THE UBYSSEY, EH?

Vol. LXIV, No. 25 Vancouver, B.C. Friday, November 13, 1981 228-2301

There once was a UBC wit
Who deplored Canadian Lit
"Why sink sixteen bucks
In colonial shmuck
When you can float away at the Pit?"
—by Ubyssey iconoclast

FOOTBALL:

UBC battles for western championship tonight! What excitement! See our indepth, local preview page 20.

NEWMAN:

Who is the man behind the miasma? The Ubyssey, eh, examines the Acquisitors' Apprentice page 3.

CAN LIT:

Canadian literature is traditionally considered the runt of English-language letters, carefully incubated under "Canadiana" sections while its American and British counterparts vie vigorously for international critical and commercial success.

Not any longer.

By any standard, this fall season is a bumper crop for Canadian authors and readers alike. Books by Margaret Atwood, Jack Hodgins, Robertson Davies, W. O. Mitchell and Timothy Findley are stocking the shelves. It is a cultural feast to celebrate the coming of age of Canadian literature.

The development of this indigenous literature has been a slow and neglected process. Canada's persistent colonial mentality influenced its culture as well as its economy: we dismissed our fiction as a second-rate imitation of imported American and British works. Here there was no tradition to justify a culture, and so our artists wrote in an ignominious void.

This self-dismissal did not survive the centenary, however, when it became a matter of national pride to have something to celebrate about. Canadians instinctively turned to their artists, who had been vigorously creating a national culture, and in the process defining a Canadian identity.

For the next 20 years, Canadian literature became a national indulgence, nurtured as lovingly as the beaver and maple leaf. As the Canada Council increased its funding (from $819,000 in 1971-72 to over $7 million in 1979-80), the literary community expanded and matured in response. Canadian publishers gleaned the teaming pools of talented writers who nourished the growing industry of literary criticism.

See Page Twelve

cover photo by charlee campbell

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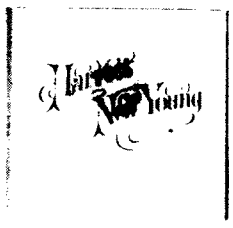

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PERRIER, EH?

Newman builds...

Ubyssey staffers **Paul Kaihla** *and* **Eric Eggertson** *interviewed* **Peter C. Newman,** *Maclean's magazine editor and author of The Acquisitors: The Canadian Establishment, Volume Two, in his room at the Bayshore Inn. The gaunt author, in town to promote his new book, nibbled on room service breakfast while defending his involvement with the Canadian economic establishment he writes about.*

One expects to find in Newman the pompous, overbearing qualities his Maclean's editor persona suggests. He is in fact rather reserved, almost shy. If he carries any pretentions or vanities about his success, he keeps them well hidden.

Do you now ever feel like one of those powerful men in their large corner offices that you first set out to document 10 years ago?

Well, first of all I don't have a corner office. Secondly, I don't consider myself part of the establishment. I believe that a journalist is a chronicler, is an outsider by definition. He's on the other side of the barricades whether he's writing about politicians or businessmen. I feel that very strongly.

Now at the same time, if you want to write about these guys, you have to have access to them, you have to talk to them, you have to get to know them. I don't see much wrong with that; it's part of my trade. And I guess partly because of that I get accused of being close to them. I am close to them, otherwise I wouldn't get some of the intimate stuff that I do.

How'd the idea to write about a Canadian establishment evolve?

I had been in Ottawa for 12 years and written about political power — my first books, Renegade in Power and Distemper of our Times, which I believe are in most university courses on Canadian politics. Then I moved to Toronto in 1969 to become editor-in-chief of the Toronto Daily Star, and discovered that here was this group of extremely powerful, unelected, unaccountable group of about 200 people who literally ran the country.

And nobody had ever done anything about them, except there'd been a few articles . . . well, profiles of what they were like but they had a sort of Chamber of Commerce flavor that they were fantastic and the status quo must be preserved at all costs. Or, there were radical attacks on them that they were robber barons, gangsters, who should be put to the guillotine. And I didn't belong in either camp; I was just going to present them as they really are.

There was room for this and out of it came the notion that they are in establishment that they are a ruling clique. And of course it's true — now it's accepted.

Why do you think members of the establishment first allowed you to interview them and continue to do so?

Well, I'm not quite sure. If I were them I'd never speak to me at all. I think part of it is that it's a book. You know, a book is a different thing from a magazine article or a newspaper feature. First of all it has permanence. I don't pretend to be an historian, but there is an element of recording events, and trends, and people. So they know what I say about them will be the interpretation people have of them. So there's an advantage for them to talk to me to try and give me their version of the truth — which I don't accept. I don't accept anything unless I check it. But that's basically what they see.

Have you had many clashes with them on a personality basis or do you subdue your own personality just to get the interview and information?

There are people unhappy with what I wrote about them, but it isn't a hostile confrontation . . . there are a few who are very hostile. But I don't care; that's the way they are, that's the way I reported them. If they don't like it they have access to the courts, and of course some of them are taking it.

In an article five years back, the writer said you were creating icons for our society, that because of your childhood you're obsessed with security and think that it's essential for the country to know the people who are in control and to see them in a good light. He sees a lack of criticism in your work which he fears may be "culturally destructive."

You know, there were a lot of lawsuits with the first volume and a lot of lawsuits with this volume. So if I was writing such great bales of stuff, they wouldn't be there. That's part of the answer, but that's only a superficial answer.

You know, as I said before I'm not an advocacy journalist. This person who said that

...Canadian icons

wants me to attack them for being terrible and I won't do that. And that doesn't mean that I don't think they're terrible. Necessarily. I'm just a journalist who believes that what you do is you give the evidence and then let the reader make up his mind.

He also says you're creating icons for our society. Are you using the Canadian Establishment to help forge more of a Canadian identity?

Sure. I think there's something in that. But I think they're valid icons. One cannot always construct the icons one wishes. One has to chronicle the icons that exist. These people are out there and they're doing this stuff. They're the leaders of the economic community in this country. Their lifestyles, that I describe in great intimate detail, have a bearing on all of us. The way they do business, all their accomplishments, all their faults, all their extravagances, are setting models for the rest of us whether we like it or not.

Who has been your model or what figures have you greatly admired in the field of journalism?

My role model is a former editor of Maclean's called Ralph Allen, who was editor in the '50s and who I worked for. He was a great editor — he taught me everything I know. When he left Maclean's and joined the Star I followed him and eventually became editor-in-chief. I also admire a lot of Americans — Halberstam, Mailer.

What did you think of Henry R. Luce (founder of Life, Time and Fortune magazines)?

I thought he was the worst thing that ever happened to journalism, because he used his magazines as propaganda weapons. And that's inexcusable because the reader doesn't know that it's propaganda; he thinks it's news.

On what issues did you find his manipulation most distasteful?

Well the main one of course was Formosa — promoting the nationalist government's interests. But Time still does it. You know, Time will have a large interest in a movie and they will put that movie on their cover, not admit that they have a financial interest in it, and say that it's the greatest movie every made. I think that's just awful.

See page 10: NATIONALISM

—eric eggertson photos

PERRIER AND PETER . . . author with a million dollar view

Name-dropping falls short

By PHILIP RESNICK

The last ten years have been significant ones for Canadian capitalism. Corporate mergers and take-overs have dominated the financial pages, there has been a significant shift westwards in investment, if not control, while federal and provincial governments have become an ever-more important actor in energy and other sectors.

The Acquisitors: The Canadian Establishment, Volume Two, McClelland and Stewart, 430 pages $24.95

When the history of these years comes to be written, it may well transpire that Canadian big business was in the process of making it into the big leagues of the multinational corporations, prodded and sometimes dragged along by the state. It may further transpire that the resource and financial service sectors were the scenes of these developments, with our secondary industries going the way of the dodo-bird in the new order of international capitalism.

For the moment we lack such synthetic analyses.

So we are thrown back onto the pages of the Globe and Mail or the Financial Post for day to day information, and onto such peep show hawkers as MacLean's magazine editor Peter Newman for flashes of the corporate operators on stage and in the beaudoir.

There are high costs in resorting to someone like Newman in his two volumes of The Canadian Establishment. It is like relying on the Globe and Mail's gossip columnist Zena Cherry for insights into what is happening inside the corridors of power. Both can tell you who attended a particular social function, sat at which table, and wore the latest creation from Dior and Yves St. Laurent. Charting corporate power, alas, involves something more.

Newman, to be sure, has greater pretensions than Zena Cherry. You cannot be the editor of a weekly newsmagazine (never mind its standards) and not throw in a little sophistication with your name-dropping. You cannot hope to get seven-part TV specials churned out of your books, unless you have a few anecdotes and little secrets to reveal.

But conversely, you do not get very far with your sources, the high and mighty if you plan to turn too critical a lens against them. It is as a chronicler and court purveyor, certainly not as social critic, that Newman pursues his celebration of the Canadian establishment.

The first volume spoke of the established names, Argus and the CPR, wealth that had been in Canada for several generations. The second volume tackles a new theme, the acquisitors, men who did not inherit their wealth but have gone on to build corporate empires in their own lifetimes.

There is the new wealth of Vancouver and Calgary, Edmonton and Toronto, of the Skalbanias, the Blairs, and the Reichmanns. That some of Newman's acquisitors were born with silver spoons in their mouths somewhat contradicts his theme of new wealth. But we shall not let mere sociological evidence get in the way of so bold a Columbus.

Nor shall we demand too much in the way of literary graces. The opening page tells us of how the Canadian establishment is being shaken "to the very filaments of its elegant roots." A little later we are told of how the age of the rich women is betrayed by their eye-corners" as accurately as by the concentric rings on the stump of a Douglas fir." And there are many more such pearls strung throughout the 430 pages of scarecely-edited text.

But what does Newman tell us that just might help us to get a fix on today's corporate world? In the chapter on B.C., he tells us of how our acquisitors "are reaching out for new fields to conquer in the Far East," and how the B.C. hinterland has taken the place of Japan's pre-war colonies. A very important theme indeed. Unfortunately, Newman can hardly stay with it for more than a moment, rushing to tell us about the green Rolls-Royces and grey Mercedes Benzes which our acquisitors make use of when visiting trading outposts around the Pacific.

In his discussion of the Reichmanns, the real estate billionaires of Toronto, he notes that Porter in Vertical Mosaic had drawn attention to the unconcentrated character of urban real estate. It is precisely here, where the Canadian establishment had failed to tread, that the Reichmanns, Bronfmans, Skalbanias and Pattisons have made their fortunes.

What Newman does not stress, however, is that these fortunes are largely in the service sector of the economy, and that they have been made possible by the very high rates of inflation that have characterized capitalist economies in recent years. It is the altered contours of capitalism in the 1970s, not the entrepreneurial ommissions of earlier capitalists, that has made possible wholesale speculation in land and properties and the emergence of new corporate empires in this sector.

See page 6: PETER

LITERATURE, EH?

Obasan tells the story of the Japanese internment with compelling emotion

By CHARLES CAMPBELL

Obasan is one of those rare novels that documents an important historical event and then offers something more. The first novel to describe the internment of Japanese-Canadians during the Second World War, Obasan manages to avoid the moralizing that the subject matter invites.

It is not a pity the poor victim book, and it's not overtly political. The novel transcends the subject matter and offers something other than guilt for the public that allowed the internment and vindication for the Japanese Canadians that suffered it.

Obasan
By Joy Kogawa
Lester, Orpen & Denny's $13.95
215 pp.

Rather it addresses the way some Japanese-Canadians dealt with the crisis and in the process says something about the ways in which all of us came to terms with our past.

The novel also implies that individuals in our society are so preoccupied with reason that we take our rationalizations for truth. It suggests instead that most of us need to look inward and through silent contemplation recognize the emotions that lie at the root of most of our actions.

Obasan tells the story of the internment through the eyes of Naomi, a small town Alberta school teacher looking back on her childhood in the Slocan internment camp.

The story begins in the 1970's with the death of Naomi's uncle and her arrival at Obasan's (Japanese for aunt's) home.

"I don't think we can leash our emotions to our minds. I think our minds follow our emotions."

The present in the novel spans little more than a day. Naomi is caring for the newly widowed Obasan. They are waiting for the arrival of Naomi's brother Stephen and her other aunt — Emily from Toronto.

While they wait Naomi pours over a package of documents dealing with the internment that Aunt Emily has sent her. The package — government documents, family letters and Emily's dairy — serve as a catalyst that brings Naomi's childhood memories flooding back to her.

Naomi's recollections explore the internment with childhood innocence. At the beginning of the war she is seperated from her mother who is visiting Japan, and her father who is sent to a work camp. The recollections are filled with unspoken, unexplained emotions. the uncertainty of Naomi's childhood is revealed through bad dreams and small frightening incidents that take on the emotional weight of the internment itself. It is uncertainty made bearable though by Obasan's silent but pervasive and unflinching love.

Aunt Emily's documents also illustrate the contrast between the two aunts and the ways in which they each dealt with the emotions generated by the internment.

Emily has turned the internment into a cause. She wants vindication for the Japanese, wants people to be aware of what happened and wants to make sure it doesn't happen again. But her chattery politics are more than a cause, they're a way of harnessing her bitterness and rage at the internment to something productive.

Obasan responded to the same problems with silence, though not a destructive silence. Unlike Emily she doesn't have the power to speak. While both are handicapped as women, Obasan is further handicapped because her English is not good. She is also closer to the Japanese way of life than Emily and as a result she cannot develop a political voice the way Emily can with her determined nature. So Obasan has to find another way of dealing with that bitterness and rage.

She turns it inwards in a way that strengthens her ability to accept fate nobly. She harnesses the bitterness to a protective silence. In a time and place when a political voice would have done her no good she uses silence to protect the children of the internment and to protect other Japanese from abuse as troublemakers. Obasan's silence becomes in her old age a serene way of viewing the world that serves her better than any response she could have come up with.

The novel sees Naomi coming to terms with the characters of both her aunts. Neither the silence of Obasan nor the activism of Emily are enough for her. Her story sees her trying to understand Emily and aquire a voice of her own without losing what Obasan has given her through her wise and silent way of viewing the world.

The book concludes with Naomi's discovery of her mother's harrowing fate. It is a fate that strongly contrasts the values of North American society as a whole with the values that Naomi has been struggling with.

Though the interlacing of past and present is sophisticated and narrative suspense is carefully maintained, the book's greatest strengths lie elsewhere.

The primary power of the book lies in poetic moments that give insight into the characters' struggles. The way in which the opening scene mirrors the emotions of Naomi's uncle purely through description of the coulee where he sits is particularly striking.

Scenes like the one where Naomi almost drowns in the cold black waters of Slocan Lake while not exactly symbols for the sense of abandonment that Naomi is feeling, take on the emotional weight of her abandonment in a powerful way.

Obasan's few words and actions are charmed both with simplicity and deep emotion that say more about her than Emily's wartime diary can possibly say about the politically active aunt.

If there is a criticism of the novel it is that the narrative relies too much on those moments, developing characters through them rather than through narrative action. The characters are frustratingly static; only Naomi changes in the novel and most of that change is subtle and implied. Even though we see Naomi grow from childhood to adulthood all that happens is that her fears and apprehensions are translated into reticence. Her day at Obasan's mourning her uncles death appears to change her very little.

That is to be expected though from Kogawa; this is her first novel after three books of poetry. The author feels that the poetic moments give the novel a unique texture. "Writing poetry has taught me to respect the power of the moment's emotion," she says.

Obasan turns her rage inward in a way that strengthens her ability to accept fate nobly

The reliance on those moments is something that grows out of the philosophy of the novel, and of Kogawa herself, that we must recognize the pool of emotions within ourselves and not suppress them. "I don't think we can leash our emotions to our minds," she says. "I think our minds follow our emotions. I don't know how the emotions can be disciplined. I haven't learned that. All I have learned to do is to chart them and not to deny them. Because of that I have to give the emotions headway."

Certainly the formal simplicity of the language (that obviously grows out of Kogawa's Japanese heritage) make the reading of the book very much like reading a poem. It is a book that shouldn't be struggled with intellectually. Rather it should be read for its subtle emotions.

JOY KOWAGA . . . recollections explore internment

MORE LITERATURE, EH?

An elitist gothic mystery for those who understand

By CHARLES CAMPBELL

Professor Ozias Froates is a nobel prize contender researching the properties of human excrement. Madame Latouro is a gypsy shoplifter who cures violins in dung. Maria is her brilliant daughter, a student of Rabelais, in love with her wizard professor Clement Hollier. Simon Darcourt is a stout Anglican parson in love with Maria.

John Parlabane is stranger than all of them. He's a recalcitrant monk, a drug addict, a homosexual, a stool pidgeon and a philosopher of unparalleled intelligence. He might be the devil incarnate. But he's also the catalyst for almost everything good that happens in Robertson Davies new novel The Rebel Angels.

The book traces the intellectual and romantic passions of the faculty of the College of Saint John and the Holy Ghost and of a favorite student, Maria Magdelana Theotoky.

The Rebel Angels
By Robertson Davies
MacMillan, $16.95. 326 p.p.

On the surface the book is a gothic mystery of theft and murder. The narrative hinges loosely on Clement Hollier's pursuit of a lost Rabelaisian manuscript that he feels will offer him some great philosophical insight. The book disappears from an estate of which Hollier is joint executor. Suspect is the extremely nasty Urquart McVarish.

But that plot is primarily an excuse for Davies to explore themes as numerous and complex as the characters themselves.

Everyone in the book is struggling with the past in one way or another in order to achieve the blend of intellectual and spiritual knowledge that will satisfy them.

Hollier is so concerned with the way the past can offer knowledge we have lost that he is only dimly aware of the present.

Maria is running from her spiritually rich gypsy heritage into the intellectual world of modern scholarly research.

Simon Darcourt is longing after the things that his upbringing as a parson have denied him.

Parlabane is obsessed with his own scarred history and has grown insensitive and cynical because of it.

All those struggles are manifested in their present day attitudes toward love. Hollier's love affair is with history. When he makes love to Maria on his ratty sofa it is a capitulation to lust.

Maria believes she is in love with Hollier who embodies the intellectual ideal she is seeking.

Simon Darcourt's love for Maria is the idealized love of a parson made stronger by the fact that he is a bachelor who has never known the physical love that Maria might offer him.

Parlabane doesn't know love at all, and sex for him appears to be simple self debasement.

Between all that Davies explores themes as diverse as the function of a university in the modern world, the forms that art patronage should take, and Davies perrenial favorite, the importance of myth to the individual.

