conform to the current popular idea of a "nice guy." It is too easily forgotten that Hitler brought the European peoples together from France to western Russia with the enchantingly efficient "Blitzkrieg," an international block party. With his friends the Japanese, "The Nicest Nazi," as he was affectionately called, struggled to establish a forerunner of the United Nations called "The Axis." Unfortunately, the noble gesture was defeated, just as Woodrow Wilson's "League of Nations," another idea ahead of its time, was bilked by lesser minds.

Adolph governed Germany with progressive-minded, activist policies, literally pulling the charming land of buxom maidens and beersteins up by its bootstraps after a dismal World War I setback. The adored Fuhrer campaigned for cleanliness, increasing Germany's soap production a hundredfold and requiring showers for much of the populace . . . On top of all this, Adolph was also the consummate entertainer, billed as "The Beer Hall Putz," his manic brand of vaudevillian slapstick was often said to be "hypnotic and persuasive." To cheer up the masses, he often staged large rallies that consisted of spirit raising yells and precision dancing . . . backed by his show-stealing back-up group, "The Gestapo," Adolph brought Three-Stooges type merriment to millions.

Few realize that today's racial awareness movements are a direct result of Adolph's policies: the merry guru taught us that we are not a great melting pot, but rather a world composed of many distinct nationalities. Jews especially benefitted from Adolph's philosophy, proudly celebrating their ethnicity by tattooing serial numbers on their forearms, much in the same way that Black Americans of the '60s let their "afros" grow out. . . .



## THE 60s IN THE UNITED STATES

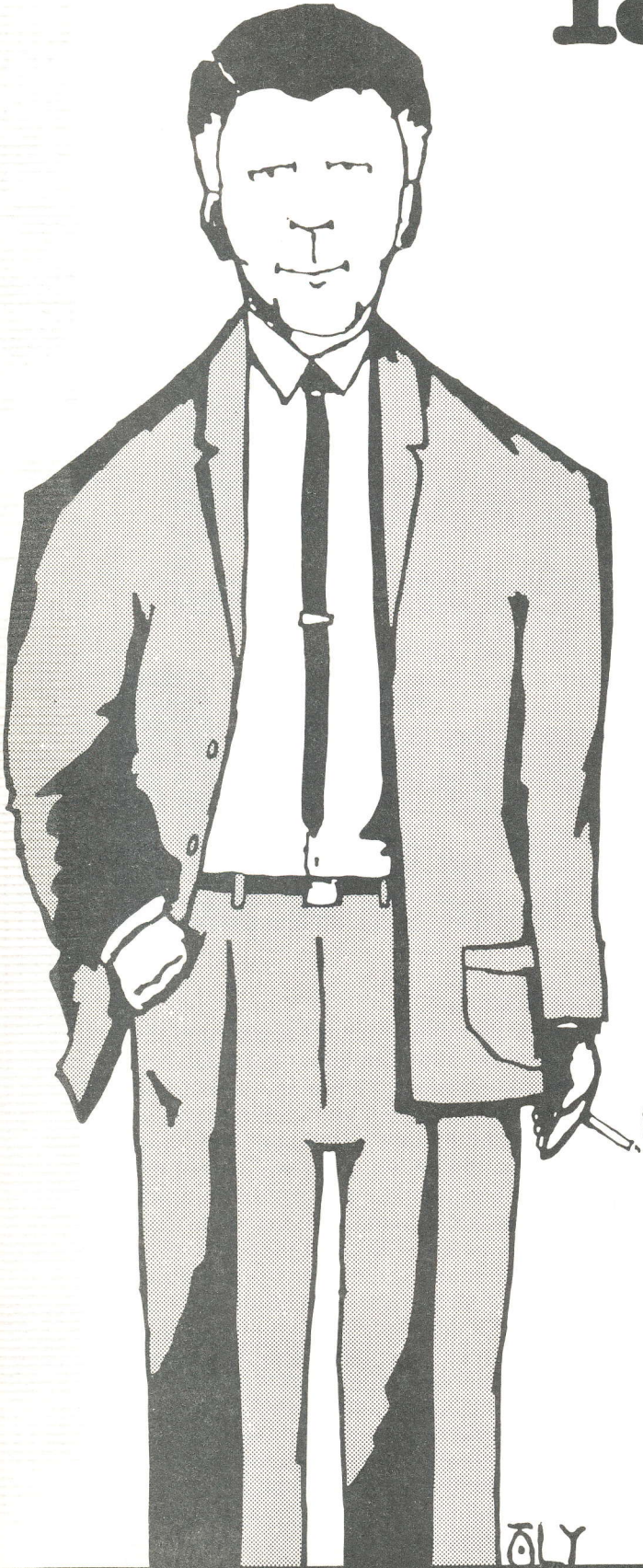
It is amazing how the sixties are written off by so many as a complete loss of a decade. Certainly, events such as Kent State, a long war (see Chapter XXXVI: The Mai Lai Massacre: Oops) and the assassinations of a few important leaders put a damper on things, but overlooked are the important cultural events that blessed our nation during this veritable renaissance. Being dirty was no longer disgusting; it became a way of life. Pontiac came out with the GTO (in 1963, coincidentally) and the word "Groovy" merged with the English language . . . The list goes on and on.

