



STUDENTS'
UNION
SPECIAL
EVENTS

The Liberation of South Africa



a students' union forum
THURSDAY, December 2 at 12:30 p.m.
with speakers **in SUB Theatre**

John Makatini, representative of the
and African National Congress,
Sikose Mji, Soweto activist in exile
Also speaking December 2 at 7:30 p.m. in Physics P-126

dinwoodie cabaret

**Saturday, December 4
at 8 p.m.**

with the
hot & heavy

Headwind



Tickets
\$2 advance at HUB Box Office
\$2.50 at the door

CON

by Ambrose Fierce

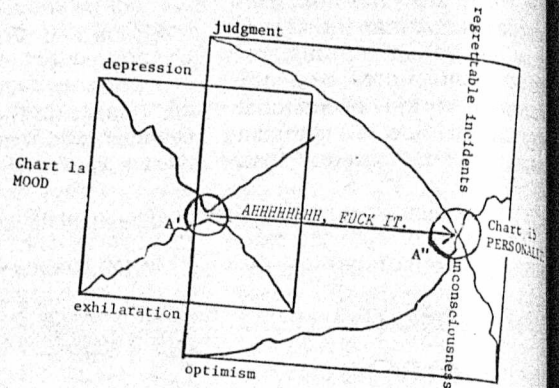
"Take a little wine for the stomach's stake."— damn-fool advice if there ever was any.

Why? Because no organ of your body, stomach included, has any mortal use for "a little wine," and, more importantly, there is not such thing as "a little wine."

Why? Because of a phenomenon called by the Germans — who should know— "*seinschnappswarpergeblitztodgeisten*." Have you ever wondered why so many German terms are, like this one, incredibly long? It is because Germans are habitually and traditionally hammered out of their minds, and consequently slur their sentences together into one word, as above; Nietzsche said— and he should know— that German thought is soaked in beer. This long and untranslatable term (in itself a good argument against the evils of drink) is illustrated below, in Chart One, patterned after the lucid, scientific, and extremely persuasive charts in the literature of Transcendental Meditation's leading exponent, Maharishi Mahesh Yogi— a total abstainer, by the way. Then why employ in our discussion such a clownish and Teutonic term as "*seinschnappswarpergeblitztodgeisten*?" For this reason only: it conveys in one word the complex process by which the voluntary ingestion of ethyl alcohol develops enough momentum of its own to cause behavioural changes in degree to become behavioural changes in kind. That is, changes in mood become changes in personality. Especially in Germans. Sots.

This chart is based on the results of definitive research done at no fewer than six major medical centres. To Mrs. Torrance particularly I recommend the conclusion to which the data subsumed hereunder points: quit drinking, Lydia (and, for that matter, Mr. Slug) because while you continue in this vile practice you are doing your body and mind irreparable harm. Lydia, what good does it do you to pedal your exercycle (bolted to the floor of your Rolls Silver Cloud where the back seat used to be) all the way to school every day, and eat wholesome meals, and get a good night's sleep, when, every chance you get, you poison yourself with Chivas and Chateau Lafitte and Hennessy V.V.S.O.P.? Don't blame it (as you do everything else) on "the Meat By-Products Girls" and Corinne Su, your alter ego. Face it, Lydia, you're an alc and a schiz. Face it, Lydia, you're sick.

Just having a few Bristol Creams— right, Lydia?—after a hard day with those maddening little microwaves. Well, let us see, according to Chart One, just what you are doing to yourself as a person. After the first glass or two you tell Chives to just leave the bottle right there on the silver tray, within easy reach. You are already less depressed correspondingly more exhilarated. A few more glasses, and you are already toasting Corinne Sue in the mirror and clinking your glass against it. Cares fade, the world seems rosier, and by the



time Chives announces dinner Household Economics seems a million miles away. After dinner, feeling just fine, you sit by the fire with your cognac in your glass and the mirror to your left, now laughing heartily at some questionable jest of Corinne Sue's, now speaking confidentially in low tones laden with love, resonant with real affection. The sodden Germans, not surprisingly, have a name for this mood: *Gemutlichkeit*. We, in our more preise manner, simply call it point A' on the chart.

How 'bout another cognac?

1. No thank you; I have had a sufficiency.

2. Sure— what the hell.

The first answer was correct; the second answer was incorrect, for it will send you reeling along line A'-A" (commonly known as the line of least resistance, or the "ahhhhh, fuck it" line) until you lose much money, all consciousness, and likely a few teeth.

"Sure—what the hell." You take the drink and down it, and are puzzled to find that instead of feeling more godlike than previously, you feel less. In fact, you feel *confused*. You brood on this, to you, sinister turn of events. The more you brood the less you like it; the less you like it the more you brood. One of four possibilities is now open: first, you brood in and upon your confusion, decide that you are really meditating, and fall asleep, second, you become quite maudlin and snuffly at the thought that nobody—not even yourself— understands you; third, you decide that having altered your personality by raising your optimism and lowering your judgment you have been in some way betrayed, and you being hurling hair-raising taunts at those within earshot; fourth, if you keep this up (that is, behavior characteristic of individuals at A"), then sooner or later someone will rearrange your face for you. But whether or not someone knocks you out is immaterial. The point is, you have already done it to yourself. Anyone idiot enough to risk altering his mood enough to risk altering his judgment enough to risk blasting his body, that person is a consummate ass and an immortal cretin and a slavering slave of drink—*God, how I miss it!*

"Spiritual freedom is the key to heaven" Paul Twitchell

**Come and attend
an Introductory Talk on**

ECKANKAR,

The Path of Total Awareness

The film "ECKANKAR, A WAY OF LIFE" will also be presented.

Thurs. DEC. 2 at 7:00 p.m.
S.U.B. room 280

Student awards

The National Institute of Mental Retardation is offering awards to students in graduate studies, or to students planning career directly related to mental retardation or in an associated professional field.

The awards would be tenable for the upcoming academic year to Canadian students or landed immigrants accepted into a full-time graduate program in a Canadian university.

Applications for the awards must be received by the National Institute on Mental Retardation by Feb. 18, 1977. c/o the Kinsmen NIMR Bldg, York University Campus, 4700 Keele St. Downsview, Ontario M3J 1P3.