SRA refuses to spend money for next fee rally

By MIKE BOCKING

After a bitter debate Wednesday the student representative assembly refused to spend money on the March 10 B.C. Students Federation rally against tuition fee increases and education cutbacks.

But the SRA later passed a motion supporting the rally in principle and donating the placards and banners made for the March 1 tuition rally.

The defeated motion recommended spending $500 for publicity and transportation of UBC students to the rally, organized by the BCSF.

Student board of governors member Moe Sihota said the SRA ignored the 1,200 UBC students who turned out for the tuition rally Tuesday.

"We had a momentum going after the March 1 rally and we should have kept it going for March 10. We are starting to have an effect on this government," he said.

Alma Mater Society president Dave Theessen, speaking in favor of the motion said, "we've done better than many other institutions across this country in protesting education cutbacks."

The motion required a two-thirds majority and received 14 votes in favor, 10 against and four abstentions.

"I was amazed that we could have a campaign on campus that was so well-supported and then refuse to support an off-campus rally," said arts senator Paul Sandhu.

Sandhu said the SRA is inconsistent in spending $10,000 for the Tuesday rally and refusing to spend $500 for a rally which is just as important, and in which UBC students will be involved.

"Students on this campus showed some concern on March 1 and the SRA slapped students on this campus on the face," said Sandhu. "We had the largest turnout at a rally in nine years and then the SRA says they don't care anymore."

Sandhu said the number of representatives who abstained and the "graveyard" voting procedure which allows the newly elected reps to vote instead of the old reps, was largely to blame for defeating the motion.

"Abstention is basically not having the guts to show where you stand on an issue," said Sandhu. Those who abstained were AMS secretary-treasurer Bill Broddy, who chaired the meeting, senator-at-large Bill Chow, arts undergraduate society president Bev Crowe and science rep Linda Erdman.

The meeting was the first attended by the new SRA reps elected in last month's elections.

Sandhu said the new members' inexperience was a further reason why the motion was defeated. "The new members tended to vote against it solely for financial reasons," he said.

Theessen said the SRA was willing to support the tuition rally Tuesday because it was at UBC and involved only UBC students. They are unwilling to spend money on activities outside the university, he said.

"It is sort of ludicrous to pass a motion of support and then not back it up with dollars," Sihota said. But he said the motion was "tactically wrong."

"It seemed like the money was going to be given to the BCSF, rather than the AMS external affairs committee," he said.

Sandhu said the money would have been used only to publicize the rally to UBC students and to transport them to the Queen Elizabeth plaza.

Community colleges in the Lower Mainland and Simon Fraser University are supporting the rally. "I've heard figures as high as $800 for Douglas College's contribution to the rally," said Sihota. "It's too bad we can't contribute $500," he said.

But Sihota said other student groups on campus may donate funds to the rally. The external affairs office has $150 it can contribute he said, and the arts undergraduate society, the graduate students association and the student association of the school of social work will probably donate money.

There should be no problem in raising $500 from these other sources, he said.

THE UBYSSEY

Vol. LIX, No. 56 VANCOUVER, B.C., FRIDAY, MARCH 4, 1977 48 228-2301

'Fund request chances slim'

— jon stewart photo

EVERY PICTURE WINDOW tells a story at Vancouver Theological College, where students of religion are provided with inspirational surroundings. Others must relieve book sore eyes with stares at gloomy grey concrete or drab drywall.

Universities Council chairman William Armstrong said Thursday he is not optimistic that UBC will receive additional funding from the provincial government.

He said he will meet with the council's business affairs committee to discuss the request, made Tuesday by UBC's board of governors after a protest by 1,200 students protesting tuition fee increases.

"The chances (that UBC will receive more funding) don't look good," he said. "The government probably doesn't have the money. I'm not too optimistic, but I'll certainly make every attempt (to get extra funding)."

If the board's request is turned down, tuition fees will increase by 25 to 30 per cent.

The Universities Council has no more funds, because it divided all of the $184.5 million allotment among B.C.'s three public universities.

Board chairman Thomas Dohm said Thursday the board took its request for additional funding to the council because the council serves as a buffer between the universities and the government.

"If we (the board) approach the government they'd only refer us back (to the universities council)," Dohm said.

Tuition telegram campaign launched

UBC students are being urged to send telegrams protesting education cutbacks and tuition fee increases to their MLAs, student board of governors member Moe Sihota said Thursday.

Sihota said he had a list of students from different constituencies in the province and was contacting them about the telegrams.

The telegrams will back up Tuesday's board decision to ask the Universities Council for more money before raising tuition fees, Sihota said.

The council divides the provincial grant between the universities, and cannot give UBC more money unless it receives more from the government.

He said the student representative assembly decided to send the telegrams at its Wednesday meeting.

Council also decided to send representatives to Victoria to lobby MLAs, Sihota said.

"We want to talk to them (the MLAs) before the education budget is discussed in the house," Sihota said.

Sihota said he is also planning a meeting between student representatives and the Universities Council to discuss funding and accessibility to universities.

"I sent a letter to (council chairman William) Armstrong today asking for the meeting," he said. "We want to have it before the next board meeting on April 1."

Sihota said council also wants to start a letter campaign and will ask deans, department heads and the faculty association to write to the Universities Council asking for more money for the university.

They will also prepare a petition for students to sign, he said.

200 Alberta students protest fees

EDMONTON (CUP) — Two hundred students demonstrated in front of the Alberta legislature building last week against differential fees for visa students as government MLAs entered the house for the opening of the spring session.

Shouting "Two-four-six-eight, Hohol's fees discriminate" and "Hohol's fees are a racist disease" the demonstrators, led by the Alberta Committee for Equal Access to Education, marched and distributed leaflets for an hour and a half.

Advanced education minister Bert Hohol recently announced a $300 fee differential for out-of-country students attending Alberta universities and $150 increase for those attending colleges, effective September. The two-tiered system affects all first-year visa students.

Inside the house before the opening, Social Credit and official opposition leader Bob Clark

See page 3: ALBERTA

'Tween classes

TODAY

ALLIANCE FRANCAISE
Film francaise: Georges Qui? sur l'histoire de l'ecrivain francaise. Sous-titres en anglais; midi et demie, Bu. 106.

GRAD STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION
Greenpeace film, Save the Whales, and speaker, noon, grad centre committee room.

CHINESE STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION AND CHINESE VARSITY CLUB
Free Cantonese class, noon, Bu. 316.

SKYDIVING
General meeting, noon, SUB 215.

GAY PEOPLE OF UBC
Revue and discussion on the art of *female impersonation, featuring* Sandy St. Peters, Cym and Dede, 8 p.m., SUB 207-209.

AMS ART GALLERY
UBC Photosoc exhibition, 11:30 a.m. to 2:30 p.m., SUB art gallery. Last day!

INSTITUTE OF ASIAN RESEARCH
No seminar today; next one March 11.

SATURDAY

CHINESE STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION
Choir practice, 9:30 a.m., SUB 212; film, The Split, 2:30 p.m., SUB *auditorium; sports night*, 7:30 to 11:30 p.m., gym a, winter sports centre.

HILLEL HOUSE
Purim party, 8 p.m., Hillel House.

PHOTOSOC
First-ever color processing course, 2 p.m., SUB 215.

SUNDAY

CHINESE STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION
Variety show, 2 p.m., SUB auditorium. Admission, $1.50 members, $1.75 non-members.

MONDAY

AMS ART GALLERY
Exhibition: A Stitch In Time, 11:30 a.m. to 2:30 p.m., SUB art gallery.

CHINESE STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION AND CHINESE VARSITY CLUB
Free Cantonese class, noon, Bu. 316.

ASIAN STUDIES
Wally Chung gives an illustrated lecture on Chinese Canadians in B.C., 3:30 p.m., Bu. 102.

GRAD CLASS COUNCIL
Meeting, 5:30 p.m., SUB 206.

WOMEN'S CENTRE
Important organizational meeting for Tuesday, International Women's Day, 5:30 p.m., SUB 224.

PSFG KUNG FU
Practice, 4:30 to 6:30 p.m., SUB party room.

Hot flashes

Free lectures on law

The Community Legal Information Centre is sponsoring free legal education lectures on various different areas of the law. These free classes will be held in the New Westminster Public Library.

The first lecture, on Monday, will concern the subject of Unemployment Insurance Commission legislation and will be spoken about by Alan Maclean. On Tuesday the speaker will be Dave Mossop and the subject will be welfare rights. Both lectures begin at 7:30 p.m.

Natives

The Leonard Peltier Support Group is sponsoring a Native Salute to national liberation Saturday at 7:30 p.m. at the Vancouver Indian Centre, 1855 Vine St.

THE VANCOUVER INSTITUTE lectures

PROF. ERICH VOGT
UBC Physics Department
FIRST RESULTS FROM TRIUMF

Prof. Vogt, a key figure in the development of the TRIUMF nuclear research facility at UBC, describes the results of the first experiments carried out on the unique meson-producing machine.

SATURDAY, MARCH 5
8:15 p.m.
Lecture Hall 2
Woodward IRC
ADMISSION IS FREE

vancouver institute lectures take place on saturdays at 8:15 p.m. on the ubc campus in lecture hall no. 2 instructional resources centre admission to the general public is free

CUSO

Information Session

Slide-Tape Show

Thursday, March 10 — 8 p.m.
International House 402/404

CUSO needs experienced health, education, technical and agricultural personnel.

EVERYONE WELCOME

A.M.S OMBUDSPERSON 1977-78

APPLICATIONS WILL BE RECEIVED at A.M.S. Business Office, Room 266, S.U.B. until 4:00 p.m. March 9th, 1977.
Applications available at S.U.B. 246 & 266.

BILL BRODDY
Secretary-Treasurer

AMS JOB OPPORTUNITY EDITOR INSIGHT 77

DUTIES:	To produce the editorial content of the student handbook.
PERIOD:	Contract basis for approximately 8 weeks.
COMMENCING:	March 14, 1977.
QUALIFICATIONS:	1) Must be familiar with A.M.S. Structure 2) Knowledge of campus activities 3) Ability to write and communicate effectively

APPLICATIONS AVAILABLE
S.U.B. 226 — 246
DEADLINE
March 9, 4:00 p.m. — S.U.B. 266
INTERVIEWS
Thursday March 10 — 12:30 — S.U.B. 260

Student Administrative Commission 1977-78

Applications will be received for the positions of:

—DIRECTOR OF SERVICES
—DIRECTOR OF FINANCES
—COMMISSIONERS OF S.A.C. (8 positions)

at the A.M.S. Business Office, Rm. 266, S.U.B.

Applications close 4:00 p.m. on Wednesday March 9th, 1977.
Application may be picked up at Rooms 246 & 266 S.U.B.

BILL BRODDY
Secretary-Treasurer

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How does Eckankar compare with other paths?

Introductory Lecture
Tuesday, March 8
12:30
SUB 213

Sofia Folkdance Restaurant
OPEN FOR LUNCH 11:30
DINNER FROM 6:00
1251 HOWE ST.
684-3043

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March 7 - 13 — Century Plaza, 1015 Burrard
Free Introductory Lecture
Monday, March 7 — 7:30 p.m.
SPECIAL STUDENT RATES

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

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

10 — For Sale — Commercial

THE GRIN BIN — Largest selection of prints and posters in B.C. 3209 W. Broadway (opposite Super Valu) Vancouver. 738-2311.

11 — For Sale — Private

FUJICA ST601 w/case, Fujinon 1:22 f55 lens. 1 year old. Ph. 732-5302.

35 — Lost

LOST — HEWELETT PACKARD HP27 calculator on Friday, Feb. 25, Buchanan or Angus Bldg. Reward. 277-2861.

LOST AVIATOR style prescription glasses. Photo-Gray. Feb. 17. 228-9644. Reward.

COWICHAN INDIAN tocque. Mar. 1, Tues. morning. War Memorial Gym. Call Doug, 876-2973.

70 — Services

PIANO TUNING — Expert tuning and repairs to all makes. Reduced rates to students. Call Dallas Hinton 266-8123 anytime.

WEDDINGS, THREE MINUTE passports. Adams Photography, 731-2101, 1459 West Broadway at Granville Street.

USE UBYSSEY CLASSIFIED

85 — Typing

CAMPUS DROP-OFF for fast accurate typing. Reasonable rates. Call 731-1807 after 12:00.

EXPERIENCED TYPIST for essays, term papers, etc. Reasonable rates. My home, North Vancouver. 988-7228.

EXPERT TYPING. Thesis, manuscripts, term papers, IBM. Experienced and qualified. Irene, 734-3170.

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THESIS, ESSAYS ET AL. Professional electric typing. 70c each double spaced page. 684-4084.

EXPERIENCED TYPIST. Reasonable rates. Call Monica Thompson, 985-8124.

90 — Wanted

I'LL PAY BIG MONEY for your old copy of Kathi McDonald's Insane Assylum. John 224-9995.

99 — Miscellaneous

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

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'PQ defends money interests'

By MARCUS GEE

The Parti Quebecois is giving major U.S. and English-Canadian corporations a free hand to exploit Quebecers, two Quebec socialists said Wednesday.

Suzanne Chabot, a leader of the Ligue Socialiste Ouvriere and editor of the socialist newspaper Liberation, said the PQ should nationalize all major companies not owned by Quebecois.

