

The JOURNAL

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LA LIBERTÉ DE LA PRESSE: "La raison se compose de vérités qu'il faut dire et de vérités qu'il faut faire." RIVAROL

September 15, 1970

St. Mary's University, Halifax

VOLUME XXXVI NO. 2

President hunt over - Carrigan approached

The Saint Mary's University Board of Governors has invited Doctor Owen Carrigan to become the new president of Saint Mary's. If he accepts the position, Carrigan, now principal and Dean of Arts at Kings College of the University of Western Ontario, is expected to assume office in July, 1971.

Administration Vice-President - Finance and Development Edmund Morris is now Interim-President.

Ex-president Henry J. Labelle forced the selection of a new president when he resigned suddenly last winter. The former Board of Governors set up a search committee to find and screen applicants for his replacement. From the applications received after wide advertising, Carrigan was the choice of the new Board. (for particulars on the Board of Governors, see page 3). Accordingly, he was approached

and it seems likely that he will become the next president of the university.

Carrigan - a 36 year old Nova Scotian, was born in New Glasgow. He received his doctorate in U.S. history at the University of Maine in 1966. Prior to this he began teaching at Xavier College as assistant professor of History from 1957 to 1961, followed by an associate professorship at Xavier which extended to 1967. He became Principal and Dean of Arts (his present post) at King's College, University of Western Ontario, after having spent one year at Waterloo Lutheran University as associate professor of History

from 1967 to 1968.

At King's he undertook to enlarge and better qualify staff, to enroll a larger student population in the undergraduate program and to carry out an extensive building program. He is also reported to have been responsible for turning an annual university deficit into a substantial surplus.

Of special interest to Saint Mary's students is the set-up of the residences at King's. Although the residences are owned by the university the students themselves have control over all matters pertaining to them.

Reason for optimism?



Dr. David Owen Carrigan



Come out Saturday and give a hand, to shine shoes for Cystic Fibrosis. This project deems your support and as you are having fun, you will be contributing to a worthwhile cause. This week around the S.M.U. campus check for the time and the place to pick up your shoe-shine kit. In the above picture is SRC President Paul LeBlanc of the S.R.C. shining the shoes of a freshette.

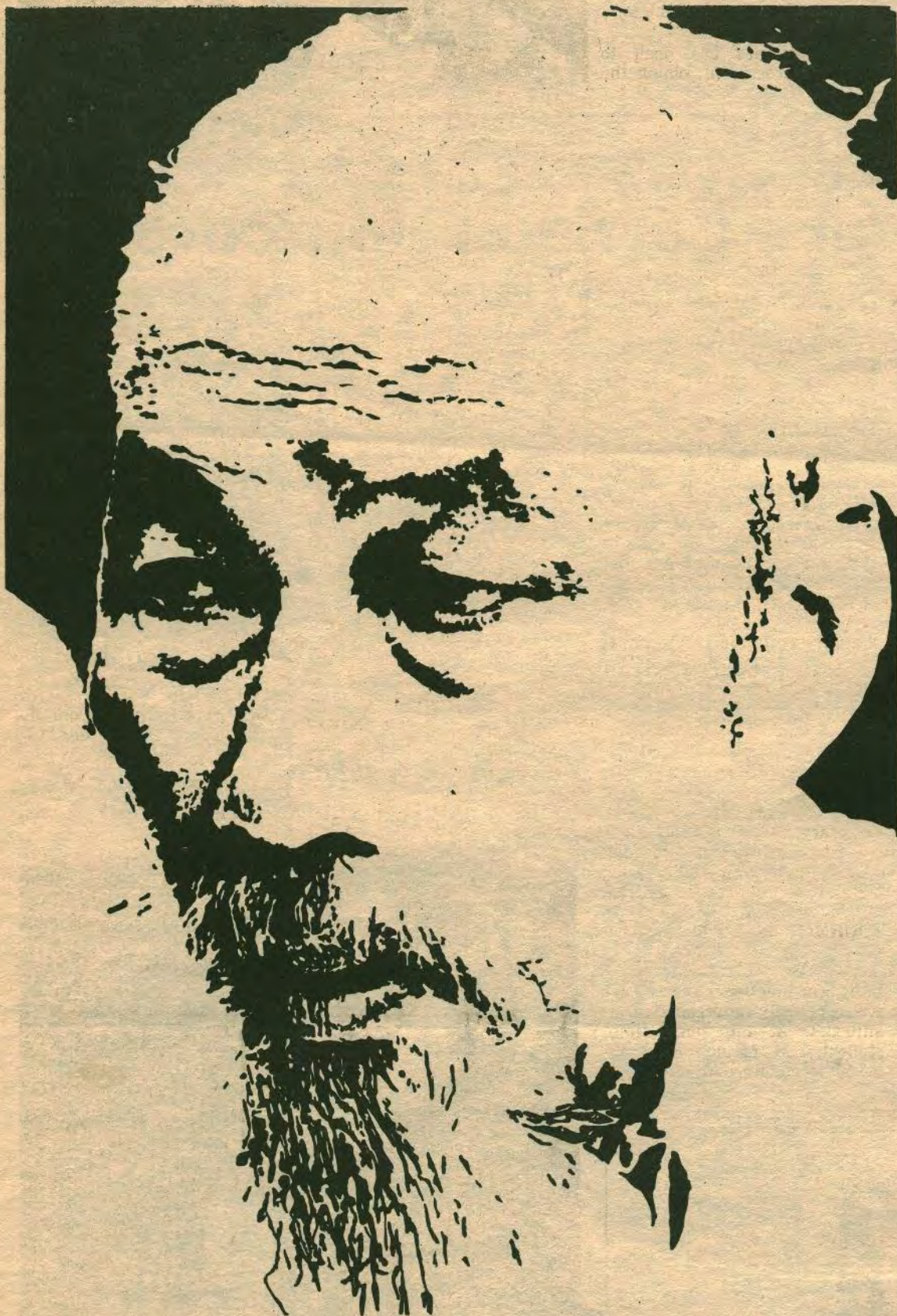
Frosh Auction



Inside:
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Rock for \$ale



Prison Poems of Ho Chi Minh (1890-1969)



First Poem of My Journal

I've never been very
excited about poetry

In prison
there's nothing better to do

To pass the long days
and distract myself

I write poems and wait for freedom

Ho Chi Minh

The Roads of Life

It was easy to climb the mountains
It was easy to climb the peaks
The level roads on the plain
Turned out to be harder to travel
I met tigers in the mountains
They didn't harm me

I met a man on the plain
He arrested me.

