

Elections Almost Called Off

by Paul Jones

The election of SAC Executive suffered the threat of annulment for a number of days last week. Tuesday, Dean's Advisory Council ruled that appeals lodged following the balloting of Feb. 23 were not sufficient for annulment.

The saga began with an appeal to SAC signed by Paul Putman, Mike Mirsky, Phil Poole, Rick Vassair and Cliff Levy on Feb. 24. The appeal was based on a number of "irregularities" which the signatories wished SAC to rule on.

Specifically: 1. that two candidates, Peter Catton and Doug Best, had posted more than the allowed number of posters. 2. that Dave Schultz, Chief Electoral Officer, was not impartial (it was stated that Schultz had told a number of people that he made

posters for Best) 3. that Schultz did not follow the procedures he devised for the election, 4. that a number of ballots were missing 5. that candidates were not allowed to be interviewed on Radio Lutheran because Catton refused 6. that Schultz overrode a decision by the candidates to disqualify Catton and Best over the poster question 7. that for the first part of the voting, the ballot box was not in public view.

According to SAC Bylaw, these allegations were brought before an open meeting of SAC Tuesday morning. It was apparent from the beginning of the meeting that SAC would have difficulty ruling on the appeal due to the vested interests and biases of many of the council members. To get around this problem, a motion was passed which would put the matter into

the hands of DAC.

A number of council members felt that this action was premature and council agreed to hear the arguments for the appeal and then decide on their course of action.

The best summary of council debate is found in the statement "if the elections were run according to the Bylaws of SAC, regardless of the question of whether they were fair or unfair, the election should stand." A number of council members raised the issue of the overriding consideration of "fairness" but most of the discussion centered on strict interpretation of the Bylaws.

The only common agreement of the clearly polarized meeting was that the Bylaws should be overhauled. The standing Bylaws give to the CEO power to make his

own individual judgement on most questions of irregularity.

Phil Poole, before council to present the arguments for the appeal, stressed that annulment was a secondary consideration and that he was "most concerned that all future SAC elections avoid the problems of this one."

Al Aueback, faculty rep on council, suggested that problems of impartiality could be partly solved by an arrangement which would have a U of W student run our elections and a WLU student do the same at U of W. These types of arrangements will be looked into by next year's council.

After approximately 1 and 1/2 hours debate, it became clear to all those present that the original decision to refer to DAC should be adhered to. DAC met for 2 hours

late Tuesday afternoon and interviewed everyone connected or implicated in the appeal.

DAC also recommended that some form of "job description" be made by SAC clearly establishing the responsibilities of the CEO.

Schultz stated "next year's CEO should completely re-write the election rules." He stated that he was satisfied with DAC's ruling.

It becomes increasingly apparent that much of the problems faced by council this year have been based on matters of constitutional and Bylaw interpretation. DAC has continually recommended that council look into its Constitution and get it straight and clear. The problem of this election is that it has not been done.

Purple and Gold Forced to WCI

by Paul Jones

Theatre on this campus has been dealt another death blow. Because of the incredible charges asked for by the University administration for use of the Theatre Auditorium by the Purple and Gold Revue, they will be forced to hold their performances at Waterloo Collegiate.

The Purple and Gold Revue has, until recently, been the highlight of theatre on this campus. Its format has ranged from Broadway musical to serious drama. This year the Revue is presenting a Communal Folk-Rock Musical entitled "New Heaven, New Earth".

Simply put, the Revue was priced out of our illustrious TA by the University Administration. They quoted a cost of \$1200 for 4 days use of the auditorium, the breakdown consisting of \$100 per night rent, \$400 for lighting, and \$400 maintenance charge. Although some of this money would be refunded if no damages or extraordinary maintenance occurred, it was generally agreed upon by the organizers of the Revue that cost would approach approximately \$1000.

Members of the production are justifiably puzzled by the price quotations. They assumed that they would be afforded the right of all other student organizations on this campus, that is, to use the TA (when available) without charge beyond extra maintenance costs if any occurred.

It should be made clear that the Revue is clearly a WLU student production by any measure. The only aspect of production staff which is not fulfilled by a WLU student is the Director. Students asked George Thompson, organizer of the Players Guild during the fall term, to take this position. Thompson was hired by the University Cultural Affairs Committee to be resident artist of drama on campus during the fall.

Thompson and a number of students from the Players Guild began by seeking funding for the production from SAC. SAC, more particularly Bob McKinnell, informed the group that the money was not available and that they should attempt to raise it on their own. They have done just that, through donations from students and community people.

At this time the question of their status vis a vis SAC was raised. According to Cliff Bilyea, Business Manager and Director of Personnel of the University, privileges in the TA are extended to "any major group sponsored by SAC if booking is available through the Athletic department." It remained for the production staff to establish to the administration that they were "sponsored by SAC" and thus be afforded the use of the TA for the Revue at costs that were within their means.

It should be noted at this time that "sponsored" does not necessarily mean financial. SAC

simply had to state that they sponsored the production to the extent of allowing rehearsals and office space in the SUB. This would make the Purple and Gold Revue a major group sponsored by SAC.

McKinnell failed to make this type of commitment. It is not clear why. In a letter to Thompson dated Feb. 11, McKinnell stated "as far as we have been informed, this is a student run body and we see no reason why they should not continue as such; however, they are independent from SAC."

Whatever the meaning of this statement, it was not sufficient to convince the administration that the Purple and Gold Revue should receive the same TA considerations as were afforded the Boar's Head Dinner. The Dinner is mentioned because it also is a traditional event on campus organized by students with faculty and administration consultation.

Whatever the motives, what is clear is that the Purple and Gold Revue has been forced to WCI (their charge for 1 week rental in a completely equipped theatre being only \$300). They are the victims of bureaucracy. Some strange interpretations of their status on this campus have been handed down by both the administration and Bob McKinnell.

Members of the production staff are in arms. Nancy Smith, of the Players Guild, stated "nobody wants to go to a liberal arts college that's neither liberal or interested in the arts."

VP University Affairs	Elizabeth Kuglin	480
	Ross Schaeffer	342
	Abstentions	66
	Spoiled	4
VP Community Affairs -	Garry Campbell	429
	Walt Johanson	354
	Abstentions	99
	Spoiled	1
VP Executive -	Doug Best	421
	Phil Poole	383
	Abstentions	69
	Spoiled	3
President -	Peter Catton	285
	Cliff Levy	276
	Peter Hyne	146
	Mark Fienberg	86
	Diane Fetter	78
	Abstentions	11
	Spoiled	4

Total Voting 877



DAC found itself ruling on another SAC election Tuesday. Once again they have recommended to SAC that they clean up their act. They also ruled that the election was valid. photo by Howard

To Be...

—a regular feature listing campus and community events. Submissions are invited from groups and organizations. Deadline for submissions is Tuesday 9 am, preceding date of publication. Contact the Cord—745-6119 or John Taylor 744-1051, 742-9808.

THURSDAY, March 2

Careertalks
"Psychology"
4:00 - 5:00 pm
Group Room:
Ed. Services Bldg.

Pub Rally
Waterloo College Autosport Club
Registration 6:30 pm
\$1.00 per car pub extra
Prizes!!!

Pub
Ballroom
8:00 pm
\$.75 WLU \$1.00 others

Workshop : Michael Manson
Center Hall
6:30 - 10:30 pm

Have You Voted Today?

FRIDAY, March 3

Careertalks
"English"
4 - 5 pm
Ed. Services Bldg

Movies
1e
1E1 8 pm
\$1.00
(see entertainment column)

On Stage U. of W.
"The Innocents"
\$1.25 students \$.75
Humanities Theatre 8pm

Tunnel Inn
84 Fredrick St.
"Side Hill Cougar"
9:00 pm \$1.00

SATURDAY, March 4

Movies
(same as Friday)

On Stage U. of W.
(same as Friday)

Tunnel Inn
84 Fredrick St.
"Bulldog" \$1.00
9:00 pm

MONDAY, March 6

Movies
(same as before)

Communications Seminar
Ed. Services Bldg.
9:30 - 11:30 pm

TUESDAY, March 7
Folk Club
Lounge of East Hall Basement
7:00 pm

Library Science
Review Lecture
3:30 pm Rm. 1E1

Chess Club
7:30 pm
Rm. 3-313
Central Teaching Bldg.

WEDNESDAY, March 8
Ukrainian Club
General Business Meeting
9:30 pm U. of W.
Humanities Undergrad Lounge

Bridge Club
7:30 pm
Ballroom

Ring Day
Book Store
9:30 - 4:30 pm

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Degree Expected _____ When? _____

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NEED LEGAL ADVICE?

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Office

2nd Floor SUB

JOB RESOURCE MATERIAL AVAILABLE

A number of employment and career publications are now available at the university Placement Office.

The 1971-1972 Directory, a volume listing employers of new university graduates will also be of use to those students seeking summer employment. All companies tell whether they have a summer employment programme.

University Career Outlook 71-72 gives information as to the various areas of study within the university community.

The Employment Opportunities Handbook 1971-1972 gives information as to the career opportunities within various industries.



Pre-registration, WLU's very own pre-Spring ritual was held last week-end. Always known for the violent passions and total chaos it evokes, Pre-registration was brought to new heights of absurdity by the School of Business. This year the School of Business delayed disbursement of pre-registration material until an hour before the programming session. Saturday saw students waiting an hour and a half before



reaching the front of the business lineups. It has been reported that the Psychology department has offered to help the School of Business set up their Pre-registration in an informative and organized manner that will be beneficial to students who managed to secure business courses this year.

photos by Gingerich

Biz School May Lose Uof W Students

by David McKinley

A proposal by the University of Waterloo's Graduate Department of Management Sciences to implement an undergraduate programme could mean the end of U of W students taking business courses at WLU.

Department Chairman Dr. D. Clough stated that the proposed undergraduate courses would only be competitive with WLU's School of Business in the sense that their faculty of science has been sending students to Lutheran to take business courses because there has

been no alternatives at their own university. Approval of the undergraduate programme, now being studied by the university administration, would open such alternatives.

An undergraduate Management Sciences department at U of W would have an effect on the future plans of WLU's business school. The trend towards half-courses in business and the second priority status of a School of Business building were partly due to the assumption of an ever increasing number of Waterloo students picking up business courses here.

The U of W scheme would make management sciences an optional degree-granting programme within the faculty of Engineering.

Management Sciences is distinguished from regular business schools by a heavy emphasis on applied mathematics in the areas of applied economics, operations research, and the behavioural sciences. Its appeal would be to engineering students interested in management positions.

Record Co-op Formed

by Paul Jones

Commencing tomorrow, students will be able to purchase any album that is currently on sale in North America for discounts of up to 70 per cent. The reason, a number of students have created a Record Co-op which will be operating out of an office across from SAC in the SUB.

The Co-op will be managed by Jim Mackrory of Radio Lutheran with Carl Arnold in charge of operations.

Mackrory stated to the Cord, "the intent is a non-profit, non-ripoff service for students."

Some examples of saving of savings that can be made include Neil Young's 'Harvest' album

which is priced at \$6.29 and will be sold by the co-op for \$3.62 and Carole King's 'Tapestry' album, regularly \$5.98 going for \$3.53. Prices will be clearly listed on all the albums for sale and will be subject to the Provincial 5 per cent sales tax.

Another feature of the Co-op will be the periodic sales of "cutouts" when they are available. Cutouts are simply albums that are no longer distributed for sales. The savings on these are incredible with artists such as Ocean and Kenny Rogers selling for \$1.81 plus tax.

The Co-op will not accept cheques and will require a two dollar deposit for albums on order.

Any album is subject to exchange because of defect or damage. There will be only a 1 week delivery period for most albums with classical albums requiring no more than a 3 week wait.

The idea is not new. The University of Waterloo has a similar co-op in operation and sales are up to \$100 of albums per day.

As with all co-operative ventures, the success of this one is dependent upon student support. Mackrory stated "the only problem we anticipate is some feedback from the bookstore."

The Co-op office will be open from 10 am till 2pm every week-day.

Status Talks Continue

by David McKinley

The ongoing saga of WLU's search for provincial status continued last February 24 as Dr. Peters, WLU President, met with the latest Minister of Colleges and Universities, the Honourable George Kerr.

The previous minister John White, who has been moved to the Industry and Tourism portfolio, had promised a month ago to send Peters a letter outlining the parameters for the negotiations

which would lead to WLU becoming a public institution. Though the letter had been written, it was sent due to the ensuing cabinet shuffle.