"The PQ really defends the interests of the capitalists in Quebec," Chabot said.

Chabot told 40 people in SUB that U.S. and English-Canadian corporations in Quebec discriminate against Quebecois workers by refusing to allow them to speak French at work.

And Jean-Paul Pelltier, a leader of the Groupe Marxiste Revolutionaire, said the only way Quebec can be independent is if the workers control the province's industries.

Pelltier cited a recent speech by Quebec premier Rene Levesque to the Economic Club in New York as evidence the premier is not serious about making the province economically independent.

"The whole history of Quebec nationalism is a struggle against foreign domination," he said.

"Recently we have seen a mass movement in Quebec against the domination of foreign imperialist corporations."

Chabot said Quebec needs a new labor party to represent the interests of workers and to make Quebec function as an independent nation.

Cabot said the federal NDP has betrayed workers by supporting federalism. She said federalism cannot work and attacked statements by prime minister Pierre Trudeau that Confederation is like a marriage where both partners must agree to a split.

"I disagree with Trudeau's view of marriage. Quebec is a beaten wife and English Canada is the husband. So in that case, the wife has the right to call for a divorce."

Pelltier said Confederation was forced on the people of Quebec. He said that although Levesque is drafting a referendum on whether Quebec should leave Confederation, there was never a referendum to decide if Quebec should join Confederation.

Pelltier charged the federal and provincial Liberals with hypocrisy.

He said that during the November election campaign the Quebec Liberals made Quebec independence the main issue but then after the election said the PQ was not elected for its stand on independence.

Board returns low rise rent hike to UBC admin

By STEVE HOWARD

The board of governors has sent back 18.9 per cent rent increases for Gage low rise to the administration for reconsideration, chairman of the student housing access committee, said Thursday.

The board decided at its February meeting to increase rents to $936 per person next year from $787. Gage low rise is a three-storey apartment complex for childless married students.

The rent increase for Gage low rise is the highest increase set for next year. The lowest increase is a 3.2 per cent increase for a double room in Totem Park.

Van Blarcom said he wrote a letter to the board asking that low rise rent increases not exceed the 10.6 per cent a year maximum allowed by the Landlord and Tenant Act. He said all 59 of the 110 low rise residents contacted signed the letter.

Other UBC residences are not covered by the act.

Van Blarcom said he expects the board to make its final decision about low rise rents at its April meeting.

He said he thinks one reason the joint residences committee recommended the highest rent increases for Gage low rise is that it is the only campus residence without student representation on the committee. The joint residence committee suggests rent and food rates for residences to the board.

Van Blarcom said the administration tried to increase fees more in Gage low rise and towers than in Vanier, and especially in Totem because Totem Park always has trouble renting its rooms. He said the administration wanted to make the Gage low rise relatively less attractive.

This term there are 98 vacant beds in Totem Park.

But Van Blarcom said married childless couples are not allowed to live in residences other than the low rise, and there is no reason to raise its rent more than other residence rents.

"It's fallacious reasoning," he added.

"We had a meeting with low rise tenants," Van Blarcom said. "We received overwhelming support for the principle of being brought under the Landlord and Tenant Act."

Van Blarcom said he listed four reasons in his letter to the board why low rise tenants' rents should not be raised by more than 10.6 per cent. He said low rise tenants had no representation in the negotiations which set the increases.

The lawyers think the low rises are covered in the Landlord and Tenant Act because they are really three-floor walkups, he said. And, he said, residents are mostly married students and cannot support their spouses.

He added it is more difficult for married students than for single students to fall back on their parents.

Van Blarcom said the AMS lawyers think the Gage low rises are covered by the Landlord and Tenant Act, and will talk to the administration this week about the possibility.

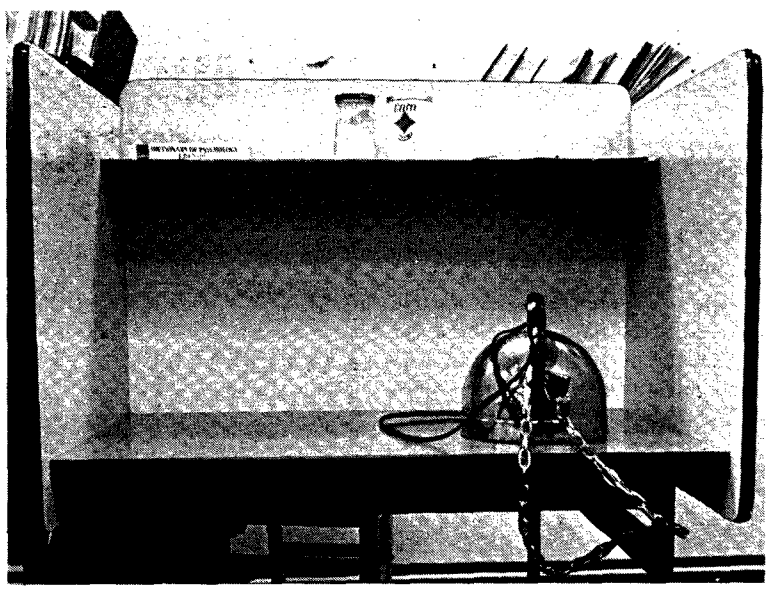
"Rent increases aren't the only reason for bringing low rises into the Landlord and Tenant Act," he said. "Students are particularly vulnerable to landlord and tenant hassles. Disputes could ruin someone's academic year.

"The administration will make all sorts of arguments about human rights until it affects the pocketbook," Van Blarcom said. "They have been known to evict tenants on 48 hours' notice."

In September, 1974 five residents of a ninth-floor Gage high rise quad were given 48 hours' notice after guests at a party were alleged to have thrown beer bottles over the balcony.

"Under the Landlord and Tenant Act there is a minimum of 30 days' notice and there is an appeal procedure if threatened with eviction," Van Blarcom said.

— jon stewart photo



— eric ellington photo

ALL THE COMFORTS OF HOME become necessary as students tie themselves to carrells preparing for final exams and term papers. Chain on kettle is designed to foil students scrounging money to meet new, improved tuition fees.

AGM short, sweet

The Alma Mater Society passed its outstanding business Thursday at the annual general meeting with the help of the Bellamy Brothers band.

The unadvertised meeting was held in the SUB conversation pit.

After 45 minutes of music, AMS president Dave Theessen asked the meeting to approve four motions, which passed in less than three minutes.

The meeting approved the AMS's 1975-76 audited financial statement, which had been on file since Oct. 15, 1976, and approved Peat, Marwick, Mitchell and Company as auditors for the society in 1977-78.

And the meeting received the financial statement of source and use of funds for 1976, as well as the president's and general manager's reports.

There was no tiresome debate. The band resumed playing after the five-minute intermission.

Alberta march

From page 1

supported the protest saying the fee "is another instance of the government trying to walk over some aspects of our post-secondary education."

"But," Clark added, "I'm not sure whether this is the place for them (the protestors) to plead their case."

NDP leader Grant Notley, the lone NDP representative in the house, joined the picket line with his staff and talked with protestors.

Expect oil spill a day, says NDP MLA

By FRANK KUERBIS

There will be an oil spill a day if the proposed tanker route along the B.C. coast is established, NDP environment critic Bob Skelly said Thursday.

Skelly, NDP MLA for Port Alberni, told about 40 people in SUB that one tanker whose only navigational device was a magnetic compass had already run aground in Barkeley Sound, Washington, dumping its cargo of Datsuns on the shore.

Skelly said the projected quota is 300,000 barrels of crude oil per day. Tankers will transport 600,000 barrels a day when in full operation.

But oil companies don't consider the high probability of a major oil spill, he said. The Queen Charlotte Island coastline is treacherous and weather is often bad, Skelly said. Hurricane-force winds of 80 to 120 miles per hour are common, he said.

The oil tankers, which need ten miles of water to turn in, would not be able to negotiate the narrow channels, he said.

The public would have to expect one major oil spill every four years, he said.

And disasters would increase, Skelly said.

Skelly said Kitimat Pipeline's own studies show that the entire northern B.C. coast would be affected by the oil spills. He said spills would destroy the commercial viability of the whole area for 10 years.

And, Skelly said there is no proper equipment on B.C.'s north coast to fight oil spills. There are few slick lickers, booms and containment systems for use in an emergency, he said.

He said environment minister Jim Nielsen refused to comment on these facts. And he accused Nielsen of giving in to "fear tactics." "I don't think he can answer the question, because he's been advised by premier Bill Bennett to shut up on the whole subject," Skelly said.

Other provincial cabinet ministers took stands in favor of the pipeline and oil development in northern B.C., he said.

Skelly also said he is concerned about the proposed MacGregor diversion of water from the Peace River through the Parsnip River to the W.A.C. Bennett dam.

The crucial issue, he said, is the impact of the diversion on the Fraser River. It will cut the Fraser's water flow to 25 per cent, he said. The volume at Hope, would be reduced by 17 per cent, he said.

The solution to environmental problems, he said, is to fire Nielsen, and hire an independently appointed and financed ombudsman.

Skelly said the environment should be protected against exploitation for future generations.

He said although NDP leader Dave Barrett's proposal to ship oil by rail was laughed at, a similar scheme to ship oil from Utah to Los Angeles was successful.

A pipeline only serves the oil companies, which use it to by-pass middlemen such as marketing agencies to bring products to market. But railways would be multi-purpose, he said.

He said the issues are transportation of oil, alternate energy sources and energy conservation. Skelly said B.C. could cut energy consumption by 50 per cent and still keep its current standard of living.

"We should not be prepared to sacrifice the environment of our north coast," Skelly said. He said concerned individuals should write to Bennett and Nielsen, and collect petition signatures and forward them to the provincial government.

First forward and then back

Perhaps it was too good to be true.

On Tuesday, after weeks of hard work and preparation by the tuition rally committee, UBC witnessed the largest student rally since 1968.

The leadership that student board of governors members, student senators and student representative assembly reps showed — and the participation of 1,200 students in the rally — was a spectacle rarely seen on this campus, and everyone involved deserves congratulations.

The SRA and UBC students took three steps forward Tuesday.

On Wednesday the SRA took five steps backwards.

Our politicos voted against giving financial support to the B.C. Students' Federation tuition rally March 10.

The SRA clearly had a mandate from the students to continue the fight against education cutbacks. Students who attended Tuesday's rally urged the SRA to spend money to support the downtown rally of Lower Mainland students.

On Tuesday, the UBC rally was the lead item on radio and television news coverage.

Students had clearly demonstrated their cohesiveness and power; they were treated as a force to be reckoned with.

The limp-wristed behavior of those reps who abstained or voted against financially supporting the rally is all the more tragic when compared to the exceptional leadership they showed Tuesday.

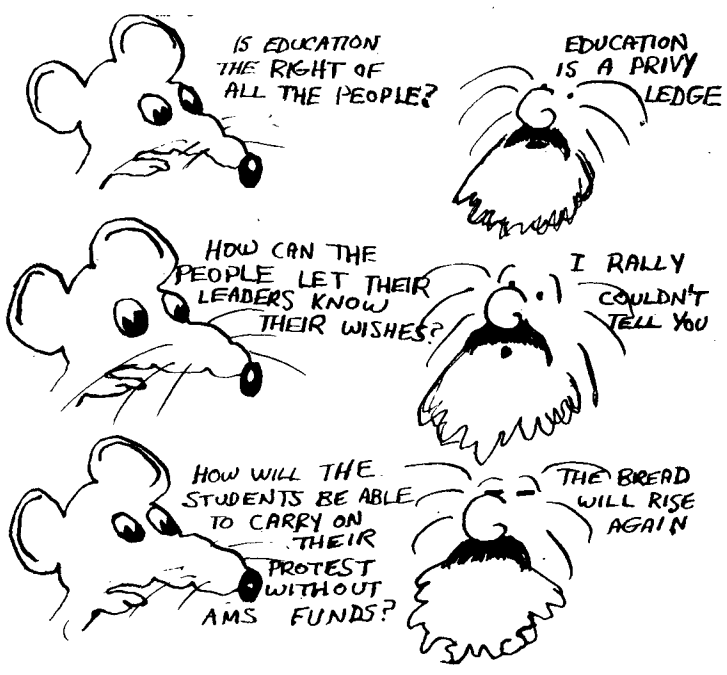
Just when student politicos were getting it together they've let us down, particularly the 1,200 students who attended Tuesday's rally.

The Alma Mater Society spent about $5,000 on the last rally. The defeated motion recommended a paltry $500, to be spent at UBC, for UBC students.

SRA reps will go to Victoria next week to lobby against education cutbacks. Strong student rallies in Vancouver can only strengthen their hand when dealing with education department officials.

Because UBC students were the first to demonstrate genuine student opposition to education cutbacks, it is ironic and sad their leaders are the first to give up the fight.

AMS hacks will be getting together this weekend at Mount Whistler. We hope the mountain air will clear their minds.



THE UBYSSEY

MARCH 4, 1977

Published Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays throughout the university year by the Alma Mater Society of the University of B.C. Editorial opinions are those of the staff and not of the AMS or the university administration. Member, Canadian University Press. The Ubyssey publishes Page Friday, a weekly commentary and review. The Ubyssey's editorial office is in room 241K of the Student Union Building. Editorial departments, 228-2301; Advertising, 228-3977.

