

The CORED WEAKLY

VOL. 1 NO. 1

WATERLOO 'LOO'THERAN UNIVERSITY

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 1, 1970

New Arts Bldg Found Unsafe

by S. Young

Tragedy struck WLU yesterday when the new teaching building collapsed, killing seventeen and injuring twelve. The five rats and seven pigeons are in satisfactory condition in the K-W animal ward.

The disaster occurred at 1:30 p.m. when, fortunately, the building was completely empty, save for the laboratory animals. Officials attributed the collapse to a number of causes. It was suspected that the trouble began when the elevator jammed midway between the basement and the first floor. In their struggle to free the machine (which was later found to have been unoccupied) the workmen placed a small charge at the base of the shaft, in the hope that the shock of the explosion would jar the elevator loose. With remarkable foresight they had placed a cushion at the

shaft's bottom to absorb the shock.

Apparently, however, the im-sympathetic reverberations which inflamed a faulty boiler valve, causing it to malfunction. The increase in pressure this created built up until, within seconds, there was a second, more violent explosion.

However, neither of these would have been sufficient to bring about the structure's collapse. There was an unfortunate combination of extenuating coincidences responsible for the disaster.

In the first place, the building's foundations had been recently discovered to have been infested with a rare breed of rock termite (*beastus consumeratibus*) which had so weakened the foundations that new ones were required. Unfortunately, the temporary re-

placements were barely up to withstanding the severe shock of the two explosions. But when added to this was a high velocity wind, a low pressure area to the left side of the building, and the additional impact of 0.4 ounces of pigeon excrement plummeting downward from seventy-five feet above the building and having attained a velocity of 67.3 ft./sec. 2, there seemed no hope that the structure could still stand.

First to go was the termite riddled foundations, causing the building to pitch forward heavily, where it balanced precariously until an imbalance was created by the pigeon excrement dribbling to the front. The added weight initiated a slow tilting that left the entire structure a tumbled heap of weirdly-scarred masonry.

However, since no one except the pigeons (who should be racially blamed for the whole thing anyway) was hurt, the tragedy ended on a somewhat satisfactory note. The foundations had to be replaced anyway, the boiler system, which had always been the cause of much concern, is to be replaced with electric heating, and the elevator was dislodged successfully.

The only thing wrong is that that pigeon is still up there.



photo by belknap

Intrepid Cored photographer catches new arts building just before the final tremor.



Mingote in EL TIEMPO, Bogota

war ends

WASHINGTON D.C. (CPS)—After conferring for several hours with top political, military, economic and public relations advisers, president Richard Nixon today ordered the immediate withdrawal of all American troops from Viet Nam.

In a startling move of obscure political brilliance the president said, "It's not really our war, anyway." Presidential advisers cited growing political dissension at home and a need to "cement our divided society and allow us to prepare for the hard pull ahead."

The troops will begin leaving some time next week, as soon as the non-commissioned officers clubs can recoup their losses. The pullout will amount to some 497,000 military and civilian personnel. When asked if the new C5-A transports will be used, a military spokesman explained that the South Vietnamese government prohibits aircraft whose engines produce over 140 decibels of sound.

The South Vietnamese embassy was closed and the ambassador unavailable for comment. Rumours circulating this afternoon said the ambassador had fled the country fearing threats to his life. (A state department spokesman denied that South Vietnam was preparing to sever relations with the U.S. before the troops could be redeployed.)

Leading economists predict that the shift from wartime to

peacetime economy could prove disastrous to the stability of the dollar and fear a plunge into the depths of depression. "What will we do with the six months backlog of war materials we have stockpiled?" asked Milton Friedman.

The president is scheduled to go on nation-wide television tomorrow night to make his position perfectly clear. At today's special press conference he refused to go beyond the following general statement:

"I want my position to be perfectly clear. This nation is going to fight communism wherever it springs up. Now, my fellow Americans, I realise the tremendous strain on our economy the end of the war in Viet Nam could be, and I have provided for it.

"Our neighbor to the north has long been fraught with internal strife. From the protection Canada has been giving our young draft dodgers it becomes apparent that Canada has been taken over by the communists. We cannot allow this threat so close to our own soil."

"After much deliberation, I have ordered the saturation bombing of eastern Canada, and our troops are already securing the principal ports, airports, and border crossings. If we pull together in this fight, Canada will soon be a safe place to live for all peace-loving people."

Implications of Willison

by R. Bradley

Remember the Viet Nam cartoon and the barrage of angry letters?

Remember Willison Hall? It has been learned (from the usual reliable sources) that several of the people paying the mortgage payments on our late Hall became sufficiently irate to stop their payments. When the payments stopped, Willison came tumbling a la Teperman down.

So much for the power of the fourth estate. The real problem at hand is this; Willison Hall was named for the first graduate of Waterloo College. Now both Willisons are gone but not forgotten. They are to be honoured with the contemporary monument, the parking lot. That is some honour to have bestowed on a lowly first graduate.

What can we learn from Willison Hall? Does this story have

the symbolism it seems to have. Allegorically it appears that Willison Hall representing learning has been destroyed. Moreover the naming of a hall after its first graduate seems to allude to the worship of learning for learning's sake. Does it mean then that learning is over at W.L.U.? Yes, the bastion of knowledge has been leveled and now a wasteland comes through the April fog.

This story has its tropological side too (isn't that nice). With the coming of McKeogh's Fyedom, incorporating all of the K-W area the need for parking lots has been forecast as a crucial point in the growth of the GNP 4 KW et al. This point is not to be taken lightly. Now that W.L.U. is becoming progressively pinker it has been pointed out by our resident financial wizard that we must maintain the Right.

This is strong language and it would behoove you to behave in like manner. In regard to our increasing hue it should be said that it is in regard to the colour of ink, not Honest George's presence up the street.

Anyway the whole thing boils down to us becoming increasingly more cosmopolitan. Irregardless, you might say we cannot become orientated to cosmopolitanism if the geranium issues are not forthcoming. That is the stand we take too. Why doesn't matter, and remember our French brothers in Quebec who continue to fight for freedom crying a bas Healey.

Stag ??

get it at the
JOKE BOX
51 King St. N.

See six naked chicks on page 4!!

IRREVERENCE IS OUR ONLY SACRED COW

CAUTION—KEEP OUT OF THE REACH OF CHILDREN

The Cored Weakly has been treated with chemicals that react to emotional stress. If you become aroused or indignant STOP READING IMMEDIATELY. The chemical treatment on the paper will react and explode!!



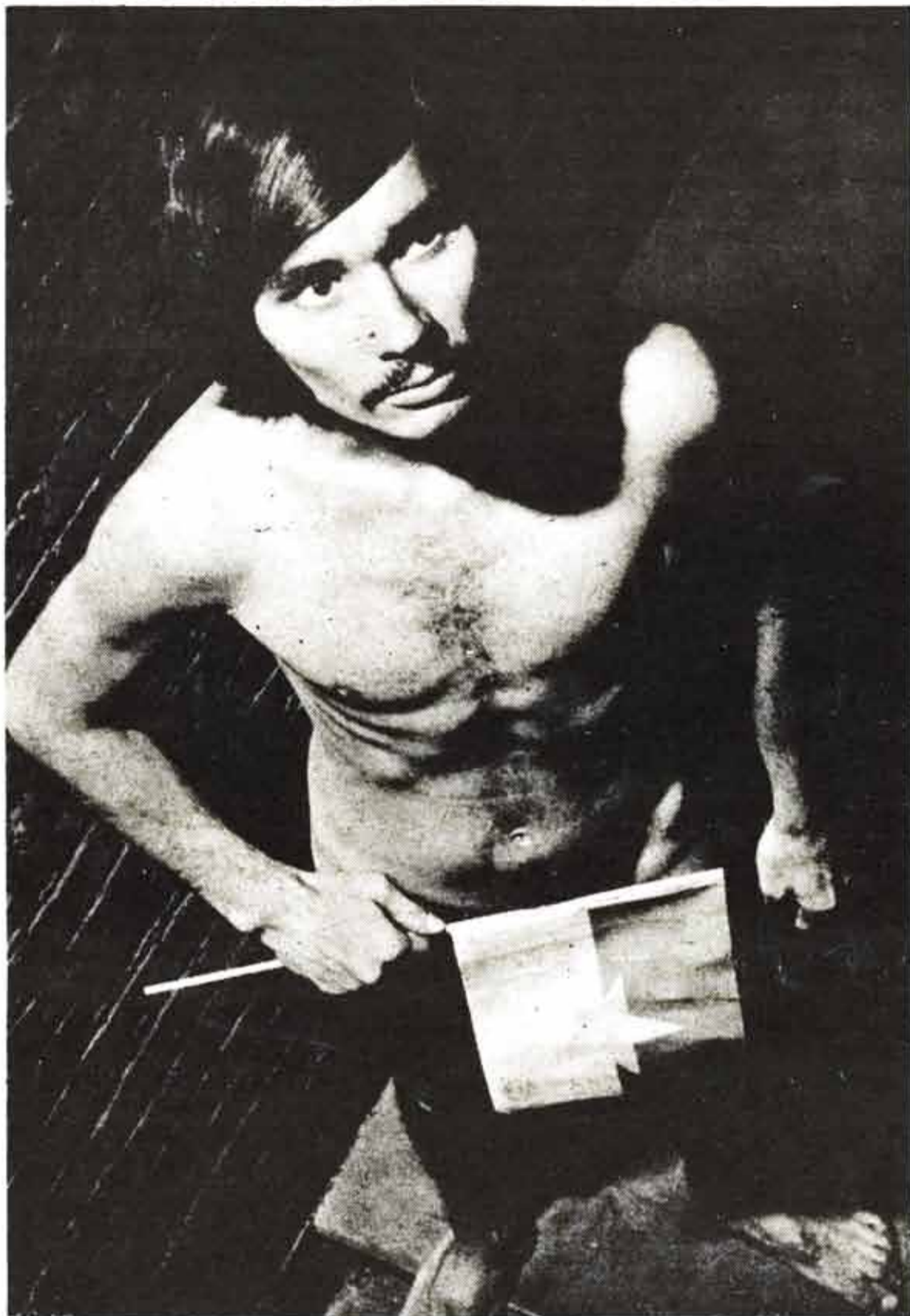
If the Vietnam cartoon in December's Cored Weakly was obscene in your opinion then immediately stop reading; otherwise proceed with caution. The Cored will assume no responsibility in case you become offended. Sufficient warning has been given. The editor has faith in your discretionary powers—so use them. A brick wall is hard—if you insist on battering it with your head the editor refuses to extend sympathy for your stupidity.

The following are some relevant excerpts from an article in The Loyola News. The article was intended to represent the viewpoint of Women's Liberation. However,

even the Cored has rearranged the presentation to fit more accurately what it feels the true Women's magazine should look like.

PLAYGIRL

Liberation Pin-up



"I never have enough" says Jeremy Muck, our 22-year-old, cinnamon-eyed playmate of the month. An accomplished rock musician and composer, Jeremy is currently working on a revolutionary opera celebrating the struggle of the Vietnamese people against the American Imperialists. This well-hung six-footer has had a one-man exhibit of rubber sculpture at the Robert Fraser Gallery in London. He really grooves on MDA and his measurement is 9 inches.

