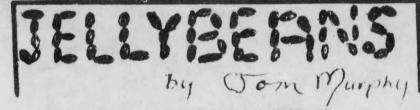
brunswickan december 7, 1967 5



# ON THE ABOLITION OF CHRISTMAS

The bell was given two or three clanging jerks. The quivering, shivering old hand gave two or three twitches. The snow was falling lightly on the glassed-top pot. Quickly, someone hustlea a dollar out of their wallet and bustled it in the pot. The pot jerked two or three times. Staticky records were playing in the background -- something about some baby who was born under a big star. It seems there were a bunch of angels flapping around too. No time to listen though - Christmas shopping to do.

Her tongue was all licked out. Stamps, stamps, stamps - I never want to see one again. I must have licked two hundred anyway. I don't remember getting a card from the Harrisons' last year, or from the Belliveaus' either. Her mother looked at the carefully kept record of cards sent - cards received. You're quite right, she said, we didn't receive a card from either of them. Oh well, send them one anyway. Perhaps we'll get one back this year.

And what would you like for Christmas? The child looked at the huge white beard adoringly. Santa looked at the little girl - so many, just another face, all wanting, all trusting, all believing. Ho, Ho, Ho, the elderly appearing man bellowed. He coughed a couple of times. It didn't sound like a real laugh to the little girl. Not like the one in the other store who was much fatter too. She noticed that. But she told him the things she wanted anyway. The same things she told the other guy. She could hope.

The lights blinked off and on. First blue, then red, then blue again. The store manager liked it. That should attract them, he said. We should have another boom year, he said. The sales will be up, up, up, he said. It's good for the economy. He was right. It was good for the economy. Think of all the employment and circulation of money caused by buying a single product. Raw material, processing, moulding, manufacturing, wholesaling, retailing, consuming. Hundreds of people, hundreds of dollar transactions involved in a single product. It is good for the economy. Except sometimes it causes inflation and bad stuff like that. The lights, first blue, then red, back to blue again.

Everyone sang loud and clear. The high school kids did this every year. It seemed like a Christmasy thing to do. And the old folks at the Home really appreciated it. One elderly lady sat back with tears in her eyes, sometimes straining off tune to join with the younger ones. Its just like the old days, she said to the elderly man beside her. All the carols and Christmas songs - it makes you feel like when you were a kid their age, so young and happy. The elderly man nodded in the affirmative, since he could not speak. But the memories of the past and the olden days brought tears to his eyes too. Hark the Herald Angels Sing croaked the old woman, obviously delighted as a tear streamed down her withered and sagging face. The old man smiled.

# SEEN FROM A SIDEWALK

Run squirrel run go squirrel go beat it cat assassin

Run squirrel past the indifferent matron in her bulging lawn chair Redbook pushed eyelash high

Lady how would you like to have a white cat snapping at your grey fluffy tail on a wind-hot Wednesday afternoon?

.\_ J. Sherman

## AUTUMN

by Michael Brian Oliver

No sunsurf laugh girl, wet girl You would shiver Your skin would shiver in this weather Your gold hair, straight long gold hair Wet yellow hair, your wet white teeth Your beaded breasts Your harnessed hidden ending breasts Your bronze breasts Would shiver Your belly Your dimple buttoned copper belly Your funny bottom Modest blushing bunny bottom Bronze and muscled moving legs Your sungold thighs and knees and shins

Your legs and suntanned feet

Would shiver

Because the red beard isn't really so awful And after all She knew we kept a mouse before.

IF ONLY YOUR FINGERNAILS

If only your fingemails weren't so dirty

When Miss Elderkin comes to tea.

I shouldn't worry

We have removed the red carpet from the ceiling And with it our guests The flies.

And locked the maid in the closet So that her screams Would at least be muffled

And all the time wondered If it were any use

Although the bull has proven totally uninterested And the flowers have drawn back Into the blood-soaked earth

And you have tied a ribbon In your hair. by Babs Saunders

# WHERE ARE YOU NOW?

I thought about you last night in the heat of summer sleep, and groped in empty places: for I cannot forget how once, in a hazy morning of comprehension, we both reached out, probing desperately with stuttering fingers.

- J. Sherman

SHOW AND TELL

I saw many things today;

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Tiny toes and feeling feet Would shiver You sunsoak swing and soak the sky You burned and bronzed and wet and motion Your skin would shiver in this weather

Cover up, it's cold outside It's warmer in the afternoons But the burnt out leaves The silly make us laughing leaves Soon give off their heat And lay golden statues on the ground Scarlet rotting statues Walk in the park Walk on the sherbet grass The cold lime grass And wade through crinkled crunching curled up leaves It's topcoat huddling weather Quiet weather Walking weather Whisper into the wing wounded sun Whisper into the mist Laugh and it echoes from the crystallizing sky Crashes back from the walls of the tomb Whisper in the afternoon Indoors sit and listen Sit and listen in the afternoons and window look Whisper and listen This is slow kiss season.

I watched the neighbour woman give hell to her pubescent daughter for something or other. The red, angry voice grated and rose like nail on flesh it tore and ripped the epidermal sobbings to shreds. That's just one of the things I saw today -And I watched a cat kill a bird.

- J. Sherman

## Lest We Think

Had an uncle who went to war Had a friend who went to Viet Nam Bought a poppy yesterday From a door to door salesman Sayin "Buy a poppy?" Said "Sure." Stuck if in my lapel Felt swell. - R. Sansom

The icicles were always the last thing they put on. First the lights, then the omaments, then the icicles. The tree added atmosphere. What would Christmas be without a tree? And snow? If there is anything that can't be tolerated, it's a Christmas without snow. Anyway, it was snowing now.

Some two thousand years ago, a Jewish kid by the name of Jesus made the scene. Some called him the son of God, so they raised a big fuss over him. Angels, kings, gold, the whole works. Some time or another, it was decided to celebrate this kid's birthday annually. Christmas was invented. Why, in the name of Christ (literally) do we persist with this ritual that is today so filled with the phoniness and the irrelevancies pointed out above? It is so far removed from the original intent. If we want a gift exchanging season, let's have one with all the fun and games attached to it. But don't clothe it in the robes of religion. That's cheating. Merry Christmas!

## STUDENT '

I carry my books Cradled on one nip With a dead weight Like a stillborn child.

- Babs Saunaers