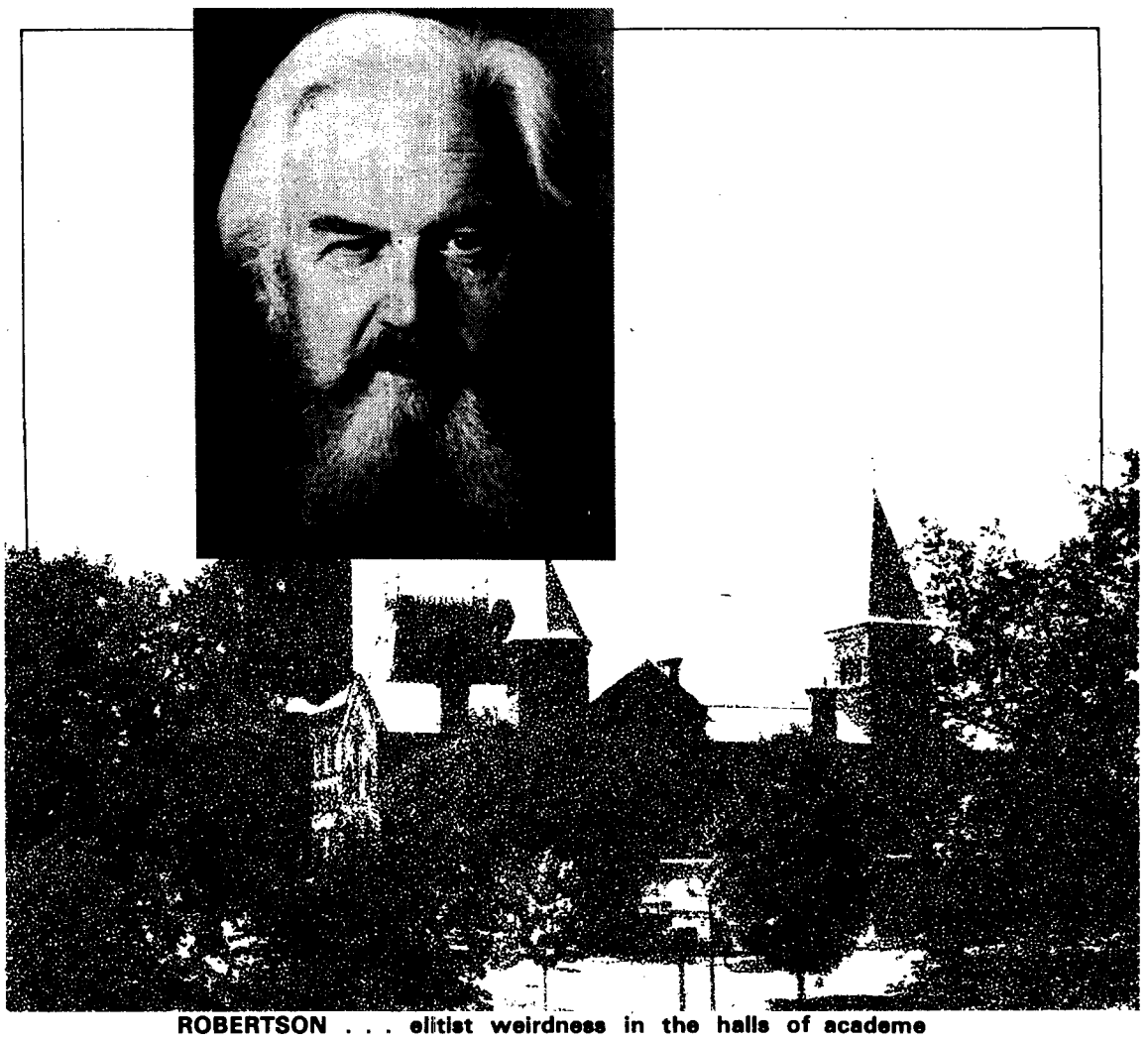
In Deptford Trilogy worked out the psychology of several male characters in terms of Jung's archetypes. In The Rebel Angels Davies makes up for a past weakness and gives a female character the same treatment. Each of the characters in Maria's life correspond loosely to the shadow, animus, mana, and hero figures in Jung's psychological framework.

The book is full of archaic knowledge and allusions that both enlighten and enliven the narrative. The secret of the bomari is revealed and the principals of alchemy are explored.

Rabelais is more than a subject of study; the French rennaissance authors life loosely parallels that of Parlabane and Parlabane's character is partially drawn from that of one of Rabelais favorite fictional creations. They even share the same last words: "I now take leave, in search of the great perhaps."

Frequent references are made to the Swiss alchemist Paracelsus and his maxim, "Be not another if thou canst be thyself," is often quoted by the characters.

But as in all of Davies novels, much of interest is left unsaid. There is a Robert Browning poem about Paracelsus unmentioned in the book that enlightens the twisted and perplexing ending that Davies provides. In the poem Paracelsus struggles with knowledge and love as ways of achieving self-realization. On his deathbed he concludes that the summum bonum of life lies in neither, but in the ability to "see good ine vil, hope in ill-success." Those words more than any in the novel tell us how Davies expects us to view Parlabane and the effect he has at the end of the book.



ROBERTSON . . . elitist weirdness in the halls of academe

The book is not without its flaws, though. The reams of philosophical discussion piled on top of the scads of arcane references make the book heavy going at times.

As a result there are points in the book where one begins to lose sight of the characters as flesh and blood human beings.

This isn't helped by the narrative style, (which alternates between the first person accounts of Maria and Simon Darcourt) nor by the number of characters in the book. Without one central character to trace it becomes harder to identify with the characters in the book.

Further, Maria is a little bit removed from most peoples common experience. Her speech is formal and full of old fashioned idioms. And her interest in Rabelais is not exactly common to most university students.

In Davies' Deptford Trilogy The central characters each have a book to themselves. That gives Davies more latitude to develop characters and make them realistic than The Rebel Angels allows him.

The sacrifice of a little realism is not a great blow to Davies' work though. He has never intended his novels to be realistic, though he pays careful attention to deterministic plot and character motivation.

The Rebel Angels is not a book for everybody. Its a book for people who like a little work with their fiction. Certainly Davies would admit to a charge of elitism. "Literature," he says, "is written by those who know for those who understand."

Creal original but uneven

By JULIE WHEELWRIGHT

Shortly after his forty-fifth birthday, the reverend St. Clair Gwynn, known to his friends and family as Saintly, repudiates his belief in God. The reverend then turns to selling prayers to earn his income, and finds it a lucrative business.

With a fine sense of irony and humor, Margaret Creal begins her most recent collection of short stories, The Man Who Sold Prayers. Unfortunately, the wit and originality of the first story is not maintained throughout the collection, although some pieces are well worth reading.

The Man Who Sold Prayers
By Margaret Creal
Lester and Orpen Dennys,
198 pages, $14.95

The collection, on the whole, has scattered moments of insight and perception. But some stories seem lacking in depth, or somewhat ill formed as if they needed a longer period of maturation. An example of this inconsistency is the comparison between The Man Who Sold Prayers and Counterpoint.

The first story in the collection deals with Saintly. His prayers, it seems, work as a good luck charm for his patrons.

Saintly and his family prosper. His wife takes up a part time job and enjoys her new freedom. The two girls grow up, flourish, and take "their father's peculiar notoriety in stride." Saintly stays home, writes prayers, bakes bread and cleans house. Everyone seems content.

Then one day Saintly wakes up and finds he can no longer produce prayers. After some consultation, Saintly returns to his old profession with the bishop's blessing.

"Saintly, recalling that the clerical shirts and collars he had impusively purchased that afternoon were a half-size larger than those he had discarded a decade earlier, said he thought there had been some growth."

Set in Toronto, the story sketches an interesting eccentric who is, amazingly, unique.

Counterpoint, the third story in the collection, is not. Sophia and Nicholas, both married to other people, are having an affair in Paris. Theirs is a tedious affair and the plot traces their last night together before they both leave for their respective homes.

Sophia, an American, is an accomplished pianist, Nicholas a British snob who likes to "chase women." Creal gives no reason why an intelligent, independent woman like Sophia would find Nicholas attractive, who, as the title suggests, is her antithesis.

They learn to take his peculiar notoriety in stride

Another irritation is the cliches which keep popping up. "Pain at her loss mingled with humiliation at being so summarily rejected, and lay like a weight on her heart." Says Nicholas to Sophie, "How beautiful you are." Sophie thinks, "Alarmed by love he lived in a gilded cage of his own making."

The story is shopworn, something we've all heard dozens of times, in dozens of novels. It is disappointing after the wit and originality of Saintly.

When Creal writes on other, less common themes, she fares much better. Tales From A Pensione set in Florence, records a conversation between a mother and her son, a college drop out. Creal picks up the nuances of the conversation as the mother tries dilingently to amuse her son and he continually and cruelly rejects her.

Two Women is another interesting but less sucessful story. Here Creal explores the relationship between two middle aged women; Andrea discovers that her married friend Ariadne has fallen in love with her. Creal plays upon stereotypes and the result is a little ridiculous. "Andrea reproached herself for not having paid attention to the signs. For the signs, she now saw, had been there all along. In the compliments, the gifts, the attentions, in Adriadne's willingness to drop everything in order to be with her, in innumerable favors small and large, in the rather mannish style of dressing she had over the last months adopted."

Creal has her moments in The Man Who Sold Prayers but whether the collection can stand by itself as worthwhile, is debatable.

Peter C. misses point

From page 3

There is an interesting account of the successful takeover bid by Brascan of the giant Noranda Corp., and of how the taxation system encourages such mergers. There is also a valuable listing of all the major take-overs in Canada from 1975-81 in a 55 page appendix at the end of the volume.

On the other hand, his discussion of Alberta's new oil wealth adds little to what has already emerged in the more theoretically informed literature, like Pratt and Richard's Prairie Capitalism. Once again, Newman is so preoccupied with drawing the persona of the "oil patch," that he completely overlooks the significance of resources as opposed to secondary industry as the basis of the new fortunes. Newman may think the cleavage inside the corporate elite lies between his inheritors and acquisitors. Capital is much more likely to divide into fractions along resource versus manufacturing lines.

One lays down this thick and heavy book with a certain feeling of relief. What information it contains, and it does contain some, must be gleaned by wading through arid or saccharine stretches that go on and on. There is no theoretical backbone to this study, only a long recitation of names, corporate shakers and makers, and their deals. The fact that a third volume is already threatened is no source of joy.

Obviously Newman is on to a rich vein, which neither he nor his publishers will easily drop. Not at $24.95 a volume, and with the book compulsory reading at all the corporate watering holes in Canada.

There are certainly new trends in Canadian capitalism which social scientists and Canadians as a people can neglect only at their peril. But in the end Newman's enterprise leads us nowhere. We can pose to him the question which he places in the mouth of one of his Vancouver buccaneers, Bob Carter, a propos the accumulation of millions: "The only trouble is what the hell do you do after you've got it?" What the hell, indeed, do we do with more volumes of The Canadian Establishment?

PANEL DISCUSSION
ON
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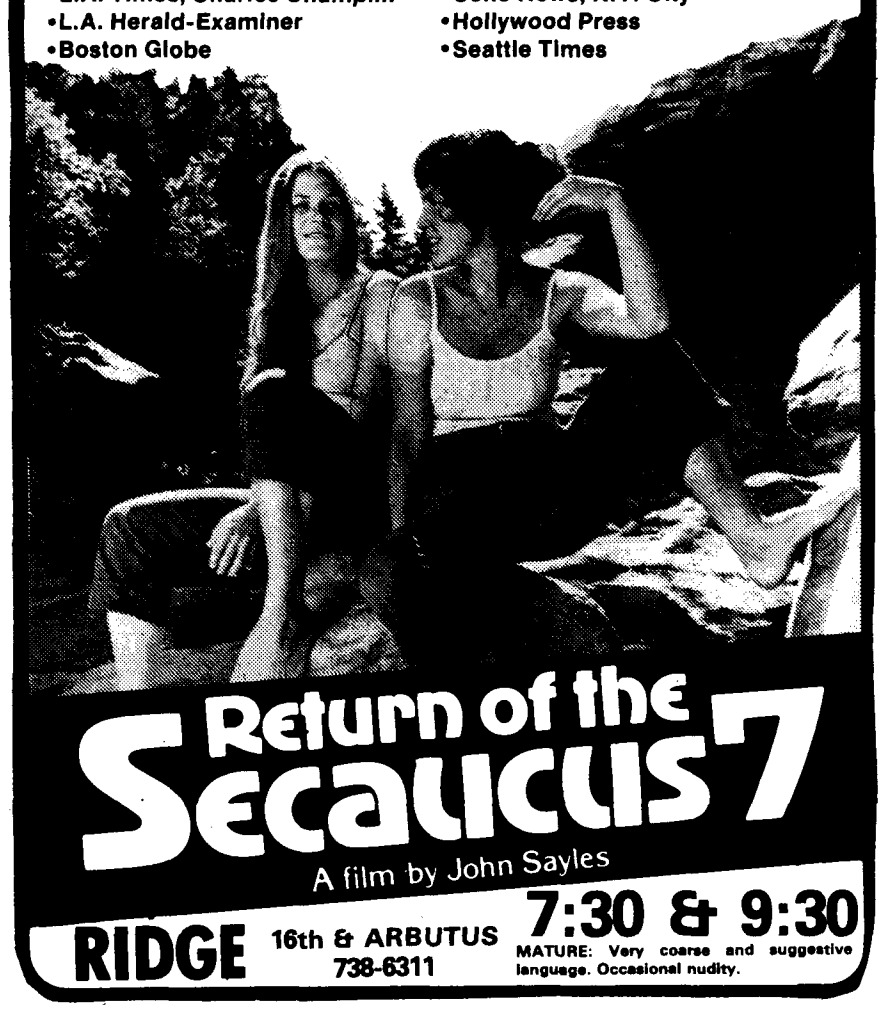

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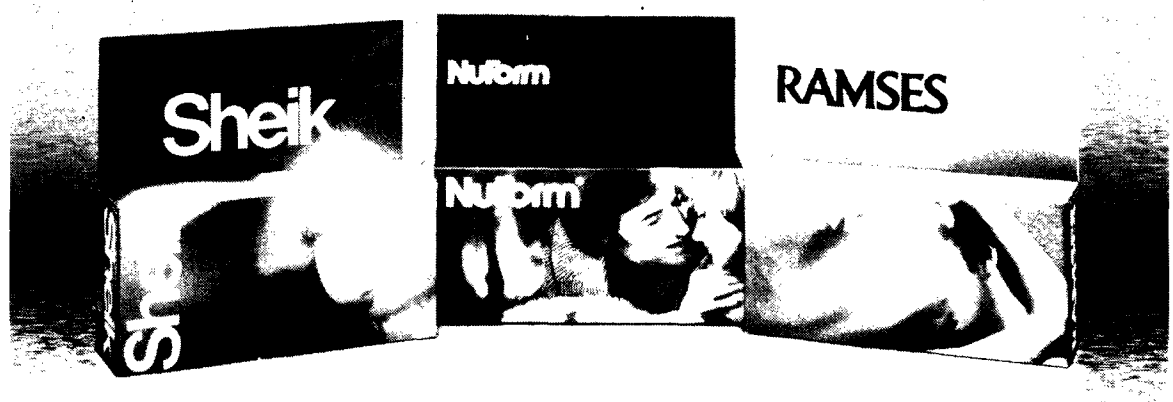

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WHAT, MORE CAN LIT, EH?

Native women take power and rejoice

By JULIE WHEELWRIGHT

Beyond the grey cement walls of the city, deep within the small towns throughout our province, the magic and mystery of the Society of Women is passed on as it has been since time began.

Anne Cameron, author of Dreamspeaker and the recently published Daughters of Copper Woman, has captured the magic, the legends and the power of these women in her new book. Cameron explains in her preface that these are stories from native people of Vancouver Island which have been preserved for generations through an oral history.

Cameron successfully weaves together stories about the beginnings of the society and tales told through the old women currently living on the island in communities like Tofino, Cowichan and Tahsis. The stories reflect the ideals of a people whose women were respected and controlled their own bodies and minds.

The book is also ironic. In Qolus the Changeable the daughter of Copper woman, Mowita, becomes the old woman and prepares her daughter to carry on the truth and protect it.

Daughters of Copper Woman
by Anne Cameron
Press Gang Publishers, $7.95

Though this all happened long ago, Cameron tells us, "When the Time came for the next change and the black robed men moved to destroy the Society of Women, the women Endured. Not fighting, not disputing, clinging to their knowledge, they Endured, and now it is almost Time again, and much magic is preparing, and soon the sign will be known."

The message is clear. The time has come for women to take back their power and the time has come again for native women to rejoice in their rich and beautiful heritage.

The myths reflect a price of womanhood. When they menstruated, the women believed it was their sacred time and they celebrated. It was the society of women who taught their daughters to take pride in their bodies, that they were a source of their power.

"People were living almost as they were intended to live. Almost. And the Society of Women was strong. It was inter-tribal, open to all women, regardless of age, social status, political status or wealth.

No woman could buy her way into the society. No woman could inherit a position in the society. Each member of the society had been chosen by the society itself, and invited to join and become one of the sisters."

They taught the girls with jokes, legends and examples how to care for their bodies and respect them. When the strange white men arrived in dugouts "infested with sharp-faced bright-eyed creatures," the whole world turns upside down.

"Instead of being raised and educated by women who told the truth about their bodies, the girls were taken from the village and put in schools where they were taught to keep their breasts bound, to hide their arms and legs, to never look a brother in the eye but to look down at the ground as if ashamed of something."

Instead of teaching women that once a month they would become sacred, they were taught to become ashamed of their blood. No longer did they go to the waiting house, but they were taught to act as if they were sick.

When the girls returned to the villages after this terrible twisted education, they were no longer eligible for candidacy in the society.

But, according to myth, everything goes in cycles and the time for taking power will come again soon. The stories of these strong, powerful women of the society, now preserved also in Cameron's words, will survive to teach women their strength.

And the stories are not without humour. In the time when Copper Women, the mother of all humanity, was living alone on the coast, her loneliness was great. She wept for a long time and a huge cluster of mucous fell from her mouth and nose. Remembering her instructions from her magic sisters who brought her to the coast, she saved the liquid.

The mucous grows into her first companion and she dubs him Snot Boy. But the boy never grows into a fully formed person. "Incomplete, he could catch fish, but it was Copper Woman, and later, Mowita, who knew how to smoke and cure."

Here the old order is turned around. Women are not put down because they cannot hunt and fish, but are respected because they have the knowledge to cure and smoke. Snot Boy remains a boy but Copper Woman's daughters and sons are taught her secrets and "more than Snot Boy would ever know."

Cameron writes beautifully and in her stories told through the old island women, she has captured their voices with an exacting ear. The story telling is set in houses with the old women remembering their history as they weave a basket or in the woods where Granny admonishes her grand children to get on with the berry picking.

Cameron pulls up a chair for you and lets you smell the fresh baked cookies as the wind whistles outside. Then slowly the story begins and you are enthralled.

It is also a pleasure to hear stories about areas we know so well. Chesterman Beach is an example, where Ki-Ki's Granny remembers the story of how her people fought back against the Spanish Keestadores who came to Tofino before the English. These stories have almost been lost and are never recorded by white historians from a native perspective.

The stories are invaluable, for they help preserve a culture that was almost wiped out by the European settlers and their descendants. It is also worth noting that the book is a soft cover at a reasonable price rather than a hard cover which invariably would have been available only to a few.

Hodgins succeeds in style

By GREG FJETLAND

Canadian culture, it is said, is a hole in the ground: less than nothing and more noticeable for its absence. Or it's a deadbeat cousin one doesn't mention at a family dinner, or a mangy dog perhaps the Canada Council keeps alive with scraps. It's something Doug and Ted McKenzie watch on Monday night.

It is much the same story for our national character. If the U.S. is a melting pot, then Canada is a centrifuge. The most popular national holiday is Canada Day for that's when all the closet ethnics take their national costume out of mothballs and dance in the street. It appears Canada is a country where the most popular culture is yogurt.

But that's wrong. Canada is a unique country that leaves an indelible print on its inhabitants regardless of their national origin. Artists of various disciplines have been recording the national character in a rising tide of national consciousness for a number of years: from Joe Fafard, Ken Danby and Margaret Atwood to really, any number of artists. To be sure artists work on a regional scale but Canada, or any country, is the sum of its regions.

The Barclay Family Theatre
By Jack Hodgins
MacMillan

Jack Hodgins is a Vancouver Island writer (currently residing in Ottawa) of well-earned reputation. He, in his stories and novels, nicely captures the sense of Vancouver Island: the mountains, forests and ocean, as well as the history and the people. The son of a logger, raised in the Comox Valley, Hodgins knows what he writes. Vancouver Island is essential to all of his writings and this has, somewhat curiously, added to his repute as a writer. Fortunately his reputation is based on much more.

