Muskrats die happy, says professor

By PAISLEY WOODWARD

Allegations that the provincial government spent $16,000 to torture muskrats in an experiment conducted at UBC during 1976 are completely untrue, says a UBC zoology professor who headed the research.

Responding to charges levied by MLA Eileen Dailly (NDP-Burnaby North), David Jones denied Thursday that the research, which consisted of submarging about 20 muskrats underwater for long periods of time with leg-hold traps clamped to their legs, was in any way cruel to the animals. Jones explained that it is natural for diving animals such as muskrats to hold their breath and then die when they go underwater for long periods of time. He emphasized that the muskrats don't drown, but hold their breath until they lose their desire to breathe, black out and die.

The tests, which measured the heartbeat and other vital signs, showed the muskrats experienced no stress when they died.

He said it is difficult to understand this phenomena because humans don't have a corresponding physiological mechanism.

He said this method of trapping animals sounds inhumane because the only way for humans to die under water is by drowning, but that it is not the case with muskrats.

Jones said he consented to the study because he has been working with diving animals for 16 years and was aware that muskrats can die this relaxed, non-traumatic death.

"I would not have undertaken this study if I thought there was any chance the muskrats would experience any stress during their death," he said.

Jones said he wouldn't agree to animals suffering even if it is to prove that leg-hold traps should be banned. "Not in any event do means justify ends. I myself believe fur is for animals and not for people."

Jones also denied charges by Dailly and Bunty Clements, president of the Association for the Protection of Fur Bearing Animals, that the provincial government had funded the study, saying that it had been paid for entirely by Woodstream Corp. an American owned manufacturer of leg-hold traps.

Woodstream, which is the largest leg-hold manufacturer in the United States, was asked by the provincial government to contribute $4,000 for the research, he said.

He said he was originally asked by the NDP Government, shortly before they lost the last provincial election, to conduct the research, but that when they were ousted from office, the Social Credit party refused to endorse the study until they could find a private company to finance it.

Jones said he told Clements before the study began that if Woodstream was to finance the study in a private laboratory it would cost $20,000.

He told The Ubyssey that the

See page 3: MUSKRATS

THE UBYSSEY

Vol. LX, No. 6 VANCOUVER, B.C., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1977 48 228-2301

Misconduct condemned

By MIKE BOCKING

Charges of misconduct against two UBC professors prompted the faculty association Thursday to condemn such actions as "intolerable."

The association's statement says "the faculty association is gravely concerned about serious allegations of misconduct by some faculty members, and allegations that the university is unable to deal effectively with such circumstances."

In the past year there have been allegations of misconduct on the part of engineering dean Liam Finn and animal resource ecology professor Julius Kane.

Kane is alleged to have used the university computer for his own business dealings and Finn to have accepted outside remuneration in addition to his UBC salary.

"The UBC Faculty association will not condone or tolerate breaches of trust, or administrative procedures and policies that seem to be incapable of responding effectively when breaches of trust have occrred," the statement says.

Faculty association president Richard Roydhouse said Thursday "allegations in the press have hurt the faculty's public image and the association's statement is an effort to improve that."

Roydhouse said the press reports have been "adverse and unfair," und that "university bashing has become a popular sport these days."

He said he is "worried that attacks on faculty members may degenerate into a form of McCarthyism."

"I don't think the university has descended into corruption or ever will. In an institution where ideas are highly important and where one's colleagues observe one very closely, one is very careful about professional ethics."

Roydhouse said "many of the questions from the press are of the nature: When did you beat your wife last?"

Roydhouse defended off-campus work by faculty members.

"If we go to a lot of trouble to recruit a world expert we can hardly expect him just to teach when there are many government, B.C., and world problems, he should be involved with," he said.

On other business the association passed unanimously a resolution condemning changes in the Universities Act by education minister Pat McGeer.

The changes are contained in Bill 91, an omnibus bill containing amendments to a number of acts.

The association's statement says "the association strongly objects to this measure on the following grounds;

- it is wholly unwarranted intrusion into the affairs of B.C. universities;
- access to the Labor Code is a right generally available to British Columbians and Canadians, including professionals;
- contrary to previous undertakings, this measure was drafted and submitted to the legislature without the benefit of consultation with faculty, or so far as we know, with university administrations;
- arbitrary, unreasoned government initiatives without benefit of consultation, such as Bill 91, are both unnecessary and damaging to the prospects of achieving sensible solutions."

—lee coulter photo

FONDLING MUTANT BEGONIA, student tries to decide if man-eating plant would make good pet for residence room. Fondler and friend were among hundreds who flocked to plant sale at UBC botanical gardens. Sale sponsored by the Friends of the UBC botanical gardens was sold out in two hours.

Kenny aide resigns position

Donald Soule, assistant to UBC president Doug Kenny, has resigned his position effective Sept. 30.

Soule is the second Kenny assistant to resign in the last month. UBC information services director Arnie Myers resigned in late August for "personal reasons."

Soule also resigned for personal reasons and to devote more time to his work as a theatre professor, a UBC spokesman said.

Soule, who underwent lung surgery last spring, has been assistant to Kenny since July, 1975 when Kenny took office.

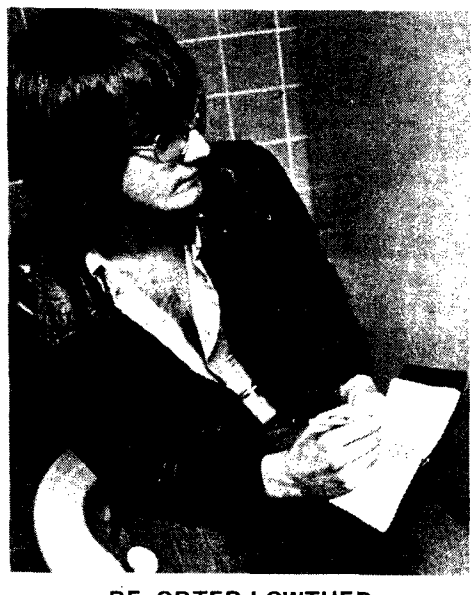
Kenny said Thursday Soule's resignation was not a complete surprise.

"He wanted to leave as of July 1, but agreed to stay on for a while longer as my assistant to complete some work started before his three-month convalescent leave," he said.

Soule has been a UBC faculty member since 1958.

Kenny came under attack in the downtown press last week for having Soule, an American citizen who commutes to UBC from his home in Blaine, Washington, as his personal assistant. Soules' duties included writing Kenny's speeches and advising Kenny on administration affairs.

University graffiti occasionally philosophical



REPORTER LOWTHER
. . . behind closer doors

By MARIO LOWTHER
and HEATHER CONN

Need a witty remark to close your thesis, a brilliant line for your essay or a snappy test answer? Don't run to the library for a solution, check a UBC washroom for graffiti.

A tour of UBC's washrooms Thursday turned up mostly crude, back-alley humor but the occasional witty or philosophical phrase was also observed.

Buchanan, the Main Library and Angus were the most richly furnished with finely-honed thoughts. Brock Hall, Henning, Scarfe and SUB were boring.

"Anal sex is a bummer," "Why look up here? The joke is between your legs," and "Only anarchy can save the world" are just a few of the gems in Buchanan. The Arts student goes either way. He can be sharp and witty or profanely vulgar, depending on his mood.

Commerce students are truly deviant, commenting with authority on practically anything. "Stalin's grave is a communist plot," and "Nothing beats the sheer anal ecstasy of a good shit" are examples of wit from Angus, as was "Warning! You are being filmed as a part of a doctorate dissertation in Psych. Please behave as you normally would, and face the camera."

Biology students aren't really "into" graffiti the way other students are. They profided one limerick which was too good to print, and the saying "Frampton comes alive. If we're lucky, he'll die again."

The Main Library, that former science building, has the best collection of pure filth.

When students aren't in a bad mood after two hours of homework, they get humorous, and provide such jewels as "What do you get when you cross an ape with a computer? An IBM 360 that can scratch itself under the arms."

"Tonic is the root of all evils. Haven't you got that wrong? A root is the tonic of all evils," "Toilet Paper: B.A. take one, M.A. take roll, PhD call janitor" and "Flush hard — this water has to make it to the SFU Fountains."

Different strokes for different folks, so to speak.

You can find filth anywhere you look, but who's looking anymore? When people use graffiti to express their opinions, that's when washroom walls become interesting.

Sadly, the walls of the women's washrooms were only sparsely adorned with the fruits of creativity. There were no academic callousness, serious washroom wit, or finely-distilled intellectual statements.

The women's walls were adorned with plain perverted sex jokes, lacked originality and, in short, were boring. Either women at UBC feel no need for self-expression or they have better things to do than scribble obscenities.

The best contribution from women was an interchange scrawled in a second-floor washroom in Buchanan: "These are the worst toilets ever. I feel like I'm riding some kind of horse."

The reply: "If you'd ever ridden a horse before you'd know different. They're nice and warm and comfortable, not like these, where you can catch frost bite."

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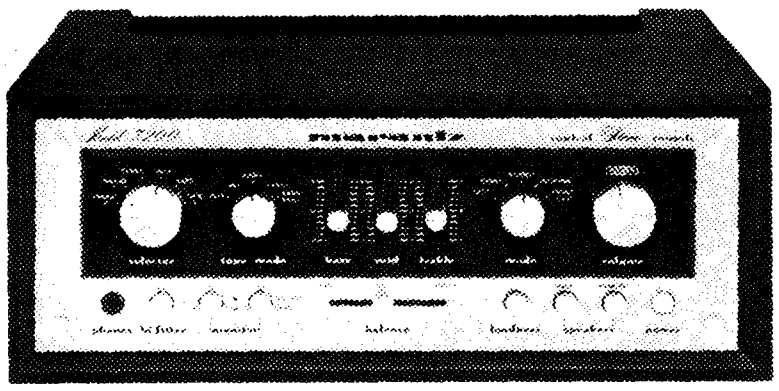

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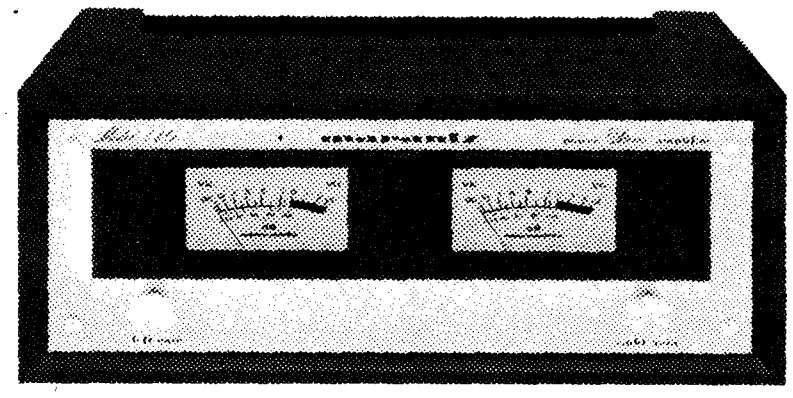

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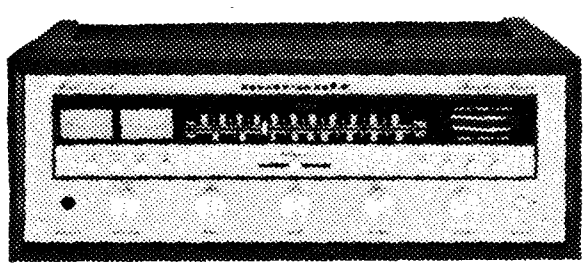

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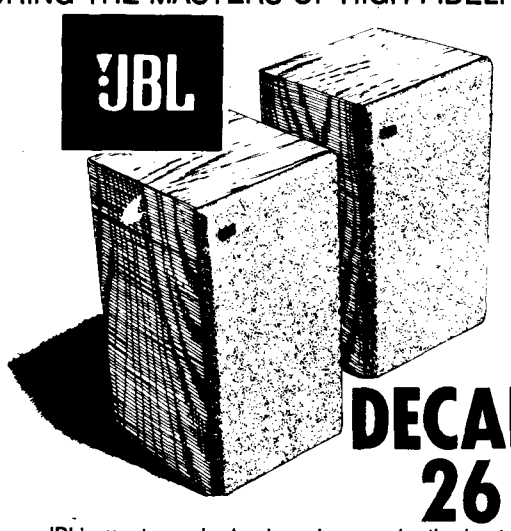

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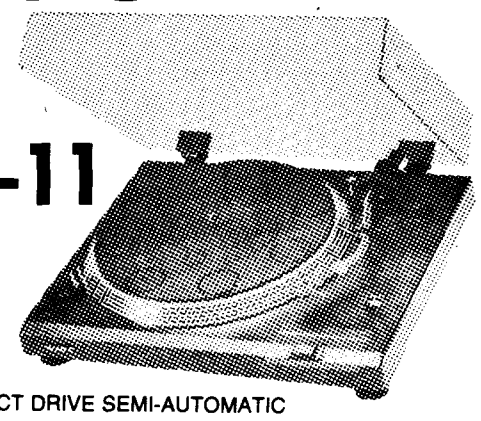

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UBC hikes rent on solar home

A low-cost, solar-heated house, designed and built in part by UBC students, will open in Acadia Park in mid-October.

But UBC, which sponsored the cost of Acadia House, is trying to get its investment returned by charging rent about $100 a month more than other housing in the area.

The house was originally intended to provide low-cost housing, but the university will charge $250 per month rent in order to pay off the costs within five years.

The house, designed by UBC architect Charles Haynes as a thesis project three years ago, was built with recycled materials and cost $15,000. Most solar-heated houses cost between $80,000 and $100,000.

UBC student Patsi McMurchy, one of the original builders of the house, will be renting the house for one year to monitor the results of the solar heating systems.

Acadia House was sponsored by UBC's centre for continuing education, the Acadia Camp Tenants Association and UBC family housing as a self-help housing project.

Work on Acadia House started last April with participants in the project working on weekends throughout the spring and summer.

B.C. Hydro, the UBC school of architecture and the self-help housing association will be examining the house closely in the next year and making any necessary modifications.

Acadia House has 1,000 square feet of living space with two bedrooms, a loft and a bathroom on the top floor and a living room, a dining area and a kitchen on the ground floor. The house uses up to 70 per cent of the solar heat provided by two separate systems.

First there is the south facing solar wall constructed with concrete and glass. To construct the wall the volunteer builders stacked concrete blocks without mortaring them together and covered the block wall with a mixture of fiberglass and cement.

The blocks were painted black and two layers of glass were placed in front of the wall with an eight-inch space between the wall and the glass. The black bricks will attract the sun and heat up.

The heat, stored in the space, enters the building through vents in the wall. In the summer vents located on the outside of the wall will carry the heat outside.

The second method for collecting heat is through four solar collectors on the roof.

These are boxes full of copper piping through which antifreeze flows. The antifreeze heats in the sun and flows into a large tank inside the building. In the antifreeze tank is a smaller tank full of water that is heated by the hot antifreeze in the outside tank.

Antifreeze is used instead of water in the solar collectors because low temperatures in the winter could freeze the water and stop the heating system.

The solar collection system was built by architect Chris Mattock, a specialist in solar energy design, application and research.

The house has a gas heater as a back-up heating system that will be used if the solar energy system fails to provide enough heat during the winter.

Acadia House is located in Acadia Camp on the southeast side of the campus to the left of Acadia Road going south from University Boulevard. Acadia Camp is a UBC-owned student residence for married students.

An instruction manual and house plans are available at UBC's centre for continuing education.

—matt king photo

UBYSSEY REPORTER Lloyanne Hurd takes notes outside new $15,000 solar home in Acadia Park. Home was designed and built partly by UBC students from recycled materials, but university now charges them extra rent to get back its investment in project.

Pickets loom in cutback protest

A group of students will picket the next board of governors meeting Oct. 4 as one of the first steps in their fight against education cutbacks.

Arnold Hedstrom, chairman of the Alma Mater Society cutbacks committee, said the committee wants education minister Pat McGeer to come to UBC and explain his stand on cutbacks to students. Hedstrom said the picketing might encourage McGeer to respond to the committee's invitation.

Hedstrom said the group is also considering petitioning people in Point Grey for support against education cutbacks.

"It is essential to get into the community. That student protest alone isn't enough was proved last year."

Hedstrom, who is also AMS secretary-treasurer, said the committee also plans to lobby Victoria and is organizing a publicity campaign to educate students about the effects of education cutbacks.

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"It is essential to get into the community. That student protest alone isn't enough was proved last year."

Hedstrom, who is also AMS secretary-treasurer, said the committee also plans to lobby Victoria and is organizing a publicity campaign to educate students about the effects of education cutbacks.

Hedstrom said, "the effects of education cutbacks are obvious, but are rarely identified as such."

"People are not exactly aware of the causes of higher tuition fees or larger classes, particularly first-year students," he said.

AMS president John DeMarco said the purpose of the committee "is to mobilize students to try and do something about university finances."

"Students this year are concerned about education cutbacks more so than last year because they are now feeling the effects of last year's cutbacks in the form of higher tuition fees and larger classes."

The purpose of picketing the board said DeMarco, "is to keep the board aware of what our concerns are, so they will keep us in mind in spending priorities and when they approach the government."

"But there is only so much the board can do, which is why we are raising our sights and making our case to the community and the provincial government," said DeMarco.

"Our objectives are very similar to the university's, in that we both want to see that the university is properly funded."

