Pesky Persky fights for chancellorship

Stan Persky, the one-time bearded revolutionary who terrorized UBC's administration in the late 1960s and early 1970s, has returned to liven up the campus.

Persky, now a sociology lecturer at Northwest Community College in Terrace, is challenging timber baron J. V. Clyne for the chancellorship of UBC.

"One chancellor in a million," is how Persky, 36, no longer bearded but still, he said Monday, a revolutionary, describes his bid against Clyne, considered by the Old Boys who dominate UBC and who nominated him to be a shoo-in.

Clyne, a BA '23, longtime president of forest giant MacMillan-Bloedel and senate member from 1951 to 1960, has so far refused to campaign actively.

But Persky, BA '69, MA '72, former president of the arts undergraduate society and the graduate students association, former member of the Alma Mater Society executive and two-term student senator, has been running hard, going so as to challenge Clyne to a public debate.

In a speech to about 50 people in SUB Thursday, Persky said he wants to meet Clyne in an open forum to debate what the chancellor's role should be.

But Persky's efforts to turn the election into a campaign have so far been opposed at every turn. The registrar's office refused to include candidate's campaign statements with the ballots, limiting them to resumes.

And Clyne has consistently refused to campaign actively for the job, instead relying on the Old Boys' network to put him over the top.

"It's just that some people seem to think it's beneath their dignity to campaign," Persky said in an interview Monday. "I'd just like to hear Clyne say just exactly what his lust is for this office."

Persky made several campaign promises during his speech and during the interview.

He says the criticism the university has come under since Doug Kenny became administration president warrants an inquiry, and one is promised if he's elected.

Persky also said that if elected he will view his position as that of an ombudsperson.

"Chancellors have been fund raisers or bagmen," he said Thursday. "I feel a chancellor ought to be a more actige position."

How active? Persky said he will make "immediate and sizeable reductions in administrative salaries. Why should the president of a piddling university make more money than the premier of B.C.?" he asked.

He suggested that high school teachers' salaries would be appropriate for professors.

The savings should go to hire more graduate students as tutorial leaders to reduce the size of classes that have grown to monstrosities, he said.

In addition to his personal inquiry into the university's leadership and administration, Persky promises inquiries into the university's goals and course content, especially at first and second year level.

"The university should serve the interests of the working class rather than those of a privileged class," he said Monday.

PERSKY . . . pressing flesh and kissing babies

If such an inquiry found, as Persky thinks it would, that university only serves that ruling elite, then at least the taxpayer could decide whether university is worth spending their money on.

Scrutiny of first- and second-year courses is especially crucial, he says.

"They (first- and second-year students) are used as fiscal cannon fodder to pay for more expensive graduate programs. If anybody needs small classes, and contact with teachers and graduate students, it's the first- and second-year students."

See page 3: J. V. CLYNE

THE UBYSSEY

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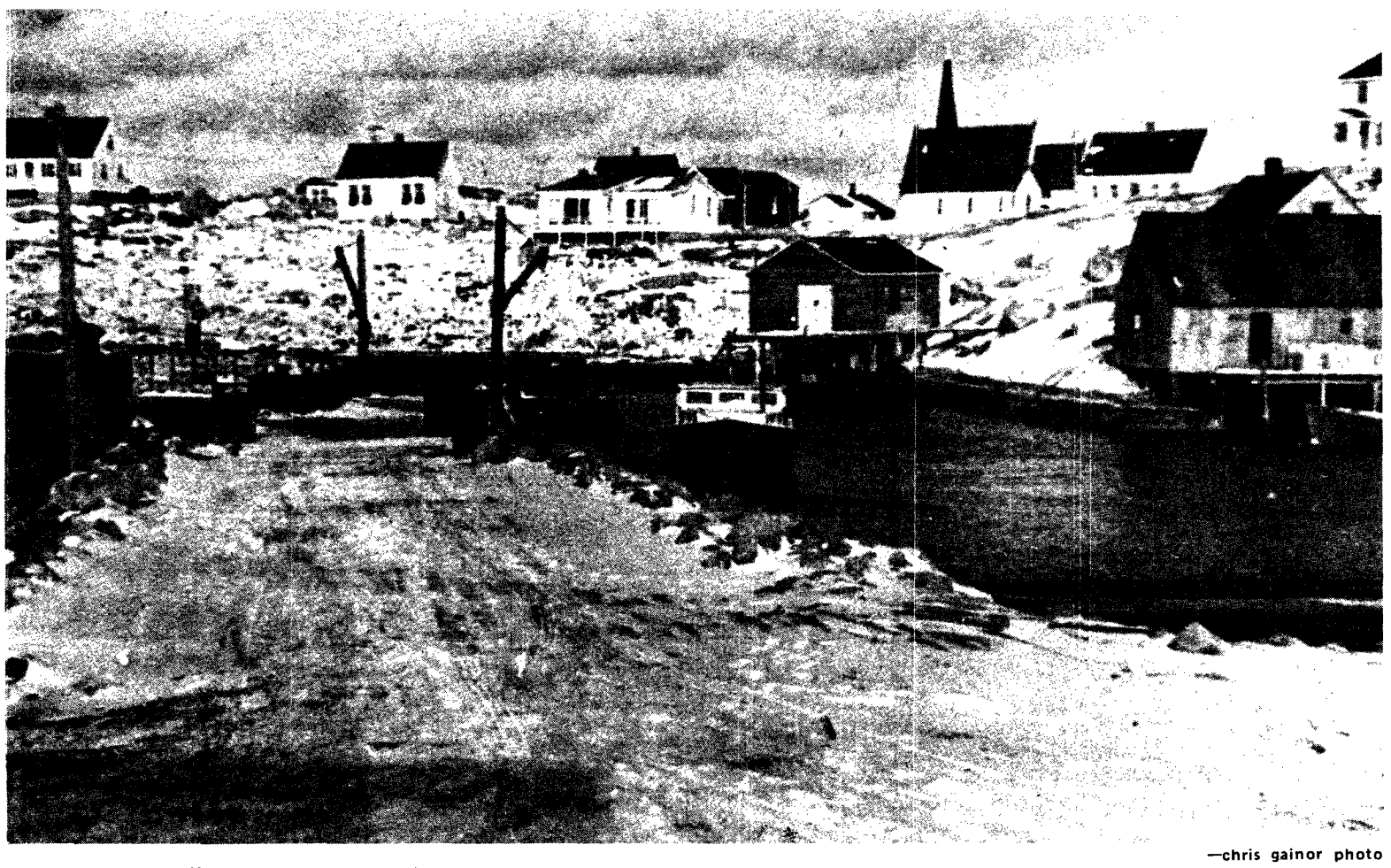

—chris gainor photo

THE REAL MARITIMES of lobster traps, fish nets, fish boats seen here as it was through the bleary eyes of Ubyssey delegates to recent newspaper conference in Halifax (see story page 3). Picturesque Peggy's Cove provided welcome relief from conference fever and shuttle run between hotel lobby and submarine shop across the street.

UBC secretly tied to RCMP — Soroka

By BILL TIELEMAN

UBC has made secret arrangements with the RCMP to suppress dissent on campus, assistant law librarian Al Soroka charged Thursday.

But administration president Doug Kenny said Thursday the charges are nonsense and that absolutely no such arrangements exist between UBC and the RCMP.

Soroka was at the centre of controversy last year at UBC when he was officially reprimanded by Kenny for taking part in a protest that forced the cancellation of speeches by South African MP Harry Schwarz in October, 1976.

Soroka charged that a report from the president's ad hoc committee on academic freedom, set up after the Schwarz incident, is an admission that arrangements exist between UBC and the RCMP to stop dissent on campus. The report was approved by the UBC senate Dec. 14.

The committee met with representatives of the RCMP's western regional headquarters in Vancouver to discuss how disruptions of meetings at UBC should be handled, committee chairman Cy Finnegan said Thursday.

"This is the tip of the iceberg. I wonder what other secret arrangements UBC has with the RCMP," Soroka said.

"It's a further attempt by the president and the university administration to suppress dissent at UBC."

Both Finnegan and Kenny said the charges are nonsense and that no arrangements with the RCMP exist.

Kenny said the report, part of which is confidential, was written to establish how chairpersons at UBC meetings should deal with serious disruptions.

"It's really on procedures — how do you handle disruptions. The university must preserve the right of freedom of speech. That's the real issue in my mind," he said.

Erich Vogt, vice-president of faculty and student affairs, said Thursday that UBC lawyers are currently examining the confidential section of the report which should be made public within two weeks.

But Soroka claimed UBC is arranging with the RCMP to bring in riot squads whenever dissenting opinions are expressed at a campus meeting.

"This time they're holding the threat of armed force against dissenters," he said.

"They're holding riot squads in the wings for when the chairman of a meeting decides there is dissent."

Soroka said that nowhere in the committee's report is there a definition of what serious disruption of a meeting actually is, allowing the university to bring the RCMP in at its discretion.

But Kenny had a description of what constitutes serious disruption of a meeting.

"The most serious one would be where a fellow could not continue to give his talk.

"If you can't hear a person and can't ask him questions at the end — that would be a serious disruption," he said.

Kenny said Soroka's charges that the president is involved with the content of the report were nonsense.

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Court stops SFU try to quash case

The B.C. supreme court Wednesday blocked a bid by the Simon Fraser University board of governors to quash an injunction against last year's tuition fee increases.

The SFU student society initiated injunction procedures against its university's fee increases because, it claims, the board opted for tuition fee increases because of pressure from the Universities Council of B.C.

The society contends the board had no choice but to increase tution fees because the council recommended to the government that a standard tuition fee increase apply to all universities.

SFU student senator Ross Powell said the university challenged the student society's right to enforce two provisions of the Universities Act.

The university argued that because the board of governors is not a judiciary body its decisions cannot be subject to review by a higher court, Powell said.

"But in the dismissal of a professor the board of governors acts as a jury of appeal on a petition of an instructor dismissed by the university president so it is in effect a judiciary body," he said.

The university also urged that the students had not exhausted the avenues of appeal within the university structure, Powell said.

The student society's lawyer, Stu Rush, declined to comment about the decision.

"The university argued a preliminary motion to say the students' application for an injunction was without jurisdiction because we should have applied to the visitor, which is the lieutenant governor (Walter Owen), the final appelate, but that is an archaic procedure," Rush said.

Earlier this year the UBC student representative assembly voted financial support for the SFU court injunction against fee increases. The SRA voted to pay one-third or a $1,000 maximum toward the costs of the court hearing sponsored by SFU.

AMS president John DeMarco said the universities had no choice but to raise tuition fees with the money they were allocated in the 1977 provincial budget.

"There seems to be some evidence the government effectively caused the increased tuitions," DeMarco said.

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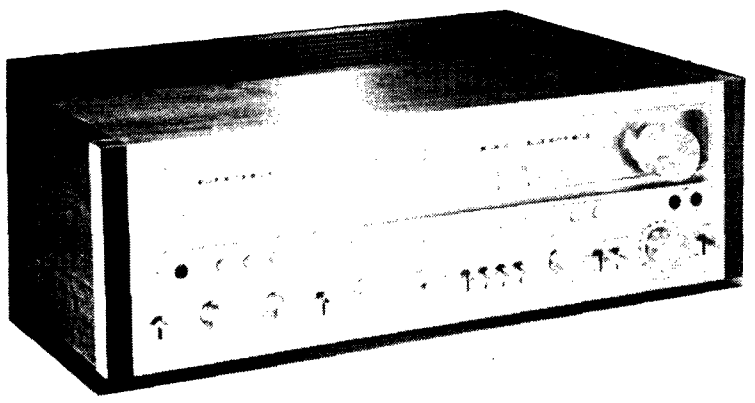

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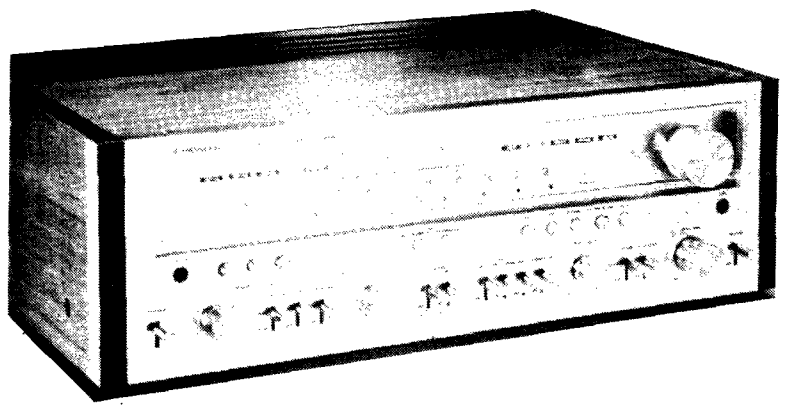

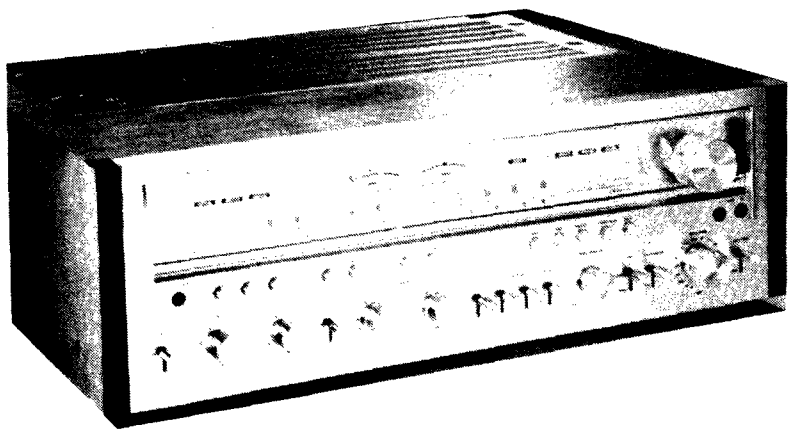

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"THE FINEST FOR LESS"

J.V. Clyne chopped down to size

From page 1

Persky reiterated this criticism Thursday.

"Students going to the colleges are getting better first- and second-year education than at this university," he said.

"First- and second-year education is a disaster at this institution."

He says he would accommodate professors who don't like teaching.

"I'd like to get them out of the business. I don't know how but I want them to get out."

Two major factors and persuasive friends — whom Persky won't name — convinced him to run. Both reasons for running arise from his socialism, which he defines as a society run by and in the interests of the majority.

"I discovered that the office of chancellor just reeks of privilege, it's a goldmine of stinking privilege," he said Monday. "The post traditionally has been bestowed upon some capitalist as a crowning achievement to his career.

"Well, I'm sick of the whole system of privilege and I wanted to challenge it. These big capitalists ought to be challenged any time possible."

"The other reason I'm running is that I'm a working teacher," he said. "My concerns are probably typical of people outside the university.

"To be democratic is to demand that privilege end."

Persky says he also wants to set an example for people depressed by the apparent rightward drift of society.

"A lot of people who do want to see the society changed are feeling a bit discouraged. The act of running would encourage people. Also, there's a sort of comic aspect to this thing too," he concedes.

In short, Persky wants the chancellor to be an ombudsman and a representative of B.C.'s working class which pays most of the shot but benefits only indirectly.

"I have the same kind of suspicions some guy working at the Alcan smelter or the woman working in the bank have about the university," he says. "They can't see how it serves their interests."

It is not the first time the Establishment's choice for the job has been challenged. In 1972, an up-and-coming young sharpie, hoping to get some free publicity, ran against B.C. Supreme Court Judge Nathan Nemetz.

His publicity ploy didn't work anyway — who remembers Robert Thorpe?

In 1966, one Randy Enomoto ran against the late John Buchanan, losing 9,283 votes to 2,625.

About 71,000 UBC grads, faculty members and members of the senate and board — known collectively as convocation — get to vote, and ballots will be mailed to them within 10 days.

Mary Raphael of the registrar's office, conducting the election, said that normally only 10,000 to 12,000 people return their ballots.

Ballots must be back by Feb. 24 and will be counted the following week, Raphael said. The new chancellor will be invested in time for graduation ceremonies in June, when he will be required to hand grads their diplomas.

—terry glavin photo

HOMEWARD BOUND, booze-addled Ubyssey delegates to 40th annual conference of Canadian University Press prepare to board jet for home after refreshing trip to scenic Peggy's Cove, Nova Scotia. From left to right are Steve (the Gonz) Howard, Tom (Tiny) Hawthorn, Bill (El Presidente) Tieleman, Marcus (No. 3) Gee, and Chris (El Rotundo) Gainor.

Gays at UBC not politically active

By HUGH WESTRUP

The year 1977 was a landmark for the gays rights movement with gay people becoming increasingly militant in their demands for equality.

But UBC's own gay organization, Gay People at UBC, remained low-key in its politics in favor of fulfilling the social needs of gays on campus.

"Our function is to have a place for gays to meet and feel comfortable on campus," says Peter, the group's president, an immigrant who risks deportation if his identity as a homosexual is revealed.

"There's no other gay life on campus and it's sufficient for the group to be a place for people to get to know each other."

The group does not believe there is a need for a gay political organization on campus.

"There is little discrimination on campus," Peter said.

"Groups such as the AMS (Alma Mater Society) and the graduate centre have been very good to us.

"For those who want to become politically involved, there are better organized political groups like GATE (Gay Alliance Toward Equality) located downtown."

Gay people at UBC support political groups such as GATE with funds raised at their dances.

The group exists in a campus atmosphere which members describe as ranging from apathetic to friendly in its response to gay people.

But they do single out the residences for being "small town" in their attitude towards gays. Several gays have been the victims of hostility at Place Vanier.

"But things may be improving, the president said.

"I put up a poster in Place Vanier advertising a gay dance and it stayed up. In the past they've usually been ripped down."

There are about 1,000 gays at UBC, the group estimates, although only 40 are members of the group.

Gay People at UBC welcome all people, straight or gay, to their group.

"No one should come feeling out of place," Peter said. "The group is so diversified among itself.

"Most people have misconceptions about the group. People tend to think gays are all from arts or the theatre department. We have members from all years and all departments including people from forestry and engineering.

"Our meetings are informal and members are not obligated to make any commitments."

The group refers anyone having difficulty in accepting his or her sexuality to SEARCH (Society for Education, Action Research and Counselling in Homosexuality) which offers one-to-one counselling, support groups and a drop-in centre.

Gay People at UBC is located in SUB 237A. The office is open every day and drop-ins are held on Tuesday and Thursday at noon.

CUP to cut back fees and employees

By MARCUS GEE

Canadian University Press, the national co-operative of student newspapers, has decided to reduce membership fees and cut services to help solve current financial difficulties.

More than 50 member papers decided at the organization's 40th annual conference in Halifax to decrease fees by 20 per cent and slash the number of nationally-funded employees from 13 to eight.

