—arnold hedstrom photo

By ARNOLD HEDSTROM
and NANCY CAMPBELL

Normally reconsidered or tabled student council motions are not news. But two motions at Wednesday's council meeting, despite their inconclusive results, are worthy of examination because they reflect council's growing disregard of volunteer service organizations.

Both filmsoc and The Ubyssey were forced to defend their right to function as semi-autonomous service organizations. For filmsoc it was an attempt to protect their student customers from the fiscally minded council. For The Ubyssey, it was a matter of preserving their national advertising to provide a viable newspaper for students.

The filmsoc controversy is part of an ongoing problem which began in July when council approved the Alma Mater Society budget. In that budget was a 50 per cent increase in SUB film ticket prices, to $1.50 from $1.

The hike was an attempt to boost the AMS profit on SUBfilms to $9,000 . At that time filmsoc faced the options of either agreeing to the budget, or keeping ticket prices at $1 and foregoing a sizeable chunk of the profits normally used for filmsoc activities.

However, a third option is available. filmsoc can return to the $1 SUBfilm price and maintain its current $9,000 profit for club purposes if council is willing to forego the present fifty-fifty split, in favor of a 75-25 split for filmsoc.

Is the problem the ticket cost or the per cent split? Dusan Milatovic, filmsoc chair, couldn't answer that question. "Our idea is a simple one. The issue is to save students money," he said.

But to external affairs co-ordinator James Hollis, the issue is money — the AMS' money. "The issue here is precisely money," he said. "I am rather upset that y u're coming to council today to complain about a budget your society drew up."

But to others the issue is not money, or a percentage split, but rather the AMS' philosophy towards clubs providing a service with volunteer labor.

"If we had known it would have been controversial, we would have consulted the paper"

LOFTUS

"The question is, do you want the filmsoc members to work just as hard for less money, or do you want to see the AMS get $6,000 less?" asked Robert Cameron, Graduate Student Association representative.

(If, as the filmsoc petition for referendum asks, the ticket cost returned to $1 and the club's profit remained at $9,000, the AMS profit would drop to $3,000.)

Or maybe, as GSA representative John Davies suggests, the problem lies in inadequate funding of the AMS.

"The basic problem is that the $10.50 AMS fee is too low to sustain the society's activities. As a result, it takes money from many areas, some like the Pit with paid employees, but others like the voluntary labors of filmsoc," he said.

"There's a basic difference in philosophy — filmsoc believes we are providing a service to students, the AMS believes it is letting us use the SUB auditorium."

Behind the two motions affecting The Ubyssey, there is also a philosophical difference.

Council, without any warning in the agenda or consultation with The Ubyssey staff, decided to reduce the newspaper's national advertising lineage to 4,000 lines a week form the current unlimited amount and refused to sign a damage bond with their printers.

"We never thought it would be controversial," said AMS finance director Jane Loftus. "If we had known, we would have consulted the paper."

But how can the AMS know if a decision is controversial without first consulting the group concerned?

Ubyssey spokesperson Julie Wheelwright citicized Loftus: "The issue is not whether the AMS can make that decision. They can, under the present constitution. But what is at stake is the basic philosophy that decisions concerning a student group, such as The Ubyssey, are being made with no regard at all to the individuals intimately associated with their group."

The national advertising motion was reconsidered and tabled, when council members who originally voted in favour at the motion said they had been misled thinking the ad reduction was simply a housekeeping motion.

Asked arts representative Mike McKinley, "Why not get The Ubyssey staff in here to give us their side of the story?"

That is what the Ubyssey staff wanted to know. "The Ubyssey is a group of volunteers — some of us work up to 70 hours a week providing what we think is a valuable student service," said Wheelwright.

"The staff is intimately involved in the newspaper. We have a greater continuity than council, and we know what is best for the Ubyssey. To go ahead and make decisions about the paper, without consulting us about them in advance — even deceiving us about their didcussion — is wrong."

According to Wheelwright, the staff was deceived about both motions. The Ubyssey damage bond was listed in the council agenda as 'UBC performance bond,' with no supporting comments or motions.

The decision on the advertising lineage was listed as CUP Media Services Contract amendment. One staff member was told that the discussion would concern a contract amendment sought last spring when the contract was signed and approved by the advertising cooperative.

Instead, the damage bond was a request from College Printers management for the AMS to guarantee a $1,000 bond in case of damage by Ubyssey staffers.

New managers sought the bond because three years ago the staff had slightly damaged a room put aside for their use at the printers. (No comment had been made at that time.)

At first council approached the decision lightheartedly. "Will the money come out of the staff honorarium?" joked administration director Bill Maschlecko.

After The Ubyssey reporter covering the meeting told council the current management group was requesting the bond and refusal to pay might lead to termination of the Ubyssey's contract with College Printers, the council took a more belligerent attitude.

"We spend over $150,000 a year at College and they want us to pay a $1,000 bond? That's ridiculous." declared Hollis.

Said student board member Chris Niwinski: "I think it's ridiculous for council to post a bond for the actions of a few individuals."

But arts representative Peter Goddard disagreed. "It looks like the management is trying to kick The Ubyssey out and I suggest we sign the letter."

However, council defeated the motion to sign a letter of guarantee for the bond.

When the advertising contract discussion arose Loftus and AMS general manager Charles Redden addressed the issue.

"CUP Media Services doesn't state a maximum amount of ads, only a minimum," said Loftus. "With the current contract they could send us an unlimited amount of ads, at the expense of the publications manager salary."

But that is not an accurate reflection of the situation, according to The Ubyssey. "There's no question of us getting an unlimited amount of ads," said Wheelwright. "Right now we're getting about 5,000 lines, or roughly four and a half pages, of national ads a week.

"If we find that we're getting too many ads, Campus Plus adjusts the volume. Campus Plus is not some monster organization, it is owned by us and we're not going to screw ourselves.

"The national ads are not squeezing out the local ads and thus the publication manager's commission. The ads are there to help us put out papers and provide a student service."

Asked if The Ubyssey should have been informed of the issue before the council meeting, Redden replied, "You're getting your information now."

Loftus also told council members there were enough local ads to fill the paper and keep it at 37 per cent ad content. "We like the local ads because they pay more."

Don't inform in advance: "You're getting your information now"

REDDEN

Wheelwright said this was not true, without national ads the eight page Oct. 6 issue would have run below 37 per cent.

"Just because the motion was tabled doesn't mean the problem is going to go away," Wheelwright said. "Council came very close to making a decision that would have a devasting effect on the paper and its volunteers. It's something they seem to be doing a lot of lately — take filmsoc for example."

See page 2: STUDENTS

THE UBYSSEY

Vol. LXIV, No. 12 Vancouver, B.C. Friday, October 9, 1981 228-2301

Students should have more say

From page 1

Filmsoc is determined to reduce the SUBfilms price, even by refrendum. Council decided to defer the ticket price and filmsoc budget back to the budget committee review.

But the problem is not the ticket price. The problem, as several council members have suggested is whether the AMS can expect to make a profit from volunteers committed to providing a service.

The problem is whether the AMS has the right to decide the fate of volunteer service organizations with little information, too much misinformation and no consultation.

It is a problem that must be solved, before all the volunteer service organizations like filmsoc, The Ubyssey, the women's committee, Speakeasy, CITR and many others are jeopardized by similar thoughtless and inconsistent decisions.

"I seem to perceive an ethical problem on the part of council," said library representative Jean Lawrence. "The money is coming out of students' pockets.

"Students should have a right to decide where it goes." As should, perhaps, groups affected.

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FRIDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1981

A.M.S. BY-ELECTION

FOR THE POSITION OF

VICE-PRESIDENT

Candidates:

CHOW, Pat
FULKER, Chris
MENZIES, Charles

Polling Stations:

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1981 — 9:00 a.m.-3:30 p.m.

War Memorial Gym	Computer Science
Sedgewick Library	Civil-Mechanical Engineering
Angus	Law
MacMillan	Scarfe
Woodward	Grad Students Centre
Buchanan	S.U.B.

NOTE:

Poll Hours and locations are subject to the availability of poll clerks.

FOR THEATRE INFORMATION CALL 687-1515

VOGUE 918 GRANVILLE 685-5434
RESTRICTED WARNING: Some religious ridicule, suggestive scenes and violence. B.C. Director. Showtimes: 2:15, 4:00, 5:50, 7:45, 9:40
Polyester Starring DIVINE and TAB HUNTER filmed in ODORAMA

ODEON 881 GRANVILLE 682-7468
DUNBAR DUNBAR at 30th 224-7252
MATURE WARNING: Some coarse language and swearing. B.C. Director. Showtimes: Odeon 2:15, 4:50, 7:15, 9:40. Dunbar 7:30, 9:40
Marsha Mason · Kristy McNichol in NEIL SIMON'S Only When I Laugh

CORONET 851 GRANVILLE 685-6828
RESTRICTED WARNING: Frequent nudity, some suggestive scenes. B.C. Director. Showtimes: 2:00, 3:45, 5:30, 7:40, 9:40.
Malibu HOT SUMMER

CORONET 851 GRANVILLE 685-6828
MATURE WARNING: Some coarse language and swearing; occasional suggestive scenes. B.C. Director. Showtimes: 2:00, 4:10, 6:00, 8:00, 10:00
CONTINENTAL DIVIDE JOHN BELUSHI BLAIR BROWN

PARK CAMBIE at 18th 876-2747
RESTRICTED WARNING: Some violence; occasional suggestive scenes. B.C. Director. Showtimes: 7:30, 9:30
Raggedy Man SISSY SPACEK

BROADWAY 707 W. BROADWAY 874-1927
RESTRICTED WARNING: Frequent violence; some nudity and suggestive scenes. B.C. Director. Showtimes: 7:30, 9:30
HEAVY METAL

BROADWAY 707 W. BROADWAY 874-1927
RESTRICTED WARNING: Occasional suggestive scenes of perverted sex. B.C. Director. Showtimes: 7:00, 9:15
THE NIGHT PORTER DIRK BOGARDE CHARLOTTE RAMPLING

VARSITY 224-3730 4375 W. 10th
MATURE Showtimes: 7:30, 9:30 French w/Eng. Sub.
SIGNORET "I SENT A LETTER TO MY LOVE"

HAGYARD . . . a perfect Parker

Parker, a devastating wit, a caustic pen

—craig yuill photos

By EVE WIGOD

"Are you Dorothy Parker?" a woman at a party asked her.

"Yes, do you mind?" she shot back.

Some people did mind; particularly those who were victims of her caustic pen.

Dorothy Parker's wit is what charcterizes and nourishes her verses, stories and reviews. Dagger-sharp, concise, at once sad and funny, she presents human foibles in all their droll pathos. Wrote Somerset Maugham: 'Perhaps what gives her writing that peculiar tang is her gift for seeing something to laugh at in the bittersweet tragedies of the human animal."

For three generations, beginning in the early 1920's, Dorothy Parker kept her literary peers entertained by her dry, cynical approach to life. Although she was both a short-story writer and a critic, she is best known today for her light verse, a curious blend of the cynical and the sentimental.

Take, for example, this anecdote: seated at a table during a dinner-party, Maugham asked Parker to compose a poem for him. A scrap of paper was produced, and she began: 'Higgledy Piggledy, my white hem/She lays eggs for gentlemen.'

'Yes, I've always liked those lines,' Maugham said.

She quickly added: 'You cannot persuade her with gun or lariat/To come across for the proletariat.'

Then there was the time when, during a word game, Dorothy Parker was asked to form a sentence using the word 'horticulture.' Her prompt reply was: 'You can lead a horticulture, but you can't make her think.'

Judging from these examples, one might be led to believe the woman was downright jolly. The truth is, however, her wit first developed as a defensive weapon in a trying, victimized childhood. Her mother, who probably would have been the child's only source of affection, died soon after Dorothy was born. Her father, a household tyrant, remarried. His second wife proved to be the archetypal stepmother of whom classic fairy-tales are made.

When reflecting on her early years, Parker said she was 'a plain, disagreeable child with stringy hair and a yen to write poetry.' Apparently, she used her acerbic tongue both to fend off the wicked stepmother and to survive in Manhattan's Blessed Sacrament convent, a school she fervently hated.

As one of the school's less cooperative students, she was expelled from Blessed Sacrament, and enrolled in an exclusive girls' school, where she received a thorough education, and, for the first time in her life, much individual attention.

A year after she graduated, Dorothy took a job with Vogue magazine, at $10 a week. She wrote captions for photographs, and seized the opportunity to exercise her wry humour. Her first caption, under a set of photos displaying underwear, read 'Brevity is the soul of Lingerie, as the Petticoat said to the Chemise.'

Needless to say, Dorothy's sacrilegious attitude toward fashion did much to curtail her job at Vogue. She was transferred to a stylish, satirical literary magazine called Vanity Fair, where she replaced P. G. Wodehouse as drama reviewer.

Among her well-remembered lines as drama critic are: 'She (Katharine Hepburn) ran the emotional gamut from A to B'; and, in a one-line dismissal of a play called The House Beautiful: 'The House Beautiful is the play lousy.'

Dorothy Parker's reputation for light verse is based on four books of poetry: 'Enough Rope' (1926), 'Sunset Gun' (1928), 'Death and Taxes' (1931), and 'Not so Deep as a Well' (1936). As the titles suggest, Parker's sense of humour often leans toward the morbid. She wrote her way through two marriages and a whole string of unsuccessful love affairs. A perfectionist, she was perpetually dissatisfied with her work, and no less disappointed in her personal life.

Unable to give the love she never received while growing up, she became depressed and bitter, turning to alcoholism and heavy smoking. On at least three separate occasions, she attempted suicide. The following poem, entitled 'Coda', is taken from 'Sunset Gun':

Razors pain you;
Rivers are damp;
Acids stain you;
And drugs cause cramp.
Guns aren't lawful;
Nooses give;
Gas smells awful;
You might as well live.

It is no wonder her friend George Oppenheimer called her "a masochist whose passion for unhappiness knew no bounds." Inevitably, her trenchant style found its way into poems about disappointments in love. Hence this brief 'Comment' from 'Enough Rope': 'Oh, life is a glorious cycle of song,/medley of extemporanea;/and love is a thing that can never go wrong;/and I am Marie of Roumania.'

RAZORS . . . give you pain

BITTERNESS . . . her own betrayal

Of Dorothy Parker's short stories, Big Blonde, Soldiers of the Republic and Arrangement in Black and White are among the most well-known. In Big Blonde, the story of Hazel Morse, Parker tells of her own alcoholic depression, ill-fated loves, and attempted suicides.