DeMarco said the committee will be producing leaflets and setting up information booths in SUB to advertise the demonstration.

The committee will be holding another meeting next Thursday in SUB 230 to organize strategy for the demonstration. All students are welcome.

Big loan too small for new pool?

UBC has borrowed $3.7 million for the completion of two buildings but university officials are not sure the loan will be enough to finish one of them — the aquatic centre.

The loan, $1 million of which is for the pool and the rest of which is for the library data processing centre currently under construction, is funded by the B.C. educational institutions capital financing authority (BCEICFA.)

UBC treasurer Allen Baxter said Thursday that if other fund-raising has been successful, the $1 million completes the funding.

"To my knowledge that would complete the funding," he said.

Student board of governors member Moe Sihota agreed.

"As far as the board (of governors) is concerned they've got enough money," Sihota said Thursday. "It's not even an issue any more at board meetings.

"But they may need half a million for touch-up work."

But pool planning committee member Marilyn Pomfret said the loan does not complete pool funding.

"There are still campaigns going on among the staff and alumni," she said. The committee is waiting for answers to requests made to various foundations for money, Pomfret said.

Pomfret said the $1 million loan probably completes funding of actual construction.

"But it doesn't complete funding of all the equipment necessary," she said.

The pool, which will have cost $5.7 million by the time it is finished, is scheduled for completion in April.

The university will have to repay the $3.7 million sooner or later, but Baxter said payback terms have not yet been negotiated.

Ted Affleck, financial advisor to the Universities Council of B.C. which makes recommendations to the BCEICFA, said the authority replaces capital grants funding.

Until six months ago, when the authority was legislated, universities received lump sums for buildings and other projects.

He said one drawback to the new program is the university must specify what the loan will be used for and cannot divert the money to other areas in emergencies as it could under the old system.

"For example, if UBC got money for road improvement and then the sewers burst, they would have to make a new application for money to repair the sewers," Affleck said.

"And the application takes about six months to process.

"This is a long-term loan payback plan," he said. "But some things will wear out before the money that bought them has been repaid.

"For example, some lab equipment last about seven years. You can't ask to borrow money and pay it back after 20 years when the equipment might only last seven years."

Affleck said money for short-lived projects such as lab equipment should be funded under a system similar to the former one.

He said B.C.'s three public universities and the B.C. Institute of Technology have applied for about $275 million so far. Of this, the UCBC has approved about $15 million.

He said the money for the fund will be included in the education ministry's budget request early in 1978.

Muskrats hold breath

From page 1

university was able to do the study for $4,000 because two unemployed post-doctorate students volunteered to do the research for $500 each.

The only funds the provincial government paid to the study were to fly in 11 muskrats from Manitoba, he said. Jones said he did not know the cost of the flight.

Clements said that even if leg-hold traps kill muskrats "relatively quickly" under water, the APFBA wants use of the leg-hold traps banned entirely.

She said that because it would be difficult to enforce the handling of leg-hold traps inland, there would not be any guarantee that leg-hold traps would not be used to trap land animals.

Free liquid lunch for Ubyssey fans

Ever wonder what a typical Ubyssey staffer looks like?

Come up to the Ubyssey office today at noon and you can find out. And to help you get over the shock of seeing how normal we are, we'll give you '(FREE!!) a certain amber-colored tonic in a nice brown bottle.

Come up and say hello. We'd like to see what a typical Ubyssey reader looks like. We're in SUB 241K, in the northeast corner of SUB.

Jumping off a sinking ship?

Within the past month, two major administration figures have stepped down, both saying they quit for personal reasons.

The resignation of information services head Arnie Myers indicates that not all was quite right within the administration. Myers quit the job, which on the surface would be one of the more desirable public relations posts, despite the job security it offered and despite the fact that he did not have another job to go to.

"I'm not enjoying the job the way I did 10 years ago," was all Myers would say. Doesn't that sound like a polite way of saying, 'I'm sick and tired of the current situation?'

When Douglas Kenny succeeded Walter Gage as administration president, UBC's public relations underwent a fundamental change. Over the past two years, there has been silence except for the usual press conferences announcing new buildings or blurbs for UBC research projects.

And thanks to this silence from the president's office, UBC has stood mute in the face of strong criticism over its various policies.

Could that be why Myers quit?

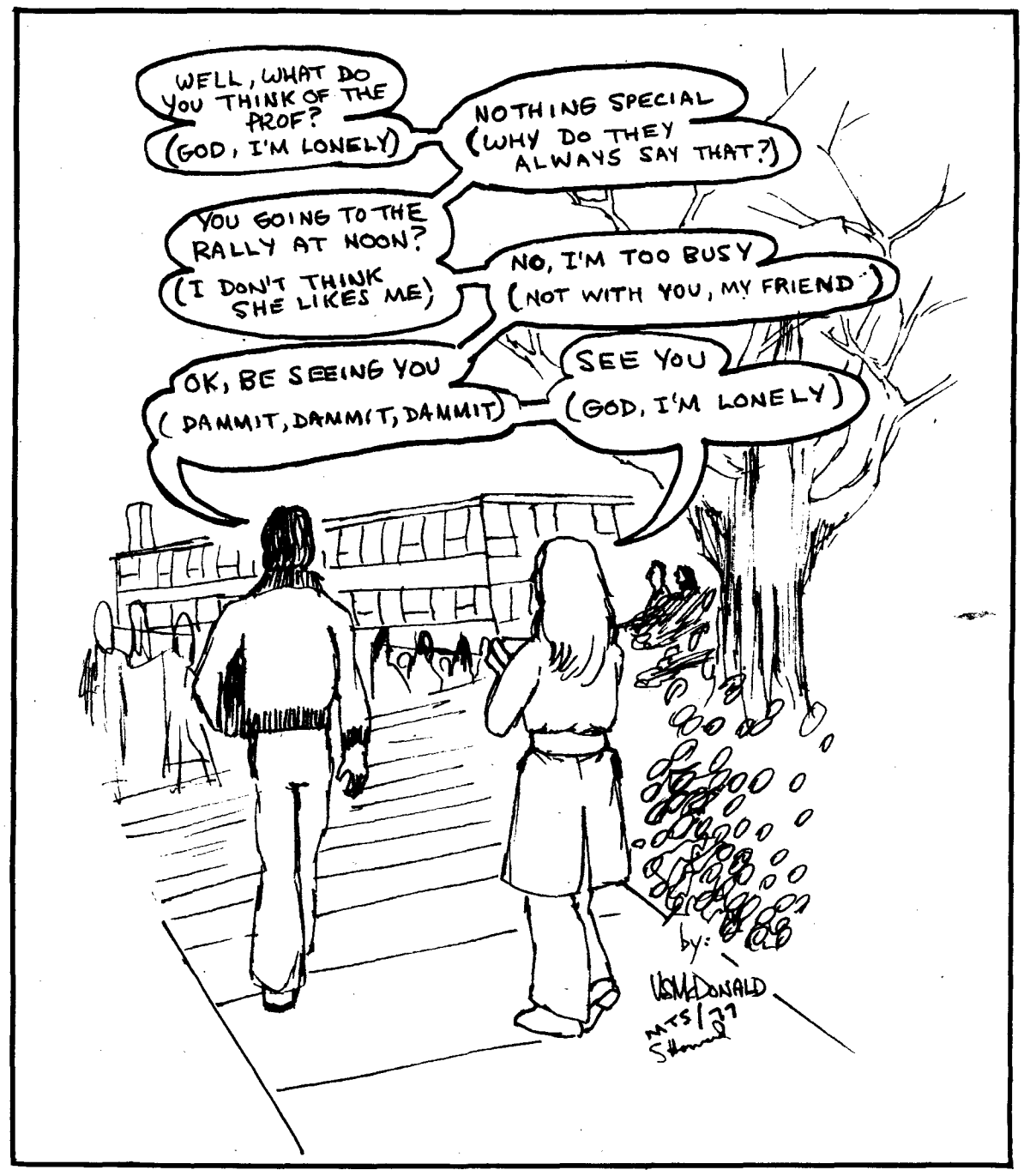
And Thursday, theatre prof Donald Soule's resignation as assistant to Kenny was announced. Soule's health and the fact, related in the announcement, that Soule had wanted to quit during the summer, certainly played an important part in the decision.

It was a well-known fact that Soule wielded a great deal of power in Kenny's administration, acting as a go-between with other people and preparing Kenny's few public utterances.

And just last week, Kenny came under fire in the downtown press for having as his right-hand man, U.S. citizen Soule, who still commutes to UBC from his home in Blaine.

The timing of the resignation announcement, to say the least, is interesting.

This is a disquieting period for UBC, with the revelations of faculty members making huge sums of money on the side, and Socred cutbacks hurting teaching quality. These two resignations are perhaps indicative of a deeper dissatisfaction within the administration.



Letters

Big salaries revisited

George Hermanson's article Chasing the big salaries in Tuesday's Ubyssey is the most disturbing piece that has appeared so far this year. Though the writer shows an intelligence and thoughtfulness that is worthy of respect, several assumptions are made which cannot be left unchallenged.

Basing his arguments on the ethics of equality, Hermanson attacks the disparity of incomes in our society and the attitudes of university students toward these incomes. The "just system" he proposes is one of "each according to their need rather than the present system of getting as much as one can". I cannot agree with this.

It is the decision of each individual alone what his or her needs will be and each person must be allowed to work accordingly. Where is the justice in imposing on a person the point where he must stop?

And who has the authority to make this immensely subjective decision in the first place?

Taking this a step further we are told that, in this "just society . . . no one, no one at all, gets more than twice the lowest paid in society." This is not justice; this is dictatorship. Furthermore, this arbitrary levelling only serves to make it easy for those who can't hack it in the rough and tumble of life, or those who are too lazy to apply themselves.

Turning his criticism to young people, the writer complains that "more and more students come to university seeking to move up into the higher paying jobs." Well, there is a reason for this — one that leaves little room for educational ideals.

The reason is survival. It's a cruel world out there, where dog eats dog and the devil soon takes the hindmost. Double-digit inflation has become a way of life and even a comfortable salary is no longer enough to buy a decent house. How can one expect young people to put four, six, or even more years of their lives without some thought about the future, without asking "what is all this leading to?"

Is it not most peoples' desire to eventually found a family and provide a happy home and comfortable lifestyle for these loved ones? Is it so wrong to work towards a bread-and-butter degree? Is it a sin to be pragmatic?

In the same vein, Tom Wolfe is quoted as calling the 1970s the "me" decade. Well, so what? Were the 1960s any better? All that has been left us by that ego orgy of supposed soul-searching and communalism is a shoddy legacy of confusion, mistrust, and guilt. It was the most pessimistic decade since the Second World War, from which we have gained nothing.

The high point of the article is the claim that "we live in a society that . . . affirms individualism and hedonism." To equate these two is both irresponsible and wrong. Individualism by its very nature usually obviates the principle of pleasure for its own sake, indeed most true individualists reject hedonism because its inherent decadence hinders their constant drive for excellence.

Unbelievably, it is travel that is singled out as one of these hedonistic pursuits: "the student (is) part of the upper-class of society as evidenced by their frequent trips to Europe and their taking the summer off." What an incredible generalization. And what cynicism!

If he would try it once instead of so loftily criticising it, Hermanson would soon discover that a journey to this fascinating part of the world can be not only personally enriching, but often far more educational than the equivalent time spent at a university.

I might add that few students who travel overseas do it frequently and I have not, in five years at UBC, known a student who took the whole summer off.

Finally we are told that "until that radical society comes, or until we have more saints, it seems we are stuck with the ambiguity of people getting high salaries." Now what the hell kind of a statement is that? High salaries may be a lot of things, but "ambiguous"?

And what on earth have the saints got to do with it? Is it perhaps being suggested that anyone being either a radical or taking the vow of poverty should be canonized?

There can be no doubt that Hermanson has brought some crucial questions to light, and his contribution to the debate on the purpose of the university is valuable. But it is hard to accept the ultimatums proposed as a basis for this gentleman's just society.

I believe it is every person's privilege to aspire to whatever heights — personal, intellectual, or financial — that he wishes, and it is no one's business to forcibly limit these horizons.

Do we want a society made up of people who are energetic, resourceful, and ambitious, or a society in which creatures are hopelessly doomed to fit into some prescribed, stultifying niche? There are those, of course, who are easily and early in their lives satisfied with a lethargic and colorless mediocrity.

But there are may of us, if not the very great majority, who will always strive toward the more challenging heights, for whom there will always be yet another mountaintop.

The very desire for education is the desire to better oneself, to conquer the insecurity that comes from ignorance, and to thereby overcome personal weakness and consequent material instability.

A university education is not an end in itself — it is only a preparation. I, for one, do not intend to stop striving the moment I walk across the platform this coming April.

For me and for thousands of other optimists, that day will only be the start — the beginning of the greatest adventure of our lives.

Patrick Raynard
librarianship

THE UBYSSEY

SEPTEMBER 23, 1977

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Editor: Chris Gainor

"Spruce Bough is a drag queen," shouted muskrat advocate Paisley Woodward to an ear-sore Marcus Gee, Bill Tieleman and Heather Conn. "So what," yelled bar room brawler Verne 'The Ripper' McDonald as he slashed up David Morton, Will Wheeler, Gray Kyles and his own hand. Mike Bocking, Greg Strong and Steve Howard hit the floor as a shower of exploding frozen beer bottles made it another ordinary day at the violence-ridden Used-to-Be. Carl Vesterback and Tom Barnes hoped for fame but not in the obituary column. Mario Lowther was bound not for glory but notoriety. Chris Gainor threatened Lee Coulter, Matt King and Geof Wheelwright with bodily harm while Robert Jordan, Bruce Baugh and Ralph Maurer fled the combat zone. Mike Skinner and Ted Collins challenged Merrilee Robson and Lloyanne Hurd to step outside for fisticuffs but Les Wiseman and Larry Hill put the beaters to them first. Matt King, Ken Brown, Nicholas Reid and Eric Promislow whaled on Ralph Maurer and Kathy Ford.

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 and when valid reasons for anonymity are given.

Letters should be addressed to the paper care of campus mail or dropped off at The Ubyssey office, SUB 241K.

Let's have an ad-free paper

By RALPH MAURER

One of the great western myths is the one that talks about "freedom of the press."

As even a cursory examination of the economics of a commercial newspaper or magazine shows, a publication is only indirectly responsible to readers. As A. J. Liebling, Warren Hinckle and other critics of the North American periodical publishing biz have pointed out, a big circulation is no guarantee of staying in business, and a lousy publication does not automatically go out of business.

Life magazine was one of the three largest-circulation magazines in North

freestyle

America when it folded at the end of 1972. It went out of business — obviously — not because it did not appeal to readers, but because its readers did not appeal to advertisers.

You see, the number of readers is only a secondary consideration of advertisers. More important considerations include: are the readers rich? Will they buy our product?

Ads control

Many of Life magazine's readers were indeed rich, but many were also poorer people. In fact, Life's readership represented a good cross-section of society.

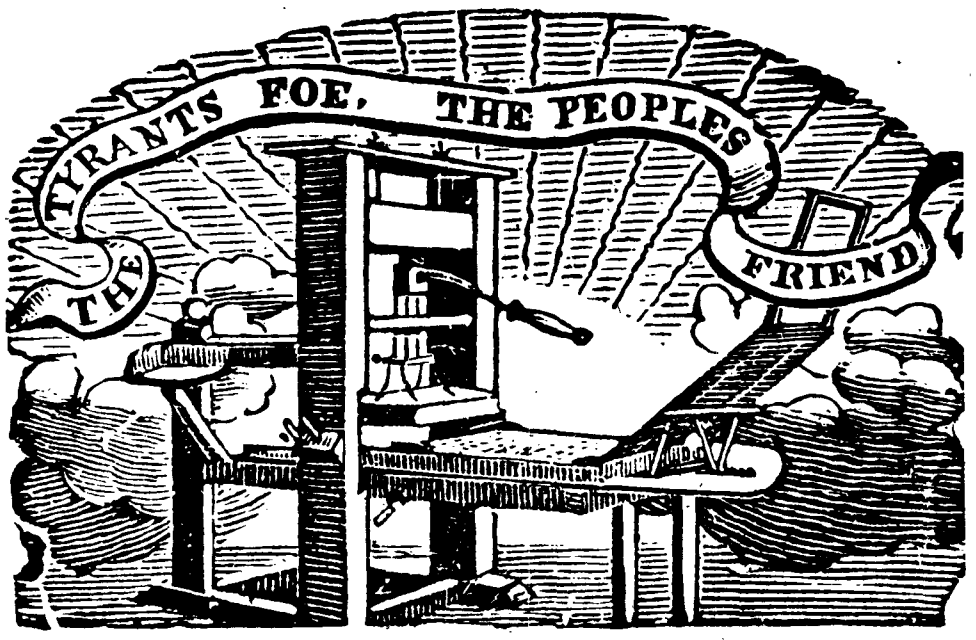
Advertisers don't want that. Why should they buy an advertisement in Life magazine, for example, and reach the 30 per cent of Life's readership that might buy the patty-stackers, when they can, for one quarter of the price, advertise in a much smaller magazine whose readership is well-defined, and all falls into the class the advertiser wants to reach?

That's why Life went out of business.

Life magazine illustrates an important point. The purpose of a magazine or newspaper is no longer to attract readers, period. The purpose is to attract advertisers. Attracting readers becomes a secondary consideration.

