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Your Mind

NUGGET



Smoke
Gunpowder

Vol. 1, No. 5



EDMONTON, ALBERTA

November 20, 1970



NAIT graduate

The Rapper

The views expressed by the author are not necessarily his own, but are views of some of the students of NAIT. These are the gripes of the silent majority who through this column, the writer hopes to make these complaints known.

Because this writer fears repercussions from some of the staff members, he wishes to remain anonymous. If any person involved in the activities of NAIT has any problem, he is welcome to write this column c/o "The Nugget", and his point of view will be published.

Your Student Co-ordinator - is he doing his job

How many of the student co-ordinators at this institute are actually doing their job? Try and recall exactly what he has done for you. If he has kept you informed and has helped solve your personal and group problems, read no further.

If an individual or a class is having serious problems your co-ordinator is there for you to consult. Does this do any good? Definitely not!

Some of the students at this institute are having problems with a course, specifically the instructor. The class then preceeded to see what could be done. After consultation with the staff advisor and receiving many promises for action, nothing has been done. This class is still scheduled to have the same instructor for the remaining two quarters. Is this the fault of the co-ordinator or the administration? Is it because the administration is too rigid and cannot change from quarter to quarter?

It seems that changes can only be made at the end of each year. These changes benefit next years students, but what about us? We are the students who instigated these changes, why can't we receive at least two quarters of benefit? The administration should become more flexible and, if a serious problem arises, be able to make a change at the end of a quarter.

Could it be that the NAIT administration is poorly organized? It seems that they have not allowed for any changes in course matter, instructor variation, or overall course alternation during the course of the year. This could also be due to a lack of ambition on the part of the people concerned. They get paid whether or not they improve the conditions at this institute.

Write the Nugget Voice your opinion

E128

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Letters to the Editor

Dear Patriotic Canadian:

I certainly appreciate your criticisms of the article "Tribute to a Pharaoh", published last week in The Nugget newspaper. This seems to have resulted in a chain of thoughts detrimental to Canada, which I hope will correct any mistake and improve conditions where necessary. The clarification and assurance of the article is that it has a two-fold meaning, that Nasser was a "Pharaoh" and to elicit the patriotic thoughts of young Canada Crisis, with the two sources of nationalism and revolution.

For this moment recall the period of October 1969, when Lebanese commandos based in Lebanon, sought about to increase the conflict with Israel. Immediately the efforts of Lebanon to control these commandos to prevent any retaliation from Israel resulted in a 13 day war. Is this a significance that President Nasser wanted to destroy the Jews? Who else is a greater destroyer of the Jews than Adolf Hitler? Should he, on this example be idolized? Churchill and Kennedy are great figures of course, we could add some, namely De Gaulle, Lenon and Marcus Garvey, whose destinies were to mould their people.

Certainly many Canadians are patriotic, some in theory, in being militant fascists, be defending and supporting the Governemtns policy of invoking the War Measruers Act, (W.M.A.). Do the liberal Canadians really think that WMA was suitable and appropriate for an occasion like this in Quebec. Let us observe the conditions of the W.M.A. This act deprives the law-abiding citizens of privacy and freedom, arrest without any evidence or conviction, and a possible confinement in jail without any trial. Is it intelligent for our people to support such a policy? It also maintains the prohibition of the publication of the FLQ Manifesto. This prevented the Nugget editor from exposing their plea to us.

The result is that it has left and will leave the entire Canadian population in the West ignorant of a national problem so long as this Act is enforced. Why

insensibly keep ourselves ignorant? Taking into consideration our democratic society, how much say have our students got in public life? Again, let us observe a social and ethnic problem that stirred up discontent. Two years ago the body of a three year old Black girl was denied burial in a local cemetery in Nova Scotia. Is this equality? Our democracy states the freedom of equality. Is this not hypocrisy? Is it right to make the native Canadian indians wards of the Crown? Is it right to pass an Act which states that "an indian may be enfranchised after leaving his reservation"?

What has happened to Canada's national life? Its heroes? Is it that we have none or is it that we have, but that, they have been dissolved in the U.S. national tide or is it that they are around but we have failed to recognize them in literature form? How many of us do know these "seemingly existant" people?

I will support fascist Canada in considering "wether to sell or not to sell water to the United States and not destroy our northern ecology". Further support should, also be given to Canada's latest moves in recognizing Communist China, deteriorating of trade agreements to South Africa and the establishment of a new foreign investment policy (so as to buy back Canada).

But besides this, what is Canada doing about the current bilingualism problem, which is a main point of discontentment specified in the FLQ Manifesto. Does Quebec appreciate the condition that they are controlled by English speaking Canada?

Should they not have the right to gain promotion in business, using their own language? The middle and top ranks are certainly far from achieving this goal.

We must realize that this is a moment in which Canada is passing through a crucial crisis, which should present the solution that at least French could be a principal language of work even in the life of Quebec. If our prudent fathers have failed should we, the younger ones, fail also?