Soldiers of the Republic, which describes an encounter with six weary soldiers on their way back to war, is Dorothy Parker at her most serious and compassionate. Arrangement in Black and White lashes out at the hypocrisy of professedly open-minded whites in their attitudes toward black people. Many of her stories deal with the middle and upper class pretensions. They are critical, true-to-life portrayals of human weakness.

Although her works continue to be read with enthusiasm, Parker was never able to see them in a favourable light. She was constantly comparing her writing with that of Edna St. Vincent Millay and Hemingway. In the words of Arthur Kinney, one of her biographers, 'her bitterness was over her own self-betrayal.'

In 1967, Dorothy Parker died at the age of 73. Her body was found in a Manhattan hotel room amidst empty bottles and cigarette butts. The years before her death were lonely and unproductive. At heart a profoundly sad woman, she had tried to live off wit alone. And yet the spirit which sustained her, as it appears in her writing, is deeply admired. At her funeral, Lillian Hellman told the mourning crowd: 'She was part of nothing and nobody except herself . . . it was this independence of mind and spirit that was her true distinction.'

Hagyard sets dreary day on fire

By EVE WIGOD

The set: A dreary afternoon in the penthouse of the Buchanan building. Outside, it rains inexorably. Some people wait in anticipation. Others draw up blueprints for arks.

Enter, a fiery comic performer, with an aura of red, curly hair, an abundance of make-up, long eyelashes and spike heels. Witness some forty people awake from their soporific state.

She starts right in with her show. From the moment of her entrance, she is not Abby Hagyard, simply an actress, but the bitter, hilarious, irresistable Dorothy Parker — the Dorothy Parker whom she will portray next week at the Waterfront Theatre, in a one-woman show — Praising with Faint Damns.

The show, written and acted by Hagyard, consists of a lively monologue, in which she quotes from Parker's poetry, paraphrases several of her short stories, and quips to invisible antagonists.

As if reflecting dolefully on her past, Hagyard-turned-Parker muses: 'I always fell in love with the same man . . . Fortunately, his name changed to make things interesting.' At another point, she exclaims indignantly: 'I'll have you know that I'm the toast of two continents: Greenland and Australia."

In this very brief sampler of her forthcoming production, Hagyard showed the UBC audience that she is able to capture both the humour and tragedy which was Dorothy Parker's life. For, as Hagyard later explained in an interview, Parker saw these aspects as inextricably linked.

Although little is known about the 'real' Dorothy Parker — that is, the woman without her mask of wit and sarcasm — Hagyard zeros in on several facets of her personality as the world knew them. Her nastiness, for instance: 'To me, Edith looks like something that would eat her young.' Or her promiscuity: 'Gentlemen, we better order some more food. One more drink and I'll be under the host.'

The audience, having shed every trace of its rainy-Vancouver malaise, was galvanized into a round of questions after Hagyard's performance. Someone asked what sparked her interest in Dorothy Parker. Hagyard said a friend had sent her one of Parker's poems, 'One Perfect Rose.' Effortlessly slipping into her Parker personage, she quoted: 'Why is it no one ever sent me yet/One perfect limousine, do you suppose?/Ah no, it's always just my luck to get/One perfect rose.'

Hagyard says she can relate to these sentiments: "When I got that poem I said 'Oh, hello, and who are you?' " When asked how hard it was to assume Parker's role, she said simply, "Real easy."

She says that actors often choose parts which coincide with their own characteristics: "You draw heavily on those aspects of your personality and sublimate the others." Describing the felicitous similarity between her personality and Parker's "I'm a comedic performer . . . I write . . . (laughing) I have absolutely no luck with men either."

When someone asked the thought-provoking question 'what Dorothy Parker would be like if she were alive today,' Hagyard, in true Parkeresque style, shot back 'She'd be five-foot seven with red hair, false eyelashes . . . direct, enthusiastic, articulate.'

But her real opinion was that there simply would not be a Dorothy Parker today. In a society where the conversational output is 'Wow . . .' and 'What's your sign?', a wit of Parker's calibre would probably not thrive: "Probably she would be working for New York Tel."

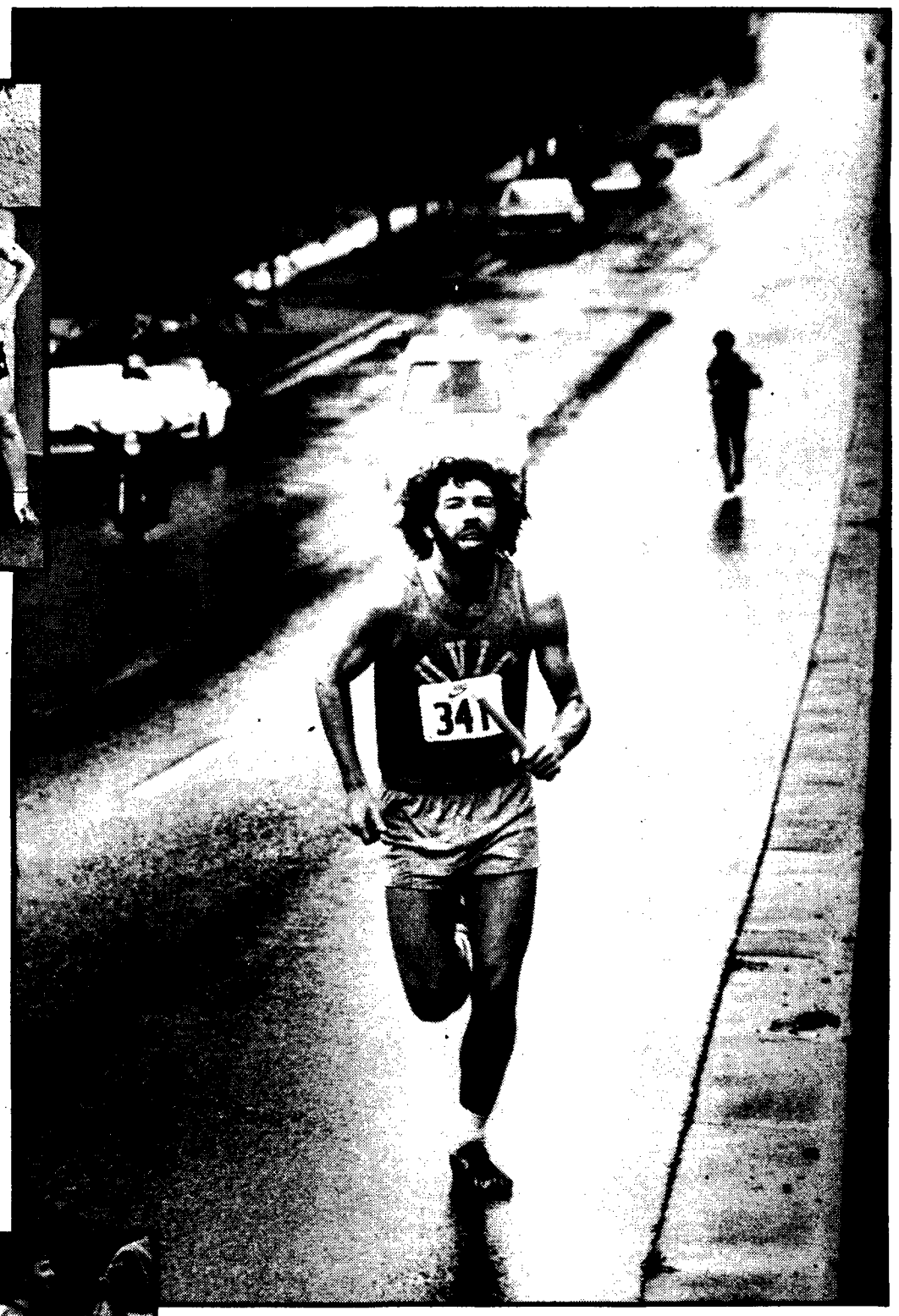
Hagyard says is Fran Leibowitz (author of a clever, successful book called 'Metropolitan Life') is the closest to Dorothy Parker today, but there is a 'studiedness' in her work which is not evident in Parker's — despite the fact that Parker said writing was 'like pulling teeth.'

Someone asked why Parker never attempted a novel: "I don't think she had the stick-to-itiveness," Hagyard said.

Was Dorothy Parker popular? Did she go to many parties? Did people enjoy her company? There is, Hagyard said a popular, mistaken belief that Parker was a sullen recluse; in fact, one of her contemporaries remarked she was "about as much fun at a party as a single ice skate." Not true, insisted Hagyard. Nobody liked leaving a room she was in.

Parker definitely stood out in a crowd, in more ways than one: 'She lived in a rooming house, had a job, smoked cigarettes . . . drank a great deal, caroused a great deal . . .' These were activities simply not engaged in by the women of her day. 'Young ladies,' said Hagyard, mostly sat around the house and 'waited for Mr. Right.'

Was Dorothy Parker a feminist, then? 'She was a career woman who maintained her femininity,' remarked Hagyard. 'I like to think of her not as a feminist, but as an equalist.'



Despite bitter Thursday rain, more than 850 students ran in the annual Arts '20 relay, Canada's largest single intramural event.

A record 108 teams crossed the finish line. It is the first time more than 100 teams have entered the 62-year-old race, which is run from Vancouver General Hospital to the Great Trek cairn on Main Mall.

Medicine II-d barely came out on top, defeating second place Phi Delta Theta in a split second finish. Their times were 31:15.1 and 31:16.9. The engineers took third with 32:44.3.

"I think it's the best run we've ever had. It was the most efficiently run, with the largest number of people and the least number of problems," said intramurals director Nestor Korchinsky.

Last year's race was marred by the kidnapping of a member of the medicine team, which was in first place at the time.

"It was good to see medicine come back after last year's kidnapping," said intramural referee director Larry Woods. He added, "The top few teams are perennial favorites."

He called the race a success. "And the rain didn't dampen spirits at all."

Forestry 1 was the first women's team to cross the line, clocking 35:16.2. Altogether there were 14 divisions.

Korchinsky thanked the Alma Mater Society for donating $1,000 to the run. He also thanked the alumni association, the Nike sports equipment company, the ham radio society, the dozen police escorts and physical plant.

"There are more people this year because taking part in this event is like taking part in history. After all, it's 62 years old," Korchinsky said. "I hope next year more people use the challenge board to get even more people involved. Everyone who participates wins in some way."

story by
muriel draaisma

photos by
eric eggertson
ian timberlake
craig yuill

ARTS '20 RULES, OK!

HOUSTON . . . no cowboy boots with tutus

Houston Ballet dazzles with old and new

By LAWRENCE PANYCH

Last February when the Houston Ballet was scheduled to perform in Vancouver for the first time and present the classical work, Giselle, there were many who found it difficult to supress the mental image of long-legged ballerinas flapping about in tutus, stetsons and cowboy boots.

A few seasons of the TV serial Dallas was enough to color the image of anything from Texas, even ballet.

But when the company arrived here it was a different story. Audiences saw one of America's top ranked ballet companies, complete with orchestra, presenting an impressive interpretation of the famous Giselle. The dancers' skill and the company's high artistic quality was evident from the first night. The Houston Ballet blends careful British training with the vitality of American dance.

Next week, following on the success of their first visit here, the Houston Ballet returns to Vancouver. It will be bringing Peer Gynt, a ballet recently added to the repertory. The ballet is based on the Ibsen play by the same name and is set to the music of Grieg.

Ibsen's Peer Gynt is a reckless young man whose cruelty to others leads him from tragedy to tragedy until he finds the woman he deserted in his youth. The ballet's attempt to deal with the popular theme of the search for identity gives it a dramatic appeal which is especially timely in the '80s.

Even though the Houston Ballet can trace its roots back some 26 years it is primarily its meteoric rise in the past few years which has brought it to prominence. The undisputed factor in this rise is the company's artistic director, Ben Stevenson.

Stevenson sees himself as a teacher. Certainly his stamp on the company was evident in the Giselle presented here last year.

Stevenson's role as teacher has taken him to many different companies in the West. Indeed he was the first American dancer-teacher-choreographer invited to the People's Republic of China to teach at the Peking and Shanghai dance academies.

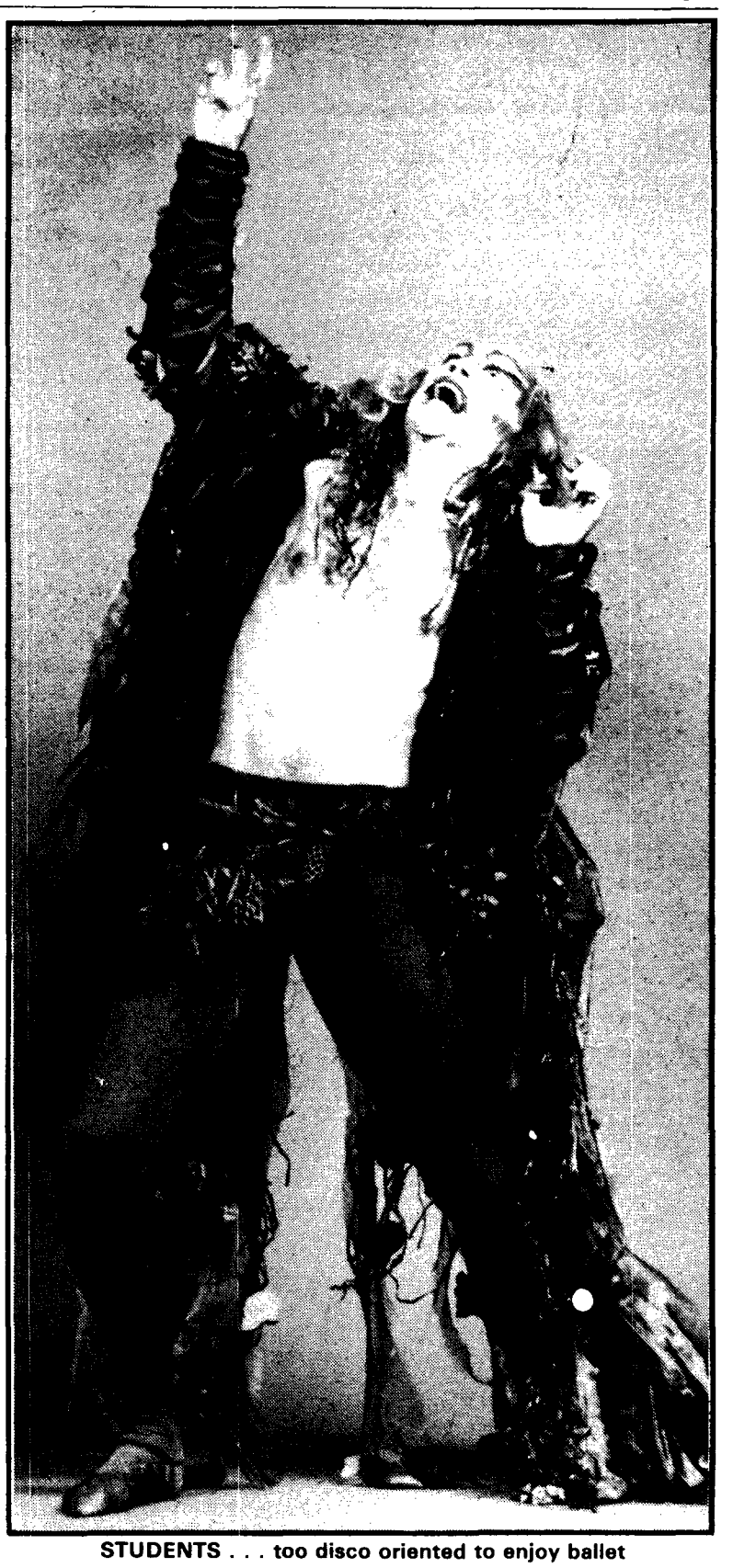
Stevenson has been interested in China for several years. He will be taking the Houston Ballet there in 1982.