The newspaper — the product — is important only insofar as that it is what you attract readers with. First, you decide what kind of readers advertisers like. Then, you sit down and decide what those readers like. Then, you fill your publication — at the least possible cost — with print that is likely to appeal to that particular type of reader.

Some publications take these capitalistic realities to the extreme. They print 77,890,000,000 copies of their vile, stupid little publication, and drop them off at the 77,890,000,000 wealthiest homes in the metropolis. Then they go to advertisers and say, "Look, we reach the 77,890,000,000 wealthiest households in East Gomorrah."



The advertiser, recognizing a bargain when he sees one, spends his advertising dollar there, rather with more self-respecting publications which actually expect their readers to like their newspaper enough to shell out money for it.

(This is similar to the way television operates. See the Hotdog Analogy, below.)

Back to newspapers. We have finished looking at how commercial newspapers operate. Does The Ubyssey work any differently? Not really. Advertisers, not readers, pay for it, and it is their hand that will pull the plug, if it ever comes to that.

Last year, it cost $131,011 to produce The Ubyssey.

The advertiser picked up the tab for $101,180; the Alma Mater Society (that is to say, 23,000 UBC students) paid $29,631, or about 22.6 per cent.

This year, The Ubyssey will cost $143,922 to produce. Advertisers are expected to account for about $108,000, and the newspaper has asked the student council to pay $35,820,000 or 24.8 per cent.

Four years ago, in 1973-74, students paid 40.6 per cent of The Ubyssey's $89,000 budget.

Put another way, four years ago, students had 40.9 per cent control of their student paper. Last year, they were reduced to a 22.6 per cent share.

Thus, The Ubyssey now exists because of the kindliness of its advertisers, who are only kind so long as it is profitable. The AMS's contribution wouldn't begin to pay for the newspaper if all our advertising suddenly dried up.

How would that happen? Well, it could happen if Fred Vyse, the Ubyssey advertising manager, was run over by a bus on the way to work tomorrow morning. Advertisers don't come to you; you go to them.

Bills menace

If nobody asks them for their money, they won't give it; The Ubyssey would stop getting money and would be unable to pay its printing bill. College Printers is a nice operation, but they won't print us for free any more than any other business in Vancouver would do anything for free.

But Fred Vyse isn't likely to get run over by a bus on his way to work tomorrow morning. What is likely to happen is that as the economy continues to go down the tubes, students will have less money than before to throw around. The only reason most advertisers spend money keeping a student newspaper solvent is because they figure students have a little extra money to blow on stereos, booze, skiing, sporting equipment, cars, restaurants, et cetera.

What happens if students as a class become poorer? Advertisers will waste their advertising dollar on a class of consumers more likely to have money for their product. The money coming in from advertisers will stop flowing in; and the newspaper, unable to pay printing bills, will have to stop publishing, no matter how good it is, and regardless of how many readers it has.

Uneconomic

Any attempts by the student administrative council — the bureaucratic arm of student council — to reduce the AMS "subsidy" of The Ubyssey (actually, the way The Ubyssey's budget is evolving, a subsidy of the advertiser) is to reduce student control over the destiny of the newspaper.

Control slips into the hands of economic forces which the AMS has absolutely no control over.

The debate over The Ubyssey budget thus becomes a debate over whether students should control their own affairs as much as possible.

Ralph Maurer, a Ubyssey staffer who last year served as co-editor, is the office expert on the art of newspapering.

A frank analogy

By HOWARD GOSSAGE

Hot dogs are nice, but they are not the reason people go to the stadium. They go to see the game, but as long as they are there, why not have a hot dog?

That is also, somewhat, the operating principle of commercial television: Once the crowd is there to see the show, you also sell them something.

However, to get the big picture about television, you have to reverse the analogy: Suppose that the proceeds from hot dog sales were greater than ticket receipts. Moreover, hot dog-wise it is more profitable to have a full stadium, even if you have to let spectators in for nothing, or at greatly reduced admission, than to charge full admissions to a smaller crowd of diehard fans, who are the only ones who regularly show up when the home team is on a losing streak, anyway.

This would shortly affect the complexion of the audience, and eventually the game, because it's never quite the same thing when you get it free, and the type of people who are willing to pay for their pleasure expect a different quality of show than those who get it on the cheap. But as we are now only interested in numbers, things would be going along famously; the stadium is packed and the bleachers happy, even though by getting in for free the spectators have been demoted from fans to potential hot dog consumers.

Now, along comes that old spoilsport, economics: High football production costs make it necessary to bring in more money, and, as it is impractical to call in the Pinkertons to bust up the players' union, increased volume is the only answer to the profits to which you have become accustomed. However, once the spectators have become accustomed to seeing games for nothing, you certainly can't expect them to *pay*. And Phase III of the Federal Price Controls has a mean thing about hot dogs, so you can't raise the price of them, much. The only thing to do is to sell *more* hot dogs.

The simplest marketing solution is to create 10-minute intermissions between quarters, on top of the traditional half-time break, so the fans can better stretch their pocketbooks and hear their stomachs growling. But, so as not to extend the game so much that it runs over into the game which immediately follows in the same stadium — the late game — five minutes are chopped off each period.

So spectators wandered in and out the open gates with varying degrees of interest; and sometimes hardly anybody was interested, even for free; attendance dwindled. To cope with that, the games that pulled the biggest and most enthusiastic crowds were studied for their successful formats. Soon, all games were alike — including a mandatory five interceptions, one bloody field free-for-all, and an upset victory in the last 10 seconds by a 40-yard pass or 70-yard run, interchangeable so the suspense did not become monotonous.

This piece is reprinted, absolutely without permission, from If You Have a Lemon, Make Lemonade, by Warren Hinckle, who was editor of Ramparts, a magazine that went out of business because advertisers have nothing to sell to left-wing commie pinkos.

Fuck you, Putnam's. Fuck you too, Bantam. This is what you get for publishing a good book but making it all but unavailable.

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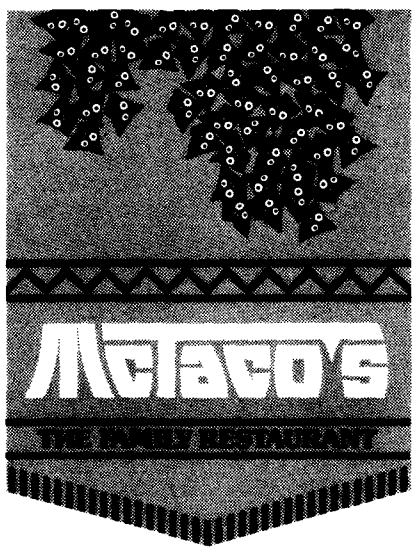

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CLIP THIS COUPON TO SAVE

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FOR THE PRICE OF ONE

A crunchy, deep-fried meat roll made with a flour tortilla filled with delicately spiced lean ground beef and grated cheddar cheese.

3396 WEST BROADWAY (AT WATERLOO)
738-7511

Hot flashes

Handicapped info offered

Facilities for the handicapped in Vancouver are poor, studies have shown, and UBC is one of the worst areas. But handicapped persons can get information on the services that do exist from a social work group devoted to helping the handicapped.

Information on services and facilities for the handicapped in the Vancouver area has been compiled by the Disabled Citizens Resource Council. They have an office at 2215 West 10th Avenue, third floor. Phone 736-2971.

Penticton?

Ever been to Penticton? Ever really want to?

If you are a new foreign student at UBC this event is for you. International House is organizing a trip to that lovely interior city, which leaves Sept. 30 and returns Oct. 2.

Students must register by 4 p.m., Sept. 27 at International House. Penticton isn't really that bad, if you like fruit and stuff. "It's a nice place to visit but I wouldn't want to live there," Penticton residents are fond of saying.

Third World

Saturday night's alright for listening. Isn't it?

This Saturday at 8:15 p.m. in IRC 2 John Dunn, Cambridge historian will give a lecture on the relationship between the Third World and the West.

Entitled Envy, Fear and Interdependence, the lecture is sponsored by the Vancouver Institute. Admission is free.

'Tween classes

TODAY

BAHAI CLUB
Discussion, noon, SUB 115.

LE CLUB FRANCAIS
First meeting, noon, International House upper lounge.

CHINESE VARSITY CLUB
Disco dance, evening, SUB party room.

RECREATION UNDERGRAD SOCIETY
Party, 8 p.m., graduate student centre garden room.

CONTEMPORARY DANCE CLUB
Meeting, noon, International House lounge.

AMS
Free skate, 7:15 p.m. to 10 p.m., winter sports centre main rink.

LUTHERAN STUDENT MOVEMENT
Opening barbecue, 6 p.m., Lutheran Campus Centre.

DEBATING SOCIETY
General meeting, noon, SUB 113.

SATURDAY

CHINESE STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION
August moon dance, members $1.50, non-members $3, 9 p.m., graduate student centre.
Film There's No Place Like Home, 50 cents for members, 2 p.m., SUB auditorium.

SUNDAY

CHINESE STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION
Event, 10 a.m., Spanish Banks.

UBC SPORTS CAR CLUB
Slalom, 9:30 a.m., B lot.

MONDAY

RUS
General meeting, noon, recreation lounge.

TUESDAY

HAMSOC
First general meeting, noon Brock annex 258.

POTTERY CLUB
Organizational meeting, noon, SUB 251.

CHARISMATIC CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP
Weekly student fellowship, noon, SUB 205.

WOMEN'S BIG BLOCK CLUB
Meeting for sizing of BB sweaters, noon, War Memorial gym, room 211.

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FOR

SENATE BY-ELECTION

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INTRAMURAL SKATING PARTY

SEPT. 23, 1977
7:15-10:30 p.m.

MAIN ICE RINK
Thunderbird
Winter Sports Centre

Everyone Welcome!

FREE ADMISSION

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, SEPTEMBER 23, 1977

Interested In C.A. Employment

ARTHUR ANDERSEN & CO.

is seeking 1978 graduates for Vancouver and all other offices of the Firm. Mail an original or photocopy of your personal resume (UCPA form or AA&Co. data sheet contained in brochure is suitable and available in Placement Office) by October 24, 1977 to:

DIRECTOR of PERSONNEL
ARTHUR ANDERSEN & CO.
2300 — 1055 W. Hastings,
Vancouver. V6E 2J2

All resumes will be acknowledged. You will be contacted on or about October 31 regarding campus interviews which will take place November 7-10th. Additional information is available at the UBC Placement Office.

Fall 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 October 1, 1977. 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.

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

FREESEE: Wed., Purcell String Quartet. Free Concert, Music Bldg., Recital Hall. 12:30-1:30 p.m.

FRIDAY HAPPY HOUR, YAC, at Cecil Green Park, beginning September 23, 4-6 p.m.

10 — For Sale — Commercial

11 — For Sale — Private

68 MG MIDGET, radio, tonneau, good condition, city tested. $995. 271-7092.

69 GTO Convert. Excellent condition. PS, PD, Radials, Snows. $2,000. Days: 687-0555. Eves: 922-8418.

ORGANICALLY GROWN UNSPRAYED Okanagan fruit in season. 25c per pound by the case. Free delivery. 738-8828 or 733-1677 eves.

15 — Found

20 — Housing

FURNISHED SLEEPING ROOM. Non-smoker male student preferred. Near all facilities. Telephone 224-9319 after 6:00 p.m.

STUDENT to share deluxe two bedroom apartment with one other. Dishwasher, w.w. shag, garborater. Available Oct. 1. $157.50/month. Phone 738-8026 near VGH.

25 — Instruction

TEACHER OF PIANO AND THEORY. Excellent tuition for all grades and ages. Prep. for Royal Cons. exams and festivals. 682-7991.

PIANO LESSONS by experienced teacher. Graduate of Juillard School of Music. Both beginners and advanced students welcome. 731-0601.

30 — Jobs

NEED EXTRA MONEY! We have a couple of subsidized adult Province newspaper routes in Kitsalino open. Earn $100 a month or more. To apply call 732-2732.

35 — Lost

OPERA SEASON TICKETS, Wed. night series, Seat AA 6 and 7. Lost vicinity bus stop cafeteria, Aug. 25. Reward 228-4819, 733-7038 eves.

65 — Scandals

SUBFILMS WILDERLY presents "Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother." Second clue for the five hidden tickets: " 'Information' will get you anywhere."

UBC BOWLING LEAGUE, Monday nights in SUB lane. Still room for 12 more bowlers (particularly women). New bowlers welcome. Phone Walter, 228-8225.

85 — Typing

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

90 — Wanted

WANTED: FOLK/ROCK STYLE drummer. Must be restrained/vocals an asset. Peter, 261-2853 late evenings.

PAGE FRIDAY

—matt king photo

Primitive art from New Guinea

Page Friday this week features a photo essay on the exhibition of primitive art from New Guinea at the Fine Arts Gallery, on PF4 and PF5.

Captain Beefheart is interviewed on PF3, while elsewhere in the music scene, the VSOs Orpheum debut is reviewed on PF2 and Quebecois singer Robert Charlebois is reviewed on PF11.

There are several theatre reviews. The Blood Knot is reviewed on PF2, The Cherry occhard on PF6, and A Moon for the Misbegotten and Ashes are reviewed on PF8.

Every week, Page Friday publishes creative writing and graphic art works submitted by U.B.C. Students. This week, the feature is a short story on PF7.

Vista, weekly column examining the calendar for the cultural scene in Vancouver, is on PF11.

Finally, on PF9 we pay tribute to a former Page Friday staff member, Eric Ivan Berg. A selection of his poetry is included.

Play probes racial conflict

By GRAY KYLES

During the past few years the political situation in South Africa has been of great concern to millions of people throughout the world.

After the Soweto uprisings and the subsequent massacres of black students in 1976 the apartheid system in South Africa has come under increasing attack from many sources.

The Blood Knot
By Athol Fugard
Directed by Ernie King
At the Flamington Theatre
until Oct. 1

Many South Africans who reject apartheid have attempted to tell the world about conditions in their country through books, pamphlets, documentaries and demonstrations.

But some have turned to art, notably poetry and theatre, to explain the tensions within South Africa to the outside world.

The Sepia Players, a Vancouver theatre group, are currently staging The Blood Knot by one of South Africa's most renowned playwrights, Athol Fugard.

Fugard is vitally concerned about the political and social injustice which exists in his country. Yet his plays are not overt political statements which resort to the use of dogma and strict political reasoning.

He is principally concerned with how people live, what they do and how they interact with others. As a South African then he is necessarily interested in exploring the relationship between races.

The Blood Knot consists of only two characters, one black and the other white. They are brothers, the offspring of a mixed marriage.

The allegorical implications are obvious but Fugard is not a simplistic writer. He does not fill his characters' mouths with easy quotable jargon representing the two sides of the South African question.

Instead his characters, Morrie and Zach, are trying to understand just who they are and how they relate to each other.

Zach is the black brother who spends his day standing at the gate of a large park for a pittance. His brother Morrie does not work, but stays home where he keeps house and plans the brothers' future.

That future involves a two man farm in the country, away from the squalor of the shanty town where they are currently living. It is as much a pipedream as anything Eugene O'Neill ever invented.

The great strength of Fugard's play is the clear picture it gives us of these two men. Through the seven scenes of the three-hour production the playwright lays bare the souls of his two characters. They are the internal problems of South African society are exposed.

To stage The Blood Knot successfully requires a thorough knowledge of South Africa, Fugard's work and most importantly the human mind.

Director Ernie King clearly has all three. Last year he introduced Sepia Players to Vancouver with another Fugard play, Boesman and Lena, which was a resounding success. All of the plays that his company have performed since have been concerned with the condition of man. There is no light comedy in King's repertoire.

Which does not mean that it is not entertaining. The Blood Knot is amongst the finest theatre to be offered in Vancouver in recent years. It has both humor and high drama and is an emotionally moving, intellectually stimulating experience.

And the acting is tremendous. Neither Blu Mankuma nor John Destry Adams are well known actors on the local scene but if there is any justice they soon will be.

Mankuma plays Zack, the illiterate, hard-working black brother. He comes close to stopping the show several times, especially in an imaginary conversation with his dead mother.

Watching Mankuma we can feel Zach's tiredness, his total resignation to the system which oppresses him. He conveys the utter hopelessness of Zach's condition. As the white brother, Morrie Adams equals Mankuma's superb performance. Morrie hides his hatred and fear in a never-ending stream of conversation. He is acutely aware of the differences between him and his brother and carries the inner guilt of the entire white population.

But Adams also captures that secret yearning that Morrie has to be really white, pure and of unmixed blood.

Slowly Adams, Mankuma, King and Fugard bring us through the web of intricacies that confound not only South African society, but relations between nations, races and people in general to a climax that is chilling yet optimistic.

It is a remarkable achievement, and constitutes one of the most powerful theatrical productions ever staged in Vancouver. Ernie King, the Sepia Players and the Flamingo Theatre should be congratulated for presenting the kind of theatre that makes people both think and feel as they are entertained.

MANKUMA AND ADAMS . . . search for common ground

VSO debut success

By ROBERT JORDAN

The Prelude to Act III of Richard Wagner's Lohengrin ushered in the 48th season of the Vancouver Symphony Orchestra with quite a flourish. Raucous horns, thunderous brass and swirling (through undernourished) strings set the scene quite nicely for the star attraction of the evening, extremely famous baritone Robert Merrill.