With this information in mind, I hope that you will make some effort to close that great gap, lying between the public and private sector of your life.

DEAR EDITOR

This is in reply to the "enraged B.A.S. student" in the November 9th issue of the Nugget. It has been my experience that many business administrators are capitalists who increase their profits by continually keeping down the salaries of the lower wage level employees, namely the maintenance staff of our public school system. I find this practise inexcusable and I am personally shocked to discover a young person could be so old and capitalistic in his thinking.

The fact that "some marijuana smoking, long haired idiot" instigated student support for C.U. P.E. has no relevance. No one can force another person to do something that they don't want to do.

Finally I noticed that the "enraged B.A.S. student" didn't have the courage to sign his name. I suggest that measures be brought about to keep people like this in line.

Richard Derjardine
Enraged R.T.A. Student

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Give us Grass

VANCOUVER (CUP)-An overwhelming number of those students who bothered to vote in the nation-wide campus "grass poll" have called for the legalization of marijuana.

At the University of British Columbia, of the 10 per cent of the student population who voted, 1,698 were in favor with 568 against. At the University of Victoria, 67.3 per cent of those who voted said yes, with 31.6 per cent against. From Notre Dame University in Nelson, B.C., came 200 votes in favor with 82 opposed and 11 abstentions.

Only 423 voted in favor at the University of Calgary, but there were just 132 who said no.

The turn out at Clareton in Ottawa with 742 yes votes and 237 no votes was not much better.

Results from Quebec came from Bishop's in Lennoxville, where 42.5 per cent of the student

body voted--76 per cent of them in favor and 25.1 against.

At Memorial University in St. John's, 1,103 students voted for legalization with 692 against and 125 undecided.

Additional reports from last week's Canada-wide poll are still filtering into the University of British Columbia where results are being tabulated.

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NAIT is a joke

In this article I shall attempt to remain anonymous. This is done for fear of just or unjust repercussions which will jeopardize my position as a student at NAIT.

First, let me tell you what background I have for making the following statements. I have attended NAIT as a student for two years, two months and, when this article is in print, twenty days. Also I have attempted and completed one course and hopefully will be completely finished my second in May of 1971. I have been involved in numerous activities throughout the school and therefore have a certain amount of knowledge as to what is happening in NAIT. Now to the guts of this article.

The title of this article says just about all that I can say for NAIT that is for the good. A lot that I could say would be unprintable.

When I entered this institution, I did so under the assumption that it was a place of higher learning. A place where men are treated as men and women are treated

as women. This was under the fallacy that we, the students, were to be treated as adults. This was a joke almost from the word go. They, the administration, told us that attendance was not compulsory but if you missed classes for more than a certain length of time (5 days) you received a notice asking as to why you have been absent. If the excuse was not satisfactory and you continued to miss classes you were, as the administration would say, asked to leave. All in all this boils down to the plain fact that you were kicked out. It didn't matter that you maintained good marks, all that mattered was that you didn't attend your classes even if attendance isn't compulsory.

Actions in and out of the classroom seems to be frowned upon. If you enjoyed yourself, smiled a little, laughed at jokes, etc., you were asked either to quieten down or leave. The order of silence and boredom must be obeyed at all times.

Now to deal with the instructors, if some of these people may

be called this. I ask this question. What are the qualifications to be an instructor in this institution? Is it lack of ability or just the people you know. I wonder? It seems to be a combination of both. I will admit, at this point that there are a few instructors who are capable. But why must we students suffer in that we do not get the full benefit of the knowledge that these people should be able to pass on to us. But there seems to be a definite lack of interest on their part. They have so much material to cover and only a limited time to do so. This could be part of the reason why there is no interest. Not all, though. The impression I get is that they almost seem to be in a race with each other. The winner covers the most material in the shortest time. Does this educate the student or benefit him? No, it does not. All he can do is listen and hope that he can regurgitate enough at the end of each quarter to get him a pass. I feel that each and every student in this institution cannot

say that the subjects in his course have been taught to the fullest extent possible. This is wrong and has become a detriment for the advancement of the student.

The material that is covered also lacks in good content. This material does not relate to the course you are taking, and at times seems irrelevant. Some courses are taught so as it might, I place great emphasis on the word might, be of some use to you later on in the career that you chose. This is garbage, for in this age of specialization one might need a general concept but not to the extent that it is stressed so. One would use the talents of a person specialized in these areas to cover this work that you would want done. The emphasis placed on these subjects is entirely out of proportion to what is needed. When a student could be using his time better in other ways he has to devote a lot of time to these subjects which in turn will become quite useless to him. Why this is allowed I do not know, but after the end of this year I won't have

to put up with it anymore.