"I found the atmosphere for teaching very different from England or here," he said in a recent interview. "The students don't have cars. They don't go to discos, they don't sit in front of color TV or smoke pot. There's a certain innocence. The students are exceedingly disciplined and very giving. They take dance seriously."

Stevenson has given two of his own ballets to the students at the Peking academy. He has also raised money for scholarships to send Chinese dance students to the U.S. to study.

In order to survive, the Houston Ballet cannot simply sit at home as a New York company might be able to. They have a very rigorous touring schedule which takes them all over the U.S. and into Canada.

They are touring in Washington state and will stay briefly in Seattle before their Oct. 15-17 visit at the Queen Elizabeth Theatre.



STUDENTS . . . too disco oriented to enjoy ballet

Ex-Stones fans wet, unforgiving

By ERICA LEIREN

"Rumour is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures
And of so easy and so plain a stop
That the blunt-monster with uncounted heads,
The still-discordant wavering multitude
Can play upon it."

—Shakespeare

A little rumor is a dangerous thing. Alexander Pope might have said something to that effect if he had to wait overnight outside of a Vancouver ticket office in the cold and wet last week, as did several hundred Rolling Stones fans hopeful of securing tickets for the band's second Seattle date.

A little rumor is an especially dangerous thing when you happen to be the benevolent big sister of a hardened 13-year-old Stone fan who thinks Mick's rubber lips are the best thing since raw Pillsbury chocolate chip cookie dough.

This little sister had been glued to the radio for the past two days trying to win tickets from a local radio station and pestering the DJs with questions about a possible second concert date at the Kingdome. At about 11 p.m. that evening, she bounded up the stairs proclaiming: "There's going to be a second concert; it's been confirmed!"

"But I've got classes tomorrow, and homework, and a piece to write up for The Ubyssey, and it's 11 p.m. I was just going to bed."

"P-L-E-A-S-E! This may be the last chance I ever get to see them. Mick's not going to be able to tour much longer — he's 38 you know."

Could you refuse a plea like that? In her youthful eyes the venerable Jagger was rapidly approaching senility, and she was desperate to catch him in the flesh before he toppled over the edge.

So at midnight we found ourselves fifty-first in a lineup outside the office. It was a well-behaved crowd that grew in size as the night progressed, finally winding its way around the corner, down Richards, and into the big underground parking lot.

Everyone was nicely settled for the night; there was even one guy with a hammock stretched between two trees.

People had radios and tape players going through much of the night, blaring Stones music that echoed surrealistically through the parking lot's cement innards. Mick entreated those who kept vigil Let's Spend The Night Together.

Questions about anyone hearing if tickets were going to be on sale, and how many, and what kind flew up and down the line. No one was really sure what was happening, but they were going to hang on to their places until they found out.

As the night progressed people on motorcycles, in cars, and on foot stopped to ask what all the excitement was about. They were told that it was the Stones: "We're lining up for the second concert; it's been confirmed."

The certainty of tickets for sale, and of our getting one, seemed to increase in the telling. The more people who thought it was true, the more true it would be — right?

At about 3 a.m. it started to rain. I'm not talking Scotch mist, I'm talking RAIN, the kind even your sadistic grade 10 phys ed teacher wouldn't force you to run in. Almost everyone took cover, in whatever doorways, overhangs, and stairwells they could find, while a few well-prepared souls stayed in line and shot up umbrellas and pulled tarps over their heads. Eventually even they sought cover.

Desperate to catch Jagger before he toppled

It seemed understood that everyone would go back to their old places in line when the storm let up.

They didn't. And neither did the rumors being bandied about. By about 4 a.m. we were sure that there were tickets for sale, and we would get some. After all, didn't all the hours we'd spent out here stand testimony to that?

I was huddled under the overhang of a bank building, studying my calculus (intent upon putting this sleepless night to *some* use) and nursing a bruised tailbone when this crazy guy from New Zealand came up and started talking to me.

Impressed by the fact that I had zeroed in on his New Zealand and not Australian accent (must be some deep-seated Kiwi identity crisis — after all, the only thing anyone knows about them is that they export weird green-brown fruit and the New Wave stylings of a band called Split Enz), he told me he had been phoning a local radio station all night with bogus reports of 2,000 crazed Stones fans waiting in line in the pouring rain.

He hoped this would force the box office to open earlier. He'd also threatened the DJ with blowing up the radio station unless he played some tunes by Split Enz.

His calls resulted in one cut by the Stones played over the air, and the DJ's announcement that 1,947 fans were waiting in line for tickets. More fat for the fire.

At 6:30 a.m. some kind of lemming-like telepathic instinct surged through the masses, and everyone ran for the lineup. A bunch of us waited in line under a large blue square of plastic, with rain trickling down our sleeves, and periodic flappings of the tarp to get some air circulating.

At 8 a.m. the office opened their doors, and the news came there were no single tickets travelled quickly down the lineup. The only ones available were bus tour concert tickets at $79 a crack.

Vancouver didn't *get* any single tickets for the second show; Seattle organizers apparently feared a mass lineup and camp-out of Vancouver fans looking for good seats.

The office was damned l cky that the 400 some odd fans (clutching $20 bills hopefully in their hot little fists) who had their hopes dashed outside their doors were too tired and wet to do anything really violent.

As it was, the few people who originally wanted bus tickets bought them, some hustled to their banks to try and raise the difference between a single and a bus ticket, and the rest (the majority) squelched home soggy and disappointed.

As for this reporter, my tail bone felt more bruised than ever after a night spent on cold, wet cement. I didn't have a ticket, and neither did my little sister. Somewhere along the line I'd lost an expensive textbook that I'd been studying from during that interminable night, and on Thursday sat through my lectures like one of the zombies from Night of the Living Dead.

That's the last time I ever line up on the strength of a second-hand rumor.

What's that you say? St. John's been resurrected and the Beatles are having a reunion?

Well, maybe. . . .

HOT NEWS THAT FITS

Mind power comes out of the dark to solicit bucks

While an appointed coordinating committee will meet next week to plan UBC's Mindpower campaign, some student representatives say they are no longer in the dark about its purposes.

Mindpower is an American based publicity campaign which promotes post-secondary education; it is a campaign to which the UBC administration has contributed $1,500.

James Hollis, Alma Mater Society external affairs officer said Wednesday that his previous comments on the issue were taken out of context, and "should be disregarded."

"I talked to (administration spokesperson) Jim Banham about the campaign at the board meeting last night, and it looked completely legitimate. It is a welcome step," he added.

But Banham charged Hollis' comments to The Ubyssey (Oct. 6) about the apparent secrecy of the campaign were invalid.

"To characterize Mindpower as a 'mysterious' campaign is quite unwarranted in my opinion. Hollis is making a judgement about something he knows nothing about."

But B.C. students federation spokesperson Rhonda Lavinge said she was sceptical about the campaign's benefits.

"I'm wondering whether Mindpower is just a public awareness campaign or a campaign to raise funds for post-secondary institutions," she said Wednesday.

"From the American example, the implication is that Mindpower will lobby the private sector for funds. And this raises the issue of corporate funding; our position is that is a university begins to allocate funds, directly from corporations, then corporations will begin to dictate education politicies," she added.

Chile terror formalized by paper monument

By BRIAN JONES

Chile's new constitution has institutionalized terror in that country, a human rights activist charged Thursday.

The new constitution allows Augusto Pinochet, Chilian president and dictator, and the secret police to detain anyone for 20 days without having to inform anyone, Cecilia Gomez of the association of political prisoners in Chile told 50 people in Buchanan 204.

Speaking through an interpreter, she said it is a false constitution because it was adopted through a rigged referendum. "The new constitution is going to make the struggle for human rights more difficult, but many groups will continue to fight for the restoration of democracy in Chile," Gomez said.

Arbitrary detentions by the Chilean regime are intended to frighten people from opposing injustice and demanding human rights, she said.

Gomez's group, which works for the defense of human rights, is considered illegal by the junta. The group is a grassroots organization, made up of people who are directly afected by arbitrary imprisonments — most relatives of political prisoners, Gomez said.

Since September 1980, 17 members of the association have been caught and tortured by the secret police, said Gomez. She added that she was caught and tortured for five days without ever being charged.

"Chilean prisons have sections set aside for political prisoners," Gomez said. "Relatives have asked authorities for reasons for the political prisoners' isolation, but have never received an answer."

Actions undertaken by the United Nations are important, but are not enough to solve human rights problems in Chile, Gomez said. With the election of Ronald Reagan, Pinochet feels more secure and now violates more human rights, she claimed.

Gomez said the Canadian government has "excellent relations" with the Pinochet regime.

300 vote in advance for AMS vice prez

Students are well on the way to replacing resigned Alma Mater Society vice president Peter Mitchell.

More than 300 students voted in advance polls Thursday night, elections committee chair Alexis Cherkezoff said Thursday. Students cast 145 votes at Totem Park, 125 at Place Vanier and 33 at Walter Gage, she said.

The byelection became necessary when Mitchell was not readmitted to UBC this year for academic reasons.

Today is the last day of voting, with polls open in most major campus buildings from 9 a.m. to 3:30 p.m. Polls in Scarfe and the graduate centre have been cancelled as poll clerks are unavailable, Cherkezoff said. Results should be known by 7 p.m., she added.

Candidate profiles and platforms appeared on page three of Thursday's Ubyssey.

Fees may rise 15 per cent

By NANCY CAMPBELL

Tuition fees will increase next year by approximately 15 per cent and student board of governors member Chris Niwinski told council Wednesday night he is pleased by the amount.

"I think the 15 per cent is reasonable, given the faculty settlement," Niwinski said. (UBC faculty recently received a 21 per cent increase in salaries, contributing to an expected budget shortfall of $8.5 million this year.)

"We are pleased with it because it is the minimum amount that fees could be raised by under board policy," he said. Niwinski told council the current board policy says that tuition fees must contribute to at least 10 per cent of UBC's operating budget.

Niwinski cautioned council that the 15 per cent figure was "just a ballpark amount," but said he was confident the board's final decision would not be too different from the current estimate.

* * *

A "real progressive" move by UBC's board of governors is the recent 16 per cent increase to the university's student aid fund, board member Anthony Dickinson told council.

"The $240,000 increase is a real progressive move which is a bit late this year but which should have a big impact next year," Dickinson said.

Dickinson also mentioned that the fate of the armouries has now been determined with the completion of the five year plan — it will be demolished to make way for a fine arts gallery.

* * *

Nominations to several presidential committees were not closed at Wednesday's council meeting after it was discovered advertisements for the openings were not advertised in The Ubyssey as mandated at the Sept. 23 council meeting.

Council Briefs

Nominations for places on the president's childcare, land use, youth employment program and food services committees will close at the next council meeting, providing the positions have been advertised.

* * *

Council granted the Student International Law Society $500 towards attending an International Law Society Conference in Ottawa from Oct. 29 to 31.

SILS president Paul Wilson said the trip would cost about $1,700, with $300 in funds gained from the society's surplus last year, and more money anticipated after SILS holds a 'Beer-up' later this year.

"I think it's a worthwhile cause," said finance director Jane Loftus.

But she pointed out that the grant will preclude the Law Students' Association from seeking any more money from the AMS constituency aid fund.

'Bird droppings

The UBC soccer team will be hosting the University of Calgary today at Wolfson field. Kickoff is at 3 p.m. The 'Birds are in first place in the Canada West Soccer league with a 3-0 record and are ranked fourth in the country. UBC beat Calgary 3-1 last weekend in Calgary.

* * *

The UBC invitational hockey tournament continues tonight and through the weekend at Thunderbird winter sports centre. UBC is competing against the University of Calgary and the University of Regina. Game times tonight and on Saturday are at 8 p.m. with the final on Sunday at 1:30 p.m.

* * *

The football team will be hosting the University of Saskatchewan this Saturday at 2 p.m. in Thunderbird stadium. UBC is currently tied for first place in the Western Intercollegiate Football League with the University of Alberta.

UBC is ranked fifth in the country. The 'Birds' record is 3-1 and the loss came in the first game of the season at Saskatoon. Since then Saskatchewan has not won a game.

* * *

Amid immense applause in the SUB lounge Nestor Korchinsky presented The Ubyssey runners with the first place trophies for winning the very difficult independent division of the Arts '20 race. This is no bull, you can ask Nestor yourself. We backed up our words and won. Come up to room 241k in the SUB and look at our trophies. We beat the men's field lacrosse team by six seconds to win 400 cool ones for our beer fund.

We won the independent division; unfortunately we may not be able to defend it next year because The Ubyssey isn't an independent newspaper.

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JEWISH-CHRISTIAN DIALOGUE SERIES

An invitation from the campus chaplains to get better aequainted and informed through the discussion of some common issues.

A series of **five weekly dinner meetings** (minimal charge for meals). October 15 through November 12.

All meetings at HILLEL HOUSE (behind Brock Hall across from SUB).

First session: Thursday, October 15, 4:30 p.m.
"Prophecy and Law: The Ethical Tradition"
Presenters: Dan Siegal, Jewish Chaplain and George Hermanson, Cooperative Christian Campus Ministry.

HUSKY OIL WILL BE ON CAMPUS November 9

We currently have positions available for summer and permanent employment in the following disciplines:

Permanent	Summer
• Engineering	• Engineering
Civil	Civil
Mechanical	Mechanical
Electrical	Electrical
Chemical	Chemical

Please check with the placement office on campus for further details.

Husky

where jobs become careers

Wolitzer probes female dilemma without mush

By JULIE WHEELWRIGHT

Honesty seems to be a quality lacking in most modern novels about women trying to cope with the pressures of family, husband, and career.