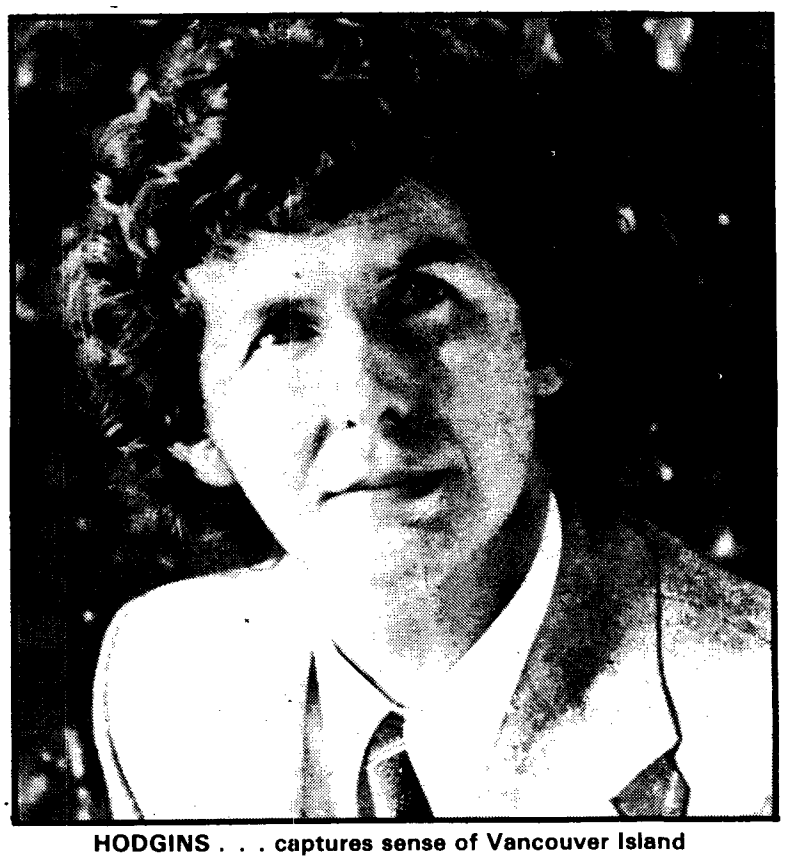
Jack Hodgins' first published book was Spit Delaney's Island, a solid collection of short stories about Island people. Spit itself nearly guaranteed Hodgins' place in Canadian literature. The stories are good entertainment with punch. Hodgins deals with strong characters and he provides a window into their hearts. Then he places them on a slow spit and turns the heat up as it were, by dropping them into the situation they each most fear. It's the heart of fiction and Hodgins displays a master touch.

The Barclay Family Theatre is Hodgins' latest effort, and like his other books succeeds both in style and content. The book may be read as either a novel or a collection of short stories. Each episode is concerned, either primarily or indirectly, with a Barclay sister, siblings of a Vancouver Island family.

This connection may not be immediately obvious for in some of the stories the Barclay sisters are relegated to a decidedly supporting role. For instance in the first story Lenora Barclay is the mother of the boy who tells the story. And in Mr. Pernouski's Dream Christina is the wife of the central character. As well, the sisters must vie with the Island, that somewhat mysterious land still pregnant with promise, for attention. Even though some of the stories are set in Ireland and Japan the Island still maintains a tangible presence.

The stories vary as though Hodgins wrote them over a long period of time in very different places. The first few stories are pale in comparison to the others. The reader is left unsatisfied. The appetite is only pricked and not sated. For instance, in the Leper's Squint, the central character Phillip Desmond, falls in love with a woman other than his wife. Through much of the story, the reader wonders whether or not he will go to meet the other woman. When he does not; it's disappointing. The reader wants the character to march into the heart of his trouble.

See page 8: HODGINS



HODGINS . . . captures sense of Vancouver Island

Writers find their profession by default

THOMAS . . . neon dreamer

By CHARLOTTE OLSEN

"Writing was always my neon dream. The word 'writer,' in capital letters has always been hanging above my head like a neon sign," says Audrey Thomas, a novelist and UBC creative writing department member.

Thomas, and four other Canadian women writers discussed women and their writing careers, in Brock Hall, Oct. 22. The panel also included Rosalind MacPhee, a poet; Brenda Rabkin, freelance writer and broadcaster; Helen Hodgman, playwright and novelist; and Kay Alsop, The Province fashion editor.

Thomas was the only one who says she always wanted a career as a writer. The other women said they became writers by default, and even Thomas admits her first romantic dream was to be a ballerina.

MacPhee says she wanted to be a painter, but turned to poetry instead. "I was in personnel work and writing was a hobby for me," says McPhee.

"Then suddenly I was nine months pregnant, and going crazy at home with nothing to do, so I began to write poems." MacPhee says eventually, after much hard work, she had some of her poems accepted for publication.

Rabkin says she was also going crazy at home alone with a small child. "I began at CBC Radio in Winnipeg as a freelance broadcaster, with no experience. I began writing commercially because I had nothing else to do." Since then, she has moved into documentaries, articles, and movies.

Alsop says she was 40 years old when she started writing. "My children were all at school and I had nothing to do." She said that she had no degree, and no training outside of a six-week feature writing course. She has worked as a stringer

See page 8: WOMEN

Women writers offer advice

Continued from page 7

for McLean-Hunter, an interviewer with CBC Radio, and is currently The Province fashion editor.

Hodgman started writing when she was 27 which she said was rather late in life for a writer. She says she was very lucky because her first novel was accepted for publication. A second novel was published in 1979, and she has spent the last three years working on her third novel.

The writers agree a university degree is not essential for success as a writer, but felt that the support and feedback offered by courses such as creative writing are very valuable to struggling writers.

Both Thomas and Hodgman say they envy students enrolled in the creative writing courses. "The course gives students leisure to pursue their dreams," says Thomas. "They have a sense of comradeship that many writers miss." Hodgman said that support and feedback is important for writers. "Perhaps I would have written much earlier if I had been able to take a creative writing course," she said.

The writers all agreed successful writing requires determination and discipline. Alsop said that newspaper writing is very good for a writer's discipline. "You are constantly fighting a battle of time versus inches. You have to produce a certain amount of copy within a certain length of time, and you quickly learn to discipline yourself."

Alsop added if a person wants to write, he or she should do just that. "Find an area that you enjoy and write." MacPhee agreed. "Beginning is awful. But if you really want to write, go for it. Nothing else matters."

"Don't let the bastards grind you down," said Rabkin, "and they will try." She advised potential writers to strive for a balance between writing for money and writing for writing's sake. "Eighty per cent of my writing is done for profit, so that I can afford to spend the rest of my time on a novel."

The panelists agreed writing is hard work. "I have been working on my third novel for the last three years. It doesn't get any easier," says Hodgman.

If your neon dream has always been to be a writer, these five women agree the only way to turn dream into reality is to start writing and keep on writing. You will need curiosity, ability, determination and discipline. And a sense of humour that will allow you to paper your walls with rejection slips.

Hodgins' latest is a childhood revisited

Continued from page 7

It is fortunate that there are many stories in the book, for the first few stories are too much like a Toni Only print: pretty to look at but little subject matter. A few of the stories provide good characters and then, as if the book really is a slice of life, gives them a mild situation to deal with. They do. Mr. Hodgins is being too autobiographical writing about only what he has lived. Indeed, the book follows an autobiographical construction, starting with the tribulations of childhood and proceeding through early and first loves, adulterous love, mid-life crisis, old age and finally ending with childhood again. But it is rarely adequate for a writer to draw on only what he has lived. A good read demands more.

It's when the character has been pushed to the limit that the reader vicariously derives the most.

This situation occurs in the excellent The Sumo Revisions. Jacob Weins, Mabel Barclay's husband, is 61 and retired. He has also tried to commit suicide once. Thrashing about for some purpose to his life he took to the road in a camper. Weins and Mabel drove every road in America and then flew to Japan where the story takes place. It is here that Weins finds his answer in a most satisfying, thoughtful story.

Hodgins also shows his colors in what is perhaps the most current and immediate story. It is called The Plague Children and it deals with the magic mushroom pickers who descend on the Island every fall in search of their fungus. At his most vehement best, Jack Hodgins describes the helplessness and outrage of the farmers as their fences are cut, their livestock disturbed and their homes broken into by the pickers. Hodgins shows what might happen (and probably has) when one of the farmers reacts in retaliation. It is a story many people might do well to read.

The final story rounds out the collection. Ladies and Gentleman, the Fabulous Barclay Sisters is a return to childhood. It is light, amusing, a comedy of errors, a mint after the supper. It and other stories in this B.C.-grown book are a fine repast.

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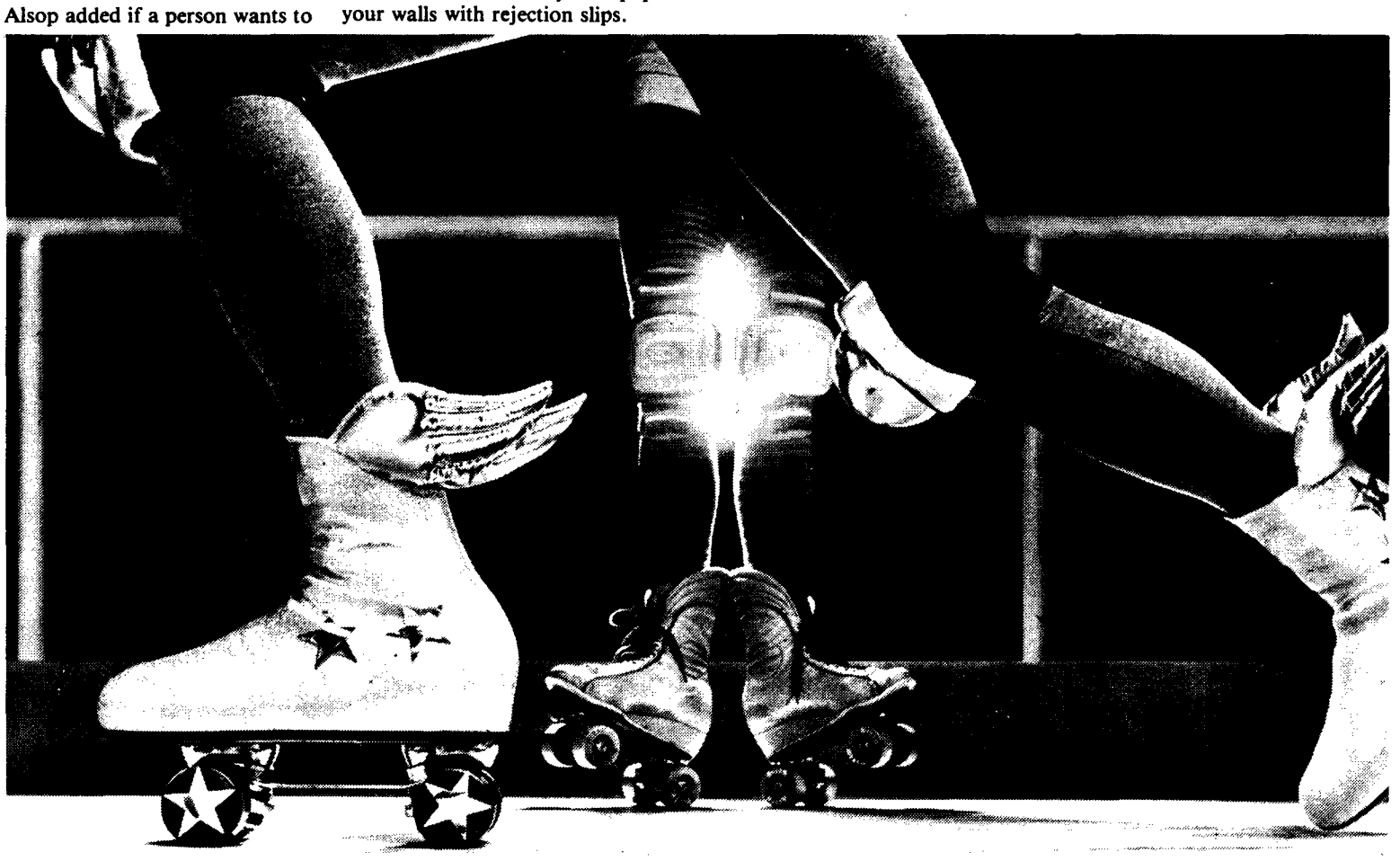

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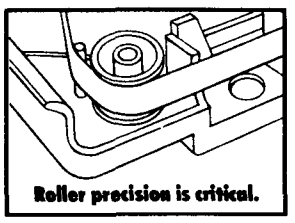

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SIMONEAU . . . they don't give you money

Prostitution, myths: filmmaking task

By SHAFFIN SHARIFF

The Quebec cinema has been conspicuously absent from most theatres in Canada. The problem is essentially money, or the lack of it, which prevents a national distribution. This Friday and Saturday, however, the Pacific Cinematheque, probably the best film society in the country, will host two Quebecois filmmakers, Paule Baillargeon and Guy Simoneau and their respective French-language films, La Cuisine Rouge and Plusiers Tombent en Amour.

Simoneau's film is a documentary on prostitution, while Baillargeon's film is a fictional account of a married couple and tensions amongst the sexes. Baillargeon and Simoneau spoke to The Ubyssey earlier this week about their films and filmmaking.

The title, Plusiers Tombent en Amour — Some Even Fall in Love — is an intriguing one.

Simoneau: Yes, it's ironic. It's a line from one of the characters in the film. The customers say that. It depends which sense you give to the word "love."

Watching the film, one realizes the myriad of opinions that exists. Everyone has a different point of view. From the man on the street, who candidly admits to being with prostitutes, to the prostitutes, to the pimp, to the two transexuals, and finally to a man, who says, "I hate them. I can't believe a man will pay to have sex with a girl." There was one homosexual prostitute in the film, who says, "We don't get fucked, the women do."

Simoneau: I asked him if he considered himself a prostitute, and he said, "no, the women are." (Male homosexual prostitutes) don't feel they'e prostitutes.

Do you think most male prostitutes feel that way?

Simoneau: "It's very hard to say. But that's right.

Baillargeon: They don't want to identify with women. They don't want to be 'women.'

Simoneau: Before I shot the film, and was walking the streets, I told them that I was doing a film on prostitution and they said, "About whores?" I was amazed. They thought it was about women. But I didn't want it to be that way. There is no difference between one prostitute and another.

Were male homosexual prostitutes more "closed" about their activities?

Simoneau: Yes, those I met seemed . . . It's harder for them to accept the fact.

Why the subject of prostitution in the first place?

Simoneau: I was interested in the subject. I am interested in people. What happened at the time was that I met a prostitute. I had been in Montreal for six years. I always found the same people, the same things people wanted. But I didn't mind the subject. People were very open. They show their contradictions easily.

Slim, the pimp, at the beginning of the film has his back to the camera. By the end, he had his jacket off and was talking to you as if he were talking to a friend, being very candid about his life. Did you have to engage in repeated conversations with him in order to get that level of confidence and intimacy?

Simoneau: Not really. He's a special case. There are a lot of contradictions in that guy. That's why I find him interesting. I got problems with that guy. Not with him, but because I found him so interesting — it's not a question of agreeing with him or disagreeing with him — that people who saw the film said he got too much place in the film. I don't understand why (people say that). What difference does it make how much space he got in the film?

How much did the film cost?

Simoneau: I made the film for $35,000.

Do you see Canada's National Film Board playing a functional role in Canadian film?

Simoneau: They don't do it anymore. We got some services from them . . .

Baillargeon: . . . But they don't do it anymore . . .

Simoneau: Since about two years, they haven't been helping. It's really bad.

Baillargeon: At the beginning, they used to. (But now) they don't give you money and they don't lend you equipment through a program. It's a fact nowadays, a young filmmaker . . . It's impossible to be a young filmmaker. You can't make a film even if you have made other films. Right now, that's it. There is no money, and politics get in the way. So they let the people who are already filmmakers, experienced filmmakers get the money and go on.

You spoke to the film production class at UBC. There are a lot of budding filmmakers out here. What advice did you give them?

Simoneau: I spoke to one guy and asked him if he could see himself making films after he left here. He said "No." They do it right now because they like it.

Baillargeon: There doesn't seem to be anything open for them. They seem to know that it's just about impossible to do films (for a living).

Simoneau: Yes, I didn't get answers . . .

Baillargeon: However, the training they get will serve them anyway. You know you are a filmmaker by the number of years you . . .

Suffer?

Baillargeon: Yes, suffer, the number of years you keep on . . .

Simoneau: Did you like the film (Plusiers Tomben en Amour)?

Yes. I went to the preview expecting a diatribe about the social "problem" of prostitution. I came away from the film with a different stance. This was a collage of opinions and people frequently contradicting each other about one subject — prostitution. I liked that.

Baillargeon: Yes, it's not a film that dictates. It's life. Everyone's a prostitute. We don't say it, but prostitution is a way of life.

That point is made near the beginning of the film. And I wanted to see more of that same point of view in the film. Prostitution is not restricted to the streets. Prostitution is feeling the obligation to sleep with your partner after he has taken you out a few times. The Goddard film, Sauve Qui Peut La Vie, had a similar standpoint.

Baillargeon: Prostitution is a way of living in our world. That's the way it goes. The women who gets married, prostitutes herself. The guy who takes you out for supper and expects sex, he's a pimp. That's the way we live. And these people (in the film), they're doing it. And they know it.

Yes, they do know it. They're very dispassionate and disassociated. They have no delusions about what they're doing. Are you satisfied with the film, looking back on it?

Simoneau: Yes, I wouldn't change it.

Do you prefer to stick with documentary as a film form?

Simoneau: No, I'd love to make a dramatic narrative . . .

Baillargeon: Good Luck . . .

Simoneau: I will do it, Paule . . .

What about your film, La Cuisine Rouge? I haven't seen the film yet, but the press release calls it a "feminist parable."

Baillargeon: Well, I can tell you that it's not that. One can call it a "feminist parable," if you want. I don't call it that. I don't like this label to be attached to the film, or to me. No that I don't sympathize with the (feminist) movement, but calling the film that makes it a restrictive experience. What more can you say if one attaches labels on a film? You've said it all. This film is a film. It is not a feminist film. It is about the preoccupations of a woman.

Simoneau: . . . And men too.

Baillargeon: Sure. I don't know if it could have been made by a man . . .

And in one sense, that's irrelevant to film .

Baillargeon: Yes. I don't like the term because critics always talk about the content of the film, and they make moral judgements on the film. They don't talk about the fact that I'm a filmmaker or about the form of the film. They talk about the fact it's about a woman, made by a woman. I hate that. To me, what's striking about the film is its form.

We almost never see a Quebecois film getting national distribution. There is the occasional Les Bons Debarras, and then only because it won awards and played in New York to favorable reviews.

Baillargeon: That's right. (A film) goes out and then maybe it comes back. It's too bad because there are good filmmakers in Quebec. You have to know it exists. There should be an organization for distribution, but what can we say?

Simoneau: Because we're not in the same country (laughs) . . .

Baillargeon: I just got the subtitles for La Cuisine Rouge. I didn't have the money (before). I produced the film for $40,000, but if you don't have subtitles, you don't get anywhere. You're doomed. Unless you're invited to Cannes or win a prize, it's impossible. It's ridiculous.

Do you see the government having to take a more active part in, say, film distribution?

Baillargeon: They have to. Quebec is a small country with six million people. We have to get the government to help us with the Quebec cinema. But saying that (can also mean that) government would have control over content. It's a very difficult problem. I might be a pessimist, but I don't think things will resolve themselves.

Who are your favorite filmmakers?

Simoneau: Fassbinder, Wenders, . . .

Baillargeon: And Goddard, and some Quebecois filmmakers. I saw a very good film called Underground USA. But from the United States, I don't know if I like many filmmakers.

Simoneau: I used to like Cassavettes . . .

Baillargeon: Cassavettes can go on making films (despite distribution problems) because of a wider public. In the United States, it's enough of a market (unlike Quebec).

Simoneau: Altman films too.

Baillargeon: I don't anymore.

Early Altman? M.A.S.H. Nashville?

Baillargeon: Yes, I liked Nashville and Thieves Like Us.

A Wedding?

Simoneau and Baillargeon: No, we didn't like that.

Baillargeon: He makes one film every year, that's unthinkable for me (because of budgetary considerations). It's another kind of filmmaking.

Both Baillargeon and Simoneau are visiting Vancouver courtesy of a grant from l'Institut Quebecois du Cinema. La Cuisine Rouge will be showing at the Cinematique at the National Film board theatre on Georgia street. Paule Baillargeon will be on hand for the Friday and 7 p.m. screening of La Cuisin Rouge (admission $3 with membership card), and Simoneau will be appearing at the Saturday showing of his film (admission also $3).

BAILLARGEON . . . Quebec is a small country

Nationalism not hairy-fairy

From page 3

Well you're a self-avowed nationalist. Isn't there a bit of Luce in you by using Maclean's as an instrument of this?