## THE VIETNAM WAR

Granted, not very many nice things happened in the Vietnam War. Millions of American boys were killed and the fact still remains: we lost our first war as a nation. But this, interestingly enough, is why it was such a good experience. The way things look now, the next war will be an important one *without precedent*, and we'll need all the wisdom and experience, learned only through hard trial, that we can get. Through losing we realize that something is wrong with our game plan and, after adjusting it, we come back roaring like never before! An empirical example of this is the Stanford Indians' football season of 1959. As a graduate student at this university, I saw the team win their first six games, only to lose the seventh to Oregon State University. We were concerned, for the most important game of all the season lay just around the corner. As it turned out, we didn't need to worry, just as many political scientists and historians today are uselessly concerned about our current nuclear deadlock with the U.S.S.R: The Indians beat the Bears by 24 points and kept the axe.



# later days.



Removed from reality, Stephen smiled to himself and chuckled. "Hmmm," he thought, "Sometimes I can't believe how sharp I am."

He slipped the smoking revolver back into his trouser pocket. A content man of forty-one, Stephen prided himself as he stepped over the body and reached for the phone. "I've gotta lose some weight," he grumbled in a low, husky tone. True, he was about five or six pounds too heavy, but Stephen was still an attractive man. The secretaries at the office often commented on how he looked so much like Marcello Mastroianni. He dialed.

"Hello . . . police? . . . Yes, I've just killed a woman . . . yessir, I'll stay right here . . . The address is 1507 South Ardmore Avenue . . . yes, that's Downtown L.A. . . . Thanks."

Stephen put the receiver down. "Hmmm," he mused as he looked down at the *Times*, "I haven't read Alley Oop yet." He sat down in his black leather reclining chair and leaned back until the chair opened to its fullest. He thumbed the paper open to the funny pages.

1964 had been a good year. Don Schollander won four gold medals in the Tokyo Olympics. The Beatles made their first film; Stephen saw it twice. Harpo Marx died, and that really hurt. "He was better than Groucho," Stephen always said.


He lay the paper flat on his lap. 1965 promised to be a good year. And, if one could judge by the New Year's bash at the office, 1965 should be a *great* year. Stephen still had a slight hangover even though it was three in the afternoon.

"That Ingrid," he murmured wistfully, glancing at the woman on the floor. He got up from the chair, knelt down beside her, and kissed her on the back of her head: "Best damned secretary I've ever had." There was a knock on the door.

"Yes," said Stephen as he got back into his chair and pulled his revolver out.

