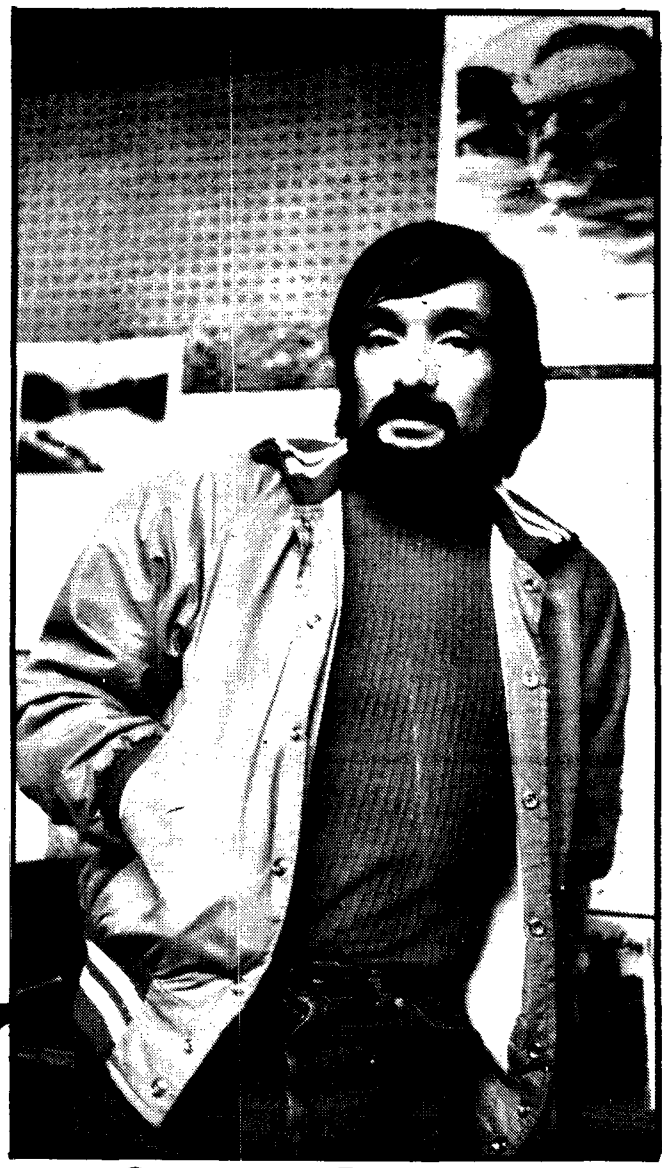
A Life in Limbo



ERIC EGGERTSON PHOTO

The Agony of Eduardo Contreras

Eduardo Contreras will spend seemingly endless hours in contemplation this weekend, flirting with the kind of future only the condemned can imagine. It will be a restless time. He barely has room to pace in his converted storefront apartment on Main Street, cluttered with snapshots of his wife and son still in Chile. But there he will wait, until a telephone call interrupts the roar of the Monday morning traffic.

Nine learned men will make a decision that morning, in an august chamber thousands of miles away. At best, the justices of the Supreme Court of Canada will grant a reprieve by agreeing to hear an appeal of Contreras' case. If they decide not to . . . well, that's what Contreras has all weekend to mull over. It is his last legal recourse, except for a last-minute reprieve from the federal immigration minister.

Contreras' only crime has been his failure to convince an immigration appeal board that he has reason to fear persecution in his native Chile. The board decided not to grant him refugee status, meaning he could be deported to Chile. Meaning the nightmare is not yet over.

Contreras was raised with his three brothers and three sisters in the Pacific coast city of Valparaiso. At 15, he became active in the Chilean Socialist Party, putting up posters and electioneering. He continued his studies, earning a diploma as an industrial mechanical technician. After graduation Contreras became more active in union matters, working as a steel fabricator and welder for the city's port administration.

All that came to an end on Sept. 11, 1973. The military, led by General Augusto Pinochet, staged a bloody coup. Socialist president Salvador Allende was killed. The army began mass arrests.

Contreras was caught in an early sweep. He was interrogated several times. He saw a soldier who refused to punish a prisoner killed as a warning to other soldiers. At one point Contreras faced a firing squad. A gun was levelled. On the command, "Fire," Contreras was struck, not by bullets, but with a rifle butt to his face. He came to on a truck on its way to the Maipo, a ship docked in Valparaiso harbor. There he was beaten with rubber batons. One of his friends on the ship was murdered. After five days he was taken to a military academy on shore, where he was again beaten and tortured.

On his release he visited several friends in the Socialist party, destroying whatever documents linked them to the party or union activity. He was again arrested a few weeks later and, again, beaten.

Contreras was sometimes strapped to a metal bed frame with electric prods on his fingers and genitals. Released, he went underground, finally escaping by bus to Argentina. There he successfully applied for refugee status with the United Nations in 1974.

Contreras decided to return to Chile in February, 1976, even though it meant relin-

BY TOM HAWTHORN

See page 5: EDUARDO

THE UBYSSEY

Vol. LXIV, No. 32 Friday, December 4, 1981 48 228-2301

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Tales of two Christmases

One maid-a-weeping, loudly

By EVE WIGOD

Dec. 25.

Dear Diary,

Today mine own True Love hath sent me a partridge, replete with pear tree. Although 'twas postpaid, I received a notice advising me to retrieve it, as home delivery was not possible. I' faith, I felt rather a spectacle as I carried the gifte through the streets of the towne. Ne'ertheless, I was delighted by the softly clucking creature. By my troth, I have already spent several hours hearkening to its strange soliloquy, which remindeth me of my dearest Charles' own pleasant banter.

Dec. 26

Dear Diary,

Received on this day the kindly giftes of another partridge and pear tree as well as two wond'rously enchanting turtle doves, from my True Love. Albeit my Love is mistaken about my int'rest in ornithology, I do truly appreciate these thoughtful presents. With two doves and two partridges, my home doth ring with sweet, melodious birdcalls which divert me from the drudgery of keeping house.

Dec. 27

Dear Diary,

My Love's present was the same as yesterday's, but with the addition of three beautiful French hens. Dear Charles! I know he meaneth well, but methinks he is something misguided in his intentions. O misfortune to both of us that he thinketh still of Daphne, his former love. She was indeed an appreciator of birds, and eventually wedded a plumed ostrich.

Dec. 28

Dear Diary,

Today Charles hath sent me four calling birds, in addition to yesterday's sum. I now possess four partridges in pear trees, six turtle doves, six French hens, and these newly-received calling birds. The latter do call out dreadful things, to each other, to hapless souls who pass by, and to me. Why, earlier today, I did hear them proclaim unto each other the latest scores of the Grande Game which took place in Fairfax Meadows. To a couple passing by the window did I hear them call to him: "Thou base and vile villain!" and to her: "Thou deceitful, ugly wretch!' And truly did I hear them refer to me as an "ill-bred wretch!" And truly did I hear them refer to me as an "ill-bred slattern." In sooth I know not what I have done to bring such vengefulness upon me!

Dec. 29

Dear Diary,

Went to the post office today with a goodly supply of bird cages, expecting Charles' theme to be the same as the preceding days. There were indeed many winged creatures awaiting me, but I was pleasantly surprised by the addition of five, highly-polished, 24 carat golden rings. On the way home, I visited ye olde jeweller, who hath assured me that the rings are not sham; e'en that, in faith, they are truly worth a minte.

My house is in a constant uproar. What is more, 'tis frightfully hard to clean, and I must labour several hours together to banish the doul smell from the place. Tho' I try to keep the creatures in their cages, they will often escape and fly about. That silly Charles hath many a fine, romantic notion. I cannot help but muse apace, howe'er, upon his lack of practicality.

Dec. 30

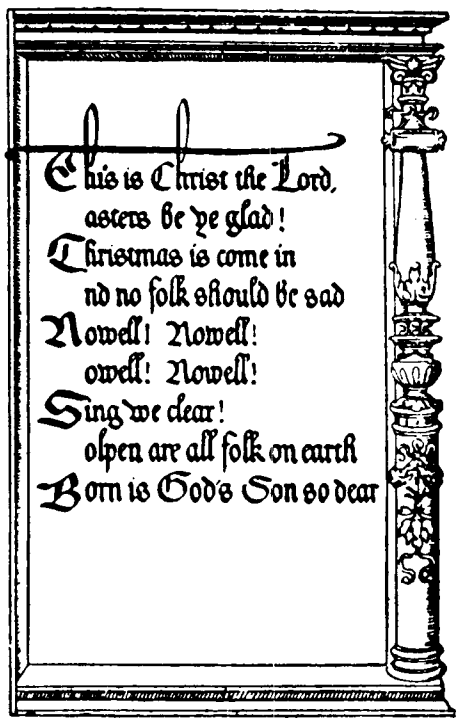
Dear Diary,

Woe betide me! Charles, that knavish rogue, hath sent me six geese a-laying. A plague o'er his house! As if 'twere not enough to have six partridges (in six pear trees), ten doves, 12 hens, 12 calling birds, and ten golden rings (Well, the latter perturbeth me not so much). You may be sure that I have tried to notify that foolish Charles, to beg him send no more giftes, but it seemeth that his number is unlisted.

Dec. 31

Dear Diary,

Alas, the winged creatures are restless, and I cannot bear to keep them confined. Therefore, I have freed them, and they have not ta'en to each other. O how unnatural deeds do breed unnatural troubles! Along with this day's expected accrual of fowle, I have yet received more! Seven swans a-swimming were sent to me by that scoundrel, Charles. 'Tis a pity the nearest lake is several miles hence, for I am forced to set them a-swimming in the bathtub, and they tend to o'ercrowd it.



Jan. 1

Dear Diary,

Rode to the post office today in a hay-wagon to pick up one partridge in a pear tree, two turtle doves, three French hens, four calling birds, five golden rings, six geese a-laying, and seven swans. In addition to this motley company, I was met by eight maids, who were, simultaneously, a-milking eight very obese cows. I ordered them to walk with their beasts to my home, as there was not room enough for the 16 of them in my wagon.

The gentle, bovines are far kinder to me than the insipid calling birds, but their maids are all evil and malicious women. They possess the audacity to set up their milking stools anywhere in my house, including the kitchen, the dining parlour and the lavatory. More oft than not, there is one maid and cow in each room, and I can obtain no privacy whatsoe'er. The lowing of the cows, bickering of the maids, ridiculing of the calling birds, cooing of the doves, 'singing' of the partridges, honking of the geese, and clucking of the hens doth nake a firghtful dinne, as well as a colossal messe of my abode. What is more, the pungent odor of livestock is quite overwhelming! The devil take that rapscallion Charles!

Jan. 2

Dear Diary,

Today that contemptuous Charles hath cursed me with nine ladies dancing, as well as yesterday's quota of creatures and rings. These women accompanied the maids on their pilgrimmage to my home. The ladies, I fear, are not admirable dancers; they spun awkwardly across the towne in the manner of whirling devishes, and continue to do so in my home. Mercifully, they utter nary a word. Unmercifully, though, they nary cease their "dancing".

Jan. 3

Dear Diary,

O weladay! O woeful day! Charles, the wretched, rash, intruding foole, hath presented me with ten lords a-leaping! In sooth, the lords are quite handsome young men, but methinks their rambunctious leaping a trifle hyperactive. The have ta'en affection to the nine dancing damsels (tho' none dare go near the churlish milkmaids), and the tenth has ta'en to a-leaping after me, throughout my abode. By my troth, I have tried to escape, but the fat, heavy cows blocketh both my doors, and refuse to budge!

See page 12: TWELVE

The legacy of Ebenezer

By CHARLOTTE OLSEN

The night was quiet, huge flakes of snow wafted slowly to the already white streets, and fireplaces crackled with friendly fires — it was a perfect Christmas Eve. The four old men, business acquaintances, were sitting in the library of their club, sipping cognac and reminiscing about times gone by.

"Nights like this," said one, "always remind me of a Christmas long, long ago, when a man I knew had one of the strangest experiences. This man, Matthew was his name, was well-established. He had a wife and two fine children, and a very successful business. He worked long hours and rarely took a vacation — probably the secret to financial success.

"This particular Christmas Eve, Matthew had worked late into the night as usual. On his way home, he passed an old woman who was selling roasted chestnuts. She looked cold and weary and a little strange in the head. 'May the spirit of Christmas be with you, Sir,' she said.

"Now, Matthew was not one to carry on conversations with street people; he believed one should give them money, but one didn't try to have an intelligent conversation with them. However, this night Matthew decided he'd humor 'the old bat' as he said. So he asked her what the spirit of Christmas was.

" 'Surely you know Sir,' she replied. 'The spirit of Christmas is what made Scrooge become a wonderful man.'

" 'Fairytales, that's all you ever hear at this time of year,' Matthew scoffed. 'You should speak of the *spirits* of Christmas, the ones everyone drinks to the point of excess. That at least would be realistic.'

"Well, the old woman looked at Matthew somewhat strangely. Somewhere Matthew heard wind chimes — or he thought it was wind chimes, but the night was still just like tonight. The old woman began to speak again and as she spoke, her voice seemed to grow softer and softer.

" 'I know you,' she said. 'I know all about you. You are a man of today, someone who has succeeded in life and who will become even richer. You are reaching for the gold ring and you may even catch hold of it. Ah yes, I see nothing but financial success for you.'

" 'I also know,' she went on, 'that you provide the best of everything for your family. The finest house, the best clothes, lavish gifts at Christmas and birthdays. Your children will go to the best schools in the land. No one can say you don't do your duty.'

" 'That's right, old woman,' Matthew said. 'I do what's right, I take care of my family and I have never forgotten an important date. You can't accuse me of being a Scrooge.'

" 'Ah, Sir, but who was Scrooge but a man who lost sight of the meaning of it all? You are so caught up in succeeding that you have forgotten to share. It's more than giving lavish gifts, it's more than putting fine food on a table. You don't share yourself with your family, they don't know you at all. You don't have any real friends, do you? Just acquaintances.'

" 'You don't play with your children, do you even know how old they are? You don't share your thoughts with your wife, do you even tell her you love her?'

"Matthew was beginning to feel dizzy. This old woman had to be crazy, or maybe he was the crazy one — she looked younger than she had before. And there was that wind chime again. What in blazes was going on?

" 'What do you know, crazy woman,' Matthew yelled. 'My life is fine. You are the one who should be worrying about life. Look at you! You're poor, you have to stand on corners selling chestnuts in the cold.'

" 'Yes, I'm poor but I have a better life than you. For I have known the warm love of a family, I have shared my life with many good friends. It's the quality of life that matters, Sir, not whether you are poor or rich. And the kind of life I'm talking about cannot be bought, even with all your money.

" 'To have the kind of life that's worthwhile,' she said softly, 'it means you have to give of yourself.'

" 'You don't know anything,' Matthew argued. 'I'll still be here long after you're gone, I'll be living the good life for many, many years.'

" 'I know more than you can imagine,' the woman said. 'I too will be here for many, many years. It's true that you will live what you call a good life for a long time. You will have money, more than you need. And you will be warm and comfortable in your fine home.

" 'But your children will not know you and you won't know them. They will leave you one day, as will your wife, and when you finally see that what you have now is not what makes life worth living, it will be too late. There will be no one there to care.'

"Matthew had had enough. He turned on his heel and started to walk away. A little way down the street he glanced back, but the old woman had gone. The night was very quiet, just the snow falling and the sound of a wind chime somewhere in the dark."

"Good Lord!" said one of the other men. "Tell us, Mr. Capson, do you know what happened, or is that the end of the story?"

"Well," said Capson, "Matthew thought about the old woman for a while and decided that she was one of those crazies who seem to come out of the woodwork during religious holidays. Who would believe a tale like that?

"So Matthew lived his life the way he always had. And he became very rich, a leading citizen one might say. Funny thing though, his wife died about ten years later and by that time his children had grown up and gone away. He hasn't heard from them for years. They don't seem to care."

The clock on the mantle struck the hour, and Capson said he must be getting home. The men finished their cognacs and said goodnight. Capson started walking home. Down the street he came upon an old woman selling roasted chestnuts.

He heard a wind chime.

"May the spirit of Christmas be with you Matthew," the old woman said.

"And with you," he answered softly. "Merry Christmas."