Now, to get back to the first of the year, and how we were first motivated. Remember the statement that was made to you "Look beside you, the student sitting there won't be here at the end of the year". Lots of inspiration for us. And you soon found out they tried their damndest to make this come true. Does this allow you to enjoy and learn during your term at NAIT? No, it doesn't. When one doesn't enjoy what they are doing they sure do not get full benefit from it. This would also be one of the reasons that NAIT is also lacking in school spirit. Who can afford to be involved or get involved when they live in fear of failing from one minute to the next.

But, don't lose too much faith. I have heard that the budget for the school is soon to be based on end of the year enrollment. So maybe you won't have to worry about failing, since the more that finish, the more they get.

Women's view of the Clitoris

by Leah Fritz

One of the by-products of the Women's Liberation movement--or perhaps it lies at the very centre of it--is a re-evaluation of female sexuality.

We know that we have been exploited in advertising, the media and "art" as sex objects; that is, we are displayed as consumable merchandise or often as attractive packaging for other consumable merchandise, rather than as human beings with needs and desires or our own.

Indeed, from infancy we are raised to think of ourselves as consumer items in the "marriage market," and in many cultures daughters have actually been sold by their parents as marketable goods. Being attractive to men is a matter of life and death to most women. In addition to whatever other talents we may have, good looks and or the ability to enhance looks and/or the ability to enhance men's egos are essential for getting the career promotions available to women or hooking a man to take us out of the job competition for life and setting us and our children up in physical comfort.

If the competitive mercantile

world we live in is distressing for men, it is an even heavier burden for women who must maintain a passive facade while fighting the same basic battle for survival, to which the weight of subtle and not-so-subtle prejudice against women "in the world" at all is added as a depressing obstacle.

Since much of the oppression we suffer has been internalized over the millennia of female subjugation, it was natural for women to look for the root of the problem in our sexual and procreative functions--to which, at once, we owe both our "right" to survive and our oppression.

Once our eyes opened up in our long enforced somnambulism, we found all around us vivid signs that we are regarded as legitimate objects of men's pleasure--like food and wine--and that our pleasure, if permitted to us at all, is conceived of as an automatic out-growth of the male's: the lamb enjoying its slaughter!

In many cases (see male pornographic literature) men freely admitted their sexual pleasure was increased to the extent that the female partner showed she was not enjoying the act and had to be forced into it.

Remember the old Errol Flynn movies? "What a little spitfire you are!" he says as the heroine scratches and bites to defend herself from his assaults, her strait-jacket clothing preventing her from giving him the knock-out punch he deserves, her strait-jacket mentality forcing her finally to submit.

Errol Flynn was a groovy looking man with a generally pleasant manner and it's altogether possible that most women would want to make it with him from the start. Women watching these films felt that the heroine put up a phony protest to begin with and that her arm finally creeping around his neck was not really a gesture of submission but of genuine desire. The point is that the poor woman did have to pretend to be conquered over her objections to prove she was a "good" woman. If she had just said, "Errol, I have a thing for you. Let's screw," she would have been given the "character" role of the town hussy...right?

While it's true that movies--even American movies--are changing with the change in acceptable sexual behaviour in society, we women are obviously being staked out for new commercially profitable roles in life as well as in "art."

The clitoral controversy, though, has just begun, and--oddly enough--I find myself personally in the middle of it! Or rather, on the counter-revolutionary side of it...which is even a stranger place for me to be.

Recently Masters and Johnson, two indomitable sexologists--one male and one female--have proved to their own satisfaction and with much corroboration from women who have read their findings, that the only way women can achieve sexual satisfactions through the active stimulation of the clitoris, that small projection just inside the vagina which

corresponds in stimulative power to the "head" of the male penis. The scientists demonstrated this by electronically recording the reactions of subjects engaged in the sex act.

The rediscovery in America of the importance of the clitoris in female sexual pleasure is a boon to women's liberationists who have always insisted on the women's right to seek her own satisfaction actively, not merely to serve as a device for satisfying men.

Women now have something to demand from men in bed other than screwing because screwing will seldom produce a clitoral orgasm. In a recent Danish book called "I Accuse", the author, Mette Ejlersen, produced female witnesses to say they had never gotten anything out of simple sexual intercourse, even with a routine amount of clitoral stimulation prior to the act. In other words, indications of female pleasure--sighs, groans, grunts, etc. while screwing are all fabricated to assure men of their prowess. Women who had previously been taught by the Freudians to think of themselves as frigid (sometimes the statistics went as high as 90 percent of American women) because they couldn't "achieve vaginal orgasm" now had the long-awaited last laugh: no such thing as a vaginal orgasm exists, and any woman who claims to have experienced one is a phony!

Thus Masters and Johnson's effectively squashed the myth of female frigidity. Every woman must be grateful to them for removing one psychological burden from our sex lives. If you can have a clitoral orgasm, you are not frigid; that term of contempt can no longer be applied to miserable femininity writhing under an unwelcome penis.

