

THE WASTE TIME

December is the damndest month,
Fir trees out of the cold land, mixing
Memory and desire, stabbing
Tired minds with pungent sap
Winter keeps us cold, feeding
On our spent bodies with cruel flakes,
Christmas terrorized us, sneaking over the so-few days
With sprinkling commercials; we stopped on the Hill
And went on in the graylight, into the Centre
And drank coffee, and talked for an hour.
"I am no genius, I come from Ontario, true mediocrity."
And when we go to class, staring out the window
The professor, the *?*,?! assigned another essay
And I was furious. He said, Class
Class, for Jan. 4th. And out we went,
Into the snow, there you feel cold.
I read, most of the night, and write essays

all the days.

What are the marks that fail, what knowledge forms
out of this constant rubbish? Son of a nun,
You cannot say, or guess, for you only know
A row of greenish bottles, where the candle glows,
And the music gives no sound, the barfing no relief
And the dry bottle no sound or gurgle.

"My nerves are bad today. Yes, bad. Stay with me
"Speak to me, Why do you never speak. Are you a deaf-mute?
"What are you thinking of? Do you think? Can you?
"I never know what to think. Never.

"I think we are in Life's alley
"Where the pure people lose their virginity . . . inity . . . inity
"What is that noise?"

The dirty dishes in at the window
"What is that noise? What is the girl . . . the dirty dishes girl doing?
Nothing always nothing."

"Do
You know nothing? Do you see nothing? Do you remember nothing?
"Nothing?"

I remember
That was a cherry that was his nose
"Are you alive, or not. Are there rocks in your head?"
O . . . o . . . o those Christmas carols
There so relevant
So intelligent
"What shall I do now? What shall I do?
"I shall rush out as I am, and walk the street
"With my holly on, so. What shall we do tomorrow?
"What shall we ever do?"

Dexedrine at nine

And if I pass, a party at five.
And we shall play a game of . . . !
Pressing lifeless lips and waiting for a star in the East.

When I went up to the salesgirl, I said —
I didn't mince my words, I said to her myself
O Holy night
Now I want an expensive-looking, cheap gift
for a friend . . . for all my friends
The stars are brightly shining
But I don't know what I want, I mean, well it's like . . .
Well they have everything. They do, I know.
But I mean everybody has to do it, at one time
or another. Don't they?
It is the night
I mean they have to buy presents. Suggest something.
Of the dear Saviour's birth
She said, I swear, I . . . I said, I know, I know,
Everybody swears. Now listen kid, I said
Get with it. . . this is your job you know
Deck the halls with boughs of holly
I'm going home tomorrow, and I want to get gifts
Now.
Tra-la-la . . . la-la-la-la
And if you don't get the lead out of your ass,
there's others will, I said.

'Tis the season to be jolly
Oh are there, she said. You're bloody right, I said.
Then I wish you'd go find them, she said, and gave me a nasty look.
Tra-la-la . . . la-la-la-la
Well that was today, Fred. I had a helluva time.
And TCA phoned me to tell me I couldn't get off the ground.
"Yeah, well Merry Christmas, Dick, see you next year. Ha Ha!"
Merry Christmas Fred, Merry Christmas Fred and Joe and Mary
Merry Christmas all, Merry Christmas all, Merry Christmas,
Yeah . . . Merry Christmas.

Christmas Works Program

Well, IT'S almost here again. Bet some of you skeptics thought we might not make it this year but right now there are only 6 more class days until IT begins. Of course I am referring to that annual orgy which is so loosely referred to as Christmas Vacation.

For the benefit of those of you who do not know the true purpose of Christmas vacation, let me enlighten you — **it's a time for work.** In the words of my last year's roommate who introduced me to this idea as the only possible source of May salvation, "When else can you find time to read those reference books, write those essays, catch up on your notes, and read those good novels you've been hearing about?"

Having no immediate answer then and none now and being rather keen on this salvation bit, I hurtled off to the library, returning by taxi several hours later bearing 34 Bonar-Law Bennett books triumphantly before me, much as one might have borne a cross knowing the ultimate good it would do.

As I loaded them into my largest suitcase, I was somewhat amazed to hear laughter from my friends but cleverly surmised it to be merely an expression of irrepressible admiration or to have been caused by the fact that in attempting to lift this monstrous weight it fell with a great crash upon my great toe resulting in some rather choice exclamations and actions. Friends are so sadistic this time of year.