Last Thursday's meeting with Kerr, and deputy minister H. Walker, was to establish contact with the new minister and determine whether events would proceed in the manner they had been under White.

Kerr agreed to consult with

White regarding "the letter" and promised it or a similar one would be sent in the near future.

Once the parameters of negotiations are outlined by the minister, a committee comprised of Board of Governor's chairman Ralph Kraft, Board secretary the Reverend R. Binhammer, and Dr. Peters will meet a similar committee from Queens Park to begin formal negotiations.

LEAN AND HUNGRY/BY GEORGE KOPP

THE RESULTS ARE IN! AS AN AVERAGE CORD STUDENT, WHAT IS YOUR OPINION OF THE NEW PREXY?

OH, WELL, I'M NO AVERAGE CORD STUDENT. MY FRIEND SAM HERE, THOUGH, IS REALLY AVERAGE.

SAM?

HELLA

SHH, QUIET. YEAH? DO YOU HAVE TO? OKAY. HE SAYS HE WANTS TO MAKE A STATEMENT TO THE PRESS.

OKAY, SAM, TELL ME...

YEAH, SAY HELLO, SAM.

SEE 3'S COMPANY! THE RED + WHITE REVUE! WORLD PREMIERE TONIGHT! GO IT, BABY! ZOWIE!

A WHAT TO THE WHO?

BOOZY BOOZY BOOZY

I LIKE AN ANKLE TOO BUT ANY SHANK'LL DO!

A POLITICAL WHAT?

LET ME INTERVIEW YOU. I THINK YOUR FRIEND IS APOLITICAL.

1-77

G.Kopp

THE CORD WEEKLY

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884-2991

Our apologies good friends for the fracture of good order, the burning of paper instead of children.

Daniel Berrigan

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The Wright Report

Revolution from above: freedom isn't freedom if its given

by peter warrian
the chevron

The authors of the Wright Commission report set themselves the task of seeking out the "inner logic" of the system of post-secondary education in Ontario. They did this, both in their research and in their recommendations.

What they did not do was question the inner logic of the system. In fact, the report basically reflects the present system, and then projects it into the future by extrapolating the experience of the past twenty years into the next twenty. In other words, education in Ontario for the next twenty years will be more of the same. In this sense the report is a radically conservative document.

This does not mean that there will not be any changes. However, those which occur will be of a nature to consolidate the present system rather than to change it.

Administrators as cynics

Always count administrators as cynics. However, cynics are oftentimes more in touch than most with the world that is.

The administration has always been aware of the power and control of the government; in fact they have always wished that the faculty wouldn't be so meelie-mouthed about it.

When you already feel you're controlled, more control doesn't phase you too much. The cool administrator will skip through to the back of the report and check out the statistical appendices to see which way the sands are really shifting.

There will be less fat in the budget and there will be damned fewer buildings, so choose a side.

Cutting back on grants and increasing

the importance of tuition fees might suggest that getting friendlier with students and not screwing them and pushing them around so much is in one's own economic self-interest.

The importance of the report to administrators will likely be two-fold: pulling in the belt will have to go further and will present problems which will not be solved, as they have been traditionally, by letting go the lady who serves food in the cafeteria and not replacing the guy who shovels the snow thus making the others work harder. Some of the machine itself will have to go.

Secondly, and only secondarily, the report will mean pushing a yet higher mound of paper back and forth between here and Queen's Park. And, cutting down more trees to do it.

Politics reintroduced

The most exciting thing about the report is that it announces this as a time of choosing and that means we are re-introduced to politics. And, given that Wright is the new super Deputy-Minister for education, health and housing, he will be sending the report to himself for implementation. It won't nose over into some filing cabinet.

The most startling political aspect of the report is that literally two-thirds of the principles, goals and proposals can be found within the resolution book of the Canadian Union of Students Congresses of 1967-68-69. They even appear in the same order as in the CUS books: Universal accessibility; openness; transferability, etc.

If the report is radical, it is, ideologically, a radical individualism; and, programatically, it is a radical attempt to consolidate the present order.

What the politics of the Wright Commission and the politics of CUS have in common is the recognition that we are living in the midst of a general social crisis. We are in a socio-political breach in which bourgeois individualism and the family are breaking down with the passing of competitive capitalism

and its social order. State capitalism is attempting to reconsolidate us on the basis of structuring a totality of existence within new groupings such as the recommendations of the report,

Opportunities for Youth, Local Incentives Programs, etc. However, at present, they do not have control of us from below or at the level of our everyday life. The faculty are being boxed in through formula granting on salaries, research, classroom size, programs, etc. In spite of the talk in the Report about alternative forms and routes of education, the terrain of welfare, OFY, prisons, mental hospitals, etc., constrict rather than extend the ground of choice.

The option is still open to us to define another road. The "us" are those from among the students, faculty or administration who are willing to take on what the Wright Commission totally ignores; that is, the quality of our lives and institutions. In the university for a start, what do we want to learn, with whom and how? This is entirely missed by the commission. Will students use their power in new and co-operative ways? Will the Faculty Guild resort to a reactionary rearguard battle in the name of values and an institution they long ago gave up? Or, will the students and faculty come together in an equitable and co-operative way to establish new relations and work and relate to themselves and the community outside in a different way?

It would be worth stopping the university for a few days in middle or later march to find out.

Education in Ontario. Is there any other place you'd rather be?!



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Trudeau and Abortion

On October 30, 1971, after two years of repeated challenges from Canadian women, Prime Minister Trudeau finally came out with a definite statement on abortion during a speech in Nova Scotia. He declared that "women should be the ones to decide whether they should have an abortion if they want one," and went on to indicate that he would be greatly influenced by opinions from women on this issue.

Last Thursday, only 4 months after this statement—and 4 months closer to an election—the Prime Minister did an abrupt about-face

and declared to an audience in Sault Ste. Marie that he would have to be convinced that a person who asked for an abortion had no responsibility at all if he were to vote for abortion on demand; and added that if a mother wished to kill her unborn child for reasons of health, happiness or "privileges as a human being," he felt she should have to answer for it, just as a person who kills in self-defence must.

The K-W Women's Coalition to Repeal the Abortion Laws is disappointed by the way in which the Prime Minister's personal bias seems to be colouring decisions he should be making as Canada's

leader. Trudeau obviously either has not been listening to Canadian women, or has turned a deaf ear to the increasing number of Canadians, male and female, who seek to remove those sections of the Canadian Criminal Code dealing with abortion.

Few women approach abortion lightheartedly—and the decision to have an abortion IS a responsible one, made after much thought and an assessment of one's individual values, goals and situation. The implication that only irresponsible women should be granted the right to have an abortion is demeaning to a woman's ability to make decisions affecting her life.

On March 18-19 a cross-Canada abortion conference will be held in Winnipeg to coordinate plans for a national campaign to convince the government that the majority of Canadians do support repeal of the abortion laws. This is targeted as a prime election issue, and each candidate and party will be asked to take a stand. Whatever the motivations for Mr Trudeau's recent change of heart, Canadian women will fight for the right to choose when and if they will bear children!

K-W Women's Coalition to Repeal the Abortion Laws

Election Thanks

I would sincerely like to express my thanks to those people who supported me in my bid for office in the recent election, as well as all those who helped me with my campaign.

I would also like to express my heartfelt congratulations to those who won, wishing them great success in their term of office.

Diane Fetter

SEXUALITY!

by Trish Wells

Sexuality was explored last Thursday afternoon from the different points of view of a psychologist, a sociologist, and a "Christian", all panel-members of the sexuality forum presented by IVCF.

Mr Harry Klassen, IVCF co-ordinator, looked at sexuality from the Christian view, but looked at it as something that is part of everything, and part of us, and not as something to be frowned upon.

"God", he informed us, "is not as prudish as the church sometimes makes out." Rather, God created people as two separate sexes, and it was "good". He (God) has always made it clear that it is not good for man (meaning people) to be alone.

When Adam and Eve fell from the Garden of Eden, Mr. Klassen explained, it was not because of their sexuality, but because of their pure, social, disobedience. And that problem, the problem of people living together in communities, has persisted ever since.

The Fall from the Garden, according to Mr Klassen, is where we find the roots of man's basic problem — it is there that we first find evidence of man's "greater capacity for self-destruction than for personal relationships".

Dr Donald Morgenson, Psychology professor at WLU, went into this same matter in greater depth and from a slightly different angle. He pointed out that while the ideal relationship is one of caring, responsibility, and concern for one's partner, this ideal is made very difficult to attain with today's emphasis on sex — meaning the sexual act — rather than sexuality. In fact, said Dr Morgenson, "elevating sex degenerates sexuality, and it is unbelievable how much sex has been elevated recently — in books, magazines, movies, advertising,

we are constantly under its barrage. The present generation is understandably confused when they receive invitations to sex from all the media and then are punished by society when they actually "indulge". Or if they don't indulge, they have the worse problem of feeling inferior and subnormal, suffering from the misconception perpetuated by the media that "you're nowhere if you're not constantly hungering after voluptuous females or surrounded by voluptuous females hungering after you."

Advertising, and the products that are advertised, in a way help to alleviate the constant need for sex (created by advertising) by giving sexual properties to such things as, for an obvious example, cars: "If you can't lay the real stuff, you can lay rubber all down the road for three blocks!"

Dr Morgenson noted that the majority of interpersonal relationships are exploitative. But how else will people naturally tend to behave than exploitatively, he asked, when they are constantly being presented with the concept of people coming in neat sexual packages, when the orgasm is the new Holy Grail, and when making love is confined to organs rather than people?

Dr Margrit Eichler of the University of Waterloo continued on this theme but took a sociologist's view of the situation. She was aware, like Dr Morgenson, of the failure of most relationships but she put it down to the over-reliance on, and faith in, sex stereotyping.

For instance, in our society the man is "supposed" to be the dominant one in the relationship and the woman the passive, so if in a particular relationship each partner is not by nature suited to his or her role, and yet tries to conform to it anyway, that relationship will never be as

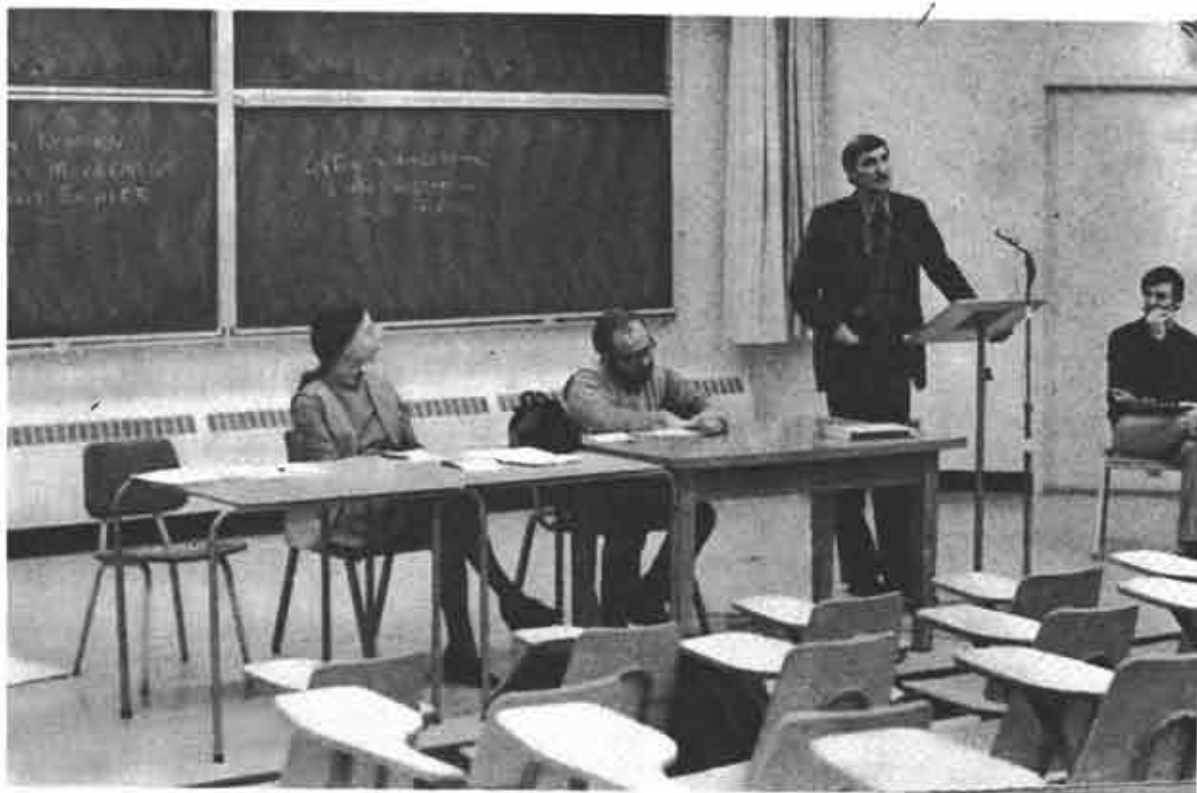


photo by House

satisfying as it could be if both ignored what was supposed to be and concentrated instead on what was.