In Merrill, a certain crowd-pleaser was obviously sought. Sixty years old last June, Merrill's voice sounds amazingly youthful and agile, though judiciously chosen repertoire certainly displayed this famous voice to its best advantage.

The brief Serenade from Don Giovanni and Non piu andrai from The Marriage of Figaro, both by Mozart, were performed with consummate skill, reaping bountiful, well-deserved applause.

Verdi's La Forza del Distino Overture intervened between the next pair of vocal numbers. Also by Verdi, they were Di Provenza il mar from La Traviata and Iago's famous aria, Credo in un Dio crudel, from Ottello. The latter aria, is a superb example of Verdi at his most dramatically effective — an utterly spine chilling piece of music. The orchestra, understandably zealous over the dramatic excellence of its role, literally swamped poor Merrill with sound in the more vehement passages. What was audible vocally in these Verdi arias was superbly sung, however.

The audience certainly thought so, as applause continued until the orchestra launched into what must be the world's most famous operatic aria and vocal display piece, the Largo al factotum from Act 1 of Rossini's Barber of Seville. Merrill had his admirers agog with the vocal pyrotechnics of this brilliant bauble and a very happy audience crammed into the Orpheum lobby for the important Being Seen at the Symphony intermission.

Those who search in music for tenchically sophisticated compositional technique are usually very bored by Bruckner symphonies. However, those who are deeply attuned to and moved by the essential spirit and substance of the music itself love his symphonies very deeply.

This musical essence of the symphonies renders them perenials of the orchestral repertoire. Year after year, however, those driven to near abstraction from boredom by Bruckner's music sit next to those to whom there are few, if any, greater composers. Apparently the twain ne'er shall meet.

The VSO, guided by Mr. Resident Conductor, Kazuyoshi Akiyama, did themselves proud on Monday night with a superbly empathetic reading of the work.

Compared to the Queen Elizabeth Theatre, the Orpheum is undoubtedly an acoustically superior environment in which to listen to a symphony orchestra concert. All sections of the orchestra, except the violas (seated with their sound holes away from the audience, for some as yet undivulged reason), are now clearly audible. This is to the disadvantage of such sections as the rather ratty sounding upper strings and the raucous French horns. However, Akiyama seemed to be aware of the shortcomings of this situation and, in general, paid more attention to detail where Bruckner's scoring is treacherously thin. The excellent brass and trumpets shone brilliantly. Woodwind solos and ensembles were delicately shaped and well balanced.

The sound has more presence, is less dry and is felt by the audience as being infinitely more alive than before.

Apart from the acoustics, what is there-done Orpheum Theatre like?

After one has been initially taken aback by the gaudy red and gold decor (1890's sleaze-hall style), I think one realizes the great care and attention that has been employed in its reconstruction. The painting on the ceiling around the chandelier has all except taste but does pay tribute to what is probably the world's smallest minority — the left-handed orchestral string bass player.

Quibbling aside, the Orpheum as it is now, for a mere three million dollars, is quite a bargain. The fact that for once in Vancouver, an old building was not torn down to make way for a hideous new megalithic structure more than compensates for the shortcomings of the older building.

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Wednesday, Sept. 28
Music Bldg. Recital Hall
12:30-1:30 p.m.
All Students, Faculty and Staff Invited
FREE FREE

Beefheart reveals sanity

By LES WISEMAN

Once upon a time, about thirty-three years ago, a slightly chubby three-year-old was sitting in his bathtub when he decided to embark upon a career as a sculptor. He began sculpturing his genitals, from there his large liquid eyes went to the soap and a life's work was begun.

At the age of five, the little fellow began an eight year project to sculpt all the animals on the continents of North America and Africa.

At seven, the child had his own television show on which he demonstrated his sculpting techniques. When the prodigy reached his adolescent years, all his production suddenly ceased and in his own words, he went back and became a baby.

Then, eleven years later, the cocoon cracked and where once before had stood Don Van Vliet, child sculptor, there emerged a very complex, unorthodox musical entity known as Captain Beefheart.

It is doubtful whether contemporary music will ever get over his appearance.

Amplified hoover

Armed with his four and one-half octave voice, which can invoke the finest blues tradition or alternately can curdle milk at thirty feet, he conjured up The Magic Band. Captain Beefheart and The Magic Band were not to be ignored. Their music defied every law of convention; their appearances were punctuated with odd-ball choreography, and such bizarre stage gimmicks as plugging a Hoover vacuum cleaner into an amplifier.

The first album, Safe as Milk, was well received by many critics, yet the sales were nothing to rave about. As time rambled on, the personnel of the band changed and the music evolved into an avant-garde blend of multiple-layered rhythms, unheard-of chord progressions, and surreal lyrics.

Trout Mask Replica and Lick My Decals Off, Baby (Beefheart's favorite album) stand as iconoclastic art statements which have confused and delighted critics and fans alike.

Albums such as The Spotlight Kid and Clear pot, while retaining the Beefheartian integrity and vision, became a bit more accessible and received good FM airplay.

The future looked bright, but the band made a bid for commercial, hence monetary, success by releasing two albums Unconditionally Guaranteed and Bluejeans and Moonbeams, which Beefheart himself calls "shit".

This July, Beefheart returned to Vancouver after an extended absence, with a new band, some new material, and his integrity, eccentricity, and joy in entertaining intact. The fans at the Old Roller Rink were there welcoming their man with cheers and encores. The novices left either confused, repulsed, or converted to Beefheartianism. The performances included all the "hits": China Pig, Abba Zaba, Orange Claw Hammer, Blue-eyes Beans from Venus, On Tomorrow, The Blimp and a taste of some new material from an album called Bat Chain Puller for which Beefheart is looking for a record company. Songs such as Floppy Boot Stomp and A Carrot Is as Close as a Rabbit Gets to a Diamond are reminiscent of classic Magic Band material.

Captain Beefheart is different things to different people. To some he is the most innovative artistic mind of the decade, to others he is a joke, to some he is a cult idol,

Vitamin B freak

to others an enigma. He has been called a Surrealist, a Dadaist, and a freak, but he knows what he is: a sculptor, a musician, a painter, a poet, a telepath, a devout ecologist, a whale enthusiast, but most of all an animal.

One thing that is certain is that the man is a joy to talk to. Conversation with Beefheart is somewhat like playing ping-pong with a square ball; you never know in which direction it will take off. Beefheart has one hell of a good time with the English language and adores tinkering with the conventional flow of speech.

Beefheart: (pointing to a fluorescent light) You mind if I turn this off? They deplete vitamin B to such a degree that its almost... (he grunts). And vitamin B costs a lot of money.

What is that on your shirt (points to a button)?

PF: That's Dr. Strange. Do you ever read comic books?

Beefheart: No, I think they're anti-art, actually, but that's a nice button. What is that? I'm really interested. I've never seen one like it and I've seen a lot of those things. I mean they just about bash your eyes out everywhere you go. Everywhere you go there's one of those things. I did "Lick My Decals Off Baby". Up here they say DEC-als its actually de-CALS. The say I meant it was de-CALS because its more... (growls). Do you know what I mean ?

PF: Ya. Do you mind if I smoke ?

Beefheart: I wish you'd give me one, please. I love French cigarettes. But what I do is this (tears the filter off the cigarette), because cancer came in with the filter, I think. Don't you ?

PF: I don't know. I have such a bad conscience every time I light up a cigarette that its ridiculous.

Beefheart: Oh ya, me too. I'll quit someday. (There ensues a conversation about the various merits of French cigarettes.) I'm sort of a phony smoker, I hardly ever inhale. You see, my moustache gives the impression that I'm really on the thing. I feel so funny doing this (smoking). I mean you never see a whale with a cigar in his mouth. Its silly.

BEEFHEART . . . his heart belongs to dada —doug field photo

PF: You never see cows with burning hay in their mouths.

Beefheart: But you know in Texas the land where they go psssst (imitates a cowboy branding a calf, then raises his voice) It don't hurt 'em! You know when they brand them? Those people are frightening! I don't eat meat, do you?

PF: Ya, but my budget doesn't allow me to do it very often.

Beefheart: Well, that's good for you, if you could get a budget where you couldn't smoke you'd be better off even more.

PF: I find that when I eat meat I just want to fall asleep.

Beefheart: It takes too much to digest. We don't do the activity that the caveman did. An orangutang is extremely powerful and they don't eat meat. Now the chimpanzee eats birds, but not the orangutang or the gorilla. An elephant doesn't eat meat. Stronger things don't, and if I may say so, neither do the smarter things. Although, whales do feed on crustacea.

PF: Apparently "Safe As Milk" was really big in England while it didn't sell much over here.

Beefheart: It was extremely big. I'm very well off over there now. Everytime I go there I can go to a lot of peoples houses. I mean I can just step from house to house all over that country.

(At this point Beefheart changes to the subject of rivers as we are very near the Capilano river)

Beefheart: There are a few rivers down in Santa Cruz. I did Blabber and Smoke there. That was a funny song. My wife came up with the title for that and then I thought, oh man, that's the whole thing, blabber and smoke. And then I wrote the thing; that was a lot of fun, I remember that.

I remember the smell of the air. The rivers are nothing like this (the Capilano). I mean this is an overabundance of beauty, just fantastic. Especially this place right here. This is one of the ones.

I mean its still got a plug in where you can play an electric guitar, if you're so inclined. I'm not convinced that's the thing to do... play an electric guitar.

PF: But there's so much fun you can have with electricity.

Beefheart: Oh, I know! You fell for Frankenstein too... I mean the bride of Frankenstein... Boris Karloff.

PF: Son of Tonette.

Beefheart: Right!

(the conversation now turns to telepathy)

Beefheart: It (telepathy) is there for everybody. You do it to a degree. I know you're open to that kind of thing. You know that don't you?

PF: I don't deny my "mystic" whatever, or natural things that we don't understand.

Beefheart: Right, I don't even think it is mystic. I think it's something we've lost like the tail, or the whale... they still have remnants of little things that they had when they were on land.

Some children these days are being born without appendixes. I think we don't need it (telepathy) because we've got a telephone, that's one of the biggest cut-offs of telepathy.

PF: I remember reading that you can go to the phone before it starts ringing, knowing that its for you.

Beefheart: Oh ya, that happens all the time. Oh ya, and a lot of other things happen that are very involved... well they're not very involved unless you try and talk about them. Because complication like speech breeds anxiety.

That's what I was saying on Clear Spot..." I have to run so far to find a Clear Spot". I can feel that (telepathy) with you. I could the other night.. I knew who you were... I could feel it... before I even walked in. (At this point the telephone rings, Beefheart grins, shakes my hand) You did that didn't you?

(The conversations turns back to ecology and the Captain begins to plug a book called **Autonomous Technology** by his good friend and longtime Beefheart chronicler Langdon Winner.)

Beefheart: Autonomous technology... that's, can man control the machines or will the machines control man? I think possibly its out of control, its frightening. What about that neutron bomb!!.

Langdon Winner called me from Maine and he told me that the clams have cancer... in the bay in Boston! A little paranoia is a good propellant. Progress is Chanel No. 5 on the rocks. (He lights up another cigarette) Anything good is gonna getcha. (We proceed to compare tar and nicotine ratings of our cigarettes.) These (Gitanes) are a lot better than American cigarettes... they put all that

Saltpeter smokes

chemical echhh in them to make money and keep them burning. Saltpeter and glycerine!

PF: Saltpeter!! Oh, oh!

Beefheart: I know! This guy told me a joke once, he was an older man, a recluse and lived in a trailer in the desert. He was about eighty-eight and had been in the service.

Anyhow, he told me, 'You know it never worked on me, they'd put saltpeter in the food in the army, to keep us under control. But it never... uh... worked on me... uh... until I turned... uh... eighty!' It was so funny, him being out in the desert like Don Juan.

PF: You said you were going to read **Autonomous Technology** while you're on the road, yet I recall reading an article that said you didn't have much use for reading...?

Beefheart: I'm starting... everybody gets to it eventually. I never went to school. I've said it a lot of times but if you want to be a different fish you've got to jump out of the school. But that doesn't mean it applies to everybody. It just suited me not to go to school due to the fact that I'm an artist.

I just take my pattern. I'm trying to do art and I don't want anything getting on top of my art. So I don't ever listen to anybody or anything... very seldom... then I'm very careful of who I listen to. And its a sacrifice because there's so many good things that I'm missing.

But I have to do it as an artist. But its not because I feel weak, in that my mind can't discriminate enough to know which is me and which isn't. I just want to do something new and different. I want to do something that I do! That's why I avoided school.

PF: You had a television show when you were seven in which you demonstrated sculpture. How did you get into that?

Beefheart: I was over at a zoo all the time throughout my young life. From the time I was three until I was thirteen I worked on sculpting and it just snowballed... (at this point Beefhearts audio attention wavers to the noise of the traffic going by) I can't hear with all those cars! I don't need that music, man! I don't like metal rock! I mean that's where that comes from... that motor-city society! I don't dig it!

Now let's see if I can pick back up.... I was sculpting animals. Most of my friends then were animals, only they were in captivity.

Psychotic animal

But I knew at the time that it's better that they be there for children to see if they have to keep man out with a jail.

I think they're in jail for protection. Isn't that awful? Well they may be psychotic but at least they won't be put on somebody's wall for a trophy.

PF: There's one polar bear down here...

Beefheart: (aghast) Oooh, its not on the wall is it?

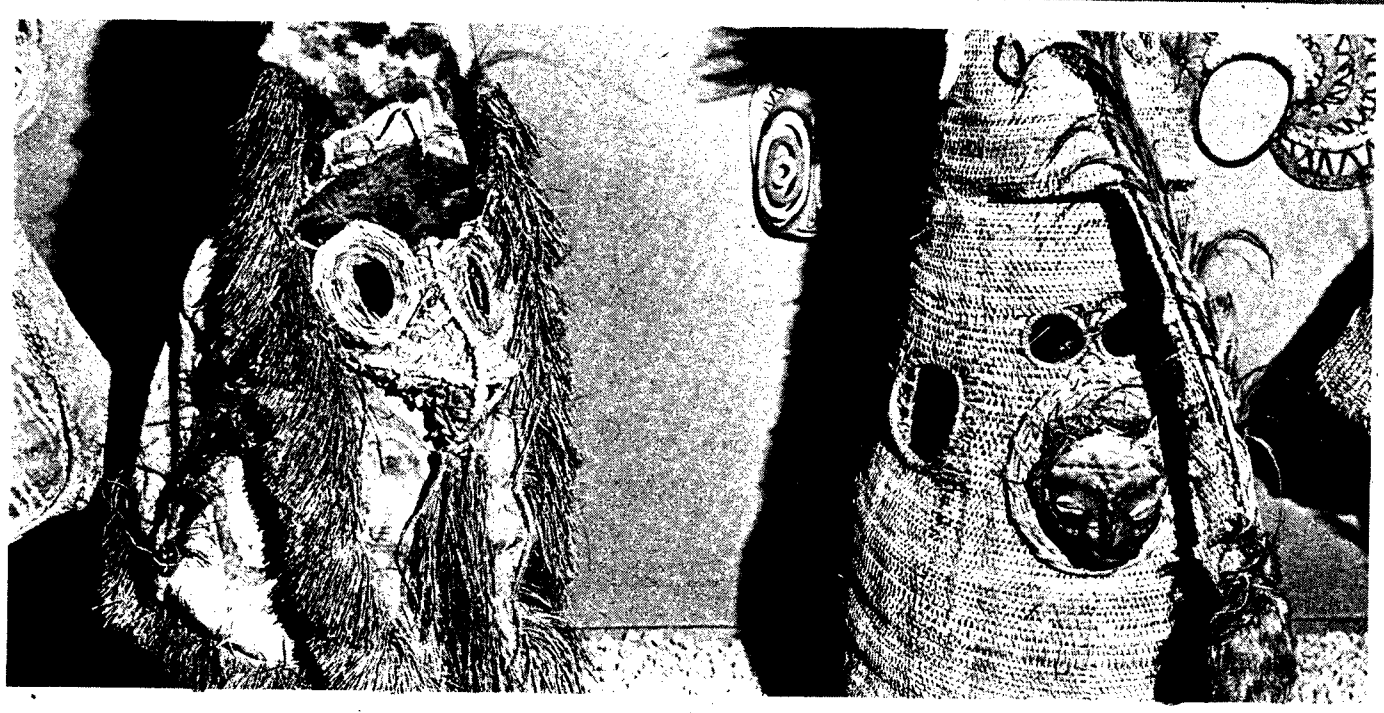
PF: No, down in the park and it walks backwards all day, does a pivot, and then goes around again! And it does that all day!