Arriving home after a stimulating, intellectual-free train ride I suffered another minor calamity (minor only when considering the great dividends

which my books would pay). Hobbling across the station, my porter dropped, as porters are sometimes inclined to do, my weighty suitcase upon my other great toe causing such consternation that for a period there was considerable doubt as to whether or not he might also have to carry me.

During the ride home I quickly calculated that by taking 6 days off in which to rest my battered body, visit family and friends, and observe Christmas and New Years' I would have 9 days — 108 hours to work. This seemed like quite a lot.

This was excluding the Simmy Incident. As I leaped from the car dragging my "book-case" it fell on top of Simmy, my mother's pet Siamese, killing him (a thoroughbred Siamese, you know) instantly. An immediate state of mourning was declared in the household and I, the culprit, precluded from study by my conscience, felt morally obligated to remove myself from the sight of my grief-stricken mother. For two whole days and nights I was banished to my room where I scribbled off 113 New Year's cards to those people I forget at Christmas.

Parties seemed to be in style however, and I forced myself to attend—moral obligation you know. Here my conscience was relieved. I partied for seven nights and spent the days in the washroom.

New Years' came and by now parties had become an acquired holiday taste and besides, there was still plenty of time to study.

Suddenly it was time to leave and I had still not delved into my 34 books. But that was all right, lots of free time in January.

At Fredericton Junction I found myself seated next to an intellectual type who was avidly reading. Being a brilliant conversationalist, I asked him what he was reading. Imagine my chagrin when I found out he was in one of my courses and was reading the text for the fourth time for a test that we were having the next day—and my books were on the baggage car. Ruined, and finally realizing how fleeting time really is, I settled back in my seat and re-opened my Yogi-Bear comic book.

Despite my failure, I have learned several valuable lessons from this. First of all, you should take home only those books which you will really use and should never carry them in a suitcase. Secondly, you should never underestimate the speed with which time flies.

This year I'm expressing 22 books home and leaving a week early to make sure I have lots of time to work.

Who says I'm an optimist?

THOREAU



A YANKEE IN CANADA

ON THE WALLS OF QUEBEC

The greatest, or rather the most prominent, part of this city was constructed with the design to offer the dearest resistance to leaden and iron missiles that might be cast against it. But it is a remarkable meteorological and psychological fact, that it is rarely known to rain lead with much violence, except on places so constructed.

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Santa Hates His Father

Since December 26, 1960 Santa Claus has been "on the couch" undergoing \$10.00 an hour psycho-analysis. Once a year Mr. Claus is overwhelmed by a compulsion to fly around the world bringing joy and happiness to all children by the distribution of material goods. Throughout the rest of the year he spends morning, noon and night manufacturing them.

First examination revealed that Santa is suffering from a form of compulsive and obsessive neurosis. This is only a minute symptom of his schizophrenic personality, which is characterized basically by delusions of Grandeur. He believes that the world has become dependent upon him for the satisfaction of its greed impulses. Quite obviously, he suffers from a "split personality" since he is able to appear in at least a thousand places at once.

Further probing into the mind of this mentally disturbed man revealed a deeper and more serious problem. Santa cannot control himself from sliding down and climbing up chimneys. The clinical explanation of this 'strange' behavior? Santa has an inferiority complex and a feeling of rejection and because of this, is suffering from great anxiety. He uses a defense mechanism to repress these feelings, this being his delusions of grandeur. His anxiety is reduced by world travels on the 25th of December and his constant activities during the rest of the year.

His complex of inferiority and rejection stemmed from a very traumatic experience at birth. Santa was born with a beard! As a result his youth was not happy. His parents realizing they begot a freak, moved to a very isolated spot at the north pole. In a few years Santa ate himself into obesity, as a means of relieving his anxiety. This did not work. His subconscious then reverted to the defense mechanisms of delusions and compulsive behavior.

Although this explanation covered a good part of his psychotic behavior, one question still remained for the psychiatrist to solve. Why does Santa slide down and climb up chimneys?

A more thorough investigation into his background was carried out by the Doctor. It was found that Mr. and Mrs. Claus were very Victorian in their ideals, and suppressed all the normal sexual desires of their son. As a result he had to find another more acceptable outlet for these emotions. The chimney became a symbol of alleviation for Santa. Thus he used the chimney to satisfy his frustrations.

Psycho-therapy has not been far enough advanced to deal with such complex problems in such a short space of time. So please, when a man with a beard descends your chimney, accept him; he is a SICK man.

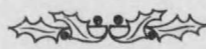
WE WISH TO THANK ALL U.N.B. STUDENTS FOR THEIR PAST PATRONAGE AND WISH THEM A VERY HAPPY CHRISTMAS AND A PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR.

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