But, out of Masters and Johnson's "answer" new questions arise: can the term "orgasm."

well-understood by men, adequately describe the female sexual response? Why must the female pleasure be defined by male terminology?

There is a superficial resemblance between the clitoral reaction in women and the male climax. Both send a kind of shock through the body and deliver a certain release. But women do not, to my knowledge--and against the evidence of male written pornographic novels--ejaculate semen. And we are capable of having many clitoral climaxes in a row, each an improvement over the one before, so that the first release, rather than satiating us, often is just an appetizer for things to come!

Another fact of life the scientists might look into in that female potency seems to grow as women mature, while male desires tend to diminish after adolescence. It is likely that such effects are not

Continued on page 7



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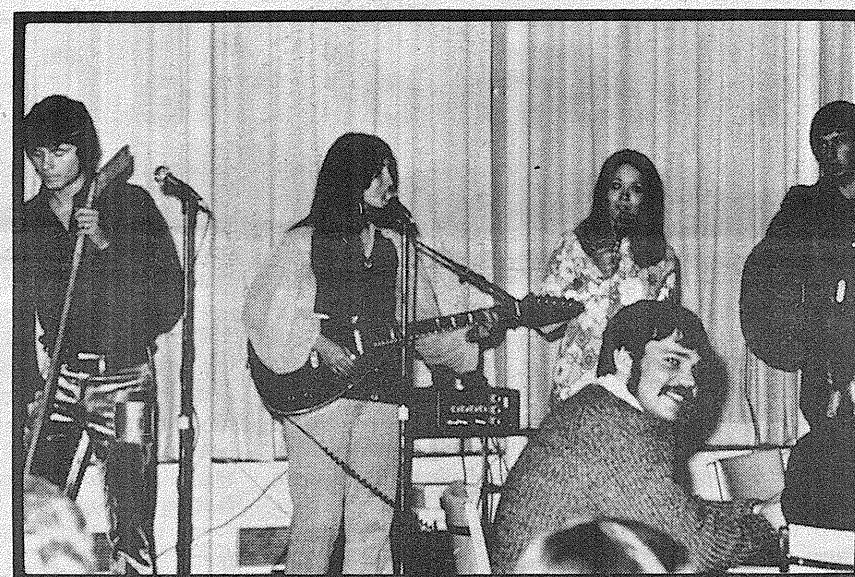


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To people who eat at NAIT daily. Have you noticed how the food has progressively become worse. Remembering back to last year, even I can, when a choice was extended to the students, as to what they wished to eat. Remember when you could go into the cafeteria and order smashed or baked potatoes, or you had a choice of vegetables. Well those were the good old days and apparently now they are gone. Now the management tells you what to eat. Not only has the quantity of feed dropped but you have to find a damn place to eat it.

Lots of guys lose their silver bullets but in the recent past Bill Medak lost his star. (What do you think of that.)

For people who enjoy stealing books around the institute. All I can say is "SLOB" and it will happen to you too. Can you imagine leaving your briefcase for half an hour while having dinner, and when you return the damn thing is gone along with your books and notes. The books and briefcase are easy to replace, they only cost money. But the notes are rather more valuable and can not be replaced.

How things have stayed the same around NAIT and at NAIT functions. A guy just isn't safe anywhere. I attended a party put on by a technology at Little Acres. The party ended in a thirty man brawl. Believe it or not the whole thing started when a fellow bumped into another guy who just happened to be at the party. Not such a bad way of starting a battle. About a week later I attended the boat races put on by Electronics Electronics won the Long boat event and Instrumentation won the Freighter event. Even this party was not without its own excitement. Tapes were stolen, chairs broken, and of course fights were also present.

Moving away from the NAIT scene. Saskatchewan will walk all over the big red machine from

Calgary and then eat up the pussy cats from the East. This then will make this season one of Ron Lancaster's greatest ever. He may even come close to winning a couple of the awards which Jackson won a year ago.

SPORTS

BY Richard Johnstone

On Sunday, a practice Soccer match was held between the N.A. I.T. Oopiks and the U. of A. Nomads at the Kinsmen Fieldhouse. The general opinion of the coach and players was that NAIT could have won, had their been more practice. The game ended in a draw, with every one making good scoring attempts but none successful. The game was played at the first with a "lets get these guys" attitude in the first half and then the strategy changed. More guile and tact were used during the second half.

The coach of the team stated in the interview that he would like to organize a more systematic training scheme as this would improve their chances in the forth coming competition. He advises all those interested and connected with soccer to read the notices on the bulletin board in front of the gym for future arrangements.

**Cultivate
GRASS
not
HATE**

Q.S.L.

Imperialism or the Tale of One City

by KEVIN PETERSON

Gimme a great big I!

There were nine or 10 of them-- nobody quite remembers how many now-- who came early in the 19th century. Members of the North-West Mounted Police they camped at the confluence of the Bow and Elbow Rivers in Southern Alberta.