PLAYGIRL ADVISOR

Q: While on a recent ski-weekend in Aspen, I established "rapport" with an incredibly sexy blonde dude. Since then we've spent more time IN bed than out of it—happy time, at that, since I'm a "chest & buttocks" woman...areas in which he is tantalizingly endowed. The problem is that he's not endowed with enough personality to keep me awake OUT of bed. I admit it's a superficial relationship, but I'm reluctant to give up that hairy expanse.

A: As the I Ching says, "no blame." Balance your play-ethic with a stud-with-brains, and treat your love-life like your stereo—variety of good components gives total satisfaction.

Q: I'm confused by the over-abundance in the arts of female nudes and the appalling lack of similar male exposure. What's been so classically sacrosanct about the boy's better parts?

A: Does Tricky Dick show Mao his ABM?

Q: Every woman's magazine I've come across recently carries several ads for vaginal sprays—the most overt states "unfortunately a woman's trickiest deodorant problem isn't under her arms." How can I hint to my roommate that she could use some modern techno-tricks herself?

A: We dig free-enterprise. It's her choice how she wants to advertise her product.

Q: As a housewife, I rarely have the opportunity to get some necessary ego flattery from random men—in college I found that occasional flirtations not only gratified my psyche, but seemed to heighten my sexuality. Nostalgia for the good ole days has hit several times recently, and now I'm having difficulty controlling the milkman, the paper-boy, my kid's dentist, my husband's boss, the exterminator and our minister. How can I call off the dogs and still get those old feelings?

A: This is a frequent problem among gals who have committed holy monogamy.

Perhaps you should remember that while it is possible to fill up on h'ors d'oeuvres, there's nothing like the main course for the full feeling.

Q: I've been dating a junior executive from my office for several weeks now. Since my position as woman-boss in the office puts me several notches above him, I'm more able to give him the things that a guy appreciates. But it's no longer a casual game—I love the cat and want to tell him so in the best possible way...with something expensive but fun. Any suggestions?

A: Since you're serious, we'll be. If you want to cinch, it let the whole world know he's your property with a matching set of his n'ers diamond-studded, platinum bracelets. Contact Stud Hehr at our Reader's Service.

PLAYGIRL AFTER HOURS



Undoubtedly the saddest news item in a long time: the fact that Napoleon's penis was withdrawn (sorry, that's the auctioneer's word, not ours) from a sale at Christie's because no one was willing to pay more than \$40,000 for it. A bitter fate, even for something described in the sale catalogue as "a small, dried-up object." So it's been replaced in its box and returned to its Ameri-

can owner, where, no doubt it will await an upturn in the market.

TAXES ON SEX? WHY NOT?

The independent Nigerian newspaper the Daily Express argues for legalization of brothels so that prostitutes can be classified into grades, given licenses and made to pay taxes. Anyway, says the Express: 'Prostitutes are as necessary as the clothes we wear.'

Another Daily Express contention: legal brothels are needed to prevent the wives of poor Nigerians from going on the streets to earn extra money.

Indian rhino horn is now selling abroad at 500 pounds sterling a kilogram—outstripping the price of gold. Powdered rhino horn is used in some Asian countries as a sexual stimulant for men.



Womens contribution to politics

IRC Sanctions Safety

A raucous disruption occurred during the two hundred and second daily meeting of the IRC last night.

The IRC was serenely in the midst of its serialized discussion of visiting hours when Dean Brandex stunned all the members with the supposedly lost SAC survey **The Proportionate Propensity of Prolific Propagation (PPPP)**. In the ensuing hubbub, Dean Dimes unsuccessfully attempted to rule the four-letter survey as being out of order.

When finally tabled, the **PPPP** showed that the number of pregnancies in Women's Residence had reached dangerous levels; ie more than the number of fingers and toes the two deans had between them. In order to combat this dreadful situation, Dean Dimes suggested that all visiting hours be curtailed for the duration of the year. This suggestion was well received by the students. There were many shouts of: Hear, hear." Dean Brandex quashed any hopes of a quick settlement however when she proposed an alternate solution.

Dean Brandex suggested that all floors in Women's Residence be equipped with vending machines which dispense rubber goods of various qualities, colours, accessories, and prices. Dimes said that these machines had drawbacks; that in fact they were dangerous, except in the hands of experts. Brandex retorted that Dime's statement was unfounded, based on superstition and old wives tales. She said that all scientific studies have found the machines very safe to use.

The next problem discussed was

the cost. Many members of IRC felt the students could not afford the goods. Brandex however stated "that a few cents of prevention was worth a pound of cure."

At this point Dean Dimes decided to have it out with Dean Brandex since she had blown the lid off anyway. Dimes cleared the meeting of all students. Later he justified his action by saying he could not allow adolescents to hear such "terrible filth."

In the interest of fair play and honesty the rest of the meeting was overheard by eavesdropping in a ventilation shaft.

Dean Dimes urged Dean Brandex to either toe the line or resign. The flower of femininity replied that not only were her girls, especially the Grade Twelve Specials, entitled to more protection, but she was going to distribute literature and instructions personally. Dimes at this point went absolutely berserk. He said he had spent seven years making this school into a virtuous community and no smut minded person was going to tear it all down without a fight from him. In answer, Brandex maintained that 96 percent of the illegal and immoral gestations were caused by Dimes virtuous boys. This diatribe evoked more sparks when Brandex called Dimes the Dean of Studs. Before Dimes could answer, Brandex told him that WLU did not need any of his imported American morality. She further suggested he go home along with the other red-necks like Couard Jockhartt.

Brandex later told the Cored that anyone who has a Masters degree in Recreation should know which recreation students liked

the most. Recreation, she maintained, was an absolute necessity needed to break the monotony of long-winded ethics lectures.

When her statement was reported to Dean Dimes, he said he would muster support from flag-loving and moral students on the WLU campus. After suggestions that there weren't many of those kind around, he said he would demonstrate in front of Woman's Res and then march down to Kaufman's and picket.

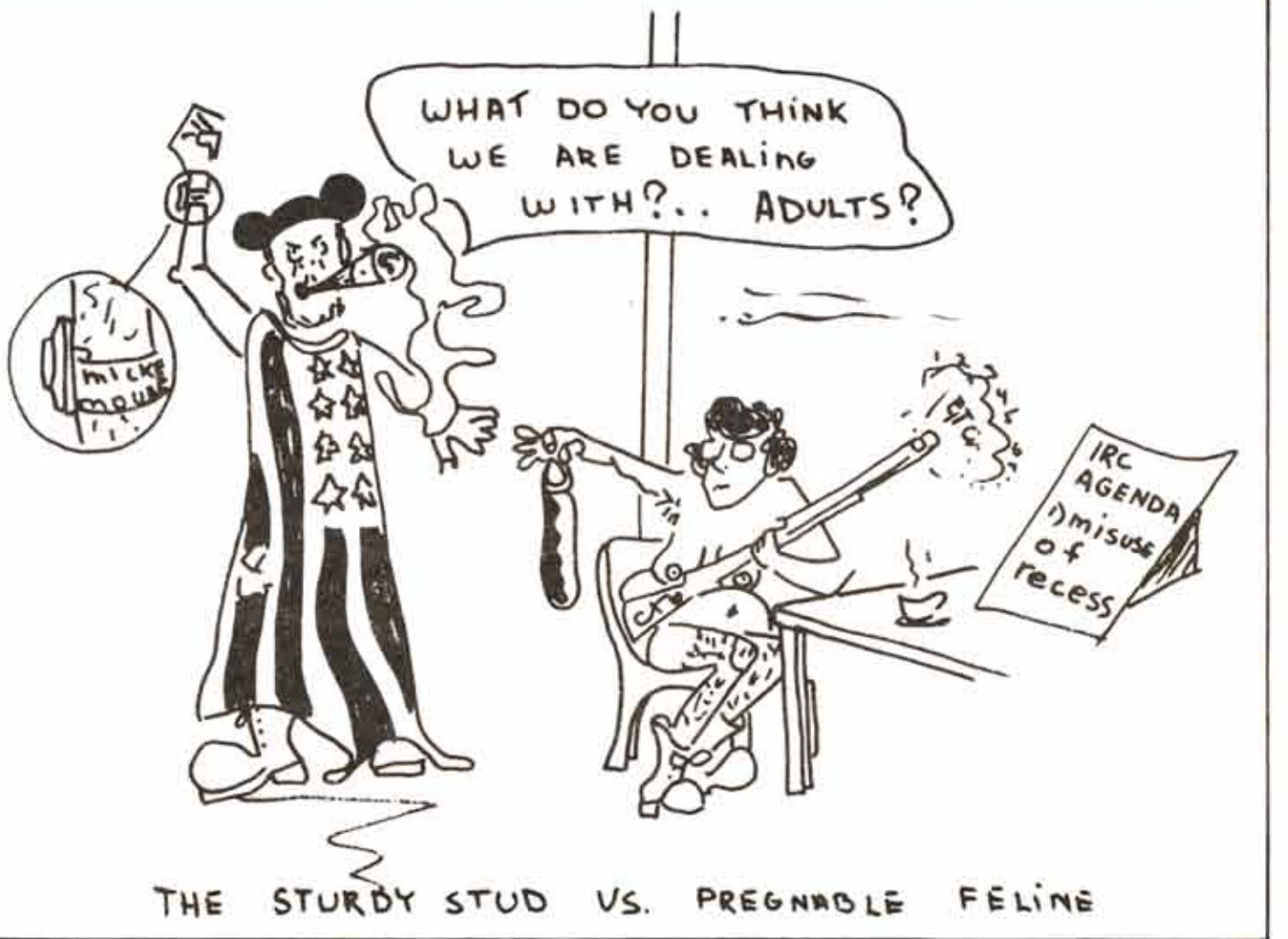
When told that a March of Dimes would get no support, he said, if there is anything that is certain, it is that Brand "X" always loses. Dimes hinted that this time would be no exception since he knew about a certain skeleton in a closet.

problem of mutual aid; after all, you are too close to the matter to see things objectively so we must help." The Englishman reiterated: "Everybody, everyone is too close to his own problems, not only you"—and at that moment the idea struck me that almost changed history. "Indeed, this is not a question of 'being big', but only of a little objectivity."

...I made a few quick flights and several phone calls, and towards the end of the week the four of us gathered: I, as the initiator; Prince Rainier of little Monaco; Mickey Rooney, who is really little, and baby Moshe, who is still little. We rented a skyscraper hung out a sign, "The Little Four," and began to work.

Firstly, we agreed on the Sino-Soviet problem completely. We saw that the Russians indeed did conquer great areas of the Chinese Empire, but we also

WHAT DO YOU THINK WE ARE DEALING WITH?... ADULTS?



Jingle-Jangle

Bell of Canada is having problems with their pay phones. Unscrupulous users have been cheating the phone company of her rightful allotment of dimes and nickles. Instead of the shiny silver coins there have been an excessive number of dull coppers in the change boxes lately.

This is not the first time Bell has had problems with their pay-as-you-go phones. Until they changed the coin return slots they found gum or wadded paper stuck up the slot. Any coins that were returned became lodged behind this blocking material. The thieves could then retrieve their unlawful booty at their leisure by removing the wadding.

Bell is finding, just as Hoover predicted, criminals are always one step ahead of the law. The predominance of pennies has forced Bell to conduct a costly and extensive investigation of just what is happening.