The sooner we can do away with roles, the better, was Dr Eichler's main theme. Arbitrarily-defined roles according to sex are no longer suitable for the developmental stage we have reached, she went on, for life now is no longer so simply based on the biological differences between the sexes — men no longer go out hunting for food and women's function is no longer just to bear and raise babies. Any differences in behaviour between men and women in this age are most likely due to cultural influences, and not to hormonal ones. When the floor was opened for questions, Dr Morgenson in answer to one,

agreed with Dr Eichler and made the prediction that anatomical differences will possibly have no importance in the future. Yes, he conceded, there might possibly be problems for children of un-stereotyped parents, having no particular same-sex parent to identify with and model themselves after. But hopefully such children will grow up modelling themselves after the most desirable attributes of each parent, and thus continue the trend toward the ultimate abolition of sex role-playing.

An interesting question was raised on the subject of homosexuality. Would the panel-members include homosexuality as an acceptable part of sexuality, a person from the audience asked?

Mr Klassen, bound as he

probably is by the traditional moral lines of the church, answered that if he were asked to judge the morals of a homosexual as compared to a wife-beater, he would rate them about equal — "they should both be able to discover more in a relationship."

Dr Morgenson however took a more tolerant, and to me a more ideally human, stand. He said that the worth of a homosexual relationship, like that of any other kind, hinges ultimately on the quality of the relationship. If it is non-exploitative, then it has a good chance of being worthwhile. And that is really what counts — "the important thing is not who you love, or how you love, but that you love." There is hope for the world if we can live by that.

Abortion

by Trish Wells

What could have been an exciting and stimulating altercation between pro- and anti-abortionists was cut abruptly short last Wednesday in IE1.

Leading an Abortion Forum presented by Waterloo Lutheran's Interservice Christian Fellowship, the four-person panel got off to a late start anyway and consequently had only 30 minutes in which to put forth their respective philosophies and invite audience participation, a sorry loss for the people who had come to get involved in the debate.

Michelle McNabb of the Birth Control Centre at U of W and Larry Houraney, a graduate student of psychology, spoke out in favour of a woman's right to abortion, bringing out the familiar and much-heard arguments about the necessity for a woman to have control over her own body. As well, however, Michelle presented the fact that up until 100 years ago abortions were legal, and were only made illegal then for medical reasons, because of the dangers that used to be involved with the operation. But now, said Michelle,

abortion is done by a relatively simple procedure and is "3 to 7 times safer" than carrying the baby to full term and bearing it live.

Another anachronism of the abortion issue, Michelle continued, is that there is a need existing now for population control, and yet effective contraceptive devices are still not generally available to the people who really need them. So abortion, although obviously an extreme method of birth control, is often the only one left open to them, and should be made available on demand, hopefully along with counselling on the use of contraception.

Larry Houraney pointed out the nebulousness of making abortion a legal matter—it is more, he said, a matter of conscience, and as such should not be legislated. If a woman decides to have her unborn child destroyed then it is possibly her conviction that that foetus is not yet alive. Where life begins is a completely arbitrary line anyway, so why not leave it up to the individual to decide for herself, rather than placing the responsibility for that decision in the hands of the "authorities" who will then make their decision—still necessarily arbitrary—binding on everyone else?

He said there must be something going for individual as opposed to social decisions, if in the states of Washington and Hawaii, two places where the matter was put to a general referendum, 55 per cent of the population voted in favour of individual choice in the subject of abortion.

The pro-abortion side of the panel rested their case for the time being.

Then Mrs Gwen Landolt for the opposition made her stand. Speaking as woman, a mother, and mainly as a lawyer, she clarified the legal side of the issue, and managed to draw every other argument that could be presented for abortion into this context—and shoot every argument down, with righteous self-assurance.

Mrs Landolt's whole position was based on her personal belief (and the "belief that forms the basis of the Western legal system")—a belief in the sanctity of human life. This, she said, is the "golden thread running through the history of Western civilization" and liberalized abortion laws will only undermine this golden thread.

And is a developing foetus "life"? Yes, said Mrs Landolt, biologists, geneticists and medical people all agree that life starts at conception.

What about the fact that a woman's life or health may be endangered by carrying the baby? This, said Mrs Landolt, is an outmoded idea—a woman's actual life is rarely, if ever, endangered by childbirth anymore, and that occurrence—to save the life of the mother—is the only one that would justify the taking of the baby's life. No other excuse should be acceptable—not the woman's mental condition, or her financial condition, or her desire (or rather lack of) to have a baby.

Mrs Landolt did concede that the quality of human life is perhaps as important as the quantity, and in this context made reference to the "battered baby" tendencies that are so prevalent today. But she had the facts to back her up when she said that freer abortions would not stop this trend—90 per cent of all battered babies, she quoted, are babies that came from planned pregnancies. "An unwanted pregnancy is a different thing than an unwanted child—it's a completely different ballgame!"

Besides, pointed out Mrs Landolt, "there is no such thing as an unwanted newborn baby—every child is guaranteed a loving home to be adopted into." The old, and slightly questionable, rationale.

Yet even Mrs Landolt, anti-

abortion as she is, was definite about the need for better homes for children, natural or adopted. But her way of remedying the social ills is not to cut down on the numbers of children, or even the number per family, but to get at the very root—through legislating and subsidizing, to guarantee jobs and money and adequate housing to everyone, so they will be able to cope with all the children. And one way to finance all this, she concluded, is to stop the money being spent on abortions, which is "dead money" (Dead! Dead! Dead!), and use it for improving social conditions.

Mrs Landolt's self-assured presentation was given a rousing round of applause. Interest and excitement were definitely stirred up and the audience was raring to get at the panel-members and attack or support their various stands. So one or two questions were asked and answered, provoking even more active participation from everyone, but before anyone else had a chance to have their say—the forum was declared closed. To make room for a non-existent class.

What little there was in the way of debate was very worthwhile, but perhaps a little better organization is in order for next time, IVCF?

Opportunities for Youth:

Middle Class All The Way

The secretary of state pays a group of young middle class radicals across Canada exorbitant salaries to give money to more young middle class radicals for projects which it knows will fold in three months.

And that's the way the government wants it says Dale Martin, a young middle class project officer for the secretary of state's Opportunities for Youth program.

He also says OFY is a human lottery and the most partisan political job-dispensing program under federal auspices.

The aim of the program is to defuse any potentially-violent group of middle class unemployed, he told the Ottawa Humanist Association Friday (Feb. 19).

Middle class youth who, as one Humanist put it, "are more articulate, cleverer, and know how to make bombs," see the government spending all this money on them and will put up with the huge summer unemployment rate.

Although only one out of ten applicants will have his project approved, says Mr. Martin, the estimated 18,000 who will be rejected will tend to think of their lack of employment as the fault of their own inadequacies rather than blame the government.

While the program will this year try to broaden the base it serves, providing jobs for community college students and young workers, past experience has shown that the attempt is doomed.

"The type of people who will come up with new project ideas and can phrase their applications in a way which will appeal to OFY staff are the middle class youth who are well schooled and have experience in this type of rhetoric.

"We are producing a generation of professional grants-men, kids from universities with long training in how to deal with this era of public grant-giving."

Mr. Martin said the Local Initiatives Program aimed at adult unemployment had found many unable to handle it.

"There was a lag in applications. These people just weren't practised in deciding on a new idea they'd like to work on themselves."

For many, filling out the 15-page application form may have been a dissuading factor, he said.

Young people who are not so well versed in radical etiquette can always try political pressure to get their projects approved, says Mr. Martin.

Applicants who know someone with pull in the government are more likely to get approval than those who let their applications stand on their own.

"When you have 20,000 applications to deal with and some MP keeps phoning you about one, wanting to know why it was rejected, offering to improve it, and so on, you remember it. The ones you keep picking up are the ones you notice and the ones printed in red ink on green paper."

The program is shifting its emphasis this year, he said, moving from selfish projects such as travelling and drama groups, to projects aimed at community development.

But most of these projects are doomed to fail. "It's like 1965 and the Company of Young Canadians all over again. If the projects work they embarrass the government and it has to cut them off." But Mr. Martin doesn't think there's much risk of them succeeding.

His own experience with the company before the government "purge" three years ago leads him to believe that sending middle class kids to organize the poor will not work.

Most attempts over the past 15 years at using middle class youth as organizers have failed. — "They either get booted out or drop out in frustration."

Mr. Martin considers himself typical of many of the OFY staff — middle class kids turned radical during college and went off to work for the CYC. Many OFY staffers are former members of the Company of Young Canadians who were forced out because they were too radical.

He cheerfully admits to having been co-opted by the government. "I have no pretention to altruism," But he suspects some of his peers "may have pretensions of subversion" in mind for OFY this summer.

The government seems to be having similar thoughts about its crew of young radicals.

"They ran security checks on all of us", said Mr. Martin.

Wright Report

Rich Ripping Off Education From Poor

TORONTO (CUP)—The Ontario Commission on Post-Secondary Education (The Wright Commission) has just discovered the rich are ripping off the poor for their university education.

It seems surprised.

A study it commissioned the consulting firm, Systems Research Group Inc., to do pointed out that a greater proportion of people from "higher income" families attend university than do people from poorer families, but poor families pay more in total to support the universities than do the rich. The reason? There are fewer rich families than poor families.

The study revealed that 34 per cent of students in universities and community colleges in Ontario are from families in the \$10,000-or-up income bracket although that group pays only 28 per cent of education costs.

The \$7,000-to-\$9,000 bracket spawned 24 per cent of the students but paid only 22 per cent of the costs. With lower income families the ratio is reversed.

The \$5,000-to-\$7,000 income bracket pays 24 per cent of university costs but has only 20 per cent of the students, while the group making between \$3,000 and \$5,000 paid 20 per cent of the costs and included only 16 per cent of the student population.

The upper class groups also tended to go into professions that are guaranteed to earn them more money, like law, medicine and law and thus tend to keep them in the top income brackets of society.

Law and medicine, according to the report cost the most money to teach, yet 50 per cent of the law students were from the upper strata. They paid 29 per cent of the cost of their education. More than 40 per cent of those studying medicine were also from upper income groups.

According to the report, all university programs benefit upper income groups at the expense of lower ones, but there are also other benefits to be derived from being rich that the report did not deal with.

The rich (here defined as having an income of \$10,000 and over) are also taxed less in proportion than the poor so that people in the \$10,000 and over bracket, in 1961, paid about 37 or 38 per cent of their incomes in direct and indirect taxes. By comparison, those with annual incomes of less than \$2,000 paid 54 per cent of their incomes in those same taxes.