They were followed soon by a detachment of almost 75 men from the Mountie's station at Fort Macleod. A fort--Fort Calgary--was built at the site by the bigger group and a town began to grow.

With the town grew a story of imperialism--now more than a century old and still expanding.

Gimme a great big M!

The tale's apparent in a half-hour walk along 8th Avenue in downtown Calgary, a history in miniature of the development of the West.

A few archeology students from the University of Calgary are digging up the old Fort Calgary site, now well-hidden by a furniture warehouse.

"They obviously weren't expecting too much trouble from the natives," one student points out. "The post of the outside wall are inches apart."

The observation, backed up by the remnants of the posts, sends the history-book-learning of the vicious red man down the drain. But, standing in the shadow of the 626-foot Husky Tower, dozens of skyscrapers and the results of oil "prosperity", nobody really expects the history books to hold up to reality.

Everybody's heard tales about the "large American presence in Calgary," the stories of millionaires, more cars per capita than Los Angeles, abnormally high proportions of head offices and white collar workers.

A few, maybe, even relate it to their own town and its development--they've taken out history, they've made it over and they'll do it again.

In Calgary, it only takes a half-hour walk to start to take it back. Gimme a great big P!

The site at the confluence of the Bow and Elbow didn't last long as the centre of town. The Canadian Pacific Railway had bilked the federal government and they weren't about to let a small Prairie community tell them what to do.

So, when the railway came to town and didn't like the site as a station location, they moved a half-mile west--and the town followed the railway's lead.

Wonder why Westerners never really liked the CPR?

Gimme a great big E!

The railway remains the biggest landowner in the city's downtown. A one-block side swath along the tracks across the country. It's still trying with re-development projects and trades--and like the federal government of the 1860's, governments now still buy most of the proposals.

Gimme a great big R!

The railway brought settlers west, carefully settling them in ethnic pockets to encourage feuding and racism that still lingers

in some of the remoter areas along the line.

When the land was carved out and production got under way, the settlers began to develop their own version of the bourgeoisie. In its infant stage, the Crosses, Burns and other families held a social and political power in the struggling western communities that showed signs of meaning control.

But the emerging rulers were bound for frustration--control of the markets for their products lay in the east, the agricultural goods moved by the CPR and none of the Bay Street barons felt like yielding control to the provincials when they could sell it to the Americans.

Gimme a great big I!

The climbers around Calgary fought--they created their own markets like breweries and packing plants (yup, Burns foods). They elected renegade governments pledged to fight the east and kept up a steady stream of protests concerning rail rates, marketing arrangements and so on.

At the height of the struggle, Patrick Burns build the Burns building which still stands at 8th Avenue and 2nd Street East in Calgary. A tall, white marble building, it's only a block from the City Hall--and aldermen who still fight the same fights for petty controls are talking of tearing it down.

The Burns building carries a marble sign on its first floor, now hidden above the signature of a second-hand store. "Market Place" was the hopeful description of the futile battle.

Gimme a great big A!

The area around the building and others built by Burn's partners in the fight remained the preserve of the cowboys, Indians and winos until earlier this year.

They told tales of a developing West in the past, its hopes and failures. They'd take any tenderfoot aside and explain the intricate gear that hung in the windows of the remaining saddle shops. They drank a lot and there was more than an occasional brawl--but only post-oil Calgarians were scared.

Most of the veterans are slowly leaving the area--a new breed at City Hall, led by the former head of CPR's real estate company, is desperately trying to obliterate the remnants of history and turn the two blocks into a local bohemian village, replete with boutiques and head shops.

Gimme a great big L!

West of the old town centre lies the preserve of the petit bourgeoisie--a two-block section of 8th Avenue, now featuring a concrete mall and dominated by the six-story Hudson's Bay store.

They Bay, unlike the CPR, was willing to share bits of its market. Around it developed a series of local specialty stores, shoe shops, jewellers and others, the owners of which enjoyed a brief prominence in community circles between the two world wars.

The petit-bourgeois still make noises want the kids kicked off

the mall and make periodic suggestions as to how the city should be run.

It's just that nobody pays any attention to them anymore--they all stand, literally, in the shadow of the office buildings of the oil companies that lie a few blocks west.

Gimme a great big I!

After the petit-courgeois, 8th Avenue takes time out for two blocks to celebrate the arrival of finance capital.

Centered by the Calgary Stock exchange--specializing in penny oil stocks--and the ever-present Richardson Securities Ltd., the two blocks are an almost solid facade of banks and trust companies. Their arrival, in force, spelled the end to efforts to develop a financially-independent Alberta.

Gimme a great big S!

Fittingly, only a block or two after finance capital, the towering offices that house the oil companies begin to arise. Oil came big to Alberta in 1948 and the population of Calgary has tripled since then.

Gulf, Imperial, Texaco, Union and hundreds of smaller oil companies all have their Canadian head offices in the two dozen skyscrapers that dominate the west end of downtown Calgary.