Co-Editors: Sue Vohanka, Ralph Maurer

It's election time at The Ubyssey, and today, the staff was busy making election promises. "If you elect me, I promise not to mention how the McCafferty brothers murdered their mothers with an aaaaaxe," said Chris Gainor sincerely. Mike Bocking promised Terry Ades, Simon Warner and Vicki Booth never to attend another SRA meeting again. Ralph Maurer said "If nominated I will not run, and if elected I will not serve," and David Morton, Doug Rushton, Bruce Baugh and Merrilee Robson promised to make sure he kept his promise. Sue Vohanka, Kathy Ford and Heather Walker promised to keep the paper running smoothly, as they have all year. Shane McCune promised to stop drinking, so Steve Howard, Frank Kuerbis, Jon Stewart and Paul Wilson promised to try to believe him. Verne McDonald promised free marijuana to all, and Marcus Gee promised to take geography lessons. And all staffers should promise to vote for editor by noon Wednesday. And that's serious.

Letters

Tuition arguments answered

I would like to answer the argument about tuition fees made by Ken Pivnick in a letter in Tuesday's Ubyssey.

You think it is "fine" that most students who go to universities are from middle class families. You then say: "Obviously people from rural and working class families are not geared towards university because of the people around them."

Let me answer you, Ken Pivnick, by pointing out that you are ignorant and lack insight about a major sector of our country — working people.

Certainly you are not an ideal university student. You are an example of an inferior, unscholarly byproduct of this university.

Many young people of working class families would love to go to university — at least to gain the skill, diversity and working conditions of the potential job which may result from a university degree.

Why do you think many do not come here? Lack of motivation? Love of typewriters? Love of the assembly line, or the outdoors?

We are in a position that is especially susceptible to economic pressures. Most people are. Some parents can afford to help fund their kid's post-secondary education, and room and board.

Others can't. So their kids either have to work during any spare time they can find, including taking a year or two off — or their parents can't even afford to have their kids continue to live at home.

Then they must fare on their own somehow, without any financial support from their parents.

Ken Pivnick, my family is made up of unionized working people. With the cost of housing, energy, food, clothing and dental care — mostly unchecked by the Anti-Inflation Board — they can barely make ends meet.

Do you think they can afford my tuition? Wouldn't it be more economical if I went out and worked as a typist for $4 or $5 an hour to supplement my family or myself?

Why would you want to stifle my life, my full growth and potential?

I'm glad that your friend worked for a couple of years and is now receiving student loans.

Did he ever live at home during that time? Did he ever have to pay more than $150 rent every month? How old will he be when he finally receives a degree?

I also worked for a year; I scramble around every summer looking for a full-time temporary job, and I often fall asleep in class due to working part-time. And still, getting student loans is a red-tape hassle.

Still, with loans and savings, shared accommodation and any budget-saving manoeuvrings, I barely make it to April because rent, food, tuition and a few books have spent it all away.

Does you friend have parent's funds he can always rely on? Do you know what it is like with no money in the bank and a month to go before school is out? Where is the money going to come from to pay the landlord and eat?

I'm sorry, Ken Pivnick, but nobody's going to tell me that I'm not of university calibre. I've had A, B and C-plus marks since I was in primary school, and I happen to love education.

I am going to be a school teacher, Ken Pivnick, and you, or education minister Pat McGeer's mining friends, are not going to deny me that right.

Ruth Lowther
education 2

The problem with rallies

The problem with student rallies is that they don't have any impact on the real powers-that-be.

And who are the real decision-makers? The Socreds, as everyone knows, are nothing but puppets for the real powers — the large corporations and businesses that run B.C. Students have to direct their protests at that group if they want tuition fee increases taken off.

The best way to do that is through the labor force. When workers walk off their jobs, job sites close down and money stops rolling in. Then and only then will the corporations and their Socred puppets be affected to an extent that will make them change their education policy.

In 1961 (not 1968) Parisian students asked for help from the labor forces to support them in their anti-tuition fee increase protests.

French labor responded immediately and Paris came to a standstill. Tuition increases were subsequently removed by Charles de Gaulle.

Concerned UBC board members and rally organizers must go to the B.C. Federation of Labor and ask that they support us in our struggle against tuition fee increases and educational cutbacks.

Do we want to raise hell or don't we? Get labor out to support us.

Helen McDonald
recreation 1

The plan

Yes, let us have a beautiful university.

Let us have great buildings.

Let us adorn SUB with a gilt-edge.

Let us put statues and fountains down Main Mall.

Let us have fine residences, with chandeliers in the foyers, marble staircases and a live-in maid on every floor.

Let the cafeterias serve only the finest food, served by only the most amiable personages.

Let us hire only the most eloquent speakers of our time to be our professors.

Let our university be free for all who choose to use it.

And we will make administration president Doug Kenny pay for it all.

Vern Staples
commerce 2

Irresponsible SRA denies rally money

On Wednesday night the student representative assembly voted to support the March 10 Lower Mainland rally against tuition fee increases.

However, the SRA voted against supplying funds needed to promote the rally on campus and to provide buses to transport UBC students to the rally.

Once again, the SRA has neglected its responsibility to students on this campus by quibbling about a relatively insignificant amount of money.

It is time SRA members realized that students contribute $9 a year to the Alma Mater Society, and for this contribution they want the AMS to do something constructive for students. A rally against tuition fee increases is probably the most valuable and constructive thing the AMS has done in 10 years.

I agree fiscal responsibility is definitely needed; however, SRA members have to stop viewing the AMS as some sort of corporation or money-making institution. Banking student money at nine per cent interest or hiding it under the president's mattress is absolutely useless if our objective as student leaders is to encourage greater student participation and concern.

I hope the 1,200 students who participated in Tuesday's rally are not disillusioned by the ignorance of some council members. The fight against tuition increases has only begun to mount, and many SRA representatives are still willing to donate their time and effort.

Possibly, we can arrange a car pool to the March 10 rally, the details of which can appear in Tuesday's Ubyssey.

If necessary, we can just march all the way to the Queen Elizabeth Theatre.

Paul Sandhu
arts representative, SRA
student senator

The Ubyssey welcomes letters from all readers.

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

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

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

Alternative exists to apathy

Okay, the board of governors won't send the budget back and the fee increase will be 25 per cent or more, regardless of what the students think.

Before this campus sinks back into its usual state of abject apathy, there is an alternative. If you really believe the increase is unjust, then don't pay the extra money.

If you feel sorry for poor administration president Doug Kenny and his $60,000 yearly salary, or if you feel that some increase is justified, then pay an extra 10.6 per cent, but no more. It needn't be an organized action (although mass participation would certainly help), and it doesn't require media publicity or a $10,000 budget.

Consider it as a justifiable act of civil disobedience and a necessary expression of your basic belief in access to a good, reasonably priced education. For once exercise the courage of your convictions and do something positive.

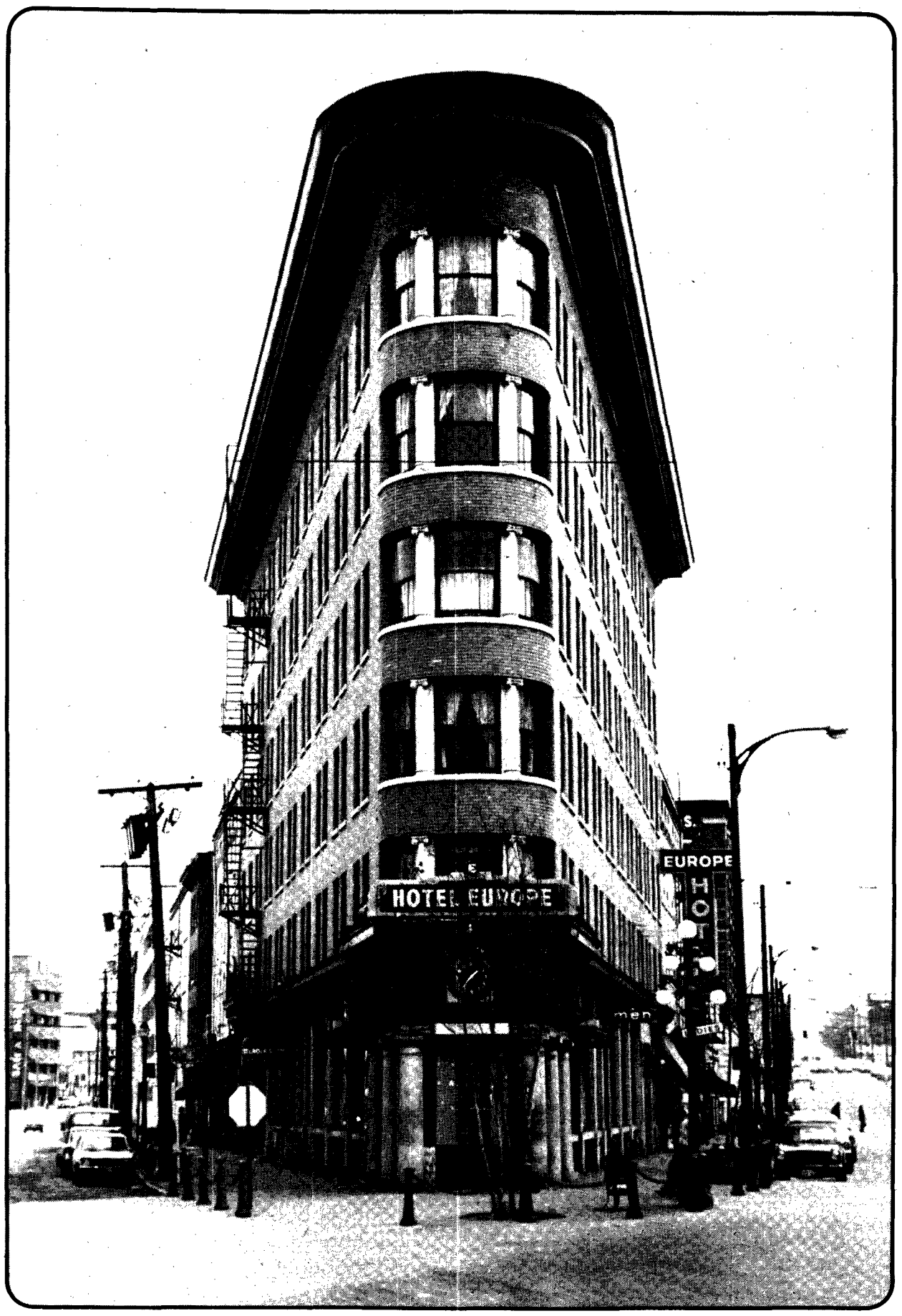
As Thoreau said in On Civil Disobedience:

"All men recognize the right of revolution; that is, the right to refuse allegiance and to resist the government, when its tyranny or its inefficiency are great and unendurable."

Jack Thorhaug
arts 3

Creative Arts Issue

Page Friday



Europe Hotel

The walls are old but made of fine wood. The juke box contains a rare collection of post-war jazz, classic and champagne. The stairway up to the six-dollar rooms is blessed with a brass handrail that glows in the dark slobbery path of the unconscious heroes that brave the dirty streets and their dirty lonely lives. The beer slinger humors and loves the human heart buried deep in bad ale and nicotine. He serves the oblivious brew to his friends. Although the Europe has a geographical and sequential kharma of its own, it has a strange property. If one leaves the world of walking success stories outside in the streets and drinks his beer honestly, the Europe, in full technicolor of brown-turd-grizzle in the face of ancient iodine teeth, ash-tray faces, bloodless, sinewless crotches, swollen livers and intestines, turns black and white. Not black and white of photograph, black and white of X-ray. And the mind records in a measureless moment, where visions of yester-lives can be seen, the truth of angry faces, growling engines and feet that stomp the concrete, grind and chew the concrete into money. Yes, money.

Nirmal Sidhu

Foreign Vision

Fwoosh!
And I was off to find my Canada.
Searing above the prairie
I looked below,
A propelled demi-god,
On the order of wired chunks of wheat,
Road-trimmed,
That boxed the food of life;
An ignorant contagion killing the past.

Once tangled grass, uncut, alone.
Buffalo pastures,
Native pride without threat,
The clear wisdom of gods in wind.
Such a bewildered wilderness
To now be but a spirit.

Only these tidy chunks spread now, far as the clouds allow.
I can't yet direct them,
See all.

Still
My flaming chariot,
The dart,
Sped on
And did not scratch Toronto's face
But landing dulled its nose,
Ground on stubborn granite.

Out I wandered
Through stifling trails
Carved from the jagged rock
With passing iron centipedes,
Their sting, their clatter:
Too thin a natural disguise.
I saw the city underneath
And rode the sights —
The Kensington ethnic merry-go-round,
  A host for fruit and flies, cheese and heat.
The sight-to-see, the City Hall,
  Bracketing grey-glass skies.
So what?

Is there no flesh and tree at all,
A naked root for me to call
My own?
Surely some germinating force
Amongst this rubble,
Would be my Canada.

But the Gallery next — a hope.
Some clue a perceptive artist left.
A pastel flashlight incising the darkness
Where perhaps a charming mushroom grew
To tell me where.