Their findings suggest that the internal coordination between their own departments is the real

culprit. The lack of foresight in planning has significantly contributed to a perpetration of fraud. It seems that a dime width strip of their telephone book is just long enough to slip down and trigger the mechanism when fed into the dime slot of the phone. When a penny is placed in the nickle slot and the strip of telephone book withdrawn at the same time, then the penny rings the bell and makes the phone operational. There is a slight knack to with drawing the paper at the correct time, however very little practice is needed to gain this knack.

DO NOT USE THE METHOD OUTLINED—IT IS ILLEGAL. The Cored only published it to illustrate a point. If the telephone books were not eleven inches high and if their covers were too thick to fit easily in the slots then this method would never have occurred to potential crooks. Bell has no one to blame other than themselves for allowing cents to operate their machines rather than dimes.

saw that the Chinese conquered huge territories, including those very areas. Therefore we liberated Inner Mongolia, Kazakhstan and Tibet and suggested a popular referendum. We hinted to the Chinese, quite clearly, that they must curb the birthrate, otherwise we should be forced to take certain measures (although, we noted, since total preoccupation with the Little Red Book, there has been some improvement).

From the Russians we demanded that they free the Baltic states and their own people. As for France, we freed Brittany, but proposed that it remain loosely federated with Paris. We also decided that, although repeated behavior becomes habit, it is desirable that the French government try to honor at least two out of every seven contracts it signs. Of course, all archaeological material in the Louvre must be returned to the lands from which it was stolen, primarily Egypt.

The same applies to the British Museum. By the way, Britain: old injustice does not become justice—Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland must be in the hands of their own people. America was a simple problem: we gave it all back to the Indians, except those parts which belong to Mexico.

...And then came the first rumors of resistance. France

announced that any Egyptian caught breaking into the Louvre would be shot. Britain said it would not shoot, only chain. The Russians also refused to listen to Rooney and there were reports that the whole thing made Chairman Mao laugh—for the first time in seventy years.

America was a bit embarrassed it increased welfare payments to the Indians, but refused to be eliminated, arguing that it had become accustomed to itself. The four of us continued to work day and night, while Grace Kelly served coffee to keep us awake and objective. We went into small matters, like the Biafr debacle. One can say that we were more industrious than the Big Ones. And then came the disaster.

The door opened and an army of psychiatrists and male nurses with straitjackets came and took us away to an institution. They said that for us to tell the Big Ones what to do was insane.

The Big Four came to visit us. We knew immediately that they had planned the whole thing. Mickey Rooney sobbed: "But you said it was not a matter of 'big-small,' but only of objectivity!"

The Russian answered quietly: "Correct! Therefore it is important to remember: I am, objectively, big. You are small. It is a fact."

If the "Little Four" Could Take Over....

by Amnon Zhakov

I couldn't take it any longer. I flew to New York, took a cab to the French Embassy and climbed up the drain-pipe to the window. The Four were seated and were playing what seemed to be bridge but was actually poker. Only the American insisted on playing bridge, but all the bridges he built were one-way and no one agreed to be his partner.

The stakes were very high:

"1947", bid the American. "1948", declared the Englishman.

"1956", yelled the Russian.

The Frenchman did not feel too comfortable.

"1967", decided the Frenchman and eyed the Russian elegantly.

"1969", put in the American, objectively.

"1970", threatened the Russian.

"3000 B.C.", I intervened. The

Four leaped from their seats. "What do you want?" they cried.

"What do you want? The fact that you're big and we're small doesn't mean that you can think and decide in our place," I quoted our official policy. The Four smiled foxily and patted me, each in his own way.

"Buddy!" the American felled me with a Texas tap, "Who is talking about big-small, or strong-weak?"

"Sir Amnon," the Englishman helped me up politely, "we do not think 'instead of' but 'through'."

"Comrade," the Russian hugged me according to his ability but not according to my need, "to suspect that we are against freedom of thought?"

"Monsieur," said the Frenchman, performing some very artificial respiration, "this is not a problem of coercion, this is a



Theodore

Pages in THE GUARDIAN, Manchester

The CORED WEAKLY

The Cored Weekly is a holy owned subsidiary of the Cord Weekly. Editorial content is the irresponsibility solely of the editor. In no way will he allow Students Administrative Council, the Board of Publications, and Waterloo Lutheran University to take credit, or receive accolades for this publication. The Cored Weekly is published whenever funds and indiscretion permit. Authorized (hopefully) as second class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa. The Cored is a member of the TAUN Press Service.

Office: The Student Union Building

Phone: News: 744-5923
Ads: Hall

Editor-in-Chief: Tonu Aun

Fancy turns

In spring a young man's fancy turns . . . This spring an occurrence of dire portent threatens our most cherished virtues. If we do not heed the omens, more than male fancy will turn. Once again the august Houses of Fashion are demanding homage and obeisance from our fair femmes. If their new designs bear fruit, we will allow them to castrate all that we hold in esteem. The papal Bull (encyclical) from the French Houses demands the unilateral lengthening of hemlines. Their low blow is an affront to the high ideals of man.

The fashion gods' nefarious scheme will not only castrate all we feel is dear but will wreck our economy as well. Empirical evidence shows a strong correlation exists between hem length and economic activity. The shorter the skirt, the better and more rosy the economic times. The inference from these studies is, that to have really good times we must eliminate skirts entirely.

The time has come to denounce and defile the petty false gods. We have humoured them far too long. These minor deities overreached their piety when they began to expect women to prostrate themselves before pagan idols. The models set up for emulation do not appeal to youth. We caution against false reverence; it can only lead downward. Skirts can go to any length as long as they go up. Remember, you **ascend** into heaven, but you **descend** into hell.

Women, do not allow yourselves to get hemmed in; do not become a sad spectacle of your former selves. Arise, sit tall, step high!! Your motto should be: "Up with minis." Set your goals high and men will follow; men will always set their sights as high as you allow - do not disillusion them in this, their finest hour. Remember, mens' spirits rise to great heights when they see their women courageous. If you show audaciously, men will erect and place pedestals in your honour; they will perform heroically.

Men, it is time to hoist our banners and mount our charges. We must join forces with the fairer sex. United we stand, divided we fall. Maidens, hold your heads up to be counted. Now is not the time to become up-tight. Our success becomes your conquest. A strong offence now is the best defense against our pernicious foe. We shall overcome!!!



whywhywhywhywhywhywhywhywhywhywhywhywhy whywhywhy

Initially I intended to write a lengthy editorial in defense of the material used in this issue. On reconsideration I decided that some people were going to feel offended no matter what my justification. Suffice it to say that irregardless of any one individuals' mores, editorial prerogative must remain with the editor. It should also be noted that fair warning was given, and intent established, on page one; you continued reading on your own responsibility. Your personal choice of reading material is your concern and not mine.

All material in this issue is included for a specific purpose. I assure any individual or group who feels unduly or unfairly criticized that no copy was included for derogatory purposes or with malice. In fact for several of the most lampooned individuals I hold the highest personal regard.

The material in this issue can be divided into four distinct parts. The first, and most relevant to local campus concerns, was written by WLU students. These articles question several of the prevailing attitudes on this campus in the way, and in the words, of a sizable segment of the student body.

The second classification would include articles written by reasonably well known authors. Articles that to a large measure are not included in any courses students are taking (the fact that Eugene Field wrote vile poetry in addition to writing "Little Boy Blue" is not well known; similar comments could be made of Mark Twain; an additional story that he wrote,

1604, was not included, however, if you can obtain a copy by all means read it).

A third section consists of reprints from *Atlas*, a magazine that is probably the most unbiased published anywhere.

The last division consists of so-called smut. I'll leave it for you to decide which is the most objectionable picture on page 10.

Get thee behind me, Don Quixote

In light of recent Chinese censorship of foreign films, one might expect the following justifications for censoring Western books:

The Bible: an absurd and dangerous collection of fables based on the belief that God created the universe and rested on the seventh day. This may give bourgeois ideas to our workers who should work twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week.

Don Quixote: a barefaced attempt to humiliate the peasant, who is made to ride a donkey, while his exploiter rides on horseback. It defends feudalism and suggests that madness is the patrimony only of the privileged classes.

Faust: the ignorant belief that man can aspire to God by alliance with the devil and not through our great leader Mao Tse-tung.

Wait for Me in Siberia, My Love: a perverse invitation to infiltrate territories that belong to China and at the moment are unlawfully kept by repulsive Soviet revisionists.

Little Red Riding Hood: an idiotic and malicious fable in which a wolf eats a young Red girl. It would be acceptable if one reversed the roles and the Red girl eats up the hairy imperialistic wolf.

From LA TERCERA DE LA HORA, Santiago

Integrated Residences: Special Report

exclusive to the Cored
by Ludwig von Ichabod

The newly-formed Council for Heterosexual Associations and Sensible Treatment of Environment (CHASTE) has come out with a comprehensive report dealing with the controversial topic of residence living on campus. This Report, "How to get the Blah out of Residence, or Communal Living with no Discrimination of Sexes", compiled by sociologist Dia Rhea and top psychologist Man Ure, now under ecstatic study in high places of the Establishment, is the most explosive, radical change in university history, if implemented.

There is no doubt that it will not be implemented, states one top ranking official. "Why couldn't I have thought of all those recommendations!"

Some of the high-lights of this report are:

a) the segregation of men and women in different tenements causes a sharp rise in homosexuality. "When members of the sex live so closely to each other for so long a period of time, it is bound to happen," states Dr. Dia Rhea.

b) the segregation directly affects the eating habits, and causes much consternation and frustration for residence inmates. "The guys keep thinking about the chicks, and the girls keep thinking about the guys," Dr. Man Ure says. "This is mental hazing. Academic studies are tapering off because of spring-fever-sex drives. All this may be remedied by our recommendations."

c) equally escalating in the student body is masturbation. It is common and scientific know-

ledge (proven in scores of sex investigations by Voyeurs, Inc. and Perversions Unlimited) that masturbation causes sterility, cancer, feeble-mindedness which ultimately results in insanity, blindness or hypermyopia, rickets stunted growth, acne, mononucleosis, tuberculosis, measles, morning sickness, headaches, rheumatism, constipation, typhoid, chickenpox, whoopy-cough, athlete's foot, and cravings for exotic foods.

d) the segregation of residence directly affects the high rise of water consumption in showers. On average, it seems that each resident (male and female) takes five cold showers daily. "At this rate, Canadian water is going down the drain," comments an ex-officio.

Recommendations for Integrated Residences are:

i) all residences be co-educational; that is, male and female residents should live on the same floor, and use the basic facilities, communally. "Residences should adopt a more realistic attitude towards social living. In this way, men will not think of women as social instruments; women can provide a more meaningful contribution to the learning experience."

ii) the abolition of institutionalized food in the dining halls is compulsory. Since the residences are integrated, the female residents are to prepare the meals. This will give not only educational, but also practical experience for future homemaking and home economics—which is horrendously lacking in most women. "It is very shocking to learn that most parents (especially mothers) do not teach their daughters the basics for marriage

and humdrum blah of married existence. This correlates with parental hesitancy to teach their offsprings sex education!" states Dr. Man Ure.

iii) residences should be a place conducive to the intellectual and emotional development of the individual, and friendships with the opposite sex are highly important for the development of the mature person. "It is unfortunate that freshmen coming into university have a warped view of what university is. The wrong impression via TV, radio, and other mass media has been instilled in their innocuous minds."

