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CHRISTMAS

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NOW MAKE WE MARCH



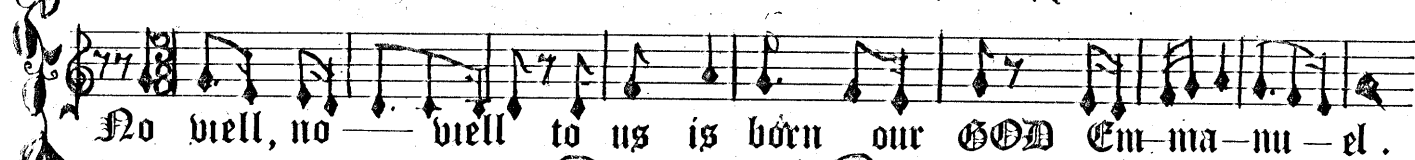
Now make we mirth - e - all - and some for Chris te mas se
 now is y come that hath no peer; sing we all - in fere;
 now joy and bliss - they shall not miss that ma keth good cheer.

DEO GRACIAS ANGLIA



De-o gra-ci-as, - An-gli-a, red-de-pro-vi-cto-ri-a. Our king went forth to Nor man dy with grace and
 might of chi-val-ry; there God for him wrought marv'lous ly, where
 fore Eng lond may call and cry; De-o-gra-ci-as.

HOWELL, HOWELL: IN BETHLEEM



No viell, no - viell to us is born our GOD Em-ma-nu-el.

Christmas carols mean Christmas cards, cigars, tinsel-splashed trees mean we-all-know-what, and the economy grinds on. Carols come as a whimpering banquet from huddled children or a twist of ice-cold sound riding the radiogram. They are the last icons of grizzled goodwill.

It started—they say—five minutes from the Bethlehem bus stop, with a litter of bright angels sowing song on arid fields; pushing prairie behind dusty stars to the eternal Father Figure. And the Fifteenth Century choirs caught it from a Christian sky and entrapped it forever in its pristine and portentous form; polyphonic, macaronic, processional; a hard germ that proliferated into drinking songs, hymns, ballads and the like. Carols own to mixed parentage and a gay youth. Sired by begging Friars on mother-earthly song and dance, they were conceived and shaped in the medieval mould of stone chapel and hall. They grew up to play with troubadours and clowns, to flirt with maestros (Byrd, Gibbons, Weelkes), to survive Puritanism, Industrialism, and Commercialism, to be wedded at last to a rational nostalgia—a Christmas memory of God (who was our home).

At Christmas, they come from all the time-hallowed places; thin ropes of undulating sound; the taut voice of Anglicanism poised perennially above frothy fervour and spiky super-spirituality. And they mean both church and barn, folk-tale and theology, Christ and Pan. This Endris night; 'O potores exquisite,' 'I saw three ships,' 'Lulla lulla,' 'God rest you merry,'—the mixture is bazaar and wholly delightful. For the believing or nostalgic, there is faith; for the pagan, joy. As ever, the two are braided into one song; separate yet indivisible; one time for the Blessed Virgin; the next, for the beer. And every Nativity lyric mutely assumes the old interpolation — 'Buvez bien par toute la compagnie.'

They are still composed. Both Holst and Britten have added dew-fresh tunes to the hoard, and the deaf hymnologists yearly add their jingles. But taste has deserted the Victorian spinster to woo the medieval maid. From schools, universities, cathedrals, the choirs sing on now as they once did, interlacing with silver the arch-wombed air—a waving hand conjuring from oval tips the cut-glass purity of subtle balance, sculptured rhythm, fine tone. They sing on and carols retain their hold. They mean peace on an uneasy earth. They are gold blocks picked from the medieval mosaic, the last scattered gems of a world once bejewelled with Glory. Yes, they retain their hold. Christmas carols mean Christmas.