I was greeted by a gelded man
With gripping, bleeding fist.
The blackened blood
Solid at his feet.
A displaced Rodin.
How could he stand, I wondered,
Where growth already stooped so low
In white-washed tiles?
And where dead gallery gas,
Choking 'round the art,
Built no molecule of life.

"Such a foreign vision," I think.
"Why castrate in this still hotel,
With no danger in raping polished granite,
Before moving to another
Where roses might be at his feet, around his arms?
The danger is there where life might bloom. . .
Why Toronto at all,
Where the glass shimmers
So mighty and so tall,
A young fighter, content
Shadow-boxing New York
And nothing more?

Oh a damned foreign vision!
Why even look at it?"

No clue, I made for the Maritimes.
Drove them all,
Mapped by green mileage signs
And Chevron Stations,
And roadside elms,
And the roadside attraction of aluminum farms, and. . .

I hear the spirit,
Or is it the smelly wind?
Do I see a native on a horse?
No, a tractor and a Martian.

Oh infectious Toronto!
Have I brought you here?

I scream.
HERITAGE!
Where you ever what I've heard?
CANADA! WHERE ARE YOU!
Are you impostored?
Has plastic hid you from my eyes?
Do I have blurry contact lenses?

Glorious Tantramar!
Why is my memory of you one long line of radio towers?
Sea-swept Halifax!
Why are you a dank youth hostel
Full of cold Yanks,
God knowing what they look for?
Prince Edward, I admit you try
But are fatally wounded.
Tourism has bled your soil red.

Numbed,
I become a gallery piece.
A displaced Indian,
Wooden, spouting sad legends.
Wish I were the spirit,
With the native pride.
But I join the Rodin who,
I realize,
Is right at home
Without temptation,
Safe,
In sterility.

Too camouflaged, my Canada,
I slunk quietly back,
air canada,
My chariot doused,
To my Vancouver,
Somewhere in the rock,
Either side of the salt inlet.

Ian Morton

Number 869

I have just as much chance being murdered
as I do winning the lottery.
If I refuse to play this game and *not*
enter the lottery,
I have infinitely more chance of being murdered
than of winning.

I enter the lottery. Number Series 04 G 1936258
Number 1936358 wins. I notice a man
lurking around the corner of my apartment.
Very close.

"I carry a bomb on my flight out of town
to reduce the chances of there being 2 bombs
on the same plane." An old statistical joke.

I have just as much chance of mating for life
as I do meeting a latent psychopath.
If I refuse to play the game,
I have infinitely more chance of remaining single.
I date a quiet, cautious man. We drop each other.

But I hope to be a winner in love.
I start taking chances. I buy a plane ticket
to another city and catch a bus. The one ahead overturns,
7 people die, several injured, some escape.
I notice a man sitting on the left of me.
We start talking. I start my theory about winning.
"I have just as much chance winning the lottery
as I do being murdered."

We compare lottery tickets. Number Series 06 H 148699.
His Number Series 07 G 398695.
Imagine. Three numbers the same. That's my plane flight.
No. 869.

Carolyn Borsman

photos by T. K. Chu

The Land

By MERRILEE ROBSON

Myra comes out to meet me as I am getting out of my car. I immediately feel over-dressed. I always wear my oldest clothes when I go to the farm. But as soon as I get there I feel like part of a farm scene in a fashion magazine: clean jeans and gingham shirt, new boots, bandanna knotted artfully around my neck. Myra is wearing a cotton dress and running shoes; her hair is tied in one long braid. She is the perfect farm wife.

Eli, Myra and Don's kid, comes running out behind her, wearing his overalls and no shirt, barefoot. The dog jumps up on me. The cats wind themselves around everyone's legs as we try to walk back to the house.

Don is in the kitchen. "Wanna do a number," he says, handing me the joint without waiting for my answer. I take it and sit down on one of the yellow kitchen chairs. Myra sits down too and Eli and the dog chase the cats around the kitchen. The kitchen door is open. There is no screen door. Flies buzz slowly around the kitchen, some of them sticking to the strip of fly paper near the window but most of them just buzzing monotonously, stopping for a moment to crawl along the counter or up the fridge and then starting their slow, buzzing flight again. The smoke from the joint doesn't seem to bother them at all.

"How've you been doing, Sandra?" Myra asks.

Everything is the same as usual. I work in an office. Nothing more has to be said. I type letters and I have to wear a skirt to work every once in a while so my boss will think I'm still pretty enough to type well. When Myra and Don first moved to the farm I wanted to give it all up and move out here with them. They have a little shed out back for the hired man to live in. And I was pretty sure that Myra and Don could never hire a hired hand.

But I've always been pretty sensible and I thought I'd wait for a while and see how the whole thing turned out before I devoted myself to one of Don's bright ideas.

"How's the hay coming?" I ask. I'd been to their first haying. I'd driven out to the farm, ready to stand in the hot sun and toss bales of hay high onto the hay wagon. I was even ready to cut the tall grass down with a sweep of my scythe, to watch my muscles move as I swung my brown arm forward, but I knew that was a bit too romantic.

But when I got to the farm I could see the small red tractor and baler out in the field. Of course, I really had expected Don to rent some equipment. What I hadn't expected to see were the small masculine bodies out in the field near the tractor. Don had got some of his friends to come out and help him.

Myra was sitting on a blanket in the front yard. "You should have told me I wouldn't have to help with the haying," I said. "I would have at least brought something for dinner."

I envisioned a trestle table set up at the edge of the field, under the trees, and Myra and I carrying jugs of lemonade and mountains of sandwiches out to the men. I didn't really care which role I took, so long as I was needed. I felt about as useful as I am at the office. And when I don't have anything to do I just sit and think about the things that bother me.

"Oh, why don't you just come and sit down?" Myra had said. "I'll make something for them to eat when they come in!! Poor Myra sounded as depressed as I was.

And that was when I decided that I wouldn't go back to the land. The country was as bad as the city and at least in town I can go to a movie or send out for a pizza if I feel like it.

"We might get another cutting off it if the weather stays good," Don answers. I know they could use the money.

They've been having a lot of trouble out here. They bought four calves but they all died. I think Myra killed them.

I mean, I was out here just after they bought the calves. Don came in from the fields for lunch and told me about them. I got all excited and wanted to go out to the barn and see them right away. Having animals seemed to make their farm venture a bit more legitimate. Then Don told me the calves were sick and my enthusiasm waned a lot.

But I saw them later when Myra went out to feed them. She picked up the bucket on the back porch and the flies flew angrily off it. The back porch was miserably hot. Myra looked at the bit of formula stuff in the bottom of the bucket. She dumped it out and looked at the pail again. "I guess I should wash this out," she said, looking at me. Then she shrugged, "But I'm not gonna bother."

It was then that I started to wonder how badly Myra wanted to get off the farm. I wouldn't blame her if she really was that desperate.

We went out to the barn and one of the calves was dead. He was lying in the middle of the pen while the omnipresent flies inspected him and the other calves stepped listlessly around him. They came up to Myra but they wouldn't eat; they just stood there looking at the pail, with light yellow shit running continuously from their bodies.

Eli came running into the old barn.

"Hey, what's the matter with him," he yelled, trying to climb in with the calves.

"Eli, don't go in there," I said quickly. I moved closer to the barn door. Then I heard a squeal and grabbed for the pig just before he got out the door.

The pig turned around to avoid me and headed the other way. I slammed the door shut. Eli forgot about the calf and ran after the pig. They both squealed.

Myra stopped trying to coax the calves to eat. She put down the pail and looked worried. The pig came toward me again. I grabbed for it and missed. Myra started to laugh.

We chased the little pig around the dark barn for a while, trying to forget about the dead calf. The other calves watched us mournfully, mooing softly. We were all laughing like crazy. And I'm almost sure that Myra let the pig get away a couple of times when she could have caught it, just to prolong the fun.

Finally Eli and I both threw ourselves on the pig at the same time. We both went down on the floor but I managed to hang onto the pig. Then Myra and I put him back in the pen and Eli went back to the house for a hammer and some nails to fix the loose board.

We were still laughing really hard when we came out of the barn. Myra left the pail in the barn. I started to worry about germs from the barn floor. I mean, the calves were dying. But I thought I might have become too hysterical about hygiene from living in the city and always buying things in plastic packages. I didn't say anything to Myra but I washed my hands when I got back to the house, although I didn't think it would do any good, and I tried not to bite my fingernails that afternoon.

A couple of weeks later the pig did get out and they never saw it again. the calves died one by one.

They don't have any animals now, only the cats and the dog. So nothing can go wrong today, an Indian summer day. The flies don't even bother me. And soon the nights will get cooler.

Don is nervous though. He has nothing to do but sit and smoke dope and wait for the hay to grow. He keeps looking out the window, as if he hopes it has somehow grown long enough to cut already.

I've brought some gin and some tonic water and so we mix drinks and sit at the yellow kitchen table. Don rolls another couple of joints. I watch the sun on the green grass in the fields and start to think that I might move out here after all, in spite of everything.

Then the sky becomes dusky and Myra asks me to stay for dinner. I get up to pour us another drink, killing the bottle.

"I'll have to pick some peas for dinner," Myra says, "but I guess I'll just finish my drink first. The sky turns deeper and deeper blue.

Myra puts her glass down. It is quite dark now. I wonder if I would feel so drunk if I wasn't so hungry.

We go out to the garden. The dark shapes of the pea pods are barely distinguishable. I fumble around the plants, feeling for pods in the dark. I'm starting to get mad at Myra for leaving this until the last moment. The windows of the house look bright and inviting. I slap at mosquitoes I can feel but not see.

Finally we've picked enough peas and we go back to the house. Don is watching television in the living room. "What took you so long?" he yells, not bothering to come to the kitchen.

Myra just looks at me and starts to get supper ready. I sit down to shell the peas. It's nine o'clock and I'm really hungry. But I don't blame Myra. I wouldn't want to cook dinner by myself either if Don had just been sitting around the house all day. It would be different if he's been out working on the farm. Traditional roles are all right if everyone plays fair. Watching television is not in the books.

I open one of the pods and put the peas into the pot, throwing the pod into the brown paper bag Myra has given me. I feel peaceful. And I still feel drunk — too many gin and tonics on an empty stomach. I open another pod and find small, white worms waving about on the green peas.

"Shit." I throw the peas and worms into the paper bag.

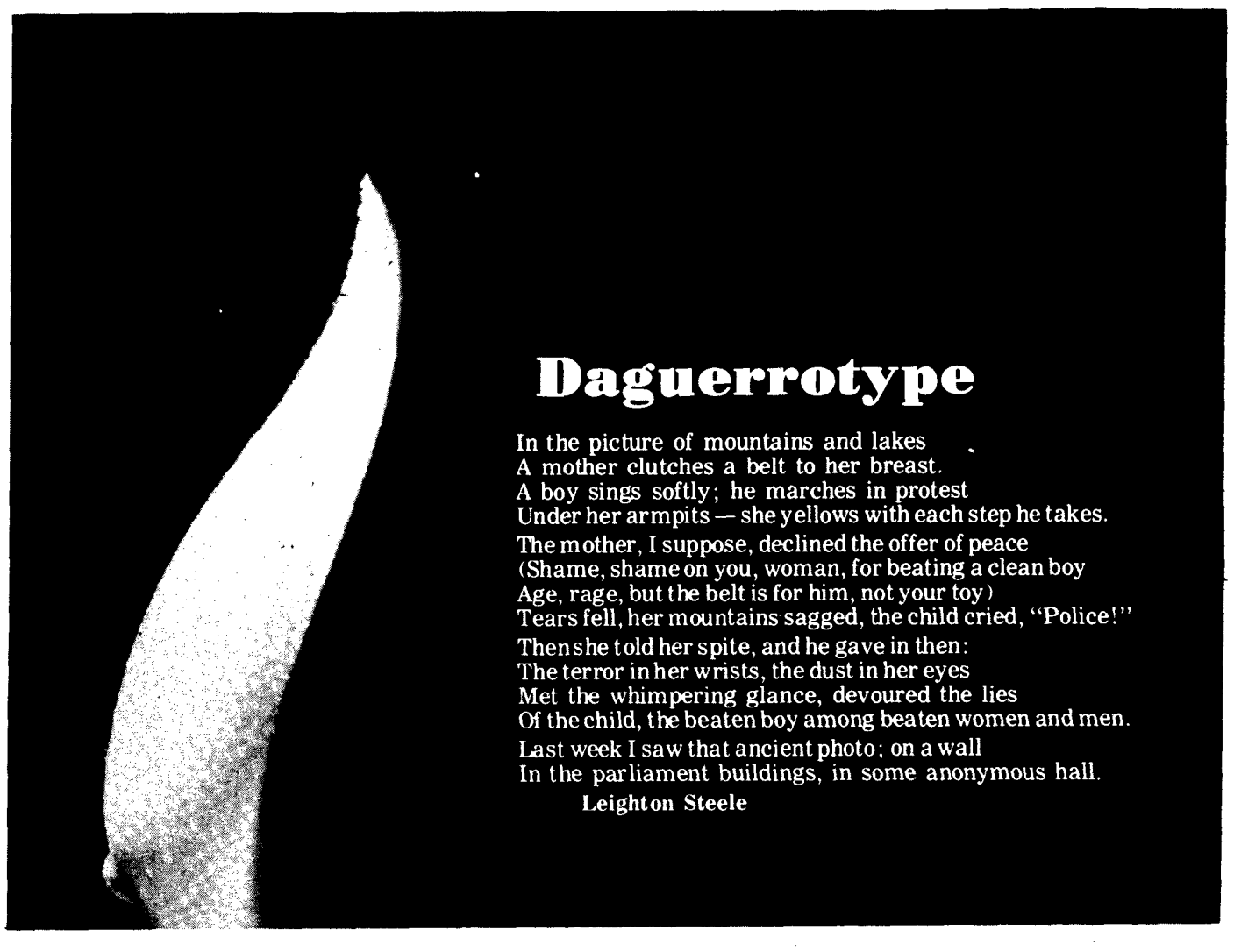
"I guess I should have picked them sooner," Myra says. She is peeling the potatoes.