Well, you know, if Canada's national magazine wasn't nationalistic, there wouldn't be much point to it. My nationalism doesn't say as Luce's did that you have to vote for the Republican party, you have to recognize nationalist China — all that kind of stuff. All I'm saying is that we've got to have our own country operate according to its own values rather than imported values. It's a defensive nationalism.

Sure, I push those ideas, but I think they're universal ideas. They're not specific things that are going to benefit me or people I represent the way Luce did. But it's a good question.

Why do you personally feel so strongly about having an independent Canadian culture?

Well, partly my background I guess. You know, I arrived here when 11 years old from Europe, fleeing the Nazis. I had to learn about Canada, had to learn English — didn't know a word. I was trying to fit myself into this society and got to really love this country by not taking for granted what people who are born here do. So that was part of the process.

And Canada literally saved my life. We were in France, the Nazis advancing and no country would take us. We tried the States, we tried Australia, we tried all kinds of countries, and Canada was the only country that would let us in. It isn't sort of a hairy-fairy thing; it's a genuine affection for a country that saved my life.

As editor of our national news magazine, what do you feel poses the greatest threat to world security for the remainder of this century?

Well the biggest threat to world security is the fact that by 1985, 40 countries will have the nuclear bomb and the means to deliver it. It's one thing for the U.S. and the USSR to have it, but when a lot of very unstable countries . . . Argentina, Israel, Libya, Pakistan . . . when those kind of countries have nuclear capabilities, then we're in deep trouble. I think that's where the greatest danger is. It isn't the confrontation of the superpowers because there is some element of control because the destruction would be so complete that it's beyond imagination. There could be a lot of small nuclear wars which would wreak havoc and are entirely possible if not probable.

Looking at the way our system is structured, controlled by an establishment, people who are pursuing a narrow path of empire building . . . I mean doesn't this system reinforce conflicts and disparities in the international system? Certainly the establishment isn't focused on solving the problem.

No, I think it's a separate issue. You know, some guy who's flipping real estate in Burnaby has nothing to do with a possible world holocaust.

. . .Ahh but in a way he's using up resources that could be used toward some kind of campaign to help.

No, no, I don't buy that. It may be true, but I don't believe it.

We've heard rumors that you're thinking of leaving Maclean's.

No, it took me 10 years to establish a news magazine in this country. It's now working; it's in the black. I'd be crazy to leave now after all that work to have it finally going. I get tired sometimes doing both the books and the magazines, but I've managed it with seven books and there's no reason to think I can't manage it some more.

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CANADIAN CONTENT, EH?

Calendar a cigarette package

By VERNE McDONALD

If you ever wanted to be able to note down the day of that important funeral you have to attend and at the same time find out just when Charles Heavysege breathed his last, you are in luck.

The 1982 Canadian Engagement Diary
researched by Theresa Moritz
Lester and Orpen Dennys, Toronto

For that matter, if you want to know who Charles Heavysege was, or when the first woman doctor was licensed in Ontario, or what Prince Edward Island was called until 1799, you can find out these bits of information along with 362 other pieces of historical trivia in the 1982 Canadian Engagement Diary. You might even stop flipping through the pages long enough to record some coming engagements.

The diary is another of those pricey items that are not much more useful than the back of a Player's cigarette package, but publishers like them because they can be aimed at a specific group of people so a return can be guaranteed.

Feminists can righteously purchase Everywoman's Almanac; Bennett bashers can gleefully hang a Socred Scandal Calender on their wall. And terminal cheeseheads who turn up the radio every time Paul Preston's Canadiana comes on will find a year's delight in scribbling notes to themselves in this Diefenbaker's dream of a diary.

I must admit I come close to being in the last category. I was fascinated to find out that Charles Heavysege, early Canadian poet and playwright, died on July 14, 1876. I was interested in Emily Howard Stowe becoming Canada's first woman doctor four years and two days later, in 1880. I gave thanks that the good people of PEI decided at the end of the 18th century to stop calling Spud Isle the Island of St. John, thus sparing millions of school children further confusions in dealing with Maritime geography.

Besides these obscure and esoteric facts there are the more familiar and important historical events, along with the inevitable chronological signposts such as Joe Clark's birthday or the date Tom Thomson died in Algonquin Park.

Also familiar is the taint of eastern Canadian regionalism, something which might easily be expected of a book which was largely researched at the Metropolitan Toronto Library.

There is one hilarious error which literally illustrates the attitude that Canada ends at the Lakehead. On the page facing Feb. 15, the day the current national flag was adopted in 1965, is a graphic presenting "Canada's flags, past and present: the Union Jack, the Red Ensign, and the Maple Leaf." Instead of the Red Ensign, there is a drawing of Ontario's provincial flag.

To be fair, researcher Theresa Menzies does draw on material from all of English Canada, though she has a certain blind spot for Quebec. The political, social and cultural history of Quebec seems to submerge from sight between 1763 and 1967.

Perhaps it is presumed that the Quebecois became more interested in the founding of York, the first occasion of the Queen opening Parliament or when the ribbon was cut at the Stephen Leacock memorial after they had experienced the Plains of Abraham.

Menzies undoubtedly tries hard to make the diary as Canajun as Canajun can be. Each of the 12 months is prefaced with old engravings and excerpts of poetry and prose to represent all of the 12 provinces and territories. (Neat, eh?)

Also, emulating more significant publications, the diary includes a note on the typefaces it was printed in, smugly proclaiming its use of VIP Cartier roman and italic, the only fonts ever to originate in Canada and which were first released in proof on July 1, 1967.

But being the most Canadian engagement diary ever printed isn't enough. Unless you thought grade 7 history was the high point of your life or are enough of a pyromaniac to appreciate knowing when various cities burnt down in the 19th century, you could find that the diary puts you back to sleep rather than starting your day off right.

There is too much of the bland and conventional, and not enough little known but thought provoking events. Menzies relies heavily on the three C's: Cabot, Cartier and Champlain.

Champlain is called upon to fill far too many dates, the only noteworthy one being July 29 when he became the first person ever in this country to shoot at a native Indian with a gun, some 372 years ago.

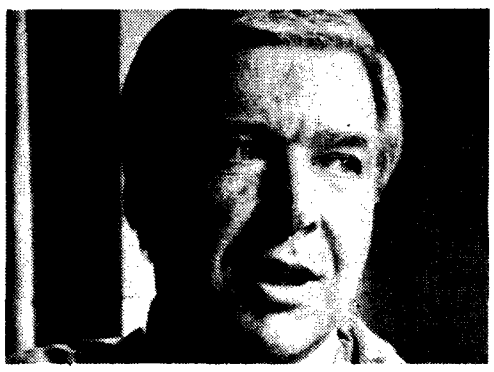
He wasn't the last, though. The entry for June 6 relates that Shawnadithet, the last Beothuk, died in St. John's that day in 1829. His people, who once inhabited what we call Newfoundland, had been hunted for sport for more than a century after whites began arriving in numbers; but the cause of the Beothuks' extinction, is not mentioned.

If nothing else, the diary can give you a conversation starter every morning while you check whether today's the day the chimney sweep comes. You will also no longer find it necessary to listen to the radio on the way to work when the announcer says "on this date in history . . ."

Calendars, though, can be had from banks and tire stores. They may not contain obscure tidbits of history, but good books on Canadian history can be found in places outside of the Metropolitan Toronto Library.

The emigrant's hope [is] of bettering his condition, and securing a sufficient competence to support his family, to free himself from the slighting remarks too often hurled at the poor gentleman by the practical people of the world, which is always galling to a proud man, but doubly so when he knows that the want of wealth constitutes the sole difference between him and the more favoured offspring of the same parent stock. SUSANNA MOODIE, *Roughing It in the Bush*, third edition, 1871

Findley's hybrid novel compelling



TIMOTHY FINDLEY . . . reality

. . . masked by fiction

By CORINNA SUNDARARAJAN

'The War' — like any other war — will come and go and be parenthesized by dates in history books. A war is just a noise — the stench of death — a view, however wide or brief, of rubble — and a cause for lamentation . . .

A war is just a place where we have been in exile from our better dreams.—from Famous Last Words

These are the words of Hugh Selwyn Mauberley, an expatriate American writer, fascist sympathizer, and a fated compulsive witness to the ideals, intrigues and atrocities of his time. He is labelled traitor by his country and trouble by his cabal, fleeing to a derelict Austrian hotel where, in tense expectancy of violent death, he decides to tell it all. The truth. If there is time.

Two months later, Allied soldiers find his body, still clutching the silver pencil with which he has etched four rooms — sixteen walls and two ceilings — full of his testament of truth. These famous last words, and the soldiers' bitterly conflicting reactions to them, structure the novel.

Like Findley's last book, Famous Last Words is an episodic gunfire of historical events, bursting inevitably into war. But unlike The Wars, where men are passive victims of a consuming violence, its international cast of politicians, business people, diplomats and exiled royalty consciously breed corruption and destruction. This willing sacrifice of peace and sanity for the exhilaration of global power play is a human truth which Mauberley struggles to reveal, and which two soldiers struggle to accept.

Quinn, a demolitions expert who distrusts the propoganda of "we" and "they", sees the writer not as a traitor, but as a misguided witness. He is willing, almost compelled, to forgive Mauberley because of the writer's final confession, his last leap at truth. But Quinn's commanding officer is haunted by the atrocities of Dachau and is obsessed with the need to blame. Neither soldier meets Mauberley's challenge to accept.

Their fierce debate, spliced by the writer's testament, is a highly absorbing and effective framework, allowing Findley to juxtapose action with analysis, dated events with enduring consequences. His imaginitive blending of fact and fiction is quizzical.

Famous Last Words is a novel populated by real people creating real history. The narrator Mauberley is presented as a protege of Ezra Pound and member of the social and literary elite of Fascist-dominated Europe. Actually, Mauberley was a fictional persona created by the real Ezra Pound in a suite of 18 poems entitled Hugh Selwyn Mauberley. Thus Findley borrows a prefabricated character to narrate a fictional novel of historical events — illustrating the novel's divided attempt to minutely document history while creatively probing its meaning.

This dual aim is not too ambitious, but in Findley's novel it falters through incredibility. Mauberley as a historical figure is a witness limited by time and place, yet as a mediator between fact and fiction he must necessarily be omniscient. The priviledged insights which he etches into plaster become evidence of Findley's thorough research rather than Mauberley's personal experience. As Lindenburgh rages at the press, as Wallis Simpson watches a fly drown in her martini, as von Ribbentrop vomits in anxiety, as Schellenberg hisses coffee past his lips — in short, as history parades by as fiction — how can Mauberley penetrate their emotions, perceive their inner thoughts? Either he or Findley (or both) are extending fact by fiction, extrapolating history through imagination.

Findley has created a hybird novel which is compellingly imaginative yet confusingly realistic, or confusingly imaginative yet compellingly realistic — or, in the words of Mauberley himself, "All I have written here is true; except the lies."

Sensuous guitars, armadillo tunes

By JULIE WHEELWRIGHT

The armadillos never sounded so good.

Last Sunday night the Queen Elizabeth Theatre witnessed the power and mystery of Andian music brought alive by Sukay in a concert sponsored by the Folk Festival people. the four member group play traditional music from South America on the wooden flutes, drums, charango's which were developed on that continent.

The group, Edmond and Quentin Badoux, Javier Canelas and Gonzalo Vargas play all the instruments interchangably. And, as Canelas explained, the traditional instruments were the flutes, drums and pan pipes. The guitar and charango (developed from the guitar, it has 10 strings and a resonance box made from an armadillo shell) came with the Spanish.

The musicians say that when the Spanish missionaries came to South America they forbade the natives to play the guitar because of its sensuous shape. One of the musicians joked they should have forbidden the tarka, a phallus-shaped flute.

Even though the musicians did not give a political show, the effects of Spanish imperialism had a great impact on their music and culture. They sang a stirring song about Mount Potosi, a Bolivian silver mine the Spanish began. The Indians of the area were forced into labor service and when they left home to work in the mines they wore their funeral clothes, knowing few would return.

Another traditional song played, Canelas explained, begins in Spanish but as the night wears on the people begin to sing in Quechua, their native tongue.

As the musicians explain, the music has been integral to the daily and ceremonial life of the two cultural groups that flourish today; the Quechuan and the Aymaran. Canelas says a whole village will participate in festivals and many songs seemed almost like plays with several different parts.

The lively music, — its name in Quechua means both dance and music, — was infectious and a dance floor would have been convenient. Most of the pieces were instrumentals and like Flor De Santa Cruz relate to a specific social occasion.

The Flor De Santa Cruz is a Bolivian song, featuring the charango, quena, guitar, bombo and pan pipes. It is festival music traditionally from Bolivia but also played in other parts of the Andes.

La Banda de Pena Herrera, a traditional Ecuadorian song, is played to awaken newlyweds, "why I don't know," said Vargas shrugging his shoulders. The song combines the strains of native and Spanish music.

The song also featured the dulzainas, two whistle flutes tuned to the diatonic scale and played simultaneously by one person. In the same song, Badoux played the ocarina which is an oval-shaped prehispanic instrument usually made of clay and in earlier days was shaped like an animal or human being.

The pan pipes, made from different length's of cane, sounded eerily in many songs. The sound has been featured in many films recently such as Picnic At Hanging Rock and reflect a haunting quality.

Carrito, a traditional Peruvian love song, displayed an interesting cultural difference between North and South Americans. The song combines the harp, charango, harmonica and guitar and is a love song that is joyous rather than sad or melancholy.

It is often difficult to analyse something which is culturally so different but the music was intriguing and enjoyable. The only disappointment was that the musicians did not give more glimpses of current problems in Latin America.

SUKAY . . . mystery brought alive

Cultural ambience sparks renaissance

From page 1

Harvests increased from the 30 works twenty years ago to the 2,725 books published last year, while the 20 average print run for fiction, which was 2,500 copies in the sixties, now is 5,000 for a first work and up to 30,000 for an Atwood novel.

Today's warm cultural ambience has sparked a Canadian renaissance where earlier writers, such as Mordecai Richler, Hugh Maclennan, Brian Moore, Margaret Laurence and Alice Munro, are enshrined as Canadian masters, their books Canadian classics.

Yet the emphasis on the qualifier "Canadian," once a triumphant recognition of our indigenous culture, now isolates Canadian writers from their international counterparts. The incubative "Canadiana" sections date from an era when patriotism was as relevant to sales as a book's quality. One bought, and even read, a Canadian novel for the same reason one now buys Canadian lottery tickets: to make a token contribution towards the arts, with the added intrigue of possible gain.

But with the rise of writers like Atwood and Davies to international fame, and the translation of Findley and Mitchell into over a dozen languages, such token contributions have become historical relics of a humbler era.

Now Canadian authors can claim equality with their international peers, and this book season's bumper crop is indeed a celebration of Canadian literature's coming of age.

—by Corinna Sundararajan

High energy quar

By GORDON COMER

The Nylons, the all male, acapella group from Toronto, provided a complete escape package Monday and Tuesday night at the SUB ballroom.

The only thing which brought me back to reality was the audience, which was overly eager to give the Nylons an ovation, even if they hadn't finished a song. Anyways, once those four men let their vocal cords vibrate, nobody seemed to care about papers, exams, getting up in the morning, or having to set up the ballroom before the concert started.

The energy level of the performers was never less than 100 per cent. From the jokes to the choreography, the lighting to the sound, everything was integrated into a tight performance.

The Nylons are obviously aware that it takes more than good singing to please a crowd. They are self-professed teasers, being 25 per cent dacron, 25 per cent come on . . . and the crowd on Monday night loved every advance. The Nylons made the most of the audience's expectations in It's Lonely at the Top, their dinner jacket and imaginary cigarette number where they never say the last word, 'top'. The audience demands that they say it, but they won't — a satisfying tease is the result.

Perhaps this is what the Nylons need to do more of: to play on the expectations of the audience. Surprise us. Shock us. Don't be as predictable as Sunday dinner at Grandma's. Many people in the crowd had seen the Nylons more than once; they have played the Van East Cultural Centre, Malcolm Bowl in Stanley Park, and at the Cave this summer.

These Nylons fans may think twice about buying tickets again if the show stays the same. The second set on Monday was especially predictable — it was virtually the same second set that they performed at the Cave, right down to the encores with the addition of their California iced tea commercial. Some of their arrangements, such as Eli's Coming, Up On the Roof, and Wimoweh, are excellent and memorable, but I want to hear how they would tackle other rock and roll classics.

Perhaps they might have misjudged the audience. True, it was a young, campus crowd, the Nylons wouldn't let the audience forget it — "campus confidential" was mentioned more than once.

Yes, the crowd did climb the walls when it recognized a song, but they also responded favourably to the Nylons own tunes. They were well written and delivered with an ease and style that makes one feel like they're old favourites. Paul Cooper's Some People I Know is a dynamite song, and is worth a listen if you can get a hold of their 45.

While the first set was not as interesting in costuming or staging as the second, it was the energy and interplay between the performers themselves and the audience that pushed the set beyond enjoyable.

This was evident in the raw power of Acapella, the steamy innuendo in Be Good to Me, Baby, and their story telling in Me and the Boys. The first set also included Something About You, Silhouette, and their renditions of Dream, One Fine Day, Runaway, and Love Potion No. 9.

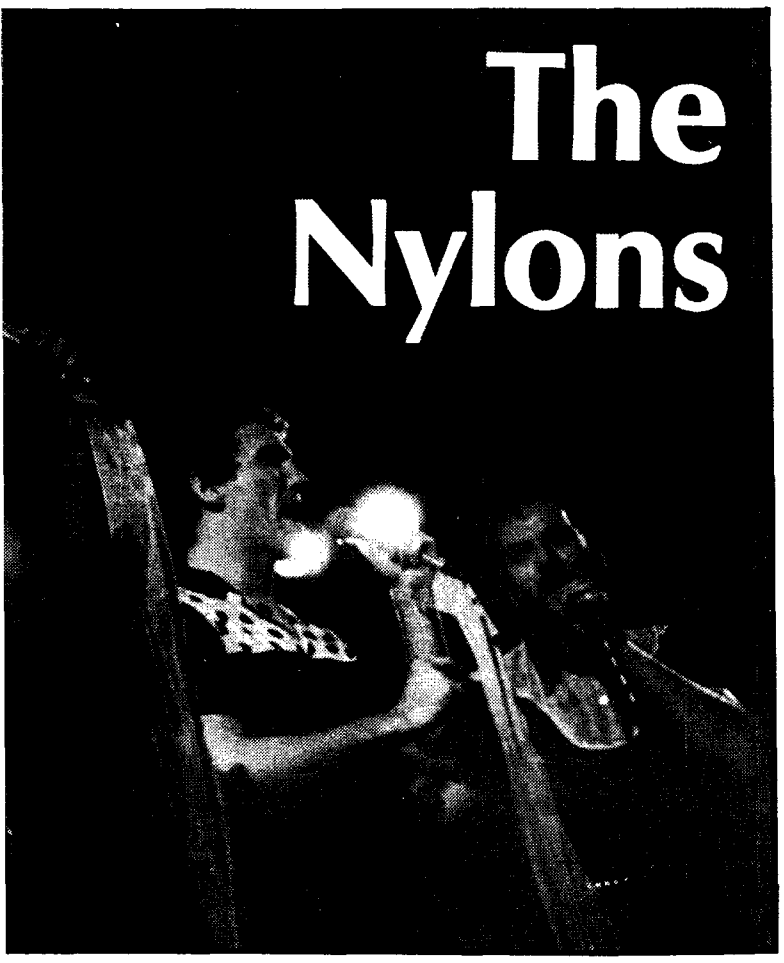
Incidentally, Love Potion No. 9 features Arnold Robinson on drums, the only instrument added to this vocal group, and wisely used sparingly. All in all, it seemed that the emotional climax was in the first set: either the Nylons peaked early, or I did.

The Nylons are: Paul Cooper from Tennessee, who sings lead most of the time, Mark Connors from Ottawa, Claude Morrison from Toronto, who sings counter tenor, and Arnold Robinson, who holds everything down to Earth with his solid Bass voice.