I was a representative of
the new Vietnam

On a visit to the leaders
of a brother nation

A storm like the waves of the sea
overwhelmed me

I found myself honored
with a prison cell

I am an honest man
with an untroubled conscience

But they suspect me
of being a Chinese spy

The roads of life
are always dangerous

But it is less easy
to get over them now than ever.

Ho Chi Minh

Prison Journal

It is your body that's in prison
Your spirit is not in prison

If you are going to accomplish
your great task,

You've got to take
good care of your morale

Ho Chi Minh

Thinking of a Comrade

You came with me
as far as the river

The day I left
"I see you soon," you said
"Next harvest time for sure"

But the carts have - long since left
the fields

And me,
far from home, I am a prisoner.

Ho Chi Minh

*Free, I Walk on the Mountains
and Enjoy the View*

Mountains. Clouds.
More mountains. More clouds

Far below the river gleams,
bright and unspotted

Alone, I with beating heart,
I walk on the Western range

And gaze far off towards the South
and think of my comrades.

Ho Chi Minh

Great men write about their heroic country

Death of a Wasp

(reprinted from NOVA, London)

Hit at last the helicopter howls
screeches, moans with the buzz of a maddened wasp
raking the air with breaking wings
clawing at the wind
grey-green insect straining to live
The white star of war plunges desperately
and here it is: stinging death-wasp
its wings torn off by one small rifle,
belly upwards to the sun
a fresh and bloody bait in the green maw of the jungle
Oh wasp, come again, come again wasp
Nyugen Thien

(Vietcong guerilla, body recovered after battle four kilometers from Cholon, May, 1966)

The Road to Bien Hoa

Many times I have come and gone
on the road that leads to Bien Hoa
I have known the dragon and the lizard
on the road that leads to Bien Hoa
Knives boots rifles rice blood
tins meat fruit vegetables tea
ammunition mortars bombs and women's laughter
all come and go again on the road that leads to
Bien Hoa
Many days again they will pass to and fro
when the clear and treacherous morning has crept
on us
Sun moons new seasons and the shoots of bamboo
disfigured children and our own dead bodies
black tides, white tides, oil and alcohol
drifting and eddying around Bien Hoa
Until the great monsoon of our people
blows at last along the road to Bien Hoa
Anonymous

(Body found in the Bien Cat district, Province of Thu Dau Mot, February, 1966)
Reprint from Nova, London

Journal to host three-day workshop

Outraged readers of last week's JOURNAL might consider that nothing can bring the newspaper up even to the level of the local daily press. But JOURNAL Editor Francis Abbott has announced plans to upgrade the paper after a three day workshop next week.

The workshop, designed to acquaint new and old staff with principles of journalism and give them some practical experience, will be held on the St. Mary's University campus mostly in the JOURNAL office.

Abbott said today he has invited eight professional journalists for the workshop. Among the best-known of the guests will be Nick Fillmore, managing editor of the Fourth Estate, an alternate newspaper published in Halifax.

Edmund Morris, interim president of the university, will

attend the seminar to talk about the legal hassles a newspaper can get into. Mr. Morris was an associate editor of the Halifax Chronicle-Herald and is presently a news analyst for CJCH television in Halifax.

Also from St. Mary's is Ken Frederick of the university's information office.

Jim Jamieson of the Dartmouth Free Press will attend the seminar to talk about straight news. Mr. Jamieson is city hall reporter for the Dartmouth Free Press.

Perhaps closer to the student aspect of journalism will be Sue Perly, field secretary for the Atlantic region of the Canadian University Press. Miss Perly worked for the University of Toronto Varsity and is co-author of a newspaper text, the Paper Rapper.

Seminar topics will cover news

reporting, make-up, photography, and a series of more general topics designed to acquaint staff with the present state of journalism in Canada.

The seminars are open to people interested in joining the JOURNAL staff as well as anybody who's just interested in journalism in general.

They run from Friday (Sept. 18) to Sunday (Sept. 20) with parties and orgies planned during and between sessions. The first session will be held from 7 to 10 p.m. Friday. Next day the sessions will run from 9 to 12 p.m. During that time there will be a party. Next day the make-up workshop will have practical experience putting out the JOURNAL's third issue. That'll run all day, starting approximately at 2 p.m.



"Ya pays yer money and ya gets yer goods" seems to be the consensus here, with the students at the left being sold a fine bill of goods by the friendly folks at the business office. Scene from last Wednesday's registration of junior students in the rink, when vast sums went from left to right, according to the accepted method for the movement of vast sums.

Score: 24-4

Students represented on governing bodies

For the first time in the history of Saint Mary's University, students have a legal position on the campus.

The passage and official proclamation of the new Saint Mary's University Act 1970 gives us seats on both governing bodies of the university: the Board of Governors and the Senate. The new act also gives the faculty legal rights and obligations for the first time. Previously, students and faculty were not mentioned in legislation.

The new act also transfers ownership and control of the university from the Roman Catholic Episcopal Corporation of Halifax (the Archdiocese) to the new university Board of Governors. This, as well as the property transfers was the

reason for the new act.