"Isn't dinner ready yet?" Don asks again. I give Myra a look of sympathy. Now I want to shell the peas as slowly as possible.

Myra puts the potatoes on the stove and sits down beside me, grabbing a handful of peas. I check each pod for worms, throwing the wormy peas away and dumping the good ones in the pot. The worms disgust me. I'm glad when I open a pod and find just peas: round, green and perfect.

I start to think about Robin; I always do when I'm not doing anything else. About Robin who, after we made love, sat up and put his hands over his face, because he felt so bad about cheating on his wife. And I had to sit up too, naked and sophisticated, and put my arms around him, saying, "Don't worry. We don't have to make this a habit." And he didn't even notice that I was shaking. Because, Christ, I loved him.

I look down suddenly and see that I'm throwing some perfectly good peas away. "Shit," I say. Myra jumps and looks at me, then down at the peas she's holding. She hasn't been checking hers either. We just look at each other and start to laugh, over the bag of peas and worms.



Daguerrotype

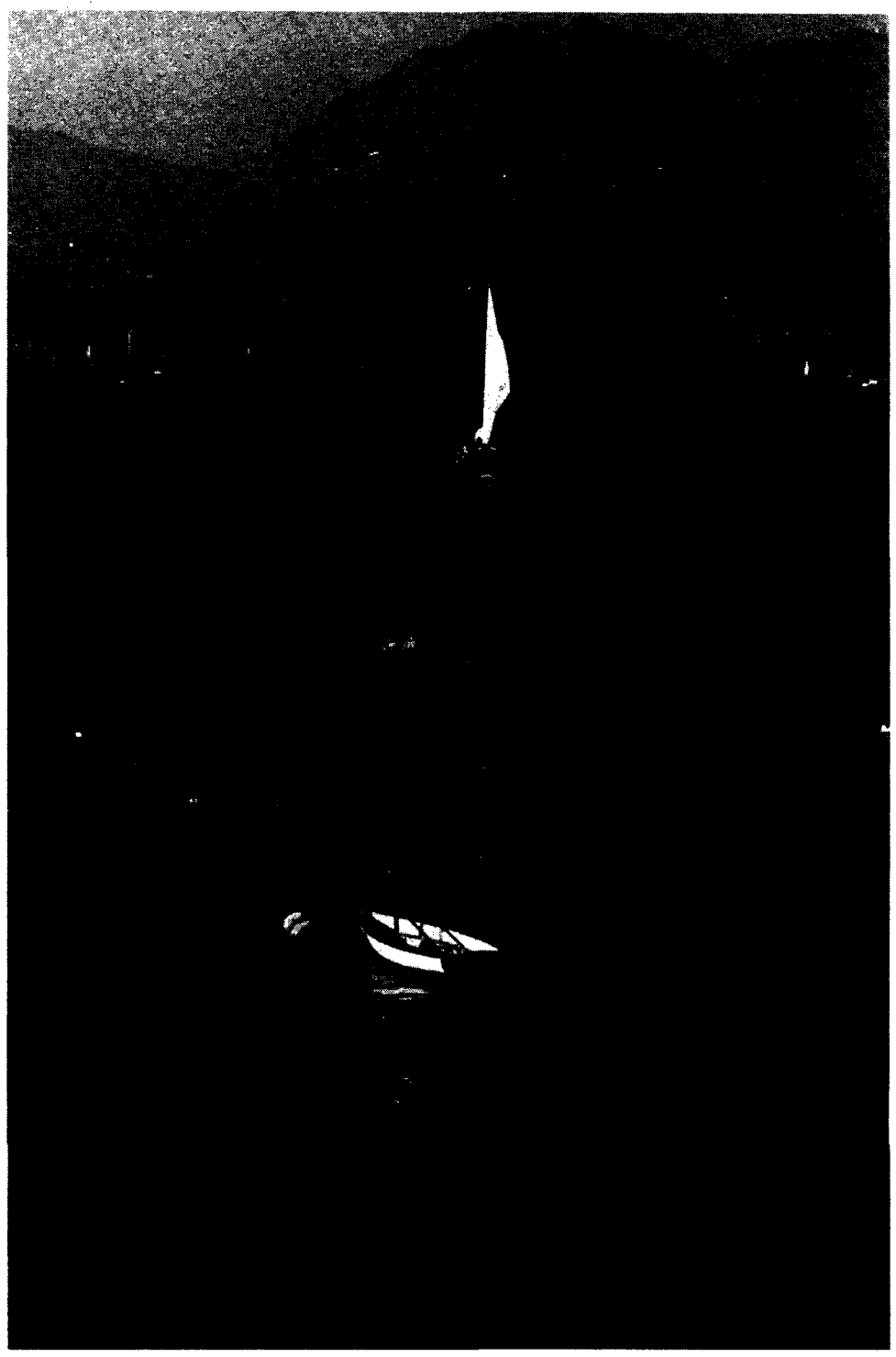
In the picture of mountains and lakes
A mother clutches a belt to her breast.
A boy sings softly; he marches in protest
Under her armpits — she yellows with each step he takes.
The mother, I suppose, declined the offer of peace
(Shame, shame on you, woman, for beating a clean boy
Age, rage, but the belt is for him, not your toy)
Tears fell, her mountains sagged, the child cried, "Police!"
Then she told her spite, and he gave in then:
The terror in her wrists, the dust in her eyes
Met the whimpering glance, devoured the lies
Of the child, the beaten boy among beaten women and men.
Last week I saw that ancient photo; on a wall
In the parliament buildings, in some anonymous hall.

Leighton Steele

Dispatched Tugboat

Easy now, they stand,
the cook and the engineer,
on the winch deck. *Gulf Sally*
slides out of moorage, turns north.
Going out to the Gulf again,
couldn't hold that shore job,
caught up in this habit, this
throbbing under their feet.
Going to open spaces, in the
closed design. Working along
lines of charts, compass bearing,
steel bulkheads, towing cable.
The wharves slide past. Spiked
coffee like warm oil bathing
rusted wires of nerves.
Now there's time to reflect,
splice their gut for the gale,
gone two weeks this tow — steal
a minute in the light outside
the galley door, as the watch begins.

David Conn



In all its wild red glory

Where has your boat gone in all its wild red glory?
Has it raised its spinnaker
and shot off into sunset and white wavy water foam?
There it will spiral off the table's edge
into the dark abyss of
the world's end.
Fire-breathing monsters
with arrowed tails and snouts long
and in their eyes reflections
of civilizations and knowledge lost:
  burning cities and sadness,
  a single rider fleeing.

And where has your boat gone?
It has sunk and floundered
and thrashed for hours in a sea
of bubbles and depth,
water in lungs,
where fish friendly hover
and watch this wondrous creation
that has caught the hearts of men in running fury
and sliced them into a thousand
writhing pieces
with its razor ideas and words.
The light thoughts are slashing and screaming
in all the bloody massacres of time

And in all its wild red glory
it sinks a magnificent death
witnessed only by the beautiful fish
Your boat has seen them! Lo!

Its rigging unties untangles
the knots your hands have wrought.
Rope winds with sinuous slowness
round the heart of the boat
to commit its final act of homicide. . .

  The fish ignite to raging
  bubbles boiling from their scales
  to blind the famous death scene
  a thousand poets have described.

And in all its red red glory
the world becomes a boatwood mash
  The vines and leaves curl out of the ground
  with light bred speed.

John Scoffham

Welcoming Spring

This was to be the year
dead souls returned to confirm
our worst suspicion. The year California
disappeared, the year white
became the style of mourning. My only

ambition was to lose all
sense of direction and see the sun
rise in the West. Now, watching you
undress, the day unrolls
like an old movie. Your hands

move mysteriously through your body.
Each motion is deliberate, sustained
by the moment's persuasion. Water
gushes from the corners
of my mouth. My ass is anchored

helplessly. In this room of flesh
your lips form the shape of a queer
poem. Outside, birds tremble
at the familiar low moans, and already

I am thinking of the open day ahead.

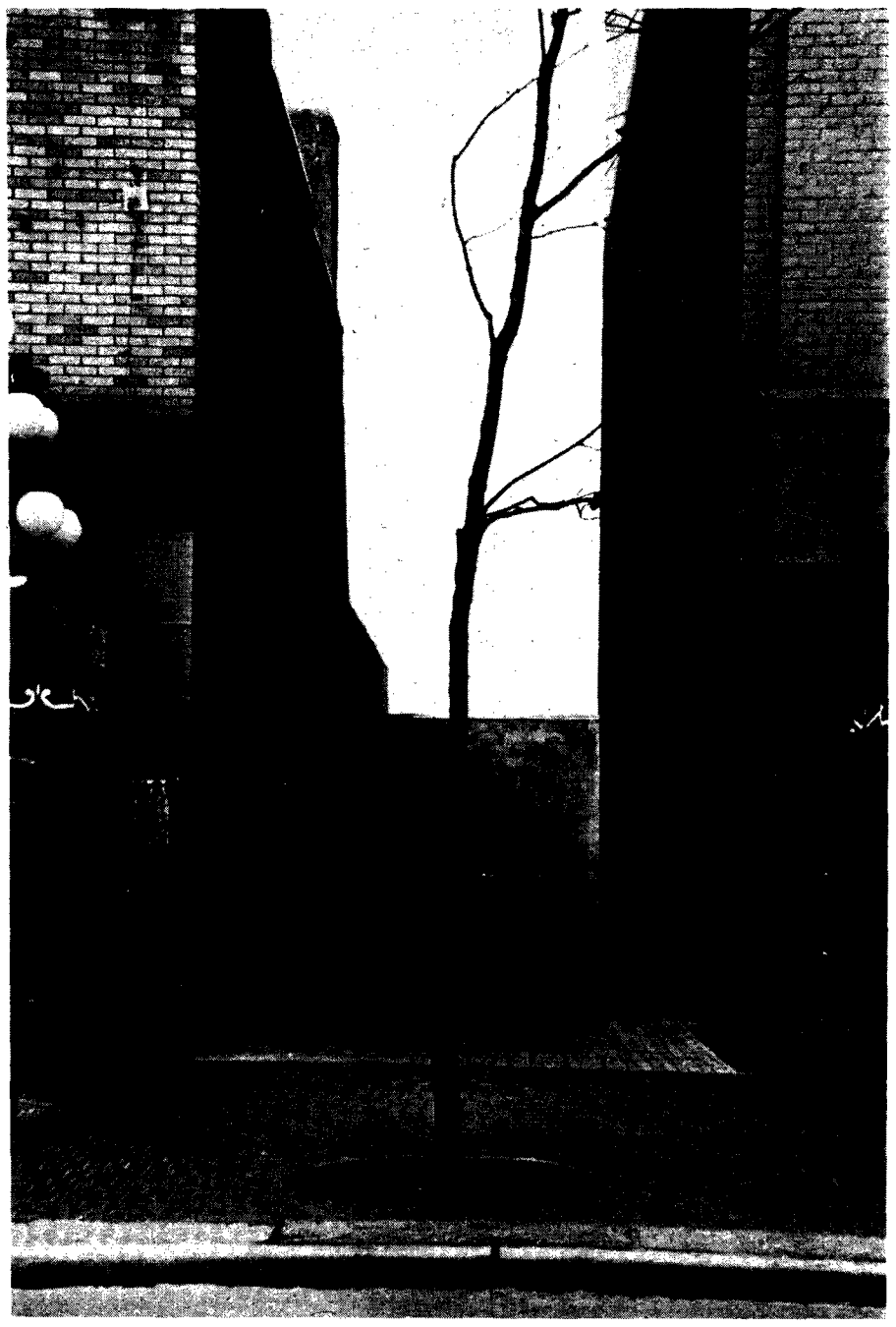
Bruce Wilson

February

An unexpected sun shines through the afternoon
bringing a sweet smell from far away.
I sit and tap the thawing ground with a stick
and watch many small flies crawl from the black mud.
They were surprised into birth by this sweetness,
but early warmth deceived them, easy as death.

It doesn't seem to matter on this fine day I can do
nothing with.
Christ, rising from his tomb, sees his shadow:
six more weeks of winter.

Jeff Schaire



Winter

Seagulls soft on the grey sky
you know how it is,
bare trees hung down with winter
reach dissolutely for distant spring;
dogs huddle on doorsteps;
acrid fog ransacks jackets,
plunders nostrils;
cold windowpanes,
cold floorboards,
everything is slow,
waiting,
drifting,
for light, warmth
and a quickened pulse.