The 160 delegates at the seven-day conference made the cutbacks in response to financial mismanagement and poor planning for the current fiscal year and a fee boycott by Ontario papers that left the organization facing a deficit of more than $30,000.

Of the eight nationally-funded employees, three will work in the national office and five in the regions of the West, Ontario, Quebec and the Atlantic.

For the national office in Ottawa, CUP will hire a president, vice-president—education reporter, bureau chief, part-time business manager and part-time typist.

Each region will decide independently what tasks its regional staff person will perform — whether he or she will do fieldwork to aid member papers or set up a bureau to participate in the national news exchange.

The regions are left with the option of hiring extra employees with money contributed by member papers. Under the decreased fee formula, CUP's largest papers will pay a maximum of $6,500 per year, down from the $7,500 in 1976-77.

But the western region decided at a caucus after the conference to use its savings from the fee rollback to hire an extra employee. This would leave the region with two bureaus — one in B.C. and one in the prairies — and one regional fieldworker. The Ubyssey's fees of about $5,900 will remain unchanged.

The new structure replaces an expansion system created at last year's conference which saw regional bureaus exchanging news by telex and a national office with four full-time and two part-time employees.

Delegates to the conference, held at Halifax's Lord Nelson hotel between Dec. 26 and Jan. 2, also decided to reaffirm the organization's boycott of CBC advertisements over the CBC's refusal to run ads for a Halifax gay rights group.

The final plenary of the conference also saw the organization decide to recommend its members refuse to run RCMP ads because of recent revelations about the forces illegal activities.

In other business, Ubyssey assignments editor Bill Tieleman was elected president of the organization's western region.

A native of Tofino, Tieleman will perform a mostly administrative function, corresponding with papers under his iron-handed control and chairing regional conferences.

Ubyssey editor Chris Gainor was humiliated in his bid for national office, losing an election for CUP vice-president/education reporter to Alayne MacGregor of The Manitoban in Winnipeg.

Vic Salus, of The Gauntlet at the University of Calgary, was elected CUP Ottawa bureau chief but the position of president was left open pending the recommendation of a consulting committee.

SORWUC wins Bimini battle

By TOM HAWTHORN

Bimini neighborhood pub employees are back at work again after signing a contract Dec. 30 ending a 71-day strike.

Initial reaction from both management and labor was one of relief that the strike had finally been settled.

"What we're trying to do now is to heal the wounds," said waitress Margot Holmes, a Service, Office and Retail Workers' Union of Canada (SORWUC) negotiator.

Under the terms of the contract, a modified union shop will be established, most of the waitresses' scheduling demands will be met, and leave of absence demands will be met by a clause allowing for two weeks paid vacation in addition to an option for two additional weeks of unpaid holiday.

Other issues such as wages and worker contributions to the medical plan will be resolved by mediator Ed Sims' recommendations, which are to be binding on both labor and management.

"Any first contract is a victory," Holmes said.

"And this is a very good first contract."

Bimini employees originally received certification last January. SORWUC has been negotiating since that time for a first contract.

SORWUC has previously been active in the certification of bank employees. Employees of Bimini's and Jerry's Cove, another Kitsilano pub, are the first pub workers to obtain certification in B.C.

The strike was highlighted by union claims of Pub Owners' Association involvement in financing strike-breaking, and by the attempted certification of scab pub workers by local 40 of the Hotel, Restaurant and Culinary Employees and Bartenders' Union.

While union negotiators regard the Bimini strike settlement as a victory for SORWUC, they are cautious about future negotiations.

"This was only the first battle," warned Holmes. "We're going to be looking forward to next year's negotiations."

During the dispute business at Bimini's was estimated to have dropped by at least 85 per cent. Bimini owner Peter Uram closed the pub for a short time and also distributed a pamphlet to west side residents offering cut-rate lunches to attract new customers.

Ex-UBC flack Myers gets job as BCTF aide

Former UBC information services director Arnie Myers has a new job.

Myers, who resigned in September without a job to go to, has been appointed assistant director of the B.C. Teachers' Federation communications division effective at the beginning of this month.

Myers, who worked at UBC 10 years, resigned for personal reasons, saying he was not happy with his job. He has not yet been replaced.

We won't Stan for Clyne

The race is on for chancellor, and although the position at stake may not seem that important, the battle for it is.

If it is Stan Persky who is handing out degrees later this year rather than J.V. Clyne, a new era in the history of UBC may well have begun.

As Persky, the teacher and former student radical points out, the position of chancellor has been handed out to doddering old capitalists who have survived in the old boys network for a long time. The chancellor is, in effect, a symbol of the university, and people such as lumber baron Clyne have made better symbols than they themselves might think.

Let's face it, for all the pious talk about how independent UBC is from the functions of society, UBC is in fact tied in to the system of corporate exploitation in B.C. which allows men like Clyne to prosper wildly beyond their needs while others live on meager wages.

UBC is suported by money from people such as Clyne and his mentor, H. R. MacMillan, and with that money UBC builds faculties to help ensure that these people can continue to reap huge profits from our forests.

Many people believe the fallacy that profits help everyone, but this dismal economy and its record profits are proof to the contrary.

UBC has a great stake in capitalism, and that stake is epitomized in men such as Clyne.

Persky is a socialist, and he wants to make UBC a place working for the benefit of all British Columbians, not the few who have won all the benefits thus far.

As in the office at stake, the word symbolic would be the most appropriate one to describe a Persky victory. But Stan wants more.

He wants to cut back on bloated faculty salaries, which are inflated by that talk of "competition," the same bullshit reasoning used to keep workers' wages low. He wants to inquire into UBC's administration and into undergraduate course quality.

These things are at least possible with a Persky win, because the chancellor's position carries a good deal of prestige and a vote on the UBC board of governors.

Many people reading this are here expressly with the intention of entering that system of privilege which has served Clyne so well.

But that system will frustrate many, for if the few are to prosper, the majority have to suffer. That majority now includes university students, who receive their first of many unemployment cheques with their degrees.

Clyne and Persky are similar in that they got started at UBC, have been very involved in campus politics, and have been successful in their individual pursuits. But the convocation, a group of alumni who get to vote in the election, have rarely had a clearer choice.

Clyne, through his old boy connections, has the upper hand. If he wins, UBC might get a nice endowment, but it will be stuck wwith a symbol which is at best in bad taste and at worst obscene.

Stan Persky has given us a chance to break from a corrupt but time-honored tradition. Let's not louse up our chance.

THE UBYSSEY

JANUARY 6, 1978

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Editor: Chris Gainor

VANCOUVER (PUNK) — As National Punk Rocker Day was celebrated across the nation, the Ubyssey office was inundated with their very own special brand of torture. The festivities got off on a high note as Chris (BWANA) Gainor decided to utterly squash as many subversive staffers as possible. Eliminated in one ultimate plop were Tommy Hawthorn, Heather Conn, Marcus Gee, Steve Howard, and wee Ralphie Maurer. "It was in the basic interest of the students," shouted Kathy Fraud and Matt King as they puked in harmonious unison. "Solidarity forever," cried pin-stabbed pooftahs Bruce Baugh, Greg Kyles, George Huey, Carol Read, Nicholas Read, Les Wiseman, Merrilee Robson, David Morton, and Paisley Woodward. Ex-cupple greats Ken Dodd and Terry Glavin conspired on pleing the entire world. Those who found the goings-on diversionary, such as Greg Edwards, Hugh Westrup (a Lowcalibur), Rick (the flick) Schreiner, Maureen Curtis, and Dave Hancock, left to join Canada's best CPC (M-L) rag. Bill Tieleman merely filled his cupmobile with Chevron. Michael MacLeod and Dave Dixon raced against time to meet the hair dyeing deadline. The hole gang mocked El Rotundo's electoral defeat, while praising El Presidente Bill's rise to fascism. "Hello, the Ubyssey, Vancouver Sun farm team," replied the inebriated phone as the whole damn bunch was thrown into garbage cans by true punk rocker Joe Clark, CPC (PC).

Letters

Guess who came to dinner and didn't talk?

We've just returned from Christmas dinner at the Vanier cafeteria. I'm glad to say it was a very nice affair. We had (by Vanier standards) an excellent turkey dinner by candlelight, complete with red tablecloths.

Special mention must be made of Tweeds' fine decorating job which actually gave the usually bland caf a Christmas atmosphere. We even had a distinguished guest over for supper, Doug Kenny.

It was the first time many of us had seen the man in the flesh. Too bad he didn't even say hello to us. Judging from the 20 or so people at my table, who unanimously wanted to hear the man say something and in return give him a Vanier welcome, many of the residents would have liked to have heard a short speech.

This did not happen, although I am told Kenny was willing to speak, because Steve Shober and the Place Vanier residents association (assorted MacKenzie wimps) asked Kenny not to speak. Well thank you very much Shober. Who, by the way, along with the PVRA spent the evening at the head table chatting with Kenny. (We hope he wasn't too bored.)

Who do you and your cronies think you are? The residents of Vanier pay the same fees you do to go to this university of which Kenny happens to be president. Like it or not he's ours as much as yours.

I personally feel this was an extremely stupid decision, although not entirely surprising considering the combined PVRA IQ doesn't surpass that of an orange. Everyone I've talked to, except two PVRA members, felt denied and some left with the feeling, "Are we too low for Kenny to bother speaking to?"

The reason I was given was that the PVRA voted 'no speech' because they didn't want to hear speeches all night. Isn't our (haha) PVRA intelligent? After a free meal with wine, Kenny would have been more than willing to stop appearing aloof and give a short speech. Perhaps a two-minute, enjoy your meal, good luck with your exams, and happy holidays.

This would have fit in nicely with the almost formal atmosphere of the dinner. If only Shober and his boys had a gram of style we could have had a special evening. On behalf of most if not all of Vanier (except the PVRA, which must come from Totem), thanks once again for making our minds up for us. Say hello to the PVRA.

The enlightened TFRA of Cariboo

Bicyclist drowns thesis

I would like to tell you a story.

It happened on Nov. 25, 1977, (it was raining hard). The time was approximately 2:26 p.m. There were about 5,000 people trying to cross the intersection of Main Mall and University Boulevard.

A *$##%!& bicyclist was weaving his way through the pedestrian strewn lake and up onto the sidewalk ramp with the wheelchair coming down it, when he knocked my 498 thesis in to that ##%&')*$%#'''' lake.

Then the car ran the stop sign at 37 kph, spraying the 5,000 with 4 cm of water that lay in its path. The #$%&%$# car then ran over the blind girl's white cane.

The car then proceeded to drive over my 498 and give me the same sensation that the Engineers throw people in ponds to produce. I'm ##%%''')*!%$#&F%$#'&) (''#$&!''*)* pizzzed off.

The wet one

The Ubyssey welcomes letters from all readers.

Letters should be signed and typed.

Pen names will be used when the writer's real name is also included for our information in the letter or when valid reasons for anonymity are given.

Although an effort is made to publish all letters received, The Ubyssey reserves the right to edit letters for reasons of brevity, legality, grammar or taste.

Conference fuels crazies

By STEVE HOWARD

A twisting, high-speed run down to Peggy's Cove won't make it unless you've been smoking and drinking all night, trying to end a 10-day conference in Halifax of Canada's anglophone student press on a high note.

Peggy's Cove, Nova Scotia's blustery jewel and, according to Toronto's national newsmagazine, Macleans, "a perfect, three-dimensional picture postcard full of weatherworn boathouses and dinghies, laceworks of fishing nets and the reigning sentinel: a red-and-white lighthouse," is definitely the right place to capture the mood of the Maritimes. Macleans should know. It always has its finger right on the pulse of whatever it examines. And what better way to purge oneself of conference fever from the 40th annual meeting of the Canadian University Press than to sample seafood chowder and Digby scallops with chips in a bitterly windy fishing village where the unpredictable sea has a history of sweeping tourists off the rocks, sending them to a horrible death?

We all needed a little passive tourism to clear our heads from that drug-stupored circus of being cooped up in Halifax's formerly fashionable Lord Nelson Hotel, now tarnished and shoddy around the edges, in company with 160 of the cream of campus journalism, each soul craving constant attention.

UBYSSEY HACK GEE
. . . and sycophant

Then we had to face up to a swift ride to the airport in our rented 1978 maroon electric boat, followed by a devastating tumble across the country with the people's airlines. Nothing but the best for Canada's student press. But after tense days of hammering out national positions on racism, sexism and Atlantic unemployment, not to mention the functions of the organization, it's hard to keep quiet while some bearded cowboy of a steward, dreaming of being a friendly sea captain, tells the passengers that in case of emergency, one should grab the oxygen mask and not the gorgeous stewardess.

"Don't worry," the stewardess told me. "He's not flying the airplane."

And after sharing a hotel room with three self-seeking mothers, including a degenerating CUP vice-president, an incurable women-chaser, and a glad-handing candidate for national office, all of whom made the room a de facto public place, forcing me to stay up all night getting crazy and working on the conference's daily newsletter, Peggy's Cove is indeed where it's at.

Many Haligonians, hating their jobs, dream of donning sou'westers and fighting the gales to pull in lobster traps. The true heart of the Maritimes!

Fighting the myth of homogeneous Canadian culture, Maritimers honor the memory of anti-Confederationist Joseph Howe, and good news in the chronically horrid Halifax dailies means re-runs of Old Joe's writings.

One night a waiter called Labatt's 50 a western imported beer, and the whole city closes up at dark, so dining fashionably late means leaving work at 3 p.m.

My function, as fifth member of a five-person delegation, was to observe dispassionately the phenomenon of conference fever, the tensions and delusions of immediacy caused by high-pressure hotel life, eating one over-salted and barely-forgivable meal a day in the hotel (there was no breakfast and I always got up too late for lunch) and prowling the deserted streets at night, craving food.

Many delerious delegates witnessed dawn from the Paradise Bar and Grill, located in the old dockyard area, a hang-out at which the regulars' fine culture consists of crude murals of Adam and Eve, and where on one snowy night a couple of years ago I witnessed a police payoff while drinking with a schizophrenic war veteran obsessed with his Korean War Nightmares.

Some of my colleagues found it more satisfactory to subsist on pastry-breaded submarine sandwiches from a shop near the hotel, their chief virtue being total absence of taste. Unfortunately, the shop employee had never made so many subs before, and insulted the patrons by running amok or mangling the food.

More adventurous delegates went next door and sampled the Donairs, greasy Greek fast food with an afterburn. I came home about five pounds lighter.

Diversion was hard to find as local television cuts off at midnight with obsequiesness towards the Queen, late movies being apparently a thing of the future.

The merchants really have their act together, pushing television ads which wish you Merry Christmas while condemning you to fry in hell if you don't visit Stan's Body Shop, in the mud flats somewhere eight miles south of the Armdale rotary.

There the merchants are willing to make money off the Maritimer's insularity and shared sense of mortality.

And a sign from the revised hotel act, displayed in hotel rooms, informs guests that the hotel isn't responsible for any possessions of the guests, except for horses and carriages left in the management's care.

I hadn't shaved in several days and I didn't know that the bartender in the hotel lounge meant when he asked me for ID. But it became quite apparent minutes later that the centre of the Maritimes' world still has parochial elements when two drunks interupted my attention to the Gator Bowl football game, telling me they'd like to imitate the good locals in the movie Deliverance.

All this served to reinforce the preoccupation at the conference with the theme of "regionalism," the idea of decentralizing decision-making power from the Ottawa national office to the regions, because of different regional interests.

You couldn't get to sleep, because if there wasn't a party in your room, the door was locked from the side by a couple seizing some privacy for their fleeting relationship. Others weren't so fussy, according to a security guard who retold how four different couples were caught openly humping in the hotel's grungy stairwells, which indicates the passion and desperation of these relationships, especially because the stairwells were well used after the elevators broke down.

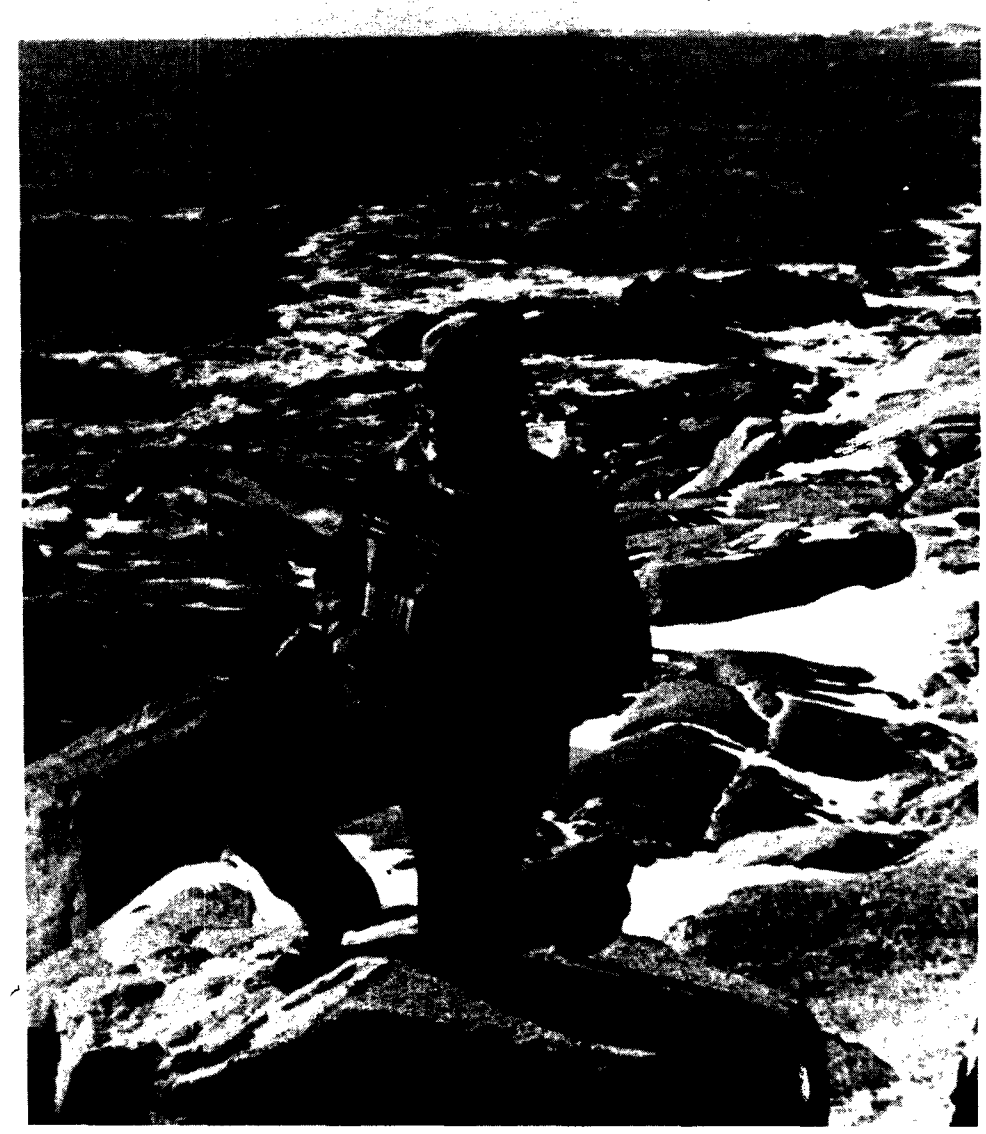
After a few days (We lost track of time. it was like being on a long train ride, sleeping intermittently and waking up for parties or to attend one of the many committee meetings) the elevators broke down for a while, and I heard of three unfortunates getting stuck in them.