This Report, however, did not please all segments of university. The Society for Human Interests in Tenements denounced the Rhea-Ure Report as perverted and degenerate. This militant

feminist group under the guidance of Les Bian counters that "women are being treated and used as sensual slaves in such integrated environment for sadistic, capitalistic, socialistic, apathetic men who have no real appreciation for women who spend long tortuous hours putting on makeup in the mornings, compare notes on date-worthy males (is he just a movie-and-coke guy, or a walk-in-the-park type?) and make life vacillating for men."

Immediately, the Students Apathetic Corps, after having consulted the consent of the student majority in five different referendums and impeachment of officers, approved the Rhea * Ure Report. The Apathetic Corps then established a standing committee to handle all liaisons and complaints.

The Rehabilitative Authority for Personality Excesses and

Development, better known as RAPED, will co-ordinate with CHASTE in all matters pertaining to problems of the students.

All three committees are aware of the pregnancy problem that will ultimately arise if nature takes its course. All three formed together a subcommittee to educate, indoctrinate, subordinate, the innocent students coming to campus for the first time.

The Federation for the Understanding of Carnal Knowledge will distribute all measures necessary to ensure the virtues of everyone. Chairman of the Federation says: "The first floor of the new Student Center will be made into a nursery, equipped with babysitters. In the adjoining room, there is a standing altar, bible, bouquets, gold-painted wedding bands, marriage licences and shotguns. We're taking no chances in the year 1984.

Deuteronomy 23 explained

Guest lecturer, Most Reverend Mohammed Cohen, the Brahmen of Pogoda Bible College, packed 2E12 to overflowing with seminary students when he lectured Tuesday.

Cohen is considered a foremost interpreter of the Lutheran Bible. This to a large measure explained the massive turnout.

Cohen's topic was, "The Ramification of Deuteronomy 23, verses 1 and 2, for the Modern Christian." This, his stock speech, has been reprinted in numerous journals and has received much critical acclaim. The topic is rather testy for most clergy and is therefore rarely mentioned or cited in sermons. Cohen's treatment, however, was spiritually uplifting for many in

the audience.

Cohen started by downplaying the literal translation as he jokingly said, "Hell, if verse two was literal then there would be very little chance of anyone ever entering the assembly of the Lord—even Christ would be ineligible unless he successfully petitioned for entry on compassionate grounds. As a special case he might only require half as many generations before entry due to his somewhat irregular conception." Cohen, however, quickly clarified his statement by arguing that if literally translated, Christ actually would be one of the most undesired if the text were closely adhered to.

Cohen's treatment of the first verse was equally inspired. His

final interpretation of the two verses was that "impotency, either accidental or culturally directed was in opposition to God's word. In fact, Cohen said, one should emulate the most noble and splendored fur bearing animal, the mink. Promiscuity is God's way. However verse two does qualify the rules for the game—birth control methods must be made universally available and precautions must always be taken.

173 copies of the full text of Cohen's speech are on reserve in the library for any interested students. However 172 are restricted circulation for seminary students only. The speech inspiring passage is available in any Bible.

The French Crisis

by eugene field

Since Butler sang of dildos, and Villon loved to treat
Of certain cross-grained margots whom he'd rogered on the street;
Since Rabelais and Rochester and Chaucer chose to sing
Of chat which gave them subtle joy - that is to say "the thing,"
Why should not I, an humble bard, be pardoned if I write
Of a certain strange occurrence which has lately come to light?
One evening in December, on the Boulevard de Prix
While the sombre bells of Notre Dame announced the hour of six.
A dapper wight named Edward, met tripping on her way
A madame with a character and gown quite decolete;
A babbling, buxom, blooming, billowy-bubbied dame
Camille Maria Jesus Hector Limousin by name.
Though she was fair of countenance she was as lewd a bitch
As ever wallowed in a bed or mouzled in a ditch;
And maigre wealth or family, she was as foul a minx
As ever fondled scabby cods or nursed gangrescent dinks
She tumbled one American, and with his drooling yard
The august house of grey fell and fell almighty hard.
She toyed with Simon senile tape, and burned Clemenceaus tail,
With howling Rochefort had she drunk of Mother Watkins Ale;
With Perier and with Carnot she wrestled for a fall,
She drained old Goulet till he lay, no good against the wall
She did not swive for sustenance, she rather lived to swive
And at the two-backed beast she beat the veriest whore alive.
No prurient dame of high degree, nor wench of tarnished fame
Could be compared with Limousin at this close buttock game.
The Greeks had sixteen postures, the Hindoos sixty-four,
And Cleopatras aggregate was seventy-five or more;
What were a hundred postures to this fantastic queen?
She had at least a thousand, and each of them tres bien
On top the pumping method, or lying on her side,
Or spread upon her billowing bum, a la the blushing bride;
Or standing up, or sitting down, or resting on all four
Or dressed, or naked, every way her genius could invent
To catch the silvery substance that ticklith when tis spent.
She'd nig-nag, duffle, snuggle, concomitate and quag,
She'd dance the shaking of the sheets, fadoodle, wap and shag;
She'd nest-hide, dance S. Leger's round, and do it with her tail;
She'd break her leg above the knee, pound, click, and tread as well,
And with a Holy Father put the Devil into hell.
She'd wrestle, bang, cohabit, futuore, cram and jig,
Jumme, copulate, accompany, swive, fornicate and frig,
Go goosing or go grouching, and if needs be cooning go.
Rasp, roger, diddle, bugger, screw, canoodle, kife and mow
There was no form of harlotry, nor any size of tarse.
That had not run the quantlet twixt her nostril and her arse
What shall I term, that slimy, pit-like orifice of sin
That let her liquefactions out and other factions in?
A tuppence, twitchet, coney, commodity or nock,
Pudendum, titmouse, dummelherd, quaint, naf or jock?

Call it whatever please you, there's nothing in a name,
And though it had been dubbed a rose it would have smelled the same.
And he? He was as fine a buck as ever topped a ewe,
Or with his facile penis clave a virgin's clam in two.
The flush of lusty manhood lent its beauty to his face,
And the outlines of his sturdy frame were full of virile grace;
But what seemed fairer far than these to Limousin's fair eyes
Was the ne plus ultra yelper that swung between his thighs
To this illustrious pego, and its adjacent flop,
Let other gingers, lobs and yards, in adoration drop;
These other virgas, placket-rackets, pintles, stunts and jocks,
And all the brood of priapismic candidates for pox.
Fie! On the mewing mentulae, for what, oh: what were these
Besides the Phallic glory that hung below his knees?
Your pillycocks are competent for tickling mouse's ears,
And tools night lobs, are brute enough to bring forth bridal tears,
But the yelper that's ambitious to enact heroic roles
Must be of such proportions as to stretch the roomiest holes;
With dornicks so proficient that when they cease to spout
The lady cannot pee the dose, but has to cough it out.
This tool of his was one foot long, and had three corners to it,
And as it stood and breathed and purred, and murmured sort o'sadly,
What woman, if she felt at all, but hankered for it madly?
And then, those cods; when dainty hands, in amorous dalliance
squeezed 'em.
They'd throw a stream which, ladies say, beyond all telling pleased 'em.
This monumental penis had frigged through all creation,
The jibby, bouser, beagle, bawd of every nation;
The courtesan, the concubine, the siren and harlot
The widow in her grassy weeds, the splatterdash in scarlet;
The madam in her drawing room, with social homage honored;
The washee- washee almond eye, whose quim is catcornered.
From Colorado in the West, to Mannheim in the East,
And that's a goodly distance - six thousand miles at least,
This prick had mown a swath of twats of every size and age,
So numerous I could not write their number on this page.
Where'er he went he left behind a gory, gummy trail
Of lacerated, satiated, rapped-up female tail
Twas to the bearer of this tool that Limousin applied
For the pleasant little service he'd never denied
And when she asked him, "Voulez": he was fly enough to see
He would have to meet the crisis, so he bravely answered "Oui".
A crisis is a crisis. But the French one I've heard tell
Out crisis all crisis, and that is simply hell.
He modestly unfolded his Bobbing nagian prick,
And hit that forbign madames thing just one gosh-awful lick;
She gave a gruesome tremor, and shrieked aloud, "Mon Dieu!"
Her eyeballs rolled up in her head, her lips turned black and blue;
But there he lay and sozzled till he'd pumped her full and then
He went and hired a doctor to sew her up again.



Lie beside me.

The night is brittle

And my thoughts,

Kissed by the plague of loss,

Have brought me to your bed.

Do you recall those nights?

We were lovin'-proud—

Sailed boats down melted frost—

Frost your thighs gave off

As thaw set in and

From your mind.

Your tears were cooling

While I, tongue rearing,

Did pulse you thick

With sweat of lovin' walls.

And then asleep.

Spoon-stacked, We dared

To dream of hills

And bridges weak with rust.

Awake, you would leave.

And I,

mist-clean,

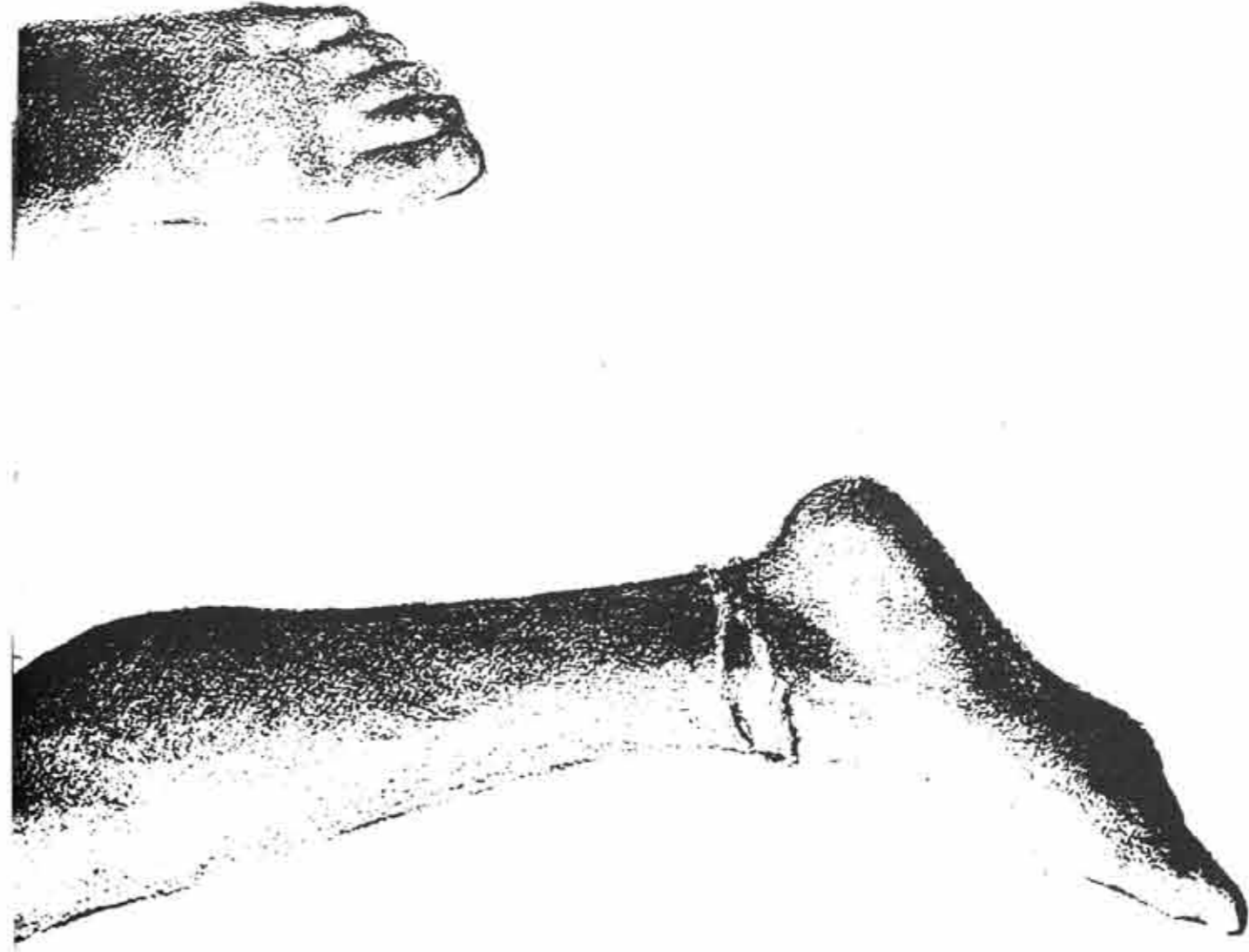
Would draw the curtain.