Bruce Baugh

Pale sunset

Pale sunset
and the stars appeared
remote
later a wild wind
whistled through the pines
i heard each wave
destroy itself
against the rocks
eyes open
watched
the cool grey uneventful
dawn
unheralded by birdsong
only the crashing water
piling up yesterday
upon the beach
in preparation for
todays
recycling

hardly the advent
of a great new day
no trumpets
flashing banners
no smallest part
of all creation
seemed to shout
hosanna

but so some days
slip quietly
in
bleak
muted
unsung
and are no less
beginnings

Margaret Murdoch

Nothing Up My Sleeve

By JOHN LEKICH

It was the type of gathering that allowed you to temporarily lose your inhibitions in the chip dip. You couldn't really call it a party, since that would imply a sense of celebration. This was more like going to a business meeting in your underwear.

The Halliwell Advertising Company was entertaining a prospective client tonight. His name was Les Waldman and he was one of the biggest manufacturers of under garments in the country. Ten years ago Waldman had been what is commonly referred to as "a hippie." He was the first person to discover gold while tye-dying a pair of longjohns. Since Waldman was now rich enough to continue his practice of never wearing a shirt and tie, everyone else was earnestly trying to look cool. All the up and coming, plus the down and going, executives were making tense attempts to relax.

After coming in from the cold air the room was hot, smokey and noisy. The stereo was turned up to an almost obscene level. Someone was singing about their disco lady, or baby. It was hard for an old high school saxophone player like me to tell.

Bob Halliwell, my boss, stepped over a few chicly arranged bodies to resume playing host. As he walked toward me, it was like seeing him for the first time. (Without the restraining influence of a three piece suit, he closely resembled a life-size version of the Pillsbury doughboy.) He wore jeans and a tee shirt that read, "Let's Boogie."

"Poor bugger," I thought.

Halliwell shook my hand. It was like being gripped by several sweaty pastries, except that in the middle of all those ladyfingers was a large diamond ring.

"Rich bugger," I thought.

He smiled at me. I was wearing my tweed jacket, with the elbow patches. This morning I had purchased a pipe, which now stuck out of my breast pocket. I was a writer.

"Hello Paul," he said. He had taken to calling me by my first name since I had won an "Andy" for my commercial on Prigg's sandwich bags.

It's funny. I could tell that Halliwell was talking to me. (I could see his lips move and everything.) It's just that after a few years in the ad business, your mind tends to take on the characteristics of a T.V. screen. It was automatically tuning in the sandwich bag spot. The reception, at this particular moment, was superb. I could visualize the giant sandwich bags, sitting at the centre table of a sidewalk cafe. They were drinking coffee with a housewife. The caption, one of those things that creep across the screen on election nights, read — TAKE A PRIGG TO LUNCH! All of a sudden, the horizontal hold began acting up.

"Paul! Are you O.K.?"

"Yes Sir. Just working on an idea for when we get the Waldman account."

"That's my Hemingway! Glad you could make it. First time you've been to the house, isn't it?"

I nodded and coughed. The smoke was getting thicker. There was a pungent smell in the air. The boss leaned over. It was his confidential lean.

"Bought some marijuana. Hate it. Evil stuff, but Waldman smokes it."

"Oh," I said.

"Why can't he drink booze, like the rest of us deviates?"

I gave a hearty laugh, on cue, and tried to remember what Waldman looked like. (Our only meeting had been brief and rushed.) The old screen wasn't working. All I could get was a fuzzy test pattern. I asked Halliwell where the guest of honor was.

"Somewhere, having a good time. Don't worry. We've got the little man sewed up."

The boss wasn't smiling anymore. Just for a second, all of his excess flesh melted away. There was something hard and disturbingly bright showing itself. This was a man who could wrench your hand off, or sew you up nice and tight. You'd never be able to get out.

Somebody grabbed Halliwell by the arm and, before he could introduce "our writer", swept him away. My screen flickered on. I was trapped between two pieces of bread. The boss was stuffing me into a Prigg's sandwich bag. He sewed up the end. I was trying my damnedest to switch channels, when someone tapped me on the shoulder.

It was Benton from the records department. Only all of a sudden, he had a beard. I was willing to ignore him, but he was determined to offer me some grass.

"No thanks. I don't smoke." I said.

He looked at my pipe and smirked, "Come on. It won't turn your face green."

The girl beside him tittered. Now, I liked Benton — most of the time. This, unfortunately, wasn't most of the time. So, I took a last look at that lopsided expression and ripped off the left half of his "moustache." The girl stopped tittering. "Roll it and smoke it," I said, leaving before he could tear the patches off my jacket.

I was rapidly developing a migraine headache. The screen was on again. This time a swollen cartoon head was going "thunka . . . thunka . . . thunka." I was attempting to slow down the rhythm when I felt something around the sensitive region, which my mother delicately referred to as "the place slightly below the waist and slightly above the gutter."

I turned around and noticed that the "something" was a woman. She wore a long, white, dress — with a matching smile. She had blonde hair that was just long enough to frame her face. It made you notice her extremely blue eyes. The lady was alright, if you liked flawless beauty.

"Excuse me!" she said. Her voice matched the face.

I was just thinking how much fun it would be to accept her invitation. Then I remembered that the last time anybody touched me like that, I was getting measured for a suit.

I didn't have to check. She had taken my wallet. It was times like these that I realized why I stuck to advertising. I liked money and money liked me. It was a good arrangement and I didn't like anybody screwing up the relationship. The blonde was trying to get lost, but I caught up with her.

"Be a nice lady and give me back my wallet."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"Please don't ruin this magic evening by lying to me."

"Not so loud. People will hear."

She pulled me into a nearby bathroom and shut the door. I waited while she got my wallet out of her purse. I grabbed it and pressed the button on my watch.

"I'd like to stick around, but it's time for all good little boys to be in bed."

She grabbed me and gave me the kind of kiss that you see in old movies, when kisses really counted. My mental T.V. set blew a tube.

Before I knew it she was babbling something about needing my help and picking my pocket on purpose and how she knew I was a man to be trusted. It didn't make any sense, until I saw the man slumped over in the bathtub.

"He was getting grabby, so I hit him with a towel rack. He could have killed me!" she said.

"Why is it that I feel sorry for the man in the bathtub!"

"Is he dead?" she asked.

I looked him over. He was alright, just knocked out and slung over the bathtub. I told her all he would end up with was a large bump on the head. She seemed relieved. I looked for his wallet, but she got it out of her purse.

"You don't miss a trick," I said.

"I'm a working girl. This is my money for Mexico."

"Couldn't you take out a bank loan?"

"I have to earn my money. It's important for me to get away from someone . . . He honestly did try to rape me — sort of."

"What's his name?"

She looked at the wallet and said, "Les Waldman."

"Jesus," I said, turning pale.

"What's wrong?" she asked. (She could see I was pale.)

I couldn't answer her. I was thinking about getting caught in the bathroom with an angry Les Waldman. This made me think about losing my job. My T.V. screen was back in order. Men were taking away my car and stereo. Then, the landlady was throwing me out the window of my penthouse apartment. I was in a basement suite when the screen started to fade. I was all wrapped up in bandages, trying to start my novel again. It was hard to use the typewriter.

"I deserve it all for chasing after you," I mumbled.

"It's not my fault that you keep your wallet in a side pocket."

"It's not funny. This is awful. I could lose my job. That's a V.I.P. in the bathtub!"

"Very Important Pervert."

She could see I wasn't laughing so she threw her arms around me. She told me that I had a kind face and that she was sorry, but she saw what I did to the man with the beard — Benton — and she figured I must be alright. She also reminded me that I said that Waldman wasn't dead.

She confused me.

"You're some kind of magician, or something," I remarked.

"It's not magic. You just hate this as much as I do."

"This?"

"All the tee shirt sellers and men with false beards."

"Oh, that this."

"We have some self-respect left. I'm leaving here soon, before it's all gone."

She gave me one of those old movie kisses and any respect I had, for myself and the sanctity of bathrooms, flew out the window. I don't remember much, except that Waldman began to wake up and she hit him with the towel rack again. (She didn't really hurt him. We just wanted privacy.) While it wasn't exactly wedded bliss, at least it was bliss.

My T.V. came on. I could see sunny Mexico as clear as a bell. Both of us were searching for self-respect on the beach, while I rubbed suntan lotion on her back. SO THIS IS LOVE? flashed across the screen.

"Let's go to Mexico, together," I said.

"Forever?"

"At least until next Thursday."

"Please don't joke. Let's go now, before it's too late."

"What's your hurry? I have to get vacation time from my job."

"Now," she said. I think she was crying.

I was just about to ask her what the matter was, when Halliwell walked in. He didn't see anything embarrassing. But it was only natural for him to ask one question. What was I doing in the bathroom with his wife?

We explained it away somehow. Waldman was too groggy to remember much. We said that I was just on my way to get help. Halliwell laughed and said that we should get moving so that he could go to the bathroom. Mrs. Halliwell looked like Mrs. Halliwell — now. I moved her off into a corner sitting room.

"You could have told," I said.,

"No I couldn't."

She kissed me on the forehead and asked what time it was.

"Half past one."

"You better get going. Tomorrow's a working day."

We talked about nothing for a while. I said I would phone her, but she didn't want that. I was halfway home before I noticed that my watch was gone. I felt for my wallet. It was in my side pocket, but I don't remember putting it there.

The World-maker

I

At first there were only shadows
asymmetrical
arms
outspread
like wings across the ground
not crushing
a petal
every thin space
among the blades of grass
full of the liquid
dark
shadows of them

Then something entered their dark holes
arrowed
among
the molecules
parted their spongy
atoms
easily

The shadows rose on their feather-weight wings
and slipped sleek as snakes
into a crevice of air:
slitted
pocket
of air

This will be Light
God said
and the shadows
snaked off under rocks
and logs:
to this very day
they conspire there
still.

II

God was not satisfied
with the shapes of the mountains
too angular, he said
too much shadow
what I want is light

so he rubbed two trees
together
and started a fire
the spark ignited
and a whole world burned

the rocks were molten
when the flame had died
and the smoke had sailed
over the seven seas.
He said fine, fine

now see what we have here
a blob of melted metal
and no shape at all that
a wiseman could lay a name to
let's see what we can do
with this mess

and he clapped the mounds
of stone between his two flat
palms and kneaded and smoothed
and touched up a jag here
and poked in a niche there

Voila, said God, *perfection!*

(However,
they have been
slowly falling down
ever since.
Last summer in our town
fifty-two people died
and one dog.)

Lois Gubbe

To Bump Or Not To Bump?

By DICK BALE

Do you bump? Jive? How about the hustle? or maybe you flip, flop, fly, rock, roll, dive or crash? Or do you just loll casually on the edge of the dance floor toying with your drink, like I used to do, wondering whether or not to make the move?

For about a year or so, I used to pass my evenings in the several discos around town. Discothequing can be a fascinating but frustrating pastime. You need a quick brain, a sharp wit and a keen sense of timing. Some hunt in pairs, but I myself was a loner.

The rules of the game can take some time to pick up. My first mistake was wearing jeans. I was politely refused entrance to several respectable establishments before being welcomed with open arms into a basement that I can only describe as a cross between a troglodyte's cave and the inside of an oven set at broil. Wishing neither to make any world-shattering anthropological discoveries nor to have an evenly browned exterior, I promptly departed.

The style of entrance into the discotheque is an art which may take several weeks to perfect. Do you stride in confidently, grab the nearest girl and take to the dance floor riding the crest of a self-generated wave of success? Or do you sidle in, emanating cool, and check things out? The former is more effective but takes more guts than I used to possess. The latter was really too obvious for me. Everyone is on the make but nobody will admit to it.

My particularly highly sophisticated style was to precipitate myself into the discotheque by falling gracefully down the stairs or tripping elegantly on an upturned corner of the carpet, thus distinguishing myself instantly as a power to be reckoned with in the machismo stakes. I would then retire to the darkest corner and proceed to be intimidated by everything going on around me.

The question of standards was one which bothered me a great deal and one which brought about the great turning point in my discothequing career. When you see a girl at a table who looks like she is just itching to jerk her body in absurd spasms to a deafening repetitive rhythm that the Chinese must have been using for centuries to induce loquaciousness in their torturees, do you decline to make the effort to invite her to dance for the paltry reason that she is somehow reminiscent of all the grotesque nannies and nurses and policewomen that you have ever had the extreme misfortune to run into in the passage of time? On only one fatal occasion did I condescend to commit such a crime against dignity, and on that occasion I received a brutal slap in the face in the form of a refusal.

That jolt brought me to my senses. The naive optimist of former times behind me forever, I had now become a cynical hustler. Not giving a damn, I would rush in where angels, or at least naive optimists, would fear to tread, snatching rare beauties from beneath the very noses of my competitors. In the infrequent event of a failure, I would sneer mockingly in the face of the prim refuser, retiring to my drink which I gulped stylishly, and my cigarette which I dragged on manfully. Every night I returned home with a different young thing in tow, and my collection of trophies, in the form of some piece of underwear or other, grew in such quantity that I thought of

opening a corner store and living the relaxed life of the petit bourgeois for the remainder of my life.