Every morning at 8, they suck in thousands of employees--the streets stand deserted until 4 when they're disgorged again.

Nobody's quite sure what happens in between. Maps are scanned, computers whirr, decisions are made, leases bought and oil sold in hopeless confusion.

The net effect, however, is easy enough to see--it's just like every one of the employees was involved in writing the giant daily cheque that ships Alberta's labour and resources back to America as profit.

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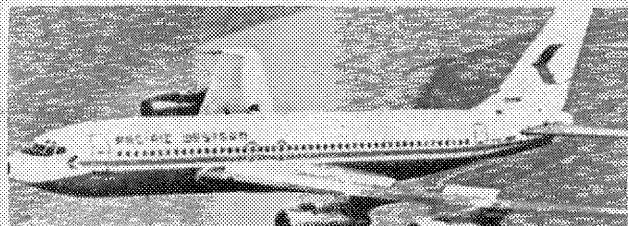
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Women's review of the Clitoris

Continued from page 3

"nautral" but produced by the increasing and decreasing pressures imposed by society on women and men at different age levels. Still they should be checked out.

Many men in our society seem to be sensually shallow and emotionally inhibited to an extreme. Emotional expressions such as tears which are permitted to women are denied to men. Is it possible that by objectifying women, relegating us to a purely physical corner of their lives and denying our humanity, men are losing out on sexual ecstasies which go beyond the orgasm? Are men afraid to abandon themselves completely and reciprocally to women--afraid of the emotional waves that may be stirred in them?

As for the so-called clitoral orgasm, the most efficient means for producing it is the mechanical vibrator, despite the fact that there is little spiritual excitement to be gained with its use. Directed by a woman who knows where she wants to be stimulated, this little device can provide multiple achievements with very little arm strain. Next best is the woman's own hand. Further down the list is another person's tongue; and at the very bottom, another person's hand.

By all means, women should have as many clitoral orgasms as we wish, but I maintain--from my own experience, which though long, may not be universal--that when the clitoral potential has been exhausted there is still a hole, physical and spiritual, to be filled. And when it has been filled well, with penis and ejaculated

semen, satisfaction comes with a certain finality which I have never achieved clitorally--a felling of complete physical and emotional contentment.

It is as if the body has been saturated with love. This release may have more to do with osmosis than nerve endings (which we are advised by Masters and Johnson and others do not reside in the vagina) and perhaps that is why such a reaction is not electronically perceptible. Or it may have to do with a sense of fecundity of communion passing mental and nervous limits which simply does not happen under laboratory conditions.

The microscope does affect the organism (or orgasm) being observed. I believe such a spiritual release is also possible to men, over and above why they are satisfied to call "orgasm," but seldom occurs because of the sensual and emotional limitations imposed on them by our civilization.

Of course it is impossible for most women to achieve this kind of nirvana in the midst of the rat race.

Men frighten women with their aggressive and egotistical overtures. If the positions were reversed and women came at men with force and promises and expectations of chastity and expectations of extraordinary prowess and demands for bottled beauty and instant relaxation and threats and the danger of giving birth to children they couldn't feed or didn't want with the extra reward of the world spitting in their eyes for being "unwed fathers," they might find it difficult to have an erection, much less come

every time!

The Freudian dictum, apparently Simone de Beauvoir in "The Second Sex" that women should outgrow the need for clitoral climaxes in maturity is patently Victorian.

The clitoris is a thing of joy; I wouldn't be without one. And I do think, from my own experience again, it takes time for some women to receive satiety from screwing, but I do not believe this inhibition in young girls is psychological. It just takes a hell of a long time to get over the feeling that you're a butterfly on the end of a pin--a feeling justified by the ugly predation of the typical male approach.

Long love affairs or marriages in time can convince women that the aggressiveness of one man, at least, is a product of his own culturally induced hangups and his feelings toward "his" woman are well-intentioned if clumsily expressed. The long relationship also gives a woman a chance to express her own aggressiveness, to take an active part in the making of love.

She will find there are times when her needs are greater than his, and much of the life lovers enjoy together is spent in ordinary human companionship in which the beast of prey is domesticated. Women in our society are treated, if anything, like domesticated animals and for this reason cannot cope with the ruthless and wild.

If men complain about their domestication here, they have no one to blame but themselves. If they insist on taming us, they behave like gentlemen. A desire for wildness and freedom beats

as strongly in the heart of the woman cooking dinner as in the man at the IBM machine; the same sickness overwhelms both.

A woman's entire body must be involved in the sexual experience to make it complete for a woman, and men must also take into consideration the terrible beating her ego takes from society every day. This is why we frequently "neurotically" insist on assurances of love.

We are constantly the objects of degradation, contempt and exploitation and the man who would win our confidence must marvel at our endurance, encourage our originality, passionately endorse our efforts to break out of the feminine bind.

