

Rusty and Dave

Dear Rusty & Dave:

Guys, I'll come clean. I am a barren husk. Ever since your poetry last year I have been fervently awaiting your next celestial offering. You are true poetic pundits. Although I don't understand your meanings I sail on each ethereal syllable. Please surfeit me in verbose reverie and satiate me with your garish conundrums.

Steve Brown
Dal Earthquake Prevention
Society

Dear Steve:

Gee, what a coincidence! We agree with the crux of your circumlocution and herewith offer succor with the latest tome of our auriferous collection of coruscating poetry. So, Steve, shield your eyes from the aureole, try to dampen the din of the tintinabulations, and revel in these few excerpts from *Rusty & Dave's Preppie Poetry: Free-Verse Edition*.



Life

I was libertine, licentious in lifestyle
Until I parted the clouds with my mind.
With sentient tendencies

And I saw him ...
Not so much a man as a feeling,
a mirror in which I saw through
my corporeal being
and smiled at what was really me.
He, (or it) finally showed me
what was real
And he was quiet and firm and
strong and happy ...
And he (or it) was just there ...
Wearing deck shoes and a lopi
sweater.

My Pet Died

It had been my only friend.
It taught me about life.
It would always listen to me and
offer no criticism.

It died,
So I carried it with my books in a
knapsack that was slung
over one shoulder.

Where?

I think it was Lawrences, or
Alexanders, or the
Office.
But all I do know is that I was in a
line.

For three years ...
And I didn't know why.

saturnalia

in the season when
everyone
loves to revel and party
and

just enjoy each other,
they all,

every one of them,
like to run around
barefoot.

And all you can see are happy
people with nothing on their
feet.

And a mountain of yellow,
rubber sailing boots.

Dear Rusty & Dave:

I'm not going to beat around the bush, I'm coming straight to the point. When April rolls around I will be graduating. Around the second week of May my brother in Vancouver is getting married. Because of this, I will be unable to attend. My friends tell me that because of this absence I will have to pay twenty dollars. I am unable to comprehend this, Rusty & Dave. Can you please explain this to me?

Soon to be graduating
Gus

Dear Gus:

What is there to understand? It is a very simple problem. If you go to graduation and have the university spend time and money on you, it is free. If you do not go you have to pay twenty bucks to cover either the cost of "them" handing you your diploma or the 32¢ stamp. We all have come to know that we pay more for quality at Dalhousie! Compare paying that twenty bucks to going to the gas station. You drive your car to the gas station and acquire directions. While you are getting directions the station attendant charges you twenty dollars for not getting the gas. Another comparison you might make is going to a pizza parlour. You pay for your pizza and then when you proceed to eat it outside rather than inside they charge you an extra twenty dollars. Now you see Gus that it is all a practical situation. I hope that these examples serve to make you feel better about the whole situation.

Dear Rusty & Dave:

Being faithful followers of Rusty & Dave, we were totally horrified by the rumour that no one really writes to you and that the questions asked are fabricated in your own little minds. We, of course, did not believe these malicious rumours. Your reputations are at stake, so for your own sake print this letter and clear up this slanderous slime.