But one night, after experiencing a strange feeling of deja vu with the object of my desires, who was languishing in my arms at the time, I was suddenly struck by the fact that I had exhausted the possibilities of the situation. I no longer found the ritual stimulating; enervating would have been a more appropriate word. But I am not an early quitter so I resolved to try a little experiment in order to ascertain whether my appraisal of the art of discothequing was a reasonable one or not.

I placed a miniature tape recorder in my jacket pocket with a series of standard questions recorded thereon. The result was a little bulky in appearance but not so much that anyone would notice in a room full of smoke, flashing lights and sweaty bodies concerned only with "moving with the music".

On entering the discotheque I approached a tightly-clad blob of colour. I craftily switched on the tape recorder and a voice crackled, "Ya wanna dance?" The girl got up and followed me to the crowded dance floor. Periodically I would lean over to her and the voice would crackle out from the region of my left nipple. Expressing no surprise at the location of my voice-box, she replied mechanically to each question. Applying my strictest scientific principles, however, I concluded that this may well have been an untypical result.

I asked another girl, but the same occurred. And so I asked another, and another, and another, all with exactly the same results. After an hour or two, I was mouthing the sounds perfectly. I even went through the whole set of questions with one girl while standing right up by her at the bar, looking her straight in the eye.

Finally, in desperation, I asked the first girl to dance again. Surely she would notice something unusual. To my horror, she returned the same mechanical responses as before. Convinced now that she too must have a tape recorder concealed about her person, I started a thorough frisking. "Not now!" hissed a voice in my ear. Suddenly realizing that I had violated rule five, section B(2), governing the rate at which one can progress in the field of physical intimacy, I grew uncontrollably violent. I pushed her into a dark recess and with one hand ripped up her dress and with the other I tore off her panties, my final trophy. All the time the tape recorder was bleating out its familiar enquiries and comments, but I must admit I am unsure whether the girl was still answering them or not.

When I cast a backward glance as I left the discotheque for the last time, all I could see was the scrum of mannequins convulsing like epileptics. Presumably none had noticed my act of dissension, or maybe they had just assumed I was from out of town and was unfamiliar with the rules of the game.

Whatever happened to the girl I do not know, but I still have her panties. Disillusioned forever with the moribund world of the discotheque, I am now involved in a far more lively art, where at least the reactions are spirited. I breathe heavily down telephones to housewives picked at random.

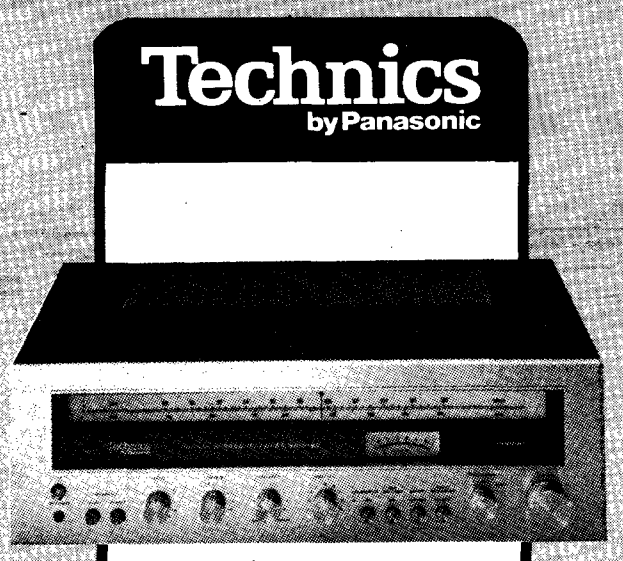
Hamsin

The heat settles
like dust in a canyon. The beast
moves up the dangling
path, away from that bleached
hillside and the sky sutured
with horsehair. Beneath
the feet of the beast the ground
breaks like a willow, in the valley a machine gun
discharges: cold stones
in the fire.

Barbara Curry

Introducing
THE MUSIC SYSTEM

Technics by Panasonic



SA-5160

FM/AM/FM
Stereo Receiver

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Technics by Panasonic

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Frequency Generator
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- Electronic speed switching
- An integral base with simulated metal finish plus a hinged detachable dust cover

COMPLETE WITH CARTRIDGE

dynaco

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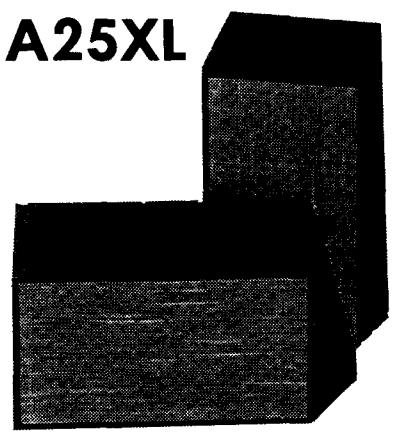

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Stanford Sound

He likes to watch

he likes to watch the morning sun
trickle under the door
like a clear anisette
breaking into perfect ripples
at her bare, hesitant ankles

it reminds him of all the words
he never thought to say
he reaches for the correct adjective
— and smothers it
in the narrow void
of his lips

his eyes swallow
this distilled silence
like warm liqueur,
in small and careful
sips

Diana Schutz

Oblique 6

you continue as if nothing has happened
smiling with that knife in your hand
I'm struck odd
you know what's sure to happen
besides the questions
I have trouble at home
and here you are
blood-stained
all your options gone
this won't help at all

Mark Forrest

Page Friday would like to thank the many people who contributed to the Creative Arts issue. Unfortunately due to lack of space we were not able to print all of the material we received.

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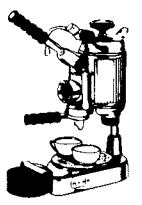

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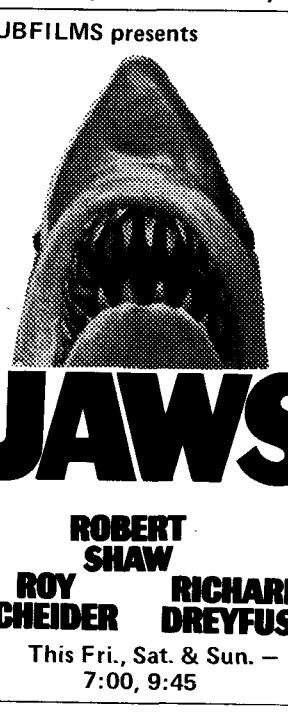

JAWS

ROBERT SHAW
ROY SCHEIDER **RICHARD DREYFUSS**

This Fri., Sat. & Sun. —
7:00, 9:45

ONE OF THE BEST FILMS TO COME OUT OF BRITAIN FOR SEVERAL YEARS
"ACES HIGH"
Malcum McDowell Simon Ward
Shows at: 12:20, 2:25, 4:45, 7:05, 9:25
MATURE

VOGUE
918 GRANVILLE
685-5434

FUN WITH DICK AND JANE

Show at 12.25, 2.15, 4.10, 6.05, 8.05, 10.00.

odeon
881 GRANVILLE
682-7468
MATURE

A SPACE SEXPLORATION
"THE GIRL FROM THE STARSHIP VENUS"
RESTRICTED — Frequent Nudity and Sex. —B.C. Dir.

Woody Allen
"TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN"
Venus—12, 2:50, 5:45, 8:50
Take—1:20, 4:15, 7:15, 10:15

CORONET 1
851 GRANVILLE
685-6828

Show at 12.20, 2.15, 4.10, 6.05, 8.10

"TARZOON, SHAME OF THE JUNGLE"
Crude and Suggestive Scenes, B.C. Dir.

CORONET 2
851 GRANVILLE
685-6828

ALAN ARKIN as Signund Freud · VANESSA REDGRAVE as Lola Devereaux · and NICOL WILLIAMSON as Sherlock Holmes

THE SEVEN-PER-CENT SOLUTION
MATURE—Shows at 7:30, 9:40

park
CAMBIE at 18th
876-2747

FELLINI'S
CASANOVA
Donald Sutherland
Evenings—8 p.m.
Mat. Sat. 2 — Sun. 5
RESTRICTED — A Classical Sex Story —B.C. Director

SHAKESPEARE MATINEE SUNDAY 2
MACBETH

VARSITY
224-3730
4375 W. 10th

A DELIGHTFUL CLASSY AND UNBELIEVABLY HONEST PIECE OF FUN
"COUSIN, COUSINE"
MATURE — English Sub-Titles
SHOWS AT: 7:30, 9:30

dunbar
DUNBAR at 30th
224-7252

GENE WILDER JILL CLAYBURGH RICHARD PRYOR
SILVER STREAK
Shows at 12:40, 2:45, 5:05, 7:20, 9:40
MATURE—Occasion coarse language. — R. W. McDonald

broadway 1
707 W. BROADWAY
874-1927

Jack Nicholson in
"ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST"
Show at 7.15, 9.35
RESTRICTED — Violence and course language Could be frightening to children

broadway 2
707 W. BROADWAY
874-1927

An epic fantasy of peace and magic.

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A RALPH BAKSHI FILM
WIZARDS
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Music Composed and Conducted by ANDREW BELLING

MATURE — Warning: some violent scenes
—R. W. McDonald, B.C. Director

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7:20, 9:05 — Matinee Sat. & Sun. 2:20

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Nursing Week Rep

Nominations open next week for March 14/77 elections of:

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Secretary
Social Coordinator
Sports
EUS Rep
HSCC Rep

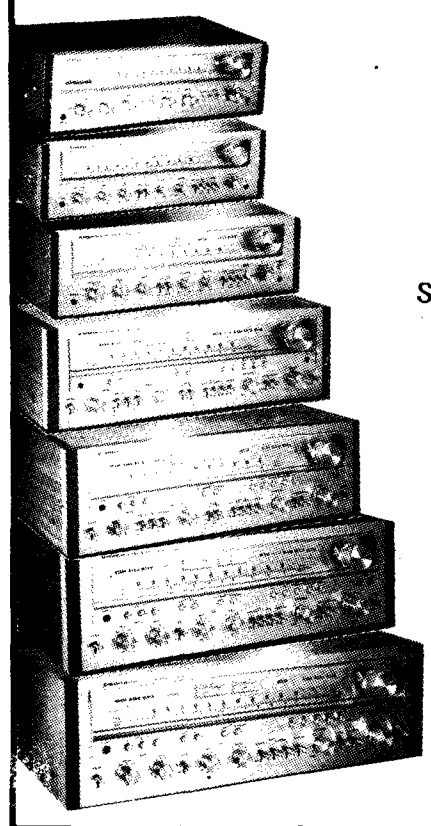
HILLEL HOUSE presents

ISRAEL WEEK AT UBC
March 7—March 10th, 1977

MONDAY 7 MARCH —
Beit Cafe — eggplant salad, humus — great food, small charge
TUESDAY 8 MARCH —
Guest Lecture — Zvi Levanon on Israel
WEDNESDAY 9 MARCH —
Israel dancing, food—felafel
THURSDAY 10 MARCH —
Movie. "Casablanca" — A Love Story

All programmes start at 12:30 p.m. and will be held in Room 207/209 in the SUB.

N.B. Because of Israel week, the B'nai B'rith Free Lunch will be held on Wednesday 16th March at Hillel House.



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PIONEER

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THE FINEST FOR LESS

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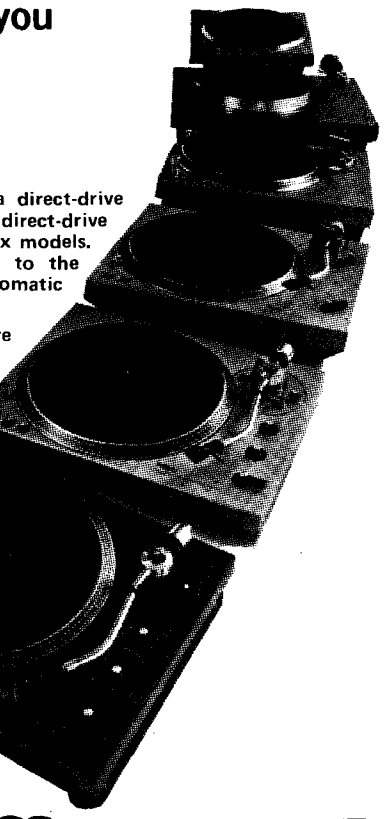

Now you can add the outstanding performance of a direct-drive turntable to your system. Because Technics makes direct-drive turntables to fit just about any system. Choose from six models. Starting with the latest introduction, SL-1500. Up to the professional model, SP-10 MK II. There's a fully automatic single play turntable. Model SL-1350.

But regardless of price or model, all these turntables share the Technics direct-drive system. The same system that a number of FM radio stations now use. Broadcast engineers prefer them for the same reasons you will. In the direct-drive system, the turntable shaft is an extension of the motor shaft. Motor speed is, therefore, identical to turntable speed. No belts or idlers to produce variations in speed. That's why all of these direct-drive turntables have less than 0.03% wow and flutter (WRMS) and 0.04% for the direct-drive changer.

If you want even more information about our direct-drive turntables, we hope you'll drop in to our showroom for a demonstration.