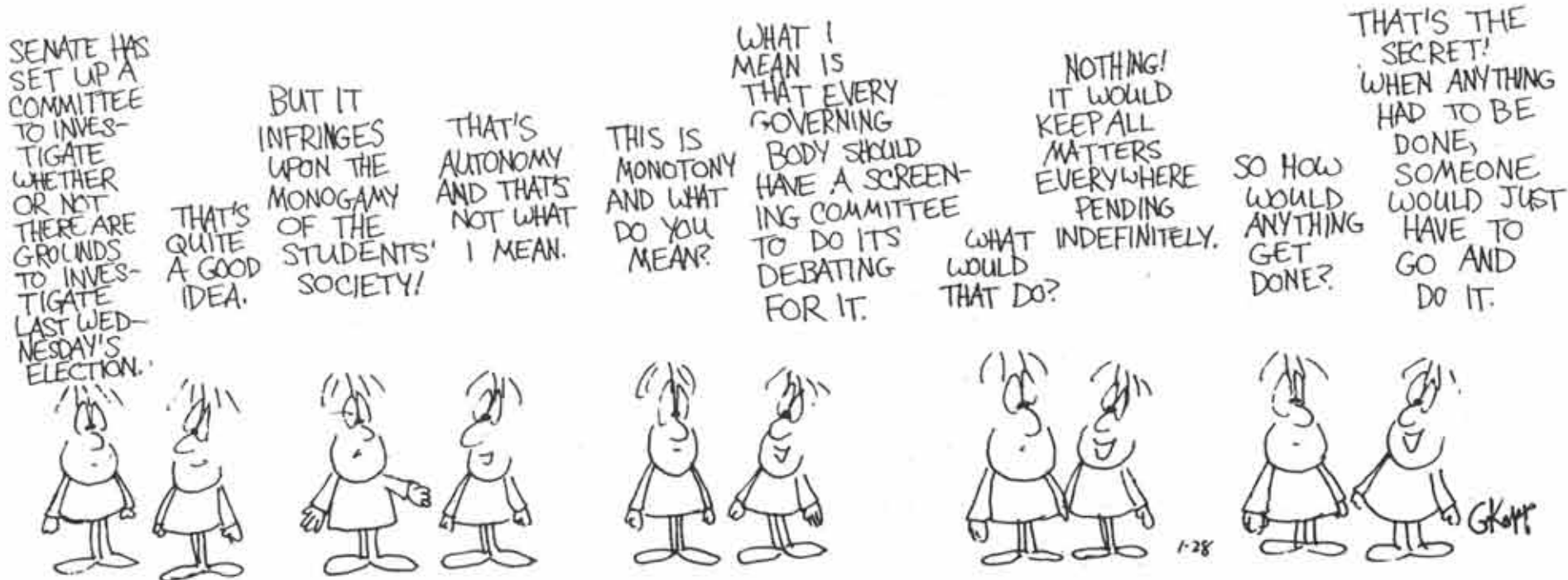
According to the study, poor families with incomes of less than \$3,000 get the best deal as far as the number of students in university in proportion to income goes, that is, the rates are nearly equal (if low).

For having 8.98 per cent of the number of university students, such families pay 8.86 per cent of the costs.

Another report prepared for the Wright Commission recommends a longer university year with two month terms instead of one seven-and-a-half-month year in order that students may get degrees in three years instead of four. Draft recommendations released last month also showed the commission will stress making degrees easier to get.

The 13-man Commission on Post-Secondary Education for Ontario was set up two and a half years ago under the chairmanship of the provincial deputy secretary for Social Development, Douglas Wright, to chart the course of education in universities and community colleges for the next 20 years.

LEAN AND HUNGRY/BY GEORGE KOPP



Guess Who Really Owns Quebec.....Right!

MONTREAL (CUP) — With soaring unemployment, sagging wages and increasingly militant strikes, just about everyone knows the economy of Quebec has problems. The militant union activity of the Quebec Federation of Labor and the Confederation of National Trade Unions, among others, has reflected a growing awareness of who is responsible for Quebec's economy.

"Who Owns Quebec?" was the title of a forum held earlier this month at McGill University. The question was answered easily enough by one of the participants, Pierre Jauvin, a militant sociologist and member of the QFL.

Jauvin pointed the finger squarely at American business. He gave the following rundown about what U.S. corporations own in Quebec:

% of American Ownership

80 per cent of the mining industry	71.9 per cent of the precision instruments industry
75 per cent of the wood products industry	75 per cent of the natural gas industry
100 per cent of the petroleum industry	70 per cent of the electrical apparatus industry
97 per cent of the automobile industry	67.9 per cent of the tobacco industry
90 per cent of the rubber industry	64.7 per cent of machinery manufacturing
84.7 per cent of the non-ferrous metal industry	61.2 per cent of insurance companies
79.2 per cent of the transport industry	51.5 per cent of the department stores
77 per cent of the chemical products industry	

While the general pattern of U.S. investment holds throughout Canada, it's impact is most damaging in Quebec where English Canadians earn 50 per cent more than the majority French population on the average (\$4,940 compared to \$3,185). As a cheap labor supply for both American and English Canadian business, Quebecois are frequently the hardest hit by fluctuations in the American economy.

Jauvin predicted that following current trends, "20 per cent of the Quebec labor force will be unemployed by 1980."

Furthermore, American companies reap huge profits by selling their manufactured goods as well as milking the Quebec economy by taking out all the profits that their subsidiaries make. Because of all the money which is going out of the province, Quebec is "forced to borrow money from the U.S. to make up this deficit. But such a process is not limited to Quebec," said Jauvin, "the Americans do the same thing in the rest of the world."

Student Board of Publications

Applications will be accepted until March 3, 1972 for the following positions within the Board of Publications:

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Cord - Editor in Chief

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Information on any of the above positions

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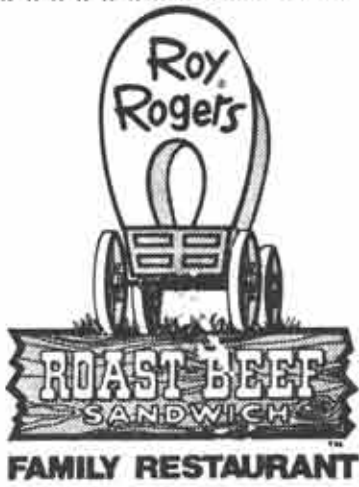
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photo by Vopni



Where are the rest of the Hawks?

photo by Howard

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Coverage like this led to many "garbage" goals.

photo by Vopni

Basketball

O.U.A.A. Finishes in Upset?

As most Hawk fans know the B-ballers finished up a very unpredictable season with a disappointing record. Well take heart fans because misery loves company and we have lots of it this week.

Last week eight teams entered the playoffs for the O.U.A.A. championship and the right to represent Ontario in the Canadian

finals out west. The winner must win three games straight in order to advance.

The western section had been picked as a favourite all season to win the basketball crown in the O.U.A.A. but nobody wanted to pick the team that would win.

In the preliminary round Western faced Guelph and Windsor played Waterloo up the street. The

stage was set for Jaan Laaniste in his final year as a Warrior to lead Waterloo to the Canadian finals, after they finished the season rated first in Ontario and second in Canada. But the Warriors and Laaniste lost to Windsor by 1 point. Western beat Guelph easily because of an injury to Morgan, their star center.

Now everyone said that with Guelph and Waterloo out Western should have had the best chance as they were to play York in the semi-finals. But, they lost to York on a bad night while Windsor snuck by Ottawa and gained a shot at the hardware.

By then everyone including York were putting a Cinderella label on Windsor who had backed into the playoffs by ending tied for fourth and last playoff position. They did not choke in the clutch and came through with a victory over York to make the perfect dream come true.

So you see we were not the only people crying in our beer this week. The bubble should burst for Windsor shortly after they land in British Columbia to compete in the Canadian finals.

As a small footnote to B-Ball, Lutheran placed two men in the top ten scoring in our league, Al Brown and Rod Dean, fifth and sixth respectively.

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entertainment

by George Olds



Players' Guild Productions

Well, theatre activity is still buzzing despite the wishes of several people and this week Players' Guild is presenting the world premier of an original mellow-drama plus another one-man (?) show. Sometime between Monday and Friday (day, time and location uncertain at press time) the Players' Guild Workshops will present *True, Blue, and Trusted* or, *Granny Gets Her Man*, starring David Rooke one of the school's best actors-cum-impressarios. This will be performed twice and will be accompanied by a second mellow-drama, the original *Lager Heights* (the Story of a small town) or, *The Drunkard's Doleful Dilemma*. This piece was produced, written, directed, choreographed and everything else by members of W.L.U.'s Players' Guild. A temperance drama, it features the adventures of Johnny Finefellow, an honest, hard working respectable citizen who falls prey to the demon alcohol; his wife Mildred and their daughter Mary who is secretly dying but will die happily if she can extract a promise from her father that he will never touch booze again. Also included are *Jeremiah Stiffspade*, the undertaker; the *Good Angel and the Bad Angel*; *Mix-em Harry* the bartender; and thousands of saloon girls who perform for you an erotically stimulating Can-Can, starring Big Bertha - a construction booted Mama who does a very titillating strip tease. Numerous townspeople, street urchins and even the parson show up in this exciting show. Don't miss it! Watch for posters for details.

New Heaven, New Earth

Also coming up in the very near future is the revival of the annual Purple and Gold Revue. This year the musical *New Heaven, New Earth* was conceived by the students here at W.L.U. instead of borrowing old Broadway shows. There have been many hassles getting this show on the road and for all the work that has been put into it, it most definitely deserves your support. It will be performed at Waterloo Collegiate Institute (a real theatre at last!) on March 15, 16, 17 and 18.

New Heaven, New Earth concerns the last days of a commune, breaking down because of internal dissension among the communalists. That is all I will reveal of the plot because, as I said, it's an original show and I want as many people as possible to see it. The music was composed by Jonathan Kramer, and it is very good. The lyrics were written by the director, George Thompson and he has under his command many fine voices to sing the leads. Included in the cast are Derek Reynolds, David Rooke, Brona Brown, Heather Dark, Kim McGeagh, Chris Dean, Elaine Pye, Cathy Kamping, and a dozen more who are equally good (I just don't have the cast list with me or I would name them all).

The show is, quite frankly, a good one. Tickets are available in the usual places and cost \$2.50 and \$1.50. Reserve a date between Wed. and Sat. March 15 to 18.

Sunday, Bloody Sunday

It can be said that when John Schlesinger makes a film he strives to show us reality. His past successes include *Darling*, in which Julie Christie slept her way to fame and misfortune; *Far From the Madding Crowd*, a triumph in capturing the romantic ambience of Thomas Hardy's England; and *Midnight Cowboy*, sparing no punches in acquainting the audience with the seedy realities of New York's cruel world.

Now he has come up with the best film so far, one of the finest films of 1971. *Sunday, Bloody Sunday* is a compassionate look at the final ten days of the relationships that artist Bob Elkin shares with Alex Greville, a divorcee, and Daniel Hirsch, a middle aged doctor. We are not asked to feel sorry for Bob because he is shallow, or for Alex because she is unstable, and not even for Daniel because he is a homosexual. Rather, we are asked to accept all three, because they are human beings with individual problems that each is struggling to cope with. Bob has his art, Alex has her job, and Daniel has his patients. In all of these life-problems there are infinitely more problems: Bob must go to America for an exhibition of his art, Alex tries to find a job for one of her clients that has been fired and is now too old to start again, and Daniel's patients bring their problems - medical or not - to him. Everyone must cope for himself. Life.

Friday. The weekend starts with an ageing patient in Daniel's office - complaining - as the phone rings. It is Bob, Daniel's part-time lover. He is going to spend the weekend with Alex, minding the children of a liberal, bourgeois family. Alex leaves her apartment for the weekend after trying to reach Bob on the phone. Busy first, no answer later. Always a missed connection. She is late. She arrives at the home of the family, and the children are truly the embodiment of the bourgeois nightmare. Four children, a dog, and a monkey. Status. The "kids" smoke pot, kept hidden behind *Tristan and Isolde*. Culture.

Saturday is equally hectic. The children bring Bob and Alex breakfast in bed and report that after eating they usually watch *Mother and Father* take a bath together. With it. The day proves all too horrendous for Bob who leaves to see Daniel. Alex, left with the kids but still very much alone, cries. Daniel, working late and on a Saturday, is elated to see Bob. He knows he can only have of Bob what he sees fit to give him.

Sunday. Bob has returned and he and Alex realize that it could never work as a marriage between them. They take the kids to the park. An escape? Pleasure, if any is momentary. On leaving the park, the eldest child runs heedlessly across the road and the dog which follows her is killed by a truck. Trauma.

The week continues. Time passes, lives elapse. Bob is invited to America, Alex decides to quit her job, and Daniel plans a trip to Italy. They all deny the pending separation. They know the relationships are breaking up; the end for them all is near. They can see this, but they ignore it. The film asks this question: is it not

their prerogative to do so? They each live their own separate lives and answer to no-one. They will not, they cannot admit to their dependence on one another.

It is late in the week. Both Alex and Daniel find more out about themselves. Alex realizes that she can and must relate to other people emotionally. She finds that she is capable of sexual relations with someone other than Bob. The person is the aging man at the office who has lost his job. More problems are intertwined. Daniel attends the Bar Mitzvah of a friend's boy and sees himself in the boy: someone who must make a viable contribution to the community. Both Alex and Daniel must continue to live, continue to cope.