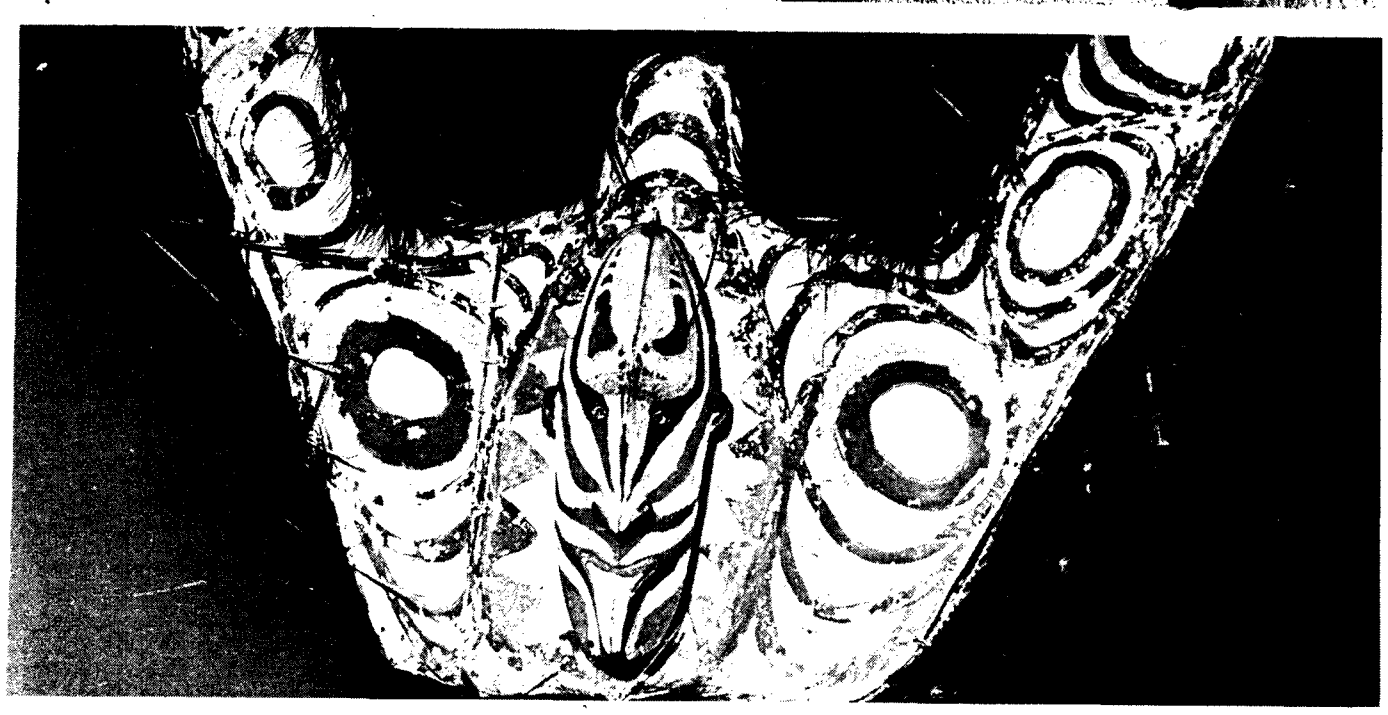
Beefheart: Oh no! But, if they put it up north some Russian airplane with a scope and a propeller would come down and go, 'Oh there he goes, we got him now! You know, like they do to the whales.

PF: I saw a neat thing in the zoo the other day. I went to look at the fruit bats...

See PF10: ANIMALS

Primitive art: Conjuring u





By DAVID MORTON

New Guinea has been a haven for thropologists in recent years due to vari discoveries of primitive tribes that ha remained virtually untouched civilization.

One recent find revealed a tribe which l remained so isolated, not only from West civilization, but other New Luinean trib that it had only discovered the wheel wit the past half century.

The art of this uniquely primitive lanc the subject of the Fine Art Gallery's curr show, entitled Ngwalndu.

Naturally the mood of the show predominated by the darkness of the la its black magic and witchraft.

The exhibition cannot be viewed in t same way as a show of paintings by modern artist. The "works of art" in t case are artifacts of an entire culture wh even the most qualified of anthropologi could not begin to comprehend.

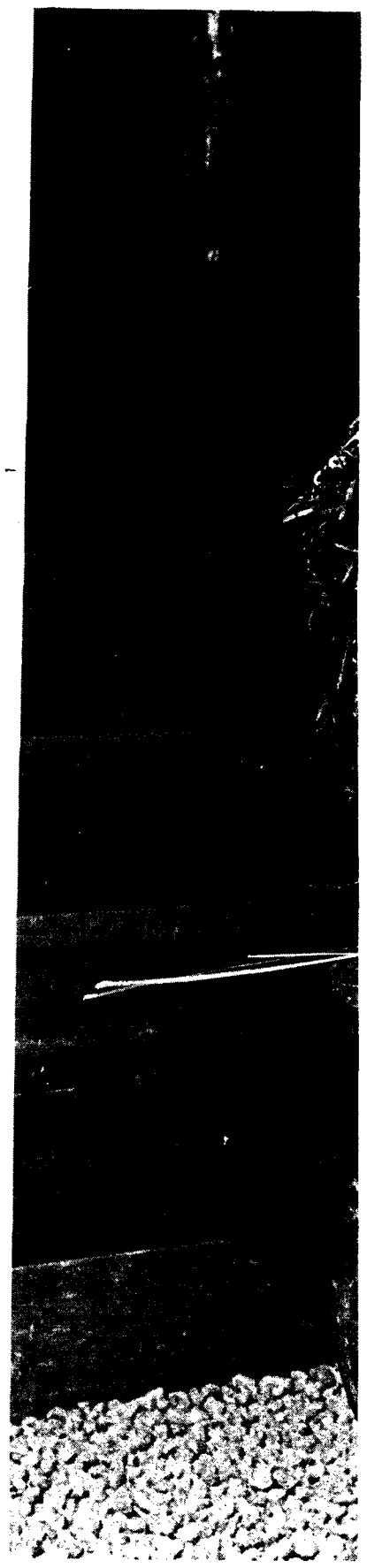
But fragments of the culture can gathered from close examination of t artifacts.

Their mystical quality stem from t conditions of their creation.

The artist in this culture is not a pove stricken individual trying to live off Cana Council grants, but a priest — one who is direct communication with spirits of t underworld.

Everything he creates is a message fr the spirits, and with each mask, carving piece of pottery, there is a spiritual purpo

Many of the artifacts on display are to



) spirits of a magical vision

such as spearthrowers, basket hooks or shields. Each is carved with various spiritual motifs which would ward off evil spirits and bring the hunters or fishermen into good favor with their gods.

In some instances this fusion between spiritual purpose and practical purpose obscures the utility of the object. Is it an idol or a tool?

Not only is the spirituality of the New Guinean culture reflected in the art, but the environment as well.

The undulating rhythm of the ocean can be seen in pattern designs of the masks and the skull paintings. Various seashells are embedded in the masks as either simple decoration, or rather effectively as eyes.

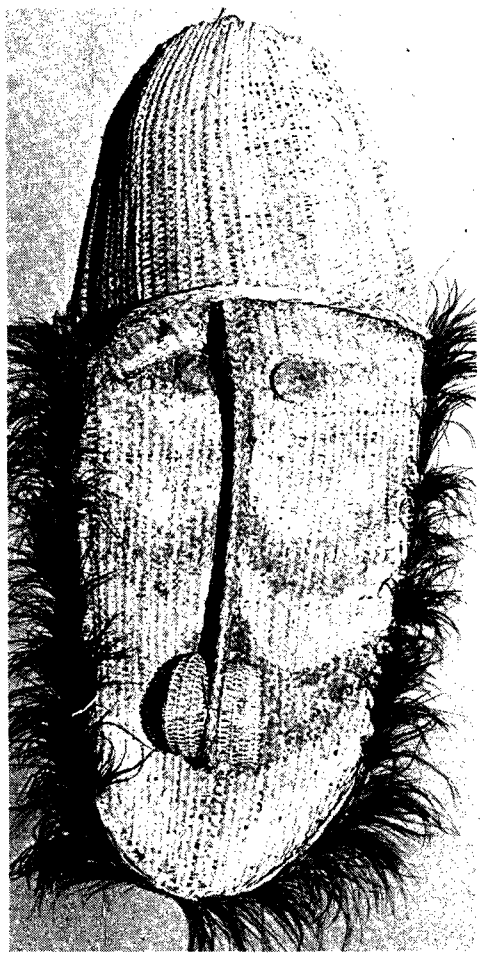
The decorative use of bird feathers and the recurring image of birds in different objects reveal the importance of the bird in New Guinean culture. One motif that is easily discernible is the Fish Eagle perched protectively on the head of the figure of a man.

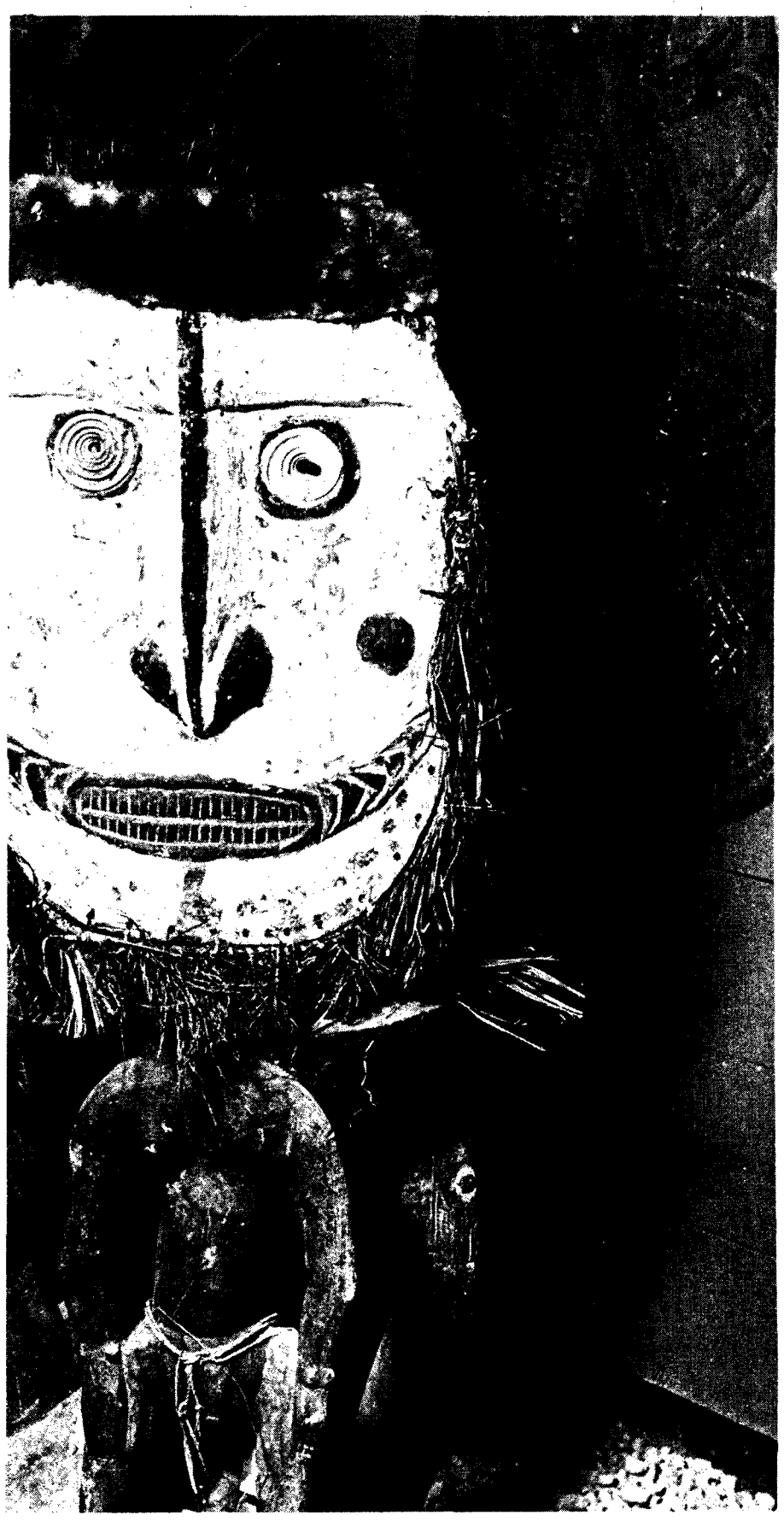
Obviously Anthropology students will get the most pleasure out of this exhibition, but an attempt to inform the lay audience of the New Guinean culture is made in the show's rather elaborate program.

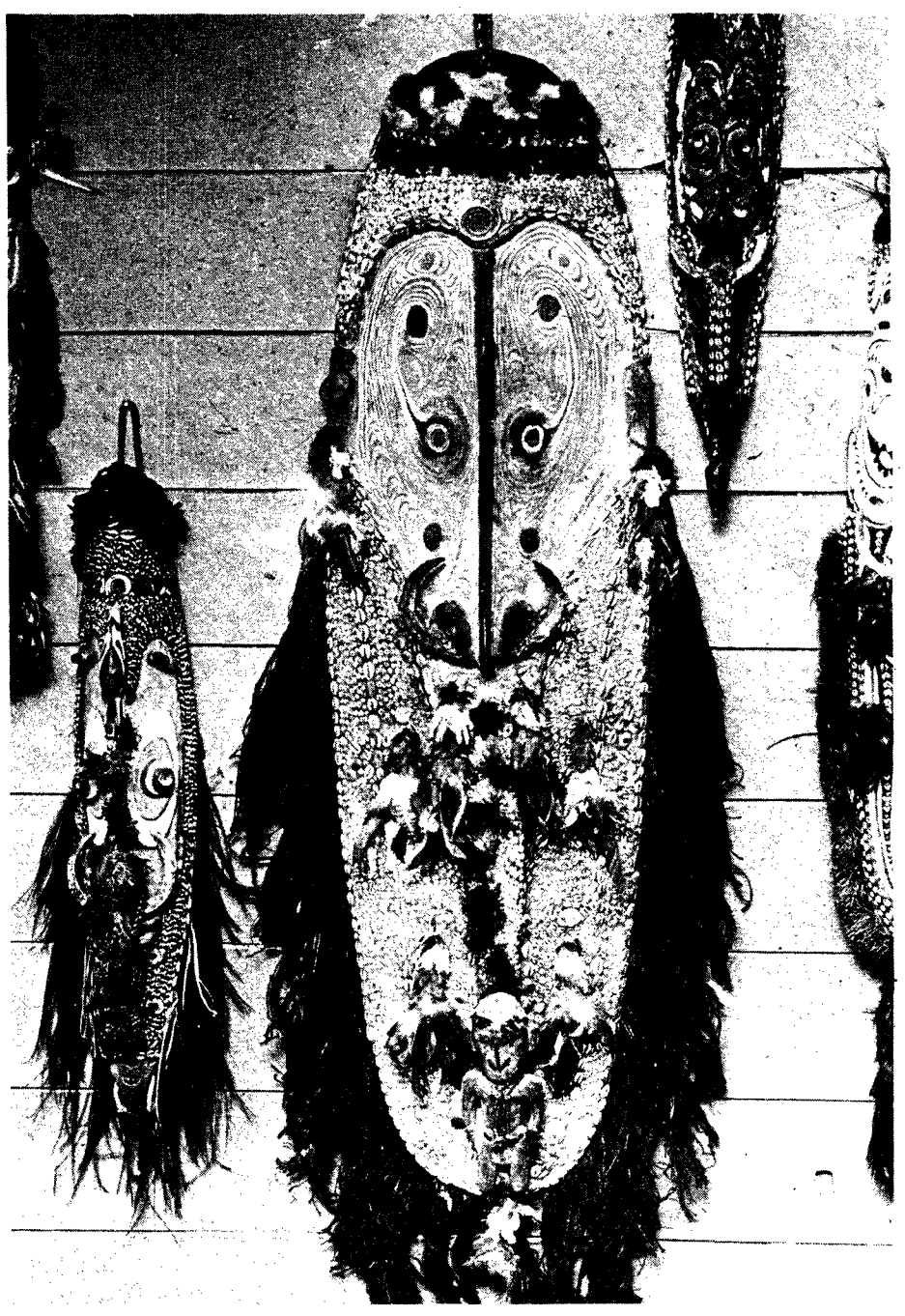
If the lay viewer can wade through this densely academic introductory essay by Barbara DeMott, he can gain a fairly rounded idea of the culture in the context of the displayed artifacts.

The viewer won't walk away an expert, but will at least have a deeper appreciation for the wheel.

The show continues until Oct. 15.







Director murders Chekhov

By GREGORY STRONG

The Cherry Orchard"
By Anton Chekhov
Directed by Robert Graham
At the Vancouver East Cultural Centre
Until October 8

The West Coast Actors production of "The Cherry Orchard" is a disappointment to anyone who has seen their fine work in past seasons. Chekhov's masterpiece has been badly distorted by director Robert Graham's interpretation of the play.

The Cherry Orchard is about a family of Russian landowners and their servants and friends who do nothing to prevent the auction sale of their estate. Instead, the characters only talk about the action they might take to save their land and they discuss their feelings for one another and their attachments to the cherry orchard.

The focus of Chekhov's drama is not on a class, or type of people, but on their emotional preoccupations; their loves and hopes, feelings to which a theatre audience can easily respond.

CHERRY ORCHARD . . . bares emotional preoccupations

But director Robert Graham let his actors lose sight of the overall effect of their work and the play lacked a sense of progression, or rhythm. The director missed the laughter that offsets the tragedy in Chekhov's play and it can never be expressed too many times that Chekhov is comic as well as tragic. His characters appear comical because what they say is undercut by what they do. They are also tragic because we can identify with their problems.

Director Graham seems to have produced "The Cherry Orchard" as a history piece that claims it is a picture of Russian life in 1903, fourteen years before the Revolution. But this is a terrible error because the richness and beauty of Chekhov's plays is in their sense of timelessness. We are like his characters, still unsure of what we do and finding our lives just as inexplicable and ambiguous.