Rob from the Langara Gleaner, who with two others had warmed up for the trip by blowing $62 on booze on the plane ride, left a party in our eighth floor room at 8 a.m. one morning to pound on doors as a member of the wake-up committee (There were functions and rules for everything. The committee on advertising joked that it couldn't take a shit without reading a submission from their reps on the ad network board.) and got stuck in an elevator car.

He wandered into the coffee chop shortly after his release.

"Sorry I'm late," he mumbled. "I just got stuck in the elevator for half a hour."

Rob had passed his time in the car computing his potential terminal velocity, depending on which floor he was stuck at, and the resulting destruction of his body. Then he told me his real worry.



—ken dodd photo

LOSER GAINOR . . . editor swept away by 'Toban tide

"Somebody might get stuck in there and miss a plenary session."

Actually, on my way to the coffee shop I had stumbled out of the elevator on the fourth floor and had heard his screams for help and talked to a hotel worker who thought Rob had claustrophobia and expressed the management's fear of lawsuits.

"Hell," he said. "I just want them to entertain me in the bar for half an hour."

Rob had obviously lost all perspective, and when we left Halifax a member of his delegation told me they couldn't return on their charter flight for five more days, but they had only $30 left among them.

But there were far worse cases, including a whole delegation living off one Chargex card, and one soul who discovered at the airport that he had lost his ticket back to B.C. I witnessed many lost individuals from the eye of the hurricane at the conference, the newsletter production room. Like the cop radio in downtown newsrooms, speakers in the ceiling barked the proceedings of the plenaries, while delegates beat out stories on the day's events, accompanied by the pulse of an overworked xerox machine.

At night, the Imperial Room's sound system wasn't turned off, and private political huddles were picked up by the microphones, their sound booming through various speakers in convention floor rooms, broadcasting viscious slanders about the national office staff.

In the newsroom we saw the delicacy needed to communicate at a conference run like a mini-United Nations. McGill Daily editor Daniel Boyer suggested that there should be a neutral room where delegates from different regions could meet without having to be debriefed by their delegations afterwards.

As it turned out, the best chance for inter-regional discussion and to discuss different possibilities for CUP was at the all-night parties, because of the bitter confrontations in the commmittee meetings and on the plenary floor.

Consequently, the first few days were spent furtively "feeling out" other delegates and drunkenly bowling with wine bottles in the hallways.

Debate on the plenary floor resembled management-labor bargaining, with strong papers leading weaker ones, candidates or office seeking "air time," and delegates making righteous speeches to play on guilt feelings and influence voting.

Some guilt-ridden delegates, many of whom were too involved in detail to catch the overall flow, misunderstood the tough bargaining process and, anxious to avoid a confrontation, proposed weak amendments to motions.

Heavy comic relief came in the form of a pie which hit one filibustering delegate and in the form of another fine individual who cracked under the strain and suggested to the assembly that it was being "uncool," and that the whole national office should be dropped for a year to let things cool off.

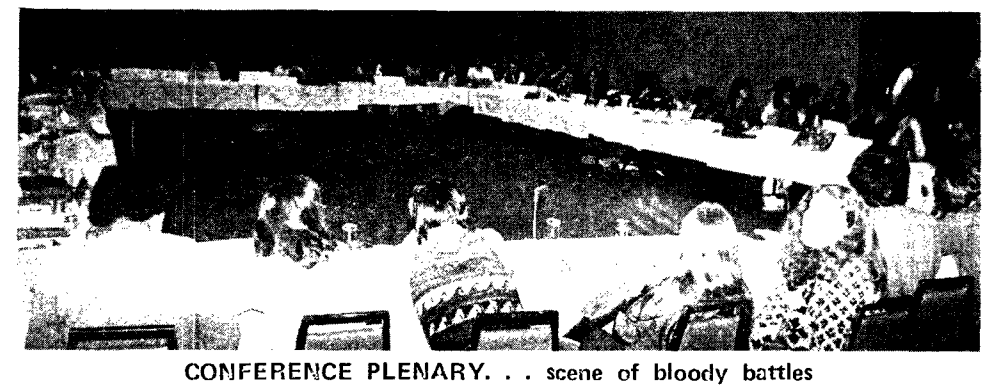
It became evident that one way to stay popular within the organization was to keep a low profile and stay away from issues, a staggering task considering that almost all well-intentioned acts were met with unbridled cyncism.

Some greenhorns got carried away with enthusiasm and ran for office. Conference fever dictated decisions and some thought they could "save" the organization, which lurches along on sporadic infusions of cash.

This irrationality was fueled by a seven-hour flu. which put most delegates on their backs for half a day, providing a feverish counterpoint for their crazed hungover minds, but also appropriately short-lived, like a lurching roller coaster.

And through eye movements and body language, delegates revealed their desires, then gossip flew as sordid stories came to light. After living in a salt and pepper shaker for a week and a half, social conventions such as prudity and humility gave way to cynicism and forwardness.

Delegates will no doubt have trouble describing what happended to those who stayed home, and will probably resort to mumbling about poor food and the difficulty in not committing spontaneous and vicious assault on hapless bystanders.



CONFERENCE PLENARY. . . scene of bloody battles

Hot flashes

Be prepared to shuffle off

What's going to happen to your new $1,000 amp with $500 turntable and $2,000 speakers if you shuffle off this mortal coil before you're ready?

You might think you're too young to worry about writing a will, but the information will be useful sooner or later. It might be a good idea to attend the Vancouver People's Law School's free course on wills and estates.

The course runs Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday from 7:30 to 9:30 p.m. in the auditorium at the Vancouver Public Library, 750 Burrard.

You must preregister for the course. To do so, telephone 734-1126.

Summer fun

Here's a suggestion about where you could go during the summer if you get tired of being on the UIC waterski team.

Applications are being accepted between now and March 31 for Canadian delegates to the Eleventh World Festival of Youth and Students which will be held this year in Havana, Cuba in July.

The Canada festival preparatory committee plans to send between 300 and 500 delegates to represent Canadian youth from all cultural and economic groups.

Delegates will participate in various intellectual, cultural, athletic and social activities designed to develop friendship and understanding among young people.

If you're interested, write to P.O Box 65804, Station F, Vancouver V5N 5L3 or telephone 254-9797.

Flapjack fest

Why not start the week at 7 a.m. (shudder) Monday with a hearty pancake breakfast?

The UBC engineers are sponsoring their second annual charity breakfast, with proceeds going to the CKNW orphan's fund. You can show up for coffee, red-eyes (?) and pancakes between 7 and 9:30 a.m. on the Main Mall. In exchange for breakfast the engineers will collect contributions for the fund.

Co-sponsors are CKNW, the Keg n' Cleaver and Labatts.

This theory

What has become of philosophy?

Yes, you may well ask, what has become of philosophy. Well, with any luck, Sir Alfred Ayer might be able to answer that question at the Vancouver Institute lecture Saturday.

Ayers, a philosophy professor at Oxford, will speak on the topic in IRC 2 at 8 p.m. There is no admission charge.

Torture talk

"We have vays of making you talk."

This isn't a joke from an old war movie, but a reality for thousands of political prisoners throughout the world, who face brutal tortures and often death.

On their side, whatever the ideology or country involved, is Amnesty International, which is today presenting Maggie Beirne from its international secretariat in London.

Beirne, who is peaking at noon today in SUB 205, will speak on tortures used against prisoners of conscience throughout the world.

Graphic art

If you're interested in graphics, you might want to attend the exhibition in progress at UBC's fine arts gallery in the main library basement.

The Iconography of Desire, an exhibition of graphic works by Jennifer Dickson, will run until Jan. 28.

The gallery is open Tuesday to Saturday from 10:30 a.m. to 5 p.m.

'Tween classes

TODAY

HANG GLIDING CLUB
Slide show and meeting, noon, SUB 215.

SCIENCE FICTION
SF writers and artists bring work or progress report, noon, SUB 212A.

UBC-JAPAN EXCHANGE CLUB
If you applied for 1978 summer exchange program, phone Guy at 731-5125.

BAHA'I CLUB
Informal talk on the Bahai faith, noon, SUB 115.

SATURDAY

CSA
Sports night, 7:30 p.m., Thunderbird gym A.

MONDAY

SAILING CLUB
Executive meeting, noon, SUB 216F.

EUS
Charity Pancake breakfast, 7 to 9:30 a.m., Main Mall in front of CEME.

CSA
Guitar class, 6 p.m., SUB 125.
Cantonese class, noon, Bu. 2239.

TUESDAY

GSA/GRA
All candidates meeting for board of governors and senate candidates, noon, Graduate Student Centre garden room.

CSA
Choir practice, newcomers welcome, 7:15 to 9:15 p.m., International House.
Mandarin class, noon, Bu. 2238-2239.

Beginning September, 1978, the Department of Music, York University, will offer a master's programme in

The Musicology of Contemporary Cultures

Cross-cultural studies involving research and fieldwork, with an emphasis on Canadian and New World contexts. The course is supported by a broad base of undergraduate offerings in Western and non-Western music, jazz, composition, and experimental media.

Address letters of enquiry to:

Music Department
Room 336 Stong College
York University
4700 Keele Street
Downsview, Ontario
M3J 1P3

Winter Courses in

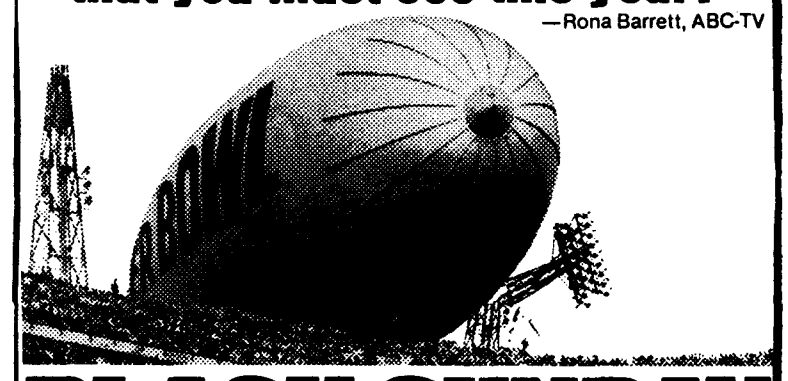
READING, WRITING, VOCABULARY AND STUDY SKILLS

The University of British Columbia Reading, Writing, and Study Skills Centre is offering a number of non-credit courses in reading, writing, vocabulary and study skills development commencing the week of January 21, 1978. Classes last for 7 to 10 weeks and meet in Mechanical Engineering Annex A.

For registration information call 228-2181, loc. 245.
Pre-registration is required for all classes.

Subfilms gloomily presents

"'Black Sunday' is the one movie that you must see this year!"
—Rona Barrett, ABC-TV



BLACK SUNDAY

Thurs. & Sun. 7:00
Fri. & Sat. 7:00 & 9:30
Formal dress not required

PAYMENT OF FEES

THE DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE, GENERAL SERVICES ADMINISTRATION BLDG., WISHES TO REMIND STUDENTS THAT THE

First Instalment is Due On Or Before

FRIDAY, JANUARY 13, 1978

10th DONUT SHACK
NOW OPEN
FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE
at 4463 W 10th Ave.
No Order Too Large
or Too Small
224-2121 M-S 8-6:30

BLACK & LEE
TUX SHOP
NOW AT
1110 SEYMOUR ST.
688-2481

BLENHEIM IMPORTS SERVICE
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REASONABLE RATES
FACTORY TRAINED MECHANICS
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KORRES
MOVING & STORAGE LTD.
Reasonable Rates
Big or Small Jobs
ALSO GARAGES BASEMENTS & YARDS
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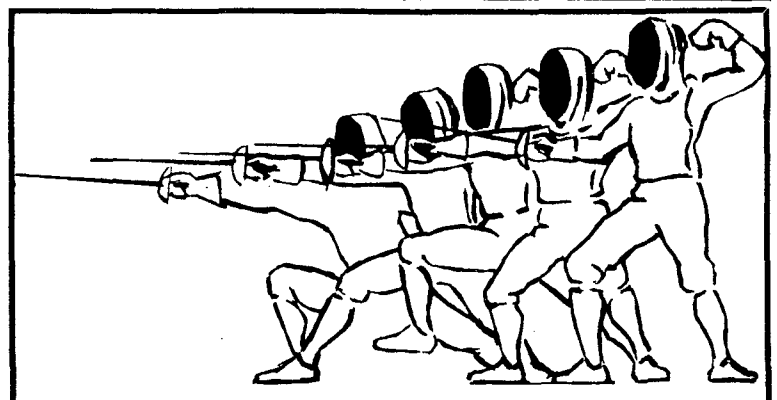

UBC FENCING

begins again Friday, January 6 in Gym E, Winter Sports Complex, at 7:00 p.m.

new members, with or without experience, are welcomed to join in the 1978 session.

The membership fee of $15.00 will cover:
- use of club equipment
- BCFA & CFA registration fees
- professional coaching
- entry fee to the BC Novice Tournament

Mondays: 7:30 - 10:30 p.m., Fridays: 7:00 - 10:00 p.m.

Fencing Team Try-Outs for 1978

all members of the UBC Fencing Club who are interested in trying out for the men or women's team should meet in Gym E, Winter Sports Complex, on Jan. 9th at 7:30 p.m. Be prepared to fence with electric equipment.

THE CLASSIFIEDS

RATES: Campus — 3 lines, 1 day $1.50; additional lines 35c. Commercial — 3 lines, 1 day $2.50; additional lines 50c. Additional days $2.25 and 45c.

Classified ads are not accepted by telephone and are payable in advance. Deadline is 11:30 a.m., the day before publication. Publications Office, Room 241, S.U.B., UBC, Van., B.C. V6T 1W5

5 — Coming Events

BOO NIGHT — Monday, January 9th, Sub Pit — The Booshow. Talent registration Monday, Pit Coffee House, 11:30 a.m.-1:30 p.m. Show time 7:00 p.m.

FREESE: AMERICA, starting Jan. 11th, every Wed., 12:35 p.m. Sub Aud. Free film series.

25 — Instruction

PREPARE for the February and April LSAT with the Law Board Review Centre's intensive LSAT weekend review. For further information call us toll-free at (800) 663-3381.

35 — Lost

LOST — Ladies Bulova watch. White strap, rectangular face. Phone 263-9261. Reward offered.

50 — Rentals

SINGLE & DOUBLE rooms avail. in Kappa Sigma Fraternity House. If interested contact Sid at 224-9679 or 224-5334.

65 — Scandals

DO YOU HAVE TALENT? Why not show your stuff at the Booshow. Register Monday, Pit Coffee House, 11:30 a.m.-1:30 p.m. Show time 7:00 p.m., Monday.

65 — Scandals

SEX IS FUN! And so is Subfilms presentation of "Black Sunday" this weekend.

70 — Services

80 — Tutoring

FRENCH LANGUAGE tutoring. See Daphne at 732-0300.

85 — Typing

EXCELLENT TYPING. Reasonable rates. Call 731-1807, 12 noon to 9 p.m.

90 — Wanted

SUBJECTS
to participate in an experimental preventive dental program. Instruction, toothbrush, and floss provided. Please call:
224-3563
after 6

99 — Miscellaneous

SKI WHISTLER
Rent cabin day/week. 732-0174 eves.

Brutal torture now common

By EVA CZAYKOWSKI

In June of 1977, several hundred students and teachers were arrested in Morocco for suspected political activities.

Those arrested have since been held incommunicado in secret detention centres, where they have frequently been severely tortured. The tortures include being suspended for long periods of time by the wrists and ankles, and being beaten, especially the eyes and genitals.

The security police use torture methods during interrogation of suspects in order to extract confessions and information. Suspects have to wait months, even years, before they are brought to trial.

Prison conditions are often grossly inadequate, and families of the prisoners live in constant fear of imprisonment, of being harmed by the government.

Such things do not occur in Morocco alone. They are a very horrifying reality in well over 90 countries of the world; in South America, Central America, Africa, Asia, the U.S. and the Soviet bloc countries.

Every year there are a very large number of people imprisoned for their political or religious beliefs, for their racial backgrounds or for other such reasons. It is estimated that the number of such prisoners totals hundreds of thousands throughout the world.

Torture is being used more and more as an instrument of routine government administration. People considered undesirable by governments disappear or are executed. In 1977 there were numerous reports of such occurrences, especially in Uganda under the rule of Idi Amin Dada.

These occurrences are in direct violation of human rights as outlined in the Universal Declaration of Human Rights adopted Dec. 10, 1948 by the general assembly of the United Nations.

The Universal Declaration of Human Rights deals with the rights and freedoms which should be accorded to every human being irrespective of "religion, race, color, sex, language, political or other opinion, national or social origin, property, birth or other status." There are four articles in the declaration which are particularly relevant:

Article 5: No one shall be subjected to torture or to cruel, inhuman or degrading treatment or punishment.

Article 9: No one shall be subjected to arbitrary arrest, detention or exile.

Article 18: Everyone has the right to freedom of thought, conscience and religion. . .

Article 19: Everyone has the right to freedom of opinion and expression. . .

All four rights are violated continuously, but the most horrifying, inhuman violation is that which involves torture. In one year alone there were more than 40 violating states. Torture methods are unimaginably cruel. In Equatorial Guinea, for example, political prisoners have had their eyes gouged out; they have been forced to stand for days in a pit up to their necks in mud and water; they have been confined for days without food, light, bed or toilet facilities in cells too small to allow for standing up or lying down.

In Rhodesia a common method of interrogating students is with the "towel and hose," where the victims are stripped naked, towels are put over the face and running water is sprayed in the mouth and nose to cause a drowning effect. This is similar to the "wet submarine" where the prisoner is nearly suffocated by being immersed in water or urine.

A horizontal stick from which a prisoner is hung by the knees with his hands and ankles tied together is called the "parrot's perch." Another method is to put a helmet, which magnifies screams, on the head of the prisoner and then to flog him severely.

In many countries, and especially in the USSR, dissidents are declared insane and are placed in mental hospitals where they are "treated" with drugs which have horrible side effects, and cause much physical pain and mental anguish.

