

Aunt Vera's Psychosis

by L. V. Blofeld

Poor Aunt Vera! Huh? Well like the old doll really flipped this time. You wanna h- about it? Crazy!

It probably started with her birth trauma, but it would take too long to go into all th psychoanalytic jazz. Anyway, when she was sixteen . . . no, maybe that wasn't really signi cant. In fact, the poor old cat didn't really start to display symptoms of chronic "dem-pre until about a year ago, when the Metropolitan Civil Defence Committee circulated the bullet "Civil Defence Survival Instructions." You read it? No! Man . . . better get a copy.

Evacuate

It said 'Evacuate' . . . you know, like blow. It said 'Know your route' . . . you know, like get the picture. (Yeah, all those crazy little blue-yellow tree signs.) It said "Get a Survival Kit" . . . like you could copeadaptinte-grate in post-attackville.

So Auntie went all-out and bought the works . . . a sheet of canvas; rope; axe, shovel, hammer, and nails; a blanket; matches and old newspapers; candles, flashlight with battery and a lantern; 2 quarts of coal oil in cans; a tin box (for family heirlooms); towels, soap, toothbrush, comb, pail 'n' things; a box of nourishing tinned foods; 4 gallons of water; general utility pot and pan (so the clerk sold her a Barbeque); transistor radio and a first-aid kit. Like wild, huh?

You think that's all? No man! Then there was a haversack, 2 pairs of wool socks, a sweater, a can opener, a pocket knife, spare shoes, and a light weight rain-coat. Wow!

Barry Oldwater's Book

She added two items of her own. A book entitled 'How to Identify Communist Spies by the Infra-human Thought-Waves Emitted by their Bestial Asiatic Minds,' by Barry Oldwater (published in Washington, D.C.). Another entitled 'Gumption: A Disertation on Gumption Thinking, and How It Can Enable You to Survive a Nuclear War,' by J.W. Fallace, Acting Fourth Assistant Director for Emergency Measures, Ottawa, D.C. . . . er, no, Ontario.

I mean I practically disintegrated when I saw all this equipment in Auntie's pad, but I told her that it really was the most. A week later she asked me to come see her wagon.

A cool 1600cc Super Porsche, with a rack on top and a trailer behind. Aunt Vera figured she would be the first cat to blow - er, evacuate, if the sirens sound-ed.

Excavate

O.K.! So then what happened? So then last summer Diefchief urged all good cats to build FOPs (fall-out pads). Being true-blue, U.E.L., I.O.D.E., 'n' everything, what else could she do but dig. I mean, like dig the message.

The bull-dozers, and the shovels and the concrete mixers, and the workmen, and the engineers, and the inspectors, and the city tax assessors 'n' all were kept busy. Finally Auntie's FOP was ready . . . real cool too, complete with radio, hi-fi, 4 weeks' supply of food, books, a sheet of canvas; rope; axe, shovel, hammer, and nails . . . and, well you know all that other jazz a FOP needs. I mean, it was way-out!

The Porsche? Sold it. The trailer? Sold that too. 'Better to hibernate than to blow' . . . and Diefchief said it, and she did it. Not exactly, I mean, but she was prepared to do it.

The Mayor Said It

O.K.! Then on January 16th she read that it was really better to blow after all . . . the Mayor said it. And you know what Auntie did? No kidding, she had the bulldozers, and the shovels, and the concrete mixers, and the workmen, and the engineers, and the inspectors, and the city tax assessors 'n' all come back to her pad. This time, to be doubly sure, she planned to build a tunnel from her FOP to . . . well this was how the trouble arose.

Auntie wanted it to pass under city-hall, Province House, and then to continue up to and under Parliament Hill. Why? Well, like I said, she was a real phycho case 'n' everything, and in her own demented words:

'Last Spring They said 'Evacuate.' Last Summer They said 'Excavate.' This Winter They said 'Evacuate.' I say they are all pixilated . . . and I am going to eliminate Them before They pixilate everyone.'

"Like . . . how eliminate?" I said.

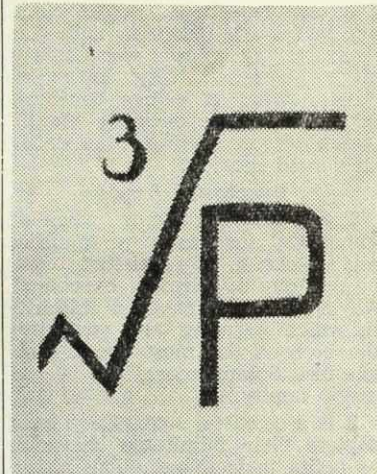
'Like I'm going to blow-up those morons in city-hall and Province House and Parliament Buildings, before They change Their minds again.'

