

EDITORIAL

Further elaboration of our previous editorial on the family at a further date.

EDITORIAL II

We of the Anti-Paper fully endorse Time magazine. An examination of a recent issue-Nov.28/69 will help fortify this fantastic assertion. To some of our readers Nov.28/69 may not seem too recent but if you approach the matter of time as being relative and if time is relative historically speaking relative the situations then no such thing as early or late exists. This fact is inherent in the very title of the magazine itself. Since endorsement is one of our favourite activities we also endorse Readers' Digest condensed books(why read a whole damn big novel when someone else does it for you and leaves out all the relevant parts); for the above two mentioned our seal of approval-a lamp with a polished teak bulb.

THOUGHT FOR THE DAY, WEEK or however, etc.

Alexander Korda: "My artists cannot start making love at nine o'clock in the morning." This was garnered from our former typist of the Anti-Paper who threw this quotable quote at us when asked to type up Vol.1,#2. After wildly accusing us of "grubbling with all kinds of minutiae while avoiding basic problems" she, in a fit of frenzy, ripped up Vol.1, #2; whereupon we democratically fired her. As a result of said behaviour we are now issuing Vol.1, #3 in its place. We must remind the brethren that dedication is of the utmost importance. Fame is but a fleeting thing and time of the essence. If there are any complaints about the typing on this issue please report them immediately to the editor.

ACTIVITIES, HAPPENINGS, ETC.

The Count Dracula Society reports this from their memorabilia files:

J. Arthur Rank: "I am in films because of the Holy Spirit."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

It needs be pointed out that Algoma College is supporting a group, in no ways small, of narrow-minded phallic symbols commonly termed ultra-conservative. The essence of the university system is open-minded discussion and an intellectual give and take. These peanut brain types are thus defeating the purpose of the university establishment. These infantile square heads have been firmly indoctrinated in the outer world by the corporate establishment. They have carried their precepts of conformity into a system that must not condone them.

The role of the activist must be infanticide. These ultra-revolutionists must be expelled!!

II

We of the gongorist (formerly the white paper) are in favour of the anti-paper's effort in the preservation of literature and literary characters, which we of the gongorist applaud. It seems that we have intents the same. However, we do not approve the wiggely-prggeley political contents of your paper.

We would like to contact Molly Bloomsbury's Group, as Molly has been a favourite of ours for many years. She was, as you know, one of the sweetest little flowers, delicate and charming, to have been characterized in literature. In this day and age, which, as w c Fields said, is fraught with eminent peril, it is necessary to protect our favourite characters from stodgy criticism by the critics. "Ah, dearest Molly, may the true eminence of your abundant and delectable personality not wither mournfully through the rabages of time!

Hey Rube has been shouted over the promised letter from Jerry Rubin. Hopefully it will leave U.S.-Cook County jail.

There has been an upsurge of interest in the anti-paper since the last issue. This has led to a second page. While we of the anti-paper hate to detract from our worthy competitors we herein offer some of the best literary talent available on campus.

JACK FROST'S CORNER

Around about this time of the year one is bound to look around and note that an icicle's days are numbered-I'm not sure just how this is done but a frozen felt pen might do the trick-and, to get back to the res, we might find ourselves echoing Professor Spooner who once said that for pleasure there is nothing like a well boiled icicle(he was easily satisfied). A little bird-English, you know-told me that when the hoi polloi heard about this they immediately set about debasing the philosopher's coin into the ready money of "well give me a nice ice any day."

You probably know anyway, but Prof. Spooner was really talking about bicycles: in fact, what he really meant to say was that for pleasure nothing could beat a well oiled bicycle. Well it isn't the same thing at all: just as translating "Black ladders lack bladders" \* into any other language, Urdu or Sanskrit for example, will clearly show. This is the trouble with language as a means of communication(ask any philosophy professor!) You can't communicate with it. You're always going to end up like a six day bicycle racer boiling icicles while Rome burns: but then, we must keep trying, it wasn't built in a day. In any case, you can say what you like about the practice of boiling icicles, but me, I think it spoils them.

\*Aldous Huxley, Crome Yellow

MARTIN BUBER

Hello Martin Buber  
How art Thou?

If I am you  
and you is He  
Then  
equation-wise  
A equals B equals C

But then  
you is Thou  
and Thou is I  
and I am He

What the hell!  
I was never good at logistics.

Marguerite

O Marguerite,  
love of my life,  
so sweet, so tender,  
I love you, I love you!

Mild-mannered woman-  
even when ablaze,  
you give me that  
sweet, that incomprehensible  
that charming feeling  
in my soul.

I think of you in the day,  
yea, in the night,  
you are a star,  
ablaze in the firmament  
of time--  
une cigare tres douce.