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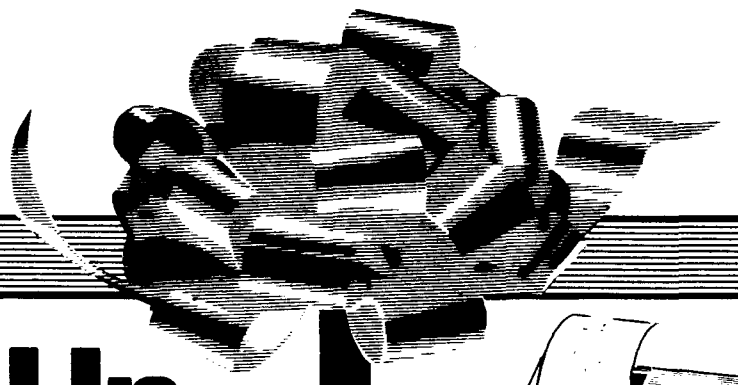

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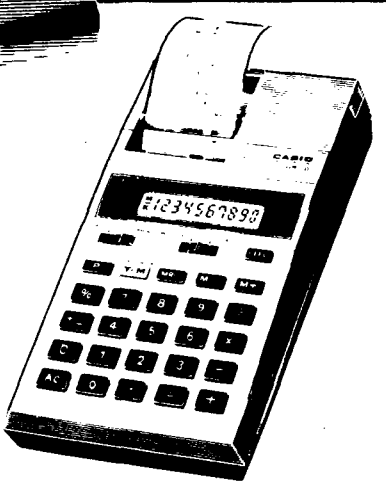

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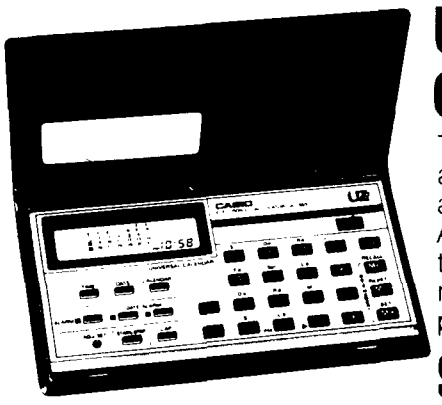

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Bargaining unit backs TAU contract demands

TEACHING ASSISTANTS . . . 400 vote at International House —arnold hedstrom photo

By ARNOLD HEDSTROM

Teaching assistants strongly supported strike action to back contract demands with the university in a strike vote held Thursday.

But the positive vote does not mean teaching assistants will be walking of the job, said Teaching Assistants Union president Jonathan Katz.

Negotiations resume today and the union, armed with the support of the bargaining unit, will ask university negotiators to come up with an offer either tomorrow or on the weekend, according to Katz.

"We are looking for a settlement and that has always been the line," said Katz. He added he hoped union members would have their retroactive pay in time for Christmas.

But three issues remain unresolved. The union is asking for $7,200 each eight month school year, compared to the university offer of $5,835.

The TAU is also demanding quality of education and union security clauses for the 1981/82 contract.

The university opposes the union security proposal which makes teaching assistants and markers members of the union after a specified period of time if the prospective member does not sign a form presented at registration declining membership.

The only unresolved issue during contract talks last year was the union security clause. The union held a strike vote which was narrowly defeated on the issue.

"I don't think I could justify signing a memorandum of agreement without union security," said Katz. Katz said if the university agrees to union security the membership will likely accept a lower wage offer than $7,200.

But he said a good wage offer from the university may entice the union to drop union security until next year.

After negotiators bring the university offer back to the union there will be a general meeting of the membership Katz said."

If the university's offer is unacceptable the union has not ruled out the possibility of strike action and has the support of other campus unions, he said." If they (the university) say 'so what,' there are a lot of people who want to give them trouble."

But Katz told teaching assistants in physics Wednesday that job action does not seem likely. "Hopefully we can fulfill our objectives without a strike," he said.

Meanwhile, a petition to decertify the union gained minimal support from 400 bargaining members who cast ballots at the International House polling station.

Petition organizers set up a table at the polling station because of difficulties in contacting teaching assistants.

Physics graduate student, John Affinito started the petition because of union security.

Affinito objects to taking the initiative to not join the union rather than totally voluntary membership.

"What I object to is all these free riders riding on the back of our work," said Katz.

The TAU ran an extensive campaign to assure the positive vote, which included publication of a four page tabloid newspaer, information tables in the graduate student centre and contacting by phone or in person members of the bargaining unit.

The Agony of Eduardo

From page 1

quishing his refugee status, because word had reached him that party members had destroyed his file at the Intendencia (city hall). He married Andrea Cortes Ovando, and they had a son. He found work with Empresa de Transportes Colectivos del Estado, the national transportation company. Meanwhile, Contreras continued his political activity in secret, the Pinochet regime having outlawed the Socialist party and all non-government unions.

Some workers at the transportation company formed a secret parallel union, deciding to go public by offering to buy the company and operate it as a cooperative after rumors circulated that the government planned to sell the firm to private interests. Contreras was one of seven the workers elected to make the representation.

Three months later, on April 30, 1979, he was arrested and held without charge for three days. Again, on Aug. 20, he was held without charge. Security officers visited his wife while he was under arrest, asking her whether he had stayed in Argentina. Contreras says he was severely beaten and tortured. "They made me go in a small room where there were three policemen, civil policemen," Contreras told the immigration appeal board. "They had their faces covered; they started to interrogate me only about the meeting we were going to have on May 1.

"They were very careful when they were beating me up, they were trying not to leave any marks on me. The system they use more is a wet sack and on top of that they beat us up; to run with that, applications of electrical shock."

Released on Sept. 25, Contreras decided to flee. He was convinced the government had discovered his former refugee status in Argentina. With the aid of a friend in the passport office, plus some borrowed money, Contreras boarded CP Air's Oct. 27, 1979 flight to Vancouver. Refused visitor status, he applied for Convention refugee status under the 1976 Immigration Act as someone with "a well-founded fear of persecution for reasons of race, religion, nationality, membership in a particular social group or political opinion." This, too, was refused and the case was taken to the immigration appeal board.

In a stunning decision, board members C. M. Campbell and W. M. Hlady ruled it "perfectly reasonable" for the Chilean government to detain Contreras without charge on volatile historical dates — May Day, Chilean Independence Day and the anniversaries of Allende's election and the coup. "In the atmosphere existing at the time," Campbell and Hlady wrote, "it is reasonable to expect authorities to exercise control over dissidents on those national political anniversaries. As a union activist who surfaced making an offer to buy the transportation company, it was perfectly reasonable to expect his detention at such times." As well, the two members rejected Contreras' claims of torture during the 1979 detentions since he bore no scars.

"The whole regimen of torture has become sophisticated," says Vancouver lawyer Stan Guenther, who represents Contreras and will appear on his behalf before the Supreme Court on Monday. "I mean, you're just not going to have scars — that's the reality." the board decision was 'ludicrous," a "travesty," he said, which reflected the members' ignorance of the Chilean state of affairs.

Immigration minister Lloyd Axworthy has received requests from the NDP, the Canadian Labor Congress and the B.C. Federation of Labor for a ministerial permit allowing Contreras to remain in the country. "I am appalled at the decision taken by the appeal board," NDP justice critic Svend Robinson wrote to Axworthy, "particularly in light of certain sentiments that were expressed by members of the board which fly in the face of cherished principles of civil liberties and democracy as we know them in Canada." The decision, he added, sets "a very dangerous precedent." CLC president Dennis McDermott told Axworthy that to refuse Contreras a permit "is to accept the standards of a universally condemned dictatorship as those of our own country."

The appeal board ruling was not unanimous, though. Member Bruce Howard argued in a long dissenting opinion that Contreras — "a young man with a cause . . . consistent with what some men have always done in such circumstances" — indeed faces further detention and possible torture if returned to Chile. Howard describes Chile as "a country of the damned where the sane are periodically immured in government-run asylums and madmen keep the keys."

A bizarre twist to the case, which raises serious questions about the role of the Canadian embassy in Santiago, involves a statement signed at the embassy in 1980 by Contreras' wife. The declaration, throughout which Contreras' name is misspelled, states that he didn't participate in political activity, suffered no persecution, and came to Canada to find work. Contreras testified before the board that he had told his wife to always deny knowledge of his political activities to avoid persecution herself. The declaration was a major factor in the board's ruling, although its acceptance as evidence had Ovando testifying against her husband. And Canada's refusal to grant her visitor status — which is why she originally went to the embassy — meant that Guenther was unable to cross-examine her.

On Oct. 7, the federal court of appeal upheld the original decision after a hair-splitting discussion about whether Contreras was detained for his opinions or his actions. The Immigration Act does not mention actions. When lawyer Guenther recounted how Contreras was detained at the time of political anniversaries, Justice David Verchere asked, "Isn't it done in all countries all the time? Even in Canada it's done, isn't it?"

* * *

The living room is no more than six feet across, looking very much the store display area it once was. This Mount Pleasant apartment was once a florist's shop. Now the only flowers are two Remembrance Day poppies, each holding up a corner of a color poster of Salvador Allende.

It is not a good day for Eduardo Contreras. He has just been laid off from his job as a crane operator at Burrard Yarrows shipyard. That means the monthly cheques he sends to his wife, Andrea Cortes Ovando, and his two-year-old son back in Chile will be smaller for the next while. He has been laid off because of another bureaucratic hassle with the immigration people — since his case is not in court under appeal, although it has been applied for, Contreras' work permit has been revoked. It is not the first time he's had this problem since he arrived here two years ago. He'd really like to find a job welding, but he will not be able to get his ticket until the immigration problem is solved.

Contreras looks much older than his 33 years, but it is hard to know if that is because he has not seen his wife and child for two years, or because of his tortures, or because he does not know from one day to the next whether he will be allowed to stay in this country.

Contreras has dreams of rescuing his wife, but he doesn't share them for fear of endangering her life. He would like to go back home, like the time he returned from Argentina. "I could have left for any country (from Argentina), but I decided to go home," he says through an interpreting friend. "At that time I was single and I was very concerned about the Chilean situation — as I am now. My wish is always to be close to my people.

"If necessary I will leave the country. But there is something that really enrages me, because Canada says it is a democratic country that is censoring the violation of human rights, but in my case, in the courts . . . they recognize the torture, the imprisonment, they recognize every persecution from the junta that I had, but they accept it because it only happened around historical dates. It is very important to try and break the hand of the Canadian government in this decision."

There are at least another dozen known cases of Chilean refugees in the same predicament as Contreras, and he is aware of the significance of his battle. But if he loses . . . what country would take him? asks his interpreter. Maybe Nicaragua, since he knows a trade and would like to aid the revolution there. But no other comes to mind. Chile would be certain imprisonment, or worse. And there is always the thought of waiting, like some condemned murderer, for a ministerial permit to arrive at the last hour.

And so, this weekend Contreras will consider his options, while waiting for Guenther's call Monday morning about the Supreme Court decision. For better or worse, it seems the uncertainty — of working, of his family, of living — will soon be over. He will not much longer be, as he calls it, a "limbo person."

THE UBYSSEY

December 4, 1981

"What's it going to be then, eh?"

There was me, Mark Leiren-Young, and my three droogs, that is Arnold Hedstrom, Scott McDonald and Craig Brooks, Craig being really a babbling brook, and we sat in the Lethe Milkbar making up our rassoodocks what to do with the evening. The Lethe Milkbar was milk-plus mesto, and you may, O my siblings, have forgotten what those mestos were like, newspapers not being read much these days. Well, what they sold there was milk-plus, that is plus something else, there being no law against prodding the old moloko with some of the new vesches, so you could p-eet it with Kootnikoff in a moloko Lawrence, or you could have a Drasisma of Muriel in your Duncan Alexander, or you could have venloon in a Bloody Marianne, which is what we were drinking.

You could beet it in your Kathy Collins with sundarajan or corinna or one of two other vesches which would give a nice quiet horror show 15 munites admiring Eve Wigod and All Her Holy Angels and Saints in your left shoe with lights bursting all over your mozy. Or you could peet milk with knives in it, as we used to say, and this would sharpen you up and make you ready for a bit of the old ultra-bad taste. It wasn't too many minootas before we ittied out of the mesto to slooshy some starry veck creeching under a bridge. We viddied it was a burbling old pyannitsa, or drunkie, howling away at the filthy songs of old CUP conferences and going blerp blerp in between as though it might be a filthy *staff meeting in his stinking rotten guts. I could never stand to see a moodge all filthy and rolling and* burping and drunk, whatever his age might be, but more especially when he was really starry like this one was.

"Can ye spare some cutlines, me borthers?" Verne McDonald rasped, and I rammed by em-ruler cane into his guttiwuts. "Go on, do me in, you bastard cowards, I don't want to live anyway, not in a stinking office like this one."

"Oh. And what's stinking about it?" I said. He croaked, "It's a stinking world because it lets the young get on to the old like you done, and there's no consistency of style no more. What sort of world is it at all? Freds banning, Margarets copping, Gregs all over Fjetland while shariffs are shaffin at the bit and Gene Long spinning around the room like he might be a midge round a lamp and there's not no attention paid to consistency of style no more." Then he started singing again, so we got hold of him and cracked him with a few horrorshow tolchocks and a Carl Kochak or two, then went our merry way into the nochy.

It was round by the condemned casino that we came across Glen Schaefer and his four droogs, who were preparing to practise a bit of the old garbage in, garbage out on the copy of a weepy young devotchka, Kate Friesen. The moloko was working real horrorshow and we were feeling less miriam sobrino than sandra goodey and were ready to vred or oobivate some chellovecks, the knives making us more than a malenky bit Marting Strong. This would be real, this would be proper, this would be the nozh, the britva, the Dirk Sion, not just fisties and boots.

I said, smiling very wide and droogie: "Well, if it isn't stinking Glen Scheafer in poison. How art thou, thou globby pot of John Boyling chip oil? Come and get one of in Tony Jochlin, if you have any Robguzyks, you Al Banham, thou." There were four of us to five of the, like I have already indicated, but poor old Craig, for all his dimness, was worth two of the others in sheer inertia and dirty copy. Hee soaked Chang, while Arnold with a shive of his nozh made Charles redden with kroovy and Scott broke a piece of mickwood over Dale's kelm. Lawrence panyched and ran off real skorry, leaving grahzny Glen to me. I felled him with a telephone book and we were soon doing horrorshow, putting boots to gullivers, when I slooshied the sirens and know the millicents were coming, with pooshkas pushing out to the carla pavans' windows at the ready, but we had ookadeeted before the rozzes could lovet us.

It was time to do some autocrasting, so we checked the neil parkers outside a sinny where a Stanley Kubrick film was playing. We passed over a Steve Morris grabbed a lowslung Roseanne Morgan. Soon there was a nice warm vibraty feeling grumbling all through my guttiwuts. We fillied round with other travellers of the night, playing hogs of the road, hearing evan mcintyres creeching as people smashed through fences into Ian Timberlake to join Bog and his Angels in the Pat McLeods. Soon it was winter trees and dark, my siblings, with a country dark. What we were after now was the old surprise visit. That was a real kick and good for smecks and lashings of the old ultra-bad taste. We came to a house with a sign outside saying TRUTCH, a gloopy sort of name, and I ordered my droogs to shush their giggles and act like serious.

• • •

Bill Tieleman sat at the typewriter, putting the final touches on his magnum opus. The doorbell rang, its tones being the first chords of Inna-godd-a-da-vida. "Who can that be?" he asked while the camera slowly panned over to Julie Wheelwright. "I'll go see," she said. Inna-godda-da-vida rang out again. Julie came to the door and opened it a crack. "Who is it?" A gentlemanly type goloss answered, "Help, please, Mizzus, there's been a terrible assignment. My friend is lying in his lege and is in need of quotes. Could we use your telephone?" Julie hesitated, then said, "I'm sorry, we don't have a telephone, you'll have to go somewhere else." The voice became more urgent. "But Mizzus, it's a matter of libel and death."

Bill called from his desk, "What is it?" Julie turned from the door. "It's a young man, or maybe a leiren one. He says there's been an assignment. He wants to use the telephone. "Bill felt another of his periodic attacks of liberal guilt. "Well, I suppose you'd better let him in." The door burst open and the four droogs charged into the room, smashing furniture, crashing into people, spitting, drooling and vomiting. It was several minutes before Bill and Julie notices. "We're not having a party tonight, are we?" Julie said, then the droog with the exaggerated nose (the others were wearing masks) spied the desk and typewriter. Mark read the slug on the top sheet of paper.

"It's a feature you're writing," he said, making his goloss very coarse. "I've always had the greatest admiration for them as can write features. "Alumni chronicles 60 years of vilest rag." That's a fair gloopy title. Alumni being plural, it should be 'chronicle' and no other word, O my sibling." The nadsat chelloveck scanned with his glazzles over the page and began to smeck. "The Ubyssey? What sort of gazetta is that?" He began to razrez the pages with the em ruler in his cane and Bill creeched from where Scott was holding him on the floor with his rookers behind his back, platching that his life's work was ruined and boo hoo hooing while Craig and Arnold forced Julie to put on more and more clothes. Mark halted the horning and guffing of the others and snapped his fingers in time to a different drummer. "A one, and a two . . ." the four sadistic malchicks started with a barbershop harmony of Listen to the Rhythm of the Falling Rain, then switched to a falsetto version of Raindrops Keep Falling on my Hear. Bill and Julie tried to scream through their gags, their eyes wide, but Mark only liered and guffed at their struggles. "Slooshy well, my little siblings, slooshy well," he grinned and began booming out My Love Comes Down Like Raindrops. For Bill and Julie, the night became one long hell.