Hilma Wolitzer has managed to explore this dilemma without meandering into the realm of self-indulgence. In her third and most recent novel she explores the recent widowhood of a dance-school instructor without stooping to tug coyly at our heartstrings with conventional plot or sentimentality.

Hearts
By Hilma Wolitzer
324 pp. Toronto:
A McGraw Hill Book, $16.64

Wolitzer's novel follows Linda Reismann and her sullen thirteen year old stepdaughter on their journey across the United States in search of Robin's mother. The journey is a symbolic road back to normalcy for the two females whose lives are wrenched by the sudden death of Robin's father and the end of Linda's six week marriage.

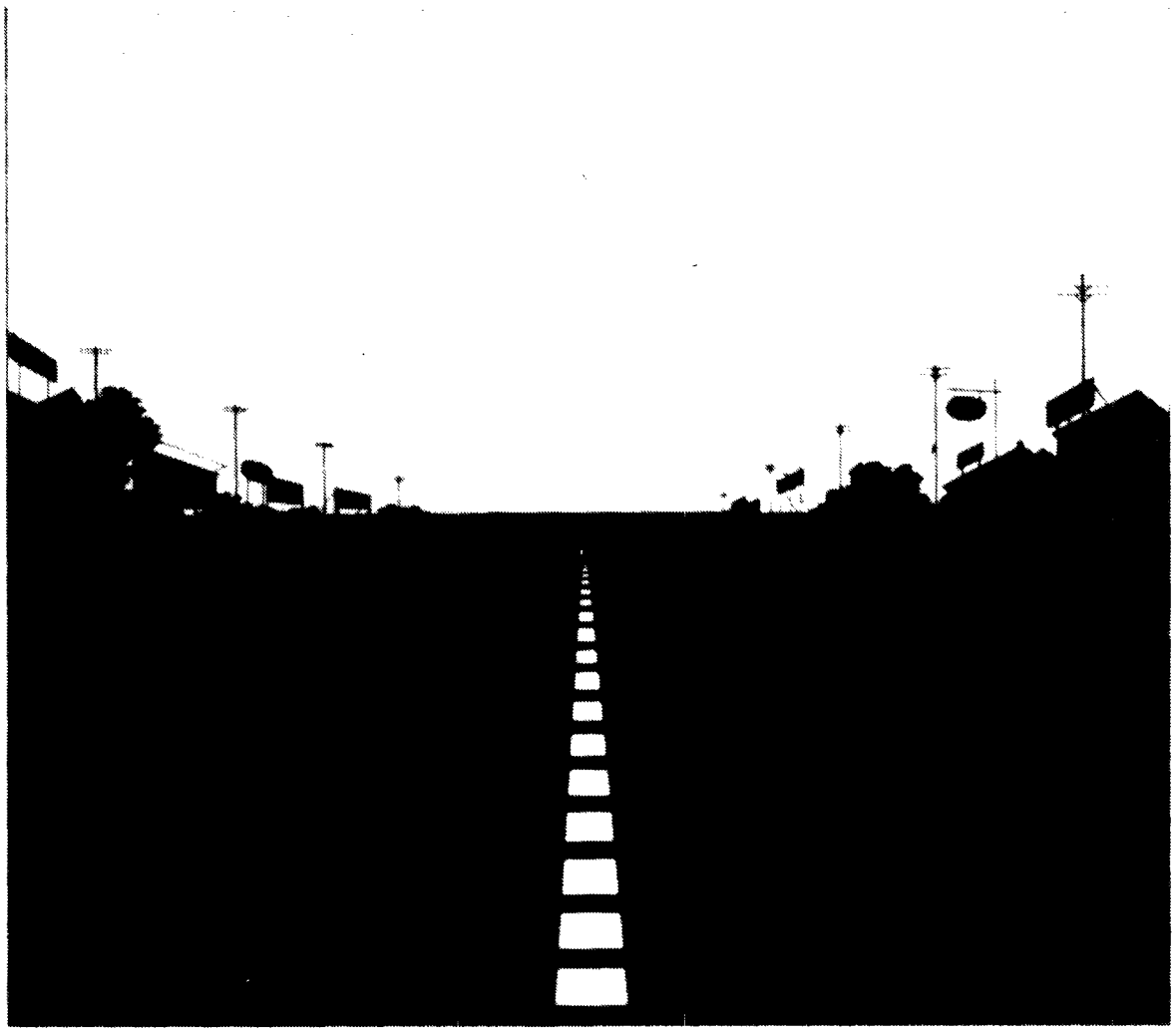
Linda and Robin pack Wright's ashes in the trunk of their beat up Maverick and leave New Jersey for California. As the journey unfolds Linda's problems become clear and force her to make many difficult decisions.

But Wolitzer does not create a stylized character responding in Harlequin romance style fashion to a difficult situation. For example a hitchhiker, Wolfie, who joins the two, becomes Linda's lover but is not the rescuer because she rejects his offer to join them.

Neither is Robin a cute thirteen year old. She is a pain in the neck like most children that age. At the journey's start Robin harbors a deep resentment for Linda, a fantasy about plunging a fork into her mother's neck when she does find her, a cache of marijuana and a festering home-made tatoo.

Wolitzer uses first person for both Linda and Robin who spend much of their time cursing one another. The rift is finally broken later on in the journey but the battle creates many hilarious scenes.

One night Robin accuses Linda



of "talking and talking at me, like a . . . like a machine. You sound like you're always saying proverbs or something."

The two continue their fight the next day on the road each seeing how long they can keep up their silence. They stop at a Howard Johnsons for lunch and an elderly couple comes to sit with them and mistakes them for deaf mutes.

"Linda thought: This is the worst thing I've ever done . . . Her face flamed. She could barely chew her sandwich . . . they told about their daughter, who was a librarian and raised basenji puppies, a rare breed that was barkless. After she said this, the woman looked dismayed."

The conflict is set against a background of cheap hotels, franchise restaurants, and the discomfort that comes from weeks of travel. Nothing feels familiar except the Maverick and the tension between its passengers.

When Robin and Linda finally come to know and even appreciate one another, Robin becomes curious about her step-mother's past. This probing from the unrelenting Robin casts Linda back to her own empty childhood with a brutalized mother and horrific father.

But she does not dwell on her problems or her past. She faces them and consequently finds her real strength. This is a very refreshing view of women, a contrast to the weeping widow who can only find solace in another man or the memory of her dead husband.

She must cross picket lines of pro-lifers to get into the abortion clinic. Once inside she is guided to an operating room, given a sedative and then a firebomber attacks the building. She flees, with the fetus still intact.

Without making any kind of political comment, Wolitzer describes Linda's reaction to the incident as simply: "Why can't they leave me alone?"

The story does not end with a 'happy ending' but it does leave its readers with a sense of optimism. Robin's mother does not want her and Linda, the baby to be, and the green Maverick to make it safely to Los Angeles.

The novel is recommended reading for those who are not too cynical to appreciate ordinary characters who exceed themselves in extraordinary situations.

Conductor artistically void

By KERRY REGIER

Nothing new happened at this week's Main Series concert of the Vancouver Symphony. The same fine orchestra played the best they could under unimaginative, pedestrian conducting.

It made little difference that the conductor was not the orchestra's usual Akiyama, but guest John Nelson.

The two program highlights might have been Richard Strauss' Transfigured Night and the First Symphony of Brahms, both very passionate works. Sadly, Nelson's view of these works was typical of nearly all modern performances — cold, intellectual, metronomic, and boring.

In particular Nelson's view of the Brahms was an example of conducting that developed from the ideas of Felix Weingartner in the 20th century. Weingartner believed there was one ideal tempo for any movement, with as little variation as possible.

Part of the idea was that when a tempo change was needed for expression, the return to the steady original tempo would form a solid ground on which the listener could depend.

Weingartner's performances stuck largely to this maxim, but he used opportunities to pause or to accelerate frequently, and wasn't afraid to strongly accentuate rhythm to make an exciting performance.

Arthur Rubinstein once said that what audiences wanted from music was great moments, and Weingartner was aware of this. So too was Wilhelm Furtwangler, perhaps the greatest conductor of this century, and a great exponent of living and feeling the music from moment to moment.

Furtwangler ignored what is now called the "long line" of the music, a mythical artistic totality in which the sum of the work is admired dispassionately, at a distance, by a cold intellect concerned more with geometrical proportion than with feeling and caring for the music.

What Furtwangler constantly performed music as if for the first time, fresh and new. This was every performer's standard until the early '50s, always living in the moment, adjusting rhythm, tempo and dynamics to suit the music.

There are at least three different, easily available recordings of Furtwangler leading Brahms' First, and they are all utterly different, and overwhelmingly exciting.

Nelson's performance of the Brahms contrasted sharply with this Dionysian power.

Conductors like Nelson have enough control of the orchestra to make those opening moments of the Brahms crack with the precision of a marching giant, but what is it that lends them to perform music as if they were metronomic machines?

Cookbook saves day for non-gourmets

By MARGARET COPPING

It should be apparent to most students by their second month in the term whether they can cook. For those who are managing or have a cooking roommate, they could probably do without Jacqueline Wood and Joelyn Scott's new cookbook.

The Campus Survival Cookbook
Number Two
By Jacqueline Wood and
Joelyn Scott
$8.50 in softcover
Gage Publishing Ltd., Toronto

The Campus Survival Cookbook is subtitled How to cook real food with not enough money and too little time. This isn't entirely accurate, as there simply aren't shortcuts for quality cooking, and all food costs too much anyway. Instead, the emphasis is on *real* food, food you eat — not improbable masterpieces or magazine casseroles.

This book is a fantastic "how-to" — not just how to cook, but how to set up a kitchen, how to shop, how to clean up, how to freeze food so it's actually reusable, and how to impress a Sunday brunch date.

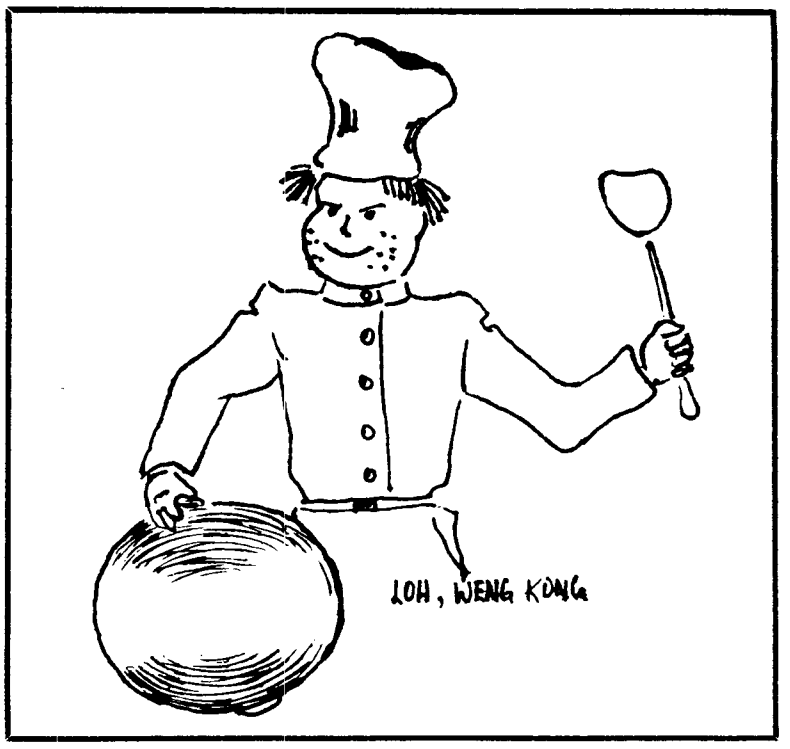
The authors assume the reader knows nothing and suffers from acute fear of food, very gently introducing them to basic food handling techniques that cookbooks usually take for granted. (If you don't know how to chop an onion painlessly, this feat may be worth the price of the book alone). They also discuss a little nutrition and some food economy, but without moralizing.

The recipes are varied — lots of ethnic input, lots of meatless recipes. They are organized in menu form, four weeks worth, and techniques are taught as you go. The menus are all for two, but there are party recipes and a do-it-your-self fast-food section.

Unfortunately, there is no crisis counselling for under- or over-done food, emergency substitutions, or scorched food — or, for that matter, scorched fingers. The only related section is one called "Shit, I forgot to thaw the meat," which has some truly great recipes for frozen meat, but even this information is inadequately indexed.

The book is also very American. Some of the produce names and brand names are total mysteries for Canadians, and the authors keep specifying Kraft products (which I kindly ascribe to rampantly misplaced patriotism, rather than poor taste). There is no mention of metric measurement, although in a cookbook of this kind, it doesn't seem important. Metric does not matter to an onion.

Anyway, I don't think I'll use it much. I think I'll give it to someone who can't cook.



John Sayles

Making it on his first attempt

By SHAFFIN SHARIFF

It is virtually unheard of for a director to make it on his own with a first attempt. Yet John Sayles has done that with Return of the Secaucus Seven, a film he wrote, directed and edited on a budget of $60,000.

Return of the Secaucus Seven is a critical hit, and is currently being nationally distributed. The film opens at the Ridge in mid-November, after Fassbinder's Lili Marleen.

Before Secaucus Seven, Sayles' reputation was staked mainly in the literary field. His short story, 2-80, Nebraska, appeared in The Atlantic and won an O. Henry Award. His first novel, Pride of the Bimbos, was published concurrently. Union Dues, a second effort, was nominated for a National Book Award and the National Critic's circle award. Sayles had also written or re-written Alligator, and The Howling.

Recently, Sayles was in town to promote his film, and he talked with The Ubyssey about the making of Return of Secaucus Seven, which completed shooting in 25 days.

"It is very difficult to get someone to ask you to direct something," he says. "I could tell that I wasn't going to have $40,000 at the same place at the same time. So I decided to talk to a friend who ran a summer theatre that I'd acted in New Hampshire."

With help from friend (and co-producer of Secaucus Seven) Jeffrey Nelson, Sayles put together the budget — $60,000 — and found a location in New Hampshire. Return of the Secaucus Seven is set in Secaucus, New Jersey.

"We knew that we were getting a location that was very beautiful. I went back to Santa Barbara where I lived and wrote another movie. I'd been on movie sets and realized what cost money. We weren't going to use anyone in a union, including screen actors," says Sayles.

"And another thing that cost money was just time. What took up time was camera movement of any kind where you had to set up tracks or dollys. I decided that I wasn't going to have that much camera movement, so the film couldn't be an action feature.

"I started to think of actors who were very good but weren't in any guilds yet. I came up with a bunch of actors I knew or knew of," he says. Indeed, most of the actors on Seacacus had never had any feature film experience before.