Do your smiles still

Stalk your mind?

art harbinger
composition dave dixon

Hiatus roy macgregor



SOME THOUGHTS ON THE SCIENCE OF ONANISM

MARK TWAIN IN ERECTION (with apologies to Bernard DeVoto)

by S. Clemens

My predecessor has warned you against the "social evil—adultery." In this able paper he exhausted that subject, he left absolutely nothing more to be said on it. But I will continue his good work in the cause of morality by cautioning you against that species of recreation called "self-abuse" to which I perceive you are much addicted. All great writers on health and morals, both ancient and modern, have struggled with this stately subject, this shows its dignity and importance. Some of these writers have taken one side, some the other.

Homer, in the second book of the Iliad, says with fine enthusiasm, "give me masturbation or give me death." Caesar, in his commentaries, says, "To the lonely it is company; to the forsaken it is a friend; to the aged and the impotent it is a benefactor. They that are penniless are yet rich, in that they still have this majestic diversion." In another place this experienced observer has said, "There are times when I prefer it to sodomy."

Robinson Crusoe says, "I cannot describe what I owe to this gentle art." Queen Elizabeth said "It is the bulwark of virginity." Cetewovo, the Zulu here, remarked, "A jerk in the hand is worth two in the bush." The immortal Franklin has said, "Masturbation is the mother of invention."

He also said, "Masterbation is the best policy."

Michelangelo and all the old masters—"Old masters" I will remark, is an abbreviation, a contraction—have used similar language. Michelangelo said to Pope Julius II, "Self negation is noble, self-culture beneficent, self-possession is manly, but to the truly great and inspiring soul they are poor and tame compared to 'self-abuse.'"

Mr. Brown, here, in one of his latest and most graceful poems, refers to it in an eloquent line which is destined to live to the end of time—"None know it but to love it; none name it but to praise it."

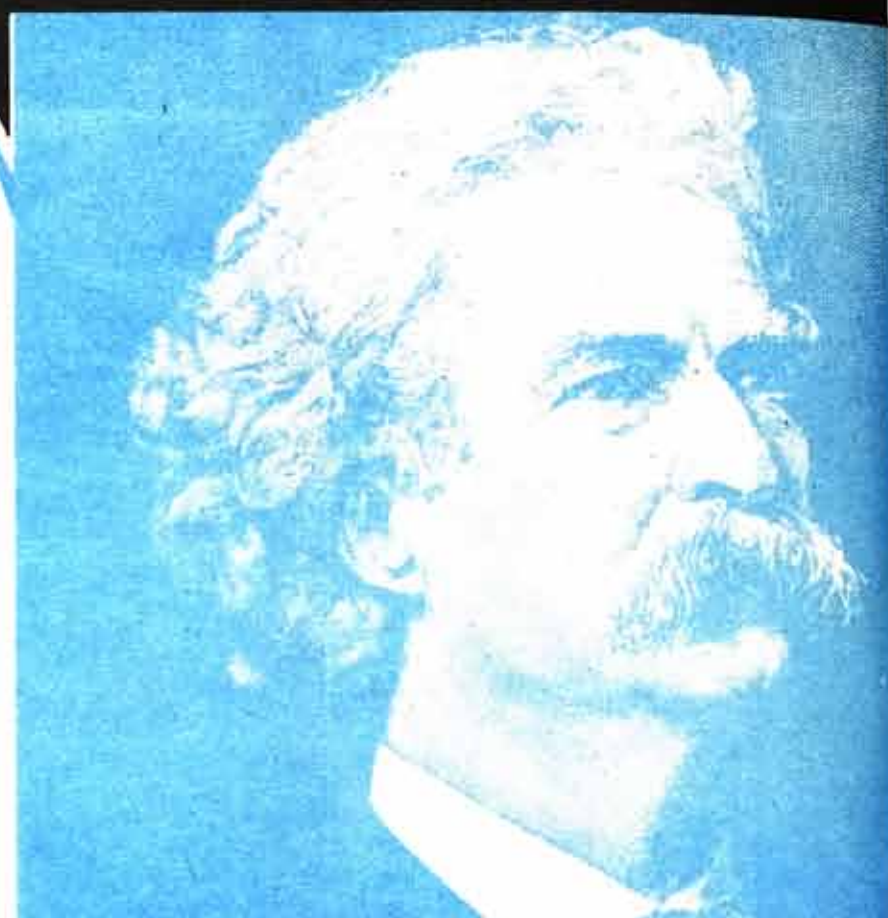
Such are the utterances of the most illustrious of the masters of this renowned science, and the apologists for it. The name of those who decry it and oppose it, is legion; they have made strong arguments and uttered bitter speeches against it—but there is no room to repeat them here in much detail. Brigham Young, an expert of incontestable authority, said, "As compared with the other thing, it is the difference between the lightning bug and the lightning." Solomon said, "There is nothing to recommend it but its cheapness." Galen said, "It is shameful to degrade to such bestial uses that grand limb, that formidable member, which we votaries of science dub the Major

Maxillary—when we dub it at all—which is seldom. It would be better to amputate the as frontis than to put it to such use."

The great statistician Smith, in his report to Parliament says, "In my opinion, more children have been wasted in this way than in any other." It cannot be denied that the high antiquity of this art entitles it to our respect, but at the same time I think its harmfulness demands our condemnation. Mr. Darwin was grieved to feel obliged to give up his theory that the monkey was the connecting link between man and the lower animals. I think he was too hasty. The monkey is the only animal, except man, that practices this science; hence he is our brother; there is a bond of sympathy and relationship between us. Give this ingenious animal an audience of the proper kind, and he will straightway put aside his other affairs and take a whet; and you will see by his contortions and his ecstatic expression that he takes an intelligent and human interest in the performance.

The signs of excessive indulgence in this destructive pastime are easily detectable. They are these: A disposition to eat, to drink, to smoke, to meet together convivially, to laugh, to joke, and tell indelicate stories, and, mainly, a yearning to paint pictures.

Of all the kinds of sexual inter-



course, this has the least to recommend it as an amusement, it is too fleeting; as an occupation, it is too wearing; as a public exhibition, there is no money in it. It is unsuited to the drawing-room, and in most cultured society it has long been banished from the social board. It has at least in our day of progress and improvement, been degraded to the brotherhood with flatulence. Among the best-bred, those two arts are now indulged in only in private—though by consent of the whole company, when only males

are present, it is still permissible, in good society, to remove the embargo on the fundamental sigh.

My illustrious predecessor has taught you that all forms of the "social evil" are bad. I would teach you that some of these forms are more to be avoided than others. So, in concluding, I say, "If you must gamble away your lives sexually, don't play a lone hand too much." When you feel a revolutionary uprising in your system, get your Vendom Column down some other way—don't jerk it down.

by PHILIP WYLIE

Once upon a time power and wealth were the accompanying features of noble birth. Rich dynasties rose rarely from the common herd and then so slowly that their successive generations had ample time for the accumulation of culture. Moreover, since their ascendancy demonstrated a possession of intelligence, that very quality, together with an equally self-evident acquisitiveness, made possible a ready emulation of the virtues instilled by tradition in the nobility.

In those days the reign of a moron emperor was not impossible, but it was unlikely. In those days it did not behoove a king's banker to be a vulgarian. And in those days a wheelwright could not become a duke overnight, so that the spectacle of a landed gentry with kitchen manners was contemplated neither as an ambition nor as a fact.

The earth sustained vegetation. The vegetation fed cities and made ships. The earth also contained gold and iron. If a man owned the land or ruled it, he was safe from competition. The evils and abuses of such a system became finally evident to the penny-headed hordes and they overthrew it.

Out of them came the new governors, but, as soon as they found that political power in a democracy was not profitable unless an attitude of recklessness toward the penitentiary was adopted, the leaders of revolutions and their slightly superior offspring abandoned the offices to still lesser men.

They had accomplished one major task; they had removed wealth from a basis of birthright and opened it to private acquisition by each and any individual.

A puff of steam in England,

meanwhile, had ushered in the gadget era and the gadget era was destined to become the little father of an infinity of fortunes.

It greatly extended the arms and legs and eyes and ears of mankind. His fragile body was speedily provided with steam shovels for hands, telescopes and microscopes for eyes, and a variety of vehicles to abet his running, so that no single person can have a faint idea of his possible resources. Enough people did hear of a sufficient number of extensions, however, to run up the world's riches in a geometric progression, and inventors and adapters presently found ways of bringing their fabrications to the public attention and creating a want for them where none previously existed.

A few men and women, furthermore, appreciated the fact that gadgets could open the road to knowledge and applied them accordingly. But the majority merely made them for each other and sold them to each other so that they might have more funds to buy from each other. The uses of the items were for pleasure and to lighten needful work. A woman wanted her muscles extended so that by pressing a button she could wash her dishes.

A man desired to make a few motions with his hands and feet and thereby to reach his office without the need of a half-hour's ambulatory effort. Neither wished especially to investigate with gadgets or to be taught by them.

Not only were idle hours thus multiplied, but the bulk of the trivial interests of the masses was elevated in scale so that the earth is now agog with them.

To extend the facilities for saving the labor of numskulls and

to magnify their tepid enthusiasms and poor tastes until they are as numerous available as the light of stars was not to change the race.

The changes that might have come, did not.

Housing conditions remained almost the same. A few diseases were put down but the public was apathetic toward the conquest of all but the most dramatic and disfiguring. Morals were maintained as tribal customs in spite of the revelations of the new arms and eyes. Heaven and Hell yielded here and there to astrophysics but a god without a country was still essential for crumb-witted millions. Law, the inexorable epitome of human stupidity, did not budge from its centuries of paralysis. Only the physical presence of the principles of thermodynamics differentiated today from our wretched yesterdays.

When a minority gathered a glimmering of the records of the gadgets it did not set out at once to remake the world in accordance with facts and needs. On the contrary, it bewailed the loss of the credulities and prejudices and synthetic arrangements of notions which had hitherto sustained it. It felt lost. It scanned the horizon for a new center. A god. A religion. A pap to suck imaginary liquids from. The gadgets revealed a nakedness and even the wise men ran to hunt for clothes without waiting to discover what amount of nakedness could be tolerated.