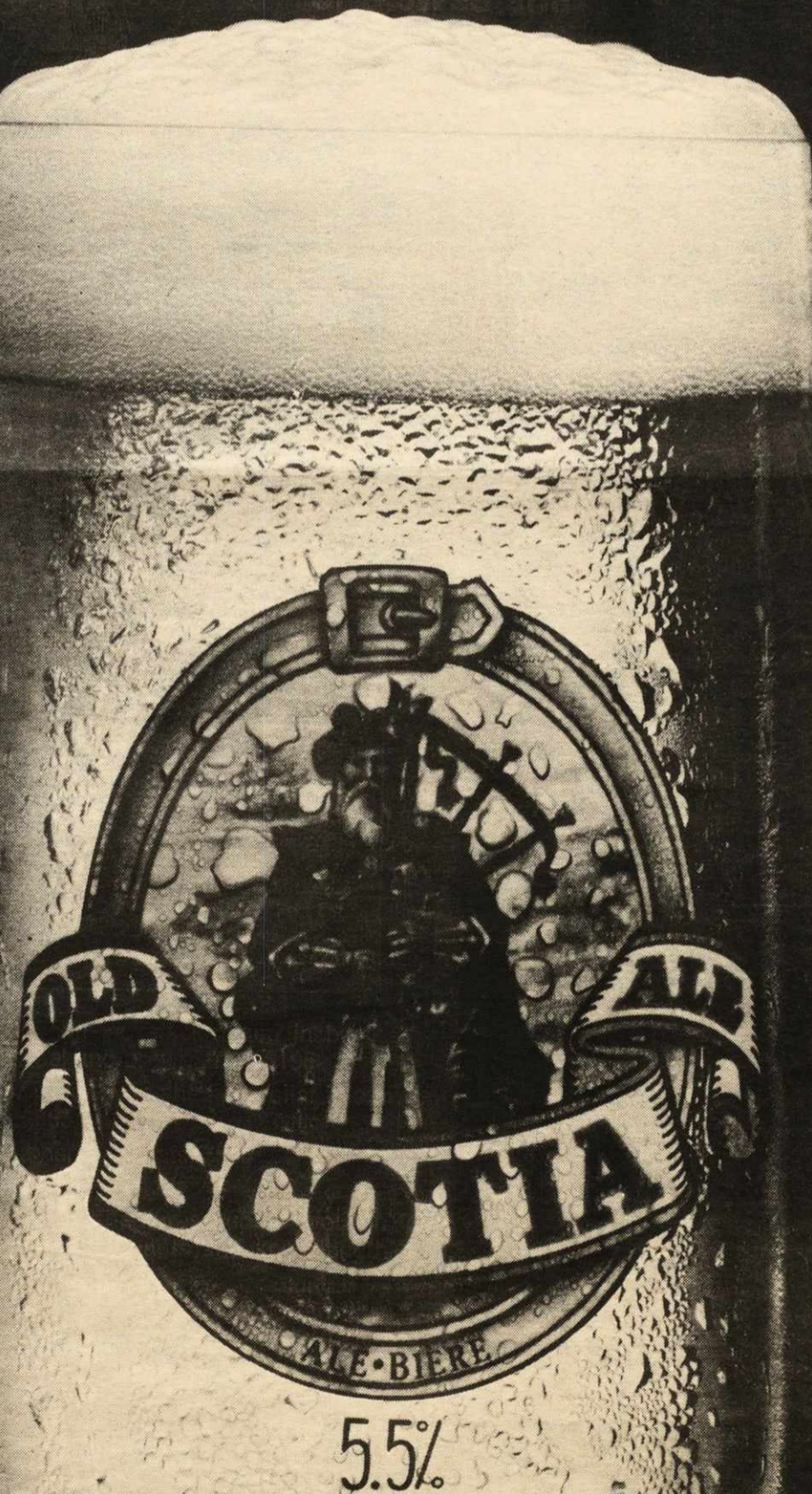
Yours truly,
Ralph & Diane

Dear Ralph & Diane:

If you were here with us now, kneedeep in mail, you both would be ashamed of ever writing this letter. It behooves us to even receive letters like this, the nerve! Are we not printing your letter right now? Is that not proof? If this is not enough for all of you doubting Thomas clones you can simply ask past letter writers. The rhinoceros that was at Howe Hall last year, the rutabaga from New Ross, Blair Ross, Harman and Victor Betrunken in Deutschland, Wendy (typical Dal Student) Jonson, and certainly Slim Whitman will all vouch for us.

We expect that you Ralph and Diane do penance for writing this letter. Upon reading this letter we want you to say twenty "Our Rusty & Dave's" and an equal number of "Hail Rusty & Dave's". Now go on your way Ralph and Diane.

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great tasting ale, you're talking Old Scotia.