The film's lack of camera movement was a potential problem for Sayles. He had yet to write the shooting script for the film, but realized the limitations of the budget and time. "Some people talk about editing in the camera. I had to edit in the script because I didn't have a lot of film stock," he says.

"So I said, 'I'm going to write a movie where everyone's around thirty. It's going to be a conversational movie, and it could get very static.' I had to have a movie with enough plot or subplots to it so that I could cut; always cut away and have a reason for cutting away to another bunch of people talking, as in films like Nashville or those

"I had to set the film in contemporary times so the actors could wear their own clothes in the movie"

World War II films where there is a unit of buddies and you cut away to one during training and another getting bumped off by the enemy whenever the action gets still.

"I knew I had to set the film in contemporary times so that the actors could bring their own clothes and wear their own clothes in the movie. So I wrote the movie in a couple of weeks. We started talking about cost factors. We saw that there was no way we could make it in 35mm. We had to make it in 16mm," he says.

"I was very lucky in that I was able to find a crew that had shot in 16mm before, though mostly commercials and industrials, and were willing to work for half — or less than half — for what they usually get for a month's work in order to do a feature. The technicians had to accept that it wasn't going to look as good as it could be. So there isn't a lot of artfully done lighting and artfully done camera composition. Often we just had to line up people in front of something pretty or something not so pretty so that you forget what's behind them and that there is no depth of field."

Sayles did not, however, compromise on the film's sound quality because "I think you'll notice that the real tipoff of a low-budget independant feature is the sound," he says.

"There is no dubbed sound in the entire movie," he adds, "which is very rare in any kind of feature movie. New Hampshire is very beautiful in the summer, an idyllic sort of place, and it should *sound* like that. And that is where our time went — in getting the sound."

The focus of Secaucus Seven is on the characters. "Any kind of filmmaking is setting priorities," Says Sayles, "even when you have a big budget (which we didn't) and our priorities were that we believed in these people and got to know them."

The film's plot traces anti-war activists who got to know each other after their arrest on the way to Washington, D.C. from Secaucus, New Jersey. They spend a night in jail together but keep in touch after their separations. Secaucus Seven reunites these characters for a three-day weekend.

SAY

SECA

Zappa still sparks

By EVAN McINTYRE

Frank Zappa is the sort of musician you either loathe or love.

He came to the Coliseum Concert Bowl last Saturday night with seven sidemen, filling the most unacoustic building in the lower mainland with his barbed-wire satire and lingering electric guitar notes.

Some fans, sprawling against the stage barriers, were so enlivened by his mere stage entrance that he refused to play for them until they got back to their seats and "saved all that for "saved all that for RED Speedwagon."

Throughout the concert this zeal was repeated with shouts and whistles each time a stage hand gave Zappa his electric guitar to

ZAPPA . . . in younger days

begin another emotional solo.

If Zappa's talent wowed the audience, they were further delighted by his seven meticulously-rehearsed sidemen.

Two back-up guitarists, two keyboard players, an electric bass player, persuccionist and drummer flew along Zappa's demanding scores without once stumbling over the characteristically tricky shifts in time signature and rhythm.

Many of the musicians sang backing vocals as well. Ray White and Bob Martin were in charge of the difficult lines while Tommy Mars, Steve Vai and Ed Mann supplied a periodic grunt, chant or high-pitched croon during the more humourous songs.

After Black Napkins and an excerpt from Montana, Zappa sang about the planet Together ("We're dumb all over, yes we are . . ."). He then mocked the American religious establishment with lines like "Our God says this is the way, it says 'Burn and Destroy' " sung to churning, even danceable rhythms beneath a cartoon, projected on the screen above the stage, showing glowing dollar sign flanked by stained glass windows.

Zappa also took pot-shots at American involvement in the arms race and the sense of helplessness it creates, with lines like "As we end another broadcast day, just remember that there's a big difference between kneeling down and bending over."

The satiric accompaniments to Zappa's mock-sermons, when organ music from Bob Martin swelled and percussionist Ed Mann tinkled bells and chimes, were as comical as they were musically immaculate.

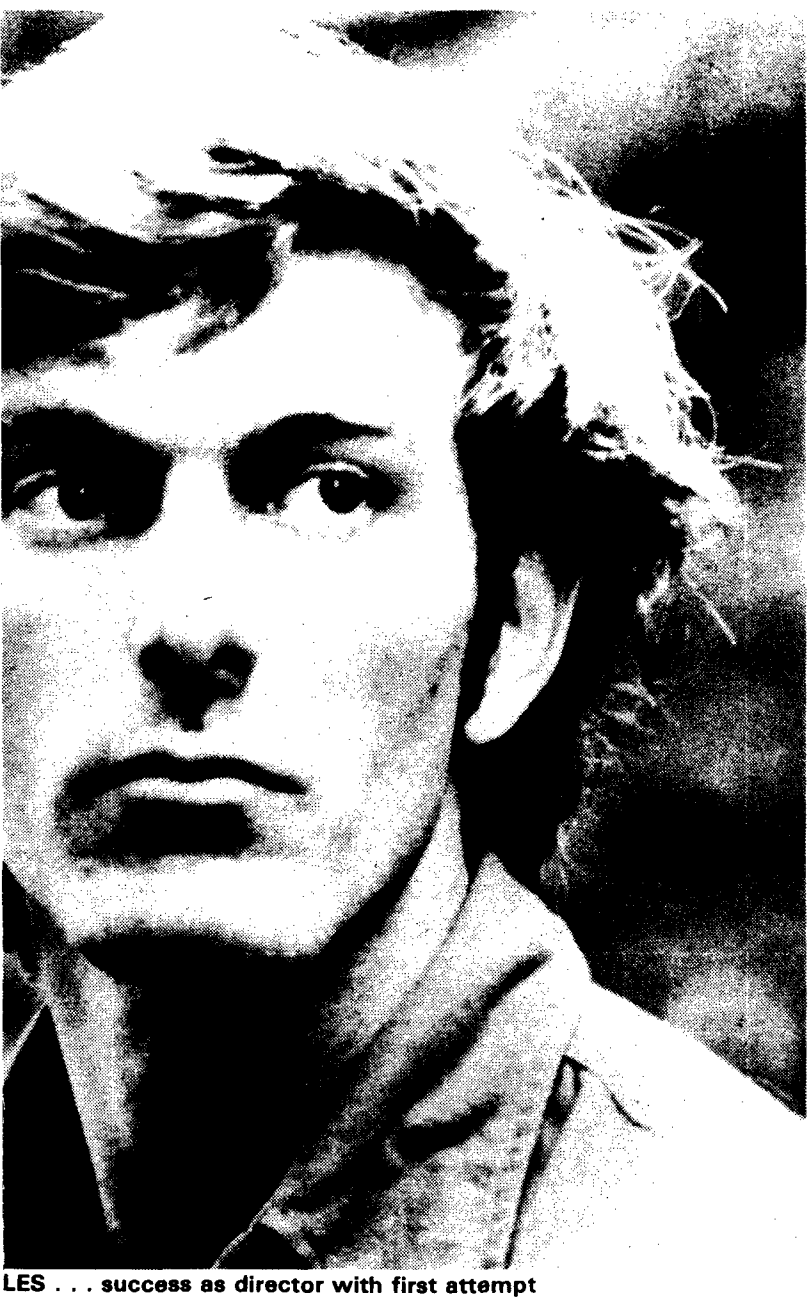
But the religious establishment and other aspects of our North American lifestyle were not the only targets for Zappa's barbs. During Broken Hearts are For Assholes, Zappa pointed a long index finger to the people on the Coliseum floor to the verse "You're an asshole, you're an asshole, that's right!"

The show took a symphonic turn when Zappa returned for the first encore and led his sidemen into Strictly Genteel. During this piece it was curious to see a serious backing hand, contrasted with their flippancy showed earlier. Now their eyes honed in on Zappa, conducting to the audience with his back. Even the busy percussionist darted looks between rows of bells, cymballs and woodblocks for direction.

Zappa premiered two new songs for the second encore, one witty, upbeat, number with Zappa's uniquely sinister guitar tone. Lyrics included warnings like: "cars could crash all over the place due to people driving around in Hawaiian shirts."

Running longer than his last tour's concert the show was balanced and brilliantly executed.

A maturing Zappa, greying at the sideburns but still as bilious as ever, worked well on his own electric guitar solos and as conductor of his backing band. Before the two-hour concert was over, Zappa alternately teased and entranced an audience that had come knowing he wouldn't let them down.



LES . . . success as director with first attempt

"I want the film to be an experience of spending that three-day weekend with those people. They're turning thirty, and that adds a little pressure to it. There is no statement about a generation in that everything is left open-ended," he says. "Some of them are having much more of a dramatic weekend than others."

Surprisingly, the cast and crew did not run into any overriding tension that usually plagues film features of any kind, big-budget or small independant films. "The community spirit of the movie worked behind the scenes too," says Sayles. "Not grumbling about doing extra time, those kinds of things. There wasn't a schism between the actors and the crew. The actors were helping the technicians lug the cables, and the technicians were interested in the story and made comments about it and expressed their feelings."

Though shooting for Secaucus Seven was completed within a month, the experience was unusual because the cast and crew worked practically night and day. "There is a bar scene in the movie that took us 26 hours to shoot because we only had the bar for one day and night," Sayles says. "We went in there at 9 o'clock in the morning and came out at 11 o'clock the next morning. It doesn't really look that bad on the screen. Whenever people look tired in the film, they really are tired."

"It took me a long time to cut Secaucus Seven," he says, "because I needed an extra $20,000 in order to afford the editing machine and laboratory work. So I wrote The Howling (which was released earlier this year). I was lucky. I thought I was going to have to put the film on the shelf for a while."

"I didn't have any idea how to work the editing machine. It was a six plate Moviola. I worked on the film for three weeks before I knew what two buttons on the machine were for.

"I feel that editing is the completion of writing," says Sayles, aware that most writers have absolutely no control over the shooting script, much less the editing process "If you don't edit the film, you haven't really lived it. So I did the editing.

A typical Hollywood film has a film ratio of about 15 to 1 or 20 to 1, while "a documentary can be 100 to 1," he says. "I knew of places in Poland or India where they don't have much film stock so they have to shoot four to one and rehearse a lot before shooting. I knew that we had a situation where we were going to have most of the actors present all the time (for rehersal)."

"The choice was in the best take, not where to cut. It was a rotten way to make a movie," says Sayles, despite the fact that Secaucus Seven has launched him as a major new film-maker.

Distribution is guaranteed for major films but for small independant features like Heartland or Secaucus Seven, it can be a problem. Luckily for Sayles, his film won acclaim at the Filmex festival in Los Angeles and at the new directors' festival at the Museum of Modern Art in New York.

"There are so few American independent features and so few of them get distributed. What happens is that a studio will take a chance on a small film, throw it out in Los Angeles and New York for a couple of weeks, and if it doesn't take off there, that's it," says Sayles.

Specialty film offered what Sayles considered the best offer for Seacacus Seven. There was a commitment to run the film in ten major centres, not just New York and Los Angeles. "Our best runs have been in places like Seattle, Boston and Washington, D.C., which is not where major distributors like Paramount and Fox generally look to for how a film's going to do. They think Los Angeles and New York are the only two places on earth."

A film is a risky enterprise. Even big-budget spectaculars are no guarantee for box-office success. Investors are particularly wary of low-budget, special interest films that don't have any schlock appeal. Enterprises like Roger Corman's New World films, for which Sayles wrote Piranha and Battle Beyond.

The Stars, are a rarity. American Astral Films is another unique outfit for independant features.

"Most people who work on films don't have a lot of money," says Sayles, "The people who put money into movies are businessmen. And if you can get 22 per cent by putting your money in a market fund, and just letting it sit there, not risking it at all, why put it in a movie where you could get totally wiped out? Especially if it's a low-budget movie, about a subject matter that some people are going to resist and which has no realistic potential of making millions of dollars."

The opposite can happen too, as it did in Canada, where a glut of investment money went for third-rate features that turned out to be critical successes and box-office failures.

"I know, up here, there is the matter of the government going half-way with their programme to try to develop a Canadian film industry. As a result, film production just fell off very rapidly because the investors got wise. There weren't a lot of people who were interested in film," says Sayles.

Most were "businessmen who didn't care. They wanted a film and have a budget to play with. A lot of films got made that way that employed Canadian actors and technicians, but which didn't have a lot of characters. There were attempts to make international films without any real feelings.

"Even people who make exploitation films have some kind of feelings towards their products . . . and these people didn't have any feelings," says Sayles. "No desire even to be gross. For a while, the best films that came out of Canada were those of David Cronenberg's which are really gross, but at least there is some passionate feelings about them rather than things like Bear Island, which are just deals.

Commenting on the Canadian tax structure, designed to promote activity in the Canadian film industry, Sayles says: "Any kind of tax law or investment law is not for the small firm. It's for the superstructures where they can see the money and take interest and taxes out accordingly."

"Secacus was basically an audition piece for me," says Sayles. "I wanted to make a feature. I was willing to take the best ten minutes of the film if the rest didn't turn out and go to a studio and say, 'Here's ten minutes of a feature I'd like to direct some time."

The success of Return of the Secaucus Seven has given Sayles the opportunity to direct his next feature, Lianna, which has a tentative Oct. 19 shooting date. In addition, Sayles is writing the script for Blood of the Lamb for Allan Ladd's company, which he'll also direct, after Lianna is completed.

ICUS . . . low budget film a critical success

From cars to courts Lichtenstein succeeds

By WENDY CUMMING

From the Jaguar to private tennis courts, to pop art, Michael Blackwood's documentary, Lichtenstein is successful.

Blackwood's film personalizes the success of artist Roy Lichtenstein, an American abstractionist painter who specializes in unpersonalized subjects.

Lichtenstein
By Michael Blackwood
Emily Carr College of Art and Design

Portrayed as "an expanse of time and space," Lichtenstein paints an advertising-style face in his studio. He swivels the painting every which way, to obtain that perfect impersonal touch.

With their immense dimensions, Lichtenstein's paintings do command space. Their subjects are typically American: comic strip characters, the nostalgic '20s and simple household objects.

Throughout the film, Lichtenstein, himself, uncovers the intent and nature of his work. His stereotyped subjects, such as an embracing couple, a crying girl or a war hero are not straightforward. Through changes in scale, color and line, we see Lichtenstein's images transcend their subject matter.

Lichtenstein's patience and perfection as an artist are apparent as he relates these detailed changes in Look Mickey, one of his earlier paintings. After sketching and painting the cartoon (originally from a gum wrapper), Lichtenstein blew it up on a slide projector and reassembled its structure. With a mirror he reversed the images to detect his mistakes.