The board was previously a shadow organization, called into existence by the Archbishop of Halifax and left to carry out day-to-day activities. It had no legal position and no real power, since the Archbishop could dismiss it at any time.

The new senate has a recognized bailiwick this year for the first time. Before the act was passed the Senate had no legal existence, and no legal powers. While it could and did make decisions about course offerings and staff appointments, the final decision rested with the Board.

Students are represented this year for the first time on the governing bodies of the university. Four students sit on the 30-man Board while five have

yet to be elected to the Academic Senate. The four student governors were appointed during the summer and will be replaced or confirmed by elections some time within the next 30 days, according to Students Representative Council spokesmen. The four present governors are former SRC secretary Susan Mader, Dave Robertson, president of the dalmarried students residence on Wellington Street, JOURNAL editor Francis Abbott, and JOURNAL news editor Wayne Gillis.

As far as the rules are now, there is no mention in the new act for recall by governors' constituents. At the same time, student and faculty representation is one-third of the total,

with the faculty being allowed six representatives. Both students and faculty represent the largest interest groups within the university.

Appearing also are six members elected by the Alumni, three appointed by the Archdiocese of Halifax and the following ex officio members: the

Cancellor, the Vice-Chancellor, the President, and the Academic and Administrative Vice-Presidents. Three members are chosen by the Board from the community at large, and two others are appointed by the Lieutenant Governor in Council. The last member is appointed by the Upper Canada Province of the Society of Jesus.



Members of the new board of governors include, from left to right, Lawrence Hayes, Susan Mader—the only woman on the board—and Dr. Gerald Gordon.

COMING EVENTS

Sept. 14 to Sept. 17

Each Society to hold its own entertainment

Saturday, Sept. 19

Shinerama for cystic fibrosis (one of its many spellings this week) new staff and the general public.

Wednesday, September 23

University Day - no afternoon classes.

JOURNAL Workshop on journalism for old staff.

Dance - Killer Egg

Ecumenical Religious Service, 1:00 a.m.

Sunday, September 20

Scavenger Hunt in the morning

Waterloo at Saint Mary's football Game

End of Frosh Week

Weekend of September 18, 19, and 20

Course evaluations will also be available to all students. These are critiques of the different courses which were offered here last year. The evaluations were prepared by students council. Read them - it could save you a lot of cursing later on.

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First
Campus Departure
from



House of Rodney

The coat that's leaving us in abundance heading for campuses everywhere is the two-to-button double breasted, body-traced, with assertive lapels and deep center vent. We offer it in stripings, solids or windowpanes.



Michael Lydon is a writer and a contributor to the Times on rock Ramparts

Graphics by Pat The Excalibur

Rock for \$ale

In 1956 when rock and roll was just about a year old, Frankie Lymon, lead singer of Frankie Lymon and the Teenagers, wrote and recorded a song called "Why Do Fools Fall in Love?" It was an immediate million-selling hit and has since become a rock classic, a true golden oldie of the sweet-voiced harmonizing genre. The group followed it up with other hits, starred in a movie, appeared on the Ed Sullivan Show, toured the country with Bill Haley and the Comets, and did a tour of Europe. Frankie, a black kid from Harlem, was then thirteen years old. Last year, at twenty-six, he died of an overdose of heroin.

Despite the massive publicity accorded to rock in the past several years, Frankie's death received little attention. It got a bit more publicity than the death in a federal prison of Little Willie John, the author of "Fever," another classic, but nothing compared to that lavished on the breakup of the Cream or on Janis Joplin's split with Big Brother and the Holding Company. Nor did many connect it with the complete musical stagnation of the Doors, a group which in 1967 seemed brilliantly promising, or to the dissolution of dozens of other groups who a year or two ago were not only making beautiful music but seemed to be the vanguard of a promising "youth cultural revolution."

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In fact these events are all connected, and their common denominator is hard cash. Since that wildly exciting spring of 1967, the spring of Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band, of be-ins and love-ins and flower-power, of the discovery of psychedelia, hippies and "doing your thing" - to all of which "New Rock", as it then began to be called, was inextricably bound - one basic fact has been consistently ignored: rock is a product created, distributed and controlled for the profit of American (and international) business. "The record companies sell rock and roll records like they sell refrigerators," says Paul Kantner of the Jefferson Airplane. "They don't care about the people who make rock or what they're all about as human beings any more than they care about the people who make refrigerators."

Recently, the promoters of a sleazy Southern California enterprise known as "Teen Fair" changed its name to "Teen Expo." The purpose of the operation remains the same: to sell trash to adolescents while impressing them with the joys of consumerism. But nine years into the '60s, the backers decided that their '50s image of nice-kid teenagerism had to go. In its place, they have installed "New Rock" (with its constant companion, schlock psychedelia) as the working image of the "all new!" Teen Expo.

By the time the word gets down to the avaricious cretins who run teen fairs, everybody has the message: rock and roll sells. It

doesn't make money just for the entertainment industry - the record companies, radio stations, TV networks, stereo and musical instrument manufacturers, etc. - but for law firms, clothing manufacturers, the mass media, soft drink companies and car dealers (the new Opel will "light your fire!"). Rock is the surest way to the hearts and wallets of millions of North Americans between eight and thirty-five - the richest, most extravagant children in the history of the world.

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From the start, rock has been commercial in its very essence. An American creation on the level of the hamburger or the billboard, it was never an art form that just happened to make money, nor a commercial undertaking that, sometimes became art. Its art was synonymous with its business. The movies are perhaps closest to rock in their aesthetic involvement with the demands of profitability, but even they once had an arty tradition which scorned the pleasing of the masses.