• • •

We were all feeling that big shagged and fagged and fashed and commiebashed, it having been an evening of some small evergy expenditure, my siblings, and we repaired to the Lethe Milkbar intending to get some spatchka soon after, for we were grosing malchicks and had classes in daytime. The milkbar was fuller than when we had gollied out and there were a few starry vecks and cheenas among the nadsats, laughing and governeeting and not caring about the wicked world one little bit. There was Helen Yagi, Greg Mittag, Craig Yuill, Ross Burnett and some other sophistos from the darkroom around the corner. Just then the disc on the stereo twanged off and one of these devotchkas, Alice Thompson, suddenly came with a burst of singing, and it was like for a moment, O my siblings, some great turkey had flown into the milkbar, and I felt all the malenky hairs on my plott standing endwise and the shivers crawling up like slow malenky lizards and then down again, then a little lower and then up a touch and to the right, aaahhh. Because I knew what she sang. It was Gimme Dat Ding, eight choruses, second through fifty lines.

But old Craig made with lip-music and I broughnt the em cane down across his beeper-answering hand real hard and skorry, so his smecking turned into a creech. "Why'd you do that?" he platched. "Because not having the dook of an idea how to comport yourself, publicwise, O my sibling," I answered, "I don't like you should do what you done then. And I'm not your sibling nor comrade no more. Kroegers. Great hairy Paul Kroegers to you. I'll meet you oozy or drippy anytime." I spoke quiet, viddying him carefully. "Watch that. Do watch that, Craig, lest I nominate thee to the AMS executive again." The anger on his litso faded and his rot drooped, then he skazated slowly: "Right, right. Doobidoog. Carl Lum. Rubadub. Billybeer. Best not to say more."

Where I lived was with my dada and mum in the flats of Laputa Fat block 18A. It had been a wonderful evening, and as I put on my gorilla costume and readied myself for bed, I knew just what I wanted to make it complete. I took the tape of the music of Brian Jones out of the stereo and put in I'm Going to Buy Me a Dot by the Monkees, first album, twelfth song. Oh, bliss, bliss and heaven. It was gorgeousness and gorgeousity and Gary Brookfield made flesh and I knew such lovely pictures, Brian de Groos painting Janet Whyte against a background of Wendy Cumming to the forest of David Marwood in a flying saucer amid a nuclear holocaust while in the foreground John did a Kula dance in a weed skirt. It was like one Hot Flash after another, it was a bird of like rarest spun heavenmetal, or like silvery wine flowing in a spaceship or Steve McClure's head, gravity and newstyle all nonsense now.

My pee and em, being a veck and devotchka named Tom Hawthorn and Debbie Wilson, knew enough to take their sleepers when I put on my malenky concerts of Jackson Five and Herb Alpert, but they arose before me, my siblings, to be off to their jobs at the Ministry of Truth and the propaganda factory. My dada often wondered what I did nights, but my mum would sooth him with soft slovos of how I was "probably doing odd firebombings here and slogan painting there, and smashing the state a litte, like he says." I got up much later to what I thought was an empty house, but was surprised to viddy Keith Baldrey, the socialist worker who'd been assigned to me.

A real gloopy nazz, that one. "I hear that you've been involved in some unpleasantness, yes?" He tried to pull my leg out from under me and I countered with a hold behind both his knees. "The millicents have nothing on me, sir." I twisted around to try getting him in a half nelson but he ducked and caught me on his hip. "Oh, no sources will identify themselves, everything's off the record, there's no decent quotes; but word got to me through the usual rumours. I'm warning you, Mark, next time it's not going to be the NDP club. Next time it's going to be the barmy place, the inkstained hole, and all your education gone to waste." He pinned me and got up, breathing heavily through his rot like he's just been lubbilubbing. Reaching without looking at a glass by the bed, he drank it down, then gagged and choked. The glass contained nothing but water.

• • •

I goolied over to Sedgewick in my best horrorshow platties to pick up the Donny Osmond disc I'd put on hold. While Kerry Regier went away, grumbling, to get it, I saw two ptitsas flipping idly through the W'section. "Who are you going to get?" Sylvia Berryman asked Helene Littman. "The Wongs, Chris, Joe and Mina, or Clear the Track, Here Comes Shack by Kent Westerberg?"

I took them to my room and played my Cowsills and Partridge Family records until, begging for mercy, they were forced to riddy The Brady Bunch and Eight is Enough with me until my unusual needs were satisfied. I was feeling relaxed and horrorshow when I proceeded down the stairs to itty out into the coming notchy. To my surprise, my droogs were waiting for me. It seemed they had been hatching some plans in their gullivers and no mistake. Scott explained while Craig nodded and worked furiously at his calculator. "It's the big big big big money we're talking about," said Scott. "I was talking to Sue the Cadney and she told me about restaurant reviews and big big big big sports and big big big big ads. We go around shopcrasting and commiebashing and the like, and what do we get for it? A pitiful

Continued on page 8

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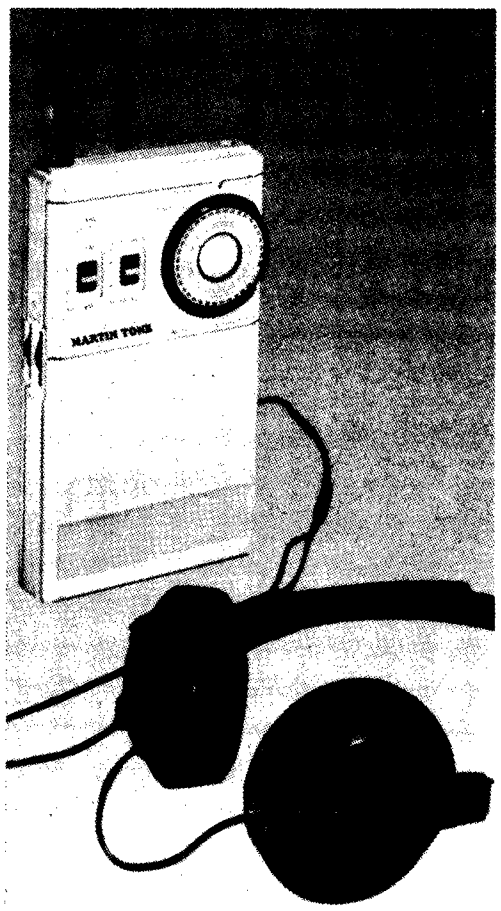

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Findley is not compromising

Just clarifying

By CORINNA SUNDARARAJAN

Timothy Findley, author of The Wars. That's how he is introduced these days, and it is an important distinction. He has written one of the best novels of the decade, a critical and popular success, and now with his fourth work, Famous Last Words, he is in the peculiar position of having produced another first novel, another test. If it succeeds, he will be a confirmed literary leader; if it falters, he will have to fight his way back again from the literary wastelands of his first two works.

"It's like learning to dance," he confides. "You work for years killing your body and you think 'I'm not getting anywhere.' Then one day after all that hard physical labour, there comes a moment when suddenly it all falls into place and you are a dancer."

He sees The Wars as that moment, when sweat produces a triple pirouette. "After each performance, you face the unknown. I don't know, maybe this time I've hit a quadruple!" He is sitting on the edge of his chair, waving acrobatics of cigarette smoke into the air, and laughs at his own animation.

Findley is a conscious artist, willing to sweat at his craft. He wrote two different versions of his recent novel and was beginning a third when he realized he needed a narrator, a unifying force. He chose Hugh Selwyn Mauberley, a prefabricated persona from Ezra Pound's 18 suite poem of the same name. "The astonishing thing," explains Findley, "is that the poems contained a lot of the elements of my novel," including the decisive creative act of etching words into plaster.

This image of conscious craftsmanship — not scurrying writing but deliberate etching — characterizes Findley's art. Maclean's William Casselman once praised Findley:

"In a forum ringing with the clack of easy typewriters and the back-thumping of glitzy cynics, where words like style, art and committment are booed off stage . . . Timothy Findley still cares about his work."

Findley hesitates. Disappointed by the failure of his first two novels to elicit critical response, he once explained "I was saying what I had to say, but not in a way that was capturing anyone's attention. The Wars is more deliberately crafted to get read."

"I don't see that as a compromise. I haven't altered my impetus or style. I've clarified them," he adds.

He sits back in his chair, thinking over his response. He has to be more careful now. Successful writers aren't trusted, especially in Canada. He leans forward again. "You see, my job as a writer is to be read. But I'll go on saying what I have to say until I drop."

This seems to be a sensitive issue for him, because he has finally achieved recognition in a profession epitomized by the starving artist. But although he defends his success, he does not indulge in it. He is open and genial, obviously at ease with the frantic pace that has become his daily routine for the last month: readings, luncheons, autographing sessions, and three interviews a day, from hotel room to hotel room across Canada. It is his second run through the publicity gamut and he has changed — gone is the slightly affected curly coiffure and the soft-spoken reserve of his first tour. Timothy Findley, author of The Wars and now Famous Last Words, speaks confidently with a humorous awareness of his reputation as a 'serious' writer.

In short, he feels he has earned his success, and having disciplined himself to continue earning it, he is hurt by sceptical criticism aimed not at his works, but at his motives.

"I think of the money cynical people like the Rolling Stones make. They sit back and say 'I think it's time we roll in more money.' And all they have to do is flick their fingers and millions of dollars come at their beckoning."

Surprisingly, he is not so much infuriated by the Stones' minimal labours as by their cynical attitude. "Jagger's attitude it literally 'Fuck off!' That somehow we, having given him his millions, have done something terrible to him. But when he wants more, he just comes back and says 'Fuck off' again and we all go screaming."

Findley stops and smiles at his own vehemence. "What if I did that? I could have millions. No, not just millions — I could have an audience."

But he looks down at the book in his lap and continues in a serious tone. "So there you've got my dilemma. If I were to do that, I could have an audience grovelling at my feet, who probably wouldn't understand what I was really about, but that wouldn't matter. They'd be there and they'd be mine."

As it is, he earns his living the hard way. Facing a near capacity crowd of 200 students at UBC last Tuesday, Findley sallied his own introduction as an icon of Canadian literature with a bland "Hi. And who are you?"

The audience tittered nervously. Then with brisk professionalism he launched into his set speech, but just as the audience settled in comfortably, he stopped, turned and dug into his coat pocket for a long ragged green scarf, setting it carefully around his neck. "I'm very affected" he explained, blander still. He began wearing the scarf at his first readings because it was cold, but now several hundred miles later it has become a moral necessity.

Findley is, then, both confident and hesitant, as though he disassociates himself from his works in a way that allows him to frankly admire his past accomplishments but decline coasting on their impetus. Each novel is a new test. "I want to be a writer," he states, and it is revealing that he speaks in future terms. "I want to roam little worlds of fiction and sound alarms."

Alarms sounded later that evening as Canadian literature specialists assembled at the faculty club to nibble on wine, cheese and Timothy Findley. He arrived late from an autographing session downtown and never did manage to penetrate through the crowd to the centre of the room. Instead he was interrogated on the threshold all evening.

His Famous Last Words ("I hope not" he joked) has been criticized for its similar threshold state: neither fact nor fiction. Asks one professor "How do you reconcile Mauberley's omniscience as a fictional narrator with his limited knowledge as a historical participant?"

Findley tips back on his heels as if to muster authority and explains "I suppose I could have added a passage where Von Ribbentrop explains all to Mauberley, but that's a cop-out."

"To reality?"

"To the reader. It's an insult to the reader's creative imagination that he cannot reconcile the problem for himself."

A satisfied murmur ripples across the scholarly crowd who turn from Findley back to the cheese. He seems relieved, admitting he has learned more about his novel by defending it than by writing it.

"I've written about fascism because it's here and it's threatening us again. But I'm a novelist, not a historian. A documentary history is parenthesized between two dates, but a fiction novel is never over — that forces people to understand its wider implications."

Findley writes episodically not, he claims, because of his experience in theatre and television, but because: "That's how I see. People walk in and out of my novels like they walk in and out of life." His writing suits the cinematic style so he feels as comfortable creating several episodes of The Newcomers and The Whiteoaks of Jalna as his novels. It appeals to his sense of accomplishment that having written The Wars he was also commissioned to write the screenplay for the film, which will be released this spring. Recalling his 15 years of acting experience, with actors such as Alec Guiness, Ruth Gordon and Tyrone Guthrie, he jokes: "I'll also be playing the title role of Robert Ross."

It's not such a far-fetched idea. Findley has been involved in nearly every field of Canadian arts, including ballet. And now, at 51, he is touring the country in the role of author.

He admits to feeling on display, but he insists "You have to live in the real world, because that is where your book has got to survive. Writers used to be able just to write, but now they have an obligation to their publishers to help sell." For emphasis he adds "The cost of this entire tour would pay for two full-page ads in one newspaper. End of story."

Nonetheless, Findley is not a glitzy seller. "If he had his way," laughs Bill Whitehead, close friend and co-scripter with Findley of the television version of the National Dream, "he would sequester himself entirely on our farm." Whitehead is a large and friendly figure, a talented radio broadcaster who on this tour is happy to shadow Findley, remembering names, times and room numbers to help unclutter his friend's spotlight. He also tells humanizing anecdotes: "Tiff is in trouble with the management of the Bayshore Inn. He keeps feeding the seagulls breadcrumbs from the patio and now the hotel's overrun with them."

This kindly image gives a student courage to push through the crowd, clutching a copy of Famous Last Words, and ask for Findley's autograph. He signs "Timothy Findley" but then with a characteristic clarification he resigns the title page "Hugh Selwyn Mauberley."

Short story

The Sunken Hatchet

By DIRK SION

If you were to be a guest at my house and if you were to stay there long enough, you would eventually slip down into my basement to see what it is like.

It would be an unpleasant visit: you would smell rotting and decay; your eyes would rest upon dust and filth everywhere they turned; and there would be rats all about you, all moving with slow, sluggish steps, their tails leaving thick marks on the dusty cement.

But in the middle of all the rot and existence, surrounded by this scene of fascinating horror, a sunken hatch would present itself to you. About one edge of the hatch, imprinted on the dust covering its rotting boards, you would see hand marks, suggesting to you that someone had lifted the creaking lid and searched its womb. Perhaps you would be adventurous enough to open the hatch yourself to learn its secrets.

But to open the hatch would mean death, for there are three dogs down there that would maim and kill you. Only I can go down there unharmed.

When I open the hatch and slip past the threatening dogs, I sink in warmth and euphoria. My house disappears; the dogs melt; the world becomes mist and shimmers into oblivion. It is wonderful, like a bottomless tunnel that has no boundaries. Naked I swim through this sensuous sea.

Suddenly I am in a balloon of light, walking through an infinite museum of miniatures. I nod a greeting to the faceless usher there and move from display to display, examining everything there is to see, from you undressing to the next universe. I do this, all the while laughing, grinning, frowning, crying, but never really caring.

However, there is one thing that interests me more than anything else in that museum: a velvet-like bag that lies in a shadowy corner. What is in the bag, I do not know, for the faceless usher never lets me come near it, saying, "There is Nothing in that bag, only Nothing. You do not want to see." And when I plead with him, he simply takes a pin and bursts the balloon of light and I drown in euphoria

Frustrated and disappointed, I swim back to the hatch, past the now sleeping dogs, and drag my dripping body onto the dirty cement. Utterly wretched with the agony of returning to the rotting and the rats, I moan and tear my hair, until, unable to move and physically exhausted, I fall asleep.

But one day I shall open the hatch and go down there armed with a knife, and I shall kill those dogs and kill that faceless usher and look into that bag and see.

From page 6

rookerful of cutlines." I could see there would be trouble, but I kept my thoughts to my oddy knocky. "And where do we get the big big big big money?" Scott's litso split into a grin. "There's this place out near the uni, it's like a Wheelhouse and during the mushroom season there's no one there but this one baboochka and these white cats. The house is like full of storylists and like features on leisure sports and like treasures beyond Mary Prioce." After some senseless but tastefully slow motion violence caused by my hearing the glorious third verse of They Call Him The Streak through an open window, we were off to the crast.

• • •

Yvette Stachowiak heard the doorbells play the chorus of Snoopy's Christmas. "Doug Schmidt," she said clearly and distinctly and distentangled herself from the exercise bicycle, striding to the door across a carpet of cats humming Hooked On A Feeling. Ooga chugga ooga chugga. John Knowles what happened next, but the outcome of it all was your humble narrator, my siblings, found himself tricked by his grahzny droogs, left tolchocked and creeching on a doorstep, moloko mixing with the red red vino coming out of my rot and litso, while the rozzes closed in and charged me with conspiracy to sing Bobby Sherman songs to helpless animals. But that was not all. Barry Steben and Mike Hirsch were giving me the routine editing when Baldrey arrived. "This is the end of the road, Mark. The end of the road, yes? I've just returned from the Wheelhouse, yes? Your victim is sitting listening to Sylvia's Mother." He spat in my face. "It's the indstained hole for you."

