

# THE CADRE

vol.4 No.15

Feb. 2, 1973.

## Deteriorata

*found in Boston Harbor,  
speared by a Lambert Harpoon*



Go placidly amid the noise and waste,  
And remember what comfort there may  
be in owning a piece thereof.  
Avoid quiet and passive persons unless you are in need of sleep  
Rotate your tires.

Speak glowingly of those greater than yourself,  
And heed well their advice,  
Even though they be turkeys.  
Know what to kiss, and when.

Consider that two wrongs never make a right.  
But three—do.  
Wherever possible, put people on hold.  
Be comforted that in the face of all heredity  
and disillusionment,

And despite the changing fortunes of time,  
There is always a big future in computer maintenance.  
Remember the Bonaventure.  
Strive at all times to bend, fold, spindle and mutilate.  
Know yourself. If you need help, call the RCMP.  
Be assured that a walk through the ocean of most souls

Would scarcely get your feet wet.  
Fall not in love, therefore.

It will stick to your face.  
Exercise caution in your daily affairs,  
Especially when those persons closest to you—

That lemon on your left, for instance.  
Gracefully surrender the things of youth:

Clean air, tuna, Taiwan;  
And let not the sands of time get in your lunch.  
Hire people with hooks.

For a good time, call 474-8215, and ask for Toots.

Take heart amid the deepening gloom,  
That your dog is finally getting enough cheese.  
And reflect that whatever misfortune may be your lot,

It could be worse in The Pas.

Therefore make peace with your God,

Whatever you conceive him to be: Hairy Thunderer, or Cosmic Muffin.

With all its hopes, dreams, promises, and urban renewal,

The world continues to deteriorate.

Give up.

You are a fluke of the Universe:

You have no right to be here;

Whether you can hear it or not,

The Universe is laughing behind your back.