Yet paradoxically it was the unabashed commerciality of rock which gave rise to the hope that it would be a "revolutionary" cultural form of expression. For one thing, the companies that produce it and reap its profits have never understood it. Ford executives drive their company's cars but Sir Joseph Lockwood, chairman of EMI, the record company which, until Apple, released the Beatles' records, has always admitted that he doesn't like their music. The small companies like Sun and Chess Records which first discovered the early stars like Elvis Presley and Chuck Berry were run by middle-class whites who knew that kids and blacks like this weird music, but they didn't know or really care why. As long as the music didn't offend the businessmen's sensibilities too much - they never allowed outright obscenity - and as it sold, they didn't care what it said. So within the commercial framework, rock has always had a certain freedom.

Moreover, rock's slavish devotion to commerciality gave its powerful aesthetic advantages. People had to like it for it to sell, so rock had to get to the things that the audience really cared about. Not only did it create a ritualized world of dances, slang, "the charts," fan magazines and "your favorite DJ coming your way" on the car radio, but it defined, reflected and glorified the listener's ordinary world. Rock fans can date their entire lives by rock; hearing a "golden oldie" can instantaneously evoke the whole flavor and detail of a summer or a romance.

When in 1963-64, the Pop Art movement said there was beauty in what had been thought to be the crass excreta of the Eisenhower Age, when the Beatles proved that shameless reveling in money could be a

stone groove, and when the wistful puritanism of the protest-folk music movement came to a dead end, rock and roll, with all its unabashed carnality and worldliness, seemed a beautiful trip. Rock, the background music of growing up, was discovered as the common language of a generation. New Rock musicians could make an aesthetic and social point by the very choice of rock as their medium.

That rock was commercial seemed only a benefit. It ensured wide distribution, the hope of a good and possibly grandiose living style, and the honesty of admitting that, yes, we are the children of affluence: don't deny it, man, dig it. As music, rock had an undeniably liberating effect;



driving and sensual, it implicitly and explicitly presented an alternative to bourgeois insipidity. The freedom granted to rock by society seemed sufficient to allow its adherents to express their energies without inhibition. Rock pleasure had no pain attached; the outrageousness of Elvis' gold lame suits and John Lennon's wildly painted Rolls Royce was a gas, a big joke on adult society. Rock was a way to beat the system, to gull grown-ups into paying you while you made faces behind their backs.

Sad but true, however, the grown-ups are having the last laugh. Rock and roll is a lovely playground, and within it kids have more power than they have anywhere else in society, but the playground's walls are carefully maintained and guarded by the

corporate elite that set it up in the first place. While the White Panthers talk of "total assault upon the culture by any means necessary, including rock and roll, dope and fucking in the streets," Billboard, the music trade paper, announces with pride that in 1968 the record industry became a billion-dollar business.

Bob Dylan has described with a fiendish accuracy the pain of growing up in America, and millions have responded passionately to his vision. His song, "Maggie's Farm," contains the lines, "He gives me a nickel, he gives me a dime, he asks me with a grin if I'm having a good time and he fines me every time I slam the door, oh, I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more." But along with Walter Cronkite and the New York Yankees, Dylan works for one of Maggie's biggest farms, the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Mike Jagger, another adept and vitriolic social critic, used rock to sneer at "the under assistant west coast promotion man" in his seersucker suit; but London Records used this "necessary talent for every rock and roll band" to sell that particular Rolling Stones record and all their other products. For all its liberating potential, rock is doomed to a bitter impotence by its ultimate subservience to those whom it attacks.

In fact, rock, rather than being an example of how freedom can be achieved within the capitalist structure, is an example of how capitalism can, almost without a conscious effort, deceive those whom it oppresses. Rather than being liberated heroes, rock and roll stars are captives on a leash, and their plight is but a metaphor for that of all young people and black people in America. All the talk of "rock revolution," talk that is assiduously cultivated by the rock industry, is an attempt to disguise that plight.

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Despite the aura of wealth that has always surrounded the rock and roll star, and which for fans justified the high prices of records and concerts, very few stars really make much money - and for all but the stars and their backup musicians, rock is just another low-paying job. Legend says that wild spending sprees, drugs and women account for the missing loot; what legend does not say is that most artists are paid very little for their work. The artist may receive a record royalty of two and one-half per cent, but the company often levies charges for studio time, promotion and advertising. It is not uncommon for the maker of a hit record to end up in debt to the company.

Not surprisingly, it is the black artists who suffer most. In his brilliant book, Urban Blues, Charles Keil describes in detail how the blues artist is at the mercy of the recording company. It is virtually impossible, he states for an unknown artist to get an honest contract, but even an "honest" contract is only an inexpensive way for a company to own an artist body and soul.

A star's wealth may be not only non-existent, but actually a fraud, carefully perpetuated by the record company. Blues singer Bobby Bland's "clothes, limousine, valet, and plentiful pocket money," says Keil, "are image bolsters from Duke Records (or perhaps a continual 'advance on royalties' that keeps him tied to the company) rather than real earnings." And even cash exploitation is not enough; Chess Records last year forced Muddy Waters to play his classic blues with a "psychedelic" band and called the humiliating record Electric Mud.

Until recently, only a very few stars made any real money from rock; their secret was managers shrewd to the point of unscrupulousness, who kept them under tight control. Colonel Parker molded the sexual country boy Elvis into a smooth ballad singer; Brian Epstein took four scruffy Liverpool rockers and transformed them into neatly tousled boys-next-door. "We were worried that friends might think we had sold out," John Lennon said recently, "which in a way we had."

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The musicians of New Rock - most of them white, educated and middle-class - are spared much of what their black and lower-class counterparts have suffered. One of the much touted "revolutions" New Rock has brought, in fact, has been a



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"From the start, rock has been commercial in its very essence. An American creation on the level of the hamburger or the billboard --. Its art was synonymous with its business. . ."

drastic increase of the power of the artist vis-a-vis the record company. Contracts for New Rock bands regularly include almost complete artistic control, royalties as high as ten per cent, huge cash advances, free studio time, guaranteed amounts of company-bought promotions, and in some instances control over advertising design and placement in the media.