"The Cherry Orchard" opens to a dazzling impressionistic set with long latticed windows at the edge of a drawing room with narrow silhouetted cherry trees beyond the windows. Lopahin, a wealthy businessman is lounging on a couch and leafing through the pages of a book which doesn't interest him. Finally, he drops the book to the ground, snickering as he lay down on the couch.

The director's implication is that he is a childish, middle class boor who wantonly destroys what he cannot understand, like beauty or culture. And throughout the play, Lopahin was given this heavy portrayal as an intense individual and a graspy representative of a rising Russian middle class. But Chekhov's play is more subtle than class relationships and by the director's heavy hand, we lost much of Lopahin's uncertainty about his own feelings.

The third act of "The Cherry Orchard" was the weakest section of the performance because the actors seemed to be playing the scenes as high tragedy. Trish Grainge as Madame Ranevsky completely lost her manners while arguing with the student, Trofimov and by shouting at him, ruined any credibility she might have had as the highborn Russian aristocrat that she played.

It was typical of director Graham's brutal approach to the play that he staged a death scene to end what he had done. Antony Holland, who had given an amusing portrayal of Firs, the ridiculous old butler, moved into a delicious parody of King Lear's death which he milked for all the sentiment it was worth.

However, there were some very good solo efforts by Bernard Cuffling as Madame Ranevsky's spineless brother and by Jim McQueen as Lopahin, who did well despite the queer distortion of his role.

The main question one should ask after seeing "The Cherry Orchard" is how a very talented group of Vancouver actors could be led so far astray.

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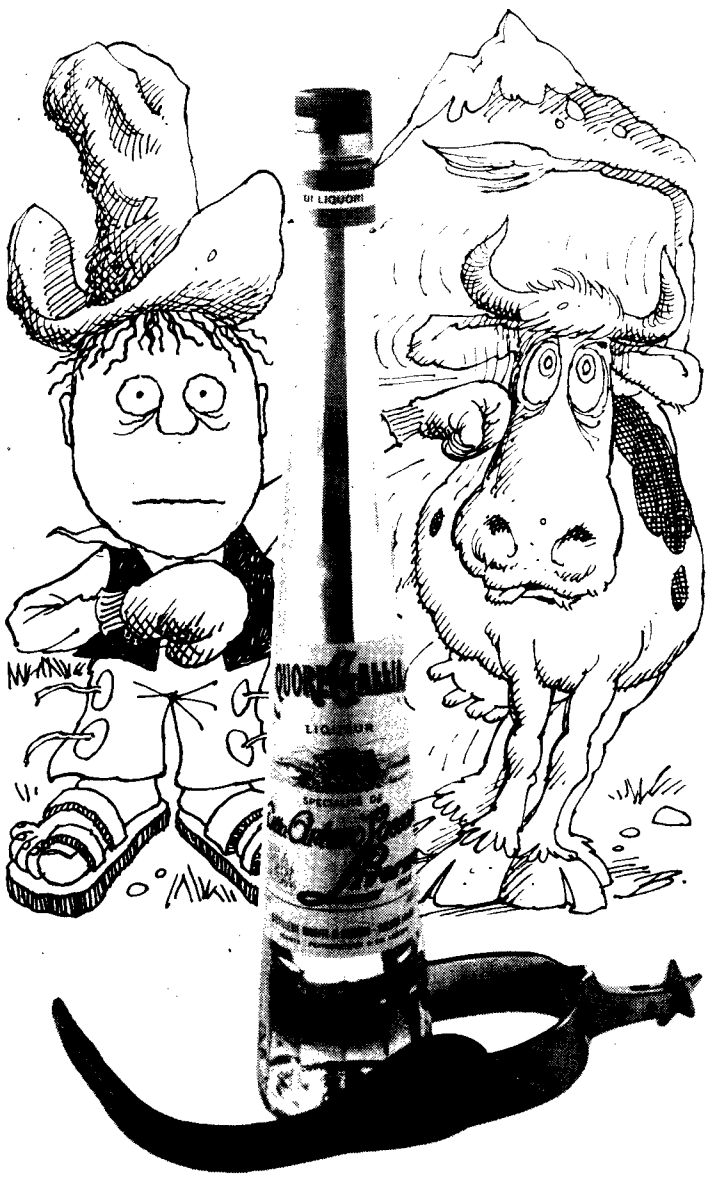

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The seasons and Marie-Claire

By MERRILEE ROBSON

I was there the first time they, Michael and Marie-Claire, met. Our Marie-Claire was wearing her black and brown dress and her black sandals, looking small and dark and pretty. She had not dressed up for him, or for me either, but just because she likes to be certain that no one could criticize anything about her. She likes to be in control, our Marie-Claire.

We all shook hands and sat down around the conference table or at one end of it, because the room was too big for our discussion. Marie-Claire picked her white papers with her small, tanned hands and tapped them once against the table to tidy them before she started to speak. Marie-Claire is very efficent.

I saw her look for a moment at the gold wedding ring on his brown hand. But I knew that it wouldn't matter to Marie-Claire that he was married. I knew that she was only wondering why this man felt he needed to make that statement to her, or why anyone would care to admit that they weren't entirely self-sufficient.

They were quite a bit alike. That is, Michael and Marie-Claire were both small and dark, and rather exotic-looking; both very self-confident. I felt too large and too rudely red-haired. Maire-Claire picked her papers up when she needed them, drank her coffee when she wanted it. Neither of them used their folders as props. They were more subtle. Marie-Claire tossed her long black hair, tapped her small, pretty foot. But only because she wanted to; Marie-Claire does not play games.

That time we finished with our business quickly. Michael got up to leave and shook our hands again. When he had closed the door behind him Marie-Claire turned to me. "My God, Peter, what a silly, pompous man," she said. I laughed. I was relieved that he had not impressed her but I wondered why she had allowed herself to be antagonized. Marie-Claire doesn't usually notice people.

The three of us had to meet often. I liked Marie-Claire's reaction to him. She was polite, efficient. But every so often she would look at me with her brown eyes and raise on black eyebrow. That said everything.

They were quite a bit alike, Michael and Marie-Claire.

But we met often and she sometimes laughed at his jokes. Still, many times she would look sideways at me and smile. We worked for the same company.

And then, one time when our meeting had lasted later than usual Marie-Claire said, "Well, if our Marie-Claire wants a drink..."

"Then we should buy her one," Michael finished.

I waited for Marie-Claire to shake her head and tell him that she always bought her own drinks. She looked at me for a moment with her wicked, mocking smile; then she said, "We can buy rounds," and laughed.

I laughted too and said, "Marie-Claire, you really do want a drink." But she was going back to her office to fetch her jacket and didn't hear me. Michael chuckled but I didn't acknowledge that. I didn't want a man from another company laughing at our Marie-Claire.

We went to the bar across the street. Marie-Claire walked in the middle. It was autumn but it was hard to tell. There is the occasional decorator tree in the city and there were a few leaves on the grey sidewalk. But usually the city looks the same, no matter what season it is. The sky was grey. Marie-Claire wore a brown jacket, like an autumn leaf, and high-heeled shoes. She walked quickly but I had to slow down because my legs are so much longer than hers. Michael is shorter than I am.

Michael took Marie-Claire's arm when we crossed the street. I waited for Marie-Claire to put him in his place. But she only laughed nervously. When we were across the street he let her go and she touched the sleeve of his jacket lightly saying, "I can cross streets by myself."

The lounge is on the main floor of the hotel. Marie-Claire doesn't like it very much because the booths are upholstered in red vinyl and they have black velvet paintings on the walls. But it's just across the street. I don't mind it.

"Christ, what an awful place!" Michael said. I gave him an angry look and watched for another smile from Marie-Claire. But she just wrinkled up her eyes and laughed a lot, looking at Michael.

She slid into one of the red vinyl booths and Michael sat down beside her. I was shocked. She's our Marie-Claire. I sat down opposite them. They looked like brother and sister. Marie-Claire was still laughing. It wasn't very dignified.

Going for drinks after the meetings became a habit. Marie-Claire started to call it "our bar" although she'd never liked it. Sometimes Marie-Claire and I would go there after work and run into Michael. He was always very friendly to me, even invited me to play squash with him some afternoon. Marie-Claire said it was very fortunate that we all got along so well, as we did have to hold these meetings.

But one day Marie-Claire's car needed something done to it, I forget what, and she left it at the garage. We were walking across the street to our bar. It had started to snow. Marie-Claire looked at the grey sky and then down at her small, brown leather shoes. "I'm afraid I'm going to get awfully wet going home on the bus tonight," she said.

And of course I said, "But Marie-Claire, I'll drive you home."

"Oh, no, I couldn't let you do that, Peter," she said. "You live in quite the opposite direction." Marie-Claire doesn't rely on anyone.

But Michael said, "I go your way, Marie-Claire." I looked at him suspiciously.

Marie-Claire just smiled and said, "Well, if you could just drop me off somewhere near there. . . ." I thought of Marie-Claire's soft, brown shoes in the snow somewhere near her apartment and laughed at how stupid our conventions of etiquette are. Marie-Claire knew he would drive her home; otherwise she might just as well take the bus. Marie-Claire is not always so polite. Michael is very polite.

Michael excused himself and a while later I saw him standing at the phone booth just outside the door of the lounge. His grey suit looked softly luminous in the darkness of the bar. Marie-Claire didn't seem to notice him. I wondered if he was phoning his boss. No, it was too late in the day for that. He was phoning his wife. He'd be late for dinner.

I wondered if Marie-Claire was considering changing jobs. No, Marie-Claire wouldn't be so disloyal. I looked at her and smiled. She din't notice; she was looking at the smallest of her russet fingernails. She was frowning slightly. I watched her tiny, winter-pale fingers, trying to find the flaw which was demanding all her attention. She looked perfect to me, but I guesss I don't really know much about that sort of thing, and Marie-Claire always looks pretty good to me. A candle was burning in the red lamp on our table and the light was reflected in the golden bracelets on Marie-Claire's wrists.

Michael came back to the table then. He walked smoothly across the floor, like a small, well-dressed cat, and sat down next to Marie-Claire. "Just had to tell them how the meeting went," he said to me. Marie-Claire forgot her fingernail and laughed, saying she thought it had gone very well.

So we had quite a few drinks that night and it had stopped snowing by the time we left. It was really very early for snow and it was soft and slushy. Marie-Claire frowned again and stopped in the doorway.

"I'll go get the car and pick you up here," Michael offered.

"Oh, no. That's find. I can walk," she replied. Maire-Claire is very independent. But she's rather silly sometimes. She was obviously worried about her shoes. They were such silly little shoes too, with very high heels; not the sort of thing for hiking through snow. We walked to the parking garage together and Michael took her arm again. This time she didn't complain. With such high heels and so much snow she probably couldn't cross the street by herself.

And after that Marie-Claire stopped smiling wickedly at me. She would smile at both of us, but not wickedly, and insist that we were all really good friends. We would go out to lunch together and we met for drinks after work. Usually we wouldn't stay too long at the bar though, unless Michael had made one of his calls to tell them how the meeting had gone. Then we'd all drink rather a lot and Marie-Claire would start to giggle. I'd never seen her like that before and I'd really worry about her driving home like that, especially as the weather was getting worse and it snowed quite often.

I wondered if he was phoning his boss. No, it was too late in the day for that. He was phoning his wife.

She always seemed to make it home all right. I still worried about her though.

We still met with Michael often, sitting at one corner of the huge conference room table. We'd spread our papers out along it and leave round marks from our coffee cups on its glossy surface. We would scribble down notes and toss wads of paper into the immaculate wastepaper basket. Once I even spilled my coffee on the green carpet. But every time we came into the room it was always perfectly tidy: the heavy, padded brown chairs always evenly spaced around the table, the carpet spotlessly green, the table gleaming and the wastepaper basket unsullied.

I always found the atmosphere restricting but it didn't seem to bother the others at all. Marie-Claire and Michael would lean close together to look at the same paper, then slide it rapidly across the shining table top to me. They would laugh, not noticing how the president's portrait frowned on that sort of thing. Once I saw Michael wink at Marie-Claire and she only smiled at him. I wondered if he knew that Marie-Claire would never let anyone else behave so frivously. I looked at the other painting in the room, a landscape painting of a lake in the summertime. If we had been there instead of the conference room it might have been all right for them to laugh like that.

Then one Thursday when we were supposed to meet, Michael phoned me to say he couldn't make it. We talked for a few minutes and agreed on a different time. I saw Marie-Claire walk past my office door on her way to the conference room. I called to her but she didn't hear me. Michael asked me to say hello for her for him and then hung up.

I went down the hall to tell her. She was sitting in one of the brown armchairs, looking at the painting of the lake. One of her white hands was lying on her whiter papers and the red spots of her fingernails were moving slowly up and down, tapping softly. She looked very small at the end of the long table. I went and sat down beside her.

She looked at me. "You're late and he's later," she said smugly.

"He's not coming today. He just phoned me." She widened her eyes a little and then looked down at her papers. "I guess you weren't in your office when he called," I said. "He would have phoned both of us, I'm sure."

"Yes, I came down here a bit early, I guess." She put her papers in their beige folder and picked it up, holding it tightly against her beige suit. "Did he say when he was coming again?"

I told her and we walked back to my office together. I closed my door and thought about her walking down the hall alone.

Marie-Claire, you've known all along that he's married. It serves you right.

The next week, on the appointed day, someone knocked on my office door, I can't remember his name now but I remember that I liked him quite well. He was much taller than Michael and he didn't make me feel so huge and clumsy. He told me that Michael wasn't able to come but that he thought he had all the information he would need.

I showed him to the conference room. It was empty. We sat down and I opened my folders, spreading papers untidily in front of him. Marie-Claire opened the door and stopped there. "Is Michael sick?" she asked. The other man (I wish I could remember his name) told her that he hadn't been able to come and she sat down beside me.

A few weeks later Michael phoned me again. "Peter, it looks like I won't be able to come any more," he said. "This other fellow should be quite competent." I assured him that the last meeting had gone very well. "I'm glad to hear it," he said. "I tried to call Marie-Claire but she doesn't seem to be in yet. I'll try to get her at home." I was surprised that Marie-Claire was late for work. I started to worry about her. A traffic accident, maybe? Marie-Claire is always so prompt. "Maybe we could all get together for a drink some time," Michael was saying, "and you still haven't come over to play squash." That was true, and I was quite sure I wouldn't. I imagined Michael would be quite good, or he wouldn't have asked. I'd need a lot of practice first.

I put the receiver down and after a few minutes the phone started to ring again. I waited for a moment and then answered it. It was Marie-Claire; I knew it would be.

"Where are you? Are you all right?" I asked.

"Peter, I'm not coming in today. I'm not feeling well." She sounded like she was crying.

"Marie-Claire, you've known all along that he's married. It serves you right."

"What?" she said, but she sounded guilty. She knew what I was talking about.

"Look, Marie-Claire, I'll come over. Okay?" She sounded surprised but she agreed and I hung up, getting up to go to the garage. The office could do without me for a while and Michael had cancelled his appointment again. I took the elevator down into the dark garage and unlocked my car.

It was snowing heavily. I thought that spring was well overdue. It had been an awful winter. The traffic was moving slowly along the street. I pulled onto the street and waited patiently for the light to change. A few cars crossed the intersection and the light turned again. I waited.

I thought that by the time I got there it would be too late. I wondered if I should have called an ambulance. I looked for a phone booth but there wasn't one around. What if she hadn't done it yet? It occurred to me that I hadn't the faintest idea what she would do. Yes, definitely suicide. I imagined rushing in to her as she gasped her last breath and realized the mistake she had made. I would put my arms around her.

I wondered how she would do it. Pills? No, for Marie-Claire there would have to be blood. It would ruin her apartment but the drama was essential. The blood would match her fingernails.

I would have to tell Michael. He probably wouldn't suggest squash after this. It would be funny to see him at the funeral. It would be hard for him to look so smug now.

I was still moving slowly down the same street. I saw a clear blue phone booth through the snow. But I'd decided that our Marie-Claire wouldn't really kill herself. She was too much in control. And even if she was dead when I got there it wouldn't mean that she had lost control, just that she was making sure she wouldn't.

'Moon' is poignantly human

By GREGORY STRONG

It was a pleasure to see the production of Eugene O'Neill's play, A Moon for the Misbegotten which opened last week at the Freddie Wood Theatre. The STanley Weese production of this classic made no innovations in its interpretation of the play, but the chief appeal of the production lay in the emotional impact of O'Neill's playwrighting.

A Moon for the Misbegotten
By Eugene O'Neill
Directed by STanley A. Weese
At the Freddie Wood Theatre
Until Sept. 24

Eugene O'Neill has always been credited with being a founder of serious drama in America because of the commercial and critical successes of his early plays. O'Neill was a playwright who tried to express the inner experiences of his characters from within his own tragic vision of modern man.

A Moon for the Misbegotten was his elegy for a dead older brother, Jamie, whom he had loved for his wit and laughter, but hated for his self-destructive cynicism and drunkenness.

In several ways, A Moon for the Misbegotten is among the least theatrical of his plays. There is little stage action during the two acts of the play and it is filled with long and difficult character monologues.

But this untheatrical play can still move its audiences very deeply. The characters completely expose their dreams and fears on stage and yet the play has humour and warmth.

In the play a woman and a man meet under the moonlight and she attempts to console him about his mother's death.