—DENNIS BROWN

AND I TELL YA, THERE WAS THIS OLD BUGGAR IN A RED COAT, STANDIN ON THE CORNER, SEE, RINGIN' THIS BELL DAMN BELL, YA' SEE, AND GETTING SUCKERS TO PUT DIMES AN' STUFF IN THIS OLD BOX... FORTY SHOPPING DAYS TILL CHRISTMAS..... AND AS I SAID GENTLEMEN, THIS WILL BE OUR GREATEST, MOST LUCRATIVE, AND PROFITABLE YEAR IN THE HISTORY OF THE BUSTEM TOY COMPANY; WE SHALL INVEST SOME TWENTY MILLIONS INTO THE IMPROVED VERSION OF THE "JOHNNY SEVEN"; GENTLEMEN A TOAST TO THE "JOHNNY TWELVE" ... THIRTY FIVE SHOPPING DAYS TO CHRISTMAS..... MUMMY, CAN SANTA BRING ME A BARBY DOLL - THAT RINNY

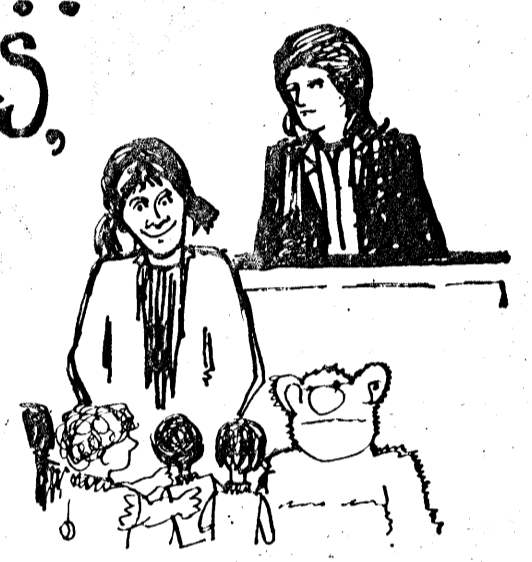


WETS?... THIRTY SHOPPING DAYS TILL CHRISTMAS... AND I SAY, BRETHAREN, REPENT, PREPARE YOUR SOULS FOR THE COMING OF THE REDEEMER ... SO I GOPS THE OLD BASTARD OVER THE BLOCK, KICKS HIS CLOCK IN, AND BUGGARS OFF WITH THE LO -OT- HA, HA, HA... TWENTY EIGHT SHOPPING DAYS TO CHRISTMAS... THE "JOHNNY TWELVE" GENTLEMEN, WILL OUTFACE EVEN THE WILDEST DREAMS OF THE IMAGINATIVE KIDS, C BLESS T HEIR SLOBBERIN' TAX EVEN THE RICH MAN'S POCKET BOOK ... SO BRETHAREN, OFFER-

(LITTLE HEARTS) AND EVERYTHING IN SELF-DENIAL TO PROMOTE THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS THAT HE, BORN OF A VIRGIN... TWENTY FOUR SHOPPING DAYS TO CHRISTMAS..... CHRIST! BARD THAT ONE BEFORE JOE HA, HA... CAN I HAVE A MINI-SKIRT MUMMY?... NINETEEN SHOPPING DAYS TO CHRISTMAS... AND THE "JOHNNY TWELVE" SHOTS REAL LIVE BULLETS THAT MAKES THINGS REAL LIVE DEAD, TRY IT ON, MUMMY AND DADDY... SO BROTHERS



LET PEACE AND BROTHERHOOD BE OUR INTENTIONS IN PRAYER, AND LET FASTING AND SUPPLICATION BE OUR PREPARATIONS FOR THIS GREAT AND HOLY... TWELVE SHOPPING DAYS TO CHRISTMAS... GIVE'S 'NOTHER BEER, JOE, GOT T'GIT PRACTISED UP FOR THE BIG DAY... I WANT A BOY FREIND, MAMA, WITH A MUSTANG... IN THE BEST INTEREST OF THOSE DEAR CHILDREN, WE HAVE AT HEART, AND TO WHOM WE ARE INDEBTED FOR OUR MILLIONS OF DECEMBER PROFIT... FIVE SHOPPING DAYS TO CHRISTMAS... SO THAT WE BROTHERS, CHASTENED AND PURE BY THIS HOLY ADVENT...



AND AS OUR SECOND ITEM, GENTLEMEN, WE HAVE INVENTED TWO COMPANIONS FOR "G.I. JOE, HIS BITTER FDE, "VICTOR CHARUE", AND MOST VALUABLE COMPANION "PROSSTI-NU"... A BOTTLE OF PILLS MUMMYKINS?... FOUR

SHOPPING DAYS TO CHRISTMAS... YEAH THATS THE OL' BUGGAR IN RED, BASH 'IM ONE HELLUYA... NO, "MADAME NU" DOES NOT WET... TWO SHOPPING DAYS T CHRISTMAS... MOTHER WOULD YOU BELIEVE MARIJUANA... YES BRETHAREN, TO MERELY A LOWLY STABLE THEY CAME... ONE SHOPPING DAY TO CHRISTMAS... GET YOUR GENUINE "VICTOR CHARUE" THAT REALLY DIES, HERE... AND MAY PEACE REIGN IN YOUR HEARTS AND JOYOUS FEASTING... WE GOFS THE OL' BUGGAR.