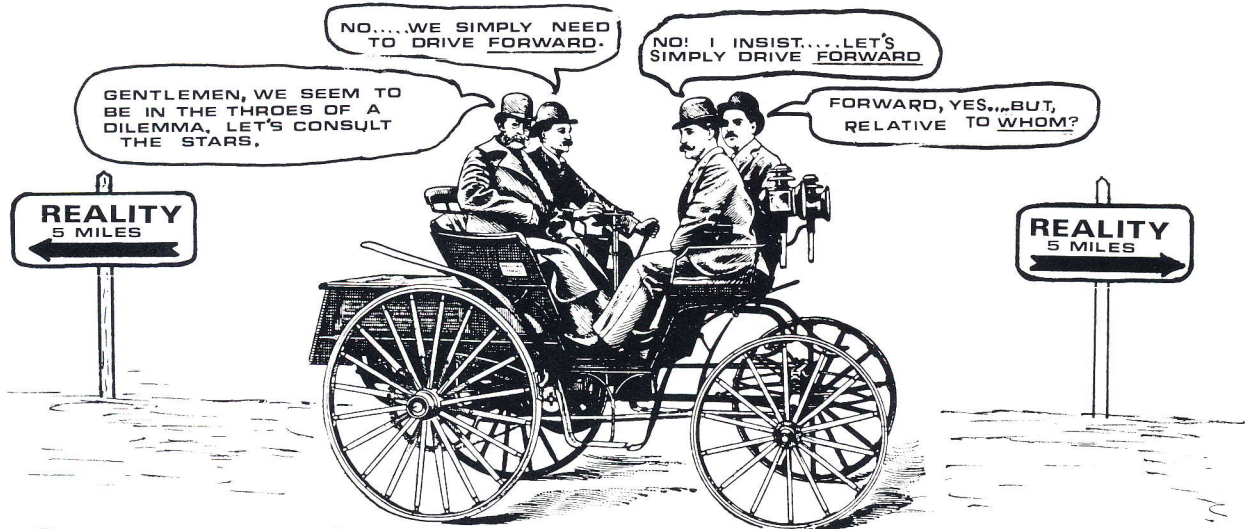
"Police," came the reply.

"Come in." He put the barrel of the gun into his mouth. His lips caressed the still warm metal. Stephen closed his limpid, brown eyes.

The turn-out was amazing. All of Stephen's friends and relatives were there, and as he had plenty of both, Saint Thomas Church had never been so packed. Stephen was laid out in a favorite grey suit that he had bought when he had gone to Italy last summer. The casket was open; his face was still intact even though Stephen had blown off the back of his head. Father Prietto said lovely things about Stephen, and the women wept. Stephen smiled to himself and chuckled. 1965 was going to be a great year. 



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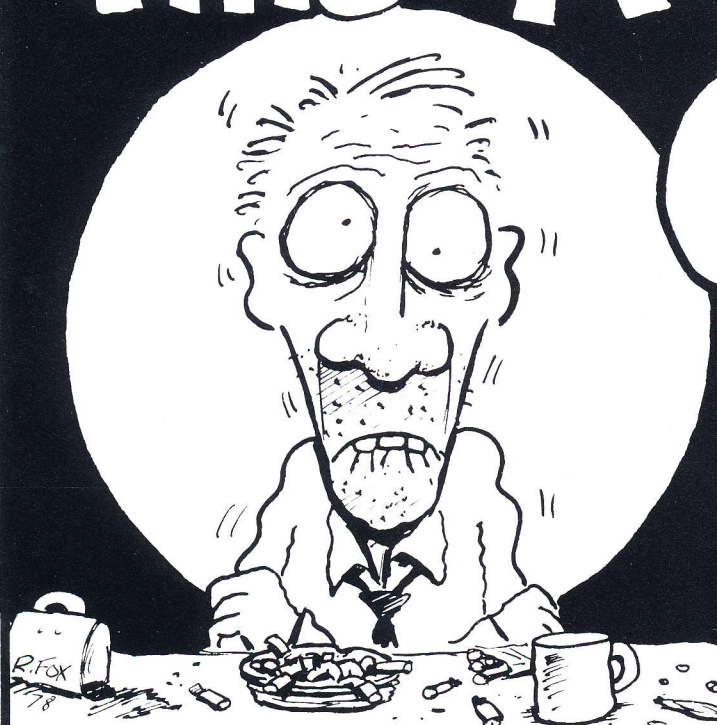


# THIS MAN CAN'T

# COPE

# WITH THE

# 70'S



HE'S TRIED **DRUGS** HE'S TRIED  
**RELIGION** HE'S TRIED T.M., T.A.,  
EST., ECK, CHANTING, JOGGING, P.T.A.,  
THINKING, **WORKING**, EVEN **TELEVISION**.  
BUT NOTHING COULD HELP THIS MAN COPE  
UNTIL THE DAY HE WANDERED INTO A WEIRD  
STORE AND DISCOVERED THE  
WORLD OF...

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