Marilyn Monroe committed suicide because she didn't have a date on Saturday night. A beautiful mind destroyed by exploitation.

Sensitive women are often on the verge of self-destruction, feeling their quest recognition, for making a dent in anyone's consciousness to be hopeless. We were taught from childhood to receive love from other people and no other success will compensate. Indeed, no other success is likely to be achieved!

The dependence on men is so intricately woven into a woman's every breath that perhaps some of my sisters are right when they say my insistence that there be more to sex than a clitoral orgasm is counter-revolutionary.

We must somehow extricate ourselves from this mesh of madness. A lie--or half-truth--may seem one way to do it.

But, ultimately, we must rely on the truth--the whole truth--to set us free. As close to the truth as I can come is that we live in a world where all human enjoyment is thwarted by an acquisitive system forcing us to mangle in the marketplace. All human beings must be more or less frigid in a robot-run society.

If our bread and water and air are contaminated and our country earns its livelihood from genocide, past and present, and women are regarded as legitimate sub-human prey by male creatures who call themselves men and colored people are used as beasts of burden by white creatures who call themselves human, then our love lives cannot be anything but grotesque shadows of what they should become.

The insatiable search for variety in partners is probably symptomatic of make frigidity--an inability to come spiritually, to the physical with the psychological needs, to abandon themselves to the marvel of being close to another human being who can only begin to be appreciated in a lifetime of such moments.

Strangely, it is men's pride in their penises and the performance thereof which gives them such confidence in their mental achievements, in the arts, for instance.

Keeping women, who in early years exhibit superior intellectual abilities, chained to menial chores and the fine craft of aggravating man's ego's, men can assure themselves that Beethoven is the final accomplishment in music, Shakespeare in poetry, Michelangelo in sculpture. Once

women are released, men may discover undreamed of realms of beauty...if they are, indeed, able to appreciate them.

As for sex--like eating, like walking in fresh air, like all human activity--it should recreate us, help us to find one another, make us real and tangible as the earth. It should put us together again, body and soul, male and female, in harmonious intercourse.

It's hard to know what to say to you all when we introduce a feature such as this. That's why I've left this to the end.

It is really important that when we question and probe the present society in our search for a new humanity that we remember the present ugliness is in our heads and bodies as well as in the political and economic and educational systems.

The band plays on

BUFFALO (CUPJ)--The State University of Buffalo student band will go ahead with its planned halftime show during the Buffalo-Holy Cross football game despite a refusal by an American television network to broadcast it.

The American Broadcasting said they will not show the half-program of Saturday's regionally televised game.

The band's program is scheduled to feature formations of smoking factories and exploding bombs while the band plays Give Peace A Chance and We Shall Overcome.

The network said the band had the right to select the program but that ABC considered it a political demonstration and will not broadcast it.

A university spokesman said the band will present the halftime program anyway.

Frank J. Cipolla, assistant professor of arts and letters, the university's band director didn't see anything wrong with the show.

Cipolla said "what we are doing is presenting a program of ideas and music voted by students in the band as part of a non-violent moratorium day."

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BUSINESS BRIEFS

by Adam Smith

By the end of 1970, over 50 per cent of all Canadian executives will be making at least \$20,000 a year.

The average income for salaried employees in Canada as of July, 1970, was about \$6,600, according to Trudeau government statistics.

By the end of 1969, about 40 per cent of all executives were already at or above the \$22,000 a year mark—that's \$383 a week.

Executives on the Prairies are likely to be more highly paid on average than elsewhere in Canada. Quebec ranks next, then British Columbia, Ontario and the Atlantic region.

Canadian business must lead in improving those features of society producing rising discontent and show solid results within 10 years or chaos could last half a century, according to C. Norman Simpson, who is:

President of Acres Ltd. of Toronto; vice-chairman of Canadian Export Association; director of ATCO Industries Ltd.; Lincoln Trust and Savings Co., Northumberland Consultants Ltd. Crippen Acres Ltd., Canadian Executive Service Overseas, Canadian Nuclear Association.

"Our society, which is to say the values we live by, our attitudes toward family, property, life and liberty, is under attack as never before," he said. "These attacks are becoming increasingly violent and it would be simply foolhardy to dismiss this violence as the work of a lunatic fringe."

"What would happen if patchwork efforts failed to turn back

the rising tide of discontent? What if incident triggered incident until hostility became general and swept over us in the form of anarchy, disorder and violent revolution? It would be followed here as elsewhere by about 50 years of chaos.

"Perhaps at the end of that 50 years a golden Canadian civilization would emerge, but it would do none of us here today any good...."

United States Steel Corp. of New York reported a profit of \$108 million in the first nine months of 1970, which the company's chairman says is too low to adequately support a growing domestic steel industry.

Canadian life insurance companies operating in the United States are doing a higher volume of business than U.S. life insurance companies operating in Canada, according to the Globe and Mail.