So it was your hero found himself in Staja 24lk and a nasty vonny place it was, too. It was full of criminally lefty vecks who'd like to get their hands on the malleable gulliver of a young malchickiwick like your author. There was Keith, who'd as soon Lovatt you as look at you, and hardbitten types like Nancy Chew. On arriving, Mike McLoughlin, the merzky head chasso, took pains to inform me there'd be no fillying and that I wasn't there to have a choodessny time. Seeing I must get out of Staja 24lk, I played up to the prison charlie, a George hermanson, govereeting to him a much as I could how much I doubted the Good Book of Bog and His Angels and saying "I have tried to be right thinking and collective, have I not?" But still he would not help me to get into a program I'd heard of, the Campbell technique, which would cure you of individualism. It wasn't until a member of the cooperative coordinating collective politburo came to inspect the reporters in my cellblock in the Staja that I got my chance. "Look at them. They'd as soon see their stories killed as run, every one of them," said Eric Eggertson as he strode down the ranks. "You're a slime licking goat turd," I bellowed.

"Shut your stinking gob," shouted Pat Burdett, but Eric offered him a joint and persuaded him to mellow out. He looked me over. "Purple prose. Undisciplined. You'll do fine." After two years in the Staja, I was told I would soon be writing freestyle. Mike ushered me into the press club to hand me over to a mild mannered man in a lab coat. "Watch this one," he told Charles Campbell. "He's a right brutal writer and will be again, in spite of his sucking up to the chaplain and reading the style guide." Campbell took me to a room where I was fed on nice limticks of pizza and had some beer to peet, then he gave me a bunch of mushrooms. "Vitamin-enriched, will they be?" I asked. "Something like that," he answered. he told me the treatment was that I'd viddy some bound volumes. He opened the first one and as he did no, Bruce Campbell threw a fiendish device around me that would not allow me to focus my glazzies on any vesch but the yellowed pages of the gazetta in front of me. All the time I was viddying, he held a veer in front of my mouth, letting me have a drop every now and then.

At first the volumes were horrorshow, with an atrocity on almost every page. But soon I began to feel dizzy watching the dreariness of "Air, Air," I gasped, but they ignored me. Then I noticed while I was looking at a Pango Pango in an issue on concentration camps that the CITR speaker was on and the music was a Bay City Rollers mnarathon. "No, no, no, no, You can't do this to me," I creeched, thinking I'd bo bezoomney. I heard Nancy Campbell's voice behind me. "What is the matter?" she asked. "the music," I managed to govereet. I heard a murmured conference, then nancy called to me again. "You call that music?" My mozg was bursting and my yahzick was stuck to the roof of my mouth. "Yes, Yes. You can't do that to lovely, lovely Saturday Night." There was another murmured conference. "Believe us, this is for your own good."

I told Nancy when she brought my pizza and mushrooms about the sickness that came over me. "I don't understand it. I never used to feel bolnoy when I viddied the old ultra-bad taste in newspapers. I used to feel real horrorshow." Nancy told me to eat more muchrooms. "It's not natural to like things that aren't run strictly as a collective," she said. "You're learning that. Your body's learning that. Soon you will look on all non-collective decisions with revulsion. Then yo'll be cured and can leave the Staja, a Heather Conn no longer."

It was soon after, O my siblings, that my graduation took place. I was led out in front of a bunch of starry, vecks and baboochkas and Eric made a nice speech, then Glen Sanford came out on the stage. He pulled out a piece of paper. "Is this your story?" he said grinning real droogy. "Why, yes, sibling," I answered. 'By due process of the staff and cooperative coordinating collective politburo, your story just happens to have been killed. Scratched. Right, right?" He tore it up in front of me, and when I tried to object my gulliver spun again and all I could say was "Yes, of course. It's a piece of shit." Everyone applauded, then Nancy Campbell came out. "Say something sexist, you idiot worn," she purred, but I couldn't speak and it seemed my guttiwuts might come up through my rot. Everyone applauded again and Nancy got a curtain call when I brosayed my cookies all over my nogas.

Suddenly George, the Staja charlie, leaped to his feet. "This cannot be hailed as good. The young man, and a leiren one at that, has lost his ability to choose between right and left. Is this God's way? Does God have any particular way to do things? Probably not, I think. God likely knows there's more than one way to skin a cat, especially if the Diety has spent much time at it and I believe we can postulate a Diety to have eternity at its disposal, that is, if we accept an a priori Diety, summa cum laude, cognito ergo transit gloria. At any rate, supposing free will exists, a daring choice in itself, then dissent must necessarily occur, not only within society but also within the communities, companies and collectives that make up that society." Some of us, including your hero, were disturbed by what he said, but Eric passed around some joints and everybody mellowed out. Then I was let out of the press club and into the wicked wicked world.

• • •

But my jeezny did not go horrorshow, for I found that my pee and em had taken in Erica Leiren and there was room no more in my domy for a Young chelloveck. Then Verne McDonald recognized me in the Pit and when I tried to get away, gagging at the sight of him, Kevin McGee got his noga between my legs tripped me. Maurers and Fords and Gainors and Bockings creeched and spit at me. It was old age having a go at youth as represented by your humble narrator.

They were finally pulled off by whgo but my old droogs Craig and Scott, who had a good smeck viddying me in my razrezed platties. "Baby Huey," I crie. "It's not Baby Huey no more," said Craig. "It's city desk to you now. And this is the sports editor," he said, pointing to Scott. They began criticizing my ideological matrix and cutting wrong thinking from my copy, laughing as I retched helplessly on the ground. I crawled away, not noticing in my spoogy state that I was passing a sign saying TRUTCH.

Inna-godda-da-vida chimed throught the room. "Who could that be?" said Bill Tieleman and the camera panned slowly over to Steve Rive, the new live-in houseboy. Steve went up to find your hero nearly snuffed at the door, but soon I was in a hot bath, happily singing Baby the Rain Must Fall while Bill shook with homicidal rage outside the door. That night Bill brought some friends to see me. Rob Whittome and Charlotte Olson smiled while Geof Wheelwright asked questions. "And how would you describe your present state of mind?" I munched on a lomtick of spaghetti while Bill tried to shove a glass of obviously heavily drugged Trutchkyite wine down my throat. "Confused. No, silly. No, I feel like a mollusk. It's a feeling a lot like sitting in an hugh ballroom watching a fat couple tango while untying the shoelace of the man at the next table." They noted it down. "And we understand that you have also been conditioned against what you might call music?" I nodded. "Yes. Particularly the Bay City Rollers, Lawrence Welk and the Archies. Also certain songs by Tommy James and the Shondells." Suddenly my glazzies went dark and my listso pitched forward into my plate.

Continued on page 20

It was a cold snowy night when a little grey box shuddered and unfurled its delicate typeset to the crisp winter air. A passing em ruler wept in awed delight but a belligerent dummy sheet, mocking its esthetic sensibilities, suffocated the beauteous wonder beneath a 20 per cent screen. The philistine typewriters clacked in applause.

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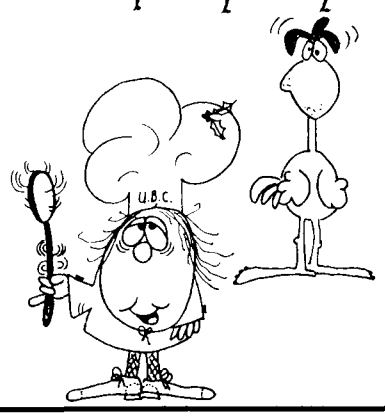
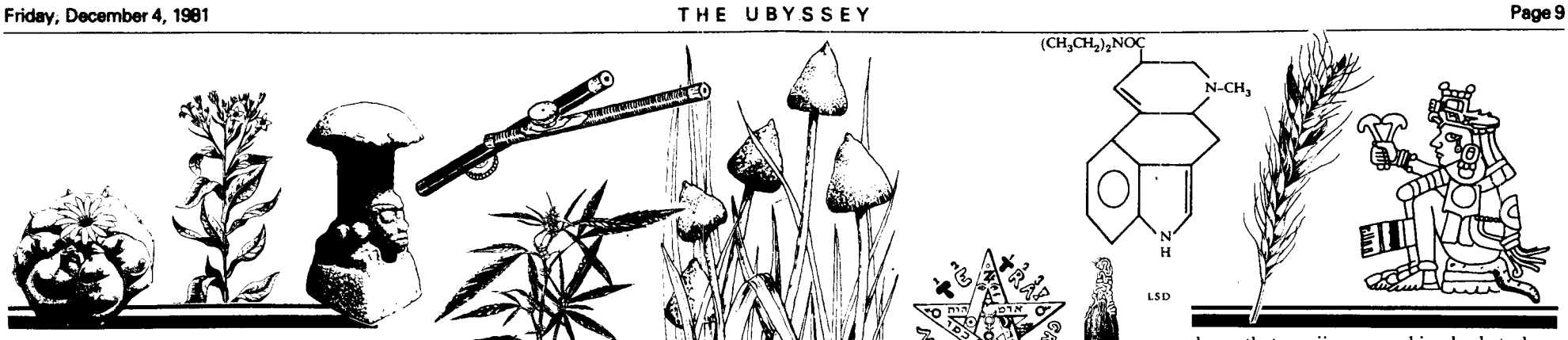




Weil talks drugs

Andrew Weil's apparently radical ideas on the use of hallucinogens, on the placebo effect and on the medical practice in general have earned him a somewhat controversial reputation. But his background as a medical doctor, a Harvard research associate and first hand observer of medical practice among many primitive cultures gives his ideas authority that can not be denied. Author of two books, The Natural Mind and The Marriage of the Sun and Moon, Andrew Weil spoke to Ubyssey staffer **Charles Campbell** *on campus last month.*

You've written about vomiting as a way of altering consciousness. Now at first that sounds like a very strange concept. Perhaps you could explain it and relate it to your ideas about keeping the mind and body in harmony.

I'm interested in finding a general psychological model to explain altered states of awareness. Now I don't think that we know enough about the brain to answer any really interesting questions about the brain and the mind; our knowledge is just too primitive. But I find I've moved toward a model based on a change in the relationship between the conscious and unconscious parts of the brain. I think that when people experience a high state it's because there's some sort of freer interchange between those parts of the mind.

Now vomiting is controlled by one of the most vital part of the brain called the medulla which connects the brain and the spinal cord. There are techniques in yoga for getting control of vomiting. Now I think that by doing that you can not only acquire a practical tool that can help you get rid of headaches and allow you to purge yourself, but you can get a conscious foothold in an area of the brain that is normally considered to be involuntary.

There are people who get a high from vomiting, in fact there are people who get addicted to it. It's particularly a problem with people who have a condition called anorexia nervosa who often become completely emaciated because of their addiction to vomiting. If you talk to some of them, one of the things that has become fascinating to them is the physiological rush (which is not necessarily unpleasant) that's associated with vomiting.

You believe that psychoactive drugs can also be valuable tools. Yet for most people in our society the taking of drugs seems to be an end in itself. People take drugs to become socially acceptable. What do you see as being the idealized role of psychoactive drugs?

They have the potential to show people ways of using your mind and body that you otherwise wouldn't have thought possible.

The problem with them though is that if you rely on them to achieve certain states they very quickly don't work for you as well. Their great advantage over other techniques is that they work. Ideally they make you see that things are possible that you otherwise wouldn't have believed. But once you've done that I think you have to look for other techniques to achieve those things.

The prevalent attitude in our society toward psychoactive drugs other than alcohol, tobacco and caffeine seems to be one of fear and that appears to be fairly deeply rooted in our culture. Are you optimistic about the possibility of these attitudes changing?

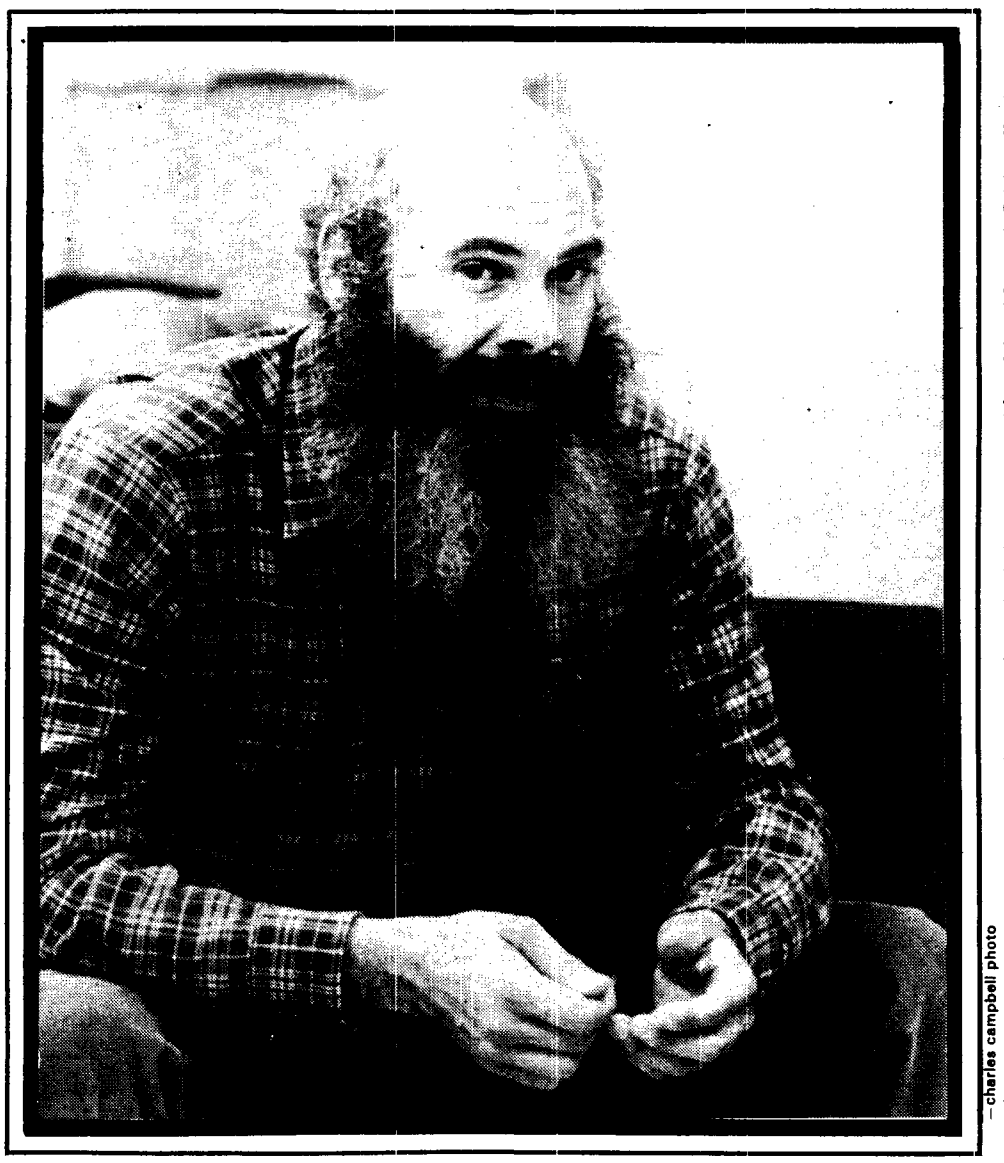
In some ways I think I was more optimistic some years ago. But I don't think we're that much different from other cultures that way. Most cultures accept some drugs and prohibit others. We always seem to create taboos around things that have a strong emotional connection for us; sources of pleasure, food, sex, drugs. People create these taboos because they have a fundamental psychological need to divide the world into good and evil. As a result I don't think they change very easily.

When a new drug begins to be used in a society, one for which there's no tradition, there is usually some disruption caused by it. Usually its use is taken up by people who are deviant in the eyes of that society and that reinforces society's fears. Certainly that's what's happened with psychoactive drugs in recent years in North America.

As for attitudes changing, I think it's possible but I think it's going to take time. I think that one positive sign is that growing numbers of people have learned about psychoactive drugs and how to use them. Certainly there's more information around now than there was 10 or 20 years ago. Even the admission that alcohol, tobacco and coffee are drugs is more widespread.

Yet we still seem to have bad relationships with those drugs. . .

One drug that we have a really bad relationship with is coffee. People don't realize that it's a strong drug that can become quite addicting. You don't have to look very far to see people who can't function normally without it. Caffeine doesn't create energy it just makes your nervous system release stored energy. Once you've done that you have to give your body a chance to replenish those stores of energy. Our problem with coffee has to do with our failure for the most part to acknowledge it as a drug.


—charles campbell photo

Now there are South American Indians who take a drug called yoco that contains up to six per cent caffeine. But they only take it when the sun comes and that way, because their bodies have time to store energy, they never become addicted to it. They have a very positive relationship with their drugs and they don't have any problems with them.

In Port Townsend in 1977 you told a great story about the mushroom Amanitas and misinformation. . .

I had a friend who was living out in the woods in Oregon and he had heard that you could get high from eating Amanita pantherina. He ate some of them and became very disconnected from ordinary reality. Now he was a great tree climber and he climbed up on this log that had fallen across a ravine and fell of and hit his head on the rocks below. Not knowing whether he was dreaming it, or remembering it or what, he felt a compulsion to keep repeating that act. He did it seven times in a row, and finally the seventh time he hit his head and cut his scalp and was bleeding all over.