But such bargaining is at best a futile reformism which never challenges the essential power relationship that has contaminated rock since its inception. Sales expansion still gives the companies ample profits, and they maintain all the control they really need (even the "revolutionary" group, the MC5, agreed to remove the word "mother-fucker" from an album and to record "brothers and sisters" in its place). New Rock musicians lost the battle for real freedom at the very moment they signed their contracts (whatever the clauses) and entered the big-time commercial sphere.

The Doors are a prime example. Like hundreds of New Rock musicians, the four Doors are intelligent people who in the early-and mid-'60s dropped out into the emerging drug and hip underground. In endless rehearsals and on stage in Sunset Strip rock clubs, they developed a distinctive eerie and stringent sound. The band laid down a tynamo drive behind dramatically handsome lead singer Jim Morrison, who, dressed in black leather and writhing with anguish, screamed demonic invitations to sensual madness. "Break on through", was the message, "yeah, break on, break on through to the other side!"

It was great rock and roll, and by June 1967, when their "Light My Fire" was a number-one hit, it had become very successful rock. More hits followed and the Doors became the first New Rock group to garner a huge following among the young teens and preteens who were traditionally the mass rock audience. Jim Morrison became rock's number-one sex idol and the teenie-boppers' delight. The group played bigger and bigger halls - the Hollywood Bowl, the garnish Forum in Los Angeles and finally Madison Square Gardens last winter in a concert that netted the group \$52,000 for one night's work.

But the hit "Light My Fire" was a chopped-up version of the original album track, and after that castration of their art for immediate mass appeal (a castration encouraged by their "hip" company, Elektra Records), the Doors died musically. Later albums were pale imitations of the first; trying desperately to recapture the impact of their early days, they played louder and Morrison lost all subtlety: at a recent Miami concert he had to display his penis to make his point.

Exhausted by touring and recording demands, the Doors now seldom play or even spend much casual time together. Their latest single hit the depth; Cash-box magazine, in its profit-trained wisdom said, "The

team's impact is newly channeled for even more than average young teen impact." "Maybe pretty soon we'll split, just go away to an island somewhere," Morrison said recently, fatigue and frustration in his voice, "get away by ourselves and start creating again."

But the Doors have made money, enough to be up-tight about it. "When I told them about this interview," said their manager, Bill Siddons, sitting in the office of the full-time accountant who manages the group's investments (mostly land and oil), "they said, 'Don't tell him how much we make.'" But Siddons, a personable young man, did his best to defend them. The Doors, he said, could make a lot more money if they toured more often and took less care in preparing each hall they play in for the best possible lighting and sound; none of the Doors lives lavishly, and the group has plans for a foundation to give money to artists and students ("It'll help our tax picture, too"). But, he said, "You get started in rock and you get locked into the cycle of success. It's funny, the group out there on stage preaching a revolutionary message, but to get the people, you gotta do it the establishment way. And you know everybody acquires a taste for comfortable living."

Variations on the Doors' story are everywhere. The Cream started out in 1966 as a brilliant and influential blues-rock trio and ended, after two solid years of touring, with lead guitarist Eric Clapton on the edge of a nervous breakdown. After months of bitter fighting, Big Brother and the Holding Company split up, as did Country Joe and the Fish (who have since re-organized, with several replacements from Big Brother). The Steve Miller Band and the Quicksilver Messenger Service were given a total of \$100,000 by Capitol Records; within a year neither one existed in its original form and the money had somehow disappeared.

Groups that manage to stay together are caught in endless conflicts about how to make enough money to support their art and have it heard without getting entangled in the "success cycle." The Grateful Dead, who were house and bus minstrels for Ken Kesey's acid-magical crew and who have always been deeply involved in trying to create a real hip community, have been so uncommercial as to frustrate their attempts to spread the word of their joyful vision.

"The trouble is that the Grateful Dead is a more 'heard of' band than a 'heard' band," says manager Rock Scully, "and we want people to hear us. But we won't do what the system says -- make single hits, take big gigs, do the success number. The summer of '67, when all the other groups were making it, we were playing free in the park, man, trying to cool the Haight-Ashbury. So we've never had enough bread to get beyond week-to-week survival, and now we're about \$50,000 in debt. We won't play bad music for the bread, because we decided a long time ago that money wasn't a high enough

value to sacrifice anything for. But that means that not nearly enough people have heard our music."

The Jefferson Airplane have managed to take a middle route. A few early hits, a year of heavy touring (150 dates in 1967), a series of commercials for White Levis, and the hardnosed management of entrepreneur Bill Graham gave them a solid money-making popular base. A year ago they left Graham's management, stopped touring almost entirely, bought a huge mansion in San Francisco and devoted their time to making records (all of them excellent), giving parties, and buying expensive toys like cars and color TV's. They've gone through



enormous amounts of money and are now \$30,000 in debt. But they're perfectly willing to go out and play a few jobs if the creditors start to press them. They resolve the commercial question by attempting not to care about it. "What I care about," says Paul Kantner, "is what I'm doing at the time - rolling a joint, balling a chick, writing a song. Start worrying about the ultimate effect of all your actions, and in the end you just have to say fuck it. Everybody in the world is getting fucked one way or another. All you can do is see that you aren't fucking them directly."

But the Airplane also profess political radicalism, and, says Kantner, "The revolution is already happening, man. All those kids dropping out, turning on-they add up." Singer Grace

Slick appeared in blackface on the Smothers Brothers show and gave the Black Panther salute; in a front window of their mansion is a sign that reads, "Eldridge Cleaver Welcome Here." But Kantner said he hadn't really thought about what that meant: would he really take Cleaver in and protect him against police attack, a very likely necessity should Cleaver accept the welcome? "I don't know, man. I'd have to wait until that happened."