One could go on and on. The most common methods of torture are beating, electric shocks, rape of both men and women (sometimes by trained dogs) and burnings.

To most of us living in Canada, atrocities such as those described above are not realities. To some of us even, the Universal Declaration of Human Rights is almost a laughing matter because we have so much freedom; we can say what we want, do what we want, believe what we want. (Though here too there are cases in which human rights are violated. Racial discrimination in jobs is an example.)

UNDER ARREST . . . first step of torture for the world's prisoners of conscience.

It is very hard for us to realize that people are oppressed all over the world. But they are!

Try to imagine the following situation. You are a member of the Liberal Party of Canada. There has been an election, the Conservatives have come to power. The leader of the Conservatives announces that he is going to make himself dictator and that all parties except the Conservative party are abolished.

Because you have been an active member of the Liberal party you are considered a threat to the regime. The police (who are in league with the government) come to your house and arrest you. You are put in a prison where there are 10 prisoners per eight-foot by six-foot cell. The food is vile and there is little of it.

The toilet is overflowing and there is a terrible stench coming from it. The whole place is filthy. When you are taken out for interrogation, you refuse to answer all the questions put to you.

You are flogged till your back bleeds and you can hardly stand. Next day you are taken to a special torture chamber where electric shocks are applied to your body, especially to your eyes, while you lie stretched out on a metal frame.

This goes on day after day. You are not allowed to communicate with anybody. Your family lives in constant fear. Your brother and father have both lost their jobs, your sister has been kicked out of the university, all because you were an active Liberal.

Finally you are sent to a detention camp way up north where you are set to building a road. After three years you are brought to trial, accused of being a danger to the state. The trial is closed to the public. It is conducted by one judge there is no jury and you have no defence. You are sentenced to death and executed.

This sort of thing happens every day, all over the world. How would you feel if it happened to you? And realistically it could happen!

It is not right that we should live here in comparative safety, well-being and freedom without caring or even knowing about the crimes which are being committed against humanity all over the world. We all talk about what a stinking world this is, what a corrupt society we live in. But we forget that it is up to us to do something about it.

We also seem to forget that in the end freedom in a country depends largely on the extent to which human rights are respected by the government. There are more countries in the world that grossly abuse human rights than there are countries that do not abuse human rights.

The latter are the countries where there is the most freedom. We must either try to extend this freedom throughout the world or face the possibility of losing it.

The challenge of human rights violation has not been ignored. For instance, the international non-partisan organization Amnesty International works in many ways to secure the release or protection of prisoners around the world.

AI has more than 100,000 members in 78 countries and it is becoming quite effective. Since 1961 about 8,000 prisoners adopted by Amnesty International have been released with the help of AI's intervention. Last year Amnesty International was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize and a special vote of support for its cause was passed by the Canadian Parliament. There are also many other human rights groups.

A Brazilian journalist, Vladimir Hertzog, who is now dead, once said, "If we lose our capacity to be outraged when we see others submitted to atrocities, then we lose our right to call ourselves civilized human beings."

Ewa Czaykowski is the secretary of Amnesty UBC, the campus branch of Amnesty International, which is sponsoring a speaker today on international torture from AI's headquarters in London. See hot flashes for the time and place.

perspectives

Services c'tee needs your help

By DAVE GILES

I think it is safe to say that a large number of students at UBC are unaware of the types of "student services" available on campus.

Whether it is the office of student services, the dean of women's office, the awards office or health services, very few people know of the broad range of support services that are available.

With this in mind, it was interesting to note that last November, the university's board of governors requested that a review of the "total spectrum" of services provided for students be examined. This review was largely prompted by the resignation of Margaret Fulton as dean of women. (The question of Fulton's successor will be in abeyance until the review is complete.)

A committee has now been formed and intends to perform this review over the period of the next three months. Members of this committee include Ruth White (Chairperson), Katherine Brearley, C. Finnegan, Richard Tees, Myrne Nevison and Joan Reynertson. Student members include myself, plus one other student to be named by the student representative assembly.

Our task is to advise the president's office on the range, effectiveness and organization of those parts of student services concerned with student counselling and to advise the president's office about measures which might lead to possible improvement of the counselling service.

The areas devoted to counselling include the current office of student services, the office of the dean of women and, in part, the awards office, International House and student health services.

With this in mind, the committee shall examine the range of desirable student counselling service and the possible redirection of present services to address problems presently not covered. To do this, it shall:

- Discuss the flexibility of the counselling service to mount new programs as needed;
- Review the effectiveness of the present counselling services including their management;
- Consider the possible reorganization of counselling services, including the possible integration of some services;
- Consider the desirability of the future relocation of counselling services possibly combining some of them into a single site;
- Discuss the relation of the Office of Day Care Coordinator — presently being established — to other student services; and
- Consider measures to provide the optimum cooperation between the Canada Manpower Office and the various parts of student services.

Clearly, the task is a large one and the committee has a rather short time period (three months) to perform this review. It is imperative, then, for the Committee to get input from students as soon as possible.

We'd like to hear from concerned students about their experiences with any of the current "student services," their suggestions about improving student services and any other thoughts they might like to share.

As you can see, we're asking for feedback, both positive and negative in order to do the best possible job for students.

If you feel you have something you'd like to contribute you can send it to me care of Room 254, SUB or you can phone me at 228-3961. But, if you have the time to drop by, I'm usually available every noon hour through the week or I can arrange a time that would be convenient.

Dave Giles is Alma Mater Society director of services and a longtime student hack. Perspectives is open to all members of the UBC community. Keep those opinion pieces coming, folks.

Technics
by Panasonic

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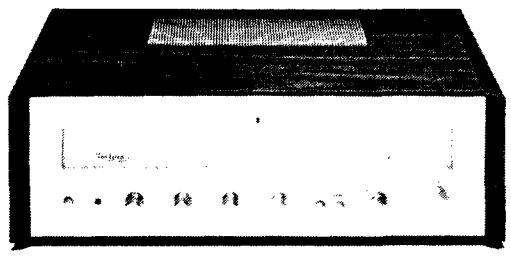

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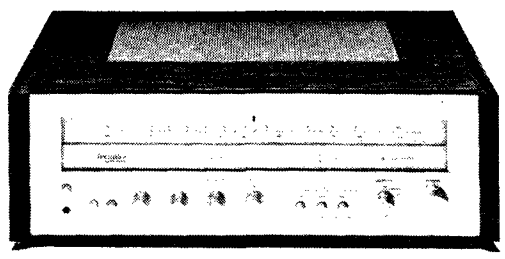

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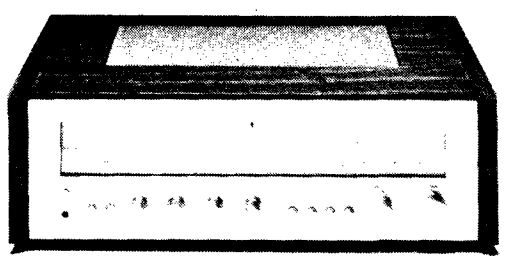

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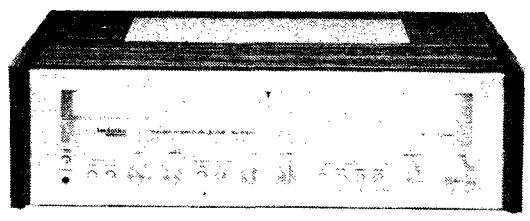

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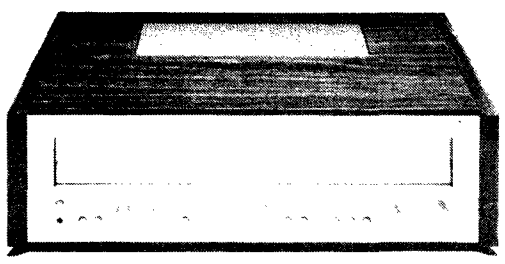

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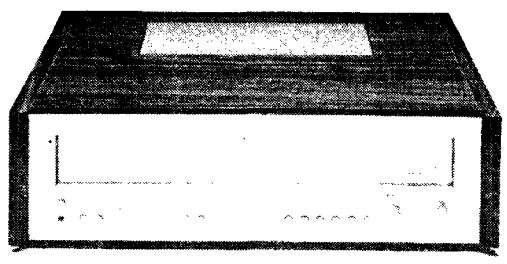

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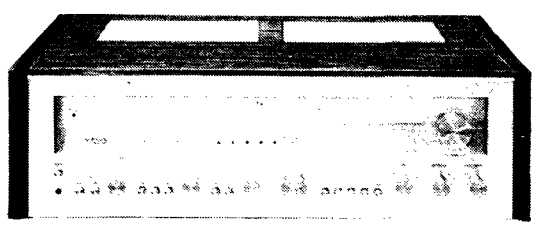

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PAGE FRIDAY

Dickson's Iconography of Desire: Eros and Art

The first Page Friday cover of the new year features a painting called The Drama of the Captive by Jennifer Dickson, which is part of an exhibition of her works at the UBC Fine Arts Gallery entitled The Iconography of Desire. More pictures and a review of the showing appear on PF 2.

Heart and Dolly Parton both performed in Vancouver last December, and their concerts are reviewed on PF 3.

On the film scene, reviews of Saturday Night Fever and The Good-bye Girl appear on PF 4, and the Planetarium show on UFOs and Close Encounters of the Third Kind are reviewed on PF 5. On PF 7 there is a feature on the open-screenings program at Pacific Cinematheque.

Cross-country skiing is rapidly gaining in popularity, and an article on this alternative to the more commercial downhill skiing appears on PF 3.

The exhibition of the N.E. Thing Company at the Vancouver Art Gallery is criticized on PF 6.

Pacific Life Community's graphic display in protest against the money spent on armaments each year is the subject of a feature on PF 6.

The Sunshine Man, a book by Canadian author D. M. Clark, is reviewed on PF 9.

Vista closes this week's issue on PF 9.

Dickson challenges sexual iconography

By CAROL READ

Jennifer Dickson portrays relationships between ourselves and our bodies and fantasies, poetry, and mystical symbols in her series of prints The Iconography of Desire. These prints, which are beautifully colored and mounted, reflect Dickson's perfectionism and long experience.

The Iconography of Desire
Jennifer Dickson, R.A.
Fine Arts Gallery,
January 6-28.

Dickson who is internationally known, now works with photographs, which she transfers to an etching plate and adds watercolours to.

The Iconography of Desire consists of samples of her work since 1966. The oldest prints depict human figures and symbols from alchemy, astrology, and tarot cards. The Song of Songs series depicts women's bodies and flowers in stylized, abstract forms. The Sweet Death and Other Pleasures prints (1971-72) carry the same occult themes, with additions of Venetian prints and extracts from the Cantos of Ezra Pound.

In her Homage to Don Juan series (1974-75), Dickson attempts "to set up pictorial equivalents of states-of-mind. In these, man relates to the natural world, and by entering it through silence and meditation, becomes part of the force of nature."

Body Perceptions (1974-75) attempts "to involve the viewer in the celebration of the body", Dickson says. "They imply rather than state feelings of joy, tenderness and vulnerability . . . Currently touted porno books and movies smack to me more of the buther's shop, than of eroticism. I search for a more secret means to reach out and touch those who wish to be embraced."

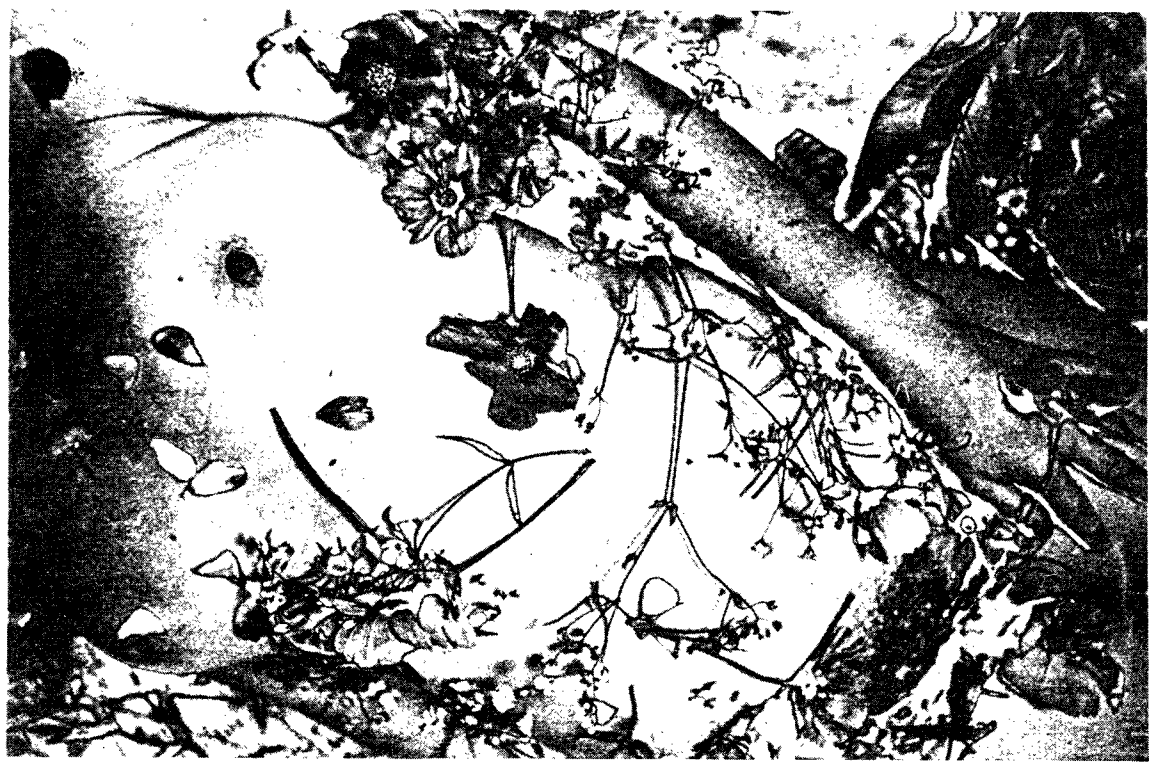
Dickson uses body fragments (hands, lips, breasts, eyes), hair, vinyl, and plaster body casts in these prints. They are inspired by cosmetic advertisements, and show the stock pictures of parted lipsticked lips and elegant hands. However, Dickson is protesting these commercial fantasies. The elegant hands are shown with alchemy symbols and palm-reading diagrams. The Marilyn Monroe-type lips are beside mouths filled with decayed teeth.

Body Perceptions: Shell/Vinyl is one of the better prints. It shows a woman listening to a large seashell against a background of a woman's body and black vinyl. The vinyl looks like old, tough skin and is a prophecy for the rest of the picture. Dickson, herself over forty now, is against our society which still thinks women are finished as soon as they age.

Dickson feels, probably correctly, that her best work is in her new Secret Garden series. These prints are made from photo-etching on zinc and are hand-tinted in watercolors. They depict a man's and a woman's (Dickson's) bodies from various views. The bodies are scattered with flowers and birds, emphasizing the sensuality Dickson expresses. Dickson also employs symbols — a feather for the male, child's hands across the woman's abdomen to signify conception.

Dickson wishes to challenge established limitations that "freely explore and exploit the female nude while treating the male body as something private and sacrosant." Her skill in coloring serves to emphasize the prints' sensuality. "Dream of the Captive" is printed in three colour schemes. The pastel-tinted print is romantic, the sepia-toned print is like an old memory with its brown flowers; the red-toned print is suffused with sensuality.

"I look from my cage into the secret garden. Between birth and death, if the door is left un-latched long enough for us to wander, life en-snares us," Dickson wrote "Timelessness is within, the garden/reality and mortality without."



SECRET GARDEN . . . flowers and birds over naked bodies emphasize sensuality

THE WATCHER OBSERVED . . . "timelessness is within the garden"

Dean of Women's Office
Career Orientation
for Women

PANEL DISCUSSION
by
UBC WOMEN GRADUATES
AND FRIENDS

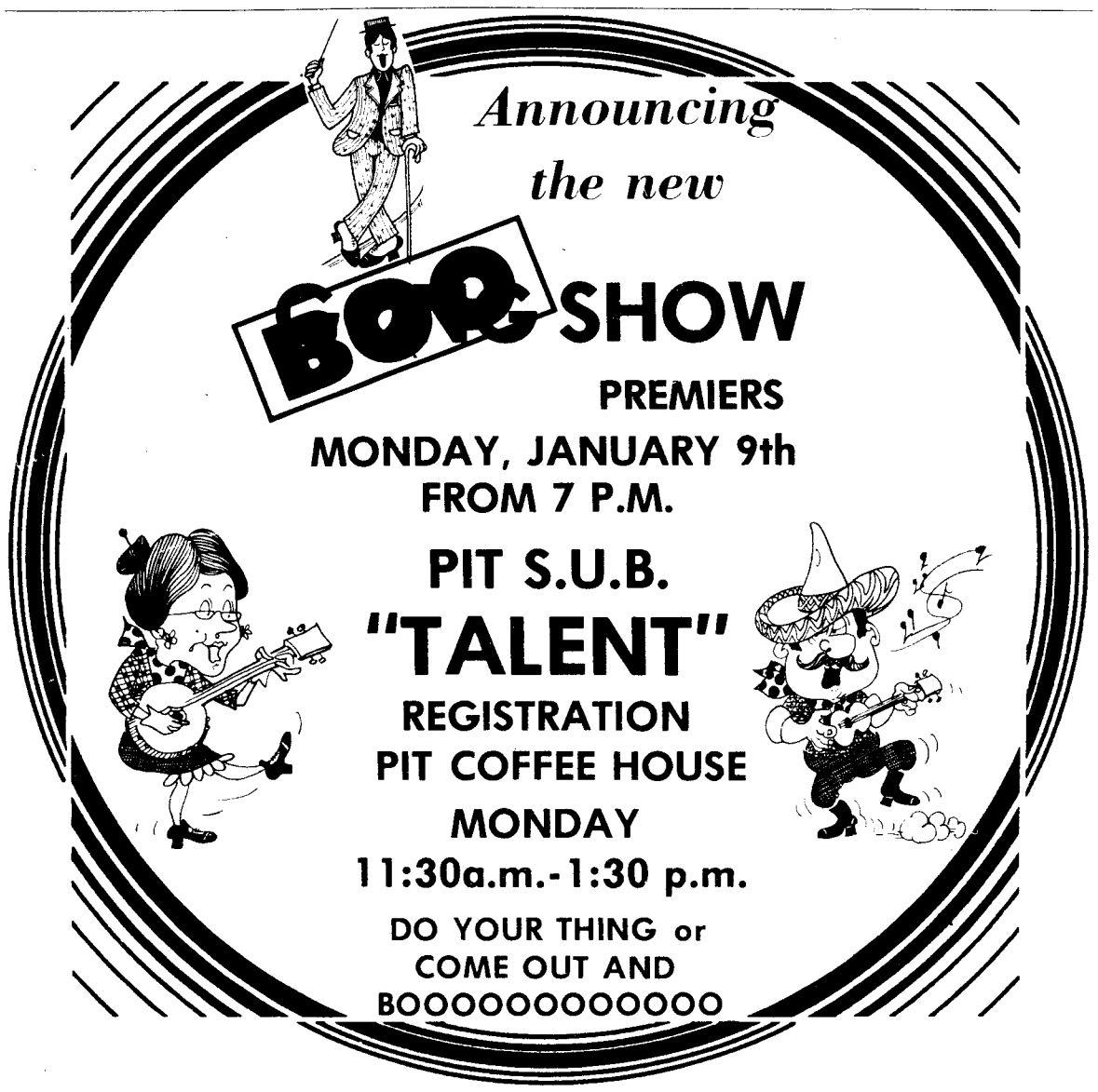
"WOMEN IN THE MEDIA"

Thursday, January 12, 1978, 12:30 - 2:00 p.m. Buchanan Building Room 102

PANEL PARTICIPANTS

Jan O'Brien,
The Province
Linda Hossie,
Vancouver Sun
Ann Petrie,
CBC Radio "Three's Company"
Judy Piercy,
CBC TV "Hourglass"
Kay Smith,
CBC TV Producer

PANEL MODERATOR:
Maryke Gilmore, Assistant to the Dean of Women, Career Counsellor



Parton charm leaves audience smiling

By LES WISEMAN

To the hip elite it is a night to be seen there, to grandmothers it's one of the few nights they feel excited enough to venture away from their knitting, for good ol' boys it's a night to fall in love, and for a lot of people it is a night to find out what all the fuss is about.