Look Mickey, like most of Lichtenstein's paintings, is technically detailed. He juxtaposes thick-thin lines, solid color against dots and irregular shapes against geometric rectangles.

Although the infamous dots are filled in by his assistants, Lichtenstein does everything else by hand. Surprisingly, his final subjects are stark and commercial. In Aloha, for example, he explains the sensual Hawaiian woman is so mechanized that she is no longer erotic.

The film suggests that Lichtenstein's art is more than simply modern or pop. Influenced by masters such as Matisse, Picasso and Mondrian, Lichtenstein begins with the original then rearranges and inserts new elements. "It's the position of the line, not its character that's important. Again this obsession with the impersonal.

The film also reviews Lichtenstein's Going Abstract, a series of three consecutive paintings in which a woman's face is abstracted progressively into geometric lines. The progression is false, Lichtenstein claims. All three stages are equally realistic. Only the viewer's sense of validity changes. Ironically, he adds, all three paintings are undisputably abstract. From the start, the woman is stripped of all character.

Blackwood's film does develop the notion of space and time in Lichtenstein's work. Fundamentally, though, he portrays the artist as an individual: his painting methods, his esthetic ambitions and his lifestyle.

Whether in his mansion in New York or at an opening in London, Lichtenstein speaks unpretentiously. He demystifies his art. Indeed, Lichtenstein's style is more comprehensible when we watch him paint rather than scratching our heads over his gargantuanesque paintings in a museum.

Lichtenstein is equally frank regarding the future of pop art. "Like abstract-expressionism it will run its time," he says. Clearly, even avant-garde soon becomes passe.

Wasted effort

Student council seems to have a mistaken idea about its function as a governing body. Though it is in awe of the Alma Mater Society executive, which has taken over the council's constitutional role of setting policy, it is only too glad to interfere with AMS organizations that have been quite competently handling their own affairs for years.

Innocently misled by finance director Jane Loftus, they were persuaded to vote a reduction in national advertising in The Ubyssey which could be considered a breach of contract by Campus Plus, the agency which supplies those ads. This putting into jeopardy $20,000 a year or more in revenue for the AMS was delayed by surprised reporter from The Ubyssey who convinced a wide spectrum of student representatives the motion should be reconsidered and tabled, which it was only a moment before the meeting adjourned.

Left on the list of business passed was a motion which could be considered a breach of contract by College Printers, the people who we work with eight hours every press night to ensure the newspaper is printed and available to students. College, in its contract, asked for a letter guaranteeing up to $1,000 for damages should The Ubyssey staff take pickaxes to the presses.

Somehow council was persuaded to believe this meant an actual expenditure (which it is not) and voted to refuse to pay the sum they were not asked for. Silly as this sounds, it could mean the newspaper may soon have to cease publishing for lack of a printing plant.

We're not alone in suffering from a council and executive who want to use their ignorance as a benign excuse for uninformed, heavy-handed decisions. The AMS film society and music society this year, and women's committee last year, have all found themselves having to explain to council in single syllable words why a particular arbitrary decision could be damaging or simply destructive.

The first step is for council to inform, if not consult, subsidiary societies and organizations before it makes more and more decisions about internal issues it knows less and less about. If this is too much to ask then everyone, from the engineering undergraduate society to Speakeasy, is in danger of wasting their thousands of volunteer workdays on organizations they don't have a say in.

Letters

Environmental concerns week coming up

Next week is Canada Environment Week — the 11th one to be exact. Formed by an act of parliament in 1970, Canada Environment Week was designed to fill the need in Canada for public attention on environment and environmental issues.

A nation wide event, running from Sunday Oct. 11 to Sunday Oct. 18, 1981, it consists of regional meetings in all of the provinces. Throughout the week, a vast range of environmental issues will be covered in conferences, plenary sessions, workshops, multimedia and social events and rallys. It is an important event and people from all over the province will be there contributing their knowledge and expertise toward an expanded public awareness of our environment and the resolution of difficulties associated with its protection.

Here are some of the highlights: Kicking things off on Sunday, Oct. 11, from 1 to 4 p.m., is the Children's Environmental Fair, an information package for kids. It takes place at the Society for Pollution and Environmental Control Energy Centre, 2150 Maple Street, Vancouver. Then, that same evening at the Robson Square Theatre, the Open Conference on B.C.'s environment features Paul Watson, Bob Hunter, Jay Lewis and Arnie Tomlinson in a conference with the theme, "Key issues of environmental concern to British Columbians."

Many other important events will also be taking place throughout the week: various workshops on such topics as, native people and environment, fisheries and environment, nuclear pollution, Hat Creek and B.C. Hydro, as well as a course on alternative technology, a video review of B.C. environmental "hot spots" and more.

On Saturday, Oct. 17 at 8 a.m. the ENGO (Environmental Non-Governmental Organizations) Conference will begin. It will include an update on issues facing residents throughout the province as well as action plans and needs. This conference ends Sunday, Oct. 18 at noon, ending the week's scheduled events.

So there you have it folks! The 11th annual Canada Environment Week — a chance to contribute, to inform, be informed and a chance to enjoy. Brochures and further information are available through the SPEC Energy Centre, 2150 Maple Street; phone 736-7732.

Michael Petersen
Environmental Interest Group

The Ubyssey welcomes letters from all readers.

If your letter is not published right away, it may be because it wasn't typed, triple-spaced, on a 70 space line. Typewriters are available in The Ubyssey office for this purpose.

Pen names will be used when the writer's real name is also included in the letter for our information only, 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 and taste.

Neatness counts.

Oct. 13: organize

As a result of our campus-wide appeal for students to express an opinion on the question of university funding and tuition fee indexing policy, roughly 40 students showed up at our forum in the party room of SUB. During the session, students expressed their views of the trends in academic funding and the implications of government policies both on a personal level and in general for specific faculties and the university.

More importantly, the assembly of students, which included representatives from applied sciences, agriculture, commerce, science and arts faculties, formulated a program to promote a wider base of support for our student-oriented concerns. The first step in this direction is a meeting scheduled for next Tuesday, Oct. 13 in SUB 125 (hidden in the cafeteria) where the formulation of a possible committee organized under the auspices of the AMS will be formed and during which we hope to plan a strategy for the next board of governors meeting when they decide on the tuition fee increase for 1982-83.

We would be grateful if you could attend this meeting; students will be able to express an opinion on this important matter of concern. I hope to see you then. Thank you.

Paul A. Yaskowich
student committee on funding and tuition fee policy

Speakeasy speaks out

An open letter to the people who stole the Speakeasy sign:

Speakeasy is the crisis and information center on campus. We are totally staffed by volunteers — students who feel a commitment to help other students. We operate a drop-in center and two telephone lines. Our statistics show that one student in three will use our services this year — that's more than 8,000 students!

Unfortunately, we can't help people if they can't find us. The sign you stole is our only method of identifying ourselves to students looking for our help.

We can't operate effectively without the sign, and we can't afford to replace it. Please give us a break, and give it back. Thanks in advance.

Mary McCullum
Ann Pederson
Heather Roberston,
and 60 other upset Speakeasy volunteers.

THE UBYSSEY

October 9, 1981

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Coming in first every time was getting boring, but even cynical hacks like Verne McDonald and Kevin McGee took notice when The Ubyssey team took first place in its division in the Arts '20 race. Losing lanky ringer Eric Eggertson made no difference; Glen Sanford could more than fill in on the steep hills after hypnotizing himself into believing he was a motorcycle capable of carrying even Brian Jones or Julie Wheelwright. Arnold Hedstrom and Craig Brooks performed valiantly, riding through their legs of the relay in a Valiant jointly owned by Gene Long and Debbie Wilson. Scott McDonald gave credit for the victory to the Vancouver transit system, plus the sedan chair supplied by Muriel Draaisma, Erica Leiren, Kathy Collins and Eve Wigod. As Pat McLeod gave his best, Lawrence was Panyching, Margaret was Copping and Wendy was Cumming (sorry about that). Evan McIntyre asked Craig Yuill why Shaffin Shariff didn't run, except at the mouth. Nancy Campbell's Cortina was proclaimed team star after finishing every leg in record time. Everybody, winners or losers, should come Tuesday to the staff meeting at noon. This is an emergency.

Liar responds to leader

Not wishing to become the leader of a cult for burned out public relations officers, I couldn't reply to Jim Banham's letter of Oct. 1. But Karen McLeod, who wrote 'A leading ————st speaks' in Thursday's edition of The Ubyssey, you deserve an answer.

First, let's clear up your misconceptions about Canadian University Press conferences. The money for the four (not two) CUP confrences The Ubyssey attends each year have been an item in the publications budget for the 20 or more years The Ubyssey has been a member of that organization.

The $2,500 the newspaper receives this year for conference expenses represents a cutback from last year and will force the staff to hold bake sales or apply for alternate funding in order to maintain its representation at CUP conferences.

I hate to break it to a student who has only been here a month, but The Ubyssey was indeed pressured, cajoled, threatened and pleaded with over the past two years to go to the Alma Mater Society leadership conference so the silly thing would get some publicity. Ask any member of the AMS executive, or better yet former conference organizer Doris Wong, about the letters to the newspaper, continual visits and lobbying by hacks, denouncements of the boycott, and all the rest that led to the Ubyssey's reluctant application.

The staff only wish the conference committee's two hour exhalation of hot air had borne the sweet fruit of rejection. Then the committee wouldn't have been entirely wasting so much time and would have saved us from wasting even more.

The amazing and totally unfounded statement that The Ubyssey 'begged' to go is an insult to the newspaper staff's intelligence, and worse, its taste.

The Ubyssey delegates to the question and answer Gong Show were chosen by the staff several days before the '6 p.m. on Saturday night' when you claim they were chosen. The AMS people involved were informed of the delegates' identities; why those people did not take notice of this before the conference and later tried to make last minute changes is something you and I, Karen, will never know.

My account of what was said in the sessions is backed up in my article with quotes and paraphrases of actual statements. I was taking notes as well as reading my history text, you see, and when I wasn't the other reporter was.

It would be easier to comment on how we differ on what happened, Karen, if you'd provided some similar evidence in your letter. It is remarkable how so few of the participants found any time to take notes at this wonderful event where they learned so much.

As for my pissing in the ditch, I was inebriated when I got off the bus, not when I got on. You could have at least gotten that right.

I've spoken to others who were at the conference, all of whom disagreed with my article. All of them also acknowledged that though I was selective with my material, I wrote nothing that was untrue.

Perhaps, Karen, it would be kindest to say we're both liars.

Verne McDonald
endless studies

Searching for a quiet drink

Whatever happened to students enjoying themselves without help from Captain Video?

By VERNE McDONALD

It was a question that faces many a UBC student: Where can I sit down and have a quiet drink?

This time the problem was not papers, examinations or library overload, but a touch of future shock. I had gone to a presentation by Omni magazine where a beautiful and perceptive audio-visual show by a master propagandist had attempted to convince me that technology was incapable of generating inhumane values among humans; people could only blame themselves if the development of napalm bombs or nuclear weapons led to their eventual use.

line to the door of the Pit would not be too long and there was a jug of amber at the end of it.

I should have known something was wrong when I found almost no lineup. Since the day the Pit opened its doors endless lineups have testified to the inadequacy of a 300-odd seat pub for 23,000 students on a campus kilometres from the nearest commercial bar. And this was Friday night. What could drive so many thirsty students away?

With so many seats taken out to accommodate games, food bars with recycled cafeteria droppings and mirrored stool bars, there were only two-thirds the number of people the Pit held in the 1970s. Yet the staff was even busier than when I slung jugs around the time that decade ended.

Harried waiters shouted out orders and jabbed randomly at a computer register as a bartender tried to keep up while furiously making change and cursing the draft system which was behaving poorly as usual. As if the computer register and exact change system weren't slowing things down enough, a student supervisor stood behind the bar wearing a gold chain around his neck which I took to signify his office.

He languidly examined computer slips before tearing them in half. His only effort to help was to give sharp admonitions to waiters who had made procedural mistakes in their bills in their hurry to get the exact amount into the register.

The lone bartender had to fend for herself without his gracious help. It was a while before my patience was rewarded.

"Gee," I said while she pulled the tap, "I remember when a person could just walk up to the counter and order a jug of beer."

She laughed and handed me my beer, putting on a mock little girl voice. "Gosh, mister, you must be old." A momentary difficulty with the computer and a gruff interuption from the supervisor kept my change back for a minute or two.

"Thank God we got rid of that inefficient token system, eh," I said but she no longer had time to listen. I turned and surveyed the Pit. I had my beverage, now the place to sit and quietly sip it.

To my surprise there wasn't any, despite the smaller crowd than in days gone by. The sparseness of humanity was thrown into relief by harsh glarelights that illuminated every inch of the hideous black rubber floor and dysentery yellow pillars. But the tables had left with the seats to make room for stool bars, which everyone, including me, avoided.

I finally found a place in front of a video game that invited me to destroy alien invaders in space. Every so often it would flash a 'hall of fame' which recorded the scores and pseudonyms of people who had been most successful at staring into a screen. Most of them had chosen to use the name 'god' with a number after it. Memories were still fresh of Omni and its vision of humans melding perfectly with machines, and I called the waiter over.

"Where's the on-off button?" I asked.

He looked at me as if I had three heads. "What?"

"The power switch. Doesn't this thing have one?"

He began to catch my drift. "It gets the power straight from the plug. You don't have to turn it on, just put money in and the game starts. But this one's a ripoff. The others aren't bad. Try it, maybe you'll like it, but I say it's a ripoff.

Refusing to accept defeat, I tried again to communicate. "There's no way to turn it off?"

The waiter drew back. "Well, I guess if you pulled the plug." He shrugged, puzzled, then walked away. I began to feel like a bit player in a Kafkaesque science fiction short story and looked around to get my bearings.

There weren't any I recognized. The regulars, who had come and left while staying constant in numbers over eight years, who put together hockey pools or played backgammon, who studied or argued the validity of the modern university education, were gone.

Gone was the mathematics professor who would always stop by after classes ended and, no matter whether surrounded by complete quiet or the brouhaha of a class finished with an exam on a Friday, would drink three Lowenbrau, no less and no more, while doodling geometric diagrams and theorems on a notepad.

Gone was just about everybody older than 19 years and two weeks.

In their place was a group of what might have been students. The best dressed were at the stool bar by the door, flaunting their denial of rumors of students' lack of income while ensuring they could see as well as be seen.

At the bars against the walls and around the circle of the central pit sat the stag line, leering men with twitching neck muscles. They ogled women primped with makeup thicker than embalmers use and who dressed, in the old 1970s singles' bar parlance, 'to the tits.' Only the intent players of the coin games were oblivious to the adolescent, out of date parody of a search for Mr. and Ms. Goodbar.