And when Josie Hogan's father arrives on the following morning and sees her cradling Jamie Tyrone asleep in her arms, she tells him that she is,

the virgin who bears a dead child in the night, and the dawn finds her still a virgin. If that isn't a miracle, father, what is?"

The play is working with several mythical illusions and Josie is described as being a large woman, an earth mother who becomes Jamie Tyrone's confessor, an earthly Mary who absolves him of his guilt.

The two main roles of Josie Hogan and Jamie Tyrone are among the most difficult to play in the modern theatre, and though Judith Matsai and Lee Taylor made great efforts to play them, they didn't always succeed in making credible characterizations. Matsai seemed too frail and quick and her voice was too high for the big farm girl, Josie Hogan. Taylor didn't have the casual yet self-destructive qualities of a Jamie Tyrone.

However, Barney O'Sullivan stole the first act of the play as Philip Hogan, the tough Irish tenant farmer who hates Standard Oil and farms a rockpile. Act two, which is almost a duet between Josie and Jamie, verged on the melodramatic, but had some moments of deep emotion where the audience felt genuinely uncomfortable with so much exposed on the stage.

Director Stanley has shown courage in attempting such a difficult and demanding theatrical event. A Moon for the Misbegotten is unwieldly at times, but with the power of O'Neill's playwrighting, it is easily "best show in town".

TYRONE AND JOSIE . . . dreams substantial as moonbeams

Ashes is hot

By KEN BROWN

Seldom can an author, a director, or a group of actors manage a two-hour evolution from gross farce to bitingly poignant drama. The Playhouse Theatre Company has done so, with David Rudkin's **Ashes**, at the David Y. H. Lui Theatre.

As one enters the theatre, one is certainly not sure what to expect. There is an almost bleak sparsity to the clinicly black-and-white set, with its quasi-marble floor.

Ashes
By David Rudkin
Directed by Susan Ferley
At the David Y. H. Lui Theatre
until Oct. 1

Brief fears may arise that the play will involve some kind of prolonged dissection of small animals. But his apprehension is quelled as the lights go down for the first scene, and we hear in the dark the voices of Anne (Heather Brechin) and Colin (Terence Kelly), as they make love. The play begins with an orgasm, and we in the audience are unsure of how to take this, until we learn, at the end of the scene, that part of Colin's ecstatic moaning is caused by his wife's attack on his blackheads.

Fooled into thinking that we are now securely on the ground of farce, we in the audience giggle and titter, until the lights come up on the next scene: a gynecologist groping about with Anne's organs, and ridiculously describing them as "robust and healthy."

A jarring image becomes irresistibly funny.

This is the dramatic point of much of the play, which extracts wry, warm humor from situations that simply ought not to be funny.

The plot concerns the long struggle of Colin and Anne to become parents, first by conceiving a child themselves, and later by adopting one. Much of the comedy in the first half of the play arises out of the encounters between the young couple and a series of gynecologists and sexual specialists, all most ably portrayed by John Innes. ("Jennifer," he lisps to his nurse, inviting her to stare with him through a microscope at Colin's sperm, "I think these sperm are dead, wouldn't you say?")

In fact, it is neither Colin's impotence nor Anne's sterility that is the cause of the couple's barrenness, but rather a kind of chemical imbalance between them. The doctors prescribe such theatrical delights as a twice-daily scrotum bath for Colin, and an unprotestant sexual technique for the couple.

Colin's long asides to the audience take on a more serious tone. Talking about his fear of impotence, he quips, "Jack's seed is fit for transcendental sex alone," and, "Man's sexuality emancipated from propagation!" These kinds of philosophical headlines are spliced through the play.

Colin and Anne, after months of heroic effort, finally manage to conceive a child.

Ironically, the pregnancy is fraught with complications, and Anne is forced to stay abed for an unspecified but lengthy period. This puts a strain on the marriage, and the true value of the pair's mutual support and company is tested, and passes.

Mr. Innes' third or fourth "doctor character" makes his appearance, this time a sympathetic G.P., advising that the chances of a successful childbirth are not great, and a sombreness settles upon the play.

The baby miscarries, and Anne is hystorectomized. The couple make application for adoption, while Colin flies from their home in rural Britain back to his home city of Belfast to attend the funeral of his uncle, a Protestant militant who has died in a bombing explosion.

We learn in Colin's soliloquized monologue that his family has rejected him for his rational position of non-violence vis-a-vis Northern Ireland, so he is isolated from his progenitors on one end, and by his lack of progeny on the other. These considerations give rise to a few more gems of diction: "However a cosmos might absorb calamity, extinction is final for the thing extinct."

Mr. Kelly brings a warmth and sensitivity to the role of Colin that is deeply moving, and Ms. Brechin accomplishes a heroism touched with irony in her struggle to preserve the life of an unborn foetus.

Full marks also to Ms. Susan Ferley for her direction. The comic pacing of the first half of the play is impeccable, and most impressive is the complete shift in the play's tone, carried off so subtly that in the course of a few minutes, that reaction to the piece moves from the ludicrous to the bittersweet almost without notice. There is an invisible adeptness to the business-like way in which scenes change to a diversity of locales, which they do with great frequency.

In addition, the sparse and functional design of Judith Lee, and the solid supporting performances of John Innes and Nicola Cavendish all make for an entertaining, enlightening and touching evening in the theatre.

Goodbye, Eric Ivan Berg

By TED COLLINS

There were not enough words for him. I'm sure if he had lived, he would have used them all, and then invented more. Eric Berg died this summer in a logging accident. He was a regular Ubyssey staffer for several years and a graduate of the Creative Writing Department. He was also associated with Vancouver's Co-op Radio and with Echo Magazine. Mostly, though, he was a poet.

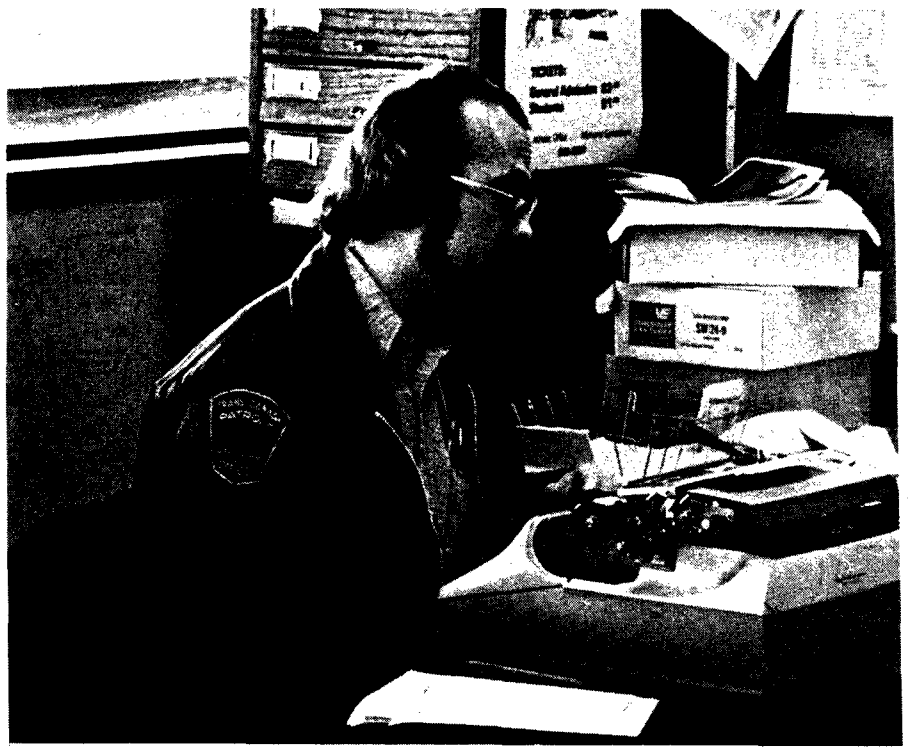
It was once said of him that he lived on Toby and frozen peas, but it is more likely he lived on poetry. His room was stacked with poetry magazines, a major proportion of them contributor's copies, and then another stack of his own manuscripts. He had an enormous output, some of it good, some of it very, very good, some of it pure rant. Eric did the best rants in the business. It was part of his charm. He liked nothing better than to lambaste the ICBC, or to dedicate a poem to the editors he most loved to hate.

Which brings us to another of his eccentricities. He saved rejection slips. No one got louder rejection slips than Eric. This was owing to his policy of writing cover letters. His cover letters could have been framed and entered into the loudmouths' hall of fame. It was just his manner. There was no harm in him. Eric was probably the only writer in existence who Xeroxed his rejection slips and handed them out to his friends.

His friends will miss him deeply. Already a small plaque has been erected in his honor in the Austin pub where he used to go to drink and chat every Thursday. Eric, although he published widely, never had a book. His friends are now in the process of editing a manuscript.

He was only 27 when he died, as full of life and joy and energy as ever. He had only been logging about 10 days in his whole life when the accident occurred. The death was pointless, ludicrous, and it has deprived us of a poet. His career was on the upswing. His poems were better than they ever were. There are manuscripts probably even now that are in the process of being published, as a consequence of the time lag between submission, acceptance and publication.

His friends will miss him, but Canada should miss him also. We lost a major voice in Eric Berg, and the tragedy is that few will ever know it.



Another poem for Pat Lowther

She's gone out again in the rain. Gone on
into that charged darkness where the wet resumes
soft shrouded. Rinsing in slow dissolve the rain wraiths,
the ghosts of rain, fall cleanly from her face.

Drips lie stilled — lie pooled into the shape of lips
pressed moist to her rain lover's tongue. All of it
comes a'tumbling down quick-silvered, puddles here.
For now there's no more gull and sparrow swooping while
wet Fall's flurry plashes down upon our raincoast again.

Died, yes. Yet who could have predicted it?
For there was no more sunshine stepping out on
the waves — only that sunken octopus' cold embrace.
Only he saw her skin soaking through, rippled it rough as bark.
So blinded by her migraine headaches she went out in pain,
in the pain that poured blood in again and again.

But who then could have predicted salty raindrops in
her ducts or warmrivulets of blood or the love of another
lover? Or who was it, remembered, that thing hovering in
the branching dark much more demanding than its music?
Remembers how it sometimes rises to its white madness?
To its momentary madness? O she remembers how it rose.

And who was that one foresworn to silence?
The one who forgot how to make love, one deafened by that
ugly drumrattle hum — the mallet music of the rainsquall?
She's left us, gone out again to swim the creek veins
of her last blood sponged poetry. Yet only she predicted it.
Patsy Lou's gone, gone out into the rain —
yet she never, never came back again. . . .

By Eric Ivan Berg

Land Change

Lint grey edges of light
soften their focus, refract, and break up
here at the edges of the prairies —
luminous in its moldings and beating down
this darkness as the ironing-out of the land
begins its slow land change again.
Heard here,
in that low moaning of the train
hawked at its near midnight hour
in the longthroated
howl of coyote,
as these vast flat wings
of all dissolving sound descend.

Below this night's sheets of snow lie
rumpled and adrift — licked here in their rifts,
white rippled and soothed over again
by this wind's wide tongue both tinted
and glowing pale green in the frame
of this narrow morning's northern aurora.

For here the night freight's ghost winds away,
onwards and endless of distances,
of prairies,
of nighttime in its pools.
It winds on past the shrill new babies being born
in the hives of the scattered loaf towns
where all still lies under the cover change
of this new child's spell cast by those
rings around the old skull jewelry
of the moon,
with its blue edgings chilled in the shivering air.

Far out here, flat time has slipped in frozen pools,
as now it slips up again to the foothills of the giants
and past, to where the land's mass emotional geography
changes — west of west — in a rocky heaving of backbone
borne up from the buried spool-discs of the earth
and wrapped in that thick loamy silence
lying so red rich in its secret germ seedlings
that are yet frozen fast
to the flats
of the prairies . . .
This windswept prairie, a painted witch
with its frozen tumbleweed skeletons,
simply rolls along with the wind's song.
It rolls on and on long after the engine has gone,
winding its way up through the slough rinks and coulees —
rushing night right on up into the tunnel's eyesockets
set deep in those
high and distant heads
of the whitegiant mountains.

There the CN thrusts itself up that thin ledge line
of steep alpine gradient and suffers the cut
of the land change.
Yes of the very life change that is heard crossfading here
where our great lone land changes heart
and severs those soft grey edges of its echoes —
focused from way back there where
this stiff wind's shirt
of white bearded
hoarfrost
lies prone
on the platter
of these cold Canadian prairies . . . .

By Eric Ivan Berg

Animals hold Beef's heart

From PF 3

Beefheart: Oh they're cute... a flying fox. They're wonderful! I think human beings fall so short of animals in looks... animals don't have all those hang-ups.

Did you hear me the other night when I said, "someone's had too much to think!"

PF: You were working up here in B.C. as a lumberjack, weren't you?

Beefheart: No, somebody said that about me to try to deface my art. To try and get me out of the way, the same as they do with Greenpeace and all the others that are trying to do good things.

I've always been trying to help any living thing. I haven't been out putting blindfolds on any human being. And these people obviously wanted to make it look like I was an they said that I was a lumberjack... now FUCK THOSE PEOPLE!!!

I have done a little bit of putting large spikes into trees so that it would destroy those mills, so that the spikes would break the saw. I would never do anything like that (cut down trees). Although I use paper, I'm an artist, its very hard to get around.

PF: Are you a very private person?

Beefheart: You know that. I'm a recluse. But I like people. If people realize they're animals then I like them.

(The conversation takes another turn and we talk about future projects.)

Beefheart: I was talking to Frank Zappa, I've known him twenty-two years, and we were discussing some things that we'll be doing. I can't say anything, but we have some things in the works. Like we did Bongo Fury.

PF: 'Sam was a basket-case.'

Beefheart: Meaning the tragedy of war, like those war veterans who defended us. And still they'll have another war. I hope not! They're at war with themselves. Remember Ant Man Bee, 'It's that one lump uh sugar, That they won't leave each other be, Uhuru, freedom, ant man bee.'

PF: Where do you live?

Beefheart: I live in the high desert. I have coyotes in my back yard and lizards, too. I have one lizard, at first, my mother knew this lizard, they called it Clyde. The thing was about an inch long and now its an alligator lizard about eight inches long. Its grown up and stays at the place as a pet.

I mean a human being would think its a pet, it's just living its life, but a human being has to think that they're superior. I don't think that way. I'll get down on the ground and look at it and talk to it and it talks to me in its way. And I feel that we have a . . . (rapport).

I've always talked to animals. I was in love with a baboon until I met my wife. "Abba Zaba, that big baboon, comin' over pretty soon." I loved that thing, that very highstyle black fur, with a rainbow arpss tje sje was beautiful.

* * *

Showtime was drawing near and Beefheart's manager was telling us to wrap up the interview, but Beefheart was in high gear. He wanted to explain why he played his soprano sax the way he does. "I want to sound like an elk up there on a mountain, bellowing out and ripping the clouds with his antlers." With that, his wife came out and pulled him into their room to get ready. Before the door shut, he grinned, eyes wide with inspiration, and with fingers for antlers, tossed his head about like a human elk.

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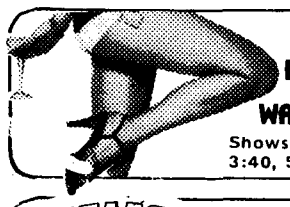

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VISTA

By NICHOLAS READ

Have you always wanted to own a Rembrandt, but were too poor to afford the original? Well, you can pick up the next best thing at the **Imaginus Exhibition and Sale** of fine arts prints and reproductions to be held at the SUB Gallery starting Sept. 26. Over 1200 different prints will be on sale featuring the works of such masters as Cezanne, Van Gogh, Renoir and Rembrandt. Prices range from $1.75 for small prints to $3.50 for larger ones. Gallery hours are 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. weekdays to Oct. 4.

Also for art enthusiasts, the Western Front, 303 E. 8th, is presenting an exhibition of paintings and drawings by **Bill Bissett**, a prominent artist, poet, and publishereditor of the Blewointment Press. The show is on view at the gallery from 1 p.m. to 5 p.m. Tuesday through Saturday until Oct. 6.

Today and tomorrow are the last days to catch **Ngwalndu**, an exhibtion of objects from sacred spaces in New Guinea, at the Fine Arts Gallery in the northwest wing of the Main Library. Gallery hours are from 10:30 a.m. to 5 p.m. and admission is free.

The Vancouver East Cultural Centre, 1895 Venables, in keeping with their tradition of bringing Vancouverites only the finest in cultural entertainment, is presenting an evening of fragments of sound and language, sneezes, stutterings, and meaningless syllables, all made into poetry and music. The show is called **Merz-Sneeze Poems and the Like**, and is a theatrical collage of the writings of dadaist Kurt Schwitters, performed by Peter Froehlich. There is only one show on Sunday, Sept. 25 at 8:30 p.m. Tickets are $3.

Authentic New Orleans dixieland jazz can be heard on Sept. 27 when **The Preservation Hall Jazz Band** comes to the Orpheum for one performance only starting at 8 p.m. Tickets are $6.50, $5, and $4.

Attention all ski bums! In order to get you in the mood for the coming season, The Orpheum will be presenting the ski film **In Search of Skiing**, on Sept. 24 at 8 p.m. The film will be followed by a commentary by its producer, Warren Miller. Tickets are $4.50, $4, and $3.50.