Cooper has a percussive style with his voice, and a commanding stage presence, but shares the spotlight with the others. Thre is no clear leader in this group. Although Connors can bring tears to my eyes, but he was not singing up to his ability on Monday. Perhaps that is because the sound was not perfectly balanced, and the tuning was a bit off at times.

The performers had a hard time getting their notes before songs, and the sound was heavy on the bass end. There was also a bit of a dependency on the sound men to end the songs with the reverb, when more creative endings should be tried.

The Nylons



tet a great escape

It is a compliment to Morrison's fine falsetto that the majority of the time it was hard to tell if it was his voice or an overtone one was hearing. Morrison is a fine performer, but he seemed to be the most uncomfortable on stage. He shouldn't be worried. Robinson, who is the group's more recent addition, has fit in beautifully; he seems to love every minute of what he's doing, and enjoys talking to an audience.

The Alma Mater Society concerts people are lucky that the Nylons do put on a good show. If it had not gone well, the crowd may not have gotten over its anger at having to fight for and set up their own chairs.

The Fire Marshall would not have pleased at the result. The Monday concert had been sold out before the concert, so why were more chairs not set up? Did they expect people to stand?

All in all, however, a winner of a show.

Pat Metheny Group an ecstacy to watch, listen to

By STEVE PALMER

The Pat Metheny Group made its Vancouver debut at the Orpheum Sunday night and they left a large crowd thunderously applauding their performance.

The Group played a startling array of compositions from four of Metheny's diverse recordings, as well as four tunes never put on record. The selections ranged from the Ornette Coleman's unconventional contemporary progressions to the extremely popular chord changes and melody of a tune inspired by James Taylor's work.

Every number was tightly executed and left the audience breathless with the virtuosity of each Group member.

The band was graced by Lyle Mays on keyboards, Steve Rodny on bass, Nana Vasconcelos on percussion, Dan Gottlieb on drums and Metheny on a multitude of electric and acoustic guitars. Though it was the Group's debut in this city, Metheny himself has passed through during his tenure with Gary Burton, and Metheny and Mays were both members of Joni Mitchell's band the last time she played Vancouver.

Metheny is truly the wonderboy of jazz guitarists (read of his brilliant career and weep) and, at 28, he has won the respect of the finest musicians and a vast audience without compromising his musical principles in the slightest. The reason for this respect was obvious during his two hour set.

The Group opened with a scorching version of Phase Dance that featured energetic solos by Metheny and Mays as well as an emotional windup with the beautiful Oberheim synthesizer.

Metheny then displayed his country roots with a fast paced duet, weaving his hot licks around Vasconcelos' driving rhythms, then diving into a smoking version of Keith Jarrett's The Windup. the band then began to truly display their musicianship, interacting superbly and subtly through diverse rhythms, unique chord progressions and lightning fast melodies. Metheny was surrounded by guitars and played each impeccably, though the attack sound of his white Gibson had an unfortunate echo. He bobbed and weaved and

PAT METHENY . . . respected

crouched with pained expressions on his face just like a real rock star and his stylized guitar lines, played through a digital delay system, possessed a heavenly quality.

Lyle Mays (dubbed Lyle Amazing by Keyboard Magazine) was particularly stunning throughout the concert, sitting amid a semicircle of keyboards with his back to the audience and his long, groomed hair shining like a halo from the spotlights.

He shifted easily between a grand piano, synthesizers and organs, and an autoharp. The harmonies that flowed from his fingers were inevitably pleasing to the ear and his Oberheim backdrops to Metheny's solos were perfectly complementary. Mays is clearly the co-leader of the group; all of their most recent compositions are products of Metheny-Mays collaboration and his keyboard work held the sound together like aural glue.

Dan Gottlieb has played with Metheny since their days together at the University of Miami and the unity the two have developed was evident. Gottlieb's compulsive, driving drumwork was enhanced by the superb percussion of Nana Vasconcelos. His exotic collection of South American devices added colour and variety to the already unique and exciting sound of the band. One solo on the equivalent of a bushman's bow provided a lovely introduction to the South American flavoured tune from the new album, Ozark. Vasconcelos also sang, his voice melding into the background a la Weather Report.

The Group played a powerful version of the title track of the new album, As Falls Wichita, featuring layers of synthesizers and some sparkling sounds from Mays' autoharp. This was followed by an incredibly upbeat version of Jaco, Metheny's tribute to the Fort Lauderdale Flash, Jaco Pastorius, also a friend from Metheny's Miami days and a member of his first band.

Steve Rodny's acoustic bass playing was brilliant but his electric bass rarely shone the way Marc Egan's (the Group's previous bassist) did. His solo here was extremely fast but not very clean and lacked any attempt at phrasing.

The Group ended with San Lorenzo, perhaps Metheny and Mays' finest composition. It was a very slow version which they speeded up during the driving Oberheim sections. Mays' piano solo was crystal and dazzling. The audience gave a standing ovation and demanded more. The band responded with two upbeat tunes from their American Garage album, Cross the Heartland and American Garage. They hammed it up in superb rock 'n' roll style. the joy they felt from performing was obvious and it was transferred to the audience. The Metheny Group was pure ecstasy to watch and to listen.

Play misses passing grade

By EVE WIGOD

The best thing about Egon Wolf's Kindergarten is that it eventually comes to an end. Until then, we must endure the pathological maunderings of the three elderly Sanchez siblings.

Kindergarten
By Egon Wolff
Directed by Kico Gonzalez-Risso
Kits House Hall until Nov. 22

Kindergarten shows us how many people live. People who are locked in vindictive, destructive patterns; people who entertain themselves at the expense of others; people who have nothing to do but argue with other people who also have nothing to do.

Tono, a man approaching old age, moves in with his elderly brother Mico. "I felt a Christian obligation to a brother who lives alone. So here I am. Tied to a stalk of celery," he says. Meche, sister to the incongruous duo, moves in with them. Mico sells umbrellas for a living. Tono lives off Mico. Meche shaves in the bathroom, much of the time.

Wolff refers to his play as a 'comic' work, and says that its comic appearance reflects its true, pathetic nature within. And yet, nothing about the play fulfills the requirements of comedy (unless one is wont to laugh at insults like "asthmatic orangutan" and "mummified magpipe."

Certainly, nothing is funny about the dialogue. The 'humour' is vulgar and revolting. "What do women do in the bathroom for such a long time?" Mico muses. "Inspect their intimate parts, I suppose," barks Tono.

And when Mico laments that he has never been married, Teno retorts, "I'll run to a matrimonial agency and bring back some cripple for you."

Obviously, Wolff makes the error of equating sarcasm with humour. As a result, the audience must be exposed to what is, essentially, a household's dirty laundry. This makes for a tedious time. The words of Meche, directed toward her immature, battling brothers, ring true: "This is what you do all day? A poor performance, I'd say."

Kindergarten abounds in annoying pseudo-profundities. Meche says wearily, "Time . . . God, what has it done to us?" Tono offers this advice on how to deal with adversity: "We all have stones in our shoes, but one must hold one's head up high."

KINDERGARTEN . . . tedious, but it ends

As the play labours on, we begin to realize that it will not get any better. Weary of Kindergarten, we yearn for nap-time. But the imbecilic action continues inexorably. Tono throws a box of lemon creme cookies at Mico. Meche dons a bird costume. Mico pretends to be a ruthless pirate.

Because of its chaotic, desultory script, Kindergarten is difficult to follow. But to confuse things even more, the play suffers a nationality crisis. Meche (played by Barbara McColl) speaks with a Canadian accent. Tono (Denis Comey) speaks in an unsuccessful British accent. Mico (John Destry Adams) speaks in a full British accent. Their house looks vaguely American.

Kindergarten in translated from Spanish, and the characters retain their Spanish surname, Sanchez. If the Spanish context were preserved as well, this would have been at least a more cohesive play.

The play is saved from total ruin by John Destry Adams (Mico), who appears through Canadian actors equity association. Adams does as much as he can to add interest to his role of persecuted older brother. He manages to gain sympathy for Mico, (the least idiotic of the three characters), and to show that he is a sensitive man trapped in baleful circumstances.

For this reason, Kindergarten has some sensitive moments. As for the script, let us hope something got lost in the translation.

Foon's kids too simple

Kids' paradoxal perspective instantly tosses us into the immigrant child's situation. Only he speaks English. His Canadian counterparts chatter in gibberish: a humorous distortion of English, German and French

By WENDY CUMMING

Internationally, Canada ranks third as a major immigration and refugee center. The immigration quota will increase again in 1982.

In Vancouver, 45 per cent of elementary school children speak English as a second language. In fact, in one west-end school, the students speak 47 different languages. Most of these immigrant children face major problems adjusting to their new homes and based on interviews conducted with students, Denis Foon's New Canadian Kids tackles this intensifying problem.

New Canadian Kids
Written by Dennis Foon
Directed by Jane Howard Baker
Green Thumb Players

The play, aimed towards children, focuses on the story of Nick (Robin Mossley) a young immigrant boy, who leaves his country 'Homeland' with his family for Canada. Homeland's setting is international; Nick's family could have lived anywhere.

Accordingly, Nick and his mother dress in multi-national costumes: a melange of Pakistanee, East Indian, and Chinese.

New Canadian Kids' paradoxal perspective instantly tosses us into the immigrant child's situation. Only he speaks English. His Canadian counterparts chatter in gibberish: a charmingly humorous distortion of English, German and French.

Writer David Foon investigates a complex social issue but his straight-edged, superficial depiction of society is far from complicated or original.

Granted, the simplicity is directed towards children. But television already bombards kids with this clear-cut black and white view of the world. It nourishes the fallacy that all people are one, good or two, evil, New Canadian Kids' simple characters reinforce this media myth.

First we have Mok, (Colin Thomas) the all-bad, stupid Canadian bully. He beats Nick up, calls him names and breaks his food bowl. Mok's character is so one-dimensional it becomes more cartoon-like than human. Like the coyote in Roadrunner, Mok's obsession with "getting" his opponent ultimately leads to his defeat.

Implicitly, Mok's character is anti-Canadian. We see that all Canadian kids are raised on junk food and scratchy rock and roll. They munch on chocolate bars and play sports, but never seem to think.

Nick, in comparison, represents the classic naive victim. Coming from Homeland where there are no cars or buildings, Nick is overwhelmed by the Canadian computerized culture. He typifies the local country-bumpkin who moves to the city, yet with one difference. Nick cannot communicate with Canadians; he doesn't speak gibberish. Naturally this helpless outsider is ostracized until one "nice" Canadian girl defends him.

Nick's mother, also, plays a stereotypical character — the traditional housewife who cooks, scrubs and hen-pecks her children. Fundamentally she fears assimilation, but she can't go back to Homeland. Why?

The why remains unanswered, reflecting another of the play's weaknesses. We are told only the immigrants left Homeland in the middle of the night. Did the family flee a natural catastrophe or a fascist dictatorship? Foon thus ignores the story's catalyst, which would have explained the mother's paranoia.

The ending too, is disappointing. Nick and Mok suddenly become friends, and Nick's mother becomes a Canadian: another happy Hollywood ending.

Despite its cliches, New Canadian Kids is amusing. Colin Thomas as Mok really rolls out the kid-stuff when he devours his hersey bar and mimicks a rock star.

New Canadian Kids does explore a contemporary social issue and in the process drives home the fact that "picking on people is an international sport."

Wild sex

Yup, it sure is something, right? But hold on, buster, there's none of that stuff here!

Just 15 blast-my-socks-off burgers, fair prices, and tons of other great stuff. So keep your hands to yourself!

2966 West 4th Ave., open from 11:30 a.m. seven days a week.

Opening soon corner of Georgia and Hornby. (Yuk, yuk.)

P.J. Burger & Sons

This, no doubt as you have noticed, is a little grey box. It is not intended to be funny, cute, coy or even terribly interesting because that takes energy which I don't have. suffice it to say this: there is a staff meeting, Sunday night 7 p.m. at Sandface's place, check the office for the time. Be there.

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NOTICE OF ELECTION

Student Representatives to serve on the Board of Governors and the Senate.

This notice is a call for nominations for full-time students to run for election for the following positions:

BOARD OF GOVERNORS — TWO students
SENATE — SEVENTEEN students (five at-large and one from each faculty)

Nomination forms giving full details of the requirements of nominations are available in the Registrar's Office, the A.M.S. Office (Room 266 S.U.B.), and in the offices of the Student Undergraduate Societies and the Graduate Student Association.

Nominations must be in the hands of the Registrar no later than 4:00 p.m. on Tuesday, December 22, 1981.

The Thunderbird Shop

Sidewalk Sale

Super Specials

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Posters Games Puzzles
UBC etchings
Assorted G. Hware
Cowboy Hats

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Mon.-Fri.
9:00 a.m. - 8:00 p.m.
Sat. 10:00 a.m. - 5:00 p.m.

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We are a young and dynamic organization providing a range of insurance services to the people of British Columbia. To possibly make you part of our future, we are recruiting graduates in the following disciplines:

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Our computer systems are among the largest and most sophisticated in Western Canada. With plan capacity expansion and systems development we expect to be one of the first "Offices of the Future". We offer well established career development paths with rapid promotion from Programmer Analyst to System Analyst.

COMMERCE, SCIENCE AND ECONOMICS

We actively recruit graduates for Claims Adjuster positions, which investigates, adjust and negotiate automobile claims. Candidates who enjoy analyzing, researching and making decisions requiring technical and legal judgement will find this work challenging. Career path promotion to more reasonable levels of adjusting, including supervision and management, is a logical expectation of this position.

To be investing in your future you will want to apply by submitting a UCPA application form together with a recent transcript of marks to Brock Hall Manpower Office by November 4, 1981.

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Tickets: Single Admission, $25; Stud., $20; Couple, $40

Dr. Jamtolsky is founder of the Centre for Attitudinal Healing in Tiburon, California. Author of "To Give is To Receive" and "Love is Letting Go of Fear". Be a love giver not a love seeker is the concept taught by Dr. Jamtolsky in dealing with critically and terminally ill children. His powerul message was recently featured on 60 Minutes.

Dancers 'no longer just a body'

The following is an interview with Pacific Ballet Theatre dancer **Suzanne Ouellette** *by Ubyssey staffer* **Lawrence Panych.**

Although a dancer by profession, Ouellette is also an accomplished teacher and has been engaged on occasion to teach for the UBC Ballet club. She has extensive training as an actress and has recently choreographed a short jazz ballet to be performed by the dancers of Pacific Ballet theatre. Ouellette will perform with her company Nov. 15-17 in Ballet Closeup, at the Waterfront theatre.

You have extensive experience dancing and studying in Europe, in England, Portugal and Germany. At a very young age you became the first Canadian to be accepted by the Stuttgart Ballet. What can you tell us about those experiences? What do you see as the main differences between dance here and in Europe?

It gave me a taste of the good life in the ballet world. The Stuttgart Ballet has resources that the majority of North American companies simply don't have. It is totally state-run, and has virtually an unlimited budget. A dancer has complete medical insurance, life insurance, a dental plan. Salaries are very high.

In general the arts get a great deal more public support. The Stuttgart would perform Romeo and Juliet for two months straight and still sell out every show. It's a different ball game over there.

In terms of dance style, there is no longer as much of a difference between here and Europe. When I first left home America was much more technically oriented. It was always 'look at the body' or 'look at the line' but the dancer could be cold and have no charm or charisma. Now it isn't the same here.

The American companies have drawn from the Europeans and North America has become much freer in expression. A dancer now has to have varied talents — must be an actress as well as dancer and have some personality. You are no longer just a body and a machine out there. It's an exciting development but terribly demanding.

It's interesting you should say that ballet here used to be cold and unexpressive considering the pioneering role of North Americans in modern dance.

They were probably frustrated as hell with ballet's constraints here and that's why they broke completely with it. It used to be that contemporary styles were only for the rejects of the ballet world. Now finally they are accepted as other dance forms. I find much of modern dance creative, challenging and entertaining and I'd like to do more of it.

I was fascinated when watching Children of Theatre Street (a film about ballet training in the USSR) to see a modern dance company in Moscow doing things which were done here 40 or 50 years ago. The movement was hard and angry. My impression was that they thought in order to be modern they must be completely opposite to ballet. Modern dance can be fluid like classical ballet.

For a dancer you have an impressive drama background.

My mother was an actress and stage manager in Scotland. She was the first woman stage manager at Stratford-on-Avon. I had an interest in drama at a very early age. I went to the Playhouse Theatre school and performed with Theatre in the Park but then I became interested in ballet and went away to Europe to study.

I returned and went to the Royal Winnipeg but while in Winnipeg I became involved with drama. At the time I was very frustrated with dance. Every time I tried to express anything I had a hard time being accepted. Not being a soloist or having lead roles I had to fit in and was always being told to 'tone it down.' I couldn't be a ham.

When I returned to Vancouver I was very active in the theatre. I taught movement at the Arts Club theatre, took singing lessons and speech lessons. But then I met Pacific Ballet theatre and got back into dance again. Sometimes I find it frustrating to have a drama background because in ballet it's not always accepted and I have to learn to control it.

You don't see yourself as a dancer exclusively.

Definitely not. But right now I know what I want to do. I want to dance. I'm happy dancing now and feel that my career is on the verge of going somewhere. I have the ability to do something and I'll work as hard as I can to prove it to myself.

You've tried your hand at choreography recently. Your new piece, Double Treble, will be performed at the Waterfront theatre this weekend. What can you tell us about it?

It's a very short diversion. I did it for fun, for the dancers and for the audience especially. We needed something like it in our school program so (Pacific Ballet artistic director) Renald Rabu approached me to do something.

It took me four days to get it out and another two to really work on it. I still watch it to correct certain problem parts. It's a jazz piece done to the music of Jean Pierre Rampal. It works well and so far the audiences like it.

What changes have you seen in your three years with Pacific Ballet?

Ever since I came to the company we've had talent. The problem was that the talent was young and immature. We didn't have the artistic direction necessary. When Renald Rabu came we found in him what we were lacking. It took him a couple of years to get us and himself into shape. We have a company now and a good company.

Several of your dancers have recently been offered positions with major companies in Canada and the U.S. but turned them down to remain with Pacific Ballet. Why?

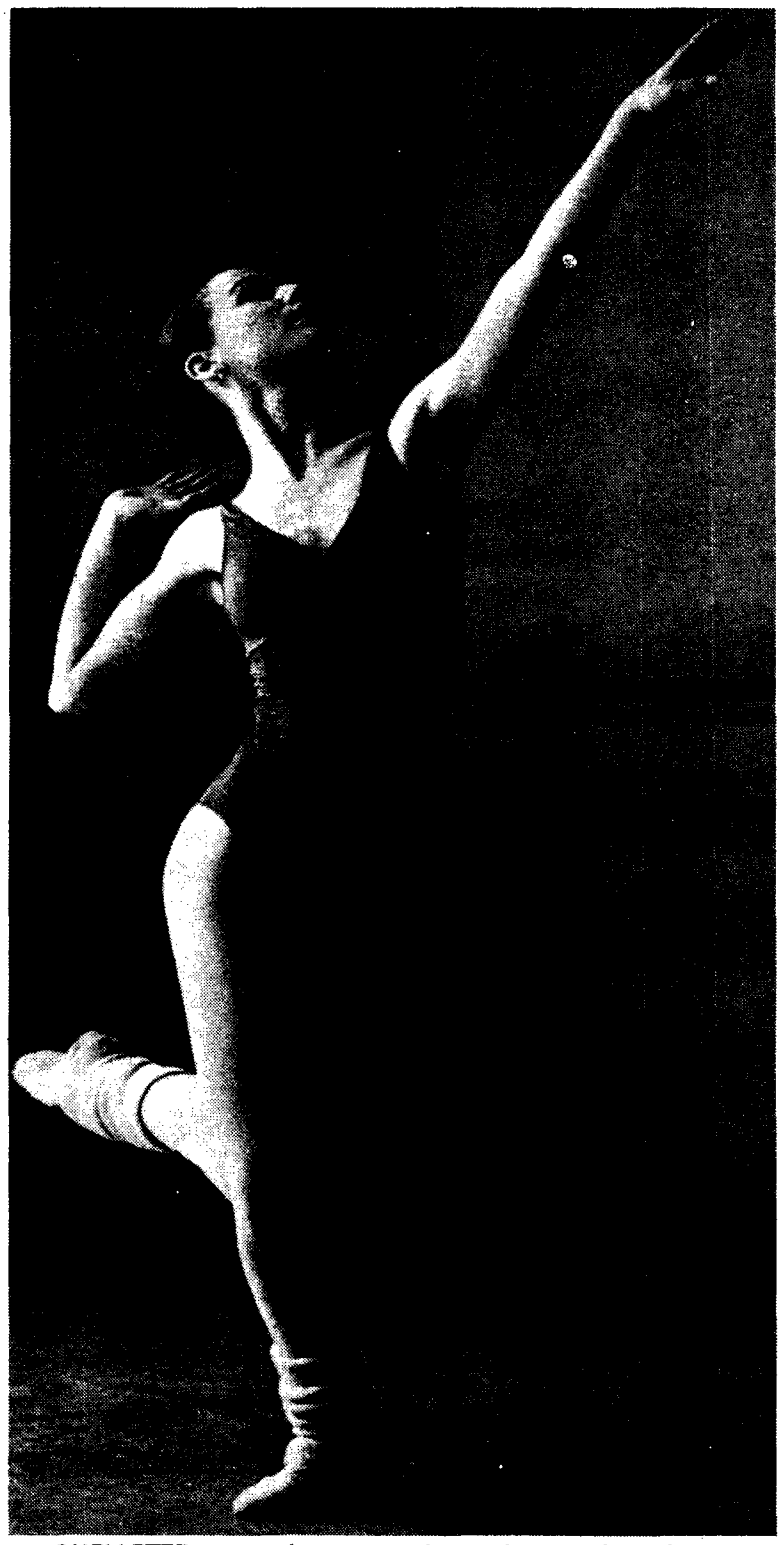
The biggest reason is that we're getting to dance here. At PBT all you do is dance. You dance so much you get sick of it. In the bigger companies even if you're a soloist you're not on every night. At PBT if there are four ballets in an evening all the dancers are in at least three.