The gadgets have made us naked indeed. One by one they have removed the foetid garments of our collective ideas.

Goodness and virtue depend more upon circumstances than principle.

Justice is a rare accident.

Loyalty is often the mark of an ignoramus and perseverance of a fool.

Sin can be more accurately defined by sociologists than by the Pope.

Lust is as noble as compassion. The innocence and sweetness of children is a myth.

Freedom is the concept of a dolt.

Hope is limited.

Purity is a vice.

Law is extraneous to fact.

Honesty is the slowest road to riches.

Most history is counterfeit.

No war is noble.

Morality is the product of exigency.

All men are unequal.

There is no free will.

There is no god.

A good pituitary is more important than a saintly mother.

Naked indeed. The theologians yelled folly. The reformers exhibited their own frustrations. The believers were not thinkers. The thinkers were misinformed. Nothing is what it was once thought to have been and the church and the schoolhouse remain the sounding boards of ignorance.

Naked indeed. Perhaps it is no marvel that the gadgets have driven mankind into a retreat from himself—for it is himself he will have ultimately to face—not judgement, not god not torment or milk and honey—just himself. Bare man, an animal under the sun, born to live and die, born to dream and feel, his functions to evolve expandingly in his environment and to help his fellows—functions shared with the beasts—and to study the enigma of his surroundings—which is, perhaps, his occu-

pation alone. All his inventions to conceal the limits of those offices and to make their exercise simpler have proven absurd. His recent compromises and subterfuges are even more comical. And yet—how difficult it is to drop the vanities! How hard to stand before a mirror nude and say—This—am I—and—that's all there is to it.

Hard? Impossible!

Perfidy and pretense will go through the ages. What the intelligent few cannot relinquish must continue to sustain ten trillion tomnoddies yet to come. Under the surfeit of their slough a thousand civilizations may well smother. And in its meaningless meander ten billion miserable martyrs will struggle and choke.

Until tomorrow or never when the gadgets check the geometric progression of human sewage.

For we are committed to the gadgets. Whatever is left of us belongs to them, depends upon them. And if they were taken away from us, we would be compelled painfully to reconstruct them. We are committed, even though they have yet made little change in most of us and though their authors are held up to ridicule. Men who cannot think toss science aside in a pooh and demonstrate that no scientist is fit to govern because such and such a one cannot live with his mother-in-law without recourse to the obvious malpractice of letting a hatchet into her head.

No rhetoric can destroy the gadgets. No pin-brain can confute their discoveries. They are our hope. They are also—

Let us study the lens. To one man it was a corrector of strabismus, a sleuth of bacteria, a pond-

CONTEMPORARY VIEWS ON 'UNMENTIONABLE' TOPIC

reprinted from THE NORTHWEST PASSAGE

The origins of masturbation are obscure, but intuition should direct the search back toward the beginning of life and perhaps beyond. Physics has shown that the energy supplied by friction to an atomic particle can cause that particle to spew off electrons. Elaborating and compounding such interactions has provided the basic mechanisms with which a universe could have been erected.

The origins of sexual stimulation with which we can more readily empathize stem from the origins of life itself. Bible fans can well imagine what Adam must have been doing while waiting to come upon something better in the form of Eve. Darwinists can trace masturbation back to the most primitive organisms. Even now, living protoplasm may be seen to undulate against the walls of test tubes. But all this is merely gross speculation.

Empirical anthropological and paleontological data provide evidence that masturbation is older than man. A visit to the zoo will convince the reader that elephants masturbate with their trunks, ruminants (cows) against their thighs, and monkeys with their hands. Until recently, a popular attraction at the Seattle City Zoo was Bobo, a gorilla who delighted audiences by manipulating his organ with a banana

peel condom.

Masturbation never really got off with animals, however. It took the evolution of the thumb and the development of a confusion of cultural morality to bring masturbation to a climax in homosapiens. Taboos against sexual intercourse have often placed Western adolescents in a position similar to a prisoner's dilemma. As Dr. Georges Valensin has pointed out, "It is between the ages of sixteen and eighteen that the sex drive is most explosive. 'Necking' only increases the high pressure, rather than relieving it, unless it is followed by coitus, which is generally not condoned by prevailing mores. Our whole erotically-oriented civilization exacerbates the adolescent's sexuality." Hence, masturbation becomes a compromise between sexual needs and morality, and is the most common sexual outlet for both adolescents and adults. Statistically, the average man by the end of his life will have masturbated more often than he has copulated.

Christianity's never ending battle against libidinal energy has from time to time attempted to suppress every outlet of sexuality. To this end, a bizarre array of masturbation inhibiting devices have been designed through the cold calculating cause and effect genius of Western technology. Coarse wool gloves were

once strapped nightly to the hands of the young sons to prevent them from indulging in solitary vice. Other boys, according to Dr. Valensin, were made to wear "tightly closed underwear which had to be opened by one of their parents before they could answer a call of nature." Dr. Richard Lewinsohn has noted that "In Victorian England cages were manufactured which were fitted over a boy's genitals at night and carefully locked; some for better protection, had spikes sticking out of them." Remnants of this fetish against certain types of stimulation have been carried over to the present time. Only recently the Children's Bureau in Washington advised against letting children have rocking horses.

Science and "sexual enlightenment" have begun to eradicate superstitions and fears surrounding masturbation. As a result, its practice has become more frequent and it is more openly discussed. A wealth of information is now available on current habits and techniques.

Comparisons between males and females have shown, according to Kinsey, that about three fourths of all boys hear about masturbation before they try it and then promptly begin experimentation. While some learn by watching friends, a few are mas-

turbated by others before initiating their own activity. In contrast, girls most often learn the practice by themselves, often from reading sex education and moral literature designed to discourage masturbation. While males masturbate most frequently during adolescence, females employ masturbation less frequently in their youth, increasing its use slowly but steadily, but steadily.

Few males discover variations of technique in masturbation; generally, possibilities are limited to those manipulations simulating sexual intercourse. In contrast, the female can allow her imagination freer rein. She can stimulate the clitoris and possibly the sensitive inner lips at the entrance of the vagina with her finger or hand. Variations of this technique are provided by use of the thumb in conjunction with one, two, or three fingers. Running water over the clitoris is known to be very effective, and occasionally, girls obtain orgasm by pressing their thighs together or rubbing against objects such as pillows, towels, or chairs. Some manipulate their breasts to achieve orgasm. Myths abound about the use of phallic objects such as gear shift levers and door knobs. Though a few girls insert devices resembling the male organ into the vagina, many do not bother, and the over-zealous

"House mother" who confiscates Coke bottles and candles from girls' dorms is probably wasting her time.

Though modern engineering had made obsolete many of the "innocent" pastimes that have provided sexual satisfaction, such as treading a sewing machine or horseback riding, it has supplanted them with a far more efficient device, the electric vibrator. "Facial" vibrators are conveniently designed to be long and cylindrical, while a variety of "back" massagers are easily adaptable to phallic stimulation.

Masturbation, then, is only one means of sexual expression. Under special circumstances, where normal intercourse is not possible it provides a benign measure for relief of tension. Though never so gratifying as heterosexual relations, it does provide a built-in safeguard against venereal disease. And as Lenny Bruce observed, "Yeah, guys are carnal. And if chicks really knew that, I think marriages would stay together. Cheating actually is a lady's word. If guys can do it to their fists, they don't cheat on you."

They really don't. If they did what ladies call cheating, they wouldn't come back to you. But they do it to their fist, to mud, to barrels."

reprinted from FINNLEY WREN

erer of stars. To another it became a photograph projector and while the lens peered into the unknown world it was simultaneously multiplied a thousandfold to portray the wet dreams of the mugs. Fifty cents a week will buy a microscope wherewith to inspect reality. Fifty cents a week will rent a seat in a dreamy peep-show.

It did not take long for the self-deputized leaders of the multitudes to solve the ratios of applications of the lens to possible customers. Paramecium caudatum vs. Patricia Candy. Cilia vs. legs. A vacuole vs. a mons veneris. Give the public what it wants. At best, make the public want what you have to give and if your gift has a sufficiently low common denominator you will be showered with nickels from every purse in North America.

Then came the parade of the gadgets all calculated to bring profit to the manufacturer.

A radio for your automobile.
Your coffee in a vacuum.
A tooth paste for your breath.
A telephone you can use in one hand.
A polish for your automobile.
A refrigerator with a fancy ice pan.
An automobile with airplane parts.
Synthetic heels for your shoes.
An automobile that can roll over and over.
A paint that will not blister.
An antiseptic that kills countless germs.
A linoleum in cubistic patterns.
A tire that scarcely skids.
A shaving cream that softens your whiskers.
A cigarette that tastes cool.
Shoes that support your arches

An oil that comes from Pennsylvania.

A coffin that will not rot.

An oil with a tough film.

Trucks that wear.

A floor enamel that smooths itself.

Pipes that will not rust.

Prunes that contain sunshine.

A lipstick that will not make lips seem painted.

A pencil that spawns its own lead.

Maple syrup that is all maple syrup.

A walled bottle to keep fluids cold or hot.

A white sauce to make your shoes white.

A refrigerator that runs on a small current.

A waterproof varnish.

A detachable boat motor.

An automobile that tells time.

A chocolate with vitamins.

A razor that changes its own blades.

An electric plant that runs on gasoline.

A pipe with demountable viscera.

A motorized garden cultivator.

Electrical clocks.

A tooth paste for your gums.

A light to wear when bicycling at night.

An animal-shaped balloon for bathing.

An alarm clock that does not tick.

A bath for birds.

The gadgets and their brood. Raise any list however long to the twentieth power and you will nonetheless discover that invention keeps abreast of your arithmetic. Consider that these things are fabricated for a profit. Note that they duplicate each other until rivalry between their manufacturers is over minutiae or

irrelevancies. The automobile that rolls downhill competes with the automobile that runs head long into a sand heap. The tooth paste that sweetens the breath and removes stains wars with the paste that checks receding gums and cools the mouth. The refrigerator with loose ice cubes is the rival of the refrigerator with a quiet motor.

In every dominion of the gadgets it might seem that mankind would choose to perfect a strain and produce it for himself as cheaply as mass creation would permit. Standardization of gadgets once terrified him but since variations in each species occur so often there is little danger of monotony. However, kings and queens rule no longer, the land is not the all-in-all of living, and engineers vie with each other for money when they should control for economy. The mugs dictate to themselves through the more self-aggrandizing of their numbers.

Each gadget has given rise to a colossal factory (Our Plant), a chain of sales outlets (Our Agencies) and, since there is no sensible government arranged for any of them, a business hierarchy (Our Executives).

Credit was expanded to abet the golden flow implicit in the gadgets. The master minds of credit finally swallowed the plants agencies, and executives—but that was a later jest.

Let us first consider the Hercules of the machine.

Whether he originated in Iowa or in Queens, whether he invented his gadget or stole it or developed it from another, whether he had never matriculated in a grammar school or graduated from a university makes no generic dif-

ference. He laid his hands upon the better mousetrap. That is all. Now, if after this triumph of invention or this lucky break he had relegated the better mousetrap to the means of an excellent livelihood, all might have been well. He could have used his days for many pleasant purposes.