Cleaver would be well-advised not to choose Airplane's mansion for his refuge. For Kantner's mushy politics - sort of a turned-on liberation that thinks the Panthers are "groovy" but doesn't like to come to terms with the nasty American reality - are the politics of the much touted "rock revolution." They add up to a hazy belief in the power of art to change the world, presuming that the place for revolution to begin and end is inside individual heads. The Beatles said it nicely in "Revolution": "You say that it's the institution, we'll, you know, you better free your mind instead."

Jac Holzman, president of Elektra Records, said it in businessman's prose: "I want to make it clear," he said, "that Elektra is not the tool of anyone's revolution. We feel that the 'revolution' will be won by poetics and not by politics - that poetics will change the structure of the world. It's reached the kids and is getting to them at the best possible level."

There is no secret boardroom conspiracy to divert antisocial youthful energy into rock and thus render it harmless while making a profit for the society it is rebelling against, but the corporate system has acted in that direction with a uniformity which a conspiracy probably could not have provided. And the aware capitalists are worried about their ability to control where kids are going: "There is something a bit spooky, from a business point of view," a Fortune issue on youth said recently, "... in youth's widespread rejection of middle-class life-styles ('Cheap is in')... If it becomes a dominant orientation, will these children of affluence grow up to be consumers on quite the economy moving scale as their parents?"

So the kids are talking revolution and smoking dope? Well, so are the companies, in massive advertising campaigns that co-opt the language of revolution so thoroughly that you'd think they were on the streets themselves. "The Man can't bust our music," read one Columbia ad; another urges (with a picture of a diverse group of kids apparently turning on):

"Know who your friends are. And look and see and touch and be together. Then listen. We do."

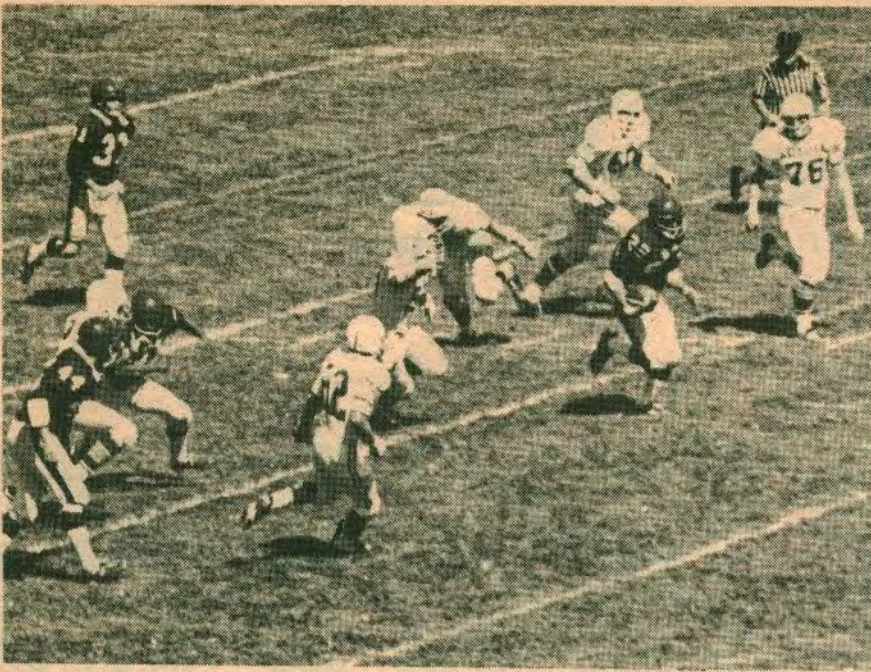
More insidious than the ads themselves is the fact that as money from the record companies is one of the main supports of the underground press. And the companies don't mind supporting these "revolutionary" sheets; the failure of Hearst's Eye magazine after a year showed that the establishment

itself could not create new media to reach the kids, so squemish is it about advocating revolution, drugs and sexual liberation. But it is glad to support the media the kids create themselves, and thereby, just as it did with rock, ultimately defang it.

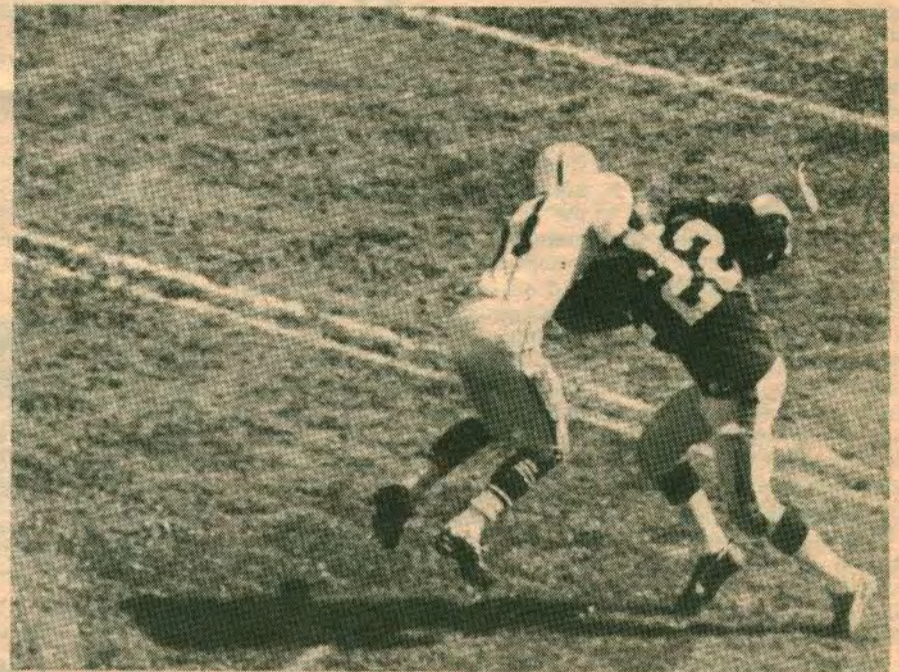
The ramifications of control finally came full circle when Rolling Stones, the leading national rock newspaper, which began 18 months ago on a shoestring, had enough money in the bank to afford a \$7000 ad on the back page of the New York Times. Not only was this "hip rock" publication selfconsciously taking its place among the communication giants ("NBS was the day before us and Look the day after," said the twenty-two-year-old editor), but the ad's copy made clear the paper's exploitive aim: "If you are a corporate executive trying to understand what is happening to youth today, you cannot afford to be without Rolling Stone. If you are a student professor, a parent, this is your life because you already know that rock and roll is more than just music; it is the energy center of the new culture and youth revolution." Such a neat reversal of the corporate-to-kids lie into a kids-to-corporate lie is only possible when the kids so believe the lie they have been fed that they want to pass it on.