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Technics by Panasonic

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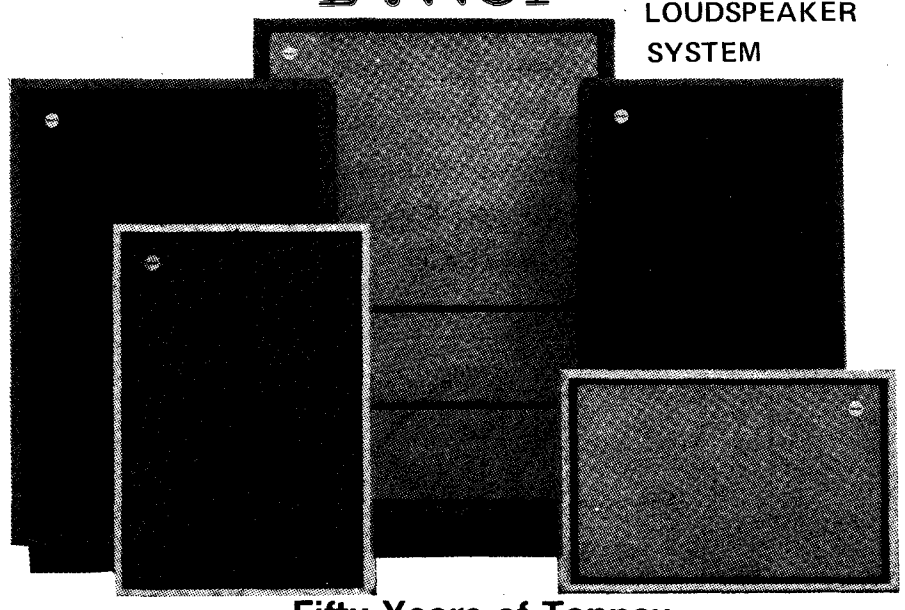
THE FINEST FOR LESS

TANNOY INTEGRATED LOUDSPEAKER SYSTEM



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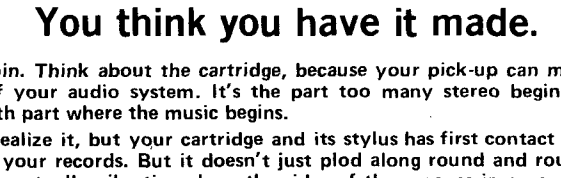

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Dzus will play in hockey finals

By ROB LITTLE

UBC utility man John Dzus will make the trip to the Canada West hockey finals this weekend despite missing the last two games of the season because of a letter written by Calgary coach George Kingston to hockey league president Robert Osborne, a UBC physical education professor.

In that letter Kingston accused Dzus of using "cheap-shot tactics" and the UBC team of "head hunting."

UBC coach Bert Halliwell's decision to leave Dzus at home was meant to avoid any further action which could have caused the team harm. Halliwell considered Dzus to be "too valuable to lose" since he felt Calgary may have "tried to take advantage of the situation."

The timing of the letter and the direction it took are both suspect. The letter arrived prior to the last weekend of the season in which UBC travelled to Calgary. Obviously it caused a great deal of concern on the UBC team. Was this the intent?

A pair of wins by Calgary would have made the Dinos eligible for a wild card berth in the national finals.

League president Professor R. F. Osborne earlier issued a letter in which he expressed concern about the quality of league play.

Quality is basically a factor of the players and the officials. Since most teams are endowed with good talent, officiating must be of an acceptable standard.

Quality hockey players will play quality hockey if supervised by quality officiating. A hockey player can only get away with those things a referee does not see or chooses to ignore.

Kingston elected to take a cheap shot at Dzus instead of the source of the problem, the referees.

From his vantage point Osborne would say only that Kingston's letter was not normal procedure. He will take steps at future league meetings to remedy the officiating situation.

The best of three series will be held Friday, Saturday and, if necessary Sunday, between UBC and the Golden Bears. Games times are 7 p.m. Friday and Saturday and 1:30 p.m. Sunday.

The games can be heard on CITR radio (650 AM).

SPORTS

'Bird skiers third

The UBC men's ski team placed third in the team results at the Northern Collegiate Ski Conference Championships held last weekend at Showdown, Montana.

Mt. Hood community college won the event and Central Oregon community college placed second in the eight-team meet.

Randy Davis led the men's team with a third in the slalom and fourth in the giant slalom. Stu Harrison managed tenth in the giant slalom while Fred Cook came eighth in the cross-country events.

Kathy O'Sullivan led the women's team with a second in the slalom. O'Sullivan's performance was UBC's best of the meet.

Anne Webster came in tenth in the giant slalom.

Other team members at Showdown were Dianne Koch, Deb Attenborough, Don Andrews, Bruce Harland and team coach Ron Ozanne.

The final marked the end of the UBC ski season. Although they only entered two meets this year, compared to four last year, they considerably improved over last year's performances.

Thunderbird rugby team wins third straight conference victory

By TOM BARNES

The Thunderbird rugby team strengthened their hold on first place in the Northwest Intercollegiate League Saturday with their third straight conference victory, 31-6 over the University of Washington Huskies.

UBC broke a slow-moving game open with four unanswered tries late in the second half.

The Huskies were a much improved team since the last time the two sides met. Two years ago the 'Birds coasted to a 113-0 win over a hapless Washington squad. The score could have been higher in that game but UBC elected not to convert any of their tries in the second half.

The 1976-77 Huskies proved to be a more disciplined opponent. They tackled well throughout the match and performed well in the rucks.

The Huskies main offensive threat was the kicking of prop Dan MacTaggert. He opened the scoring of the game with a 35-yard penalty goal at nine minutes.

UBC scrum half Preston Wiley matched MacTaggert's kick with a penalty goal of his own to put the 'Birds on the board. Rob Greig set up Rob Jenkins for the first try of the game. Fullback Graham Taylor squibbed the ball into touch then fell on it for the second try of the half at 18 minutes. The half ended with UBC nursing an 11-3 lead.

The Huskies MacTaggert opened the scoring in the second half with another penalty goal to pull the visitors to within five points.

On the next rush UBC prop Frank Carson bulled his way through most of the Washington team then fed the ball to John Oleson who scampered down the sideline for a try.

Jenkins started the UBC barrage with a fine crossfield run then set up Jim Burnham for the score. Five minutes later Taylor set up Oleson for a try and then added one himself shortly thereafter.

Bill Collins made a difficult run down the sideline and dumped the ball off to Oleson who went in for his third try of the match as the game ended.

Despite the lopsided score it is apparent the UBC attack needs improvement. Most of the tries resulted from fine individual runs rather than the culmination of a precise attack. This can be attributed to a rash of injuries since Christmas.

Second row Ro Hindson is still out with a knee problem, fly half John Billingsley is nursing a shoulder injury, and Dave Whyte suffered some ligament damage to his shoulder last week in Oregon.

The 'Birds next test is Saturday against the Fraser Valley Rugby Union Rep team. The game will be the second leg of UBC's bid to recapture the McKechnie Cup. Game time is 2:30 p.m. at Queen's Park in New Westminster.

Match box

SATURDAY

RUGBY
UBC versus Fraser Valley Reps, 2:30 p.m., Queen's Park.

FIELD HOCKEY
Skagit Valley plays UBC (varsity), 1 p.m., Trafalgar Field.

SUNDAY

SOCCER
New Westminster Blues play UBC (men's), 2 p.m., Queen's Park.

TRACK
All-comers meet hosted by the University of Washington Huskies (indoor), all day, Seattle Civic Arena.

WRESTLING
King Kong takes on Tarzan of the Apes, all day, SUB Room 241-K.

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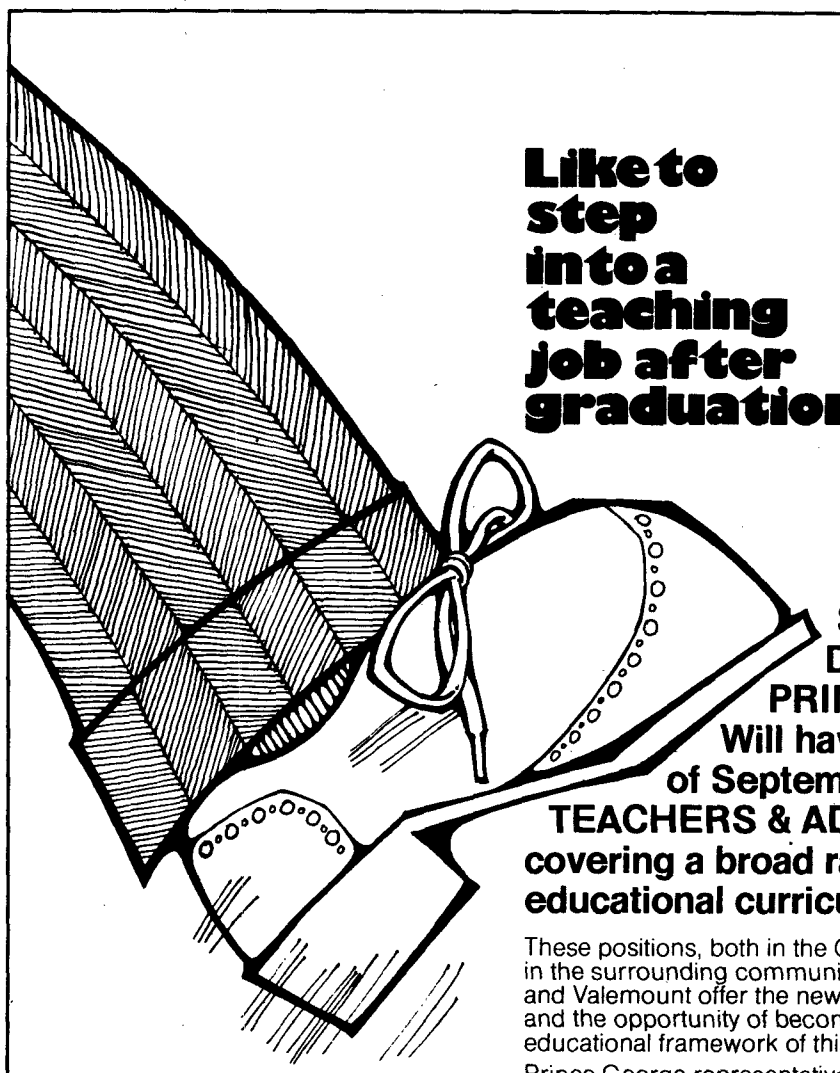

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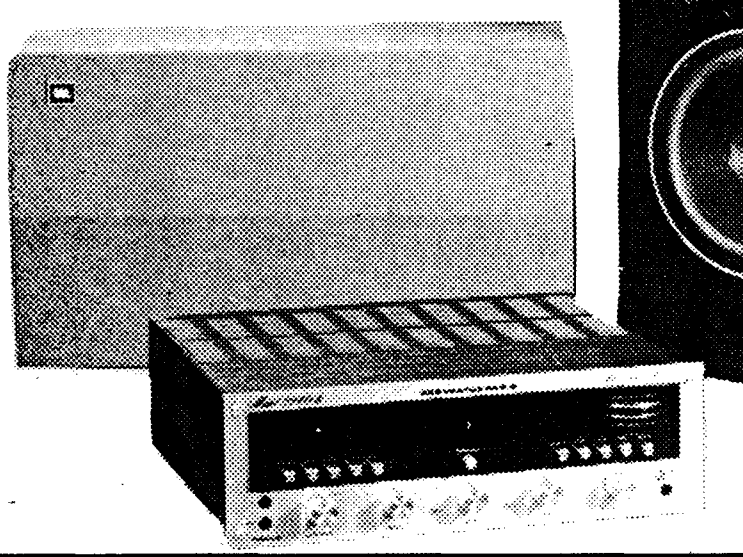

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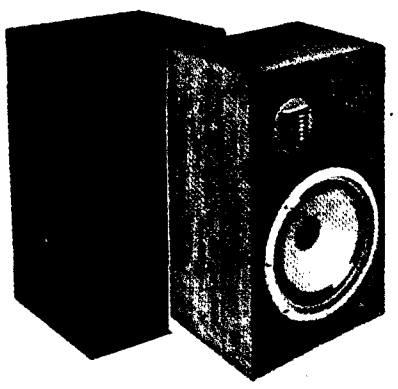

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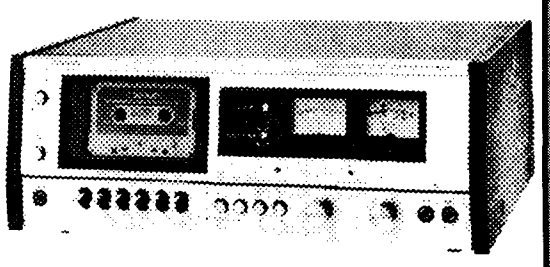

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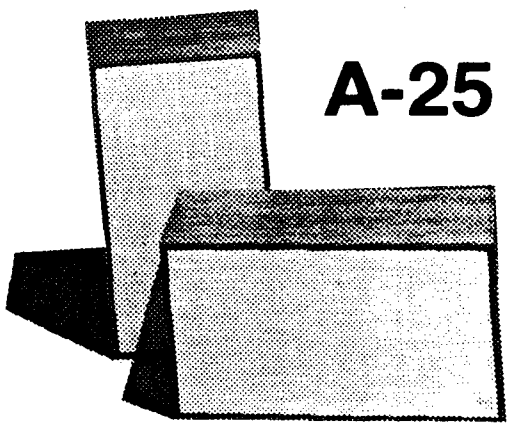

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