In case any of you students from the Kootenays Are ng for our beloved homeland, B.C.'s ambitious theatre collective, Theatre Energy, will be presenting **Voices — Now and Then in the Kootenays** at Simon Fraser University's Centre for the Arts on Sept. 29 at 8 p.m. The show is concerned with presenting a flavoring of what has gone into creating the Kootenays: the mountains, sounds, dreams, decisions, joys, and frustrations. Tickets are $2.

Tonight and tomorrow are you last chances to see **Mad Ivan and the Hornets** at Rohan's, 2723 W. 4th. The Hornets are a Vancouver based rhythm 'n blues, rock 'n roll band that performs much of its own material. Tickets are $3.50 and the doors open at 8 p.m.

From Sept. 26 to Oct. 1, **Billy C. Farlow**, former lead singer with Commander Cody, takes over at Rohan's. Students can take advantage of the Starving Student Special From Monday to Thursday, where on presentation of a valid student I.D., they will be admitted for a cover charge. Tickets are $4 on the weekend.

It's time for another Gastown Street Festival! Saturday Sept. 24 and Sunday Sept. 25 are the days for The 3rd Annual Gastown Days Celebration "Salute to Youth". Activities for the two days include a parade, a kiddies' carnival, a skateboard demonstration, a salmon bar-b-cue, continuous live entertainment, and contests! (So the day may prove to be profitable in more ways than one.) The festival runs Saturday from 10 a.m. to midnight and from noon to 10 p.m. on Sunday.

Charlebois spark dies

By ERIC PROMISLOW

Robert Charlebois, Quebec's premier singer, failed to meet his explosive reputation at a nationally televised concert that he gave here last Sunday.

The concert celebrated the 25th anniversary of Radio-Canada, the French television network. There were 14 popular Quebecois singers spread out across Canada from Moncton, N.B., to North Vancouver's Centennial Theatre. Parts of each performance were broacast live across Canada in a four-hour special.

Although the publicity agents seemed to avoid advertizing Charlebois's concert in any English media here, the about one half English capacity crowd, took advantage of the opportunity to see the man who has had more effect on Quebec's present culture than any other singer.

Robert Charlebois is a living legend in Quebec. Since he was first "discovered" singing in 1965, he has become omnipresent in Quebec's performing arts. He has represented Quebec in North American pop and rock festivals, played often in Europe and was a start act at Expo '70 at Osaka, Japan. He has starred in film, theatre, and television. Some say he was instrumental in instigating a separatist climate in Quebec, as his songs were more influential than political dogma.

Last Sunday night, Charlebois came off as if he was just another mediocre middle-of-the-road singer. He didn't project his characteristic — forceful style and the show quickly degenerated into mere monotony after about six songs. By contrast, his back-up band was excellent. They apparently realized it and raised their volume about half-way through the ninety-minute concert as if they deliberately wanted to drown out Charlebois.

Charlebois was singing about ideas he believed in, the way the English had suppressed the French; the plight of the North American Indians; his own people, "the potato-eaters"; and a separate Quebec.

Unfortunately, he seemed to present the songs in a very compromising manner and adapted to the television cameras. His between-song repertory was limited to asking if there were an Francophones in Vancouver.

Perhaps, at the mellow, old age of 32, Charlebois has lost much of his energy. For the people of Quebec, he now represents the hope of an independent province, but for the Vancouverites who saw him last week he was a curiosity object, and a rather boring one at that.

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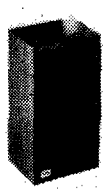

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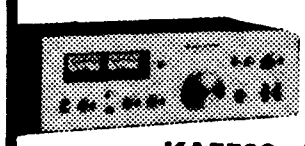

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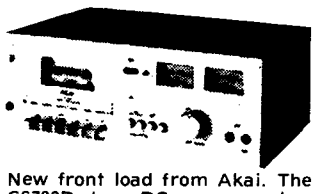

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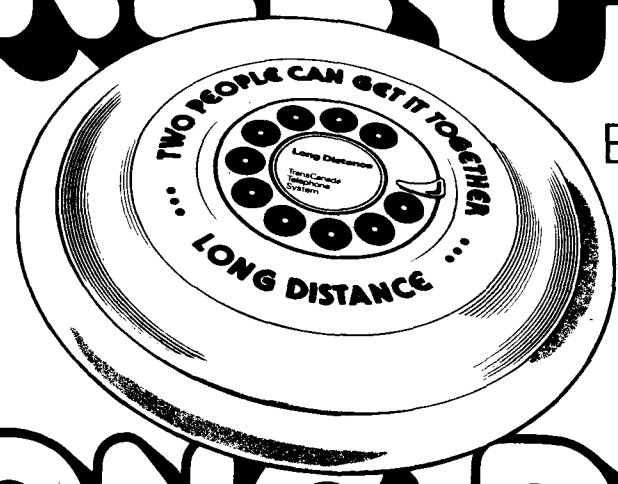

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SPORTS

Gridiron clash with invaders set

The UBC Thunderbirds football team takes on the Eastern Oregon State Mounties Saturday, in the first of its two tests of strength this year against U.S. teams.

"They are a competitive team in a fairly good college league," said UBC offensive line coach John Marquardt. "But if we don't make big mistakes we can beat them."

UBC has a tie and a loss to show for two Western Intercollegiate league games this season, and head coach Frank Smith says the time has come to start winning. He wants a win in Saturday's game, which starts at 2 p.m. at Thunderbird Stadium.

"This game is important to us because we need a win," says Smith. "The object of college football is to have a winning season. In five years people are going to look at our record, not at who we played."

The game will be played using American rules, which will cause problems for the 'Birds. Each team has 11 players, not 12, on the field at once, and in the U.S. rules only one back can go in motion before the ball is snapped.

This could lead to illegal procedure penalties for the 'Birds early in the game, before they get used to the U.S. rules. When UBC played Western Washington last year, the 'Birds had trouble adjusting during the first quarter. The 'Birds dominated the rest of the game, piling up 500 yards total offense compared to 200 for the Vikings. The referees decided the game, handing out so many fourth-quarter penalties to the 'Birds that UBC lost 26-24.

U.S. football also has four downs, compared to three in Canadian rules, so the running game is more important, which changes offensive tactics. Smith doesn't think the change in rules will affect his team's performance.

"We are going to go with the same basic offense we've used all year," said Smith. "We're just going to make the obvious adjustments to fit within the rules."

The 'Birds offensive line will have its hands full containing Eastern Oregon's Joe Joyce and Frank Marr, defensive linemen who were outstanding last year.

The Mounties' offense leans heavily on halfback Tim Rust and split end Brad Rice, both of whom have the speed to break any play into a long gain. Rice also handles the punting, doing so well that Dallas Cowboys of the National League have put him on their draft list as a punter.

"We had a common opponent last year in Western Washington State," said Marquardt. "Eastern Oregon lost to them 24-21. The score was about the same as our game. I expect they have improved about 25 per cent from last year so we have our work cut for us."

The strength of the teams in the league in which Eastern Oregon plays is comparable to that of the teams Simon Fraser University plays for most of its schedule. The traditional comparison between UBC and SFU will no doubt be made this weekend, raising the issue of a UBC vs. SFU game. Giving rising travel costs, it seems unlikely that such a contest can be put off for long.

In their last game the Mounties defeated the College of Idaho 16-7. For those who must make the comparison, Idaho will play Western Montana this weekend. SFU played to a 7-7 draw with Western Montana last week.

It should be made clear that the Canadian football program is not inferior, but fundamentally different, from U.S. college programs. Head to head comparisons are not a true indication of quality. There are many differences, including different training regulations, recruiting rules and scholarships.

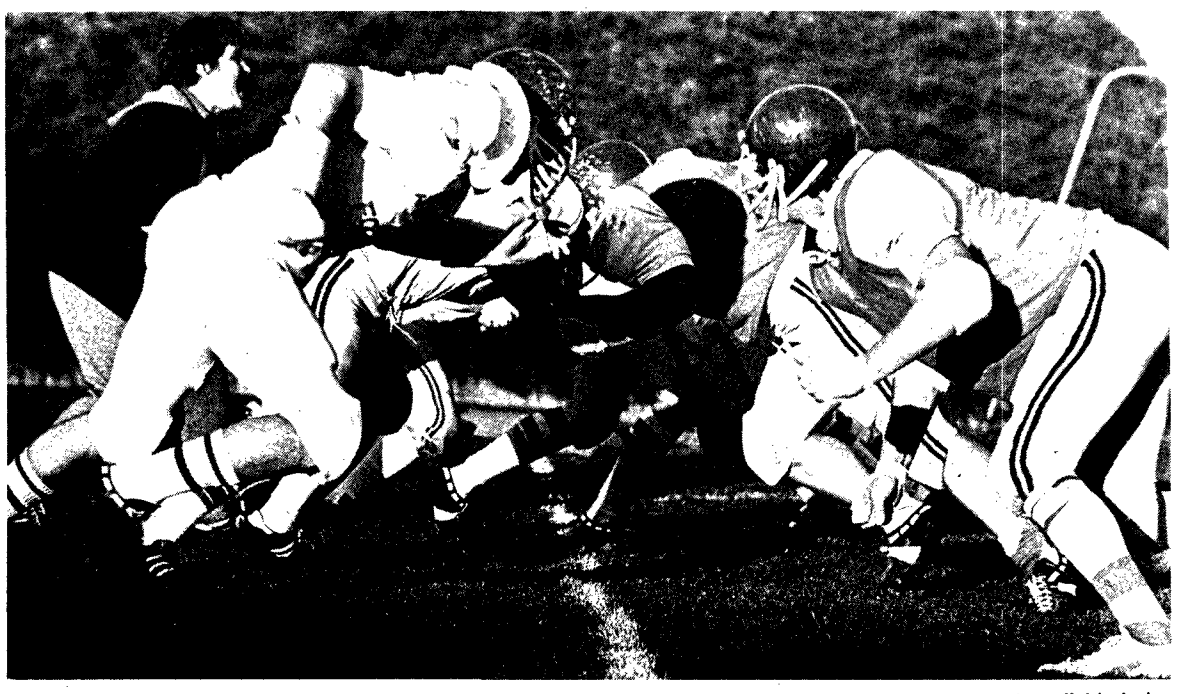
UBC's football program under Smith is approaching SFU's in quality, and is still improving. UBC plays a tougher, more competitive schedule than SFU.

The other U.S. team UBC plays this season is the University of Puget Sound, which the 'Birds meet Oct. 29, a week after UPS plays SFU.

If the 'Birds performance is credible in neither game, Smith thinks the rest of the season won't amount to much, and people will insist UBC's Canadian program is inferior to the American program of SFU.

UBC has played Eastern Oregon twice in the past, in 1949 and 1951. UBC won both games, by scores of 13-8 and 13-0. But this tradition is not expected to affect the play of either team.

UBC's next league game is at home against Calgary Oct. 1.



—doug field photo

THUNDERBIRDS PRACTICE Wednesday in preparation for exhibition football clash against Eastern Oregon State Mounties Saturday at Thunderbird Stadium. 'Birds are seeking first win in three starts.

Jayvee hoop starts

Step aside, Harlem Globetrotters. Look out, Michigan Wolverines. The leader of UBC's frosh basketball team has been taken by an excess of enthusiasm.

Grad student and rookie coach Terry Wood is at the Jayvees' helm this year, and he claims to adhere to an "anything goes" approach to sport.

"I'll use whatever medium is available to improve the performance of my players," he said. "If that includes ballet or consciousness-raising activities, then you're apt to see 6' 7" men pirouetting around the gym to the tune of Swan Lake."

As long as they make it onto the gym floor.

The Jayvees are independent of a league, and will play 10 teams this year, including sides from Simon Fraser University, the University of Victoria, and Capilano, Douglas and Okanagan Colleges.

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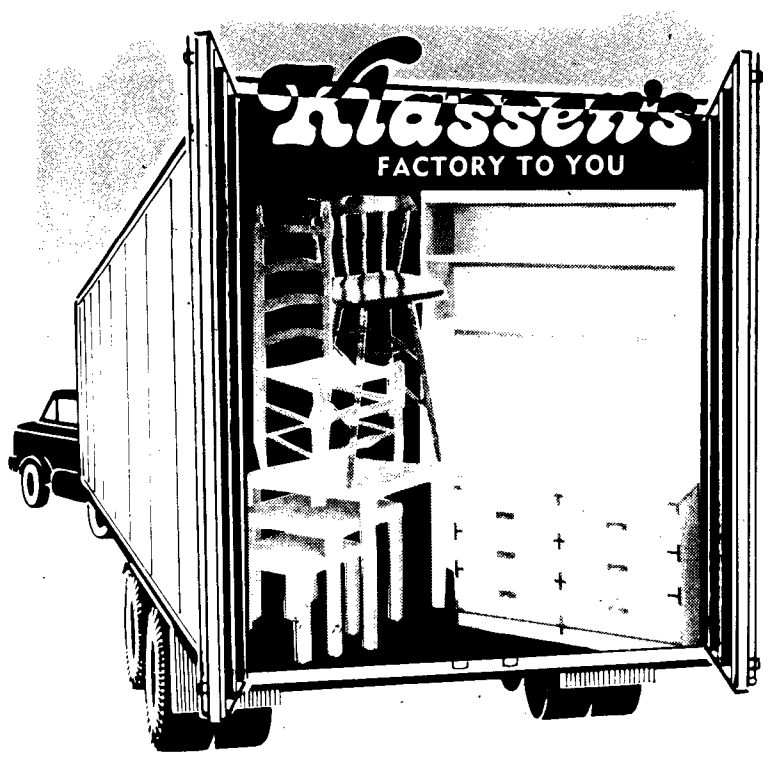

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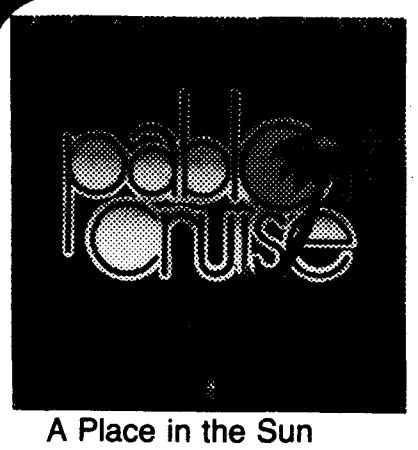

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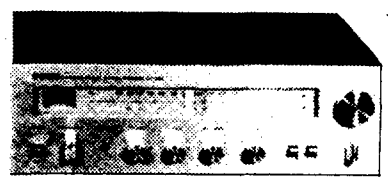

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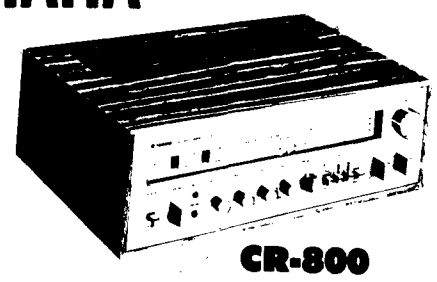

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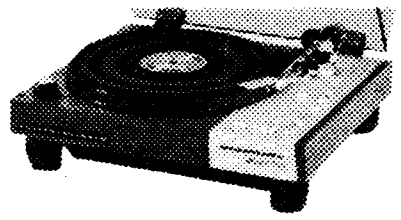

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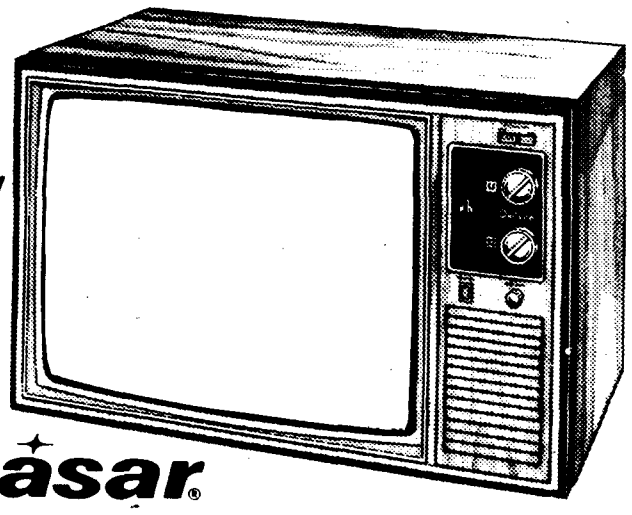

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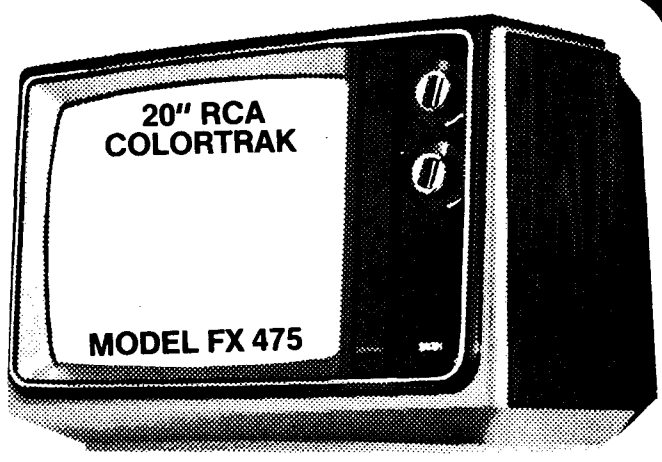

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