Where the Pit had once been now stood a glittering mirrored cross between electric video Disneyland and a cheap pickup bar somewhere in rural Saskatchewan. If Tor Svanoe had walked in, he surely would have died of a heart attack.

Who is Tor Svanoe? It is an honest pleasure for me to tell you that Tor is the gentlemanly and husky Swede who managed the Pit from the time it opened to 1978, when he resigned. During the four years he ran the place he steadily increased revenues while striving to keep prices at no more than two-thirds the price in commercial pubs.

It was Tor who first hired me to fling the foamy stuff. "The main thing," he told me, "is t'students get their beer and everybody haf a good time singing and talking."

Tor Svanoe's idea of a straightforward student pub ran into trouble in 1976. Campus RCMP, unable to cope with a sudden rash of vandalism and latching onto the Pit as a scapegoat, hinted to the AMS they could ask for a review of the license if there weren't better supervision of people in and coming out of the Pit and beer gardens.

Even the RCMP were surprised that October when the AMS panicked and shut the Pit down. After lying down for the police to run over them, the AMS then asked them for a second set of tire marks by imposing an unnecessarily complex set of stringent regulations. Most were counter-productive and all were costly.

Tor sighed and raised the prices as little as possible. But though they had closed the Pit during one of its busiest months, the AMS still wanted revenues to increase.

After giving it a go for six months, Tor left his legacy of the legendary stockpile he ordered a few weeks before a beer strike-lockout and which carried the Pit through almost all of the three months the dispute lasted.

Before Svanoe resigned three years ago beer was 75 cents. In the liquor store it was $5.40 a case; that's gone up 33 per cent (not including the extra deposit) since then. Beer in the Pit has gone up 67 per cent.

But substantial change isn't best expressed in statistics. The real difference between the Pit now and what it was two years ago is a question of quality.

The $70,000 decor and sound system spent to justify rising prices and profits remind me of a Dolly Parton quote: "You wouldn't believe the amount of money it took to make this wig look cheap."

The sound system competes much harder than the old juke box but it has yet to defeat the worst acoustics outside of Granville Mall at rush hour. Piercing screams must be used to be heard by your neighbor; the continuous yelling through raw throats renders the music as inaudible as ever and eventually kills the conversation which is the heart and soul of any good place to drink.

As soon as the jug was gone, so was I. I went up to the art gallery and gave the doorman a dollar. He folded it into the bills clenched between his knuckles. "Now I recognize you," he said.

I went in and found my friends at the table where my cigarettes were still lying. I was going to tell them what a shame it was students no longer had a place anywhere on campus to just sit, have a drink and talk, when the band I'd paid for started up.

Courtesy of the AMS.

Verne McDonald has had strange experiences in the Pit since the year it opened but is sadly seeking a quiet off campus bar. Freestyle is a column of opinion for members of The Ubyssey staff and does not reflect attitudes or opinions of the newspaper.

freestyle

Being lied to makes me laugh. Watching hundreds of people pay money to be lied to while they take careful notes makes me seek quiet places to thoughtfully consume more or less mildly alcoholic beverages.

I set off first to the Lethe, currently in its annual temporary transformation into the art gallery lounge. I had been talking to some friends there for an hour or two before showtime and I looked forward to some more conversation.

My way through the art gallery door was barred by a large, handsome man with heavy-lidded eyes who lounged in a tilted chair, riffling bills between his knuckles. "It's a dollar to get in," he said.

"Oh," I said, remembering the new Alma Mater Society policy of whenever possible charging students to get into the bars that their fees subsidize the overhead of. Then I remembered something and turned back. "Isn't there no cover charge if you've been in before 8 p.m.?"

"That's right."

"No problem, then. I was in here for more than an hour tonight. Would you like me to find my friends to testify?"

The doorman declined. "I don't remember you. Pay a dollar or go."

I soon found that I could appeal to no other authority, not even the lounge employees who had served me before. There were no stubs, no stamps, no system at all except the doorman's memory.

Perhaps, I suggested as I resigned myself to leaving, perhaps if the AMS was going to do so questionable a thing as penalize patrons who arrive after an arbitrary hour, perhaps then they could have a stamp system rather than relying on the seemingly selective memory of a single person.

"And perhaps I could break your skull," the doorman answered.

I reviewed my words, trying to remember if any had been threatening or obscene. If anything, they had been more careful and polite than the reconstruction above. I walked away, assuming the incident to be just another example of the new social centre policy of trying to imitate the decor of commercial bars and charging close to commercial prices, but not taking the trouble of maintaining the levels of service and courtesy found in commercial establishments.

My visions of tequila and Ameretto chasers faded and I was back to that question: Where can a student sit down and have a beer? It was Friday night, but with excellent luck the

Tween Classes

TODAY

INTRAMURALS
Turkey trot, 3 and 5 km, men and women noon, between SUB and main library. Win a turkey.
Final registration for women's superstars.
Referee sign-up for hockey, basketball and inner tube water, everyone welcome, noon, War Memorial gym 203.

SLAVONIC STUDIES
General meeting. Christopher Harman speaks on A Marxist perspective on the crisis in Eastern Europe, 12 noon, Buch. 106.

WOMEN'S CENTRE
Welfare rights coalition workshop, noon, SUB 130.

UBC HOCKEY INVITATIONAL TOURNAMENT
Round robin, 8 p.m., winter sports centre.

UBC SOCCER THUNDERBIRDS
Meeting, 3 p.m., Wolfson field, UBC.

LE CLUB FRANCAIS
Meeting, noon, International House lounge.

LUTHERAN STUDENT MOVEMENT
TGIF happy hour, 4:30 p.m., Lutheran campus centre.

CVC
Dance-fest. First dance of the year, 8 p.m. to midnight, SUB party room.

SATURDAY

UBC SKI CLUB
Dance with Montego Shine, 7 p.m., SUB ballroom.

BIKE CLUB
Fun ride to Fraser delta, 9 a.m., front of SUB.

CHESS CLUB
B.C. open chess tournament and B.C. junior chess championship final, Saturday, Sunday and Monday from 9 a.m. onward, Henry Angus 425 and 421.

EIG
Environmental media show, meet the environmental interest group, 8 p.m., SUB 207/209.

CSA
Bring your own badminton racquets and birdies if possible, 7:30 p.m. Osborne centre gym A and B.

UBC FOOTBALL
Game, 2 p.m., Thunderbird stadium.

UBC VOLLEYBALL
Boys' junior high invitational tournament, all day Saturday and Sunday, War Memorial gym.

LE CLUB FRANCAIS
Excursions a Hollyburn, 9:30 p.m., rendez-vous SUB Roundrebout.

SUNDAY

AQUASOC
Co-rec underwater hockey, all students welcome, 10 p.m., UBC aquatic centre.

UBC SPORTS CAR CLUB
Big slalom, first in winter novice series, any driver with car can try their skills, B-lot.

UBC HOCKEY INVITATIONAL HOCKEY TOURNAMENT
Championship final, 1:30 p.m., winter sports centre.

ROCKERS CO-OP
Open jam session for musicians, bring your instruments, 1:30 p.m. SUB 207/209.

MONDAY

WINDSURFING
General meeting for novice training organization, noon, SUB 212.

TUESDAY

BIKE CLUB
Organizational meeting, noon, Biology 2449.

PRE-MED
Dr. R. Hill speaks on pediatrics, new members accepted, noon, IRC 1.

AMNESTY UBC
Information and form letters booth during prisoners of conscience week, noon, SUB lobby.

UBC JAPAN CLUB
Food experiences, noon, SUB 212.

INTERNATIONAL HOUSE
Film series: New Zealand, noon and 7:30 p.m., International House 400.
Films on Italy postponed.

EIG
Recycling committee meeting; plans to turn waste into resource at UBC, noon, SUB 215.
Environment week displays and information table, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., SUB.

LAW STUDENTS LEGAL AID PROGRAM
Free legal assistance given by law students, noon to 2:30 p.m., SUB 111. If we can't help, we will refer you to who can.

B.C. PIRG
Steering committee meeting, noon, SUB 115. All welcome.

CHARISMATIC CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP
Meeting with charismatic Catholic group, noon, St. Marks.

COLLEGIATE ADVENTISTS
Group discussion on First Corinthians, noon, SUB 213.

UBC SPORTS CAR CLUB
General meeting, non-members welcome, film, 7 p.m., SUB 119.

WEDNESDAY

CAMPUS PRO-LIFE
Walter Szetela, coalition for life in B.C., noon, SUB 119.

CCCM
Group potluck and Women in Theology part 2, 6 p.m., Lutheran campus centre.

CHESS CLUB
Analysis of current world championship games from the Karpov-Korchnoy match, 7:30 p.m., Scarfe 204.

INTRAMURALS
Women's superstar competition, 8:30 p.m., Osborne gym E.
Final registration for outdoor adventure horseback riding trip (intermediate and advanced), 1:30 p.m., War Memorial gym 203.

VARSITY OUTDOOR CLUB
General meeting and slide show, noon, Chem. 250.
Trip meetings in clubroom, noon.

THURSDAY

ASTRONOMY CLUB
General meeting, all welcome, 5:30 p.m., Geophys. 120.

CAMPUS CRUSADE FOR CHRIST
Abiding in Christ, noon, SUB 111.

CHESS CLUB
General meeting, noon, SUB 213.

ENVIRONMENTAL INTEREST GROUP
Film, speakers and discussion on Hat Creek project and B.C. Hydro, noon, SUB 125.

INTRAMURALS
Final registration for men's totem tennis tournament round 1, 1:30 p.m., War Memorial gym 203.
Organizational meeting for horseback riding trip, noon, WM gym 211.

ISMAILI STUDENTS
Dr. Hassam on Myth and Reality, noon (we guess, they didn't say on the form), SUB 119.

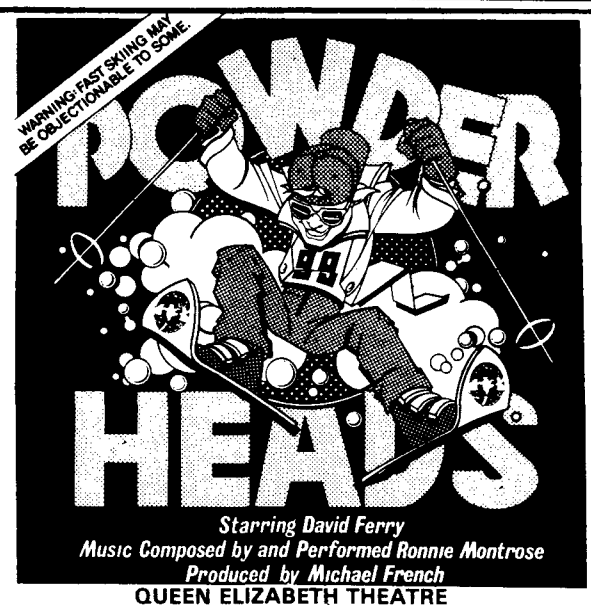
LSM
Prophesy and law, The Ethical Tradition, discussion and dinner sponsored by campus chaplains, 4:30 p.m., Hillel House (behind Brock Hall).

MUSSOC
Large mass meeting, discuss organization of South Pacific production, noon, Mussoc clubroom in old auditorium by ladies' washroom.

ONGOING

CO-OP ED INTERNSHIPS
Senior arts students apply now for student related, non-paid work experience before graduation, Brock Hall 213.

TWEEN CLASSES
Free form filling seminar on how to follow instructions for the large number of clubs still screwing up, any time, SUB 241k.



QUEEN ELIZABETH THEATRE
Sunday, Oct. 11th, 7 p.m.
Tickets: VTC (630 Hamilton St.), all Eaton's Stores & Infor Centres in major malls. Information, 687-4444, Charge-By-Phone, 687-1818.

LATE PAYMENT OF FEES

A late payment fee of $40.00 additional to all other fees will be assessed if payment of the first installment is not made on or before September 25. Refund of this fee will be considered only on the basis of a medical certificate covering illness or on evidence of domestic affliction. If fees are not paid in full by October 9, 1981, registration will be cancelled and the student concerned excluded from classes.

If a student whose registration has been cancelled for non-payment of fees applies for reinstatement and the application is approved by the Registrar, the student will be required to pay a reinstatement fee of $40.00, the late fee of $40.00 and all other outstanding fees before being permitted to resume classes or re-register in a subsequent session.

Hot Flashes

Vote for vice ends today

Do you care who spends your money and expresses your opinion to higher ups?

No, we aren't talking about the premier, or even Pierre Trudeau, but the Alma Mater Society vice president.

A by-election to fill a three month term of office is being held today from 9 a.m. to 3:30 p.m. in major campus buildings. A validated AMS card must be presented in-person to vote.

Complete profiles of the three candidates was published on page 3 of Thursday's Ubyssey.

Vote early, vote often.

Stop the press!

The Ubyssey is going on holiday and is stopping publication.

But only for next Tuesday. You see, Monday is a holiday, so all classes are cancelled. Since some Ubyssey staffers don't go to classes, we figure we are missing out on something; so the paper is also taking a holiday.

The regular publication schedule will resume Thursday, if student council hasn't taken over the paper in the meantime, voided our printing contract, or cancelled all our national advertising revenue.

Bike bash

Long to see the world? Budget restrictions getting you down? The UBC bike club has just the ticket for you.

This Saturday a squad of intrepid cyclists will be embarking on a scenic cruise to the Fraser delta. Whereabouts on the delta they didn't say. Starting time is 9 a.m. in front of SUB.

B-lot blues

Purge those I hate B-lot blues.

The UBC sports car club will be staging a slalom event there this Sunday at 10 a.m. It's the first in the winter novice series, conjuring up delightful visions of TR-6's on skis.

Fantasize about driving like Gilles Villeneuve while contemplating weekday reality. Vroom, vroom.

Autistic help

This one is serious, folks.

The Pacific Association for Autistic Citizens is asking for volunteers to work on a one-to-one basis with autistic children. Orientation will be provided, so if you are interested, phone 327-4581 and ask for Susan.

Ski dancing

Practice those apres-ski moves.

The UBC ski club is having a dance this Saturday in the SUB ballroom. The bank is Montego Shine, and tickets are available in SUB 210. The action starts at 7 p.m. (are they serious?),

Recycle this

Shit, this is going to be wordy.

The Recycling Committee of the UBC environmental interest group will be having a meeting this Tuesday at noon in SUB 215. The discussion will be based on the idea of turning waste into a resource at UBC.

Free gold

Boy, wouldn't that be something. And believe us, pal, our staff would be the first in line to pick up that gratis glittery stuff.

But they'll just have to be content with serving our 15 gigantic, creative burgers, super salads and other tasties.