The 12 Canadian companies in business in the U.S. received \$420.4 million (U.S.) in premiums and annuity considerations, compared with \$347.1 million (Canadian) received by 62 U.S. companies operating in Canada.

Prudential Insurance Co. of America, the world's largest insurance company, is moving into the mutual fund business in Canada.

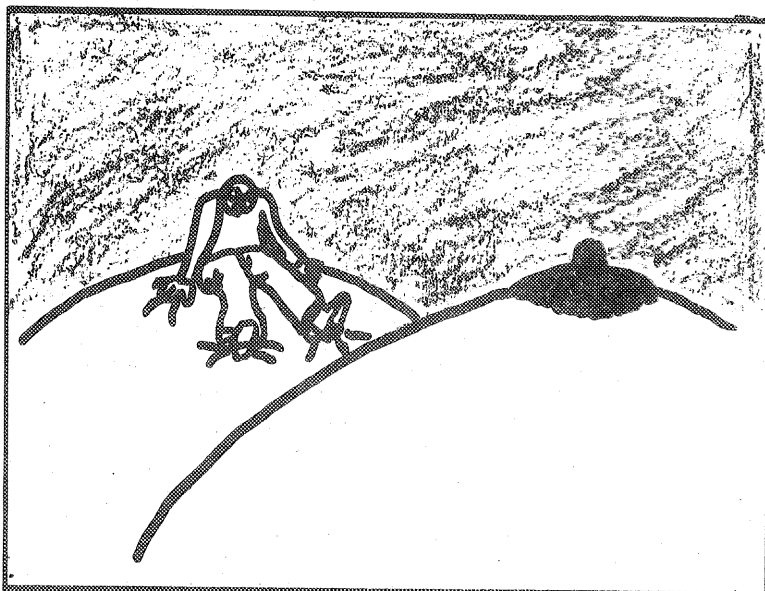
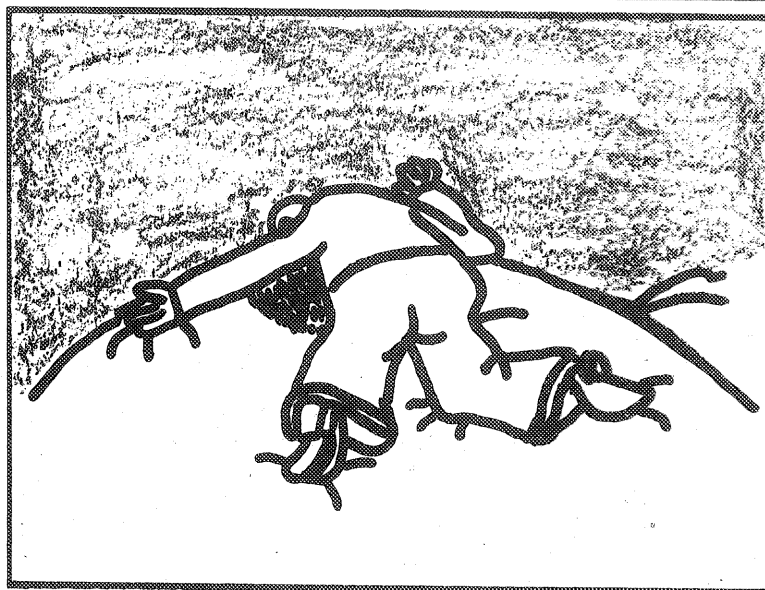
The U.S. based company whose Canadian operations rank sixth in Canada in terms of insurance in force, is setting up its own mutual fund, Prudential Growth Fund Canada Ltd. of Toronto.

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Imperialism or the Tale of One City

Continued from page 6

The deserted streets are misleading. Strangers in town figure nothing's happening among the canyons of buildings, that the power in the town still lies in the apparently busier business section.

They're wrong in a big way. The oil money controls not only the downtown, it controls the province. And it's in the process of taking control of most of Canada's north.

It's scary. That's why they took the history away.

Gimme a great big M!

It may only be symbolic, but

the central power source in the city lies in the western most office building in the downtown sector.

It's called the Petrochemical Building and lists Sun Oil Company as the major tenant.

The Stars and Stripes and a plaque on the front give the building away however—one floor is taken-up by the consul-general of the United States of America.

What's it all spell?

Imperialism.

Louder?

IMPERIALISM!

It takes only a half-hour to start to take it back.

GI Drug deaths mounting

WASHINGTON (CUP)—Deaths among U.S. troops in Vietnam from drug overdoses have skyrocketed, Senator Thomas Dodd said Thursday (Oct. 28) in a statement.

The senator complained that military leaders have not clamped down on drug abuse. Investigators dispatched to Vietnam had re-

ported that in the last few months South Vietnam has been flooded with powerful heroin.

The Pentagon replied to the charges saying it is seeking information from "appropriate authorities" in Vietnam, but would not elaborate or make further comment.

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