Someone was watching this and did nothing until he hurt himself when they took him to the emergency room of a hospital. The people that took him there had no fears of his mushroom eating, their only concern was whether or not he'd fractured his skull. But as soon as mushroom was mentioned the doctors went into their drug panic mode and gave him a large dose of atropine. In those days atropine was advertised as the antidote for Amanitas. The truth is that atropine makes the effects of the mushroom even stronger. So he had a much more intense experience than he would have had if they'd just left him alone.

That's typical. I could give you many more examples about misinformation about psychoactive drugs in the medical profession. Doctors generally, unless they've taken pains to teach themselves about it, it's not something that they're prepared to deal with.

One of the common myths is that women who take LSD will have deformed babies. . .

Or that LSD breaks chromosomes. That myth grew out of some incredibly bad research. When the research that showed that LSD has no effect on chromosomes was done it didn't get any publicity because that's not what people wanted to hear.

This is still happening today. The head of our National Institute of Drug Abuse just testified before congress that actual research shows that marijuana smoking leads to heroin addition. Here it is 1981 and that kind of stuff is still being repeated. It's true that a lot of junkies will give you a history of other drug use, but they probably drank alcohol before they smoked marijuana and people don't run around saying alcohol leads to heroin.

What are the real physical and psychological dangers of LSD?

LSD and its close relatives, "the true hallucinogens," are, I think, the least toxic drugs known to medicine. There is just not a shred of evidence that those drugs are medically harmful either immediately or in the long term.

That doesn't mean that they're safe. The dangers of LSD relate to its psychological toxicity. Problems of that sort usually stem from taking them in bad ways; either taking too high a dose or taking them in a bad setting or with people who are inexperienced. All those things can combine to create a bad trip.

By the way I'm not talking about marijuana here. I think that marijuana is a relatively more toxic drug that has a great potential for abuse.

Most people think that hallucinogens are among the most dangerous of psychoactive drugs and that's really an example of how people's attitudes are shaped by fear and ignorance.

Could you elaborate on what you see to be the positive uses that LSD could have in our society?

I'd love to see more research into the positive potential of hallucinogens. There is essentially no research being done on possible therapeutic uses. They have a lot of potential not just in their ability to show us things about the mind that we didn't know before but in physical medicine as well. It's very disappointing that there is nothing being done. That's due to a whole variety of factors, prejudice and institutional fears of sponsoring that kind of research.

There are large areas that just cry out for research. One has to do with the striking disappearance of allergies in people that have taken psychedelics. I've seen people who can walk on sharp stones under the influence of hallucinogen and not only not feel pain from them but not have any marks on their feet. Now there are all sorts of way that you can explain their not feeling pain in strange mental states but the lack of marks on their feet implies that nerves and muscles are working in a different way. I think there's a possibility with the use of psychedelics of producing states of tremendous relaxation and freedom from tension that it is important for medical science to find out about. It's especially important given their absence of physical toxicity. We use so many drugs routinely in medicine that are much more toxic than hallucinogens.

Do you see the failure to alter our states of awareness as being a dangerous thing?

Yeah, I do except I think we all alter our awareness in one way or another, whether it's through athletics, the rush of downhill skiing for example, skydiving, scuba diving, sex, music, dancing, being out in the wilderness if you grew up in the city, yoga, meditation, there's no end. But yes, I think that if you are prevented from doing that it would be similar to being prevented from dreaming at night. If you stop people dreaming they become anxious and depressed.

I think that what we have to do in this society is teach people ways of doing this that are safe and that aren't anti-social.

In cultures where hallucinogens are used profitably the people depend on a great deal of ritualization and mental training. How do you see that happening in our culture?

Well first of all by finding people who are analogies of shamans in our society. People who by their own experience are qualified to teach other people how to use hallucinogens. The advantage of having people like that around is that they can reassure you that nothing has gone wrong. Most bad trips are

See page 10: DRUG

Drug users have to have confidence

From page 9

not going crazy but thinking you're going crazy. You feel the drug acting on you and you misinterpret it and get upset about what you feel.

The great advantage of ritual is that it minimizes the risk of a bad reaction by standardizing the setting in which you take a drug. It also shapes your expectations and helps to channel them in a positive direction.

Another important thing in creating a good experience is having a source of drugs that inspires confidence. I think our attempt to regulate drug behavior through prohibition has driven better forms of drugs out of circulation — more dilute natural forms — while at the same time encouraging highly concentrated black market forms.

Variable doses and fears of not knowing what you are getting have deterred a lot of people from taking psychedelics. That's why I feel that the dissemination of information about psilocybe mushrooms is important because for the first time in North America people have access to a pure natural form of a psychedelic.

You've said that people who collect their own drugs have a better relationship to them. Do you think that legalizing the cultivation of marijuana but not the sale of it would encourage people to develop a good relationship with that drug?

Absolutely. If you look at people who grow their own marijuana they tend to use it more carefully and thoughtfully than people who just buy it. That's true of all drugs. If you go to all the time and trouble of growing your own plant it's going to be more special to you and therefore you're going to think more carefully about the ways in which you use it and why. Marijuana is a low impact drug and so there's always a danger that you'll use it casually.

For a medical doctor you have a rather novel attitude toward disease. Do you think that all diseases are simply manifestations of psychological states?

Well, that's too simple. I think that I said all disease is psychosomatic and I'll stick by that. That doesn't mean it's not real. It's become a popular attitude that if you get cancer it's because you didn't express your anger. I don't believe that. Psychosomatic is a badly used word. It simply means mind/body.

What I'm saying is that all disease has a mental component and a physical component. There are physical causes of disease, bacteria, viruses etcetera, but you don't get a disease because you meet up with one of them; you get a disease because you meet up with one of them in a susceptible state. Now a susceptible state can originate in the mental sphere.

There is a psychological component to disease and it's something that western medicine has not really explored. We're overbalanced in our preoccupation with the physical side of disease. Major changes in people's psychological attitudes can produce major changes in their health — for better or worse.

I think that psychedelic drugs can show us that we can solve a very real physical problem just by chang-

See page 12: PLACEBOS

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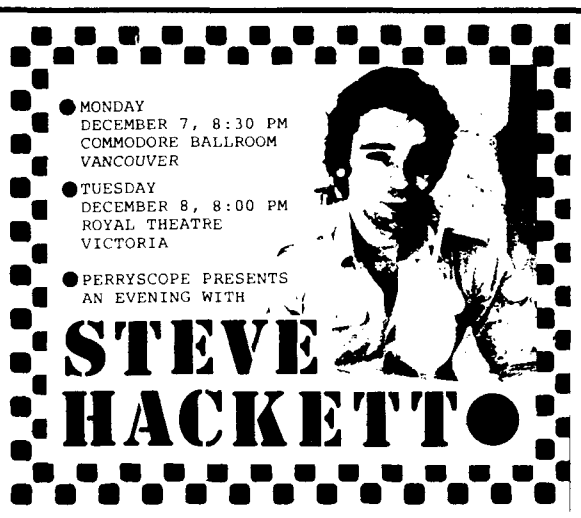

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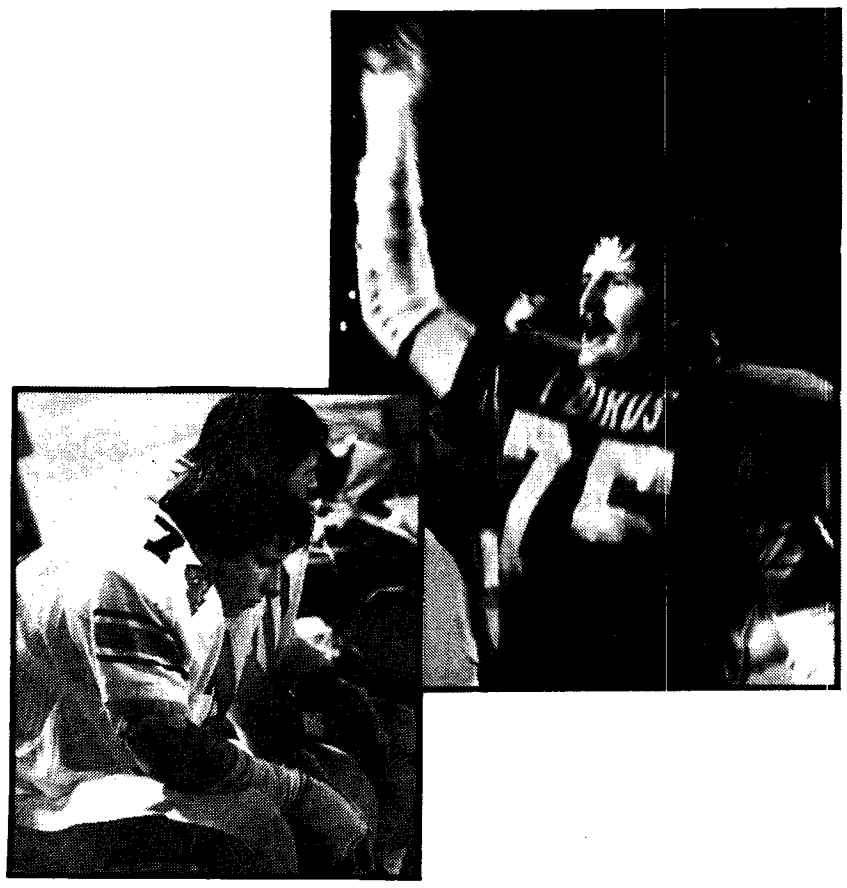


By JOHN BOYLE

The UBC Thunderbirds ended their 1981 football campaign with a convincing 33-1 whipping of the Simon Fraser University Clansmen in the Shrum Bowl Saturday night.

The win 9,300 fans witnessed in Empire Stadium, gives the 'Birds an 8-3 overall record for the season while SFU ends up 3-7. Since the Shrum Bowl's re-inception in 1978 UBC has won three and lost one, though the Clansmen dominated UBC with a 4-0-1 record from 1967 to 1971.

The Thunderbirds dominated SFU both offensively and defensively. Led by the defensive player of the game Dave Singh, the 'Birds consistently foiled the Clansmen's air attack and shut down their ground game. The Clan had only 176 total offensive yards and six first downs as the UBC defence put pressure on quarterbacks Jay Prepchuk and Dave Amer all night.

Singh was sensational with an interception, a fumble recovery and an electrifying 60 yard punt return.

Solid hitting caused two fumbles resulting in turnovers for UBC. Bird coach Frank Smith said his team controlled SFU physically. Meanwhile the offense managed to capitalize on the excellent field position the defense provided for them and created some opportunities of their own. The 'Birds had 164 yards rushing and 146 yards passing for a 310 yard total offense.

Fullback Peter Leclaire was the game's UBC offensive star scoring all four 'Bird touchdowns. The scores came on runs of five, 15 and three yards and on a five yard pass from quarterback Jay Gard.

After an even first quarter, the 'Birds marched 83 yards for a major by Leclaire midway through the second quarter. A Don Moen fumble recovery immediately afterwards set up a Ken Munro field goal to make the score 11-1 UBC.

On the very next possession, Gard hit Leclaire in the end zone and suddenly the 'Birds led 18-1. A 35-yard completion to tight-end Rob Ros set up the score.

Saturday's effort was certainly the most complete 'Bird game of the season. The offense continually capitalized on the opportunites the defense provided for them, something they had not always done the past season. Smith agreed, complimenting his players on a great all-around performance.

In the third quarter, Leclaire went 15 yards for his third touchdown and the 'Birds were clearly in control.

A three-yard fourth quarter major sealed SFU's fate and confirmed Leclaire as UBC's offensive player of the game.

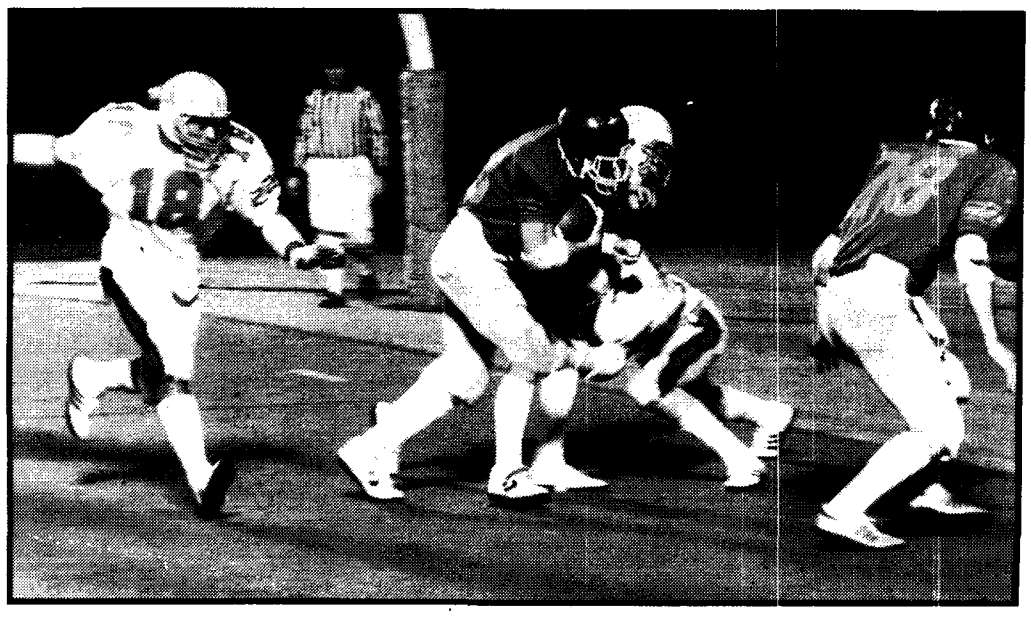
Leclaire's backfield mate, runningback Glen Steele, was also impressive, picking up 71 yards rushing and several big gainers on screen passes, though he was still hurting from an ankle injury.

Quarterback Jay Gard was only 10 for 24 but most of these were for sizeable gains. Rob Ros, Laurent DesLauriers, Mike Washburn and Dave Pechalko all came up with big receptions.

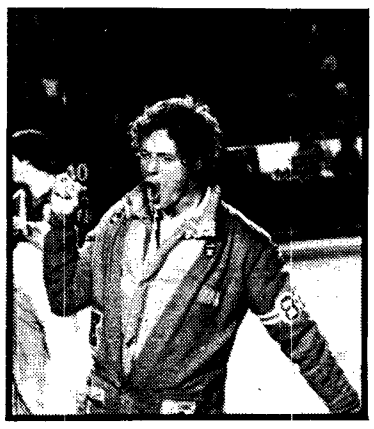
A two point conversion made the final score 33-1 UBC and one had to wonder at this point whether Frank Smith was rubbing the Clansmen's noses in the dirt.

Would UBC have rather been playing in another game a few thousand miles away on Saturday, namely the College Bowl in Toronto? "Sure, but you can't look back. We were happy to be ending off our season on such a high note as the SFU win. You couldn't ask for a better finale," said Smith.

And such a finale gives promise to even better things next year. The 'Birds will return with all but six starters in 1982 and perhaps even some promising newcomers the likes of Glen Steele, Jay Gard, or Rob Ros.



Photos by Craig Brooks and Arnold Hedstrom



Gears go overbowld

By SCOTT McDONALD

When an article last week suggested you imbibe a little and act silly at the Shrum Bowl, it did not mean make a spectacle of yourself. It meant yell, scream, sing and maybe throw up on the person below you at the end of the game; it did not mean go out on the field at half-time to fight with Simon Fraser

freestyle

fans and steal volleyballs from several wheelchair volleyball players who were putting on a demonstration.

While a lot of people go to the Shrum Bowl to see the game and the engineers, the gears once again went overboard. The United Way, who were receiving the proceeds from ticket sales, put on a half-time presentation with wheelchair athletes to show where some of its aid goes. But the engineers and other UBC students decided to invade the field for their own fun. Pouring flour on the SFU fans was a good stunt but the field manoeuvers ruined it.

The scheduling of the game posed problems. Mike Emery, Glen Steele and Jason Riley were supposed to attend an award ceremony in Toronto where they were named to the all-Canadian team. Steele was also named the rookie of the year in Canadian college football and Emery outstanding linebacker.

This no show was criticized by Toronto press and by the Canadian Intercollegiate Athletic Union. Emery explained that each player individually decided that it would be wrong to travel to Toronto and back just before such an important game. The general feeling of the athletic department is that the players should have gone and represented the school. UBC athletic director Bob Hindmarch said there was pressure on them not to go.

The only thing worse than the performance by the engineers was SFU's offence. In the balloting for the outstanding defensive and offensive player for each team, Vancouver media's first choice was Bob McKechie, the Labatt's pubic relations man at the game. The eventual winner was Robert Reid.

Although UBC coach Frank Smith said the game does not have that much effect on recruiting, the Monday after the game he had a suit on and was off visiting local high schools.

Placebos 'real meat'

From page 10

ing somebody's psychological state.