'Aunt Vera!' I exclaimed. 'They are not morons. They are our Leaders . . . our altruistic and intellectual elite. And anyway, They haven't changed Their minds. This month's policy is merely the result of a 're-orientation of the basic concepts of civilian defence posture necessitated by a re-appraisal of Gumption, and how it will enable people to survive a nuclear attack.' Surely you can understand that?'

But no, Auntie just didn't dig the scene . . . imagine! So we had to have her taken away to Schizoville, where she spends 8 hours a day running around the ward making like a Porsche, 8 hours making like she's building a FOP, and 8 hours are spent quietly under sedation. Poor, psychotic, mixed-up old doll, huh?



Building Auntie's FOP



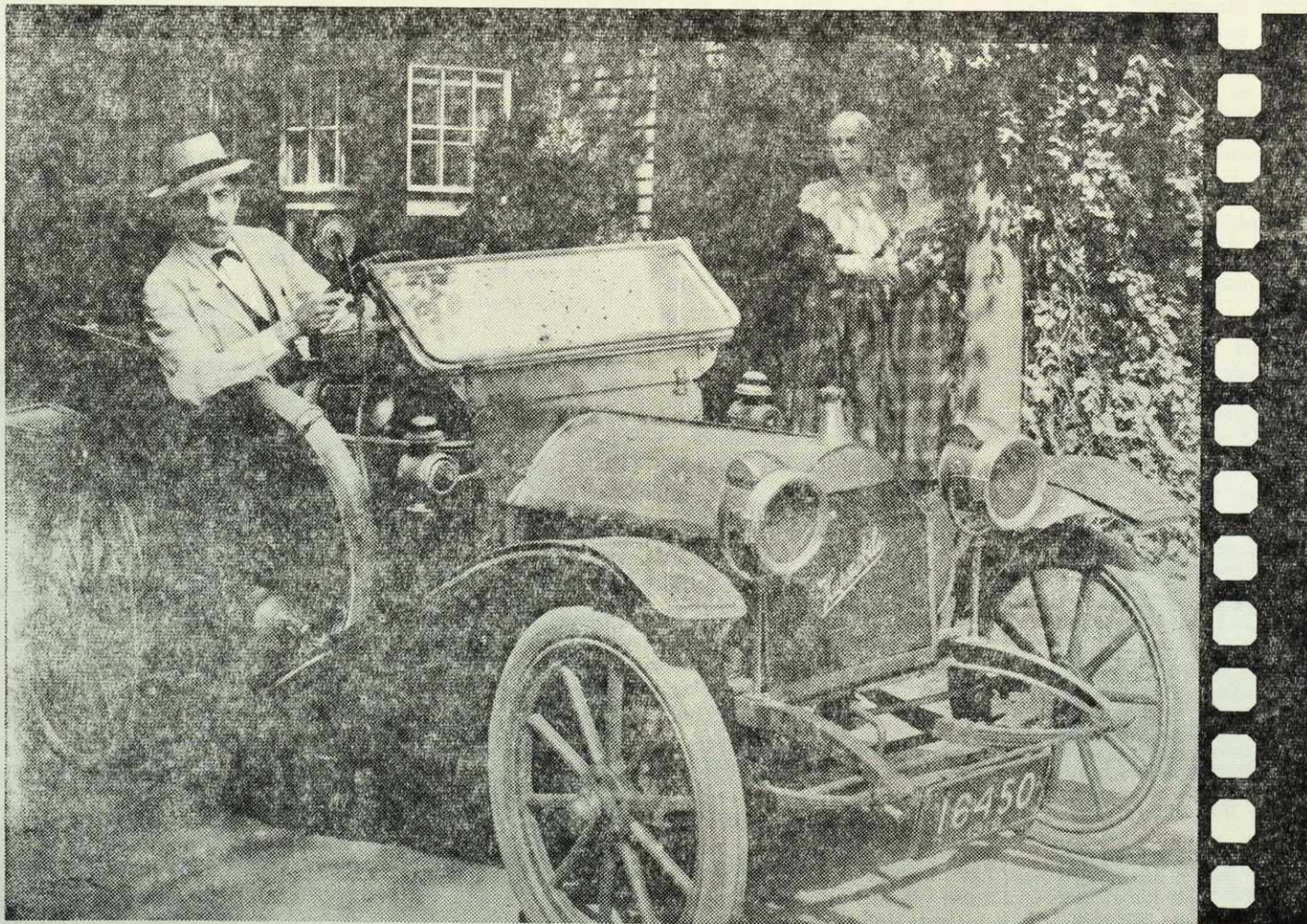
SC

(skwâr), n. (slang) One who is

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