A party held by Bob and Daniel for their many "liberal" friends. It is going well until one guest makes herself obnoxious with snide bitch remarks about the gathering. It is during this scene - exemplary of the emptiness of a with-it life - that Bob decides to accept the invitation to America. He walks out. But he doesn't leave entirely. He goes to Alex. It is now that he finds out about the other man in her life. He seems sure that it would not work out between him and Alex and that she will be alright without him. She, however, is not so sure. She has seen her parents' marriage falter and become an appointment session. She has seen her own marriage fail completely. She finds her relationship with Bob entirely lacking. Her mother has advised her:

"You have to give up the game. You haven't got it all. You can never have it all."

Will she be satisfied with the crumbs, the leftovers of a person?

Sunday comes. Bob leaves. Now, Daniel mulls over the same questions that have plagued Alex. Must he too be satisfied with memories?

"We didn't have much. We had each other. At least I had that much. That was something."

They are people. They are us. They are now alone. All alone. They will continue to live. They will continue to cope. Very sad. Very true. Very real.

Again Schlesinger has succeeded in capturing another slice of life. He is so honest it hurts and he refuses to pity. Penelope Gilliat's screenplay is at once literate and understanding. Above all it is intelligent and civilised. Her characters are real and uncompromising. They are created compellingly by fine actors all around. Glenda Jackson is Alex and Peter Finch is Daniel Hirsch. Both have been nominated for this year's academy awards for best performances and, of those nominated, they deserve to win.

The direction is taut, less erratic than in *Midnight Cowboy* - controlled. Schlesinger too has been nominated as best director. The screenplay also has been nominated. It is a joy to listen to, as is the film a joy to watch. This is also due in no small part to the fine photography which was done by Billy Williams.

The film is perfectly realized, a vision brought to life in even the smallest part. Peggy Ashcroft is great as Alex's mother who has reached the stage of acceptance that Alex must strive for now. Murray Head, as Bob, is as shallow as the role calls for him to be, but he too is human and the role is finely played.

Another detail which adds much to the film is the score. A haunting repetition of the love trio from Mozart's *Così Fan Tutti* is woven into the lives of the three main characters throughout the film.

It is the best film in the city right now. A work of art and a fine achievement in film making. Thank you John Schlesinger.

The Red Tent

The Red Tent is a fine film, based on a true adventure and the psychological approach taken in the film made it even more interesting. Peter Finch starred as General Nobile, the commander of a zeppelin expedition crossing the North Pole. The airship crashes in a storm and the eight survivors are left to live as they can until any possible rescue is attempted. Their radio signal is finally heard by an amateur radio operator in Russia and an ice-breaker is sent to the co-ordinates given. But it gets stuck in heavy ice, and due to bad weather plane rescue cannot be tried. Three of the men desert and try to make it back to Kingsbay on foot. Terrific odds against them all go together to make for a fascinating story. When a two-seater plane does come, the pilot will only take back Nobile. He is unwilling to leave his men and when he reluctantly does so the act is looked on by his superiors as desertion. But in leaving, he ensures the rescue of the others. This is the psychological question which the director, Mikhail K. Kalatozov, probes in the movie: was it right for him to go first and leave the others to possibly perish on the shifting, cracking ice? And can humans who were not connected with the event judge his actions?

The movie opens with Finch in bed watching newsreels of himself on the expedition as the event is later celebrated by the media. But the question of whether or not he did the right thing plagues him and he cannot sleep. He gets up and relives the action of the film and recalls in his fantasy all the people involved in the events; these include his commander, the navigator of the airship that led the group of three men that walked off, his girlfriend, the pilot who rescued him, and the pilot who attempted a rescue but died trying. They all pass judgement on Nobile's actions and find him guilty of desertion and other crimes. But the pilot who died in the rescue attempt maintains that they are not capable of judgement and that he probably did the only thing he could have done by leaving them.

"Those of us who take up leadership, give up the right to be human. And those who are fit to be leaders cannot afford to do so."

So with this advice he tells Nobile to be at ease and forgive himself for only being human in his actions. An intelligent and probing screenplay mixed with a powerful score added a lot to this movie. The photography is also noteworthy. The most surprising fact that comes from the film is that Sean Connery can act if he tears himself away from the James Bond bit and here he plays a character somewhat older than 007: the pilot that was killed trying to find them in the north.

The Red Tent which played here at W.L.U. last weekend is a first run feature. It has not, in other words, reached Kitchener in a com-

mercial theatre showing yet. Yet less than 500 people saw it on campus on a double bill with the *Out-Of-Towners* for only a buck - half of what you pay for one show in town.

It would be worthwhile to see this movie in a proper theatre with a good sound system and a wider screen. See it when it comes again.

The Out-Of-Towners

Meanwhile, the other film in the double bill was the *Out-Of-Towners*. They warned me twice with the credits that the man responsible was Neil Simon but I stayed anyway. Unfortunately, because Neil Simon has this habit of writing unfunny comedies (remember how bad the last half of *The Odd Couple* was? And *Sweet Charity* ended with "And she lived hopefully ever after.") His tales are sadder than they are funny, and they seem to fall flat when he makes an attempt at social comment.

This story concerns a couple from Ohio who go to New York in hopes of a better job and life. Well talk about your born losers; everything that could go wrong, and then some, goes wrong. The plane circles for hours and then has to land in Boston; then the bit with the luggage; then missing the only train to New York; the truly rotten taxi drivers; a transit strike in New York; (yes they finally get there); a rainstorm; three muggings and a night in central Park; a breakfast of crackerjacks, leftover by a dog; ...need I go on. The only friendly person they find in New York is from Cuba, and together they are attacked by protesters. As if we need to be hit over the head by man's inhumanity to man, Simon finds it necessary to have Sandy Dennis tell her husband Jack Lemmon that New York just isn't the right place for them ("We could never be happy here") - Cruel, cruel. The biggest laugh of the evening was on the line "Oh my God, my straps are broken," screamed by Dennis as she gets out of the Cuban's car. That tells you much about the movie as any review ever could.

Next weekend (March 3, 4, 5 & 6) the movies are *Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion* and *Doctors' Wives*. I can't tell you much about either except the first got excellent reviews and the second has Dyan Cannon. Hmmm.

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DisC

by Paul Wemple

Easy listening music took on obvious different trends through the sixties. Included in these differing types is much of the work by the Beatles, ie. "Here Comes The Sun, etc. of Abbey Road. Jose Feliciano introduced the Spanish influence to already well-established songs, ie. "Light My Fire". The Moody Blues made the rock smoother by the addition of the background symphony, ie. "Days of Future Passed". With the loss of the two man team of Simon and Garfunkel though, the trend lost its strongest lyrical influence. At least that is what I would have said had I not been initiated into the work of Jim Seals and Dash Crofts. These two were mellowing along with the aforementioned duo but off in the background somewhere. These two have now stepped to the forefront of the lyricists as we move more deeply into the seventies.

The two musicians met at college in the States and obviously listened and matured alongside of the influences mentioned earlier. This present album is their third and, in many ways, best, since it has shown that they have consolidated and interpreted their experience of the two earlier

albums and extended travel in both North America and Europe. In only a short time they have completed one orbit of a rising spiral and have eliminated the agencies which might have hindered their upsurge (dabbings in theelectrics, etc.)

This album combines a diverse selection of musical topics, styles and performances. The result is refreshing. There are the obvious love themes such as evidenced in "Irish Linen". The title sets the airy tone of the song along with soothing lyrics.

"Met a girl in Leningrad
She wasn't bad
And I might add
I found it such a pleasure to be
near her
Just to hear her call my
name."

Included also is this song of social import, "Cause You Love". "This old world's a gettin' heavy
these old times are gettin' hard
You might see a-somethin' hap
penin'

If you look out in the yard."
The message is meant to get across and it does so in a subtle manner due to the perfection of the musicianship and stereo effect. The song is over before the listener

realizes that he agrees with the words.

Jim Seals impresses the listener with his variability in his choice of words. He is not bound by the mechanics of rhythm and rhyme but manages to add personality to his work. Witness the first two lines of "Ancient of the Old"

"On a crisp as bacon morning
With the sunshine on my head."
Adding to the enjoyment of the album is the addition of all the lyrics on the inside cover. This is pleasant but on this album totally unnecessary. Both production and the two's enunciation throughout get a five star rating for listening ability. The music never has to take over for a flaw in their vocal performance nor vice versa.

There are two unique songs which I saved to the last. One is "Sudan Village" to which I merely wish to draw special attention and the other is the title song, "Year of Sunday". Both Dash and Jim contributed to the lyrics to cement their union as performers. In this song they combine knowledge of the world's religions with their ability to offer an example of what this decade's talent is going to put down for others to follow. Best album of the year!

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weekdays 6:30—12:30

mate

by Frank Sexton

Although my report is somewhat late, Columbia University won the Pan-American Intercollegiate Chess Championship held in Toronto over the last Christmas holidays. Of more interest to local fans was the showing of the University of Western Ontario, who placed second. Also of special note was that the University of Waterloo placed in a tie for 34th - 42nd. Among those who were in this tie was Rochdale College. Interesting, isn't it?

Speaking of Rochdale, they defeated R.M.C. by a score of 4 - 0 in their encounter. The freaks must have something going for them!

On the international scene, Fischer will be playing Spassky in both Belgrade, Yugoslavia and Reykjavik, Iceland. Twelve games will be played in each city with a total prize fund of \$137,000. Two-thirds of that money will go to the

winner, the remainder to the loser. Yes, chess can be profitable!

The game this week is from the above mentioned Collegiate Chess Championship. It is between the board ones of Western and City College of New York. Peter Murray (UWO) wins the game in fine fashion against an opponent who was leader of the highest rated team entered. C.C.N.Y. eventually finished tied for third.

P. MURRAY (U.W.O.) vs. V.
LIVERMORE (C.C.N.Y.)
TORONTO, 1971

King's Indian Defense: 1. P-Q4, N-KB3; 2. P-QB4, P-KN3; 3. N-QB3, B-N2; 4. N-B3, 0-0; 5. B-N5 (a), P-B4; 6. P-K3, P-Q3; 7. B-K2, Q-R4? (b); 8. 0-0, N-B3; 9. P-Q5!, N-Q1; 10. N-Q2!, P-QR3; 11. P-QR4, P-K3; 12. P-K4, PXP; 13. BPXP, R-K1; 14. Q-B2, Q-B2 (c); 15. P-R5, N-Q2; 16. N-B4, P-N4 (d); 17. PXPep., NXP; 18. QR-K1?; 19. N-K3! (e), Q-N2; 20. B-KB4, B-B1; 21. B-N3, N-

Q2; 22. N-B4, Q-B2; 23. P-B4, N-N2; 24. P-B5, N-R4; 25. PXP, RXP; 26. P-K5, PXP; 27. P-Q6, Q-Q1; 28. N-N, Q-N; 29. B-QB4, resigns (f) a) A variation initiated by Smyslov aiming for gentle pressure. b) Much better is 7. ..., B-N5. Now the queen becomes exposed. c) Black is extremely cramped and must seek to relieve the pressure. d) Very aggressive but P-B3 is very defensive and Black has chosen to fight back. e) White should have played this last move and Black should have taken the opportunity to play P-B4 to solve his problems. f) Black cannot protect KB2 and when it falls so will the entire K-side.

The chess club is still meeting every Tuesday night at 7:30 in room 3-313 in the Teaching Building. See you there next week?

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Sometimes defensive hand entries may be critical to allow a contract to be defeated. It is seldom a good tactic to under-lead aces. This is especially true if that ace heads a six card suit. On occasion, however, no other play offers a reasonable chance.

Dealer: South
Vulnerable: Both

South	West	North	East
1 ht.	2 dia.	pass	3 dia.
3 ht.	pass	4 ht.	All pass...

Opening Lead: Jack of Clubs

West	North	East	South
S. A 9 5 3	S. 8 4	S. Q J 7 2	S. K 10 6
H. K 10	H. 8 7	H. 6 4 3	H. A Q J 9 5 2
D. A Q 10 6 4 3	D. J 8 2	D. K 7 4	D. 9
C. J	C. A Q 9 8 6 3	C. 7 5 2	C. K 10 4

When west leads the jack of clubs, south should read this as a singleton, and after winning the club ace in hope of misleading the defence, and lead a heart to his ace. He should not take the finesse, for if east holds the ace of spades, a club ruff will put him down.

When west wins the heart king at trick three, he should see that declarer must hold both black kings, and that his only hope is that east has the queen and jack of spades. Since the club suit will give south more than enough discards to make his contract, any tricks that the defenders hope to win must come now.

West must lead a small diamond to his partner's king, so the return of the queen of spades will set the contract.