Open 7 days a week, 11:30 a.m. till like late.

2966 West 4th Avenue. And remember all burgers less than $500 an ounce.

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THE CLASSIFIEDS

RATES: Campus — 3 lines, 1 day $1.50; additional lines, 35c.
Commercial — 3 lines, 1 day $3.30; additional lines 60c. Additional days $3.00 and 45c.

Classified ads are not accepted by telephone and are payable in advance.

Deadline is 11:00 a.m. the day before publication.

Publications Office, Room 241, S.U.B., UBC, Van., B.C. V6T 2A5.

5 — Coming Events

Improve Your Study Habits Through
SELF HYPNOSIS
FEE: $40 for any 4 of 5
Ph.D GUIDED
Tuesdays, 6:15-7:30 p.m.
STARTING
Oct. 13, 20 or 27th
Blue Room, Arts 1 Bldg. U.B.C. Campus

The Vancouver Institute
Free public lecture
PROF. FRENCH TICKNER
DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC UBC
THE OPERA, AN EXOTICK AND IRRATIONAL ENTERTAINMENT
Prof. Tickner is a member of the Board of Directors for the Canadian Opera Company and the National Opera Assoc. and is Artistic Director of the City Opera of Vancouver.
LECTURE HALL 2, WOODWARD BUILDING, OCT. 10th at 8:15 p.m.

FREE FILM OF
Mother Theresa
"SOMETHING BEAUTIFUL FOR GOD"
Thurs., Oct. 15, 7:30 p.m.
LUTHERAN CAMPUS CENTRE

10 — For Sale — Commercial

COMMUNITY SPORTS; A store packed with ski wear, soccer boots, hockey equipment racquets of all kinds, jogging shoes and dozens of other sports items at reasonable prices. (including adult small hockey jerseys for ladies hockey teams at $10.95). 3615 W. Broadway

REASONABLY PRICED older furniture & desks at Townhouse Antiques, 3928 Main. Student discount with A.M.S. card.

11 — For Sale — Private

MEN'S ¾ length pigskin coat, $150; tan colour down jacket, $100; Eskimo sweater, $50; new Fischer racing cut skis, $200. Open to offers. Mike, 688-6495.

20 — Housing

VENEZUELAN GIRL wishes to improve English by sharing her apartment. Non-smoker, responsible girl. $200/mo. 294-2742.

30 — Jobs

RECORDS & TAPES: Rhodes on Broadway looking for part-time or full-time help in its Record & Tape Dept. A good knowledge of classical music is essential. Phone Nicholas, 733-2215, Rhodes, 1905 West Broadway.

BASKIN ROBBINS ice cream, 4065 Cambie at 25th requires counter worker/supervisor, 3-4 shifts evenings and weekends only. Call 872-3715, Mrs. Shecter.

INTERVIEWERS REQUIRED for Canadian Consumer Research firm. Good hourly wage. Mostly evening and weekend work. Project begins October 19th and runs two weeks. Phone 271-5053 for more information.

35 — Lost

40 — Messages

LOST — A metallic blue motorcycle helmet SUB-turnaround Monday, Oct. 5. Please call Ed, 733-8953, thanks.

LADIES WATCH — Gold colour, between MacDonald and UBC, October 7th. Phone 731-8595 after 8:30 p.m.

40 — Messages

PRACTICAL acupuncture moxibustion home study course. P.O. Box 35676, Vancouver, B.C. V6M 4G9.

~~SUS — Reports of our death are greatly exaggerated - EUS~~

70 — Services

MODE COLLEGE of barbering and hairstyling. Student hairstyle — $8, haircut — $3.50. 601 West Broadway, 874-0633.

80 — Tutoring

85 — Typing

EXPERT TYPING: essays, term papers, factums, letters, manuscripts, resumes, theses. IBM Selectric II. Reasonable rates. Rose 731-9857.

TYPING: $1 per page. Legible copy. Fast, accurate, experienced typist with IBM Selectric. Gordon, 873-8032 (after 10 a.m.).

ESSAYS, THESES, MANUSCRIPTS, including technical, equational, reports, letters, resumes. Bilingual. Clemy, 266-6641.

TYPING SERVICE for theses, correspondence, etc. Any field. French also available. IBM Selectric. Call 736-4042.

PROFESSIONAL court recorder guarantees fast, accutate typing. Essays, theses, manuscripts, letters, resumes. Phone Carol, 987-6527.

WRITER'S CRAMP? Yours truly secretarial services ltd. types up a storm a day so you can sleep at night. Dependable service, reasonable rates. Professional results. Call Kathy (yours truly) today. 873-5578.

TYPING Special Student Rates. Fitness of Cameron Public Stenographers, 5670 Yew Street. Phone 266-6814.

90 — Wanted

ARTIFICIAL INSEMINATION: Donors are urgently required for the successful continuation of this program. Substantial renumeration offered. Call Dr. G. W. Korn, 876-9288, Monday-Friday, 9 a.m.-5 p.m.

99 — Miscellaneous

WANTED TO RENT — place to park and live in trailer. Phone 687-5917.

ROLLING STONES tickets for sale. Second show. Not with bus tour. Call 736-3909, or 731-5900.

TOASTMISTRESS: Gain experience in public speaking. For more information call 437-8494.

vista

The closest thing to good punk-music in this town can be had Friday and Saturday Oct. 9 and 10. Look, down in the street, zestier than the Stones, uglier than the Ramones, able to leap varied music styles in a single song.

Yes it is the **Subhumans.** You can catch them at the Smilin' Buddha at 109 East Hastings at 8 p.m. They've got this prominent play because they had the best poster. Imagination pays.

UBC's Fine Arts Gallery, which can be found in the basement of Main library with a little searching, is going exotic.

This month they will be presenting a collection of paintings from Imperial and Princely India. On loan from the National Gallery in Ottawa, the Indian miniature paintings can be seen Tuesday through Saturday, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

As long as you're feeling culturally attuned to Asia, drop in to the **Orpheum** where **Teiko Maehashi,** a Japanese violinist considered to be the brightest jewel since Itzhak Perlman, will be performing **Paganini's Violin Concerto** No. 1 in D Major, Opus 6. She will be performing on Sunday, Oct. 8 at 2:30

p.m. Monday Oct. 19 at 8:30 p.m. and Tuesday, Oct. 20 at 7:30 p.m. Tickets are available at all Vancouver Ticket Centre outlets.

If you are biased against Paganini, love Mozart, enjoy music with historical value, or any one of the above, the **Vancouver Society for Early Music** has a fix for you. On Wednesday, Oct. 21 at 8:30 p.m., **Malcolm Bilson,** a native of Los Angeles, will be giving an all-Mozart concert on the fortepiano. The following Sunday, Oct. 25, Bilson will add Hayden to his repetory, but will be playing his music on a reproduction of Mozart's personal fortepiano, just to confuse your loyalties.

Tickets are available at The Magic Flute, Sikora's Classical Records, the Arts Club Theatre and (you guessed it) the Vancouver Ticket Centre Outlets.

If you've been really sharp and already read page five of this dynamic newspaper, you'll know that the **Houston Ballet** will be presenting that dusty but ethereal classic, **Giselle,** as well as a new full-length work, **Peter Gynt,** at the Queen Elizabeth Theatre from Oct. 15 to 17. Coming from the rich state of Texas, this exciting company has a big enough budget to wow you with beautiful sets and costumes, not to mention a high standard of dance. Tickets are available at all Vancouver Ticket Centre outlets.

What do we discuss in these fillers you ask? Why all kinds of things. For example we chatter about such topics as the surprise Ubyssey victory in Thursday's Arts '20 race. It caught you by surprise didn't it? We are still coming down from the high. The adrenalin is still running and Nestor Korchinsky is livid in disbelief. Less than 10 minutes behind the winning time and first place in the men's independent! A team will not be entered next year as our best three runs died of heart attacks in shock. At this time we would like to dare EVERYONE to a race. That's right, a race, winner get ten cases of beer. We reserve the right to limit the race to putting out a newspaper, at least until next year's Arts '20. You see how much fun working for The Ubyssey is, all the glory, all the nice looking plast-of-paris cairns and t-shirt's you get when you win an event. Just show up to SUB 241k and we'll make you into a star runner, reporter. Today the Arts '20, tomorrow the Arts boat races.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

Nesbitt Thomson Bongard Investment Dealer, now interviewing applicants for sub-agents to market Canadian Savings Bonds.

Excellent opportunity to earn extra income and gain valuable experience.

Please call E. E. Sande,

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UBC INTRAMURALS OUTDOOR ADVENTURE

HORSEBACK RIDING

(For Intermediate & Advanced Riders)

AT BUNTZEN LAKE SAT., OCT. 17

Register by Wed., Oct. 14 at Room 203, War Memorial Gym

Organizational Meeting on Thurs., Oct. 15

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At the forefront of the Canadian coal industry stands Fording. A leader in Canada's coal mining and international trade scenes, Fording operates one of the country's largest metallurgical coal mines, in southeastern B.C.

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Currently Fording has positions available for graduates and summer students in the areas of engineering (mineral processing, chemical, civil, geological, mechanical, metallurgical), computing science, geology, geography and forestry. As well, there are positions for B.Comm. students with a major in industrial relations.

Please check with your Canada Employment Centre on campus for detailed information on these and other positions. We will be recruiting on your campus this fall.

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Yes, it's a very popular sport in the small emerging African nation of Heywhats-happeninman? But you won't find it at P. J. Burger & Sons.

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Open 7 days a week from 11:30 a.m. till really late.

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MY TAN on BROADWAY
would like to inform our faithful clientele that, at present, we have **just one restaurant.** Our former location on West Broadway at MacDonald has been moved to **1481 West Broadway at Granville** (Telephone 738-9512), **next door to the Royal Bank.**
By the way, we still feature the Reasonably-Priced Menu that has been popular for the last ten years in addition to our **Daily Specials** and **Full Facilities** at this new location at Broadway and Granville.
WE HOPE TO SEE YOU SOON!

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Introducing the new hamburger from the DAIRY QUEEN BRAZIER store. In a new "six to a pound" size that really gives you some meat for your money. Instead of a banquet of bun.
You see, while other burger chains get as many as ten hamburgers from a pound of beef, we get only six. And that gives you "more burger than bun." A burger that's tender, deliciously-cooked. Every time. The new burger from DAIRY QUEEN BRAZIER.
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Join the LOTUSEATERS for some of the finest Chinese cuisine in Vancouver.
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5:30 P.M. to 8:30 P.M.
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FULLY LICENSED
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$2.50 per night or $5.00 for all 3 nights
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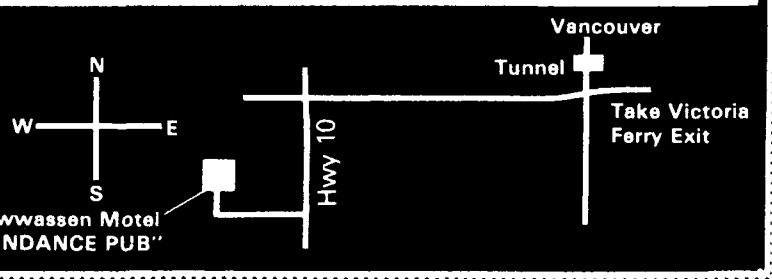
OCT. 31 ROCKIE VASELINO SHOW
(Just 5 miles South of Blaine) TAKE EXIT 270 OFF I-5, HEAD WEST 2 MILES AND LISTEN FOR THE ROCK
The Sundance Pub
"A SUBURBAN HIDEAWAY"



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Peter Chabanowich
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The Cheapest Free Entertainment in Town
P.S. BRING YOUR BEST JOKE!
Mon., Oct. 5, 9:00 p.m.!
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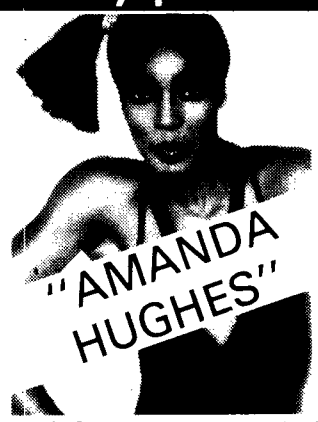

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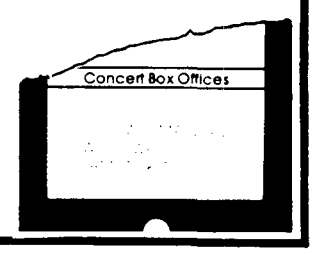
AMS PRESENTS UPCOMING EVENTS
Clubs: U.B.C. Ski Dance — Sat., Oct. 10.
Undercut, Blue Northern — Sat., Oct. 17
A.M.S. Concerts:
Kim Carnes — Oct. 8.
The Villains — Oct. 9.
Monty Python — Oct. 29.
C.B.O. CONCERTS:
Octoberfest — Oct. 15, Oct. 16.
Pageant Ball — Oct. 25.
Canadians for Democracy in Chile — Oct. 25.
Marti Balin — Oct. 27.
LG73 — Oct. 31.
Imperials — Nov. 19.


Buy your tickets at the AMS Box Office

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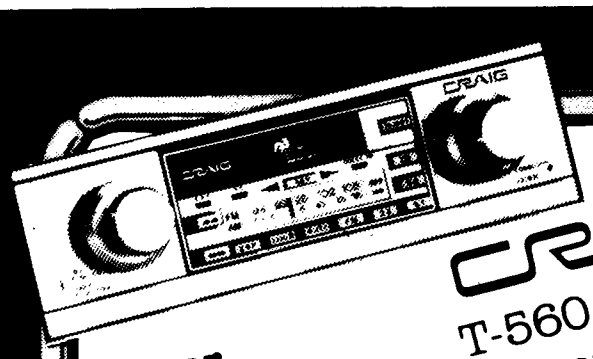

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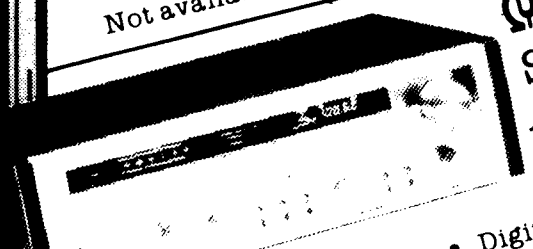

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PIONEER PL-200 Auto-Return Direct Drive Turntable
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PIONEER SE-2 Stereo Headphones
- Lightweight for hours of fatigue free listening pleasure
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TOSHIBA RT-100 Portable Stereo
- AM/FM Stereo radio
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Portable Stereo Cassette Player
- Ultra lightweight stereo headphones
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BASF Super Chrom C-90 Cassette Tape
- The ultimate in Hi-Fi when making high-bias recordings
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