But rock and roll musicians are in the end artists and entertainers, and were it not for all the talk of the "rock revolution," one would not be led to expect a clear political vision from them. The bitterest irony is that the "rock revolution" hype has come close to fatally limiting the revolutionary potential that rock does contain. So effective has the rock industry been in encouraging the spirit of optimistic youth take-over that rock's truly hard political edge, its constant exploration of the varieties of youthful musicians, like their followers, have already been torn between the obvious pleasures that America held out and the price paid for them. Rock and roll is not revolutionary music because it has never gotten beyond articulation of this paradox. At best it has offered the defiance of withdrawal; its violence never amounted to more than a cry of "Don't bother me."

"Leave me alone; anyway, I'm almost grown," "Don't step on my blue suede shoes"; "There ain't no cure for the summertime blues"; "I can't get no satisfaction": the rock refrains that express despair could be strung out forever. But at least rock has offered an honest appraisal of where its makers and listeners are at, and that radical, if bitterly defeatist, honesty is a touchstone, a starting point. If the companies, as representatives of the corporate structure, can convince the rock world that their revolution is won or almost won, that the walls of the playground are crumbling, not only will the constituents of rock seal their fate by that fatal self-deception, but their music, one of the few things they actually do have going for them, will have been successfully corrupted and truly emasculated.



JOURNAL
SPORTS
 with Claude Isaacs



Florio breaks upfield for seventy five yards returning an Acadia punt during Saturday's game. SMU won the game 31-21. See story pg. 8

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WE'LL LISTEN

in case some of you were wondering about our policies
 let us set your minds at ease
 you set our policies
 this doesn't mean that any one student is going to tell us what to do this is what it does mean
 number 1: all journal staff are students
 number 2: all students are entitled to contribute to the journal
 number 3: we'll listen to intelligent criticism
 number 4: if a large faction of the student body is violently opposed to certain journal material we will take this into consideration and act upon it.

as you see
 we are reasonable in our policies
 what we wish is for others to be reasonable in their demands

last week we published what we considered to be a good paper
 the paper consisted of many parts
 one section was the literary page
 one poem on the page was the god/ love poem by lenore kandel
 some people felt this poem objectionable
 they expressed their dissatisfaction with it
 we acknowledge their opinions and are glad they expressed these opinions
 however what is to be done
 another page of the paper was the front page
 it was offensive to some factions of the university
 should we have put something else there too

as you see
 we have a problem on our hands
 are we out to offend no one and please everyone
 obviously this is impossible
 so what is to be done

as we said you make our policies to a great extent
 if you dislike something tell us
 we'll talk it over with you and could quite possibly change our minds
 so write us a letter
 drop in and see us
 join the staff
 be constructive
 we'll listen.



letters

Letters should be addressed to the Editor, JOURNAL, Saint Mary's University. They should be typed and double-spaced. They should be signed, but a pseudonym will be used if requested. For legal reasons unsigned letters cannot be printed.

"dissatisfied"

Dear Sir:

At a meeting this morning, September 9, the New Student Orientation Committee (a presidential committee formed of representatives from the student, faculty, and administrative bodies of the university), decided to express to you their dissatisfaction at the presence of

the "God/Love Poem" by Lenore Kandel in the September 8 edition of the Journal.

As a committee concerned with the new student orientation, we consider it our duty to mention to you how objectional we consider the said item to be, it being one of the first things available for reading to our new students.

Denis Healy
 Chairman
 New Student
 Orientation Committee

Untitled No. 1 by Peter March, graduate student

Ed: This is the first column in a proposed series

Opening exercises, Initiation, President (?), Deans, (sundry others), cast benign eyefuls of welcome to the arriving neophytes, saying,

"We challenge the hell from whence you came and anticipate with you the heaven to which, if you are good little boys and girls, you will presently enter."

In concert then with the noble tones from above and in the interest of Intellectual Harmony and Good Conduct we decompose the following notes. (What else?)

My child:

For your guidance and inspiration:

I Do not under any circumstances relate any aspect of your personal life to anyone on this campus unless:

- It has existential overtones
- you really, really mean it is the really real You (as opposed to your deceptively shallow appearance)
- your parents would not approve of its disclosure
- you are sure your audience does not know the rudiments of pop psychology and sociology.

II Do not under any circumstances miss an opportunity to deny:

- the existence of the church. (comments on God are OUT)
- the existence of objective morality
- the existence of just governments

- the existence of Truth
- the rights of parents
- any one's rights except our's and those of people who are poorer, weaker etc. (call them 'low socio-economic group' meaning poor and ignorant)
- anything anyone believes (including your own)
- ever having met a really intelligent person who did not (did). . . and suffix a n y t h i n g i n -comprehensible.

