



1997: A "Yule-ogy"

BY PICKLES

Yet another year breathes its last and again the festive season is upon us. It's time to spruce up the garlands, trim your bush, and give those Christmas balls a much needed lick and a promise.

I for one will leave the obligatory annual retrospectives to those more enamored. God rest you dear Diana, but give me the Sturm and Drang of Mary Hartman over the Smarm and drek over Mary Hart any day. Oh my, I fear I've just dated myself! Well, it's definitely not the first occasion and at least I'm always around.

Personally however, the waning year has been somewhat of an emotional roller coaster. The joy of new found friends and experience tempered by fond and final farewells to a few most near and dear. Alas, tomorrow is promised to no one. Or to quote Saint Janis of Joplin, "Honey,... Get it while you can!"

If life truly begins at forty, at thirty-nine (again?), I was crowning. My "Guy-ological Clock" was over wound, the works shot, a face in serious need of repainting, a pendulum to whom momentum was but memory, and boy were my hands tired! Not even the promise of a few new jewels could ring my chimes,

Would a convent take a Jewish girl? ... Was there a shepherd for this lost lamb? In order to make mind off the sheep, I counted them and fell into a frightful dream, all about June and the Orpheum circuit, (SORRY, wrong dream.) Ah yes, I remember it well; there was I, installed high upon a swivel stick, a rotational vinyl throne to which I possessed a life-lease. The very air as thick with authority as with nicotine.

Resplendent Braids of Commendation, awarded myself by myself for Continuous Courage Under Fire, luminously lay atop a

dirty dacron dickey. Their glory redoubled in an emblem, my "Coat of Harms", a Scarlett O-Hara Letter sutured to the breast of a fatigued, once navy, and long

voices from the

since unbuttonable blazer.

Buoyant above my cheesy chins, jello jowls, and numerous nugahyde necks, swirling like cotton candy, a luxuriant lavender rinse. The coup de grace, the Crown of State. My yachting cap, fixed rakishly, crusty from years of cruising and stained with pancake of both varieties.

From this pickled pedestal, my marinated Majesty convened courts, jumbled judgments, slurred sentences, found ALL in contempt, ordered them hung well and demanded their head!! I, a wax-work wastrel, a SWINE before PEARLS!

[Ed. Note: I am confident that I both intend and give no offense to any persons of the aforementioned fraternity as all experience has shown that persons of the aforementioned fraternity are NEVER aware they hold membership in it.]

When I awoke from this awful portent, ... Wonder of Wonders, Miracle of Miracles, "...It was Christmas day! I hadn't missed it, the Spirits did it all in one night, RECLAMATION!" For you see in spite of it all the fog and frenzy, we found one another, and just in the Saint Nick of time. Two quests ending and beginning in a twinkling. Lord knows he's no the first, but I shall do all I can to ensure he'll be the last

Yes Virginia, there is a Santa Claus! And Papa's got a brand new bag. Bill and I met at a Men's Health Project rap group held in the dungeon of the library in our capital city. Funny, my parents also met in the library, but not in the dungeon. Why do I love him? "Because he's...I don't know. Because he's JUST MY BILL (curtain)

Admittedly the transition from solitaire to half a pair is never

sans a few pot holes and bumps in the road. But after all the Gremlins, Bugs, Rabbits, and Ramblers, this is one smooth ride. And as long as I keep my ascot safely away from the wheel wells, Moi should avoid doing "DUNCAN" donuts... What a break! (So it's a

hate crime...)

mountains

So this holiday season is much more merry and bright than many preceding, and to whom am I indebted? To all that is right and good of which no small measure are you, the many across the broad spectrum of our community whose tireless efforts create numerous opportunities for political and legal advancement, education, entertainment, and my personal favorite, social intercourse. Every chance to connect is important, be it state-wide confab or neighborhood potluck. (Ed. note: Please, enough with the curried lentil salad already, you know who you are!)

In the coming year let's all pledge to continue and expand the good work. It really DOES pay!

So this Joyous Season, from the BOTH of us, HAPPY HOLI-DAYS, many thanks, GOD bless, and remember to make the Yuletide GAY!!!

—Pickles Reese is a comic, writer, and Artiste from Hyde Park, VT. See Calendar for his upcoming area appearance.



THE MOSTLY UNFABULOUS SOCIAL LIFE OF ETHAN GREEN

by Eric Orner