You would say then that the use of the hallucinogen yahe in curing rituals by South American Indians is not only beneficial in terms of its purgative action but in terms of the changes it produces in the psychological state of the diseased?

Absolutely. I'm also a great believer in the placebo effect. I think that hallucinogens are what I call active placebos in that they don't have a direct pharmacological effect but they create psychological states that influence our physical states.

I'm interested in something called the Lourdes phenomenon which is the result of a statistical study done on people who have visited miracle shrines. What they found was that the likelihood of somebody being healed at a miracle shrine is directly proportionate to the distance of the pilgrimage.

Now add to that pilgrimage the taking of a drug that is going to make you feel different than you've ever felt in your life and you've created the optimal circumstances for a dramatic placebo response.

Doctors are all going around thinking that placebo effects are less important and less real than the effects of drugs. But that's not true. you can die of placebo effects, you can have total remissions of cancer because of placebo effects. I think that placebo effects are the real meat of medicine. They're the pure healing without the drug-induced side effects. We should be trying to induce them more of the time in more people. I think that these yahe shamans are masters at that.

Twelve days totalled

From page 3

Jan. 4

Dear Diary,

Charles, thou art an insidious swain! Every day thou daffest me with ill device. Thou keepest me from all convenience. Eleven pipers hath appeared, and hath trailed me through the village, piping high pitchedly and attracting all the village rate. I dare not leave my giftes at the post office, for the County Moronio hath admonished me that 'tis against the law, and that if I did attempt it, I should be condemned to plague worse than income taxe. Alack the day and dread the morrow! What misfortunes crave acquaintance at my hand, that I yet know not? The noyse of my domicile keepeth all my neighbours awake, and causeth them to complain to me continuously. Charles, thou unmerciful beast, I prithee take these troublesome giftes back!

Jan. 5

Dear Diary,

The idiot hath sent me 12 drummers, who are, oddly enough, drumming. God have mercy! The house now containeth: 12 partridges, 12 pear trees, 22 turtle doves, 30 French hens, 36 calling birds, 40 golden rings, (which, by new, redeemeth my spirits only slightly), 42 geese (a-laying, so that there are actually four more at present), 36 swans (a-swimming in a highly congested bathtub), 40 maids (a-milking forty cows), 36 ladies "dancing," 30 lords a-leaping, 22 pipers piping, and 12 drummers (drumming, you may be sure). To' this numerical pattern by interesting, I am not at all amused. Alack the day that e'er I was born! The calling birds do call at me abuses such as "Thou silly trumpet!" and "Get thee to a sanitorium!" I fear I must heed their counsel. Farewell, dear diary.

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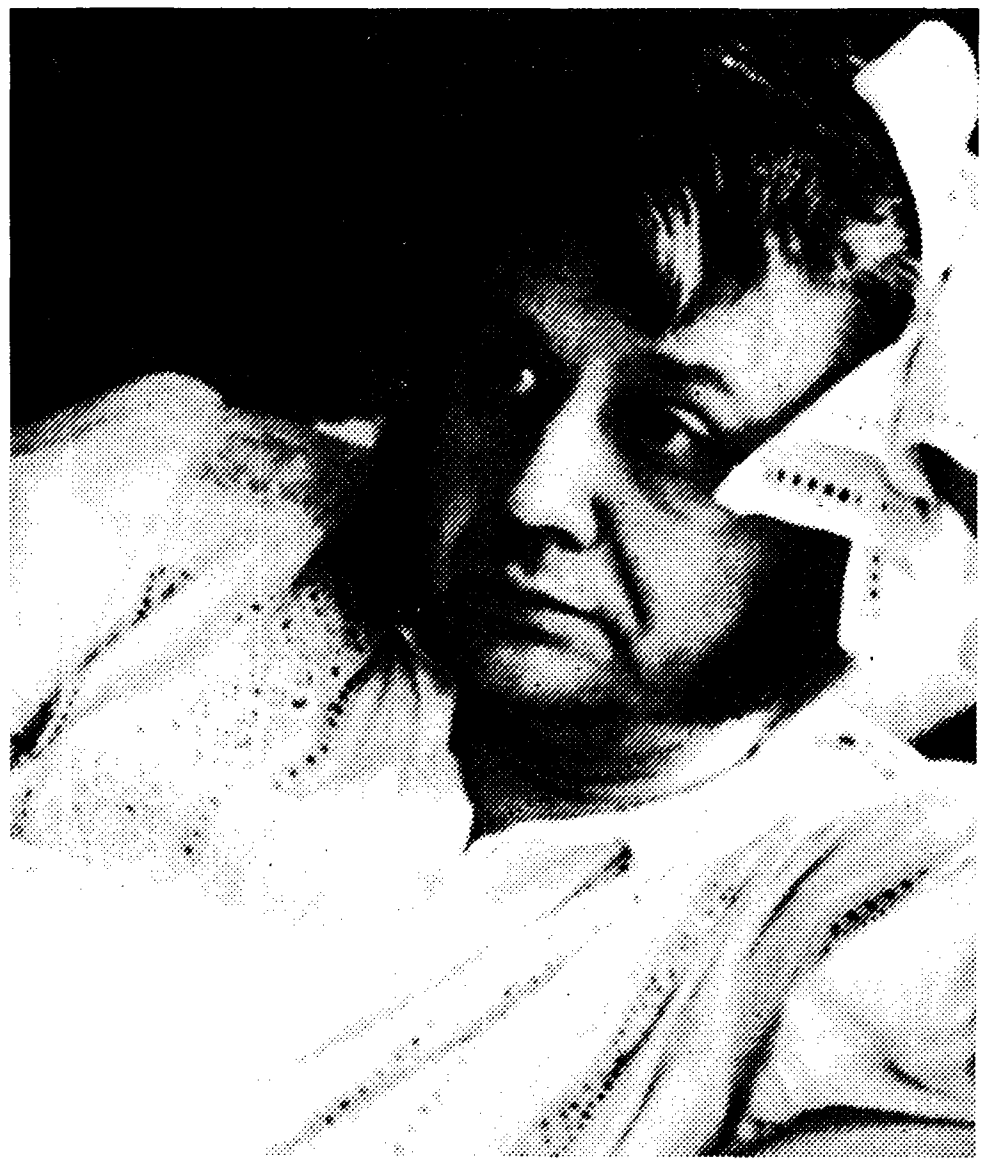
Russian tragi-comedy a masterwork



By SHAFFIN SHARIFF

"Oh, how dreadful he felt when there arose in his mind a clear and vivid idea of human destiny and the purpose of a man's life, and when he compared this purpose with his own life, and when various vital problems waked one after another and began whirling about confusedly, like frightened birds awakened suddenly by a ray of sunlight in some dark ruin . . . Something prevented him from launching out into the ocean of life and devoting all the powers of his mind and will to flying across it under full sail. Some secret enemy seemed to have laid a heavy hand upon him at the very start of his journey and cast him a long way off from the direct purpose of human existence."

—Ivan Goncharov, Oblomov

Pre-revolutionary Russian literature, Anton Chekhov's in particular, frequently takes an ambivalent attitude towards the new emerging order of the middle or business class, and the death of the old order. It is as if the author realizes the inevitability — and importance — of change, yet cannot help celebrate one last time the poetic beauty of the dying system. In Russian tragi-comedies such as Chekhov's the Cherry Orchard, the old and the new order do not synthesize at the end. They remain two irreconcilable halves of the same social unit.

Ivan Goncharov's 1859 novel, Oblomov, expresses some of the same discordant thoughts. There is humor in a man's inability — or unwillingness — to take any active part in society; but there is tragedy also, because of an increasing realization that his way of life and innocence has no place at all in society. The current adaptation of Goncharov's novel, by Soviet director Nikita Mikhalkov, is a perfect rendering of this bittersweet internal struggle.

Oblomov
Directed by Nikita Mikhalkov

Even at a running length of two-and-a-half hours, Oblomov has a smooth, fluid feel of an impressionist painting. Periodically, watercolor canvases occupy the frame and fade in and out with the celluloid reality. There is also an omniscient narrator in the film, A. Romashin, who remains off-screen but elaborates extensively on Oblomov's thoughts.

Ilya Illyich Oblomov is a dumpy, lazy man who spends practically all his time sleeping in his St. Petersburg apartment. An ennui has struck Oblomov, a fatigue that is symptomatic of his class and age. Oblomov had come to the city "expecting a great deal from fate and himself," the narrator tells us. That is possibly Oblomov's greatest flaw (and appeal) — expecting far too much from life and from himself. Having accepted the impossibility of realizing his vision, Oblomov has rejected society, keeping only a few friends for company.

During his 'free' time, Oblomov engages in vitriolic verbal matches with Zakhar, his servant since childhood. When Zakhar tells him that they have been served an eviction notice and must move as others do, Oblomov is genuinely offended. "Am I like others? Do I want the same things? I've never earned my living," he tells Zakhar. "Why, I've never in my life put a stocking on myself. You know I've been gently reared. How could you compare me to others? How could you insult me so bitterly?"

Oblomov goes back to sleep after this exchange, yet he cannot forget the incident. His eyes open in the dark, dusty apartment. "Others?" What were those 'others' like? The concept of what human destiny was awakened in his soul. "Sharp pangs of consciousness stung him," the narrator tells us.

> Concept of human destiny awakens in Oblomov's soul

It is one thing for Oblomov to be aware of his condition, quite another for him to act. Oblomov is virtually incapable of fulfilling what is expected of him, unlike Stolz, a childhood friend. Stolz is logical and practical. And compared to Oblomov, his is dull. Ironically, it is Stolz who exemplifies the new order, his life "filled with business, visits, and society."

Stolz is, paradoxically, Oblomov's key to the new world as well as his nemesis. Stolz is everything Oblomov cannot be and does not wish to be. The film does not celebrate Stolz's practicality. It remains true to Goncharov's ambivalent sentiments about Oblomov and his role in society. Stolz keeps offering Oblomov "now or never" propositions, not realizing that Oblomov cannot make such decisions.

Whenever Stolz convinces him to participate in a social function, Oblomov either falls asleep or cannot integrate himself. Oblomov is an anomaly not only because he cannot fit in, but also because he realizes that he can never fit in. Society accuses him of falling asleep and letting life pass by. But society, in turn, is guilty of the same crime.

"Why am I more to blame for lying abed? They are concerned about how they live, not why. Why are you here? Does anyone need you?" he asks Stolz. Stolz has no answer.

Oblamov is continually asking such questions. There is an intellectural awareness of a life that lacks answers. Because Oblomov cannot find answers to nagging existential questions, he sees no reason to participate actively. "If we live, there must be a reason for it," he says, "but if you ask me why, I couldn't tell you."

But Stolz does not ask him. Such questions do not occur to him. When he comes back from France near the end of the film, his presents for Zakhar indicate his personality. "Neckerchiefs and bedbug poison. It's French."

Oblomov's realization is, finally, of a discordant universe, one that religions . . . all disconnected," he says. He strives to find an order in the nature and the universe, rationalizing life by comparing human existence to the cyclical quality of nature. Looking at dead leaves in the forest, he rationalizes human morality as being a part of an order. "When I realized this I wept. Sometimes I feel as if I were a part of a great whole."

But then he says, "I'm ashamed. I could weep sometimes from shame. Why am I like this? I don't know the answer." Middle-aged, Oblomov comes to feel a necessity for personal change not only because his friends plod him, but also because of his own realization of a personal inadequacy.

Part II of Oblomov opens in the countryside where Oblomov meets Olga (Velina Solevei), a woman who defies an earthy, pastoral spirit of Mother Russia. The character of Olga could be seen allegorically (as Goncharov may have imagined her), as a complimentary half to either Oblomov or Stolz. For the first time, we see Oblomov without Stolz, who is away on business. He has, for the most part, given up with sleepy reclusive habits, and has taken up reading books and history.

If Stolz did not exist, Olga would be perfect for Oblomov. But despite his temporary absence, Stolz looms over the picture. He has left instructions for Olga to cure his friends' "illness — Oblomovism." Olga has a comforting, graceful demeanor, and Oblomov is enchanted by her. (Solevei reminds one of Diane Keaton: both have the same winning charm.)

"Oblomovism" is a brilliant catchword that connotes passivity and inertia —

> 'Oblomovism' a brilliant catchword for passivity, inertia

everything Oblomov signifies. Oblomovism afflicts not only the main character, but also the whole class system of feudal Russia. Oblomov continually dreams of the past, when he and Stolz could live without any tension.

There is a humorous, satiric scene early in the film when Oblomov dreams of his childhood and imagines his father having a conversation with the serfs about steps. They were always off-balance, says one serf. No, they weren't, says the master and all nod in agreement. There is a gentleness and passivity about the harmonious servant-master relationship that Oblomov finds so comforting.

Oblomov rejects Olga not because he doesn't love her, but because he realizes that she prefers Stolz. Olga is offended and accuses him of vanity. "You weren't thinking of me, but your own pride," she says. Oblomov, the narrator tells us, "was struck by this suggestion." Once again, the world has misunderstood him.

A magnificent moment occurs near the end of the film, when Stolz returns from Western Europe with an early model of the bicycle. Olga is fascinated with it and runs off to try the bike with Stolz. Oblomov, seeing them happy together, stands still, with tears rolling down his cheek. With Stolz's return, Oblomov has lost once again. Despite their friendship, Oblomov and Stolz always seem to be in some kind of personal competition, and Oblomov is always the loser. The narrator too comes to realize that Stolz and Oblomov are irreconcilable. "(Their) existence was a flagrant violation against each other," he says.

Director Mikhalkov uses a simple style and technique in Oblomov — there are no elaborate cross-cuts or constant camera movements. The simplicity of style matches the simplicity and grace of the characters. The first part of the film is filled mainly with medium shots, while the use of vast panoramic shots are more noticeable in the second half of the film.

Oblamov is an evocative cinematic poem. It is, quite obviously, a keen and clear satire of gentry life. But more importantly, the lyricism of the film captures, quietly and effectively, rare moments in the cinema when a character's thoughts — abstract as they may be — evoke in the viewer a simple, wonderful feeling. At such moments, the music of Bellini and Rachmaninoff works to great advantage (as Rachmaninoff's music did in last year's vastly overlooked romance, Somewhere in Time).

Oleg Tabakov's performance as Oblomov does justice to Goncharov's narrative and Mikhalkov's subdued style. The script, co-written by Mikhalkov, often verges on the absurd. Characters often speak without communicating with each other. But the audience that captures every nuance, every contradiction in the characters' words and actions. This absurdist tragi-comedy may very well be a masterwork of the Soviet cinema, even more so than the recent Moscow Does Not Believe in Tears.

Writer explores Canadian Marxist roots

By GLEN SANFORD

Canadian Bolsheviks, by Ian Angus, should be force fed to all members of today's fragmented communist groups.

This study of the rise and fall of a credible Communist Party of Canada depicts how an exciting, vibrant workers' party was transformed into a bureaucratic sloganeering group of pro-Soviets who lost touch with the Canadian working class.

EARLY LEADERS . . . William Moriarty, Tim Buck, Jack MacDonald

Canadian Bolsheviks
By Ian Angus
Vanguard Press, 280 pages,

Canadian Bolsheviks is an important work, and contains many significant documents from the early communist years. It will probably never hit the bestseller list or gain wide recognition, which is a tragedy because it addresses one of Canada's major social ills — the lack of a coherent left-wing.

The first Communist Party of Canada was born in the midst of anti-socialist mania sparked by the Russian revolution. While the RCMP were rounding up various outlawed revolutionary groups, the roots of a united party were being formed.

Angus says the CPC's first traces can be found in 1919, but because it was an underground movement, most historians acknowledge 1921 as the date of the CPC's birth.

The CPC was designed to unify Canada's left-wing, which as it stood was considered too unorganized to overthrow capitalism. It soon became Canada's largest leftist force, and was closely linked to Canadian workers.

Canadian Bolsheviks outlines the ups and downs of the early CPC, internally and externally. It analyses major battles won and lost, and provides a complete, although not widely accepted, history of the party's growth.

And it describes the party's death.

Angus says his book is not designed to provide a comprehensive history of the first 10 years of the CPC, but "is devoted to one central topic: the making and unmaking of a revolutionary party."

Angus relates the CPC's alienation from its original goals to the rise of Stalinism. His book clearly shows that at first the CPC concerned itself primarily with the needs and concerns of Canadian workers but after a decade had transformed into a mouthpiece for the Kremlin.

Furthermore, by the 1930s the CPC was setting out to smash various unions and became itself a major influence for splintering Canadian workers.

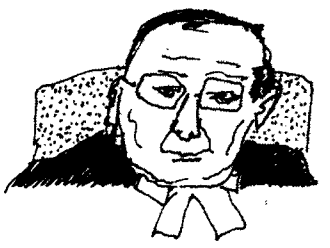
The CPC's fall was dramatic. In a two year period three quarters of the party left its ranks and almost all of its founding leaders had been expelled. Says Angus: "When the crisis was over, an organization with the name 'Communist Party of Canada' remained, but it was not the party that bore that name through the 1920s."