But the good life is invisible to the boobs or its attainment is difficult, for the mousetrap maker voluntarily hoists himself by his own petard, and is caught in his own trap. Leisure and a private life cease to interest him. The decent profit to be obtained from persons troubled by mice is not enough. If all people had mouse-traps, he reasons, then I would become very rich. I would be the mousetrap mogul. So, until the problems of springs and wood supply and western sales resistance pop him into the clod limbo of the ground, he spends his every hour upon the proposition.

In his own words—in the words he speaks to his children—he eats mouse-traps, sleeps mouse-traps, drinks and dreams mouse-traps. He goes mousetrap goofy. He spends a million dollars to tell the world about the depredations of mice. He hires bacteriologists to prove that mice carry disease. He causes to be published photographs of mice ten inches high yawning at men one inch high and upon them he puts labels: Destruction; The Farmer; and underneath them captions: If His Size Were Proportionate to His Menace.

A few statesful of persons are terrified into buying mouse-traps.

Then sales lag. Almost everyone who needs a trap possesses a dozen. The mogul's profits dwindle and his tables show that he is selling traps only to replace

those that have worn out or have been lost or broken, and to outfit the homes of newly married persons. It is conceivable to a casual observer of this dilemma that he might conclude that the mousetrap market had found its level, that his invention had earned its just reward, that he could at last accept his dividends and interests and cease to annoy himself night and day with the trifle of traps. But to him the thought smacks of defeat, resignation, failure. He burns the midnight oil. He thinks. He grows testy. He abandons his annual two weeks of salmon fishing. J. Morton Gleet licked? Never!

Then out of the toils of his piddling mind and the darkness of the night come

Mousetraps in colors!

The mousetrap is always with us. Who wants the dirty, red-painted horror that for too long has made the kitchens of the world a revolting spectacle? The modern mousetrap—the mousetrap of the hour—will be exclusively set in the house of the elite. Effective, painless, quick, self-sterilizing, self-deodorizing, and cute!

The mogul has banished the lean years and once again he and his associates and employees can dine and slumber on mouse-traps.

Now, our dear Gleet may suffer when he is compared to other tycoons. A motor-car maker has chosen a finer object for his thought. But to the gods, the difference between chrome-super-mesh and enamotrap is nil. Piddle for profit. A way—a wasteful way—of making a living. But certainly not a fitting career for a man.

are you...



"Everyone must obey the state authorities; for no authority exists without God's permission, and the existing authorities have been put there by God. Whoever opposes the existing authority opposes what God has ordered; and anyone who does so will bring judgement on himself. For rulers are not to be feared by those who do good but by those who do evil. Would you like to have no fear of the man in authority? Then do what is good and he will praise you. For he is God's servant working for your own good. But if you do evil, be afraid of him, for his power to punish is real. He is God's servant and carries out God's wrath on the one who does evil. For this reason you must obey the authorities - not just of God's wrath, but also as a matter of conscience."

Romans 13.1-5

So send in your dollars to your nearest government agency and ask for a genuine autographed picture of Jesus Christ.

Apparently not only Americans occasionally wonder aloud about enemy casualty figures claimed by their side. A North Vietnamese magazine, Current Affairs, recently published a letter signed by "many readers"

How can there still be over a million soldiers in the South if, since the beginning of the war, we have wiped out one and a half million enemies, including 500,000 Americans?

From Paris, the daily Le Monde noted.

Intervention under an ideological mask has been no more noble than any other kind. Who is Radio Moscow fooling when it celebrates the crushing of Biafra as a "victory of the progressive forces of the African continent over imperialism?"

- disgruntled with your country's domestic or foreign policy?
- not advancing to executive positions as quickly as you would like?
- not receiving the responsibility and recognition you feel is your due?
- passed when promotions are given?
- in a dead end job?

Then YOU should investigate the unique opportunities that Mercenaries Inc. have to offer!!!

Mercenaries Inc. is the oldest continuous company in business. Our recruits are the most revered in their line of work. All our men are handpicked Cossacks, Nazis, Minutemen, Klaners, and Alabama police.

—We have more ex-murderers, bigots, and psychopaths than our two nearest rivals combined!!

Mercenaries Inc. has the

Staff .. over 2000 battle tested veterans

Equipment .. our heavy artillery and tanks are only the best

Know-how .. we have been tested over all terrains and under all conditions

"For a top notch job always choose M.I." - Genghis Khan

"If you want war then get the best. I would never have gotten where I did, without Mercenaries Inc."

- Alexander the Great

"M.I. were a great help to both me and God." - Pope Gregory IX

(Check the plan, or plans that most interest you)

- Anarchy
- Autocracy
- Civil War
- Coup - simple
- Coup - advanced*
- Despotism
- Genocide**

- Dictatorship - elementary
- Dictatorship - of the proletariat*
- Gynarchy*
- Reactionism
- Strike Breaking
- Totalitarianism
- Tyranny

* these plans are slightly more expensive

* slightly cheaper in the case of Biafrans, Jews, and Kurds

Kindly enclose \$5,000,000 deposit—add any applicable provincial or federal taxes



Shop early and you too will have a gift ready. Remember there are only nine months till Xmas.

...Lest we forget reality...



I'd like to be a lover of mankind, but unfortunately I have a good memory

- Paul Leautaud

BURN THE KURDS, BURN, BURN BURN:

Iraq, waging a furious war on its rebellious Kurdish minority (250,000 of them), has resorted to air attacks with napalm shipped in from East Germany and produced under a Soviet license. What happens to Kurdish redoubts under fire-flooding napalm will surely go unreported. This is a secret war.

...

Television screens throughout Warsaw showed a hand, glittering with jewels, moving stealthily toward a pile of cloth in a store—this symbolizes Jewish greed. The picture fades and a voice intones:

"They are covered with jewels and they steal. These people really had no business living among us."

Driven from their jobs, deprived of resources, Polish Jews are today floating refugees. In Denmark, for instance, authorities have leased a refugee group a large converted tourist boat moored in Copenhagen harbor. But persecution did not stop with their flight. One December morning a Polish agent secretly put up a notice on deck. "Free clothes at the North Department Store." The next morning the tricked refugees crowded into the store, and a scuffle ensued. And 48 hours later, a television documentary was shown in Warsaw, triumphantly depicting the animalistic behavior of Jews in Denmark.

...

Nearly half the Free World's legal executions take place in South Africa. Where there were 12 executives in 1942, there were 119 in 1968. In Pretoria's main prison, there is, on the average, an execution every three days. These figures do not include prisoners who die after torture or hard labor. And, needless to say, the victims are—almost without exception—non-white.

FIRING PEOPLE IS FUN AND GOOD FOR BUSINESSES

by Ivor Catt

A New Reality in U.S. management can be traced back to 1958, when the Federal Government canceled a large contract with an electronics firm in California. When the company was forced to lay off 33 percent of its staff, including some who were newly hired and newly transferred, the public blamed the Government and not the company. And, surprisingly, when the company wanted more staff a year later, they found no trouble in hiring anew.

Management in other companies took note of the development, and a new phenomenon in American industry arose: the annual executive layoff. There began to be some disquiet about the fact that the average time an engineer spent with an employer, already less than two years in 1962, was moving toward the one-year mark. However, various rationalizations were put forward:

—Electronics, as a new, expanding industry, was bound to suffer growing pains.

—There were plenty of other jobs available, so a man wouldn't suffer if you fired him. Why encourage a man who doesn't seem to fit in to stay where he is, when he would probably fit in very well somewhere else? If he cannot fit in elsewhere, then he must be no use anyway.

—How can one company compete successfully if it carries dead-wood, or full staff during slack periods, and no one else does?

Unfortunately as the rate of firing increased, the groundwork underlying these rationalizations gave way. The New Reality began to emerge. The laws controlling people's actions in this area are now only taking firm shape. It is a nightmarish caricature of the Old Reality. Some of the rules of conduct can already be described:

1. Layoff fodder. Management ordains a 10 percent layoff for every department, once a year. This is supposed to get rid of dead-wood, keep others on their toes and more efficient, and also keep bureaucracies from growing out of hand. How do middle managers react? They know that there will be a layoff in the future that will disrupt their department. So they hire "layoff fodder", who are kept in reserve to be laid off when upper management demands some pruning. So in the New Reality, a well-run department will carry some 15 percent surplus staff, to provide for any eventuality.

2. Inverse firing order. This causes a manager to lay off his best, rather than his worst, man. The reason for this is that in the future there will be a layoff at the manager's level, and a manager is more likely to be laid off if he has a good man under him who could take his place. We should sympathize with the manager, who suffers much more from a layoff than a younger, more junior man.

3. The domino theory in firing. The project is going badly, and middle management must prove that it is dynamic and aggressive by firing someone as a scapegoat. The obvious target is the man at a low level who is closely involved with the detail of the project. Unfortunately, when he is gone, a great deal of important knowledge about the project has gone with him, so the project gets into greater difficulties. As a result, his boss is now fired. This domino effect has been seen propagating itself upward through five levels of management, the firings taking place at intervals of one month. Each time someone is fired, observers are very satisfied, and feel that the unfair dismissal at the lower level has now been expiated.

4. The incompleteness gambit. The most secure project is the unsuccessful one, because it lasts

the longest. Most layoffs occur at the completion of a project, so that only a fool or a brave man completes one if he is not already entangled in its successor. A wise worker will delay completion of a project, and look around for another job during the last month or two.

5. Secrecy. The employee believes, rightly, that he is less likely to be laid off if there is uncertainty about his functions and how he performs them. This makes him secretive and ambiguous in discussing them. It is difficult for upper management to carry out a study of the way the place actually operates, because this is taken to be a prelude to a layoff.

6. The confidence trick. If a manager supports an idea that is unsuccessful, he is fired. (If his boss did not fire him, he himself would be fired for shielding uneconomic, incompetent units of labor.) So he must mislead his boss and make him think that the project is going well, until the investment reaches such a level that the exposure of failure would lead to the firing of his boss rather than himself. Then, when his boss finally finds out, he sets to work to mislead his boss. And so on. By this means, hopeless projects, in which no one believes receive prolonged financing.

7. The supremacy of the prosaic. Any suggested major improvement in product or technology is primarily a threat to the security and livelihood of one's co-workers. In the reorganization that will be necessary to take advantage of the change, many employees risk being laid off "in the interest of efficiency." So all staff should unite to nip in the bud a suggestion which promises a more than marginal improvement in the technology. The best way to de-fuse the inventive, and therefore dangerous, talent in the company is to direct it into lines of research that are likely to be unproductive.

8. The semi-blackmail. The only real route to security is the semi-blackmail. If a man knows that you can damage him if he tries to get you fired, you are safe. Semi-blackmailers join together, exchanging minor scandals on other employees, until they have "cased" everyone.

from New Society, London
reprinted from ATLAS

Stag ??

get it at the
JOKE BOX
51 King St. N.

HOW SWEET IT IS: Two West German companies, Frowin & Co. (Wuppertal) and Goecke & Son (Hohenlimburg), are introducing a new dress fabric on the market—and it's different. The fabric is impregnated with a deodorant, absorbing body odor. The fabric will also be sold as lining material—and will be tagged "climatized dress material."

F *ck Censorship.
No Easter this year. They found the body.

Chaste makes Waste.
Cure virginity.
The Pope's son is a nice guy.
How do you separate the men from the boys in Quebec?
With a crow bar.
How do you tell a French-Canadian politician?

He's the only one who kisses babies before they're born.

If Mary had a little lamb,
Little Boy Blue is innocent!
Wear rubbers:
Take the worry out of being close.
This is National Sex Week;
If you gave at the office.....
You don't have to give at home.
Speed kills, so don't Meth around.

