

"Twilight zone of history" Meets its' nemisis

[Note the ambiguous title, calculated to snare the curious.]

I am amazed that such an article could be accepted by a journal as highly respected as this. The author uses a pseudo-intellectual introduction quoting such established authorities as "Fernand Navarra's I touched the Ark," and "Thermodynamics Sedimentary Rock Theory" impresses the reader and blinds him/her to the cleverly disguised attempt to shake our faith.

The author's refusal to cite Fernand's latest best seller, "Splinters" a treatise on religious relics is inexcusable. Though the author's twisting of doctrine probably could have obscured the inherent truth of even this masterpiece.

The author also refers to a work of supposed authority but does not disclose its title, calling it simply "His Book". Most unprofessional,

though we feel that this is an attempt to hide the identity of the author who we feel is a historian who embittered by sexual repression demanded by his religion seeks recruits to his heresy.

The workmanship of this piece of propoganda is exquisite and deserves more attention than I can give it.

I must mention that he rushes from obvious truth to absurd heresy in the manner of Von Daniken. See paragraph "We live in a Dark Age of educated ignorance."

I must warn the student not to be caught up in the emotive metaphors and illogical similes reminiscent of Algernon Swinburne designed that you might miss the radical overtones and buried metaphors.

Attention should also be paid to a discovery I make myself of the

Subliminal Seduction obvious only when the article is viewed upside down in a mirror.

The author's intent seems to catch the reader up in some obscure Christian Controversy and then gradually drag him down to orthodoxy. Note the implications that Adam and Eve were Radioactive. And the more dangerous controversy that's been fought between the Cathars and Jesuits for years. The God vs. Continental Drift Creation Myth. These arguments are obscured to all but the most careful reader. The author has mastered some kind of telegraphese of broken sentence fragments that defies analysis to cloud over his actual views.

I have mentioned the suspect identity of Josephus G. Digger. (The Latinized form of his name gave us the hint that he is a historian though we cannot be

sure.) The professor we suspect is rumoured to be a Latent Druid or a member of a forgotten mystery religion following the teachings of Liebig. Whatever the identity of the so-called author (note flagrant plagiarism of ideas expanded in the underground comic "Howard the Duck") we feel there must be some connection with the recent catcalls of corruption in student government (see my soon to be syndicated article "Heresy in High Places" published first the local "Plain Dealer."

The most important points of this article include a call for radical action against recent SRC proposals to have student numbers cosmetically tattooed in the forehead or righthand of students this coming September.

Special attention must be paid to anything that must be signed in blood, eg. student loans forms or

university withdrawal slips. (re Faustus)

The Revelation of such gray forces must frighten some, but witch hunting tendencies must be tempered until we are strong. Comrades can be recognized by Russian peasant dress clasping copies of Anais Nin's diary to their breast. Such people prefer to be called "dirty shirts". Our alternate philosophy cannot be learned by norms to try is frustration. So is Prof. Cockburn.

XO

Ana thema

P.S. Gertie and Alice, Ernest and June, Christopher Isherwood and Maximilian, Catherine the Great and her horse, Suzanne Pleshette and all the au pair girls send their love.

Nickelodeon tries too much But still worth seeing

Nickelodeon - Peter Bogdanovich, with Burt Reynolds, Ryan O'Neal, Stella Stevens, Tatum O'Neal.

Did you ever wonder what movies and movie making were like way back around the dawn of history before the "old west" was really old, before Hollywood had all those dirty little wars to make movies about in order to make a hero out of John Wayne, make fun of Germans, and crush communism; like around 1910?

Well, Nickelodeon does not 'tell it all' but it might fill in a few holes and give you a chuckle or two in the process. Even if you don't care what making old movies was like you might like a story about a love triangle between old Bert and Stella and Ryan (also with a few chuckles). If that doesn't suit you then you might get a kick out of an underlying theme (far too underlying for my tastes) about the attempts of the dirty rotten Big Movie Companies to "control all

the picture makin' that gits done in these here parts." If that bores you (you have no social conscience and might as well get a job polluting a river or driving farmers to bankruptcy) then you might enjoy seeing Ryan O'Neal change from a lousy lawyer to a good creative director and learn alot; or Bert Reynolds change from a lousy clothing salesman to a good actor and not really learn very much. If you don't like that then maybe you'd like to just sit there and giggle at all the pretty pictures as they move across the screen in front of your face.

The problem is, Nickelodeon tries to do too much. The result is that it comes off as simply a funny story about old movies and isn't really very effective at saying anything else. All in all it's worth seeing though, makes you feel good and makes you wish you had a chance to make something 'really new' like the characters in the film do.



how young we are
full of inquisitiveness
full of passion and fury
ready to defend ourselves
and our causes to the hilt
ready to debate and discuss
and expound upon our convictions and ideas
because of skeptics who no longer dream
because of one-time youth who had
their own gleaming hopes
turn to rust,
but we will stand for ourselves,
full of ability and strength
until we see ourselves fading as well.
how little time we have
and how we shortchange ourselves
by listening to the cautions of those
gone before,
how we wait
and wait
until we ourselves are long gone,
and we must not be turned around
from our own excursions and adventures.
and we must be quick to go
when we know the time may never come again.
'be not beset by fears,'
my father said,
'but be sure'.
but how can I be sure
when my heart is somewhere I
may have to travel ten thousand miles to find?
'go when you can, if you must,' the wise ones say,
and rightly so.
you will know if it is for you.
so turn your books aside for now
for now is the time to go.

Gwyn Martin

Epistle to Paul, the sixth

Mohammed's sword did not prevail
nor could Luther's towering will,
so the fault must be thine
having failed to divine
the shattering might of a pill!

Maurice Spiro

P O E M S

POSSESSION

We all say:
"This is mine" or
"I own that"
And all of us say:
"She is mine" or
"He is mine"
But
She is hers and
He is his until
These words are said:
"I am yours.
I love you."

W.A.S.




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