A Dolly Parton concert brings out the faithful fans, the religious, the lecherous, the tacky, and the curious. When Dolly brought her show to the Queen Elizabeth Theatre the audience proved her statement that the world is God's coloring book. Affluent young going-places couples rubbed elbows with cowboys who wore T-shirts with Dolly emblazoned across the chests. Rednecks in Mac truck caps ogled the transvestite Dolly lookalikes and longhairs tried to avoid the glances of their parents.

Dolly Parton seems to be the new phenomenon which is sweeping the contemporary music world. The complete antithesis of the other phenomenon, punk rock, Dolly is the epitome of sincerity, religion, faith and homespun pleasantness. To top it off she seems to have real composing and vocal talent coupled with a physical presence which for some has as much eye-pleasing feminine pulchritude as all three of Charlie's Angels rolled into one.

The story of Dolly's rise to prominence is the classic Country and Western success story. Hailing from the Great Smoky Mountain foothills of Tennessee, Dolly was the fourth of a dozen children and in the classic scenario her parents were poor but Dolly was happy. According to legend, she made her first guitar out of an old mandolin and two bass guitar strings (figure that one out) at the age of seven and in high school took up the snare drum in the marching band. On the day after high school graduation, Dolly packed her gear and headed to Nashville where, once again according to legend, she existed on hot dog relish and mustard. Then in 1967 her big break came when she teamed up with Porter Waggoner with whom she toured and recorded several country albums. Her career took off and she became the reigning Queen of country music with such hit singles as Jolene, Love is Like a Butterfly, and I will Always Love You.

Recently, Parton has made a major bid for mainstream pop acceptance. Her entry into a more widespread audience came with the recording of several of her compositions by the likes of Maria Muldaur, Linda Ronstadt and Emmylou Harris. Then last year Dolly decided to make a jump towards her self-proclaimed desire to become a superstar. Abandoning the Travelling Family Band, which had been made up of members of her own family, she recorded New Harvest, First Gathering, an album which began the murmurs of a whole new listening audience. Highlighted by Jackie Wilson's Higher and Higher, the album leaned toward a rock and soul feel without abandoning her beloved country style.

Then in December of last year, Here You Come Again was released and things really took off. The title tune is now a hit single which is conquering both FM and AM markets, and everyone from Barbara Walters to Johnny Carson is interviewing her.

What can account for this sudden interest in an entertainer who was previously the domain of country music listeners? Well, for one thing, she's great. Her voice is sweet enough to make Idi Amin weep and is competent enough to make critics rave. As a stage presence she is charming, sincere and is unafraid to be a country girl despite the growing sophistication of her audiences. In her skin-tight costumes and bouffant wigs she is a complete individual who is unafraid to laugh at her own kitschiness.

Her show in Vancouver was a complete delight. Entering the spotlight in a black and silver-white costume and wearing a wig which blossomed around her head like a Sassoon nightmare, she did a set of all her most famous songs such as Jolene, Higher and Higher, Apple Jack and Coat of Many Colors to which the audience responded with raucous shouts of appreciation and wolf whistles.

DOLLY . . . down home country sweetness with impressive talent

Her stage patter is a bit corny but it is heartfelt. Self-mockery is a charming part of her rapport with the audience, for instance when she noted the amount of binoculars in the audience she giggled, "I know what you fellas are looking at but believe me you don't need binoculars to see them" and "I write a lot of sad songs, in fact some of them are downright pitiful."

Despite her vampire-length fingernails, she accompanied herself proficiently on guitar for Tennessee Mountain Home and another as yet unreleased song which she repeated as if the speed selector on the record player had switched from 33-1/3 to 45 rpm. She sounded like Alvin and the Chipmunks.

From her new album she did Two Doors Down and Here You Come Again which the novice Parton fans could sing along with. During the latter song she broke down giggling when she sighted two transvestites in the audience.

Dolly is a phenomenon and a refreshing one at that. It seems inevitable that she will achieve her goal of superstardom.

According to the blurb in her program booklet (complete with centrefold poster), "When people leave a Dolly Parton show, they leave with the feeling of 'I'm really glad I came; I feel better than I did when I got here.' " And I'll be damned if it isn't true.

Heart returns as conquering heros and heroines

By GEORGE HUEY

It's still difficult to believe that barely two years ago, Heart made that momentous European tour which propelled the band into international stardom. It's even more difficult to believe that just prior to that tour, the band had been subsisting on earnings from the high school dance and club circuit in Vancouver.

Needless to say, Vancouver, the town in which Heart had formerly been based, has been sloth-like in its expression of appreciation for a homegrown product. That homegrown product has blossomed into a hot commodity. Heart is now a top international act, packing them in at sports arenas and music halls across the continent and overseas. Considering the ability of Vancouverites to keep abreast of the times in culture and fashion, it's not difficult to see why they have been so oblivious to Heart's conquests in Europe for such a long time.

Now that the band has established itself as a formidable rock entity here and abroad, Vancouver unashamedly claims Heart for its very own. In reality, the band originated from Seattle, had a brief stint up here, and has since then gone back across the border.

Heart is still embroiled in that seemingly interminable legal dispute with Mushroom Records. To recapitulate, the members of the band had not been overly enthused about the conditions of their recording contract with Mushroom. They decided to jump their contract and hightail it across the border to record with another company. Heart now records for CBS-Portrait.

Last Thursday evening, Heart returned to Vancouver amid the cheers of a warm and receptive sell-out crowd. They had been scheduled to appear at the Coliseum during the Pacific National Exhibition, but because of the threat of a lawsuit from Mushroom, had deemed it wise not to perform here. A temporary resolution of differences under the auspices of the FM 99 Children's fund permitted the band to appear last Thursday evening for the first time in about two years.

The opening act was another Seattle-based group, Grail and Company. The band's performance was as memorable as its name. Relying on highly energized rock and roll, an attempt was made to win over the affections of the audience through sheer decibel bombardment. Despite being fairly competent, Grail and Company were dull and unimaginative.

This was apparent in their own compositions as well as their dependence on the material of other artists (Steppenwolf and Ronny Montrose). Originality within the band was negligent if not nonexistent. At the end of their brief set, the bassist-lead vocalist-master of ceremonies for the band shouted that they would quickly depart since the audience, whom he was addressing, were impatient for Heart to come onstage. It wouldn't be too much of a presumption to say that he had also sensed that the audience was not impressed by the band's performance. Grail and Company were not asked for an encore.

After an uncomfortably long wait between acts, Heart made a dramatic entrance amid mellotron swells and dry-ice smoke. Then the bottom fell out. The group showed a lack of good judgment by opening with Dream of the Archer, a lethargic and directionless 'lullaby' (unintentionally so) from the album Little Queen. This was followed by another two songs from that album, Keep Our Love Alive and the pop tune Say Hello. Both of these were also performed listlessly and unconvincingly. For a while, it would seem as though the audience was in for a very disheartening evening, with no hope of salvaging the remainder of the concert. Little Queen had been hastily slapped together, an inferior follow-up album to Dreamboat Annie, and the live rendition of its songs did not do them any justice, either.

Strangely enough, it was another song from Little Queen, the gut-level rocker Kick It Out which finally provided some measure of salvation. From that point, Heart removed some of our deepest doubts, and proved to some extent that their international success has not been a fluke. From Little Queen, the bank catapulted into material from Dreamboat Annie which included the blissful title track and the streamlined, skillfully arranged Crazy on You.

Only then was Heart able to display its wares: Ann Wilson's raw, throaty vocals that could surpass a Robert Plant on a good night, simple, yet effective harmonies, a fairly tight rhythmic anchor provided by bassist Steve Fossen and drummer Michael Derosier, and the dexterous rhythm guitar and mandolin playing of Nancy Wilson. Nancy also gave the audience an acoustic guitar solo, the Sylvan Song, a piece she wrote herself, which was nothing short of virtuosic.

Heart has adopted as its stage persona the image of a band of wayfaring minstrels, roving vagabonds who will play enthusiastically for a few tossed coins. Ann, the paragon of earthy vitality herself, exudes a rustic charm despite a lack of that charisma found in more polished and seasoned performers such as Bette Midler and David Bowie. She is very casual, yet very engaging as spokeswoman for the group.

Behind the facade of the gentle and meek wandering minstrel, or rather in spite of it, lies a rock powerhouse which can blow the roof off the Coliseum when detonated.

Heart was generous enough to grant the audience two encores, the first an explosive rendition of Led Zeppelin's Rock and Roll and the second a moving interpretation of Harry Nilsson's Without You.

Heart, after a lethargic start, turned in a fine, if not an overwhelming brilliant performance The concert was a nice humanitarian gesture on the part of the band, with at least 30,000 dollars going to the FM 99 Children's Fund.

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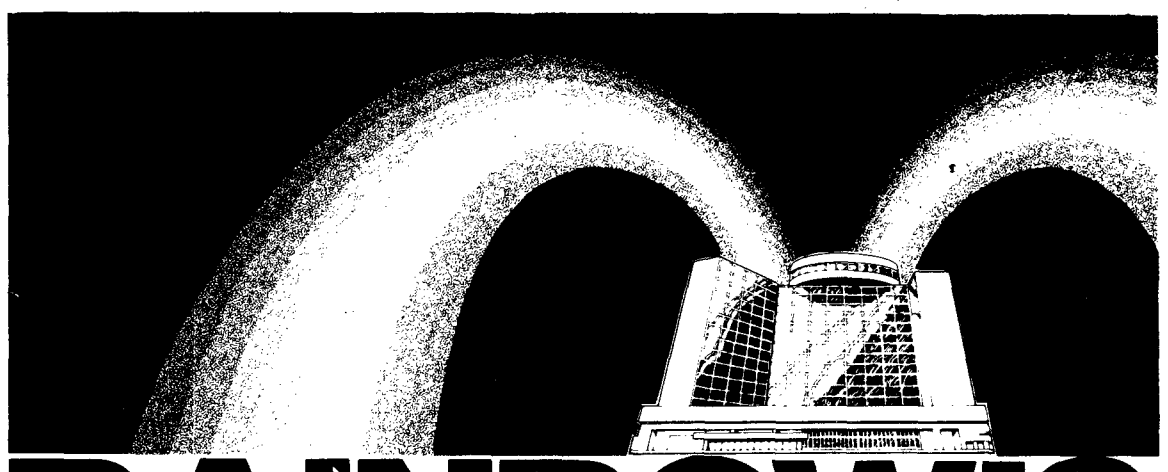
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Saturday Night is solid entertainment

By GEORGE HUEY

Saturday Night Fever
Directed by John Badham
At the Capitol 6

Don't look for any profound socio-philosophical statements in this movie. Despite being based on Nick Cohn's sociological report in the New York magazine, Tribal Rites of the New Saturday Night, Saturday Night Fever thrives on its entertainment value rather than its ability to convey a message. As entertainment, it is wholly successful. The obligatory amount of sex and violence serves to ensnare the attention of the audience. After that, vicarious involvement is inevitable as Tony, the hero in the film, becomes a focus for our sympathies.

Spawned by such classic predecessors as Rebel Without a Cause and West Side Story, Saturday Night Fever is a regurgitation of that now-antiquated theme: the existence of a youthful counterculture within the pre-existing establishment. Predictably, the setting, now updated, is that seedy suburban district in New York, Brooklyn.

Our new James Dean is Tony, a young Italian high school graduate whose only outstanding attribute is his disco dancing prowess. His lifeblood is in the 2001: Space Odyssey discotheque to which he escapes every Saturday night from a futureless job at the hardware store and a hostile, contemptuous father. If television's syrupy-sweet, angelically harmonious families are at one extreme, Tony's family is at the opposite extreme.

Every Saturday night, Tony flaunts his fast and fluid footwork on the dance floor before admiring onlookers. Sensing his dancing superiority, everyone allows him to take his place front and centre on stage. Inevitably, Tony enters the 2001's dancing contest, which offers a $500 prize for the first-place finisher. He chooses for his partner, Stephanie, a 'snotty bitch' whose socio-economic status is a mere rung above his.

There is no question that John Travolta, who plays Tony, has made a successful transition from television comedy to a leading dramatic role in cinema. His antics as Vinny Bah-bah-bah-bahbarino on the Welcome Back Kotter series were an inadequate indication of his acting capacities. His debut starring role in Saturday Night Fever reveals hitherto untapped potential.

Less convincing is the performance of Karen Lynn Gorney whose Brooklynese accent is somewhat belabored. Her part as Stephanie is also her first major role in a feature film.

It's a mystery to no one that Saturday Night Fever capitalizes on the current popularity of the disco craze. Afficionadoes of more sophisticated and complex music aside, the film showcases some of the best from this genre of music. The Bee Gees perform previously unreleased material such as the film's opening number, Staying Alive, to whose infectious beat John Travolta and others jaunt on a busy Brooklyn street, and the beautifully melodic hit single How Deep Is Your Love.

Saturday Night Fever is a slick production, an accurate but perhaps overstated reflection of its real-life counterpart, the nocturnal drama of the discotheque scene. Travolta spent months in honing his newly learned disco-dancing skills specifically for his role in the film. The end product of his labors is some pretty impressive footwork and body gyrations. However, it's very unlikely that you'll see anyone recreating his dancing performance in any of the discos downtown. Nevertheless, the cinematography is superb as the cameras capture Travolta and other dancers in some excellent dance sequences.

The action in the film proceeds at a rapid, taut pace, leaving few breakages within which the audience is lulled into a state of boredom. Saturday Night Fever has a bittersweet quality about it, with characters the audience can readily empathize with and relate to.

All in all, Saturday Night Fever is a cohesive, marketable package of entertainment that delivers. It's not a film that will be subjected to any in-depth analysis in university drama courses. Artistic and esthetic value aside, it's difficult to see anyone being disappointed when they see this film. Besides, who would pass up an opportunity to see John Travolta's Kirk Douglas-like cleft in his chin?

Good-bye Girl is Ross's best

By GRAY KYLES

The Goodbye Girl
Directed by Herbert Ross
Vancouver Centre Theatre

Neil Simon's The Goodbye Girl is one of the best comedies of the year. It is a witty and touching love story that could become one of the big hits of the season.

Marsha Mason stars as an ex-Broadway dancer who has been living with a New York stage actor for a couple of years. When the story begins she and her young daughter are preparing to move to California where her boyfriend will be making a T.V. movie.

But for Paula things never seem to work out. The boyfriend flies the coop to Italy to work in the new Bertolluci picture and sublets the apartment to a struggling actor from Chicago.

Determined to keep the apartment she refuses to allow the new tenant, Elliot Garfield to move in. Eventually a compromise is reached and Paula and her daughter agree to share the apartment with the actor.

Richard Dreyfuss is the standout of the picture as Elliot in what may just be his best screen performance yet. He avoids repeating all the little mannerisms that he has overworked in recent pictures and creates a very full and likeable character.

He shows himself to be one of the most versatile actors in Hollywood in a part which requires a great deal from him.

His comic timing, in scenes such as the one where he comes home drunk after the critics have panned his interpretation of a gay Richard III, has never been better. And he handles the dramatic moments well.

In one of the best scenes in the film Dreyfuss explains to Paula's daughter Lucy that he and her mother are in love and that he loves her too. It is a touching, comic and dramatic moment which shows the best of both Dreyfuss and Quinn Cummings.

Cummings is the latest in a series of engaging and talented child actresses to emerge and her fine performance rivals anything that either Tatum O'Neal or Jody Foster have done.

Marsha Mason has the weakest of the major roles which is odd considering that it was written for her by her husband. But for the most part she rises above the simpy aspects of her role and gives a satisfying performance. She shines when she is angry.

Herbert Ross is a fine journeyman director who is having a good year. His other current release The Turning Point is enjoying good reviews and strong audience support.

He usually does a credible job on any film he is involved with and when he has a good script, and this is Simon's best, and an excellent cast he can turn out a fine movie.

And that is what The Goodbye Girl is. It is Ross' best picture since Play It Again Sam and finally establishes Dreyfuss as the major talent he has long shown signs of becoming.