Instead, it was isolated "in a mindless binge of sectarian ultra-leftism that deprived it of all allies and left it wide open to attack."

An attempt to condense Angus' arguments into the space of a review would be pathetic. But there are two important points which should be noted:

First, he states the importance of his book by saying "Today, when a new generation of radicalizing youth are attracted to Marxism in their search for an alternative to crisis-wracked capitalism, it is all the more necessary to prove and understand the achievements and failings of those pioneers who set out more than 60 years ago to build a mass revolutionary party."

Second, he says "I have no sympathy for those who use the rise of Stalinism as a text for rejection of Marxism . . . As a Marxist, I am optimistic about our future."



Notice to all staff of The Ubyssey. You've been working hard this term so the management has decided to declare a Christmas bonus. In addition to a bonus of fifty per cent of your current salary level, all staff will be given an extended holiday. The paper will not publish again until next January. So gets lots of rest and be back in good literary and photographic shape for another productive term. Merry Christmas and Happy New Year. (P.S. Mark pick-up your airplane ticket at CUTS.)

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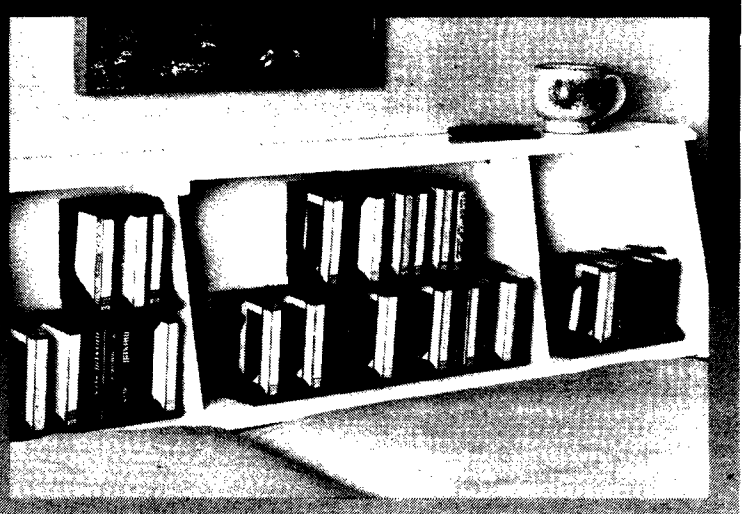

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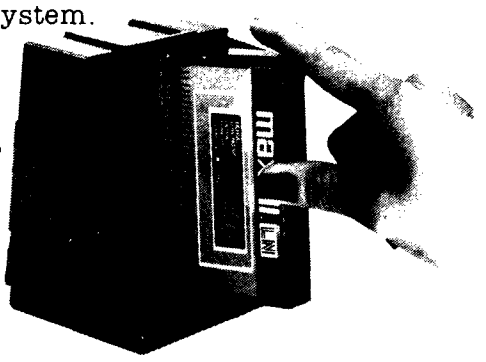

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A Socred scandal a month

By JULIE WHEELWRIGHT

So, you want to buy your friends and family a politically correct Christmas gift. You're looking for something with a political statement, from a company sans multinational corporate ties, made from recycled materials perhaps.

Well have I got the gift for you. Yes, the Social Credit Scandal Calendar slices, dices, minces, embarasses and humiliates your favorite cabinet ministers and premier. It's also published by a small struggling, independent company, for a reasonable price.

Sounds good doesn't it? It is. Researched and compiled by Lanny Beckman and ex-Ubyssey staffers Stan Persky and Kathy Ford, the calendar includes newsclips with cartoons of the B.C. Socreds from such notable cartoonists as Bob Kreiger, Rand Holmes, Bonnie Beckwoman and Bob Bierman. You can chuckle over Bill Bennett's dirty tricks scandal, or his BCRIC scandal or the embarassment of Gracie's Finger.

Relive the days when you would find phoney letters from Socred party members in your local newspaper, remember Bennett's promise that you would get rich quick with BCRIC shares, snicker over Flyin' Phil's family trips to Dallas on government Lear jets.

It's all there and for the year 1982 you can have a daily reminder of the incompetence of the Socred government, in the news and on your wall.

Each month has a cartoon illustrating a particular government embarassment. January starts with a Delta farmer watering his rows of condos and oil wells. The days of the week below carry more detailed descriptions of the Socred blunders: for example, Old MacSpetifore had a farm (1981):

"The provincial cabinet removes 8,240 acres from the Agricultural Land Reserve, including 523 acres in Delta owned by prominent Socred supporter George Spetifore. Spetifore, who plans to grow condos and shopping centres, bypassed the Agricultural Land Commission in quest of a $50 million bonanza."

And to further jar your memory, the authors have included news clips from local papers and headlines just below the cartoon. The whole effect of the page captures the embarassing evidence against the government with a sarcastic chuckle.

For anyone with a car, February is bound to be a popular month. A Krieger cartoon depicts a then Insurance Corporation of B.C. minister Pat McGeer in a Marie Antoinette style dress, holding his severed head in one hand.

"Jacking up auto insurance (1976)," reads February 1, "A convoy of cars rolls down Vancouver's Hastings Street to the PNE Agrodome where 10,000 indignant motorists protest ICBC hikes. 'What demented person did this?' asks Ald. Harry Rankin. "It was Marie-Antoinette McGeer.' "

And captured for eternity are McGeer's famous words: "I can say quite bluntly that if you can afford a car, you can afford insurance for it. If you can't afford insurance for it, sell it."

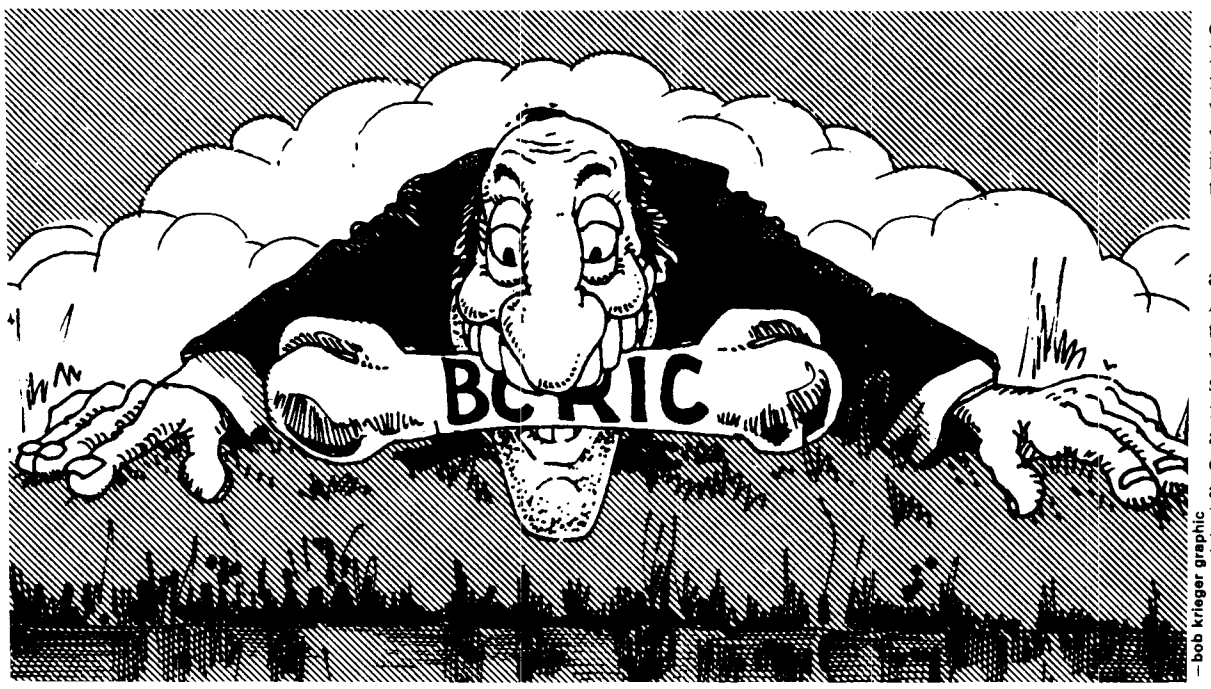
Who could forget yet another memorable quote from another Socred MLA, Agnes Kripps who was horrified that the word "sex" was being used in public schools. Kripps said in the legislature that a term more suitable for use around impressionable young people might be "Biology of Life Today," or BOLT. "But what about the nuts' " enquires one of her fellow Socreds.

Then there is the BCRIC affair. Krieger succinctly sums up the sentiments of many B.C. residents with his cartoon. A father sits before a fireplace, decked in tweeds and slippers, reading to a freckled face child. The book is the Three Little Pigs and the father recites the familiar passage, ". . . So they went to their brother's whose house was made of BCRICs." The child in his lap says to himself, ". . . they're doomed."

Under the heading Capitalism 101, the authors chronicle the rise and fall of the Bennett scheme. On April 24, 1981, "The Sun reports that stock market analysts are advising clients to dump BCRIC shares as they plummet in value. 'I feel absolutely sick to my stomach and (so) absolutely fed up that I don't like to even talk about it anymore,' says Peter Julesberg of Yorkton Securities, a former BCRIC booster."

Then the Socreds became concerned about their image last spring and hired Doug Heal to polish the politicians' tarnished public face Under the heading, Hooray for Hollywood, we get gems like this; "Doug 'Achilles' Heal arranges a camera crew to film a day in the life of Bill Bennett. Bennett's press secretary Hall Leiren, upset by the instrusive camera, says 'Cut,' unaware that the crew is there on Heal's orders. 'It makes us look stupid to have this sort of thing go on,' moans a Socred higher-up."

The list of scandals and screw-ups is seemingly inexhaustible but it certainly makes for an enjoyable calendar. For politically correct friends or Socreds with a great sense of humour; at your local leftie bookstore now.



— bob krieger graphic

KRIEGER . . . cartoon depicts Bennett and BCRIC

Dope on Belshaw

By KATE ANDREW

Author Ellen Godfrey admits in the closing pages of her recent book on the Cyril Belshaw murder trial that the laws of libel prevent her from presenting a case for Belshaw's guilt, or his innocence. For those who go to the book to have either of these scenarios presented will be disappointed.

But the book is by no means disappointing. Considering the fairly major limitations which libel laws place on an endeavor such as this, Godfrey has done a skilful job of presenting the facts of former UBC English professor Betty Belshaw's mysterious disappearance and death and her husband, UBC anthropology professor Cyril Belshaw's consequent ordeal with the Swiss judicial system.

Starting with Betty Belshaw's January, 1979 disappearance in Paris, Godfrey follows the threads of the mystery through to Cyril's murder trial in a small Swiss village almost a year ago.

By Reason of Doubt: The Belshaw Case
By Ellen Godfrey
Clarke, Irwin and Co.

The Vancouver newspapers diligently followed the story, culminating in their front page coverage of the sensational trial (and resulting in a legal suit being brought against The Vancouver Sun.) Anyone serious interested in the story will probably know most of the facts and the book offers no startling new revelations. This is not 'The True Story,' but Godfrey tells the story in a thoroughly systematic and well written fashion, allowing the casual newspaper reader to fill in the occasional gaps left by the news reports. Particularly interesting to the serious Belshaw aficianado are the brief but generally honest character sketches of the drama's main protagonists.

The most dramatic part of the story is Godfrey's account of the truth and she did not overlook this fact. On occasion she is in danger of losing some of the drama by re-presenting parts of the evidence that the reader has already had presented only a few pages earlier, as we are led step by step through the extensive year-and-a-half long police investigation.

Ellen Godfrey has done a more than competent job in her documentation of l'Affaire Belshaw, as it came to be known in the Swiss press. By Reason or Doubt provides good, enjoyable and at times thought provoking reading for people interested in what happened to Betty Belshaw and the ordeal Cyril faced. It will be a popular item at the libraries, as the price of this slight volume will keep the curious from investing a portion of their student loans in the purchase of what is well written voyeurism.

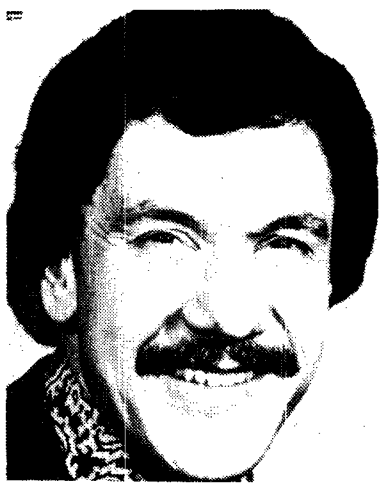
Messiah reHandeled

Soloists featured in Xmas fave

By KERRY REGIER

One of the perennial problems of the annual performances of Handel's Messiah in Vancouver had been the lack of adequate vocal soloists; and finally someone is doing something about it.

The Vancouver Chamber Choir under the direction of Jon Washburn is importing four world-class British soloists to sing with the choir in its performances this weekend of Messiah, and all but one of them will be singing in Canada for the first time. Audiences will be able to hear soprano Felicity Palmer, countertenor Paul Esswood, tenor Martyn Hill, and baritone Michael Rippon.



RIPPIN . . . featured baritone

Asked about why he felt the need to import his soloists, Washburn said he "didn't very often use outside soloists. But Messiah is a good seller, gives a good income, and we could, I suppose, just pocket the money for the future, but it gave us an opportunity to put it back into the production."

Washburn went on to comment that "it does the choir a lot of good. Many of them are young aspiring soloists, and it gives them a chance to work with world-famous soloists in workshops and lessons which they will be giving while they're here." In addition, Washburn mentioned the publicity aspect: "If the performance goes well, word goes back where they came from," and it becomes easier to attract world-class talent to the choir's performances.

Washburn said he will be using the Watkins-Shaw edition of Messiah, saying it "gives the conductor opportunities to choose various versions of arias," with reference to settings for different voices and instrumention. "I chose the solo assignments to give them as far as possible equal exposure, and to balance the first half with the second half."

Washburn has made a few cuts of lesser-known movements and combined the second and third parts to make only one intermission. "You're not doing anyone a service if you're going beyond reasonable modern performance times, what people can now stand." Washburn feels that three hours is a long time to sit, and to cut it to two and a half is fair.

Does Washburn have a favorite chorus or aria? "It's so hard to say because they're all so good, but I think the chorus "He trusted in God that He would deliver Him" is my favorite. We talked in-staff about cutting it because of the balance between the first and the second half of the oratorio, but they all said, 'Aw, keep it in, Jon!' so we'll be singing it."

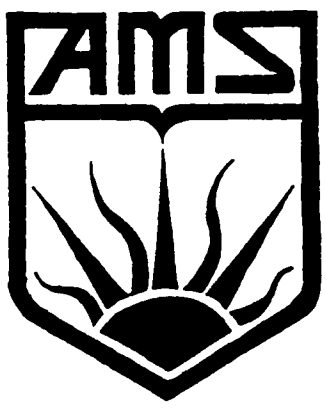
Asked about the tradition of standing during the Hallelujah Chorus, Washburn said "I don't mind. I don't know if I would if I were in the audience, but they can stand if they want to — if they feel good. People like to do it. You could ask, 'Why do the Messiah at all, every year?' People like it."

PALMER . . . soprano

Soprano Felicity Palmer is very well-known for her recordings of French art songs, and has sung roles in operas by composers as diverse as Handel, Mozart, and Wagner. Countertenor Paul Esswood is a baroque specialist perhaps most renowned for his recordings of seventeenth and eighteenth century opera, oratorio, and cantata, including an extremely fine recording of Messiah with Charles Mackerras.

Tenor Martyn Hill has been heard in Vancouver before; here at UBC in recital. He is noted for his performances of renaissance and baroque works, but has performed music by Michael Tippett, Holst, and the romantics. Baritone Michael Rippon has toured with the BBC Symphony under Rozhdestvensky, has sung various repertoire from Fledermaus to War and Peace, and premiered Peter Maxwell Davies' The Lighthouse this season.

CALL FOR NOMINATIONS for A.M.S Executive Positions



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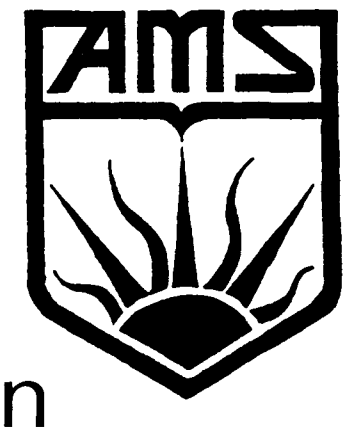


Close of Nominations: 3:30 p.m., Friday, January 8

Nomination forms can be obtained from the A.M.S Executive Secretary, SUB 238

Submit Nominations to the A.M.S. Vice-President, SUB 252

A lost writer remembered

By JULIE WHEELWRIGHT

Jane Bowles was a writer who led an extraordinary life. And even though she published very little in her 56 years, everything had her unique touch.

A Little Original Sin is a biography chronicalling the life and work of this little known American writer. Author Millicent Dillion has amassed 458 pages of interviews, letters and articles about Bowles that successfully convey her character.