Football

Better Late Than Never!

by Bill Schuster

Prior to reading week the C.F.L. held their annual college draft. The general managers of the various teams spent only 51 minutes to select 70 of 245 eligible players, and then got on to what "they considered" more important work.

That is whether or not they should accept the New York franchise bid. This question should have been resolved by one quick ballot. By viewing the mistakes of the N.H.L., the G.M.'s should have realized what the "Yankee-buck" can do to sports in Canada. The N.H.L. has been so diluted by inferior poor talent that players such as Boston's Phil Esposito can score 76 goals in one season. When he played for Chicago, no one knew who he was. Then with expansion, the Garbage Man made it big. (For all you Espo fans who think he's so good, why can't he score against top goaltenders like Ken Dryden???)

Agreed the expansion would have given more players a chance to play, but where would they be

coming from? Not our fair country, that's for sure. As Jake Gaudaur (C.F.L. commissioner) put it, "To draw people in New York, you need something like a Joe Namath. The New York Franchise has the money to get 10 Namaths and 10 Buba Smiths."

Fortunately the G.M.'s voted no for the entry. So we keep the Canadian Football League in CANADA.

However, the G.M.'s did change the import rule, allowing each team to carry 15 Americans, one more than the old quota. But that's a different beef altogether. Anyway, back to the draft.

W.L.U.'s own Tom Walker was No. 1 selection of Hamilton Tiger-Cats. He was picked behind Mike Labrose of Queen's. Despite missing most of the season because of a hamstring injury, Walker scored 6 touchdowns and rushed for a total of 416 yards for a 5.6 yards per carry average.

In the second round Bill Hogan and Bill Turnbull were picked,

going to Calgary and Toronto respectively.

Art Lestins and Jim Cooper both went in the 4th round. Lestins travels to sunny B.C., while Cooper gets his tryout in the iceberg—Saskatchewan.

Other Golden Hawks selected were Gary Jeffries—Toronto, Dave Scharman—Montreal, and Rick Henderson—Toronto.

Coach Newborough expressed mixed feelings over the draft. The disappointment was caused by Edmonton who did not choose any Hawks after expressing interest in several players. Since, in all, eight Golden Hawks were selected, he was quite pleased. (McMaster was the only other team to have eight players drafted.)

Newborough, however, offered a word of caution for the players. "In 1970, nine of our boys received tryouts, but none made it. This year we feel some players have an excellent chance especially Lestins, Walker and Turnbull."

Our congratulations go out to these players and we wish them the best of luck!

Women's Varsity

by Pat Bergman & Donna Helm

The W.L.U. girl's varsity basketball team came close to their first win Tuesday, Feb. 15. They stunned the Waterloo Athenas with their overall good performance. The game proved to be the most exciting and well-played of the season. The half-time score was tied at 26-26 and the final outcome was 57-55 in favour of Waterloo. A handful of fans and one terrier caught the action in the T.A.

W.L.U. came out very strong as their excellent defensive work held back the Waterloo team. W.L.U. led for most of the first half. At one

point the Athenas trailed by 8 points. Much of the lead was due to good rebounding and more accurate shooting on W.L.U.'s part. The girls displayed an accuracy that was never before exhibited. The Athenas were weak at first in passing and shooting but managed to improve as the game progressed.

A tense atmosphere prevailed at the opening and end of the second half. The Athenas took the lead from W.L.U. Their defense unit was outstanding as the W.L.U. girls could not get within shooting range. The last seven minutes proved to be touch and go.

Lutheran trailed by 9 points but managed to cut the margin to only 4 with three minutes remaining. A final basket in the last second of the game brought W.L.U. within 2 points of tying it up. Jan Meyer paced the Athenas with 10 points, followed by Mary Anne Krzyzanowski and Sue Murphy with 9 each. Lutheran's attack was much more balanced than ever before. Carolyn Baechler led with 17 points. The other top scorers included Joanne Tully with 15, Sheila Dietz and C. Gregson with 9 each.

This game marked the end of regular season play. The Lutheran girls, it seems, started off with a whimper and ended with a roar.

Women's Intramural Volleyball

by Carol Baechler

In spite of various inconveniences in women's intramural volleyball, the program for volleyball was quite successful thanks to the efforts of Sheila Dietz. Thursday evenings at 10 was the only gym time available; however the turn-out was commendable. The Intramural

Program consisted of 5 teams, one team from each wing in Women's Residence and one team from off campus.

'A'-wing played a perfect season winning four out of four games for a total of 16 points. Runner-up was 'B'-wing with a total of 12 points. The members of the Championship team are: Pam Coutts, Mary Kartzmark, Joanne Lefebvre,

Jane Vaicunas, Erika Vopni, Linda Grant, Jamie Brown, Bonnie Watson, Pat Kunz, Karen Crawford and Mary Mock. The presentation of the crests will be made at the first Intramural Basketball game on February 24, where 'A'-wing vs. 'C'-wing and 'B'-wing vs. 'D'-wing will be playing. Let's support women's athletics and get a team out there every week!

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Food Poisoning in Res

by trish wells

A wave of diarrhea and nausea swept all residences a few weeks ago. That Wednesday night's turkey dinner in the dining hall is suspected to be the cause. Health services got their first call Thursday morning at eleven—Women's residence reporting that nine out of thirteen girls on one floor were down with what looked like food poisoning. After that, and after several more on-campus

students had been into Health Services complaining of similar symptoms the nurses contacted Head Residents in all residences asking them to make reports on the extent of the "poisoning". The rush to Health Services did not stop all Thursday. Although the nurses kept track of all the information of each case, they could come up with no consistency in the patients' reports aside from the nature of the symptoms which usually cleared up within forty-eight hours. No one

food could be pinpointed as responsible for the vomiting and diarrhea, although it was found that no one who ate the food after 6 p.m. that fateful Wednesday night was afflicted. The Public Health Department was called in to take samples of Wednesday's food as soon as complaints started, but because all the symptom-causing food had already been consumed their tests proved absolutely nothing. The whole affair has been passed off as inconsequential.

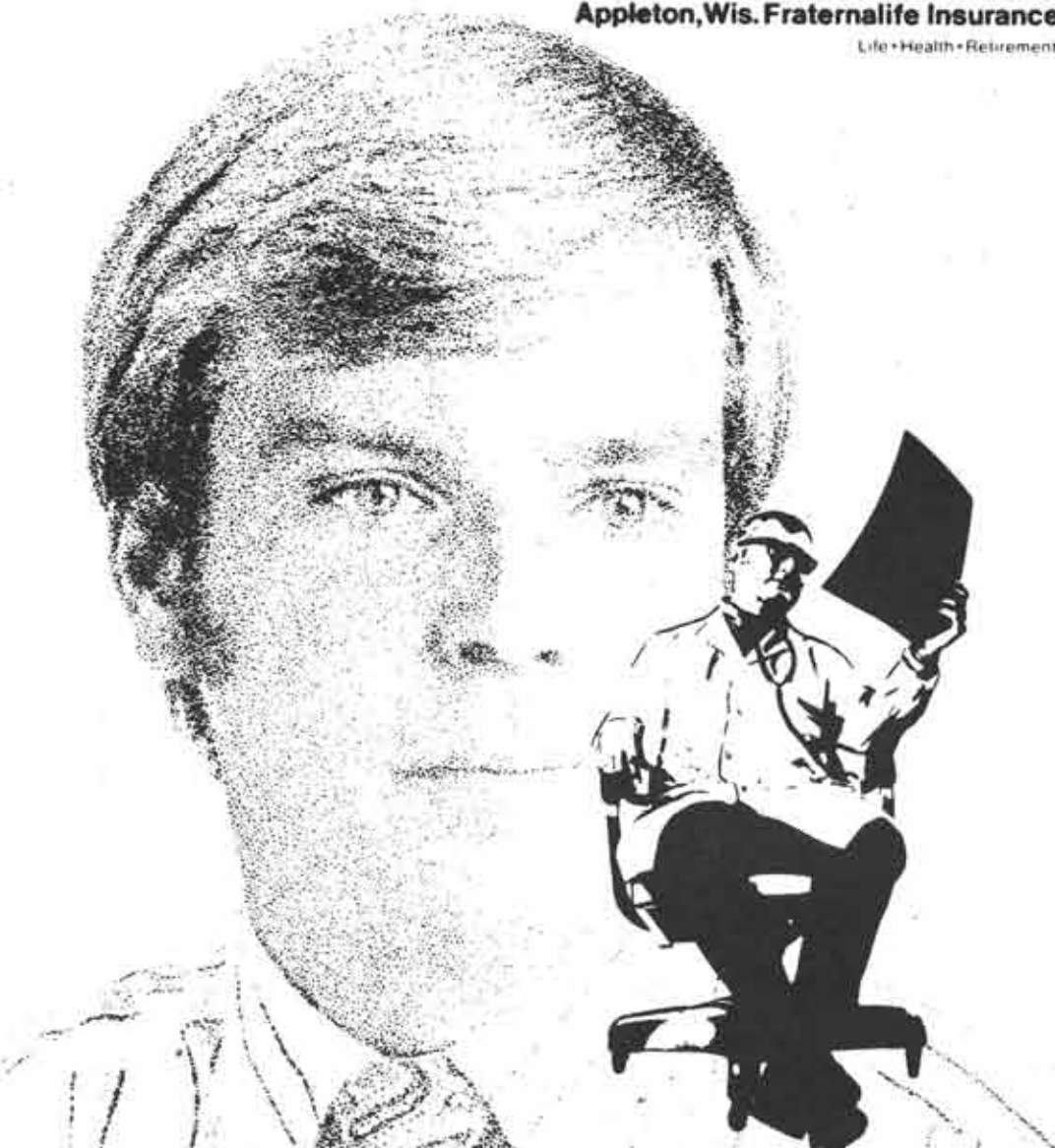
Applications for Six Positions on Dean's Advisory Council (DAC)
May be Submitted to the Office of the Dean of Student's, Student Union Building
This Is an Appointed Position
Applications Will Be Accepted Until Friday, March 10, at 4 p.m.

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Personalities: Radio Lutheran



Brian Sloney
News director of Radio Lutheran for the past year. He can't spell and his grammar is terrible, but he works harder than a pig in s....

Liz Jauik Tues. 11:30 - 2:00
Started out by saying she knew nothing about music. It's funny how things change.



Ernie Fish Fri. 9:00 - 12 noon
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Tim Cooper Mon. 6:00 - 8:00 p.m.
The sophisticated Jazz freak. Knows a hell of a lot about Jazz, but who guesses a charmer. Excellent show if you dig Jazz.



Sylvia Finnamore
A publicity expert. Sylvia's hard work is part and parcel of Radio Lutheran's success.

Jim Mackrory Sat. 9:00 - 12 noon
Who's this guy? Alias the Green Slime, he's been sliming around these hallowed walls for ages and still doesn't know what he's doing.



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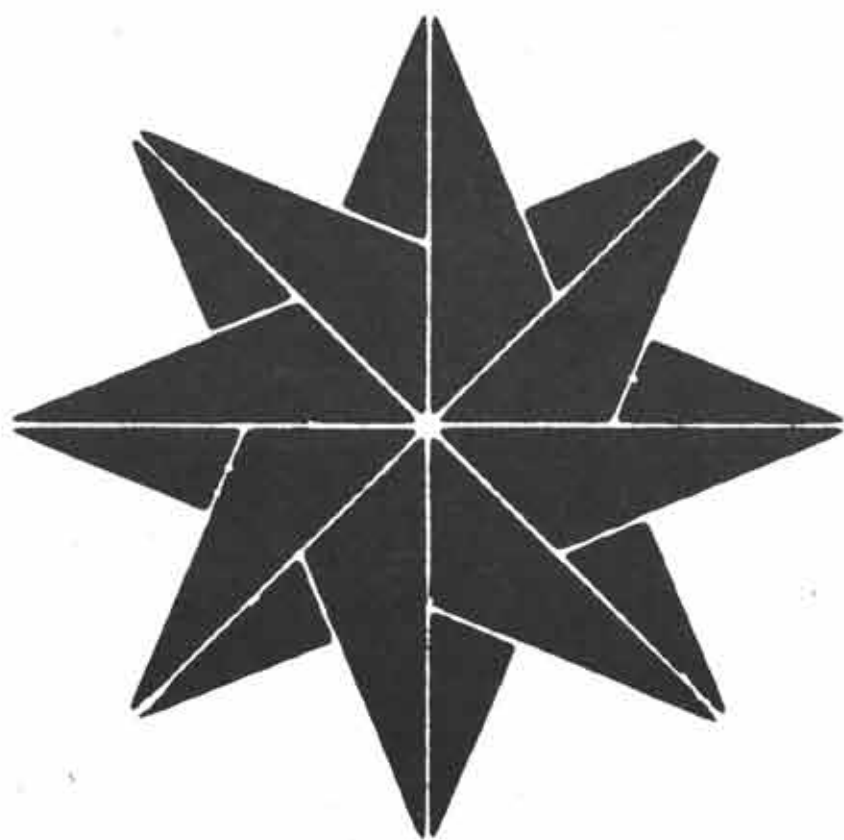
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Psychedelic Fascism

EARLY IN THE SUMMER of 1970, around the middle of June to be exact, a monstrous party was given at a ranch about 10 miles outside aspen, colorado. The party had been announced for several nights at danny's, the local rock 'n' roll joint in aspen, just as it would be several months later when the guys who lived at a ranch decided to give another one. It was said that they gave the parties twice yearly, to usher in the summer and the ski season.

