

THE PROBLEM OF CULTS

OF CABBAGES AND KINGS

False Messiahs I Have Known.

Goddamn! It's getting so you can't pick up a newspaper or magazine without reading about some new kind of cult. I was just thumbing through an old issue of Time and what should I find but a story about some bunch in California that has hid themselves away in the desert awaiting the arrival of some spacecraft that's supposed to wisk them away before the world blows up. One wonders how normally sane people can be sucked into such things. This particular group is supposed to be harmless enough but boy, are they weird!

But I suppose as long as they aren't into human sacrifice or politician worship it may not be too dangerous to let them run around loose. I mean, you have to remember that we are in a democracy founded on religious freedom and all that. Just the same, I would feel a lot safer knowing that the people who ruled the country weren't worshippers of Irving, the great god of fermented Avacadoes. But you don't have to look as far afield as California to find some pretty peculiar customers. Just take a peek at ol' Mackenzie King. Now there's a man who was a virtual living definition for the term basket-case. I mean the guy talked to the ghost of his dead dog! Not to mention his mother and other assorted ghosties, goblins and ectoplasmic manifestations. Whoeeee! Now hows that for a man to have at the helm of the ship of state. And who knows about our present leaders. How about Pierre? Does he look like he might be communing with extra-terrestrial intelligences? Nah, he's got his hands full with Margaret. And what about Joe? No I think Joe's into drugs. He looks like the type who'd get high injecting diluted Dristan into his big toe. And if that's true, he's liable to do for the patent drug industry what Rev. Jim Jones did for Kool-Aid.

Now to get back to what I was talking about. And what was I talking about? Oh yeah, cults! Well, the way I see it, the only way to stop these loons from taking over is to build a high wall around California. That's where they all come from, isn't it? California! Home of ESTing, Rolfing and rallying ground for the hypnotized armies of Krishna and the Rev. Moon. Why, you could call the act of joining a cult Californicating (I know it's terrible, but I've been sick lately ... and I'm getting sicker). Sitting here on the Island it all may not seem very real, but there are a lot of very odd people running around out there. They haven't landed on our fair shores in great droves

JOURNALISM

The University of Prince Edward Island offers a non-credit course in Journalism.

This course is being offered for students interested in the principles of newswriting. Some of the aspects which will be considered: obtaining ideas for articles and feature stories; fact-gathering through interview and research; the editorial; special editions and supplements; layout and design; photography and artwork; structure and organization of a newspaper office. Approximately 15 instructional hours will be provided.

Registration and First Session: Wednesday, October 24, 1979. 4:00 - 6:00 P.M.
Dalton Hall Room 405
Sessions will be arranged in conjunction with participants.

Fee: \$30.00

Note: Students presently working on campus publications may enroll free of charge.

Instructor: Hartwell Daley

Enrolment limited to 15 students.

For further information, contact Extension Department Main Building, Room 114. Telephone: 892-4121 ext.125

yet, but they're out there, believe me.

But hold it! What am I saying! We have two of the zaniest, looniest groups of crazies right here on the island. Yessir, two of the oldest cults around, right here on the island. I believe they only come out on Halloween, or is it April 1st, or perhaps its Election day, I can't remember which.

Yes, even here we have our groups of semi-mindless zombies who continually follow what their cult dictates. As far as the Island cults go, I believe that they have a ritual called voting. That's where the cult leaders tell their followers to put an X by the name of the fellow that the cult is supporting on a piece of paper called a ballot. They have secret places where they perform this ritual called polling stations. It seems to me that there are recorded cases of people breaking away from these cults, but they usually just go right out and join the other cult. When it involves one of the high-priests, this process is called "crossing the floor". As to how dangerous these cults are, well, I think that they're still assessing the damages, something which will continue for as long as the cults are around.

So remember gang, if some strange fellow comes up to you and tries to convince you to join up, remember to ask some fundamental questions like will I have to wear a weird costume? Or will I have to do ungodly things to chickens. Chances are the guy may simply be Colonel Sanders but it's always better to play it safe. The next thing you know you could be on some street corner dressed in flowing robes, banging on a tambourine and asking passers-by if they'd like their Angus Maclean consciousness raised.



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