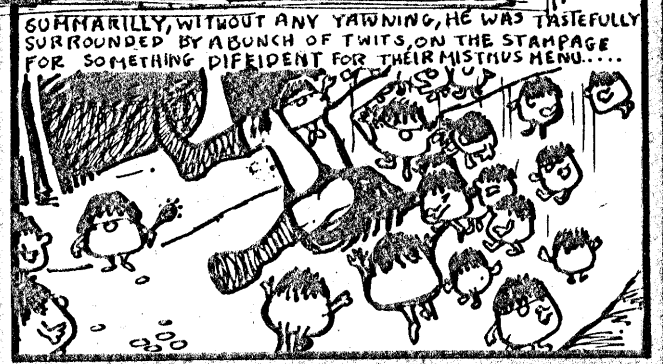
THE NIG NOG COMETH

RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS AWFUL
ISSUE...
PAGE 1. PAT DANIEL,
DENNIS BROWN,
PAGE 5, 2, 3, 4. MARTIN SPRINGER
MARTIN SPRINGER.

BY N. SPRINGER &
M. SPRINGER
A SHORT CHRISTMAS
STORY FOR PUEDO.

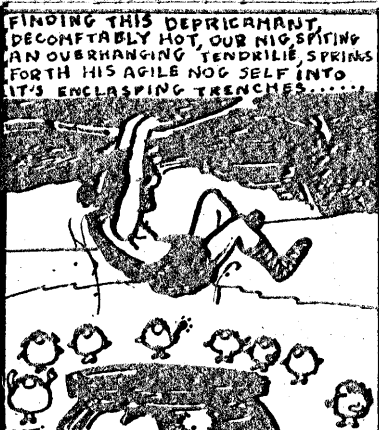
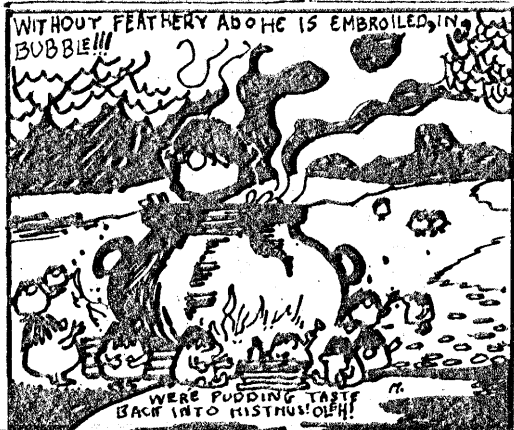
INTELLECTUALS AND OTHER
IDIOTS, WHO WANT TO WANT
TO WASTE HALF AN HOUR
TRYING TO DECIPHER THIS
AWFUL LETTERING. A STORY
INDEED, PERTAINING TO THE BIZARRE
AND RIDICULOUS, AND ALL THAT OTHER
MOTHER JAZZ!!

MANY A PLIB AGO, THERE LIPPED A NIG-NOG,
AMONG JUNGLY TENDRILS... THIS BOY WAS PURE...



WENDING HIS WAG UP A
STIBBLY C-SIDE TO THE
BOGDOLLERS MISTHUS ORGY...

SUMMARILLY, WITHOUT ANY YAWNING, HE WAS TASTEFULLY
SURROUNDED BY A BUNCH OF TWITS, ON THE STAMPAGE
FOR SOMETHING DIFFIDENT FOR THEIR MISTHUS MENU....