At Pacific Ballet theatre you can be choreographed upon. Choreographers will create roles for you and so it is your ability being worked with. Also for me personally, after having sweated for three years to help bring the company to where it is now, I couldn't leave. I'm so much a part of it.

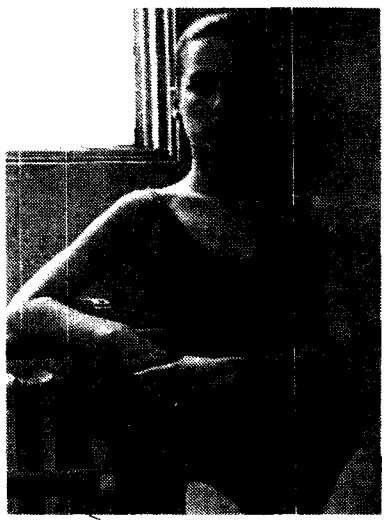
Surely there must be some disadvantages in being with a small company. Do you suffer artistically?

No. I think you have more advantages depending on what you want. I don't want to do the old classics. I had my taste of doing the classics. I'm not a swan.

One disadvantage of being with a small company is the susceptibility to injury. You don't get a stand-in. If you have a sore foot you work with a sore foot. If you have a sore back you dance with a bad back. They take out as many lifts as possible but you still dance. That's a disadvantage but then you can't baby yourself. It makes you strong.



OUELLETTE . . . a dancer now has to have varied talents



AT PBT . . . all you do is dance

Montreal symphony expresses lovely tone

By KERRY REGIER

Ida Haendel played the premiere of Sibelius' violin concerto, and years later Sibelius said that nobody could play it as well. Having heard Haendel play that concert, it was with great expectations that I attended the Montreal Symphony under Charles Dutoit, with whom Haendel was to play the Beethoven violin concerto.

Haendel is one of the last of the great romantic soloists, playing in the passionate style of Casals, Stern, and Rubinstein. Feeling the music with these is uppermost, sliding sexily around with shifting rhythms and portamentos; mere technique is only a tool for achieving deeper feeling in the music. With this in mind, it came as an unpleasant surprise when Haendel's playing was cool, precise, note-perfect, and boring.

Not that this was true of the whole concerto, but only the first two movements. Suddenly, at the beginning of the last movement, she opened up completely, playing the finale with a jig-like bounce, something I have only imagined and never actually heard before. The whole movement was filled with a flashing light rhythm, with sharply pointed accents in a manner that simply would not occur to modern violinists so concerned with the mythical "long line" that details escape them completely.

Why only in the last movement? I cannot offer an explanation, but during the whole concerto Haendel had a sad and fearful expression on her face, and stood with a very tense, nervous posture.

It is very tempting to compare orchestras. And as Oscar Wilde said, "I can resist everything except temptation."

The Montreal Symphony is not a first rate orchestra, by comparison with, say, the Philadelphia or the Vienna. And yet, hearing the cohesiveness, expressive nuances, and sheer lovely tone of the Montreal strings, it will be very difficult to hear the Vancouver Symphony again without sighing a little.

Dutoit . . . symphony director

Stravinsky's Petrouchka gave the orchestra a superb opportunity to show off both in ensemble and in solo. Apart from the superb string sound, the brass gave good snappy rhythms and powerful, bold tones but never overpowered the strings. The Montreal horns were a little flabby compared to Vancouver's Martin Hackleman and his section, who regularly astonish me with their heroism. Vancouver's woodwind section in general is as good as Montreal's, and certainly our oboes are more bold and involved than the rather distant oboes of the Montreal Symphony.

The greatest difference is with any orchestra the conductor. Charles Dutoit is mannered and theatrical, with many showy gestures, superficially like Akiyama. But deeper, Dutoit is convincing when at the end of Petrouchka, the death-moment, he drops his head and shoulders in mourning and holds the audience spellbound in silence for endless time, until he suddenly reanimates and allows the audience to applaud.

Or when Dutoit wants a phrase to melt in your mouth, and his hand slides limply forward, suggestive of moist softness; or an elegant joke from the bassoon is evoked by a gesture at shoulder height, hand flopping palm up.

Dutoit is an actor, he can do these things and make them flow because he is relaxed, confident, and yes, arrogant and totally self assured in the Toscanini style.

Akiyama could never pull these things off; his gestures for show seem merely inserted and planned without feeling; he is not graceful; he does not dance. Dutoit dances. And like Bernstein, it is natural, and never ridiculous.

Letters

Lest we forget...

Why do we get classes off on Remembrance Day? There is a reason for it, or at least there was. Perhaps the original reason was to remember the dead and perhaps there was hope that the same thing would never happen again.

Well, the memories from 36 years ago have faded and so has the hope that accompanied them. Recent news stories have quoted several prominent persons (Reagan and Breshnev) stating that they think that a "limited" nuclear war is possible. That is, they think that should there be a nuclear war, it could be contained to just a few bombs and would not spread to complete elimination of mankind.

How nice of them to be so confident that they can play their games and leave someone behind to clean up after them.

It is even more reassuring when you know that a study published by the International Institute for Strategic Studies states that should it ever come to the use of nuclear weapons, there is little chance that the use of these weapons could be controlled (how they conducted their study I don't know and I'm not sure that I want to know). And the more they talk about the ability to control it, the greater the possibility of finding out first hand there seems to be.

But why limit this just to a critique of nuclear war? After all, guns kill people too. Lots of people. And they're doing it to lots of people all over the world every day. Or rather people kill people, but the guns do the dirty work.

In the case of a neutron bomb, it isn't even very dirty, everyone just dies and leaves the buildings standing. Nice and clean, easy too — just push a button.

The hope of 36 years ago was that the world could live in peace. Not very likely or so it seems, when all you have to do is take a look at the newspaper or listen to a newscast to learn of the latest conflicts which have arisen. Conflicts such as those in Afghanistan, El Salvador, and the latest in Sweden are just a few.

So why do we get classes off Remembrance Day?

Kendall Frankham
science 1

Filmsoc grovels

Last Wednesday student council approved the minutes of the Student Administrative commission and budget committee. The 75 per cent Filmsoc — 25 per cent AMS sharing of SUBFilms profits has thus become law and the reduction to the $1 admission has become reality.

Herewith Filmsoc would like to thank the people who have made this possible:

The 601 individuals who put their weight on the drawbridge of the SUBFortress by signing the petition for the referendum. This assured Filmsoc access to the chamber with the Round Table;

Student Council, for deciding to face the issue without delay and then dealing with it effectively;

And particularly impressed we were by the members of Student Council who, unasked, gave their eloquent support to our case, including Sean Boyle and John Allen Davis, pivots on the door to truth.

Chris Niwinski, although our adversary, we name Sir Doer-Integrity.

Our foes with the siege mentality amongst the Alma Mater Society Executive, SAC, and budget committee deserve a cheer because, if the degree of our resentment is any indication, they put up a good fight, and because we don't kick people when they are down.

The Ubyssey we send our appreciation for serving as messengers and for providing a forum for our views.

Our view is that the AMS is a service supported by volunteers and not a government run on power-trips. As such the object is to save students money. The object is not to redistribute unearned money.

We intend to keep earning our money by undercutting anyone in sight. That is, by charging $1 for the balance of this and the next academic years.

Dusan Milatovic
Filmsoc acting chair

Ranger 'Gentlemen'

I must commend The Ubyssey for its front-page account of the heinous conduct of the crew of the USS Ranger who dared to address female denizens of residence as "ladies."

First the neutron bomb, now this. How much more can Canada take from the damn Yankees?

I think retaliation is in order. How about we invite the Ranger's crew to UBC and address them all as "gentlemen."

That'll fix 'em.

Greg Smith
B.A. '79

THE UBYSSEY

November 13, 1981

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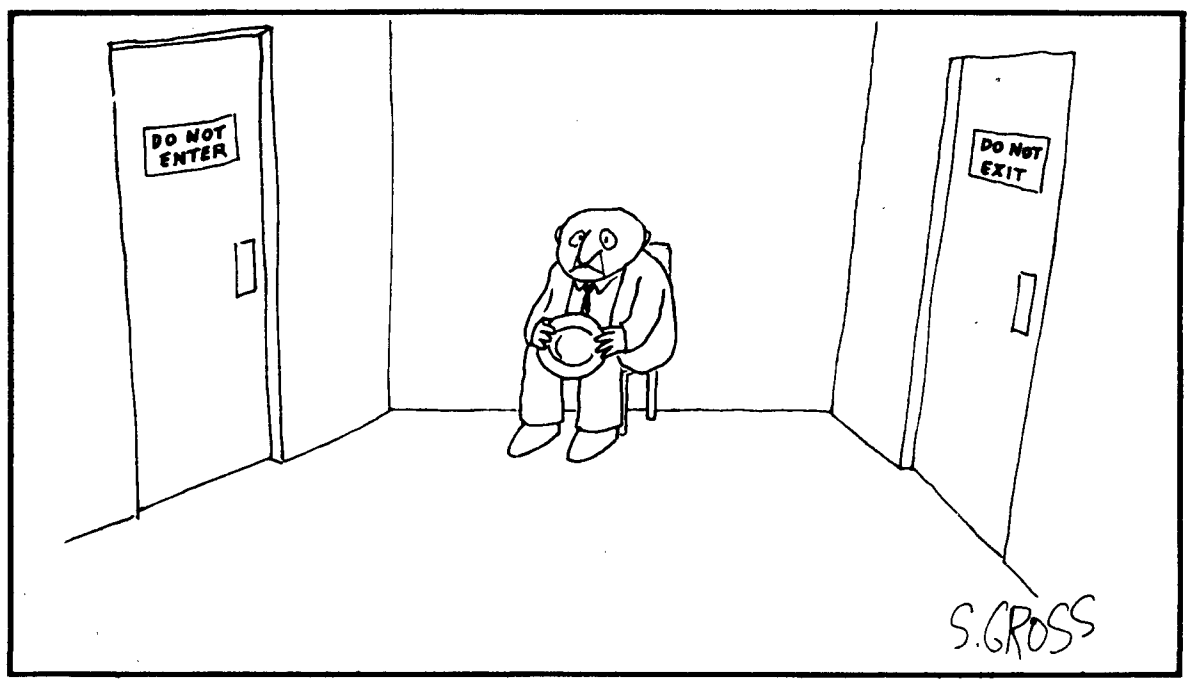
"So you really think it's literature, eh?" Julie Wheelwright demanded misguided Corinna Sundararajan, as Glen Sanford munched philosophically on a maple leaf, recording her famous last words. Nancy Campbell shrieked in frustration, clobbering Arnold Hedstrom with a dead beaver after catching him swigging from a bottle of Ranier instead of Molson. Meanwhile rebel moose Scott McDonald, Kevin McGee and Craig Brooks smothered feeble chords of "O Canada" under a giant map of the Great White North, inflicting permanent bodily harm on Dirk Sion, Eric Eggertson and Charles Redden. But Charlotte Olsen escaped into the darkroom with Paul Kalhis, Craig Yuill and Helen Yagi to snicker over uncensored footage of her summer holiday. Just then, Sheffin Sheriff burst into the newsroom to announce "John Eh? McDonald's emigrated!" in under five words. Julie Wheelwright fainted.



Boycott Canada, eh?

Canada was an interesting concept, but no one really believed it would work, eh?

But IBM and some large insurance companies had a lot of money invested in the non-existent country, so an industry was born — Canadiana.

Canadiana was designed to convince millions of people that the large void north of the U.S. had a form and identity. One of the key components is Canlit, a dizzying array of novels, poems, plays and scrawls chronicling everything from Saskatchewan's erotic adventures with gophers, to a woman fucking a bear somewhere in Ontario. All highly amusing, but totally unbelievable.

The only identifiable folk heroes in this Pango-Pango of North America are a newscaster named Floyd Robertson and a hick named Charlie Farquarson. Charles Dickens could have come up with more believable names than those.

The national sport in Canada is a cross between lacrosse, hockey and beer drinking. The national entertainment is watching Bob and Doug McKenzie on television.

No one can decide what the national joke is. There are so many choices — the postal service, the Canadian Boring Corporation, and parliament.

Perhaps worst of all is the fact that this sham of Canada is so profitable. Canlit, with all its improbable plots, sells like hotcakes from Tokyo to Tangana Surely the public must realize that Canada is just too silly to believe. Like the National Enquirer, Canada sells copies to the easily duped.

The only responsible reaction to the sham is to ignore it. Next time someone analyzes a Margaret Atwood novel, leave the room. Boycott Canada.

Letters

'Ranger encouraging'

The recent visit to Vancouver by the USS Ranger was met with the expected degree of liberal and "pacifistic" demonstrations by people acutely unaware of the strategic importance of such a ship or of the military balance in general. The incessant — no, the irritating — barrage of complaints strewn forth by "peaceful demonstrators," environmentalists and other radical "pro-society" groups demonstrated once again their remarkable ability to act without thinking, and to speak without knowing. Ridiculous protestations to "Disarm now" or to "Prepare for peace" may indeed sound desirable, but are presently utopian and unattainable.

Has it ever occurred to the pacifists in our society that it is, paradoxically, the very existence of such "death machines" which they oppose that ensures our sovereignty and peace? Has it ever occurred to them that the prolific arsenal of the U.S. is necessary to maintain the military balance and guarantee our deterrent potential? My feeling is that these thoughts have been considered but that the demonstrators have been unable to accept the horrible strategic realities of our world.

I am no more hawkish than the next person. Indeed, I wholeheartedly support any arms limitation or reduction negotiations, yet I cannot commit myself to blindly venture down a corridor which will lead to my destruction. The international order is such that unilateral disarmament is considered a homicidal act while mutual disarmament efforts have been desirable and exhaustive, but fruitless. Because of these truths, the U.S. has correctly adopted policies which maintain our peaceful status by bolstering the deterrent force to the West. Such policies should continue until disarmament agreements become a practical exercise.

In the meantime though, it is both foolish and dangerous to let down our guard, call for immediate disarmament or protest against the elements which protect our existence. I found the Ranger visit to Vancouver an interesting and encouraging illustration of Western strength and solidarity. The nuclear era has changed everything, but it has changed nothing; the old adage If you want peace, prepare for war, remains as true today as ever it was. Let us not stop the search for achievable alternatives to this process but may we pursue them with the understanding that any alteration of international procedures or truisms is not attainable through unilateral, or destructive internal, actions.

Brad Orloski

'Should engineers be shot?'

Supermouth isn't just an event, it's a whole new way of being. More precisely, a way of being in SUB during lunch hour to listen to all the nifty debates with different campus groups which the Debating Society is hosting. It runs from November 9th to 20th, and you're invited.

You know the stuff. Should creationism be taught in science classes? Is euthanasia wrong? Are professional schools more important than the humanities and sciences? Should engineers be shot to atone for their crimes? Supermouth is one of the places to hear debates on campus, besides the Pit and Student Council meetings. It's a forum for ideas. It's groovy.

The problem with this letter is that I can't draw you a picture of Supermouth to show you what he looks like. But he's on all the posters we'll be plastering around UBC to tell you where each debate is.

The Debating Society likes to be heard. So we marched around campus on Tuesday wearing silly costumes and making noise, in the famous Supermouth parade.

We think talking is a good idea. We haven't changed the world yet, but we're trying.

Come to Supermouth.

It's wonderful.

Sylvia Berryman
debsoc

Bank of M. wrong moves

An ad from the Bank of Montreal in Friday's Ubyssey proclaims: "Undergraduate students: Take a look at who's been making all the right moves."

Could the beloved bank be referring to its "right" move to centralize all its student loan facilities at its Granville and Pender branch, depriving students of a campus location for student loans? Or perhaps they were referring to their moves to financially support "right" wing repressive dictatorships such as South Africa, Chile and others?

Just wondering.

Bill Tieleman
political science graduate student

Letters

Faculty slams admin attempt to point finger

In Friday's Ubyssey you quoted Jim Banham, UBC information officer, as saying that the faculty arbitration award "had created the $8.5 million shortfall in UBC's financing." ("Hiring freeze hits students in the classroom," p.3). I am sorry to have to disagree in public with Jim Banham but the faculty association is sick and tired of hearing this charge repeated.

In other public statements the administration has alleged that the faculty arbitration award has led to a "shortfall" of $7.2 million. The fact that they quote $7.2 million in one place and, apparently, $8.5 million in another, is reason for concern in itself.

Let us, however, look at the $7.2 million figure since it happens to represent almost exactly nine per cent of last year's faculty salary bill. The administration is saying that an award of 18 per cent led to a "shortfall" of $7.2 million or nine per cent of the faculty salary bill.

That can only mean that the administration has budgeted a maximum of nine per cent for faculty salary increases since anything more than that figure produces a "shortfall."

We know, in fact, that the administration asked the Universities Council of B.C. for an increase of 12.1 per cent for salaries. This was done, however, in the knowledge that 12.1 per cent would come nowhere near meeting the formal proposals for salary increases which the faculty association has already submitted.

Why did we go to arbitration? Because, after years of salary erosion and at a time when inflation was running at 14.2 per cent, the administration offered us a general salary increase of nine per cent.

What did the arbitrator say in awarding 18 per cent "The faculty association made a strong case for catch-up *well beyond what is awarded* . . . but I am obliged to give effect to the University's inability to pay argument." (Emphasis added.)

Mr. Richard Bird, the arbitrator, is an independent third party whose appointment was originally suggested by the administration and agreed to by the association. In the course of the hearings he gave the administration the opportunity to present all the financial evidence it wished. In the light of that evidence it was his considered opinion that the University was able to pay 18 per cent for salary increases . He devoted seven pages of his award to the university's "ability to pay."

We are dismayed that the administration, in publicly expressing itself to be "shocked and surprised," should have stated that the award "ignored the university's ability to pay."

Of course an award of 18 per cent creates difficulties for the administration if it has budgeted for less: it has to reconsider its budgetary priorities. If, however, the administration continues to blame its financial difficulties on the arbitrator's award we must ask whether the blame should not more properly be directed to the administration's budget priorities, its request for inadequate funds for salary increases, its unrealistic salary offer.

