

What
does Old
Fashioned
mean
Momma?

By Elsie Ross

Christmas concert - practiced carols for weeks - parents came - beautiful tree to the ceiling - the high school kids got to decorate it with its twinkling lights and angels wings that gave it a luminous glow. The time you got to be Mary or were just an angel how proud you were.

Suspense - guessing - so many things you wanted - paged over Eaton's catalogue for months and your mind changed every day. Marked off days on a calendar.

Baking - Fruitcakes - October and then the shortbread and the cookies for Christmas Making a Christmas wish in the fruitcake - the spicy aroma of mince pies and plum pudding Japanese oranges & hard Christmas candies.

Shopping - Money \$3.00 - secret from mummy & daddy & brothers & sisters and giggles when caught and so careful apportioning the money

Dolls - Walking, talking, or stuffed animals to cuddle at bedtime - pressed nose against the glass - snow falling.

Christmas concert - lovely tree - recitation - so proud of yourself - Santa - the bags of treats.

Christmas day - relatives - hughe table - grandparents aunts & uncles & couings & warmth - security.

The tree - helping you Dad select it - "This one Dad, please." Watching the decorations go up - cause you're too little to reach any but the lowest branches. Fresh pine fills the air with the outdoors.

Christmas Eve - not being able to sleep and waking up at 5 a.m. to empty your stocking Hurrying your parents through breakfast so you could open your presents.

Old-fashioned Christmas - gas lamp standards on cards, holly & ivy and sleighs and long dresses.

I k p dreaming of it and yet I know it will never come back again.

I can't feel anything off Christmas anymore - there's simply a hollow void.

I hear carols and I want to cry because they bring back all those memories of long ago Christmas - when I still believed.

In what? I don't really know. But the tree which used to look so lovely looks like just a scraggly jack pine to me.

I don't hold my breath in anticipation for Christmas - it creeps up on me and suddenly I wake up and it's December 24.

I can now sleep Christmas Eve but I am disturbed by my brother who wakes me up at 11 a.m. Christmas morning.

I go downtown and I see the lights and the rushing people with the looks of tension on their faces and I feel so alone.

I see small children gazing in wide-eyed wonder at the displays in the stores and envy them.

Why must growing up mean a loss of wonder and innocence at Christmas?
Why?

intrepid wandering voyeur and middle class ascetic raspuceovitch seeking enlightenment, trudging dusty backroads, armed with his trusty role of two ply toilet paper and several extremely sacred and much prayed over kumquats.

grey robed, unshaven, smelling of bodily excrement and stale thoughts, he ponders his rabid dry lifecircle

aha! revelation! a mighty fart bright figs of hallucinations and the smell of long dead sucker fish, now ogleo bounds into a frenzied fertility rite turns ass forward thrice to the sun, and stoops to dissect the sperm of an exhausted beluga whale for the purpose of divination and lo in the midst of that murky pool of ultimate life, the truth was written clear....
ascetics anonymous

to be continu next week.....COSMIC TRUTH (and how to cure it)

Graphics:
Fiona Campbell

Good wishes:
Louis Bollo

A Few Christmas Needles

Dear Editor:

Every year around this time, I collect my list of those deserving to receive a gift. Here they are. (Any resemblance to real persons is purely intentional.)



To the Campus Development Committee: A brain and eye transplant.

To the Strike Happy Canadian Postal Employees: A group gift. I would like every Canadian to mail every one of his friends a one pound brick, then they'll get all the overtime they want.



To the SUB Bookstore: Two gifts this Christmas: firstly, the Magnificent Rip-Off Award for the highest prices this side of anywhere; secondly, the Tongue in Cheek Award for saying their prices are as competitive as anyone's. (Have you noticed all the other bookstores on campus?)



To the Christmas Retailers: For beginning their Christmas ads in the first week of November, the Brothel Award for the best prostitution of any event in the calendar year.



To the Gateway Staff: The Silver Typewriter Award for getting the whole campus pissed off at them for putting out a rotten newspaper. (if it's so rotten, how come everytime a Gateway comes out, everybody reads it and pronounces it rotten? If it's rotten, you shouldn't read it.)



To the City Cop Who keeps Nailing my Roommate's Car with Parking Tickets: A bottle of stay awake pills for Christmas eve, so he can nail Santa Claus for parking on his lawn.



To the Campus Constabulary: The Chuck Moser Public Relations Award for towing away cars round the PE building during basketball games.