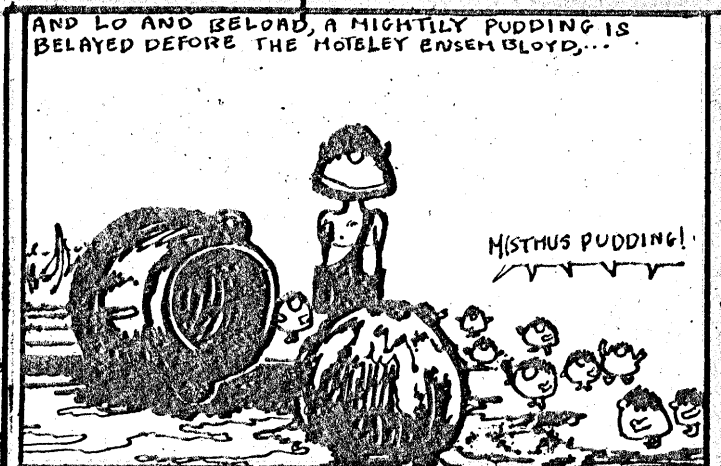
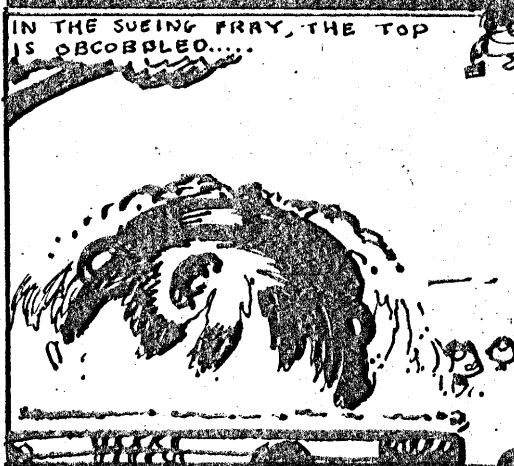


WITHOUT FEATHERY ADOHC IS EMBROILED, IN
BOBBLE!!!

FINDING THIS DEPRICAMANT,
DECOMFORTABLY HOT, OUR NIG SPITTING
AN OVERHANGING TENDRILE, SPRINGS
FORTH HIS AGILE NOG SELF INTO
IT'S ENCLASPING TRENCHES.....

RAKING THE TENDRILS NIGHTILY,
THAT IT'S BURTHEN RAIDS ITSELF
TWTWARDS, MUCHLY POTWARDS.

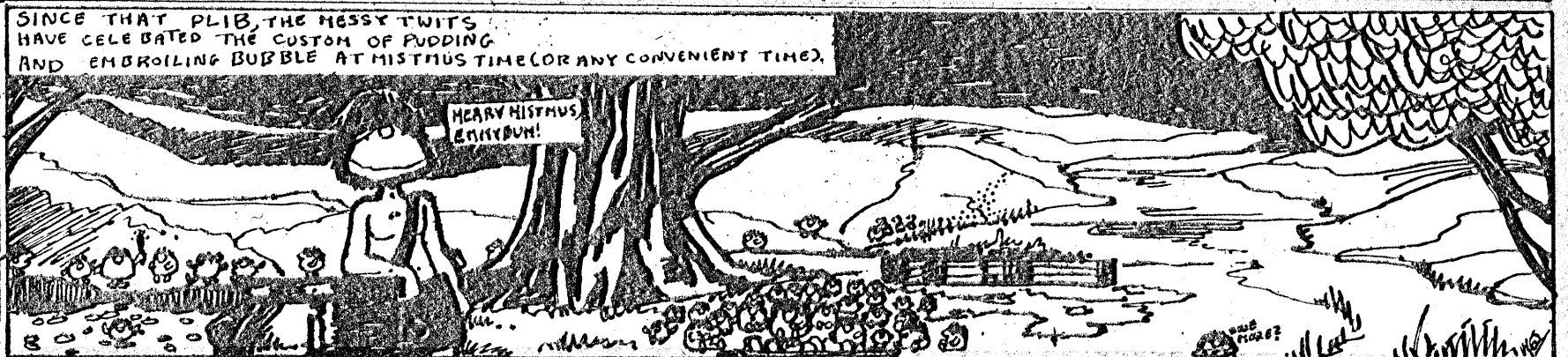
WERE PUDDING TASTE
BACK INTO MISTHUS' OLEH!



...WHICH SPOILS AND BLEATHES WITH
INCREATING FLAVOUR...

IN THE SUEING FRAY, THE TOP
IS OBOBBLED....

AND LO AND BELOAD, A NIGHTILY PUDDING IS
BELAYED BEFORE THE MOTELEY ENSEMBLOYD...



SINCE THAT PLIB, THE HESSY TWITS
HAVE CELEBRATED THE CUSTOM OF PUDDING
AND EMBROILING BUBBLE AT MISTHUS TIME (OR ANY CONVENIENT TIME).

MERRY MISTHUS
EVERYBUN!