

pro tem

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LET YOUR DREAMS

BECOME

YOUR REALITIES

Is

by waller

And the people inside were so afraid that instead of coming into the world outside they died.
 And I was shivering in this huge cathedral; it was so big so big, that I couldn't describe it, but just feel it.
 It was like I was standing in the middle of the universe, like a faraway star, protected from the black swirling coldness only by the warmth of a young child's love.
 I was limp and the strains of a thousand galaxies picked me up and carried me to the heights of living.
 It was beyond all the knowledge of this world or this galaxy for the stars had adopted me as one of them.
 I could feel the tears washing over me
 In great waves
 Punctuated only by the sobs of a wandering mind.
 I looked and found a girl's eyes sitting in a one room country shack.
 Then I was there looking and finding.
 But there were still two of us but there could only be one.
 The lines stretched and our eyes touched and fused Forever.
 An alien sun was searching for the eyes
 It bounced around the perimeter of our mind, laughing every time it found a flaw that allowed it to trample against the walls of our eyes.
 It dried up our tear ducts so we couldn't cry
 We dried and shrivelled to dust.
 I wanted the companionship of the stars again, but they had forgotten me.

.....
 Cold and crisp
 A dark-eyed girl in brown cords
 Sliding across a freshly mowed field
 Tossing and grooved.
 Electric and vivid.
 Living.

 Down a bright path to a desolated wonderland of hopeful rain.
 A speck on a television screen that pulsates with every gasp.
 Sitting on Assiniboine, I talked with Columbia and Deltaform at length.
 Until the girl with the damp eyes came along and took me away.
 We played in the crevasses of Stutfield and slid down Fra Robson's back.
 But the time slipped away and we were tucked into bed with Fraser.

.....
 Christian told us we were foolish and childlike, so we kissed him and brought him along.

 The lines around me were bent and frayed
 And the light stabbed and stroked me with its warmth throbbing
 easy
 too fast

.....
 In the morning we returned with tears in our eyes
 We were cold, colder than we had ever been before
 The hairs on our arms stood up and waved in the draught
 We winced in the delight of black ice as it trickled down our backs
 And each strand in the blanket was singing us a different song
 We touched our face and wept together
 Naked compassion
 Impassioned exhaustion
 We watched a ray of light draw up to us
 It stopped for a moment then moved on between us
 In a fit of cold metallic it split us again.
 I looked at the eyes of the girl in the brown cords and saw that they were no longer damp again
 But parched
 And shrivelled
 I turned around to the universe again
 And pleaded for it to take me back to its sterile womb.
 But the stars were cold and distant
 Having forgotten me
 I looked back but she had disappeared
 And my head became detached in the black
 A fire burned on my forehead
 and through my brain
 until it was a pyramid of grey ashes.
 I drifted along on a cold north wind
 and sat while a comet hurled along in its eternal orbit.
 Her is she is life is.
 Through a polished lens a night passes in perfection and grief.
 Crying on top of a blue spruce in the middle of a snowbank.



We sing of the love He gave

us two thousand years ago, a

love that we bring down from

the attic for two weeks every

year and then put away in

some forgotten corner while

the world crumbles around us.

PRO TEM

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DESIDERATA

G O PLACIDLY AMID THE NOISE & HASTE, & REMEMBER WHAT PEACE THERE MAY BE IN SILENCE. AS FAR AS POSSIBLE WITHOUT surrender be on good terms with all persons. Speak your truth quietly & clearly; and listen to others, even the dull & ignorant; they too have their story. ♣ Avoid loud & aggressive persons, they are vexations to the spirit. If you compare yourself with others, you may become vain & bitter; for always there will be greater & lesser persons than yourself. Enjoy your achievements as well as your plans. ♣ Keep interested in your own career, however humble; it is a real possession in the changing fortunes of time. Exercise caution in your business affairs; for the world is full of trickery. But let this not blind you to what virtue there is; many persons strive for high ideals; and everywhere life is full of heroism. ♣ Be yourself. Especially, do not feign affection. Neither be cynical about love; for in the face of all aridity & disenchantment it is perennial as the grass. ♣ Take kindly the counsel of the years, gracefully surrendering the things of youth. Nurture strength of spirit to shield you in sudden misfortune. But do not distress yourself with imaginings. Many fears are born of fatigue & loneliness. Beyond a wholesome discipline, be gentle with yourself. ♣ You are a child of the universe, no less than the trees & the stars; you have a right to be here. And whether or not it is clear to you, no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should. ♣ Therefore be at peace with God, whatever you conceive Him to be, and whatever your labors & aspirations, in the noisy confusion of life keep peace with your soul. ♣ With all its sham, drudgery & broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world. Be careful. Strive to be happy. ♣ ♣

Merry Christmas

and

a

Happy

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— from the Staff
of The Glendon Bookstore

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this week will be run
first week in the new year

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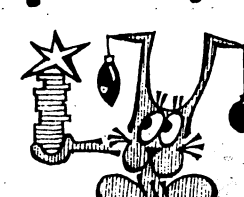
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xmas ©Anker


Lapinette




SANTA IS COMING




Lapinette demonstrates her garnished funds which she has just garnered gratefully.



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tuning in, loanwise.



Lapinette mails early, but forgets easily.



MERRY XMAS!

bank of montreal

Campus bank

put a penny a day in your TCA; have \$3.65 by next xmas!!!!

Lapinette awoke with a start. "by jingles" she said ringingly, "it is december already, which means xmas, which means gifts, which means **money.**" thus demonstrating the value of her seminar in logic.

which means a hop over to the campus bank. otherwise this ad would be paid for by a company that sells logic instead of greenbacks.

now Lapinette's Supermanager was only too hoppy to help. they garnered some funds from her True Chequing account: enough to send a chocolate carrot to all her pals.

the manager then reminded lappy about her second-term loan forms. she promised to mail hers in. Won't the manager be pleased to receive a tasty chocolate carrot? Won't one of her boyfriends be surprised to receive a loan form.

leaside branch, bayview & hillsdale aves.
j.h. mather, manager

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