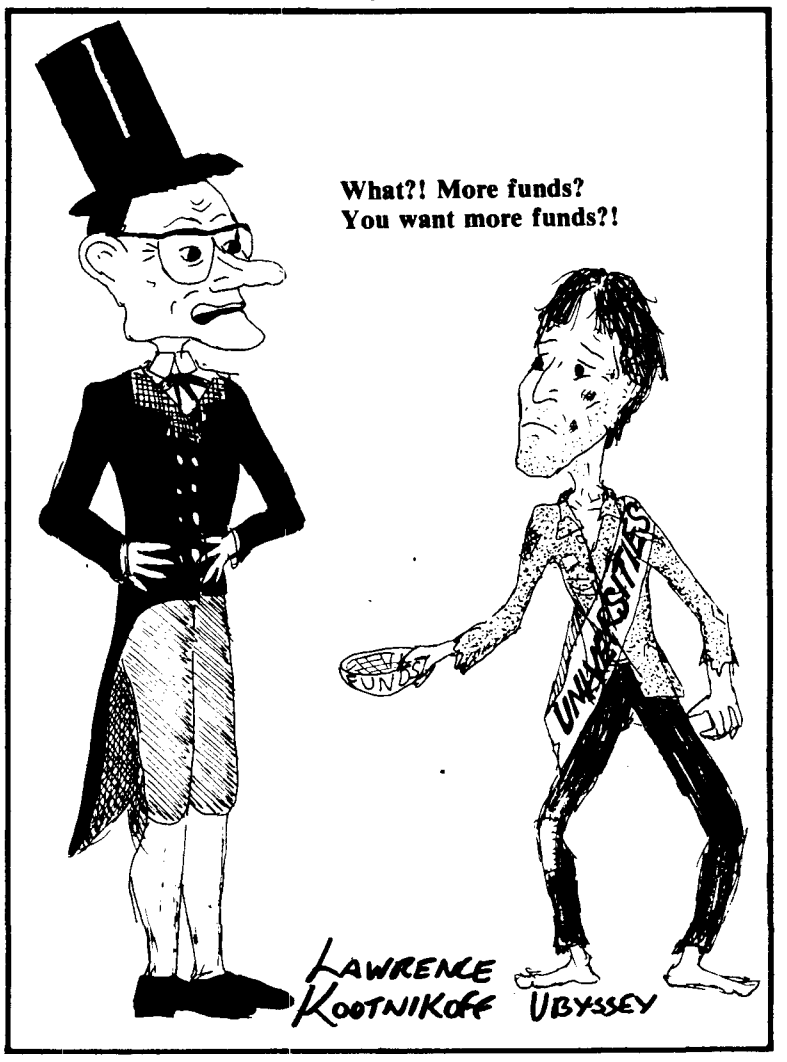
It is not the arbitration award that should be attacked but rather the provincial government's failure to provide adequate funds for the entire University operation.

I cannot escape the feeling that the administration is trying to make the faculty feel guilty for receiving an 18 per cent award. We feel no such guilt, nor should we. Our salaries are still behind what they were, in real terms, in 1971.

The arbitrator concluded his award with these words: ". . . in my opinion the members of the faculty have already done more than their share in fighting inflation and under this award will likely continue to do so but in lesser measure."

We support your call to the administration to work with students, teaching assistants and faculty in fighting the attack on post-secondary education. We should be engaging the provincial and federal governments, not shifting the burden of responsibility for our difficulties to a third party who was invited, by the faculty association and the administration, to provide a just settlement.

Charles Culling
president faculty association



Retrenchment simply a symptom

The current budgetary retrenchment at UBC is nothing more than a symptom of an all too familiar sickness. The B.C. government, due to its liberal internationalist outlook, believes that its sacred duty is to act as a clearing house for our natural resources.

Whether they exported cheap energy to the United States or subsidized the logging industry through low stumpage rates (often not paid at all by some American and Japanese lumber companies), past and present regimes in Victoria have always preferred to pay foreigners to "share" in our natural wealth rather than encouraging the British Columbian entrepreneur.

It is the duty of institutions like UBC to serve British Columbia.

Although at present it seems to exist only for its own sake, even the faculty of arts has a very important role to fulfill. Instead of cutting back on its budget, the university should be thinking more along the lines of a reorientation of this faculty. History and the arts should be used to create a cultural awareness of the British Columbian entity. At present this is woefully lacking; few people even know that B.C. was founded on Nov. 19, 1858.

Likewise, the faculties of Science and Applied Science must become part of a comprehensive program of industrialization, just as the faculty of agricultural sciences is needed to contribute to food self-sufficiency. All must pull together so that B.C. can reach its great potential and forever leave behind the current state of economic and social vulnerability.

James C. Burdon
science 4

Not that I don't trust administrators. . .

TO: all administrators
FROM: a student
RE: academic misconduct

I hesitate to communicate to administrators in this way but I am concerned at the number of cases of academic misconduct that have been reported in The Ubyssey since September. There has been a consistent lack of concern with the quality of education on this campus, a consistent failure to communicate with those sectors of the university which are concerned with the maintenance of standards.

I am concerned about the matter because it is apparent that the university no longer stands for truth and honesty.

Academic misconduct will not be tolerated in future. Administrators suspected of academic misconduct will be required to present themselves before the entire university community for a full and open explanation of their conduct. Failure to do so will be taken as an admission of guilt.

Since September, 1981, there has been one glaring example of guilt through absentation. I call upon this person to suspend himself indefinitely.

J. R. Boyle
economics

For downtown destitute, buck-passing stopped with cops

By BRIAN JONES

A disturbing thing happened to me last week. Actually, it happened to someone else — I was only a witness.

freestyle

It was the second last day of my student teaching practicum, and I was on my way to Templeton Secondary School in East Vancouver. With bus transfer in hand, I crossed Main Street, looking back down Hastings to see if the bus was coming. When I reached the other side, I was rather shocked to see a man lying in a crumpled heap on the sidewalk, leaning against a building (the fact that the building contained a bank and law offices is interesting and symbolic, I suppose, but not necessarily important).

I am quite unaccustomed to this sort of thing, having been born and raised in that middle-class mecca across the mountains (Calgary, in its oil-induced affluence, has segregated its less fortunate inhabitants to an area where they will not be conspicuous or inspire guilt in the suit-and-tie set).

The man, I observed, was one very destitute individual. He was only semi-conscious, and was holding his midsection in apparent pain. Seeing that everybody else was ignoring him, I bent over and asked him if he was alright, or if he needed help. Getting no response, I ran back across the street to Carnegie Centre, on the corner of Main and Hastings.

I told the women at the information desk that a man was lying on the sidewalk across the street, and that he obviously needed help, but that I wasn't sure what to do. One woman suggested calling an ambulance, but the other said she would go have a look.

Is he a native?" she asked as we left the building.

"Yes he is," I replied, wondering if it made any difference.

I followed her across the street, and watched as she shook the man firmly by the shoulders, telling him to wake up. The man opened his eyes and mumbled something unintelligible. She felt his wrist for a pulse, then stood up and walked away, telling me that "he'll be okay." Having seen that nothing had been done, I stood there frustrated and confused.

As I wondered what to do next, a fire-engine pulled up to the curb. Five firemen disembarked and stood over the man sprawled on the sidewalk. After waking him up, they talked to him for a minute or two, then moved away to discuss the situation. This went on for a while, and then just as their indecision was becoming apparent an ambulance pulled up. Two paramedics got out and joined the discussion. Shortly thereafter the firemen, now off the hook, left the scene. Meanwhile, the man had attempted to leave, but before he could stand erect he fell back to the pavement, bouncing off a newspaper box on the way down.

The paramedics sat him up against the building, and then they too began to confer about a possible course of action. Once again the man tried to leave. He reached his hand out for assistance, but was ignored by the paramedics. He struggled to his feet, but once again went crashing to the sidewalk, this time banging his head hard against the building.

Shortly a police officer pulled up on a motorcycle. He conferred with the paramedics for a while, then they climbed back into the ambulance and departed. They too were off the hook.

By this time the significance of this little drama had become clear. The actors so far had included members of three important institutions — all of which had no answer to the dilemma which confronted them.

Excuse me. The third institution, i.e. the law, *did* have a solution. The cop leaned against the building, standing guard over the man. He stood there for about ten minutes, not saying or doing anything.

Having observed this entire epidsode for almost an hour, and having let about ten buses go by, I decided to find out what the hell was going on. I walked over to the police officer and inquired as to why the paramedics had not taken the poor fellow to a hospital.

"What would you suggest we do?" he demanded angrily.

"Take him to a hospital. Why didn't the paramedics take him to a hospital," I repeated.

The cop replied that hospitals are for sick people, and can't waste their time with people such as this. But surely, I suggested, there must be some kind of social welfare agency, or something, which can care for them in this situation.

A sardonic smirk crossed the cop's face, and he began to lecture me about the city being full of people like this, and various other social problems.

"How would you suggest we solve these problems," he once again demanded of me. I was just about to suggest that perhaps a serious restructuring of our society was needed, but it occurred to me that whenever people do seriously try to restructure society, people like him are sent to put a stop to it.

So instead, I asked him what he was going to do. "Put him in the drunk tank. What else can we do?" he replied.

Our discussion was cut short by the arrival of a police van. Another cop got out, and the two of them hauled the man into the back of the van.

As if right on cue, my bus arrived. I climbed aboard, and sat watching as the police van pulled away from the curb. Ah yes, I thought, what else can we do?

Freestyle is a column of wit and opinion open to Ubyssey staffers. ***Brian Jones is a native Calgarian. Don't be too shocked.***

vista

Rumors are circulating that this column is a radical culture-voracious manual to artistic orgies festering in the Lower Mainland. But then, it's good publicity never to deny rumors.

Consider the **Pacific Ballet Theatre.** Rumor has it they are still trying to propagate the fallacy that ballet tutus hold their starch in B.C. rain. You can catch that act from Nov. 15-17 at the Waterfront theatre at 8 p.m.

For those of you with less frivolous tastes, two **World War I plays** are erupting at **Studio 58** starting Nov. 21. Watch a slow-thinking private get shot through a misunderstanding and a small group of young English officers grovel in their mucky trench — setting you in the perfect frame of mind for Christmas exams.

Before you shoot yourself, UBC's Museum of Anthropology can give you something worthwhile to live for. Celebrate the unique traditions of **Northwest Coast Indian**

Art by walking through **Legacy,** an exhibition of ancient and modern artifacts, from Nov. 24 to Aug. 31.

Whiplash advocates can watch **Fleeting Gestures: Treasures of Dance Photography** streak through the **Presentation House** art gallery until Nov. 29. See black and white photographs from 1862 tango with the newest in 1981 holograms, kicking up the dust of dance history.

For those of you with no self respect, you can risk being seen at the zany **Just When You Thought It Was Safe To Go Back Into The Theatre: North Shore Live.** This play on TV is as winded as its title, written by and starring **Tom Wood** and **Nicola Cavendish** as two competitive hosts of questionable sanity. The show runs until Nov. 21 nightly at 8:30 p.m.

For those of you with mild temperaments or artistic pretentions, the **Vancouver Art Gallery** is displaying two shows of intellectual refinement: **19th Century British Paintings** and **The 1960's.** Compare and contrast these neighboring shows then write home to mom in under 1,000 words. Deadline is Jan. 3.

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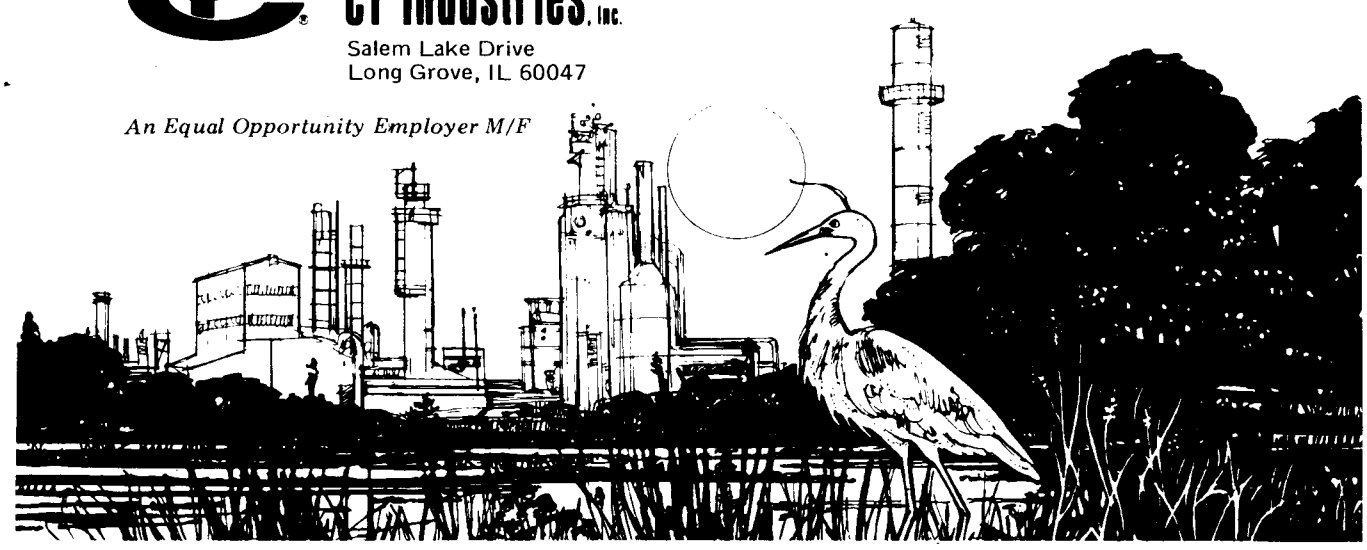

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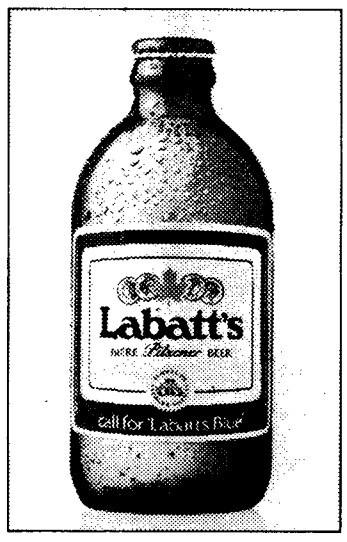

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WHEN CANADA GETS TOGETHER OVER A BEER.

Letters

Senator challenges secrecy

President Kenny addressed the faculty of arts Monday afternoon about discontent over the inaccessible retrenchment committee and the campus-wide cuts. These concerns are both faculty and student concerns. Even after I explained that I was the (student) arts senator, I was turned away from the meeting, because I was not an official "faculty member." Undergraduates are allowed two reps from first and second years and one rep per department, i.e. one for French, one for psychology. But there were none present at that meeting.

As newly elected arts senator I feel I have a responsibility to the students and that begins with being informed. It is difficult to find solutions when all that is available is closed doors and second-hand news.

In the '60s students wouldn't have been barred from any meeting — perhaps we have let things slide.

Today we probably have more reasons to end secrecy and bring knowledge into the open. I am going to find out becoming a faculty rep. If you are concerned, approach your dean to see if the department you are majoring in has student reps. President Kenny is speaking to all faculties, the last of which is faculty of science on Nov. 23. I hope that the allotted representation is present.

Lisa Hebert
arts senator

Nothing to do but complain

We've got a problem. Or maybe it's more of a complaint. Anyway, we desperately need help. The Ombudsoffice is located in Room 100a SUB, across the main corridor from the SUB candy counter. Our problem is that we have nothing to do. That's right, NOTHING TO DO! Eleven members of the office just sit around, twiddling thumbs and wearing idiotic grins, thinking of ways to spend the budget (paid for by UBC students through the Alma Mater Society).

Now we love spending money, but we only enjoy spending when you, the unknown student, get something in return. And what can we do you ask? Broadly speaking, we solve student problems and take action on student complaints.

AMS, housing, registrar, finance, administration and profs are just some of the many areas where problems can occur, while complaints can be raised about literally everything.

Now the Ombudsoffice sincerely would like to help you, the unknown student, out, but we have a problem (or maybe it's more of a complaint) — you have to come and see us before we can help you. So do us a favor — come and see us.

Ombudsoffice
Gray McMullin
Joni Mar
John Anderson
Tim Sottile
Steve Henderson
Jean Watters
Rod MacRae
Vicki Wilton
Nazima Mohammed
Trish McKeen
D'Arcy Davis-Case

Letters are always welcome (they're the only part of the paper we don't have to write). They're even more welcome when they're triple spaced on a 70 space line.

For a moderate bribe, or even for free, we'll even let you use our typewriters and paper. However, there is no one here named either Editor nor Sir and letters addressed to them tend to offend the egalitarian and antisexist principles of our staffers.

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JUDITH CRIST, SATURDAY REVIEW
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'Birds battle Bears for title

By SCOTT McDONALD

The UBC football team, in its biggest game in two years, has what seems a simple task ahead of it: all the 'Birds have to do is beat a team it has already beaten twice this year.

Tonight at Thunderbird stadium, in a 8 p.m. start, UBC will host the University of Alberta Golden Bears in the Western Intercollegiate football league final.

In the two regular season meetings between the clubs, UBC came out on top by the scores of 15-10 here on Sept. 11, and 27-23 in Edmonton on Oct. 17.

Even though UBC won both games, 'Bird coach Frank Smith is expecting a tough game. He said it is not easy beating a team three games in a row.

As well, UBC's top ground gainer, Glen Steele, is still hampered by an ankle injury picked up two weeks ago in the last game of the season. Although Steele will not start, Smith said he will definately see action.

Alberta's losses to UBC were its only two of the season as the Bears finished with a 6-2 record. UBC ended 7-1 with the single loss coming against Saskatchewan in the first game of the year. This is the best record a UBC team has ever had in the regular season.

The last time these two teams met in the WIFL final was in 1979 when both teams tied for first at 5-3. Alberta won the playoff 28-17.

UBC's best playoff performance to date was in 1978 when the 'birds won the league, beat Calgary in the league final, downed Wilfred Laurier in the Western Bowl and were runner-ups to Queens in the national final.

The western league all stars were announced this week and Alberta and UBC both had nine players picked. Smith also was named the coach of the year.

Those chosen from UBC's defence were linebacker Mike Emery, Mark Beecroft, Bernie Glier and Dave Singh from the secondary, and defensive lineman Jason Riley. The offensive players were guard Pietr Vanden Bos, tackle George Piva, tight end Rob Ros and running back Glen Steele.

Steele and Ros are two of the six first year players that Smith has been starting all season. There are five rookies on the offence, including starting quarterback Jay Gard. The freshman on the defence is Bruce Barnett.

Steele's injury could prove to be one of the more crucial parts of the game. He is the top rusher in the country and a integral part of UBC's game plan. In the first two games against Alberta it was UBC's ground game which was most effective. It averaged almost 190 yards a game of which Steele's share was 125.

The other top rusher was Peter Leclaire who ran for three majors in those two games. Smith will be converting tight end Pat Cantner into Leclaire's backfield partner.

Alberta's running game is anemic; it has only totalled 152 yards in the two games. the Golden Bears offence is centered around the arm of quarterback Jamie Crawford who has thrown for 539 yards against UBC this season.

While Alberta does not really have a rusher it does have an excellent receiver in Peter Eshenko. Eshenko is the top receiver in the West and he has gathered in 14 passes for 214 yards against UBC.

The other Bear receiver who can burn them is Troy Ciochetti. Ciochetti caught a 64 yard touchdown bomb in the first UBC-Alberta game.

The match up between Alberta's offensive power and UBC's defence should prove the deciding factor in the game. If the UBC defence plays as well as it has most of the season then UBC should be in good shape.

Other than the injury to Steele, UBC is going into the game fairly healthy. Alberta will be missing linebacker Ron Lammers as well as offensive linemen Ben Der and Howard Froese.

'Birdwatch

Hockey

The Thunderbirds will host the University of Alberta tonight at 8 p.m. before no fans as they will all be at the football game, and on Saturday at 8 p.m. in the Thunderbird winter sports complex. These two teams met in Edmonton two weeks ago and the 'Birds were blown out 13-2 and 10-5.

Hoop

The UBC men will be competing in the Simon Fraser Tip-off tournament. The other two teams competing are the University of Victoria Vikings, the current national champions, and Trinity Western College.