So much for your conversation - now we must decide what to talk about. The following supernatural entities are OUT:

God
 Heaven
 Hell
 country
 home
 marriage

The following supernatural entities are IN:

Mao
 His little red bible
 Horoscopes
 Nirvana
 E.S.P. (and you must know what that is)
 Where it's at.

In making your selection of courses I would tender the following descriptions of available subjects:

- English Lit. - Everything written in English (accordingly 99% of everything you read will be garbage.)
- Psychology - How to be King Rat (man)
- Sociology - The search for statistical evidence pro Marxist dogma (19 century idealism)
- History - Who's Who with calendar attached. Or,

how ten million Frenchmen can be treated as 'Napoleon'

- Philosophy - Trying to find out what philosophy is or is is.
- Biology - The search for the 'living chemical'.
- Biochemistry - We're all dead and that's that.
- Physics - Metaphysics with practical applications.
- Mathematics - A A and other profundities.
- Pol. Sc. - Science? Why not the science of magic or cooking science?
- Classics - Baptismal but watery.

Lastly perhaps you have been wondering who those frog-like creatures clanking around the campus belong to. I did too at first but you are not to worry about them. An old friend of mine explained to me that they are called 'Toadies' and actually are related to frogs. Apparently they are quite harmless except when placed on turf or grass upon which they tend to burst into wild spasm and girations. At this point they are quite dangerous but, apparently, one just waits a couple of hours and the attack dies of exhaustion whereupon a large brown blotch, rather like a giant cow paddie is left on the field. This, he estimated was their actual purpose. They often do this in groups if the grass at the center begins growing too fast. Probably some form of antigrass movement.

In the hope that you find any of this comprehensible I bid you Peace (after the revolution).

The JOURNAL

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The editor reserves the right to reject copy for reasons of style, lateness of arrival, or lack of space and therefore cannot guarantee that everything submitted will be printed.

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editor
 business manager
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this is a news release
 the purpose of this news release is to inform the rest of the university community that the journal is going to have a workshop on the different aspects of putting out a newspaper

this workshop is to take place on the weekend of the 18 19 and 20 in the office the journal on the fifth floor of the student centre we've invited all sorts of newspaper people from around this area edmond morris sue pearly jim jamieson derek mann from saint mary's canadian university press dartmouth press and dalhousie will all be helping out in the venture some members of the 4th estate will also be coming to give us a hand the workshop will include seminars on libel photography photo journalism reporting news writing ledes

advertising copy layout interpretive writing and editorials will all be part of the curriculum everybody will also get a chance to tear down the last paper as long as their criticism is professional and constructive those who use destructive criticism will be shot by our welcoming committee

we wish to welcome everybody back to saint mary's and if you could decipher this letter we sincerely hope to see you at our workshop because nobody every seems to understand us love and peace to all and to all a good night

Axemen axed 31-21 for SMU

Last Saturday afternoon was a beautiful afternoon for a football game, and that's what the fans who were there saw, a beautiful game. The Huskies, after a shaky start, came on in the second half to defeat the Acadia Axemen 31-21.

Bill Robinson got the nod as starting quarterback in the first exhibition tilt of the season, but was replaced by Jim Aucoin in the second half. Excellent passing on the part of both quarterbacks, Robinson good on 7 of 12 and Aucoin on 6 of 8 attempts, was a big factor for Saint Mary's. The attack was well balanced, however as the Huskies gained over two hundred yards along the ground, and a hundred and ninety in the air.

The standout for Saint Mary's has to be number nine, Bill Baldwin, as he was responsible for over half of the Huskies total yards, and one of the touchdowns. On defence Kevin Florio made some key plays, knocking down three passes in a row, and making quite a few tackles. Florio also had a 75 yard punt return, which set up one of the Huskies T.D.'s.

Robinson looked a little shaky at the start of the game as his first pass attempt was intercepted and ran back deep into the Saint Mary's zone. Acadia capitalized on this and went ahead 7-0. Rebounding quickly, the Huskies managed a safety on a long kick by Sherk and a tackle by number 42 Dave Farniuk. After the long punt return by Florio, Robinson laid one into the hands of number 73 Derek Roberts who was all alone out in the flat, and he made it look easy. A convert by Roberts put the Huskies out in front 8-7, but the lead was short lived. Acadia, showing a strong running game

moved the ball well, and were soon ahead 14-8. With only a few minutes left in the half Robinson, on a third down play, laid the ball into the hands of Roberts again and he took it in to score on exactly the same play as his first touchdown. His convert attempt was blocked, and the score remained 14-14 at the half.

The defensive squad were relatively ineffective containing the running game of the Axemen, in the first half and it was hoped they could tighten up in the second half. Surprisingly Acadia came out throwing the ball in the second half and the pass defence turned in a fine performance in the second half. Tucker Jones very nearly had an interception, and so did Rick Acomba.

Bill Baldwin, an outstanding rusher, also received three passes for 93 yards, including one touchdown pass to number 15, Conrad Kozak, when Kozak got behind the Acadia defender and Aucoin tossed a perfect ball into his arms. The scoring was rounded out by a twenty-seven yard field goal, from an angle, by Derek Roberts.

Saint Mary's has a fine kicker in number 26 Joe Sherk. He averaged 41.5 yards punting, and a very respectable 53.2 on the kick-offs, including one boot of sixty five yards. This fine kicking was almost completely nullified by the Huskies inability to bring down the Acadia receivers, who were getting long runbacks.

All things considered the team looks good. Very strong offensively, with a fine backfield, and a little weak on defence. The defence seemed stronger near the end of the game, but by that time Acadia was throwing quite a few passes, and, as I said the pass defence tightened up in the second half.



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