That June, a rainy, boring month between the end of the ski season and the height of the summer tourist business, it didn't take long for the word to get around. By noon that Saturday, several hundred of aspen's hard-core mountain hipsters and soft-core local freaks had gathered at the ranch. By 2 more than 1000 summer celebrants were present for the festivities.

And such festivities there were! The scene would get so heavy, a friend had told me the night before, that the sheriff and town cops wouldn't go near the place for fear of being shot at or stoned. And in fact, as hundreds of long-haired, dope-crazed freaks poured down the dirt road leading to the ranch, the cops sat idly by watching the procession, their radios crackling occasionally with a status report request from headquarters. These the police and sheriff's men apparently provided with some chagrin, for right before their very eyes the floor of the pitkin valley was being rendered into the kind of carnage that is possible only through the forces of modern-day psychedlia.

The barn at the ranch, a huge, aging structure with a classical peaked roof and peeling, rust-colored paint, fairly shook on its foundations with the sound of the rock group from danny's. The barn was full of dancing freaks, many of whom had overflowed into the pastures surrounding the barn. There, in various stages of dress or undress, they frolicked in the grand style of hippiedom. Drugs of

all kinds were in wide-spread use. Girls' breasts, bared in the midday sun, were openly fondled. Couples could be seen in varying states of couple in the high grass of the meadow. Cycle freaks did dusty wheelies up and down the dirt roads and around the barn. Occasionally a stark naked guy would wander forth from the barn, and staggering beneath the load of pills that were frizzling his brain, piss an irregular stream into the dirt of the corral. In general, and even from a distance, the scene was recognizable as a drug-crazed orgy, which in the finest sense of the phrase it certainly was.

INTO THIS SCENE of gay abandon, about the time the sun was beginning to disappear behind the mountains, came a woman of some 50 years. She was attired as you would expect a woman her age to be, wearing a print dress hemmed at mid-calf, and her hair was so silvery-gray it looked to have been dyed. At first glance, in fact, only one thing would distinguish her from your mother or aunt; her companions. One, a man at least 15 years her junior, seemed to be a kind of valet. He was dressed like a madison avenue advertising executive, complete with silk tie and wing-tipped shoes, and was carrying a two-and-a-half gallon thermos jug and a paper bag full of unbreakable plastic cups.

The other was an 18 or 19-year-old chinese boy, dressed in flowing tie-dyed velvet and snakeskin boots, who stood at least six feet two inches tall. I must confess that, as I was a bit stoned at the time, this lady and her strange assemblage looked like some kind of apparition. She walked right into the barn, as if following a plan, and summoning forth the man with the thermos jug and bag, began filling cups full of a ghastly purplish-pink juice and passing them around.

All this time she was beckoning those of us still in the barn to come and taste her wonderful punch. "Come," she would say, "have some of my punch. It will

make listening to the music so much nicer, won't it john?" John would nod, his mustache curling down almost in a sneer, and answer, "Yes, Jean, of course it will my dear." The chinese kid passed the cups around, taking an occasional sip himself.

I refused the cup when it was first passed to me, saying no thank you, I don't really care for any punch right now, I've still got some beer. This didn't seem to upset the kid, but a little later when it became obvious that everyone else in the barn, at this point somewhere around 50 people, had taken the punch, this woman zeroed in on me.

It wasn't very subtle, the way she did it. Standing at least 30 feet away across the barn, she stared at me for a good two minutes. I found it extremely difficult not to stare back. Then, when she saw she had caught my gaze, she motioned with her hand for me to come over. I turned my head. She waited. When I again looked over there, she motioned the same way, smiling this time. I looked at her eyes, and they seemed at least 30 feet further away than her body.

They were large, with dark circles surrounding them, and when she smiled, the circles got deeper, making her eyes look to be sunk in two holes that got deeper and deeper as you stared at them. Suffice to say that her eyes were extremely weird, and to make a long story short, I was fascinated by her, by her eyes, and I walked over and took the punch she had been holding in her hand for me.

As I approached she held out the cup and smiled, saying, "Now there, it isn't all that bad, is it?" All I could do was shake my head negatively. She seemed to have known my reaction and how to deal with it. I felt better. Returning to my seat atop some haybales, I sipped the punch, and entering my mouth, it felt alive, vibrating with a strange power of its own. The punch was, in fact, alive with acid. The lady, still smiling, gathered her little brood, and summoning several of the people in the barn individually—including me—went outside.

She had apparently gone through a process of selection. When she got outside, she formed the group into a circle and sat down on the grass at the edge of the meadow. There she instructed the chinese kid to read everyone's palm and tell their fortunes, which he did obediently.

Her manner of dealing with her two charges, the chinese kid and the middle-aged valet, seemed very curious to me then, and it still does now. It seemed to be bared on total submission and obedience. They did whatever she told them to do, and didn't ask questions. The valet sometimes made a sarcastic comment, as the lady asked him if something wasn't as she said it was. "Isn't that right, john," she would say. If his reply wasn't one or two words in the affirmative, however, she silenced him with a glare. At that point he would shut up and literally hang his head. She had no such trouble with the chinese kid. He seemed to be a stoned automaton, responding to her every beck and call with a conditioned grin and unintelligible mumble.

THIS LADY MOVED about the group slowly, scooting from person to person with probing, personal questions. "What are you doing here? Why did you join the group? Do you like this group? Aren't you glad you're with us, and not OUT THERE?" She emphasized the importance of the group and the undesirability of OUT THERE, as if everyone outside the group were in a lesser or lower state.

Before she got around to me I left the group and staggered across the meadow to a spot where I could see, but not hear, what was going on with them. It didn't take long for her to notice that I had left, however, and again she beckoned to me from across the meadow to join them. "Come join the group," she said.

From that far away, her voice sounded like a whisper. I got up and walked back toward the barn, skirting the group as I went. As I got closer to the group, she became more insistent. "Why don't you join us?" she asked, almost plaintively. "Do you really like it better OUT THERE. Wouldn't you rather be IN THE GROUP?" My steps slowed as once again she caught my eye. This time, however, I wasn't just slightly stoned on a little grass and a lot of beer.

My head felt like it was coming apart. Reason was escaping me, and I could feel jolts of electricity shoot across my brain. I was even beginning to lose some control of the physical functions. Walking was a chore, turning my head next to impossible. It seemed that all I

could do was stare straight ahead and stumble, and when she caught me eye again, the pull was almost unbearable. I sat down at the edge of the group, not as an act of will, but in complete psychic exhaustion.

This woman, who by this time had complete control of the group, again began to zero in on me. Almost everything, as before, was in the form of questions. "Come, move in closer to the group." I moved closer. "Now," she said with another calm, knowing smile, "aren't you glad you're not OUT THERE?" I couldn't answer, so I nodded. Affirmatively. I was glad I wasn't out there, because out there I had been a spastic fool. I had stumbled. I had fallen down. I couldn't think. Sitting there in the group, my mind had something to focus on, and that something was the woman. She was beautiful, I thought, in an oft sort of way. Her face was lined, and yet it seemed ageless. Her eyes were all knowing. Her mouth was all telling. Her hands were as expressive as the deepest of my inner thought.

After I nodded yes, the woman began telling us of the party she was holding for us that night at her house. We would all be coming, wouldn't we? We were now, after all, in the group. There were things we knew, known by no one else. At the party, we would know more. Her house, she said, was large, and we all could stay there, as long as we want. "Isn't that right, John," she said. "Yes," he replied, "as long as you want." The party, she said, would be much better than the one that afternoon. More ORGANIZED. More to do. More to learn. More to feel. More to experience. "You can leave your cars here," she explained. "John has a station wagon to take us there."

AT THAT POINT, responding to some unknown impulse, I got up and began walking away from the group. The woman called after me, and this time there was anger in her voice. "Why are you leaving the group?" she demanded. "After all I've done for you. Come back here!" The order rang out with the authority of someone well accustomed to giving them. I turned, only to find her smiling and beckoning again.

This time I opened my mouth and said that I didn't want to be in the group. That I was going home. Again, she intimated that I was somehow in her debt. "You drank my punch," she said, "now stop this and come back to the group." It was all so very logical, so perfectly set up. I owed it to her to at least listen, she explained. Why wouldn't I listen? I backed away, and still she said "Come back, come back, come back, join the group," over and over again. I backed further away, and her voice dimmed.

I broke into a run across the meadow toward my car, and looking back I could still see her with her hand held out. By the time I reached my car, panting, I was in a cold sweat. As I slid behind the wheel, I could see her leading the group away. I buried my head in my hands and shook.

I never found out what happened at her "party." Most of the people she had gathered together were apparently homeless hippies, young runaways, freaks too stoned or too lonely to care why or what was happening. I found it difficult to explain to others what had happened, and more difficult to pinpoint, for myself, why this woman had passed out the acid punch, why she had gathered together her "group", and, in the end, what she was going to do with them. She WAS and they WERE and that's all that seemed to matter.

For by the time it was over, I knew beyond the shadow of a doubt that she was in total and complete control of the individuals who made up the group, beginning with her two assistants, who

looked to have been under her control for so long that the line between themselves and her had blurred to the extent that it was non-existent.

This is the first time I've written about this experience, which I now look back on as a living nightmare. I never found anyone I could talk to about it until one night in a bar I saw Ed Sanders. I knew he was working on a book about Charles Manson, and by that time I had the idea that the woman might have been part of an occult scene of some sort, so I described the whole thing to Sanders. He was fascinated, for what I described to him was the same kind of psychedelic fascism he had encountered time and time again in research into the enigma of Charles Manson.

PSYCHEDELIC FASCISM. In a way, it was inevitable. The drugs, beginning in the flower-power days of yesteryear, and their accompanying expanded consciousness, got weirder and weirder.

As Ken Kesey predicted on the front of his bus in the early days, everything went "further". Beyond that which was there just before, past that which would come not long after. Kesey and some of the smart ones "graduated" from acid some years back. Others journeyed "further" along the psychedelic trail. The search became a quest, and the quest... an obsession.

There had to be an answer at the end of the long acid rainbow in the sky, there had to be something there that would give it all meaning. That would prove, beyond anyone's doubts or fears, that it was all RIGHT. The woman in Aspen had reached this acid point of no return, where for her, there was only the "group", and "out there". Nothing else mattered. The group KNEW The group was RIGHT. All else was WRONG. She knew this, with her smile and her valet and her Chinese fortune teller and her little stash of supplies for the future, and her eyes... her magnificent, all seeing, all knowing, unreachable eyes. I still see them sometimes, if I let myself slip. And they're one reason among only a few why I've stopped taking drugs.

Sander's book, *The Family: The Story of Charles Manson's Dune Buggy Attack Battalion* (published by E. P. Dutton), tells the story of how one man's psychedelic fantasy became a reality; how the scene, not stopping to ask where or why, evolved past good into evil. Just as rusty calley is, in a perverse way, the ultimate product of the military machine—an unthinking, unquestioning robot capable of premeditated murder on his own well-conditioned initiative—Manson is the ultimate product of our society and its psychedelic revolution.

The machine that created acid's expanded consciousness allowed man to vicariously SEE DEATH. Once you have seen death, if you don't have anything else to look forward to, you can also envision the end of the world, which for you, death certainly is. If you expand your consciousness OUTSIDE YOURSELF, where you become just one of an entire host of beings, your death becomes the death of all. Die, self. Die, world. The coming of Doom.

Imminent death, of course, justifies all. Imminent death for the world, doom, can be all the more self-satisfying. Once you believe it's all gonna end, anything becomes possible. Enter Chop. Enter Snuff. Enter Gore. Enter the staggering of the collective American imagination.