If UBC and SFU both win or lose their opening games then they will meet in the second round and will be able to play the deciding game of the Buchanan Classic, which is currently tied at a game each.

The women's team is opening its Canada West season in Edmonton with a pair of games against the University of Alberta Pandas UBC is not expected to win the league this year. They hope to win a game though.

The junior men's and women's teams will be playing Langara at Vancouver Community College.

Volleyball

The men's Fall invitational starts tonight. No one told us who they play but it continues Saturday morning at War Memorial. The women's team will be playing Saturday afternoon and Sunday at 4 p.m. Again no one told us who they are playing and it is to late to phone Sandy Silver and find out. These matches also take place in War Memorial.

Rugby

The second and third teams will be playing the Trojans at UBC, Saturday at 12 and 1:15 p.m.

Soccer

The women will host Wesburn Sunday at 10 a.m. on McInnes field.

Tennis

The men's team will host the University of Portland this Saturday from noon to 5 p.m. and on Sunday from 10:30 a.m. to 2:30 p.m. in the Armories.

Intrasports

Football

In the final of the division two touch football league the Betas downed the mechanical gears 7-1.

Racquet sports

Phil Lee Wing and Lynda Hydamaka defeated Michelle Williams and Dave Cribbs 2-0 to win the mixed racquetball championships. After a existing 21-19 first game, Michelle and Dave ran out of wind and got blown out of the second game 21-8.

In the women's squash final Jean Murdoch beat Martine Connoly 21-7 and 21-8. Both Jean and Martine belong to Kappa Kappa Gamma so they did not care who won. Jane Miller and Jane Murdoch tied in the consolation round.

Ice Hockey

In division one the current leaders are Law and Gage, both with 3-0 records. In division two, too many teams to name are tied for first, but no gears or frat boys. And division three, no one cares.

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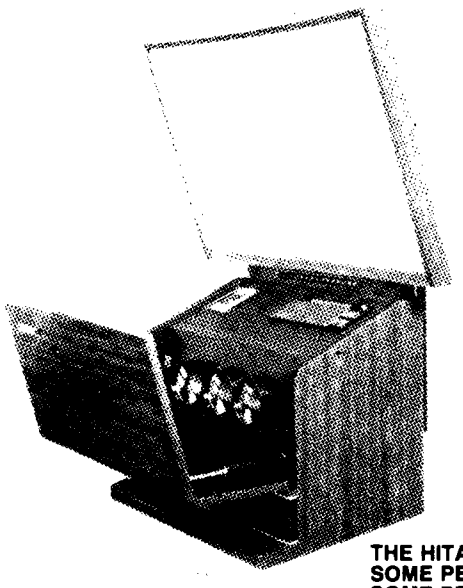

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HOT NEWS THAT FITS

$5,700,000,000.00 Cut From Education And Health By Feds

Almost $6 billion will be removed from federal funding for provincial post-secondary eduction and health programs over the next five years, federal finance minister Alan MacEachen said Thursday.

Citing a need to "achieve federal fiscal restraint targets," MacEachen told the House of Commons Thursday night that $5.7 billion have been removed from the established programs funding scheme in the new federal budget.

MacEachen claimed provincial government concerns that the cuts would seriously threaten the survival of post-secondary institutions are "groundless."

An all-party study group, with a majority of Liberal members, warned MacEachen earlier this year that plans to cut $1.5 billion in transfer payments per year would be disasterous to provincial education and health programs. The committee said the programs were already stretched to their financial limits.

Both the Alma Mater Society and UBC president Doug Kenny had made presentations to the committee.

"(Making presentations to the committee) was a waste of time," AMS external affairs coordinator James Hollis said Monday. "They had made up their minds before hand."

Hollis said MacEachen had initially set-up the committee to "rubber-stamp" his planned EPF cuts. When the committee recommended otherwise MacEachen ignored the results, Hollis said.

MacEachen said he is asking no more of the provinces in ways of financial constraint than he is of the federal government.

The grants were never intended to be used for provincial educational and health programs MacEachen said. The funding scheme started in 1972 to compensate for tax changes started that year.

The federal move promises to place an even tighter strain on provincial government funding of universities. The cuts could lead to tripled tuition fees student leaders warned when the planned cuts were first announced.

Currently the majority of UBC's funding comes from the federal government through the EPF scheme.

Will Not Let Arts Senator Into Meeting

The restriction of students from Monday's meeting between president Doug Kenny and the arts faculty has been attacked by the new arts student senator.

Lisa Hebert said Tuesday, arts dean Robert Will told her she could not attend the meeting because she is not a student representative of a department.

"I've got a responsibility to students to get to the root of the problems faced by this university and when that knowledge is not open it's difficult to get anything done," she said.

She added, "I think it's important to have these meetings open to ensure that the faculty and students hear the same story."

It is ironic that at the meeting, faculty complained to Kenny of inaccessibility to important decisions she said. By barring students from faculty meetings, the faculty put students in the same position they complain of.

Bus Meeting Draws Foes And Many Friends

West King Edward residents don't want a bus route in front of their homes but 12,000 others do.

The Little Mountain neighborhood house presented Vancouver city council's environment and traffic committee with a petition supporting a new crosstown route from Burnaby to UBC along the boulevard Thursday night at Prince of Wales secondary school.

The meeting was the second of two designed to obtain resident reaction to the proposed route scheduled to go into service in June, 1982.

Speaking in favour of the route were commuters who daily travel crosstown to UBC, east to the B.C. Institute of Technology or to points in between such as Shaughnessy hospital and the Little Mountain neighborhood house.

The main opponents to the route were residents between Granville and Dunbar many of whom would have bus stops in front of or near their property.

Residents complained that the new route would lower property values, and cause excessive noise and air pollution.

Some residents also complained that the new route would encourage illegal basement suites and attract students into the single-family neighborhood.

Commuters, represented by several community organizations, the Hospital Employees Union, the UBC chaplins and some local residents, cited travel times by bus of an hour with two transfers for a journey that would take only 10 minutes as the main advantage of the direct crosstown route.

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TODAY

CITR
Thunderbird football, 7:30 p.m., the Western Intercollegiate Football championship, live radio broadcast from Thunderbird stadium. Joe Marsh does the play-by-play.
Dateline International, 3 p.m., focuses on the World Business Conference with Julie Schmidt reporting.

TROTSKYIST LEAGUE CLUB
Forum on Solidarnosc, a Polish union for the CIA and bankers, 7:30 p.m. SUB 211.

LUTHERAN STUDENT MOVEMENT
Happy hour, 4 p.m., Lutheran campus centre. Cheap refreshments and bad jokes.

NDP CLUB
Information table, all day, in the SUB foyer. Get your socred and socialist calendars.

LE CLUB FRANCAIS
An hour of French conversation, noon, main lounge International House.

UBC DANCE CLUB
Follow-up on the Viennese waltzes, noon, SUB ballroom.

CITIZENS AGAINST UNDERMINING SCIENTIFIC EDUCATION
Information table, noon, SUB concourse. Literature on the evolution versus creation issue.

CLASSIC CLUB
Debate, Defence of Caligula, 8:15 p.m., Buchanan penthouse.

MUSLIM STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION
Juma, the Friday prayer, noon, lower lounge International House.

TROTSKYIST LEAGUE CLUB
Marxist literature and discussion, noon, SUB plaza.

COMMITTEE AGAINST RACIST AND FASCIST VIOLENCE
First forum in a series on Imperialist War, noon, SUB 211.

BIOCHEMISTRY STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION
Someone named MacGilliveray lectures on his research, noon, IRC, room B75. We wish we could give a little more information, but that is all that was supplied.

SATURDAY

CITR
Making Waves, 4:30 p.m., Joe March looks at legislation to ban the leg-hold trap.
Behind Four Walls, 3 p.m., features an examination of rental agencies in the GVRD. Hosted by Daryl Zacharko.

UBC SAILING CLUB
Intraclub racing, 1 p.m., Jericho sailing centre.

CVC
Square dance, 8 p.m., SUB ballroom.

INTERNATIONAL HOUSE
Songs from around the world, 7:30 p.m., International House.

SUNDAY

CITR
Laughing Matters, 4:30 p.m., cable fm 100. This edition is on Sports Car Drivers.

CHINESE STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION
Chinese chess tournament, 10 a.m., SUB 212.

ALMA MATER SOCIETY
SUB renovations committee meeting, 3 p.m., SUB 260. Open meeting for anyone interested in renovating SUB.

UBC KARATE CLUB
General meeting, 10:30, gym E, Osborne centre.

MONDAY

LSA WOMEN'S COMMITTEE
Jan Lancaster of CCCA speaks on Choice on abortion, noon, Law building.

CITR
Offbeet, 7 p.m. Cable 100 fm. A comic roundup of the week's offbeat news.
Making Waves, 4:30 p.m. Don Plant looks into the future of NASA.
Melting Pot, 3 p.m, cable 100 fm. Harry Hertscheg interviews Betsy Johnson about UBC's Museum of Anthropology.

UBC SOCIAL CREDIT CLUB
General meeting, noon, SUB 115.

INTRAMURALS
Co-rec drop-in badminton, 7:30 p.m., Osborne centre, gym A and B.

CANADIAN STUDENT PUGWASH
Science and Ethics discussion group, noon, Hennings 304. This week, a report on Conference on Faith, Science and the Future.

CAUSE
Information table on the evolution versus creation issue, noon, SUB concourse.

WUSC
General meeting, noon, International House lounge.

TUESDAY

CITR
Thunderbird Sports Report, 5 p.m., Brenda Hughes highlights CIAU national field hockey championships, and other sports action at UBC.
Airstage. Radio drama especially written for CITR.
This week, Obscene, written by creative writing student, David Corcoran.
Gay Issues, 3 p.m., cable 100 fm.
Radio Show cable 100 fm. Out . . . On Campus.

GAY UBC
Organizational meeting, noon, SUB 237.

BCPIRG
Steering committee meeting, all welcome, noon, SUB 125.

ASTRONOMY CLUB
Film, Encounter With Jupiter, 5:30 p.m., Geography 140.

CENTRE FOR HUMAN SETTLEMENTS
Video presentation on human settlements and housing, noon, library processing centre 308.

ADVENTIST CHRISTIAN STUDENTS' CLUB
Discussion on First Corinthinians, noon, SUB 213. Everyone is welcome to discuss basic Christian principles applied to daily living.

WEDNESDAY

INTRAMURALS
Final registration for women's broomball and men's Buchanan badminton — round II, 4 p.m. War Memorial gym, Rm. 203.

CREATIVE WRITING
Poetry reading, noon, Buchanan penthouse. Dale Zieroth will read from his work and Theresa Kishkan will read from her work. Free and all welcome.

ISMAILI STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION
Organizational meeting for participating in racquet team sports noon, SUB 117.

LAW UNION
Doug Sanders speaks on Nicaragua, noon, Law building 180-82.

BALLET UBC
General meeting, noon, SUB 216. All members are urged to attend.

Hot Flashes

'Birds n Bears fight it out

Football! What a great sport — far more violent than hockey and the players don't even have weapons. They use their hands and things.

So don't miss the big game, the WIFL championship tonight at 7:30 p.m. at Thunderbird Stadium. Tune in to all the blood and gore on CITR, cable 100 fm, where Joe March will provide a play-by-play account and Phil Keeber and Ron Burke will put in their two cents worth.

And if you happen to be in Edmonton you can catch the CITR broadcast relayed there. UBC's gonna knock those cowboys from the University of Alberta right off their rigs.

Staph meet

Potluck dinner for The Ubyssey staff. With some of the chefs on this rag we'll need both pot and luck to get through this event.

Dinner is at 7 p.m. Sunday at our beloved Glen Sanford's house. The dinner is followed by, undoubtedly, the most important staff meeting of the year.

If you don't know where Glen's is drop by the office and ask someone who does. And let someone on the editorial collective know what dish you're bringing too.

We can't live on pot and luck entirely.

Got the trots?

What! The CIA and multinational bankers are involved in a polish company union. Well, it is about time. This ought to make them shine after all the dirty dealings they've been involved in. The water will bead on their top secret dossiers like spring rain on a Lincoln contin. . . .

Oh! It's a Polish union, called Solidarnosc and I can get information from the Trotskyist League club at a forum tonight in SUB 211 at 7:30 p.m.

Creation tabled

"I'm right." "No you're not." "Yes, I am!" "No, you're not". . .

Don't all discussions end this way? Most people can't argue any more so the great issues of mankind end up as free-for-all sandbox scenes.

Now we have CAUSE (Citizens Against Undermining Scientific Education). They've got an information table on the great and terrible evolution versus creation debate, today at noon in the SUB concourse.

Water hockey

Have you ever wondered what the demented people from the UBC insane asylum do on Sunday nights?

Why, they play underwater hockey of course. Yes folks, for those who can't skate, or those of you who enjoy pushing a three pound steel puck along pool bottoms, underwater hockey is just the sport for you.

Actually, B.C. is the Canadian and world champion of the sport, which grows in popularity every year. The practises for the UBC co-ed team are held Sunday nights at 10 p.m. in the aquatic centre.

All crazy people, including Horatio, are invited.

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What would you like to see done with the **UNUSED** space in SUB?

There will be a meeting on Sunday, Nov. 15 at 3:00 p.m. in SUB 260 to discuss this matter. All interested persons are invited to attend.

SUBFILMS presents
A Subfilms Six-Pack
Thurs., 7:00
THE NUDE BOMB
Fri., 7:00
1941
Fri., 9:30
THE JERK
Sat., 7:00
Richard Pryor: Live!
Sat., 9:30
Cheech & Chong's Next Movie
Sun., 7:00
The Blues Brothers
$1.00 PER SHOW
SUB AUD.

TODAY
12:30 p.m. at the
SUB AUDITORIUM
Come out and hear the
Supermouth 1981 Debate
on the resolution
"that the strength of the university lies in the humanities and sciences, not the professional schools"
Prof. Resnick, Bill Tieleman, Arts
vs
the Debating Society
Sponsored by the Debating Society and the Arts Undergraduate Society.

THE CLASSIFIEDS

RATES: Campus — 3 lines, 1 day $2.00; additional lines, 55c. Commercial — 3 lines, 1 day $3.62; additional lines 55c. Additional days $3.30 and 55c.

Classified ads are not accepted by telephone and are payable in advance. Deadline is 10:30 a.m. the day before publication. Publications Office, Room 241, S.U.B., UBC, Van., B.C. V6T 2A5

5 — Coming Events

THE VANCOUVER INSTITUTE
Free Public Lecture
PROF. JOHN CRISPO
University of Toronto
INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS: MANDATE FOR CANADA
Prof. Crispo is a leading authority on Canadian industrial relations.
LECTURE HALL 2, WOODWARD BUILDING,
Saturday, Nov. 14
at 8:15 p.m.

10 — For Sale — Commercial

BOOK AND RECORD SALE Friday, Nov. 13, 7 to 10 p.m. and Sat., Nov. 14, 11 to 4, University Hill Elementary School, 5395 Chancellor Blvd. Books for all tastes and ages.

11 — For Sale — Private

SPEED Gitaine Tandem bike. Quality components. Accessories. Extra wheels and rims. Excellent condition. $650. 228-8588 anytime.

15 — Found

20 — Housing

UPSTAIRS ROOM in quiet co-op house. 10 min. to campus, near bus and shopping. Laundry, fireplace, etc. Susan/Judy, 261-7632.

25 — Instruction

30 — Jobs

DEPENDABLE, confident students to handle Imported Giftware. Commission basis with bonus. Interested please phone 270-7884 for details.

35 — Lost

LOST an opal ring of great sentimental value. Reward. Ph. 263-1229 (Joanne).

40 — Messages

PRACTICAL acupuncture, moxibustion, home study course. P.O. Box 25676, Vancouver, B.C. V6M 4G9.

50 — Rentals

60 — Rides

65 — Scandals

BEAT THE Friday the Thirteenth Blues at the GSA Folk Night, Friday, Nov. 13 at 8:30 p.m. in the Graduate Student Centre Garden Room.

70 — Services

MODE COLLEGE of barbering and hairstyling. Student hairstyle, $8. Body wave, $15 to $25. 601 W. Broadway, 874-0633.

80 — Tutoring

85 — Typing

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90 — Wanted

INVESTOR DESIRES to meet electrical engineer on revolutionary concept to form company. Mr. Pelman, 669-7848.

99 — Miscellaneous

VANCOUVER after Classes . . .

MON. Wet "10" T-shirt Contest
TUES. Whip Cream Wrestling
WED. Wet Jock Night
THURS. Ladies Night

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A Night In Old Vienna, Thursday, Nov. 27th
The Equators, Wed. Dec. 2nd
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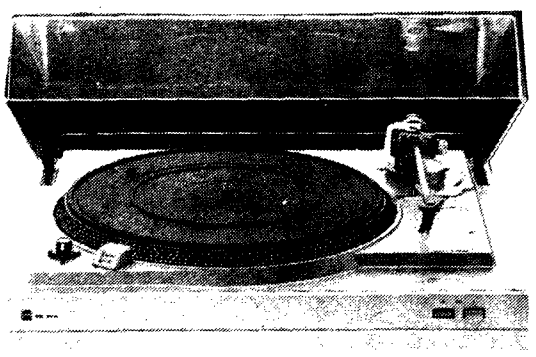
Dual

CS508



The CS508 features Dual Vario-belt drive which assures a high degree of speed, accuracy and absence of drive system vibration. Semi-automatic with ULM tonearm and comes with ULM 52 cartridge.

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maxell UD-C90

90-minute premium-quality blank cassette tape allows clear, wide-range recording with low distribution.

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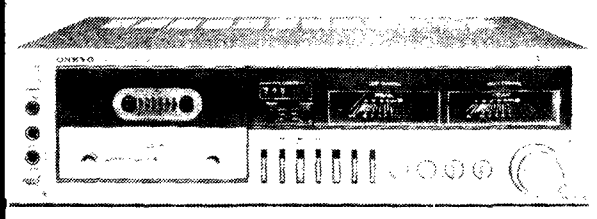
TA2050



For complete recording flexibility the Accubias adjust fine tunes the TA2050 for each tape you use. Other features: soft touch controls, wide range peak meters and permalloy record/playback heads.

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3 YEAR WARRANTY

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The T617 AM/FM Cassette player gives you super fidelity and outstanding tuner section, and the ultimate convenience of auto-reverse operation. With the V102's you get solidly designed speakers that deliver a full range of sound. Attractive padded, perforated grilles that can be mounted in almost any location. .....

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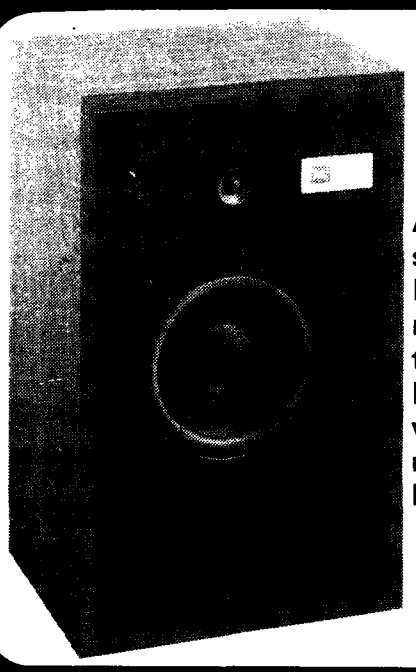

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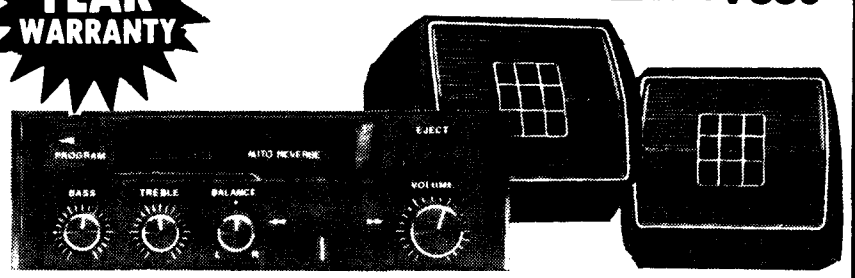

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