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WARNING: Occasional sex, coarse language throughout. —B.C. Dir.
SHOW TIMES: 12:20, 2:40, 4:45, 7:05, 9:25
Sunday: 2:40, 4:45, 7:05, 9:25
CORONET 1 851 GRANVILLE 685-6828

STAR WARS
Starring MARK HAMILL HARRISON FORD CARRIE FISHER PETER CUSHING and ALEC GUINNESS
GENERAL
SHOW TIMES: 12:25, 2:45, 5:05, 7:30, 9:55
Sunday: 2:45, 5:05, 7:30, 9:55
CORONET 2 851 GRANVILLE 685-6828

TOUCHING & HILARIOUS —Clyde Gilmour, Toronto Star
WHY SHOOT THE TEACHER
BUD CORT • SAMANTHA EGGAR GENERAL
SHOWS AT: 7:30, 9:30
broadway 1 707 W. BROADWAY 874-1927

KATHARINE HEPBURN SERIES
Jan. 6 - 7 HOLIDAY — 1938 7:30, 9:30 GENERAL
Jan. 8 - 9 PAT and MIKE — 1952 7:30, 9:30 GENERAL
Jan. 10 - 11 LION IN WINTER — 1968 7:00, 9:30 MATURE
Jan. 12 - 13 DESK SET — 1957 7:30, 9:30 GENERAL
broadway 2 707 W. BROADWAY 874-1927

outrageous!
CRAIG RUSSELL — HOLLIS McLAREN
MATURE
WARNING: Suggestive scenes & dialogue. — B.C. Dir.
SHOW TIMES: 7:30, 9:30
dunbar DUNBAR at 30th 224-7252

TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX Presents A HERBERT ROSS FILM
ANNE BANCROFT SHIRLEY MacLAINE
The Turning Point
MATURE
SHOW TIMES: 7:15, 9:30
park CAMBIE at 18th 876-2747

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"PARDON MON AFFAIRE"
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Warning: Occasional nudity—B.C. Dir.
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UFOs: Close Encounters close to truth

By GEORGE HUEY

Since time immemorial, humans have been fascinated by the prospect of encountering beings whose intelligence and powers are on par with or surpass their own. This fascination has been manifested in the fabrication of gods and deities which have helped to account for various natural phenomena. Mythology and religion provided answers to otherwise incomprehensible, unfathomable, and unpredictable events in nature which lay beyond our sphere of control.

Unidentified Flying Objects
The Planetarium

Close Encounters of the Third Kind
Directed by Stephen Spielberg
Vogue Theatre

In addition to the more mundane events of nature such as the rising and setting of the sun and the cyclic progression of the seasons, humans have been profoundly influenced by the more anomalous expressions of nature. The eruption of a long dormant volcano or the appearance of a fiery-tailed heavenly body in the daytime sky spurred vigorous imaginations to form possible explanations.

From myth and superstition, humans have within the span of a century propelled themselves into a Renaissance of scientific and technological thought. Yet the mystique of the possible existence of a more highly intelligent life-form remains. This fascination has received new expression through obsession with the UFO phenomenon. A mysterious object in the nighttime sky becomes not a god or an omen of supernatural origins, but a spacecraft piloted by beings from another world.

After a staccato burst of enthused interest in the sixties, UFOlogy once more has a maniacal grip on the pulse of the populace. This revived interest in UFOs has largely been a result of the two films, Star Wars and Close Encounters of the Third Kind.

Admittedly, there had already been a sizeable mass of literature on the subject before the release of these two pictures and encounters with alien beings has been a common theme in science-fiction stories and novels.

However, Star Wars and Close Encounters brought the subject to the 'illiterate' masses, who are often too lazy or not motivated enough to leaf through non-fiction books about UFOs or the works of Robert Heinlein or Arthur Clarke. Easier to sit in a movie theatre and allow a parade of images to impress upon you new and novel ideas than to struggle to extract them from 100-page books.

The H. R. MacMillan Planetarium's production Unidentified Flying Objects is both a response to the past success of similar Planetarium presentations and an attempt to capitalize on the success of the film Close Encounters. And of course, like most other Planetarium shows, it is purely factual.

Essentially, Unidentified Flying Objects can be divided into two parts. The first attempts to show how reports of sightings can be nullified and accounted for by naturally occurring phenomena and man-made objects. These natural phenomena include the planet Venus, the aurorae or Northern Lights, and the very rarely occurring ball lightning. Some man-made objects that have been mistaken for alien spacecraft in the past are satellites and aeroplanes. Apparently, the overzealousness of people to readily report sightings of UFOs is indicative of a need to satiate a thirst for sensationalism. After all, over 90 percent of UFOs sighted have been expounded to be more commonplace, down-to-earth phenomena.

The second portion of the program draws the attention of the audience to the small percentage of flying objects that have not been identified. Three reports of such encounters are mentioned as examples of events that could trigger erudite speculation about the existence of extraterrestrial visitors.

One of the most difficult cases to believe is that of Herb Schirmer, who had been a police sergeant during his fateful encounter of the third kind. Schirmer had reported that he had actually encountered the inhabitants of a flying saucer. He said that he had also been inside the spacecraft, an incident whose details he could recall only under a hypnotic trance induced by scientists. As a consequence of his willingness to share his experience, the townspeople threatened his life, burned him in effigy, and his wife divorced him. After quitting his job, he found it difficult to find another. One single incident had brought many hardships to Schirmer, but he still refused to deny his initial claims.

Unidentified Flying Objects is a concise condensation of the deluge of literature and information on the provocative and exciting subject of UFOs, which is still growing. It serves as an interesting audiovisual primer for those who have only a passing acquaintance with the subject. People more well-versed in such matters will not walk away from the Planetarium disappointed, either.

After over a year of preliminary hype, the film Close Encounters of the Third Kind has been unleashed onto the public like an ominous saucer-shaped object which has just descended from the heavens. Close Encounters had been touted as a milestone in the history of cinema even before it was available to the movie theatres.

Stephen Spielberg of Jaws notoriety has siphoned his creative talents into another lucrative cinematic project. The young whizzkid director (he's only 29) has drawn from impressive resources the mortar with which to construct this cosmic extravaganza. By the end of production, a total of 19 million dollars had been rung up on the till.

There is nothing new about the theme of Close Encounters. Spielberg has merely stumbled onto the turf upon which countless other science-fiction writers and filmmakers already have trodden. Close Encounters draws its strength from the astounding visual effects and Spielberg's ability to inspire awe and romance rather than from any originality. The credibility of the events in the story provides additional strength.

To do the special effects for Close Encounters, Spielberg drafted Doug Turnbull, a well-known master of illusion on the movie screen. Turnbull did the effects for 2001: A Space Odyssey and Silent Running. In many ways, he found the special effects for Close Encounters to be more of a challenge than those for his earlier films, since all the action is earthbound. Consequently, the illusions had to be more believable. Some of Turnbull's handiwork in Close Encounters include fantastic images of cloud turbulence, luminous spacecraft swooping down from the skies at blinding velocities, and disruptive, poltergeist-like activity in various houses.

RICHARD DREYFUSS . . . encounters close interrogation by French director Francois Truffaut

As for the cast, Spielberg has re-enlisted Richard Dreyfuss, an old colleague from his Jaws days, for the leading role. Dreyfuss is Roy Neary, a hard-hat worker employed by an electric power company who not only sees the UFOs, but establishes psychic contact with the extraterrestials. Neary goes through some rather comic but silly moments in his attempt to clarify a recurring vision.

Dreyfuss comes across as a suburbanite bumpkin who because of his privileged information acts in some bizarre ways. His portrayal of Neary could easily be mistaken as part of a television sitcom spliced onto the reel of a film supposedly dealing with a serious topic. Nevertheless, Neary ultimately clarifies his vision by constructing it out of everything imaginable, from clods of earth from the backyard, to shaving cream, and to food that just happened to be lying around in the kitchen. A flickering image on the television screen confirms that Neary's vision is that of Devil's tower in Wyoming, the location of the climactic encounter with the aliens.

In many ways, Neary is the fictional equivalent to Herb Schirmer. Because of his stubborn refusal to deny his experience with the UFOs, Neary loses both his job and his wife, who walks out on him with the children while he is absorbed in sculpting his vision.

Neary teams up with Jillian Guiler, a divorcee who joins the quest to Devil's Tower primarily because her three year old son has been abducted by the aliens. As the distraught, near-hysterical mother, Melinda Dillon gives a totally believable performance.

Cary Guffey as the three year old Barry shows promise as a child actor. In Close Encounters, his role symbolizes a childlike receptivity to the unknown, an innocent curiosity about a world, of which the aliens seem to be a part, that still has many vistas to explore. It is Barry who maintains his composure while the adults around him go to pieces.

In his role as Earth's goodwill ambassador to the extraterrestrial visitors, French filmmaker Francois Truffaut gives a passable performance, but his presence in the film seems to be a result of one of Spielberg's youthful whims rather than Truffaut's acting abilities.

The apocalyptic encounter at Devil's Tower ties all the loose threads of the story together. It is this last half hour or so of the film that provides the flesh for the skeletal framework of earlier developments. The music of Jon Williams, the cinematography of Vilmos Zsigmond and Trumbull's special effects coalesce to create an awe-inspiring multi-sensory experience. Spielberg successfully imparts to the audience an overwhelming sense of grandeur and drama of cosmic proportions. There is also a pervasive mood of optimism, of hope and of the promise of the future.

The universe is immense, apparently boundless, with galaxies which consist of billions of stars. It is highly probable that many of these stars have planetary systems similar to our own solar system. It is still highly probably that each of these planetary systems have planets with environmental conditions amenable to life. And the conception that the life on these planets has evolved into highly intelligent forms still remains within our grasp.

Less acceptable is the conception that these intelligent beings, if they exist, have developed a technology or alternative to technology which can bridge the vast distances in interstellar space. However, with the volume of data we have about the presence of extraterrestrial visitors on our own minute world, a Close Encounter of the Third seems to be a question of not if, but when.

THE VANCOUVER INSTITUTE

Free Saturday Night Lectures At The University Of B.C.

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Wykeham Professor of Logic
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January 14
The Dal Grauer Memorial Lecture
Professor Albert Breton and Professor Raymond Breton
University of Toronto
QUEBEC AND THE DYNAMICS OF CONTEMPORARY CANADA

January 21
Professor Bharati Mukherjee
Department of English, McGill University
and
Professor Clark Blaise
Department of English,
Concordia University, Montreal
THE ART OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY; READINGS: "DAYS AND NIGHTS IN CALCUTTA"

January 28
Commander D. W. Waters
Deputy Director, National Maritime Museum
London, England
CAPTAIN COOK'S CONTRIBUTIONS

February 4
Dr. John Dirks
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"SALT" IN HEALTH AND DISEASE

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Vancouver, B.C.
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February 18
Ms. Pat Carney
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THE SPACE AGE CLASSROOM – SATELLITE TELE-EDUCATION

February 25
Yousuf Karsh
Ottawa, Ontario
OBSERVATIONS AND PHOTOGRAPHS

March 4
The Honourable Arnold C. Smith
Ottawa, Ontario
CANADA AND WORLD POLITICS – TODAY AND TOMORROW

March 11
Dr. Gobind Horana
Massachusetts Institute of Technology
Cambridge, Mass.
THE BIOLOGICAL REVOLUTION

March 18
Professor Martin Esslin
Stanford University
Stanford, California
THE THEATRE OF THE ABSURD

Vancouver Institute lectures are held on Saturdays at 8:15 p.m. in Lecture Hall No. 2 of the Woodward Instructional Resources Centre at the University of British Columbia. Admission to lectures is free and the public is invited to attend.

PLEASE CLIP FOR FUTURE REFERENCE

VAG sells out to N.E. Thing Company

By DAVID MORTON

The trouble with N.E. Thing Company's Two Projects show at the Vancouver Art Gallery is that if you go to the gallery hungry, you might be tempted to go for lunch at Ian and Ingrid Baxter's Eye Scream Restaurant. Two Projects is little more than a giant advertisement for this restaurant conveniently owned by the co-presidents of N.E. Thing Company.

N.E. Thing Company Ltd., (NETCO), is an art concept created by Vancouver artists Ian and Ingrid Baxter. It is dedicated specifically to the exploration of the meaning of the word "art," but more generally society's attitudes to the entire English language.

NETCO addresses itself to different aspects of language and transfers words into visual imagery. In an earlier show, the Baxters concerned themselves with cliches. Cliches are phrases that have lost the combined meanings of individual words. Through use of these, the new meanings take over and become so familiar that the literal meanings are forgotten.

NETCO would react to a cliche such as "Kick the bucket" by showing a human leg in the act of kicking a bucket. Irony is created by the juxtaposition of the phrase with both literal and figurative meanings.

Implicit in this kind of thing is humour and playfulness. The adsurdity of NETCO's shows are sure to bring a smile to the viewer whether or not they fit into his or her definition of art.

The shame of the Two Projects show is that a relatively interesting idea is ruined by the presentation of the exhibits and the publicity stunts for the Eye Scream Restaurant/Gallery. Before the viewer enters the show there is what appears to be an introduction to NETCO and the Two Projects on view. But the introduction becomes an explanation, even a rationalization for what is about to be seen inside the gallery.

The introduction concerns itself with the ambiguity of the word "art." "Sooner or later, nearly everyone is going to be enraged at something on the walls or the floors (of an art gallery) because it does not confrom to their definition of art."

It goes on to explain that NETCO, in an attempt to get around this abiguity, has created a more accurate term for the word. They call art in general Sensitivity Information. It can be broken down into such categories as Sound Sensitivity Information, sensory information which is received aurally, and Visual Sensitivity Information, which accounts for the visual arts.

If N.E. Thing Company is trying to solve the ambiguity of the word "art" they fail both in idea and execution. The label of Visual Sensitivity can by no means answer the judgements of the viewer who asks the old question, "But is it art?"

One of the two projects on display is entitled People/-Language. It was brought about by the gathering together of 50 Vancouver residents with surnames consisting of common nouns, verbs, adjectives and adverbs.

Such people as Mr. Green, Mr. Young, Ms. Pink and Mrs. Pipe were photographed with name cards identifying them at their feet. The photographs were then compiled to form statements with the surnames of the people. A piece entitled "Young Green Apple" consists simply of Mr. Young, Mr. Green and Ms. Apple grouped in that order in one photograph.

The work of art is then completed by the addition of an object, or objects, which are described in the picture. In the above case, the photograph would be accompanied by a fresh green apple.

The idea is interesting, but carried to the extent that is shown at the Vancouver Art Gallery, the idea becomes repetitive. After catching on to the idea, and a few smiles, the viewer can only momentarily enjoy the variations before they become tired.

The second project to be seen at the Gallery is the Eye Scream Restaurant/Gallery exhibit. There is little to be said of this except that it consists of visual displays of things that might be encountered in the auctual restaurant. One piece shows a table with three seated dummies being served by a waiter.

Celebration of the ordinary is fine to an extent, and a restaurant is relatively ordinary. But the idea of using an art gallery as a place to advertise Eye Scream, whether or not it is indeed unique, does not conform to this reviewer's definition of art. Art is not just anything, that much can be said.

As if the mere presence of typical scenes in the Eye Scream restaurant wasn't enough, N.E. Thing Company manages to obtain even more publicity by inviting representative members of various media to cover the People/Language event.

Such people as Art Perry, Province art critic, and Pia Shandel of CKVU were on hand at the name gathering and were informed by the Baxters that they were participating in an art event. The subsequent articles, and radio and television shows would be certified works of art as well, they were informed.

It is a fine way to attract publicity to say that anything produced by certain members of the media is a work of art. It is interesting that such flattery would fool these people, including the Vancouver Art Gallery.

PLC protests nuclear base

By PAISLEY WOODWARD

Each day, the entire world spends $1 billion on nuclear weapons.

Everyone knows that 1 billion is a lot of money, but when dollar amounts exceed $100,000 people have a hard time imagining just how much more than $100,000 $1 billion is.

On display in the SUB art gallery is a sculptural and graphic display put on by Pacific Life Community which shows, buy using pieces of paper, just how much $1 billion is.

PLC hasn't used dollar size piece of paper, or one piece of paper to represent a dolar. Instead, there are ten large stacks of paper, each representing $100 million dollars and together equalling $1 billion. One piece of paper in each stack represnts $10,000, with 10,000 dollar signs on each.

PLC was formed in January of 1975 as an organization committed to non-violent, community-oriented living. Since that time, PLC has focused on protesting the construction of the Trident nuclear submarine base at Bangor, Washington.

On May 22 PL plans to hold non-violent protest of several thousand people outside and on the Trident base. May 22 is the day before the United Nations is scheduled to hold its first conference on nuclear disarmament.

The purpose of the protest is to draw public attention to the threat of nuclear proliferation in order to pressure the UN to take the conference seriously.

PLC intends to shut down the Trident base by blockading all five entrances onto the site so that Trident workers will not be able to gain access to the base.

To insure that the protest will be completely peaceful, PLC is organizing non-violent training for those who intend to take part in the shutdown. the purpose of non-violent training is to prepare people for the protest through role playing and rehearsal to prevent violent outbursts caused by fear and anger.

Along with PLC, a coalition of about nine environmental and pacifist groups is working in Seattle to organize the Trident shutdown.

The Trident weapon system will consist of 10 to 20 submarines, each 550 feet long, about four storeys tall and powered by two nulcear reactors.

The Trident submarines will carry manoeuverable re-entry vehicles (MARVs) which have a range of 6,000 miles and can evade antiballistic missiles and return to their original courses. The MARVs have the accurancy to home in on enemy missile siloes.

As each warhead is 10 times as powerful as the bomb which destroyed Hiroshima, an each Trident submarine carries 408 individually guided warheads, the Trident system will be the most powerful weapon in the world and will have first strike capacity.

PLC also has on display in the SUB gallery a totem pole comprised of television sets, on each of which is drawn a symbol to represent an emblem from our time. certainly one would be hard pressed to find something more appropriate than a T.V. to fill this position.

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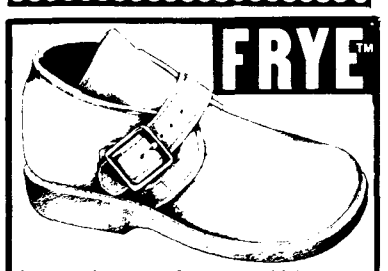
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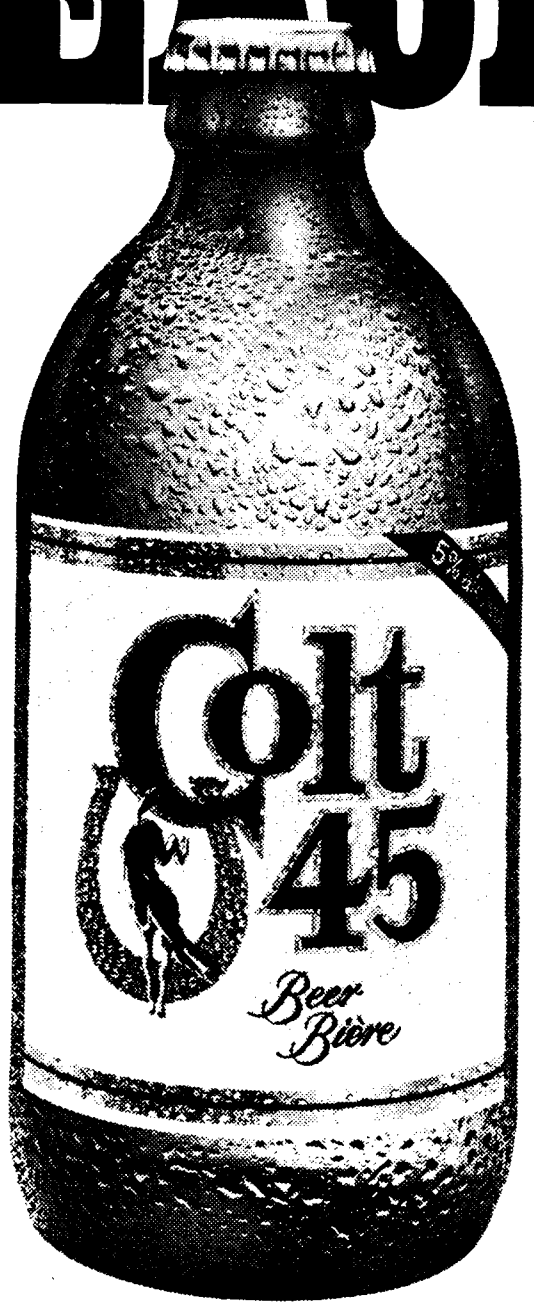

A UNIQUE
EXPERIENCE

Audience sparse at open screenings

By ERIC PROMISLOW

The amateur film event of the season returned to Vancouver last month and almost everyone missed it. Yes, Pacific Cinematheque held another open screening, but only a handful of people showed up for a pot-luck dinner of cinematic delicacies.