Doom, the Manson folks say, is nigh, and no longer is the message being carried across Times Square on a gray-haired old man's futile placard. Manson-style, doom was carried into the living room of Sharon Tate and friends, and enacted, not announced.

Five people died that night, two were to die later, and one had been killed

previous to the days of "helter skelter." All of the Manson family murders are faithfully recorded in Sander's book, in previously unavailable detail. It is some of the goriest reading you'll ever come across in your life. Sanders calls it "chop," and the reason is obvious. No fewer than 102 stab wounds were found by the coroner in the bodies at the Tate house, and a similar number were found in the LaBiancas. Later, according to Sanders, Leslie Van Houten would write poems about the stabbings. How fun it was. Chop. Chop.

MORE IMPORTANT than Sanders' amazing descriptions of the actual murders, however, is the body of the book itself. Sanders spent a year and a half researching the book, during which time he enlisted the aid of up to three private investigators, sometimes working simultaneously. His tapes and files on the Manson phenomenon weigh more than 100 pounds and take up the better part of one room of his house. As he says in his introduction, he became a data junkie. He was totally absorbed in the thousands of bits and pieces of information that, sorted out and related to one another, created the picture Sanders gives us of Manson.

One result of Sander's private obsession with data is that the book sometimes bogs down in facts and becomes boring. On the whole, however, the book is a fantastic document that provides, for the first time, many of the clues, and several of the keys, that taken together unlock the mystery of this horrifying, fascinating man.

The scope of Sander's book is necessarily narrow.

Because he was collecting not only on Manson, but also on 20-odd members of his family as well, Sanders did not concern himself with Manson's distant past, nor with the personal histories of the family. Had he done so, the maze of excess information would have rendered the book completely inaccessible.

As it is, the book deals with Manson and his family from the day he was released from Terminal Island prison on March 21, 1967, until they were charged with murder in November of 1969.

The book follows Manson's day-to-day moves, from the beginnings of his harem-like collection of females to his involvement with some of the biggest names in Hollywood.

In the course of the book's 412 pages, Sanders draws no conclusions. There isn't enough room. The conclusions must be your own.

Sander's tracing of Manson's actions,

right down to the minute particulars, provides the clues to what created the "house of Manson."

For example, Sanders says that the "jean" I encountered last year in Aspen reminds him of Jean Bratton, the head of an obscure evil-worshipping occult society in southern California known as the Solar Lodge of the OTO. Bratton has been wanted on state and federal fugitive warrants for child cruelty and has reportedly turned herself in.

She was charged with locking up a six-year-old boy in a closed wooden box for 56 days as "punishment." In any case, Bratton's occult society was well known in southern California for its use of acid, demerol, scopolamine, jimson weed, clatura root, ether, and belladonna in psychedelic brainwashing.

According to Sanders, Bratton used acid to "program" people while they were on a trip, a dandy little trick that Manson was to put to great use with the family.

"The hype was similar to other groups, including Manson's," writes Sanders. "Tearing down the mind through pain, persuasion, drugs, and repetitive weirdness—just like a magnet erases recording tape—and rebuilding the mind according to the desires of the cult."

The Bratton cult, interestingly enough, also subscribed to the imminent end of the world, doom theory, and like Manson, believed Armageddon would be brought on by race wars. The similarity between the two groups even extends to the fact that the Bratton cult also planned to escape to the desert when the end came.

The Bratton cult is probably best known, however, for its belief in blood drinking, animal sacrifice, death worship, and sado-masochistic sex as a part of the cult's personal brand of perverse sacraments, practices that the family held in great esteem. At the Tate house, Susan Atkins licked the blood of Sharon Tate off her fingers. What went on at the party after the party in Aspen last summer is still a chilling mystery to me.

PERHAPS FOREMOST among the "sleazy inputs," as Sanders calls them, that influenced Manson was the process church, also known, rather ominously, as the church of the final judgment. The process, as it is commonly called, is another occult group that subscribes to the "there is no good, there is no evil" line of bullshit.

Christ and Satan exist equally in each person, they believe, as in the writings of the church's head, Robert de Grimston: "Christ said: love thine enemy. Christ's enemy was Satan and Satan's enemy was

DIE WORLD DIE SELF



christ. Through love, enmity is destroyed. Through love, saint and sinner destroy the enmity between them. Through love, christ and satan have destroyed their enmity and come together for the end, christ to judge, satan to execute the judgment. Salvation or doom."

If that sounds to you like manson's the-end-of-the-world-is-coming rap, it's understandable. It is known, according to sander, that manson read some of the process-printed material, which was being passed out in great quantity on the sunset strip in 1968, and also that manson attended at least one process meeting at the old digger house on waller street in san francisco.

Sanders says that manson has written an article for the just released sixth issue of the process magazine, called the "death issue."

Manson probably glommed his end-of-the-world act from the process, as well as, possibly, their use of drugs to influence members.

The process, like the solar lodge cult, is based on obedience and punishment.

According to sander, manson also used the christ satan scam on family members.

Manson would get one of the girls stoned, and then instruct her. "I am christ, I am satan," he would intone. And then: "Fuck me. You are fucking god. Fuck me. You are fucking satan." The effect this might have on a teenage mind, completely warped on 1000 or so micrograms of acid, can only be guessed at.

Two things emerge from sander's elaborate description of the birth and growth of the "house of manson". The first is the inevitability of the murders themselves.

In reading the book, by the time you reach the two chapters devoted entirely to chop, you know so much about manson's complete control over the minds of those in his family that his orders for them to kill, and their blind obedience, seem completely logical.

A favorite head game manson would play with his followers went something like this:

The follower would be ripped on acid, or an equivalent drug like belladonna, and manson would hand him her a knife and say, "Kill me." The follower would inevitably say that he she couldn't, at which point manson would accuse him or her of disobedience, and say that because of this he had to kill the follower. This would go until the follower could accept simultaneously the death of himself and the death of manson. Of course, no one would die, but can you imagine the lingering effect on that wounded brain? When you've accepted your own death, as well as that of your god, would a "piggie" death really matter?

The second thing that emerges from sander's massive body of research is the blurring of the distinction between the killers and the killed. At the time of the tate la bianca murders, the papers painted the picture as a dirty-hippies-kill-good-gyp-hollywood-socialites-and-businessman-couple.

The real story told in detail by sander makes that look like a typical *Daily News* mock-up job. Sanders reports that several nights before they were murdered, sharon tate and crew whipped—and filmed it—a drug dealer from the sunset strip who had burned one of them on a several-thousand dollar cocaine deal.

Family members, sander believes, may have been present at the tate residents for the filming of certain home movies, the contents of which are unknown, but which are widely believed to have celebrated the freer aspects of the hippie love scene.

It is known that the manson family had several 8mm cameras of its own and was fond of making "helter skelter" movies of various kinds.

According to several people sander interviewed, the family regularly showed movies at the spahn ranch.

These movies, says sander, dealt with three subjects: (1) family dancing (often with knives) and fucking; (2) animal sacrifices; and incredibly, (3) human sacrifices. Sanders says it is well known that some of these movies are available in the L.A. area at understandably outrageous prices. What would you pay to see a movie of the manson family, in which a dog is killed, blood from the dog is drunk and poured over numerous family members fucking? What would you pay to see a movie in which a red-haired young hippie girl has her head cut off by a band of black-capped, black-hooded ghouls on a lonely stretch of beach? These and other film scenes were described to sander by several different sources during interviews. Significantly, none of those interviewed knew each other, and in cross-exposing details and information, everything checked out.

If what sander says is true, as he puts it, the age of "video vampirism" is here. And according to sander, several films with unknown contents were confiscated by the police when they searched the Tate house and when they raided the Spahn and Barker ranches. Who was in those films, and what they were doing, is anybody's guess.

SO THE SOCIETY that spawned those murdered by the Mansonoids was far from idyllic. In the course of his investigation, Sanders uncovered the liveliest fact that the sons and daughters of several prominent movie-types were

frequent visitors at the spahn ranch. He also discovered an underground agency which, if you're bored with parlor games, puts you only a phone call away from a fresh, pre-heated corpse for your bel air party. Why play charades, you jaded hollywoodite, when you can order up a little necrophilia for your net cozy super-hip bash? Be the first on your block...

Actually, it doesn't take much imagination to conceive of what has become the typical occult modus operandi. Several of these death-gore groups, in attempts to legitimize themselves, are seeking out high-placed government officials on the guise of setting up drug programs or neighborhood feeds. They hope their linkage to the big names will make them virtually untouchable by the law. This has been particularly true in Boston.

The saddest aspect of this story is that it's continuing. The phenomenon so widely reported at the time of the tate-la bianca murders as the ragged horrible edge of the hippie scene was something more than that, and it wasn't something we left behind in the 60's.

Take a look around you. How many of the new crop of pseudo-religious cults that are springing up every day hold the tried and true manson end-of-the-world-is-coming-and-we've-got-to-get-ready-for-it doom rap as the basis for their belief?

How many of them worship satan, as well as christ or god?

How many of them profess abstinence from drugs in their teachings, but use monster quantities of the most horrible psychedelics secretly in their sacraments as a brainwash?

Just what is the "final judgment" that the process talks about?

Why for instance are there still 80 unsolved murders of young, unidentified white females, listed as jane does one through 80 in police files in california, ranging back over the last few years?

Why have there been at least 44 unsolved murders across the united states in the past few years that have shown signs of some sort of ritualistic sacrifice?

Many readers will doubtlessly scoff at sander's book as the latest paranoid gibberish to see print.

And, indeed, much of what I write here can only be alleged at this point. Evil has not yet become such a large national product that statistics and facts are readily available to prove every allegation.

Still, the indicators that something has run amuck with the spirit of this country

are here. At this time, no fewer than three quasi-religious occult groups are operating openly in new york city. They are similar in their seemingly insatiable appetite for legitimizing publicity, and each has been the subject of an innocuous article in at least one national magazine.

One so-called religious sect is pyramidal in structure, with its leader, who is said to believe himself to be god, at its top. It is rumored that this "leader" convinces his followers status by feeding them 1500 micrograms of LSD and instructing them what to believe. This is done over a 12-hour period in a locked room.

The followers, it is said, emerge as ardent believers, and if at any time they show signs of losing their faith, they are re-indoctrinated with another 1500 mikes and a "talk" with the leader.

This time, however, the talk is not so simple. He plays the most devious, evil head games with them, preying upon their weaknesses and fantasies until total submission is achieved.

Sound like manson? Well that isn't all. The group is also alleged to indulge in such mansonoid obedience-punishment devices as locking a member in a tiny cell for several days if he proves especially intransigent in his disobedience of the ways of the cult.

So the word, though until now well guarded, is getting out. The age of psychedelic fascism, of "video vampirism" and high society spank-spank parties, of dial-a-corpse and living room necrophilia, of evil worship that goes beyond the cover of *Look* magazine, of blood-sucking death cults that worship both god and satan and have "thou shalt kill" as an absolute—if unadvertised—commandment, of the knife movie, the blood-fuck movie, the snuff movie—the age of psychedelic fascism is here.

I looked into what sander calls "the fixed gaze of imminent punishment" that dominated the eyes of that woman in aspen, and for an instant that now seems infinitely too long, I was under her complete control.

I shudder to think of it. And I shudder, too, to think of the locust-swarm of eviloids that are devouring some of the best young minds of the country at this very moment.

Read ed sander's book.

Read about charles manson and his private little hell that all of a sudden isn't so private any more, and you'll see what I mean.

Daddy, daddy, tell us a STORY! pleaded little Beth.

Yes daddy, do, DO tell us a story! chanted Ruthie and Pip.

At last, Daddy gave in. All right, children, he promised, puffing thoughtfully at his pipe, I'll TELL you a story.

Hoorah, Hooray! chorused the children gaily, Hooray, Hooray!

Not far from here, said Daddy, there lives a monster, who HATES-DESPISES-DETESTS-ABHORS small children who MISBEHAVE!

Ooooh-AHHH! gasped the frightened children.

And, continued Daddy, when he finds a child has misbehaved he will
 crush his-or-her HEAD
 gouge his-or-her EYEBALLS
 burn his-or-her FACE
 chew his-or-her VEINS
 maul his-or-her BODY
 rip out his-or-her INTERNAL ORGANS
 chop his-or-her GENITALS

RIGHT OFF!

Awww daddy interrupted little Pip sleepily, we heard that one in school already!!