QUOTES

People have abandoned dress in favour of costumes. A miniskirt is not a dress, it's a tribal costume, and men and women alike wear tribal costumes. We are retribalizing: you could call it the age of tribulation.

—Marshall McLuhan

As far as criticism is concerned, we don't resent that unless it is absolutely biased, as it is in most cases.

—John Vorster, PM of South Africa

Khrushchev is doing well these days. He gets better retirement pay than I.

—Ex-PM Macmillan

Sometimes it strikes me that American democracy could be described as the inalienable right of the American to sit in his pajamas on his front porch with a can of beer, shouting, "Where else is this possible?"

—Peter Ustinov



"Damn it, what are they trying to do?
Turn the whole country into a
demilitarized zone?"

TIMOROUS PROTEST

I virtuously protest the meretricious, unbowlerized-Cored. I especially object to your scrofulous usage of Priapus. I contend that gods should never be taken in vain. I protest your resurrection of the monolithic memories of Baalism. I, the undersigned, feel that the licentious nature of the Cored can only appeal to the prurient, bestial nature of man. The Cored is not a realistic portrayal of the god instilled mythology that I hold in reverence. I refuse to accept piquant, titillating, verisimilar material of any kind - it is paganism at its worst. God created genitalia, and we are born innocent, without clothing - it is my professed duty to correct these oversights. As a representative member of the

(circle one)
Eastern Synod
Board of Governors
Senate
Administration
Staff
Faculty
Student Body
Other (please specify)

....I cannot protest strongly enough.

Respectfully yours,

Send c/o The Editor

The Cored Weakly
Student Union Building
Waterloo Lutheran University
75 University Avenue West
Waterloo, Ontario

Golden Jocks Rumoured moving

by Scab Stew

As a natural consequence of their years of domination of the somewhat insipid competition afforded them by their OIAA rivals, our beloved Glden Jocks may step up in class. An informed source claims that next year the Jocks may bear the purple and gold standard onto the playing fields of the Inter-insular Conference.

This little publicized league comprises the **March Hares**, from the Easter Island Bunny Institute, the **Hand-Me-Downs** from the On-anist Seminary of Corfu, the **Flying Cod Pisces**, from Tristan da Cunka Fisheries' School, the **Allusions**, from the Aleutian College of Censorship, and the **Cretini** from Miquelon Ceramics Institute. The league's practice of encouraging athletic scholarships has allowed its members to attain a level of competition inaccessible to teams in this area.

The problem of distance once upset schedules in the IIAA, but

closed-circuit television has made cancellations a thing of the past. Two practice sessions are taped and shown simultaneously to the opposing teams. Then, both teams and coaches write a Standardized Reluctance Test, to determine the degree of their desire to avoid meeting this particular opponent. The team scoring the greater reluctance, loses.

The emphasis in coaching, in the IIAA has shifted. The coach is no longer a mere purveyor of game skills and an enforcer of curfews. He is now a camera-man, choreographer, make-up artist, and psychologist. At Miquelon Ceramics, the Physical Education Department, through their Combatives branch, offers Honours courses in Reluctance Inspiration. Gorf Emmerdeur, coach of the football Cretini, recently suspended a linebacker who on successive days skipped a lab in On-camera Scowling and flunked a quiz in Glowering 20.

Basketball, at Tristan da Cunka

Fisheries, suffered a net loss this year. Under IIAA rules, programme heights and weights are a factor in the Standardized Reluctance Test. For years the Flying Cod had listed weights and heights metrically, thereby giving a considerable edge to the basketball team, but placing the football squad at a disadvantage. A 5' 10" basketballer was listed at an awesome 178 cm., while a 280 pound tackle might appear as a mere 127 kilogram weakling. This year, in the interest of uniformity, the Flying Cod will print programme heights and weights in feet, inches and pounds. Ogilvie Podorewski expects the perennial basketball champions to finish last, but says the footballers should be a contender for a change.

We wish the Golden Jocks well in this anticipated move, and trust that they will continue to strike fear into the hearts of their opponents, albeit from a distance.



photo by belknap

Jocks in pre-season game against the Flying Cod Pisces

Age of Aquarius

by L von I

Aries (mar. 21-apr. 20)

Do not indulge in matters pertaining to physical contact until the opposite sex comes. Being an intemperate creature you tend to over extend your psychotic tendencies. Do not move into your castle-in-the-clouds until tomorrow.

Taurus (apr. 21-may 20)

Silence is golden today. Because you are under the sign of the Bull, you may shoot too much of it. Smile more; you are not the only horny person about.

Gemini (may 21-june 20)

You are in a dilemma because of your bisexual nature. Under the influence of mercury, you run up quite a temperament. Take things coolly. Be a snob.

Cancer (june 21-july 22)

Today is your lucky day. The essay due two weeks ago has been graced with an extension. But keep that stiff upper lip, you can still miss deadline, because the moon is influencing your judgment. Try not to bay at the moon and turn hairy as a wolf.

Leo (july 23-aug. 22)

Let your fingers do the walking through biology and related activities. Because of your sensitive nature you tend to depreciate your own achievements; do, as you are the only one that will. However, be of good cheer, and drink lotsa beer.

Virgo (aug. 23-sept. 23)

Tsk, Tsk! You have lost your status as a Virgo; however, little things like that in life shouldn't bother you. Just worry a lot and have a medical checkup immediately. You should always be on guard and on the safe side.

Libra (sept. 24-oct. 23)

Hang-overs, and hang-ups are not all your problems; because you will meet up with an embarrassing moment to-night. However, persevere with your usual sloppiness and nobody will know the difference.

Scorpio (oct. 24-nov. 22)

Some are born to greatness; some achieve greatness; some have greatness thrust upon them—for you, forget it! Your

future is as bright as your heel steeped in mud. But don't brood over it, your kindly swami doesn't.

Sagittarius (nov. 23-dec. 22)

Oh, that this too, too sullied fresh would thaw, melt and resolve into a dew. This is a hint to diet now! The dining hall food has finally got to you, and you've discovered you've got tape worms.

Capricorn (dec. 23-Jan. 20)

Be sensible; today is only april one. Because your sign is the goat, don't start butting with your horns. Wag your tail, someone's bound to follow.

Aquarius (jan. 21-feb. 19)

As your sign is the water-bearer, you are not quenching your friends thirst by yapping. Try alcohol, and get them polluted. Proverb: sow not lest ye be sewn.

Pisces (feb. 20-mar. 20)

Something is fishy going on. Don't believe the old saying, once you've passed the smell, you've got it licked, because that sage speaks with forked tongue. But knowing the square you are, you won't listen anyway.

Stag ??
get it at the
JOKE BOX
51 King St. N.

A computer analyzed the vocabulary of de Gaulle's radio and TV speeches. In a total of 62,000 words, de Gaulle mentioned the word "France" 756 times, the word "I" 477 times, the words "de Gaulle" 13 times, "God" three times, and "the Devil" twice.

... and philip wylie once again

But you won't find out much, even so. You'll look blank or, worse, you'll begin to talk, when I ask you what in hell is the matter with people these days. You'll have a number of fine recitations at your tongue's tip but you can't tell me why people are such fools. You'll find it still harder to explain how fools manage to give their aberrations such an orderly aspect. And you'll go into a dither when I ask you why more people don't get mad at the way things are and do something.

Why do they sit like the goggle-eyed inmates of a sanitarium unmoved by such a spectacle as the near-starvation of ten million people in a land of copious resources? Why do they who call themselves intellectuals imagine that a vestiture of power in the proletariat, the rabble, the riff-raff would be an improvement? Why do they allow a form of constitution which insists on the equality of all men and which provides for the election of amateurs by morons? Why do they go through life unable to mention certain parts and functions of the human body in each other's society? God damn it all, my fine friend, a moment's thought would

convince a sane foreign creature that nothing superior could exist under such stupid rules. Why, my boy? Why? I'll tell you. We're still in the Middle Ages. The Industrial Revolution was a mere shift in wages. It wasn't a human, social thing. The Renaissance wasn't rebirth. It was merely a lifting of censorship that has in the subsequent decades permitted a very limited dispersion of facts. Can this be anything but an extension of medieval times when the masses still believe in God, sin, immortality, horseshoes, husband's rights, penology, purity, and whatnot? It cannot. Moreover—we are befouled. America! Land of the dimwit and jackass! They crowd the theaters, flood the boardwalks, surfite the streets and reproduce like microbes. Withered fruit of the unfertilized ova of New England witches. Tinpot leaders from the Continent. Cheap desperadoes. A few pioneers. Myriad misfit nincompoops. Greedy-eyed and beady-eyed. The covered wagons were filled with harlots and hypocrites, those who had nothing to lose, nothing to give. For generations the ships brought in the garbage of the world. Seldom did the illus-

trious migrate. Good blood, good brains, and good intentions were accidents in that sniveling motley of something-for nothing seekers. And from the rock-bound coast of Maine to the sun-kissed shores of California their progeny has multiplied, still hunting something, still with nothing to contribute even if the urge were there. They do not want sense. They do not want system. They do not want universal and co-operative construction. They concern themselves never with helping. Only with getting. Aid. Aid. Help the farmers. Rescue the bankers. Destroy our insect pests. Support our unemployed. Make our municipal bonds good. Help us to get a profit from the crude oil we are pumping. Pay our bonus.

Could you tell them about robbing Peter to reimburse Paul? Or about the structure of society? You could not. They would elect a Congressman with a bigger mouth and a louder voice and a shrewder species of weasel-wit.

They could all be killed and it would not matter. In the year nineteen-thirty-four, history would say more than ninety millions of people were legally execut-

ed in North America after careful tests of their mental capacities and a chemical analysis of their hormones, hereditary factors and so forth. The remaining twenty-five percent of the population speedily rebuilt the nation repopulated it to the present stationary population level, developed the existing upcurve of mental and physical standards, and obliterated every trace of the now impossible-seeming follies and stupidities which existed before the passage of the Ass-reduction Act.

Our people! The melting pot has turned out to be a cesspool. Not a crucible for the amalgamation of a fine alloy but a gigantic receptacle for anthropological waste already reduced by the bacteria of publicity and precedent and custom and fashion and education to a vomit-green, gelatinous mess in which only the toughest kernels still remain undigested. Putrid America! Rotten to the core. Corrupt to the guts. Stinking, flatulent, bubbling! The odor goes over the radio. The color inks the rollers of the press. And the sound of its beshitted fermentation is the voice of Congress.

I used to love this country. But the earth of it has been defiled and the people in it haven't a purpose. There's nothing fine left here but individuals. I could do without the individuals if most of the citizens were moving together toward—almost anything. Still—a leader couldn't lead it. A prophet couldn't evangelize it. Its sensitive minority differs from one man to the next in adherence to dozens of false gods and they cannot convene to plan a street without quarreling over worship. I despair to see light grow dim in the West. Or to think of sunrise in the East. The Russians are such emotional eggs and the Chinese are so silly. Maybe panics will purge us. Maybe science will render out the fat-headedness. But today's props are not foundations. At the moment, we're licked. If an individual exhibited the symptoms of our society, he'd be sent to a hospital for the criminally insane—and he'd die there quickly. America! A close race between science and the archaeologists of the future. Thousands of people know what to do. Most of the procedure has been made self-evident by patient research.