Open Screening is unlike any other public film presentation in Vancouver. Anyone with a film is welcome to bring it down and show it. The viewers can meet the filmmakers and ask them questions after the film. Best of all, no one, not even the projectionist, knows what the next film will be like.

The first Open Screening night was held in April, and there have been two others since. All interested local filmmakers were invited to bring their films down to the small Georgia Street theatre. Without any pre-screening they were presented on a first-come-first-shown basis until they ran out.

The open screenings have given some excellent films deserved exposure and saved them from obscure oblivion. Other films have been fun to watch, although they haven't been as captivating. There have been a few films that don't do much more than fill up time, but I can't think of one film that didn't have some redeeming qualities.

The films are terrific for those with voyeuristic tendencies. They show exactly what local filmakers have on their minds. After a film is shown, its creator usually stands up and fields any questions the audience might have. Some heated discussions have resulted from this.

Unfortunately, at the last screening none of the filmmakers offered to stand up, and the makers of the first two films refused to even reveal themselves. The two unclaimed films weren't dull at all. They were 1940s-ish mysteries, products of the 1975 Simon Fraser University Film Workshop, and the persons responsible deserved to take a bow.

"So what kinds of films have there been that I should rush down to the next screening instead of watching Citizen Kane for the 18th time?" asks the skeptical film addict who prefers to watch only the best directors, best actors or best-advertised films. "It isn't even experimental film," he complains.

Perhaps the screening nights haven't been popular successes for the reason that they defy labeling and categorizing, almost as if they were waving their middle fingers to the established film world. The film industry is an elitist one; open screening is an upstart child.

With the exception of your average 19th century historical epic, every kind of film has been shown.

I Was a Teenage Personality Case tells the pathetic story of a stumbling, adenoidal adolescent who gets beaten up by a beer-guzzling motorcyclist after unknowingly (and unsuccessfully) trying to pick up his girl friend at the beach.

The film satirized teenage stereotypes beautifully, but was marred when the visual part began to outpace the audio, and the film was stopped periodically to let the sound catch up.

Not being very involved in the production aspects of filmmaking, technical problems don't bother me too often. I find that the best way to enjoy an open screening is to just sit back and appreciate what's on the screen. The content is what counts. If the sound fails or the picture stops, I remind myself that the same thing could happen to me, and probably would.

One of the first films shown last April documented life at a tree-planting camp and set the scene for an undesirable incident. After 10 minutes of inane dialogue ("What were you thinking of when you planted your first tree?" "Trees.") and another 15 of a skinny-dipping scene, the projectionist got bored and abruptly shut off the film.

The film's creator coolly explained that that was the end of the film for the screening and sat down as the next film faded on to the screen.

It was unfortunate that his film was cut short. It was poorly done, but was easily as interesting as any of the other films shown that night.

Since then, every film has been shown in its entirety. If the projectionist had the power of a censor, the open evenings would lose their purpose.

One woman has contributed two films that would never be shown anywhere else.

The first was about a group of youthful old people in Richmond who perform for less energetic folk. They were doing a takeoff on the colorful antics of college students. Students of the 1920s, that is.

The film caught the earnest innocence of the performers that would probably be lost in a professional endeavor. The filmmaker just set up her tripod in the middle of the auditorium and pressed the shutter.

Her other film, called Ice Cream, showed two people eating dinner while reading their lines off cue cards in classic monotone. The plot was to get the woman to go to the store for some ice cream so the man could steal some of the rolls of film she kept in her fridge.

Ice Cream was the definitive expose of the backbiting ruthlessness of filmmakers. Not even Bogdanovich would hit the industry that hard.

The films shot in Vancouver are always interesting, as they show how each filmmaker perceives the city.

There has been the old bird's-eye view of the Pacific metropolis-nestled-in-the-mountains shot from a helicopter. Another person showed random scenes of the UBC campus at play, set to the song Flying from the Beatles' Magical Mystery Tour album.

One of the most rhapsodic presentations of a city was a constant barrage of scenes of Montreal synchronized beat-by-beat to Pink Floyd's Metal. The film caught the driving feeling one experiences in North America's most cosmopolitan city, and kept it up for six fantastic minutes.

There haven't been many excellent films, but there have been enough so that the more discriminating viewers have found the evenings enjoyable. The screenings aren't restricted to people like me who will watch any independent venture that moves.

The animated shorts have all been worth watching, and some have been done with beautiful techniques, all shot in the family bathtub, for example.

Some incredible science-fiction works have been spawned at SFU. The best one was about a couple of mad scientists who operate out of a rooming-house in inner Kitsilano. The advertise that they have a room to rent and end up turning an unsuspecting California hippie into a Brazilian grasshopper.

The most provocative film shown during the three evenings ended the December screening. Produced at Ottawa's Algonquin College, it documented a typical day at a Toronto day-care centre.

The filmmakers used a direct approach without any fancy techniques and made their point with admirable efficacy.

Anyone who is inclined to try to convince someone like Bill Vander Zalm of new important day-care centres are should definitely write to Algonquin and see about obtaining a print, the film was that professionally done. It didn't force its point, but never let the viewer ignore it either.

The film proved that one open screening is more important than 10 Bogart festivals. Without the screening the film would probably have never been shown.

The question remains, "can Open Screening continue in a society that unceasingly demands perfection? At the first evening the theatre was packed and there wasn't enough time to show all the films that people brought in. At the last one just 30 people came full of breathless expectations, only to see a mere 90 minutes of films (including breaks).

Make your presence known at the next showing! Bring a film if you have one. Go there anyway if you don't and show your support for the little person.

Open Screening must continue because it is the only outlet local film artists have in Vancouver before the higher authorities recognize them. The screenings allow an interchange between performers and spectators that never existed before.

Film is now more than a form of artistic expression — it is a vital mode of communication. Free, public screenings will help it retain that status, for the benefit of everyone.

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INSURANCE CORPORATION OF BRITISH COLUMBIA ...Where the Driver Sets the Rates

Congratulations and keep up the safe driving.

New ski bums avoid the slopes

By MAUREEN CURTIS

Someday archeologists will get around to excavating Canadian mountains. Their finds will lead them to conclude that there were two distinct tribes of humans known to have frequented those snowy slopes. They are the Downhill Tribe and the Cross-country Tribe. There must be no confusion of the two.

I didn't know this when I decided to take up cross-country skiing. My reasons were economic and practical. I didn't have the funds to equip and transport myself to the top of downhill slopes. I did not have the patience to stand in line-ups.

And so I found myself in a hostel near Banff beneath the stony silence of Mt. Eisenhower. I confess I had some mistaken preconceptions about hostels. I believed they were the hideouts of wandering degenerates. I expected bugs, dirt, a great deal of uncombed hair, exotic drugs and a variety of perversions.

In truth I was in danger of being outclassed. The fellow playing classical guitar in the corner had a Ph.D. in Physics. The scruffy woman with glasses was a medical student. The man in the red plaid jacket had a Ph.D. in Engineering and his girl friend had just received a scholarship to do an English M.A. So much for preconceptions.

To make things worse the hostel itself was neat and sanitary, with all the comforts of home, excluding plumbing. But an outhouse at 25 below can be an exhilerating experience. There was a girl's dorm and a boy's dorm and rules about who slept in which. Even a long-wedded middle-aged couple went the parting of the ways in the common room at night.

It was in this environment that I became fully aware that cross-country skiing is not a sport but a religion and that cross-country skiers and downhill skiers are like Catholics and Protestants in various stages of fanaticism. That very evening one of the regulars arrived in downhill boots. There were raised eyebrows and shaking heads. I heard someone mutter 'traitor'. Others were bolder in their condemnation. The poor young man with lowered eyes and bowed head began to take on the aspect of a defrocked priest or prodigal son.

During a slide show later I began to suspect that most of the people there knew every mountain within a 100 mile radius down to its exact height in miles or meters. They could recognize them from photographs taken at any angle. But then they had climbed a good number of them.

Yes, the cross-country tribe is a unique breed. Although they may arise from any background or walk of life, they have a common set of gals and values. The mecca of the Cross-country Tribe is a 'first ascent.' But virgin slopes are getting harder to come by and so the eager skier settles for a new, harder route on a mountain that has already been climbed. The dire warning of the local wardens are heeded not at all.

Then there came the day when I found that I had unwittingly become a convert. I was dragging my beat and aching carcass up a 45 degree incline while buses whizzed by carrying downhill skiersto the lodge. My hardy companions growled something about 'the last vestiges of self-propelled man'. Self-propelled Man is another name for the Cross-country Tribe. When we had climbed the three miles to the ski lodge I gasped. This was obviously Downhill Territory. There were skiers everywhere and I held my breath as they swooshed by me at frightening speeds. We slunk into the lodge and huddled in the corner on the floor to eat lunch. I think I knew then what it must be like to be an immigrant.

All around us the Downhillers thronged in their bright colour co-ordinated ski suits. They looked like a heard of many hued pop-sicles. Across the room from me I saw her. Downhill Woman. There she stood in purple and green laughing and talking with another woman of her ilk. Her hair was perfect and her face was perfect. She looked like she had just stepped out of Vogue or Cosmopolitan. I shuddered to think what I must look like after a week in a hostel. My face had not known makeup for many a day. I had imprisoned my frizzled hair in braids. Cross-country Woman's attire is essentially the same as that of her male counterpart, — baggy wool knickers, bright socks and many layers of shirts and sweaters. The effect is decidedly bunchy. There are men who find women in hiking boots attractive, but they are probably the exception rather than the rule.

Did I breath a sign of relief as we slung on our packs and slunk out? I looked back only once as we went on to climb further up, leaving the constant clank of the T-bar and chairlift and the groomed slopes behind us. Half an hour later we arrived in Cross-country Land. We were on the top of a mountain and we could see valleys and other peaks stretching all around us. Here and there a ghostly tree huddled in its snowy cloak. The tracks of the last cross-country skier to have been up here were barely discernable in the snow. There was not another soul in sight. This was a scene from fairyland or another planet, and it was joy to romp in it and explore. For a brief moment I thought again of the hordes of Downhill skiers I had left behind me. Destined to travel up and down the same crowded polished slopes like robots, they had no idea of what they were missing.

Let us turn now to the sport itself. The Downhill Tribe does one thing. It goes downhill. But the Cross-country Tribe is like the guitar, which can express itself equally well in classical or country music. On flat ground its method of locomotion is a combination of running and skating. On a slight upward incline the wax on the ski will enable him to walk right up with the ease of a hiker. Sidestepping and zigzagging is necessary on steeper hills, but can be rather tiring.

In time one gets better at it,or so I'm told. When the ground begins to slope downwards locomotion becomes effortless. The cross-country skier moves into a snow-plow as the slopes get steeper, and this is just as fun as downhill skiing. At first the former Downhillers find it more difficult to control their skis. The foot commands, but the ski doesn't always obey, because the boot and bindings are very flexible. It is the shifting of weight that helps the skier navigate those hairpin curves and traverse the pits left by other falling skiers.

There are those who learn how to cross-country ski in one or two days with little difficulty. I was not one of them. When I tried to climb my first steep hill I found myself having great difficulty. I slid back five feet for every two I gained. One by one the members of my group passed me. After half an hour of frustrating labour I did what every normal red blooded human has a perfect right to do. I sat down in a snow bank and cried. I had already told the last person that passed me that they could come back for my frozen corpse in the morning. I was found by two women who asked me what kind of wax I was using. "Blue" I whimpered. "Well try some purple" said one of them handing me the wax. Soon I was fairly galloping up the slope.

That was the day I fell in the creek. In fact I learned how to fall in at least 30 different ways, all of them ungraceful and damaging to the pride. The wrost is downhill, face first in 4' of powdered snow. Falling can either be accidental, or an intentional act of desperation, when hurtling towards a cliff (for example.) In fact, falling is an essential, unavoidable poart of the learning process. Each tumble evokes memories of childhood spankings, so its probably even good for you. The measure of progress is the amount of moisture one can wring out of the back of one's knickers at the end of the day. I made the mistake of lining my knickers with red flannel, and I don't think my long underwear will ever be the same.

There are probably easier ways of learning a new activity. I emerged from the mountains exhausted. My legs were covered with ghastly bruises, I had blisters the size of quarters on my heels, and every inch of my body ached. But in a short period of time, a weak, inexperienced female had metamorphosized into Cross-country Woman.

There is only one thing that worries me. It seems that cross-country skiing is beocming more popular in Canada. Someday those deserted wonderlands may teem with hordes from the Cross-country Tribe (former members of the Downhill Tribe of course). Someday the shapeless garb of the Cross-country Tribe may be the height of fashion. Someday cross-country skiing may even be 'cool.' I couldn't be 'cool' to save my life.

CROSS-COUNTRY SKIERS . . . members of the new tribe taking up the slopes

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Book succeeds despite flack

By MERRILEE ROBSON

Never read dust jackets on books. They always lie. The one on this book tells us, "Duddy Kravitz tried to beat the system from the inside, Ginger Coffey tried to beat it from the outside, now Figgy Van Rijn tries to blow it all to hell in The Sunshine Man."

This may be meant as a compliment to the author. Or it could be a plan to attract readers with the use of a few familiar names, which is more likely. But instead the cover suggests that D. M. Clark is a pale imitation of Mordecai Richler and Brian Moore.

The Sunshine Man
By D. M. Clark
McClelland and Stewart
224 pages, $8.95 hardcover

Which is hardly fair. Because it's not a bad book on its own.

The protagonist, Figgy, is trying to leave the rat race. But to say he blows it all to hell is a bit of an overstatement. This part of the novel is the least compelling. Figgy's dissatisfaction with his job and his outrageous behavior at parties are common elements in novels from the 60s. Those sections appear to be curiously dated. Figgy goes to parties where he becomes angry with his middle-aged friends' love beads. He wants to leave his job and insult everyone concerned with it. It's all very familiar.

The chapters describing Figgy's relationship with his dying mother, on the other hand, and the flashbacks to his childhood are detailed and touching. Clark handles Figgy's feelings for his brutal father and his unhappy, embarrassing mother in a very convincing manner.

The plot is narrated in a series of episodes, combining the elements of Figgy's past and present life. The effect is disconcerting at first but the sections weave themselves together as the novel progresses.

Figgy's eventual rejection of his job is not as dramatic a climax as one would like, even though this response is symptomatic of the other breakdowns in his life.

The movement in the novel is not as convicing as it could be. Figgy's behavior does not always seem justified. But the general atmosphere created is very compelling.

Clark writes cleanly and simply. His dialogue is convincing. This is Clark's second novel and, while it's not great literature, it's a surprisingly good novel. Once you recover from all the preconceptions the publishers would like you to have.

VISTA

By NICHOLAS READ

The UBC alumni association, in conjunction with the department of music, will present the first in a series of four concerts spotlighting some of UBC's music students on Thursday, Jan. 12 at 8 p.m. This inaugural concert will feature performances by flautist **Jane Kay Martin**, violinist **John Loban**, flautist **Paul Douglas**, organist **Frederick Geoghegan**, pianist **Stephen Chatman**, trumpeter **Martin Berinbaum**, and singer **Donald Brown**.

Series tickets can be purchased through the UBC alumni association, 6251 Cecil Green Park Rd., and all concerts will take place in the recital hall of the UBC music building.

Ostensibly cashing in on the current success of Star Wars and Close Encounters, the Vancouver Museum and Planetarium, 1100 Chestnut Street, is presenting a science fiction film series beginning Jan. 6. On view tonight will be **Fantastic Planet**, a film billed as a contemporary look at a fictional alien civilization. It will run tonight, tomorrow and Sunday at 8:30 p.m. Tickets are available at the Planetarium.

Also on the film scene, Cinema-16 will resume presentation of the two series **The Pre-War French Talkies** and **Great Lovers** beginning Jan. 9. The Pre-War series features such titles as La Kermess Heroique and Le Million, while the Lovers series showcases some of the screen's greatest stars in films such as Queen Christina, Garden of Allah and San Francisco. Series passes are on sale at Cinema-16, Box 35, SUB, and at most Duthie Book stores. No single admissions will be sold. Most showings are held on Monday evenings in the SUB Auditorium.

The paintings of **William Kurelek** will be on view at the Burnaby Art Gallery beginning tomorrow. The exhibition is entitled A Prairie Boy's Summer and consists of a collection of works by Kurelek that depict his boyhood on the prairies during the Depression.

Accompanying the Kurelek collection at the gallery, is an exhibition of Canadian and Japanese water colors. Both exhibits will run through to Jan. 29. The Burnaby Art Gallery is located at 6344 Gilpin Street, Burnaby.

Should you find yourself in search of something to do around midnight on any Thursday or Friday night throughout January, you might want to look into **After Midnight**. After Midnight is a topical revue of late-night entertainment written and performed by local artists that takes place each Thursday and Friday night at the Arts Club Theatre, 1181 Seymour, at 12:15 a.m. Tickets are available at the door.

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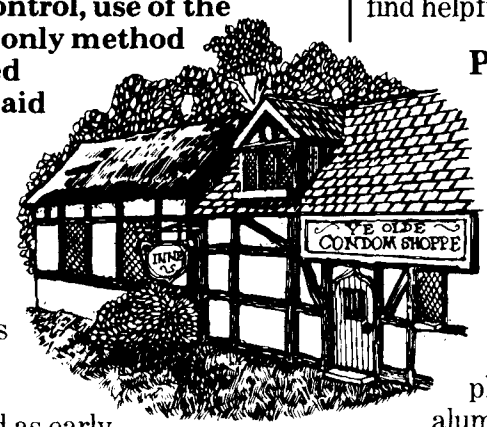
VSO

Julius Schmid would like to give you some straight talk about condoms, rubbers, sheaths, safes, French letters, storkstoppers.

All of the above are other names for prophylactics. One of the oldest and most effective means of birth control known and the most popular form used by males. Apart from birth control, use of the prophylactic is the only method officially recognized and accepted as an aid in the prevention of transmission of venereal disease.

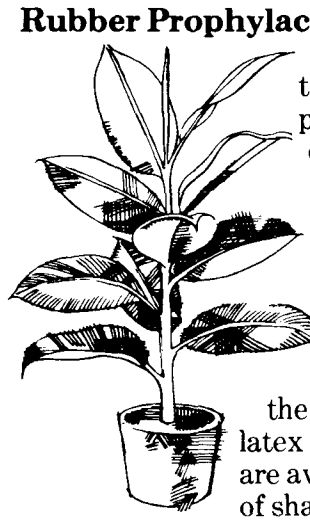


Skin Prophylactics.

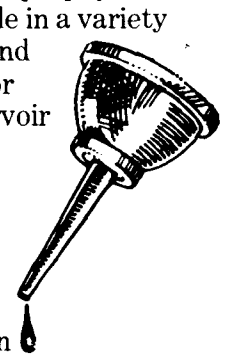
Skin prophylactics made from the membranes of lambs were introduced in England as early as the eighteenth century. Colloquially known as "armour"; used by Cassanova, and mentioned in classic literature by Richard Boswell in his "London Journal" (where we read of his misfortune from not using one), they continue to be used and increase in popularity to this very day.

Because they are made from natural membranes, "skins" are just about the best conductors of body warmth money can buy and therefore their effect on sensation and feeling is almost insignificant.

Rubber Prophylactics



The development of the latex rubber process in the twentieth century made it possible to produce strong rubber prophylactics of exquisite thinness, with an elastic ring at the open end to keep the prophylactic from slipping off the erect penis. Now these latex rubber prophylactics are available in a variety of shapes and colours, either plain-ended, or tipped with a "teat" or "reservoir end" to receive and hold ejaculated semen.



Lubrication

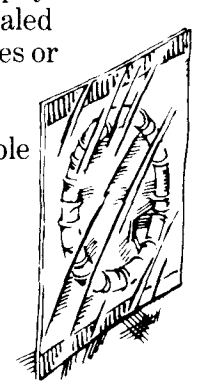
And thanks to modern chemistry, several new non-reactive lubricants have been developed so that prophylactics are available in either non-lubricated or lubricated forms. The lubricated form is generally regarded as providing improved sensitivity, as is, incidentally, the NuForm® Sensi-Shape. For your added convenience, all prophylactics are pre-rolled and ready-to-use.

Some Helpful Hints

The effectiveness of a prophylactic, whether for birth control or to help prevent venereal disease, is dependent in large measure upon the way in which it is used and disposed of. Here are a few simple suggestions that you may find helpful.

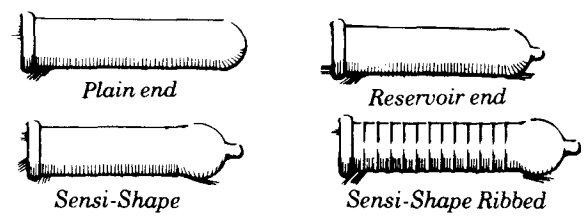
Packaging

First of all, there's the matter of packaging. Skin prophylactics are now packaged premoistened in sealed aluminum foil pouches to keep them fresh, dependable and ready for use. Latex rubber prophylactics are usually packaged in sealed plasticized paper pouches or aluminum foil.



All of these prophylactics, at least those marketed by reputable firms, are tested electronically and by other methods to make sure they are free of defects. Prophylactics are handled very carefully during the packaging operation to make sure they are not damaged in any way.

Prophylactic Shapes



Storage and Handling

It is equally important that you store and handle them carefully after you buy them, if you expect best results and dependability. For example, don't carry them around in your wallet in your back pocket and sit on them from time to time. This can damage them and make them worthless. Next is the matter of opening the package. It's best to tear the paper or foil along one edge so that the simple act of tearing doesn't cause a pinhole. And of course, one should be particularly careful of sharp fingernails whenever handling the prophylactic.

Putting Them On

The condom, or prophylactic, should be put on before there is any contact between the penis and the vaginal area. This is important, as it is possible for small amounts of semen to escape from the penis even before orgasm.

Unroll the prophylactic gently onto the erect penis, leaving about a half of an inch projecting beyond the tip of the penis to receive the male fluid (semen). This is more easily judged with those prophylactics that have a reservoir end. The space left at the end or the reservoir, should be squeezed while unrolling, so that air is not trapped in the closed end.

As mentioned earlier, you may wish to apply a suitable lubricant either to the vaginal entrance or to the outside surface of the prophylactic, or both, to make entry easier and to lessen any risk of the prophylactic tearing.

Taking Them Off

When sexual relations are completed, withdraw the penis while the erection is still present, holding the rim of the prophylactic until withdrawal is complete, so as to stop any escape of semen from the prophylactic as well as to stop it from slipping off. Remove the prophylactic and, as an added precaution, use soap and water to wash the hands, penis and surrounding area and also the vaginal area to help destroy any traces of sperm or germs.

And now for a commercial.

As you've read this far you're probably asking yourself who makes the most popular brands of prophylactics in Canada?

The answer to that is Julius Schmid. And we'd like to take this opportunity to introduce you to six of the best brands of prophylactics that money can buy. They're all made by Julius Schmid. They're all electronically tested to assure dependability and quality. And you can only buy them in drug stores.

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EXCITA Gently ribbed and sensi-shaped to provide "extra pleasure for both partners." Sensitol Lubricated for added sensitivity. Also in "passionate pink." Rolled, ready-to-use.

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SDS Weatherman cools down

Canadian University Press

Last September, a clean cut 29-year-old walked out of a New York cab with his lawyer to face hundreds of reporters and charges of disorderly conduct.

In November, the same thing happened in Chicago, only this time the charges were for inciting to riot. He was lucky in New York and he should be lucky in Chicago to receive minor sentences.

The name Mark Rudd — chairman of the Columbia University chapter, and later national secretary of Students for a Democratic Society (SDS) — probably is not well known now. But his recent arrest recalls a period 10 years ago when the media made Columbia University and Mark Rudd synonymous with SDS and worldwide campus revolt.

Rudd was president of the Columbia chapter of SDS when, in the spring of 1968, the New York college became a battleground between students and police. The immediate issues were the university's decision to build a gym in a local neighbourhood park and Columbia's involvement with the Institute for Defence Analysis.

But the campus revolt, simmering for two years, grew into a general protest against the war and the capitalist system itself. It ended eight days later with an all-out bloody assault by New York's elite tactical patrol force.

The New York Times and the Associated Press, whose headquarters sits on land owned by Columbia University, made Columbia's SDS and its president Mark Rudd the epitomy of what was happening on scores of other campuses across the world.

In the summer of 1969, SDS broke up in bitter disarray, prompted by factional squabbles between the Direct-action Weathermen and the domatic Progressive labour Party. Among the Weathermen faction was Mark Rudd.

Rudd was one of the principle planners of the four October "Days of Rage" in Chicago 1970 when Weathermen, dressed for combat, ran through the streets of Chicago fighting with police and smashing up downtown stores.

After the "Days of Rage," during which Rudd was arrested, the organization went underground. Rudd apparently was dropped from the ranks of lead cadre and there was no mention of him, even in underground communiques, until he turned himself over to New York police in September.

The following interview, the only one Rudd has given or plans to give, was conducted with the understanding that, for legal reasons, no questions would be asked about the charges he faces or what he has done since 1970.

CUP: Why did you originally join SDS?

Rudd: I was impressed in my freshman year at Columbia by the work they had done in organizing poor people, tenants, minorities and students into an effective force against the powers of the state.

By that I mean the interaction of the military, government and business organizations, which at the time were working simultaneously to suppress the legitimate grievances and struggles of people overseas and of people at home.

CUP: It sounds as if SDS was one big umbrella organization supporting every cause it could touch.

Rudd: What I'm saying is that SDS provided the leadership for the first really home-grown left in the U.S.

We taught the mechanics of political organizing and protest to a segment of the population who didn't need to read and recite the dogma of the old bearded wonders to know they were living in a fucked up situation and action had to be taken in some form relevant to the situation.

During the 1967-68 Columbia campaign we saw the university as a factory whose goal was to produce trained personnel for corporations, government, and more universities, and knowledge of the uses of business and government to perpetuate the status quo.

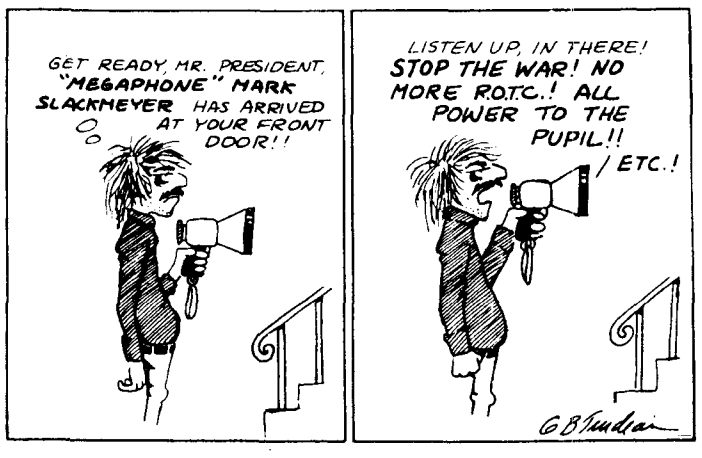
In our strike, we united with many of the people who had been affected by the university's policies — the tenants in Columbia-owned buildings, the Harlem community, the university employees.

Many other people on the outside saw us confront a symbol of those who controlled the decisions that were made in the country.

CUP: You were quoted as saying, "we're the pointmen, the focus for organizing and supplying help for the . . . combined struggles of students, the Young Lords (a Puerto Rican activist group), the Venceremos Brigade (young Americans and Canadians who worked in Cuba), GI resistance . . . and our early contacts with China, Cuba, Vietnam and other Third World groups." Isn't that just a bit elitist in retrospect?

Rudd: I'm not saying SDS was the only group that did anything in the 1960s, but we were the one group with enough funds and members at the time to kind of serve as a catalyst.

We were also responsible for radicalizing a good portion of the American population by showing them in a way they could understand, the myths and contradictions in American society.



SLACKMEYER . . . Gary Trudeau's parody of Rudd

We could do this as a large group while the (Young) Lords and the (Black) Panthers were being wiped out for trying to demonstrate the same things. We had that advantage; but also that responsibility to join in the struggles of other groups.

In the 1960s, SDS, with the exception of PL (the Progressive Labour Party), had rejected that tired old campus-worker-student alliance business as unworkable and irrelevant.

Even before the formation of what you've termed the "action faction" (militant wing of SDS) at Columbia, many of us had been convinced that direct action was the only way to activate other segments of society in the United States.

It was a tactical decision, therefore, and not some nefarious Freudian fixation, as some have suggested.

We're getting into that old dilemma of direct action versus long-term base building for a revolution. You of course realize that what you're about to ask is a question that may have been argued in history's first uprising and I won't talk about that now. I will say that we had a well thought out reason and foundation for the actions we took.

All that crap about SDS members never reading or discussing anything about Marx, was bullshit. All you have to do is check old copies of New Left Notes (the old SDS newspaper) to find that theoretical considerations were argued.

But given the exigencies of the time, was one willing to wait 10 milleniums for what some armchair Marxists hoped would be a "revolutionary working class consciousness" throughout America?

What I'm trying to get at is what I said about SDS in the beginning. We were home-grown, and presented a plan of action that was relevant to the situation, rather than relying on a textbook or some little book filled with quotes.

At the same time, though, the anti-intellectual charge against us was bullshit.

CUP: You're beginning to sound like one of the old SDS generation, like Tom Hayden or even Kirkpatrick Sale, reminiscing about . . .

Rudd: Hold it! I haven't even run for U.S. senator yet. Hayden and his peers were activist liberals.

But they were no more than liberals and his running for senator was completely consistent with the vein that he had always existed in.

You can compare the early SDS people to the later ones all you want, relative to the times they were living in. But that's all.

CUP: Okay, let's get back to the "old bearded wonders."

The SDS national office seemed to draw a lot of criticism from a faction within — the Progressive Labour Party (PL) — for being oblivious to the working class, Marx, Lenin, while concentrating solely on "liberal" action and programmatic approaches to leftist activity.

Rudd: So what else is new? (Note: The SDS split up in 1969 following bitter debates between those who wanted to continue the escalating policy of direct action and the PL faction which wanted to make SDS a "party of the working class").

The PL had a traditional vision of the role of the working class, and were trying to apply it where it would never work.

They were disciplined as hell, so in big meetings they pulled weight out of all proportion to their numbers — PL botched up and skewered all practical debates along ideological lines and programs, programs which spelled zero for them once they were out on their own.

PL's rigid belief in forming a working class party was fantasy. At NYU (New York University) one day I saw one member of a PL picket line for cafeteria workers nearly run over by one of the very workers he was picketing for — pretty pathetic.

Besides, PL clearly got most of its recruits right out of the SDS itself and almost never out of the workers it claimed to struggle for. At the PL founding convention in 1965, out of over a thousand delegates there were, I think, only four workers. The rest were students.

When PL ignomiously faded away, I guarantee the ratio of students to workers remained not very much improved.

CUP: You're beginning to sound cynical about what went on.

Rudd: You can find all that out when I write my memoirs, okay?

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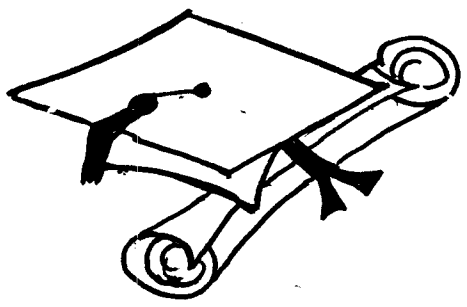
CLOSING DATE MARCH 4th, 1978



GRAD CLASS OF '78

GENERAL MEETING

Thursday, January 12th, 1978

12:30

HEBB THEATRE

GRADS OF '78, YOUR VOTES ARE REQUIRED ON THE FOLLOWING RESOLUTION:

That $4.00 be allotted to each department and/or faculty per graduating student to be used for composite pictures and/or for the funding of a grad function.
The allotment of funds is to be by application. The applications must specify

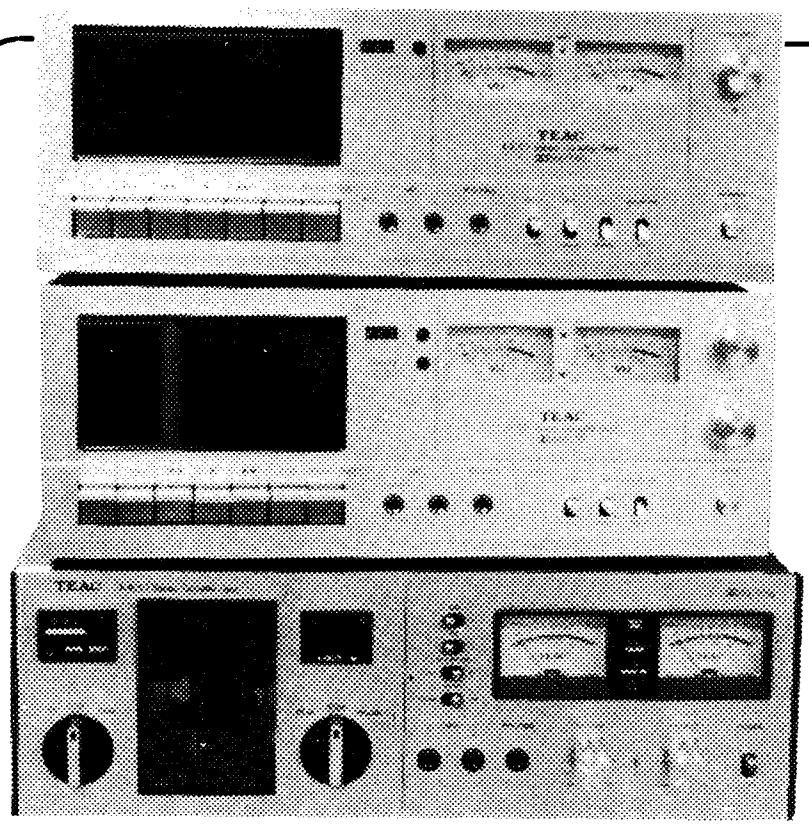
1) **What the money will be used for,**
2) **Amount required,**
3) **In the case of composite pictures, submit photographers name, and**
4) **in the case of a grad function, submit date, place and details.**

Deadline for the applications is January 27th, 1978.

There will also be a discussion of the criteria for the allocation of Grad Class Funds for gifts and projects.

Submitted by
MARIA KRAVJANSKI,
Public Relations Officer,
Grad Class Council

WERE THE #1



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A-400 The time-tested innovator.

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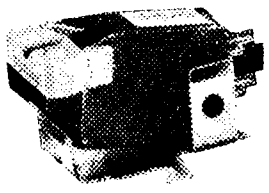

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YAMAHA AUDIO

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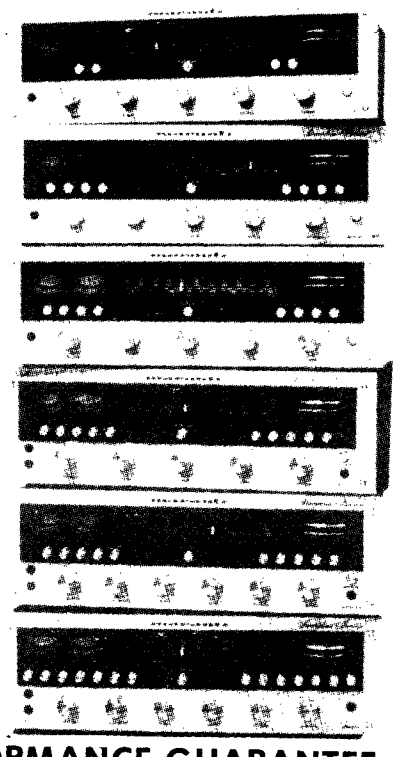

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30 watts per channel **299.95**

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40 watts per channel **349.95**

MODEL 2250B
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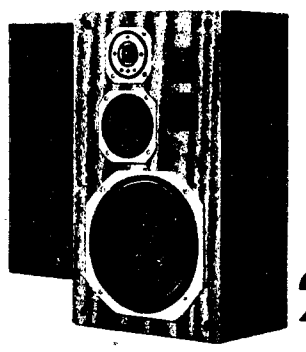

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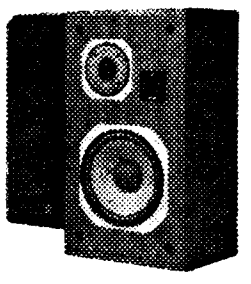

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