A Little Original Sin
by Millicent Dillion
Published by Holt, Rinehard and Winston
458 pages, $21.95

Jane Bowles' work has recently been revived by feminists interested in lost or forgotten works. What Bowles had to say about women, like all of her messages, is difficult to decipher. But in her best known novel, Two Serious Ladies, she captures a pain and confusion in vivid tones.

Whatever her critics said about her (and most said they couldn't understand her), they respected what she wrote for its originality. This theme, that Jane was an unforgettable woman to her friends, husband, and loves, resurfaces again and again in Dillion's book.

Born Jane Auer, she began life in Woodmere, Long Island. She terrorized the neighborhood with her cousin Mary Jane and once painted all the clothes on nearby lines brilliant blue. As Mary Jane recalls:

"The sight of these sky-blue shirts and sheets dancing in the breeze whetted our appetites. We headed for the garage. I swear that not a word was spoken. We were in luck. More cans of paint, a shiny sedan to decorate, bottles to break!

"All that day we wandered over the countryside. No garage was safe. We pillaged and painted, smashed and destroyed property in the amount of $280."

The two girls left a note warning neighbors to repent of their sins, for the day of judgment was nearing. Indeed, Bowles' sense of sin seemed to plague her all her life, and like her character Miss Goering, in Two Serious Ladies — she felt the need to confront what was most frightening to her, and it was often pain.

Jane was born with a stiff knee, and at 16 developed tuberculosis in her knee. She had to spend two years in Switzerland fighting it. In an autobiographical fragment, she recalls: "When I was little I had to imagine that there was some limit to physical pain in order to enjoy the day."

THE BOWLES' . . . outside Tangier 1949

A year later, she had an operation to stiffen her knee joint permanently. Back in New York, Jane began her first novel, in French. In a mock-naive style, it satorized the Greek myth of Phaethon. But, like details of much of her early life, the manuscript is now lost.

At 19, Jane met her future husband, composer and author Paul Bowles. According to Dillion, the two decided on marriage as a great joke and were wed a few weeks later. Theirs was an unusual marriage in that Jane lived with Paul on and off but continued to have affairs with women.

This aspect of Jane's life provides a fascinating glimpse into the New York gay scene in the 1940s. Jane made no bones about her sexuality. She once told her friend Miriam Levy about going to a dinner with two young bachelors from Minneapolis and a lovely, proper woman who had come along as a date for one of them.

During dinner, Jane followed the woman into the washroom and said, "Now I'm going to count to 10 and if you're not a lesbian, get the hell out of here." The woman ran out of the room, tears streaming down her face.

Jane would arrive at dinner parties with a woman and say, "Hello, I'm Jane Bowles, I'm a lesbian, and this is my lover." She would giggle; the dinner guests would blush.

When Jane and Paul moved to Morocco in 1948, they lived almost separate lives; Jane with Arab lover Cherifa and Paul with Ahmed Yacoubi, a young Moroccan artist. They would see each other daily and friends commented they were very close and loving with each other.

Jane and Paul broke off sexual relations early in their marriage, each finding and occasionally living with other lovers. But they were dedicated to each other, and Jane said that Paul was an excellent teacher. In fact, she would shrug off the success of Two Serious Ladies, saying "Paul practically wrote it anyway."

Dillion points out that while both Jane and Paul wrote, and Paul received more critical success, it was Jane who broke away from the conventional novel, creating a more original structure.

One of Jane's plays, In the Summerhouse, was produced on Broadway. But critics charged the play was too complex, and it closed after a short run.

Jane wrote throughout her life, but she had great problems overcoming blocks and demanded that all her work be completely original. She would spend hours writing, crossing out and revising her work. "Well, we can't have two writers in the family," she would tell her friends.

Unfortunately, little of Jane's work has been published. This book about her recalls her vibrance, although at times the account seems to repeat itself and rag, even though the story itself is fascinating.

In 1957, living in Morocco, Jane suffered a crippling stroke. She who had once dubbed herself "crippie, the kyke dyke," was left unable to read and could write only with great effort. She fought her illness for 16 years, considering it, punishment for not having written more.

After treatment in England and New York, Jane regained some of her ability and returned to Morocco. But she never published a completed work after her stroke, and in 1967 was admitted to a psychiatric hospital in Malaga, Spain.

Of the time leading up to Jane's breakdown, Dillion writes: "When Jane was younger a great part of her beguiling charm was the sense she gave other people that through some force in her they were liberated.

"Now that she was out of control, that force had become terrifying. She had become a thing of embarrassment, a thing of shame, a thing to be avoided."

Before she was readmitted to the sanitorium, Jane lived in a bar called The Atlas, in Tangiers. She had become known as an eccentric, a sort of bag woman who drank a great deal and tried to amuse people with her antics. But she knew that inevitably Paul would come to take her back to Malaga. On the last evening before her readmittance, an old friend, David Herbert, went to visit her.

To his suggestion that he throw a party for her, Jane replied: "if you do, you'd better give it in the cemetery, because I'm dead."

At the end of her stay in the clinic, she was blind, unable to move, often unable to speak. According to the Catholic nuns caring for her, she accepted conversion.

Jane died in May, 1973, after another stroke. When World Authors wrote to her asking for a short autobiography, all she would write was; "I started to 'write' when I was about 15 and was obliged to do composition in school. I always thought it the most loathsome of all activities and still do. At the same time I felt even then that I had to do it. It was only after the end of World War II that I came to Morocco. Paul had come ahead of me and bought a house in Tangier. From the first day, Morocco seemed more dreamlike than real. I felt cut off from what I knew. In the 20 years that I have lived here I have written only two short stories and nothing else. It's good for Paul, but not for me."

Dillion's book does capture Jane and the tragedy of her life. But the questions about her enormous problems in writing and the root of her compulsions are never answered. Jane's story is well worth reading, however, and it is clear her death marked a great loss to the world.

A woman undaunted

By EVE WIGOD

Radclyffe Hall (1883-1943) was not the sort of writer to quail at criticism. With a courage possibly unparalleled since her time by any female author, she undertook to write what is now the classic story about love between women, The Well of Loneliness (1928).

Hall's earlier novel, The Unlit Lamp (1924), has now been reprinted. Although it is her first novel, and not as well known as The Well of Loneliness, it is better written and hence more palatable. It lacks the high-flown, convulted sentence structure of her later prose, and contains several skilful descriptive passages.

The Unlit Lamp
By Radclyffe Hall
Lester and Orpen Dennys,
320 pages, $6.95

Hall's writing is not subtle; in fact, it tends to be embarrassingly melodramatic at times. But as Canadian novelist Jane Rule commented, "if she had neither the craft nor the power of insight of her contemporary D.H. Lawrence, she shared his zeal for educating the public."

The Unlit Lamp is a strongly feminist novel. Joan Ogden is the clever daughter of tyrannical parents living in a small, claustrophobic English town in the turn of the century. After the despotic father dies, Joan is left to care for her nagging, hypochondriac mother. Mrs. Ogden's need for Joan is so intense that she can barely allow her daughter out of her sight.

Into this oppressive atmosphere comes Elizabeth, a former Cambridge student, to be Joan's governess. As Joan grows older, she and Elizabeth develop a passionate friendship, of which Mrs. Ogden becomes inordinately jealous.

Under Elizabeth's devoted tutelage, Joan begins to nourish the hope of becoming a doctor, in spite of her mother's disapproval. She is further encouraged in her studies by Richard Benson, an amiable medical student in her neighborhood, who proposes to her many times only to have his offers rebuffed.

HALL . . . invincible

Elizabeth and Joan make plans to share an apartment together in London. But these plans are thwarted by Joan's mother who, by burdening her daughter with monumental guilt, manages to keep Joan in a paralyzing dilemma. Joan is torn between a dutiful love for her mother and a longing to share her life with Elizabeth.

Eventually, Mrs. Ogden's power over Joan proves too strong for even Elizabeth's determination, and the former wins the tug-of-war.

Years later, Benson describes Mrs. Ogden's triumph: "She's like an octopus who's drained you dry. You struggled to get free, you nearly succeeded, but as quickly as you cut through one tentacle, another shot out and fixed on to you."

When Joan and Richard are middle-aged, Richard takes one last shot at a marriage proposal. Joan replied, "I shall never marry anyone. I'm not a woman who could ever have married. I've never been what you'd call in love with a man in my life; but I think if I'd been different, Richard, I should have wanted to marry you."

Although Joan's lesbianism determines the plot of The Unlit Lamp, it remains an undercurrent throughout the novel. A more important theme is the appeal for equality in what was then a wholly patriarchal society; a society in which any father, told of his daughter's wishes to become a doctor, would have responded as Colonel Ogden did:

"Not one penny will I spend on any education that is likely to unsex a daughter of mine. I'll have none of these new-fangled women's rights ideas in my house . . . You will marry; do you hear me? That's a woman's profession! A sawbones indeed! Do you think you're a boy? Have you gone stark, raving mad?"

On the other end of the spectrum is Richard Benson, completely isolated in his reflections on the women of the future: "They fascinated him, these as yet unborn women, stimulating his imagination, challenging his intellect, demanding of him an explanation of themselves."

These, too, are the women who fascinated Radclyffe Hall. And though the heroines in her novels had to yield to the society which preyed on them, in order for her message to retain a tragic impact, Hall herself fortunately remained invincible.

—paul kaihla photo

Sheer Fripp variety

By STEVE McCLURE

Robert Fripp sits off to the side of the Commodore's stage. He holds his Gibson guitar purposefully, surrounded by an array of guitar synthesizers and electronic gizmos. While the rest of the current incarnation of King Crimson hop about the stage Fripp remains calm and motionless.

Then he starts playing a series of intricate and hauntingly repetitive riffs. The rest of the band joins in, adding to the dense layered sound that is the new King Crimson's trademark.

Fripp then starts playing the heavy atonal chords that were the trademark of the old King Crimson. The crowd cheers in recognition but Fripp is expressionless.

Throughout the concert he and fellow guitarist Adrian Belew play some of the most amazing and creative electric guitar seen recently in Vancouver, but while Belew was animated and full of life Fripp remained seated off to the side like an elderly rock patriarch.

King Crimson was formed, according to legend, in the summer of 1969 at the Rolling Stones' free concert in Hyde Park held to commemorate Brian Jones. The band's first album introduced the world to 'mellotron rock' and began the long saga of progressive rock.

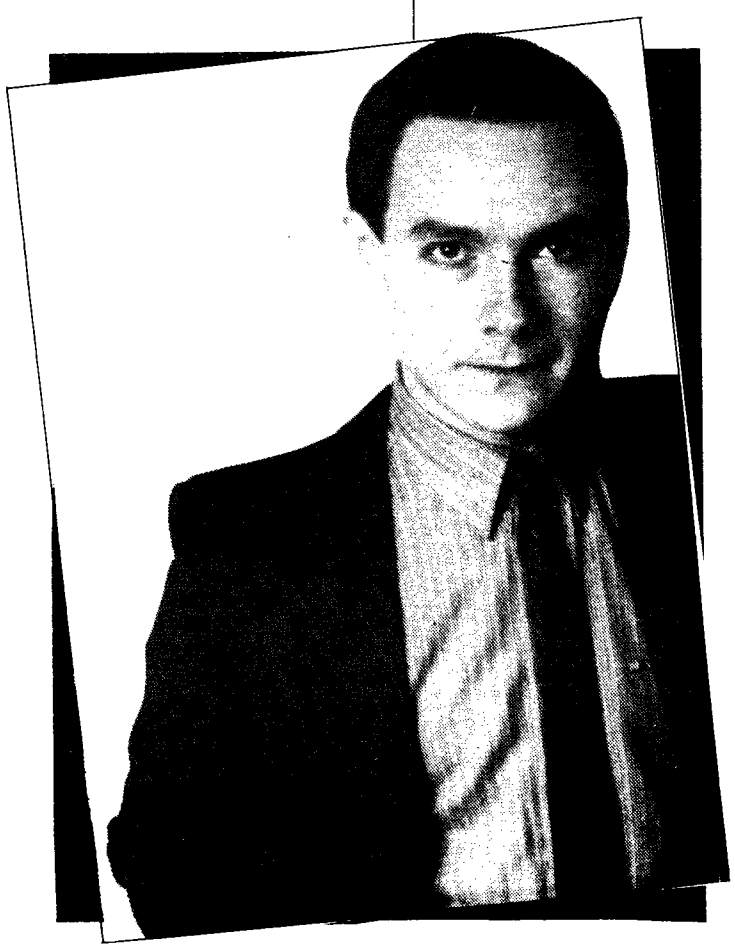
The band went through many changes but Fripp was always at the helm, dominating the band through his eccentric and basically egotistical musical vision. When king Crimson eventually split up in 1975 it seemed the band had packed it in for good. Fripp reappeared on the music scene in 1979 and in a typically pretentious manner announced his three-year 'drive to 1981' during which he would release three albums. In 1981, something amazing and significant was supposed to happen, according to the self-described 'small, intelligent and highly mobile unit.'

Well something amazing did happen. Instead of helping usher the world into a new era of Gurdjieffian wonderment (Fripp has in the last few years been at pains to publicize the teachings of the Russian sage/philosopher), King Crimson was re-formed. So the drive to 1981 became the trip down memory lane to 1969.

But that's not entirely fair. The new edition of King Crimson has a lot going for it. Fripp and Belew are a tight musical duo whose guitar interplay is unique. Both have mastered the guitar to such an extent that the band could get away with having no keyboard player. Screeching banshee wails, hard-driving and relentless chording, together with delicately expressive melodic solo lines were all played with consumate ease by the two Crimsonites.

Drummer Bill Bruford was true to form, providing a tight and imaginative backup to the musical ramblings of the three frontmen. Bassist Tony Levin played a ten string 'stick' most of the time and his rambling bass style suited the overall sound of the band rather well.

What was noticeable about the new King Crimson was the sheer variety of the band's songs. The two or three vocal numbers Fripp and Co. played Tuesday night were beautiful and well-executed. Overall the band was a tight, precise, powerful unit that left the listener with no standards against which to compare. Except for Jimi Hendrix, no other band or individual could have hit the heights King Crimson did Tuesday. Full marks.



Spud boys are still

By PAUL KAIHLA

Devo was first greeted on the music scene three years ago with a mixture of amusement and enthusiasm. But serious music critics found that each of Devo's next three albums confirmed that the formula that made the band the 'no wave' sensation of 1978 was becoming diluted and bland by the repetition of the same musical format and ideology.

The yellow-suited, robot-gyrating boys from Akron, Ohio were becoming increasingly commercial.

Listening to the recent albums is equivalent to a numbing brainwashing loop in a Clockwork Orange-type scenario. But not being a serious critic of music, I still love the idea of Devo and a Devo concert.

Monday night's show at the Coliseum proved the band still possesses the raw energy and determination which characterized its 1978 shoestring tour. But things have changed.

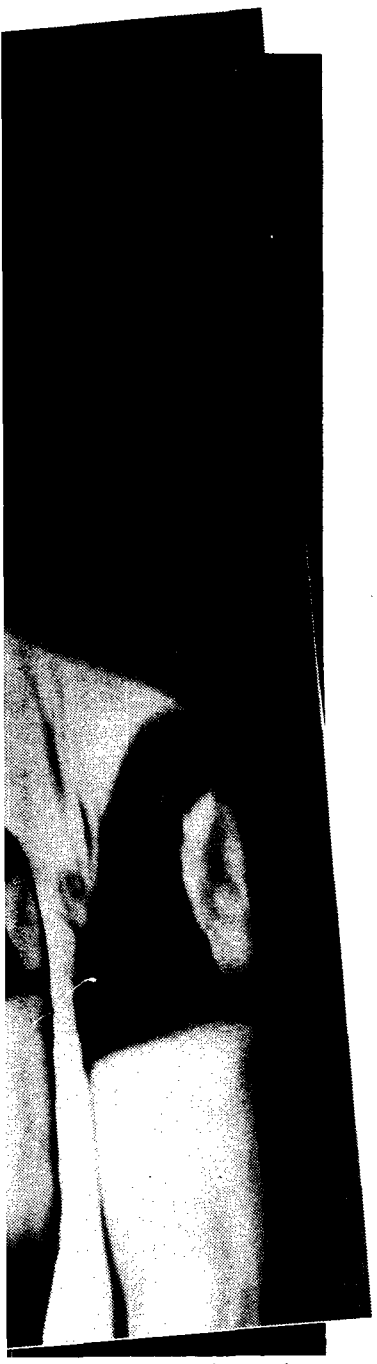
The lighting and props, major elements in Devo's presentation, are much more sophisticated and elaborate. The old garbage bag-plastic covered stage that replaced by conveyor belts, and scaffolding laden with multi-colored neon lights. The audience is composed less by university types and more by young teens. And the band seems more settled into the 'show biz' of rock and roll, rather than affronting it.

The concert began with a half hour of Devo's short films which ranged from the humorously weird Whip It and Love Without Anger, to the tongue in cheek Beautiful World (which was a newsreel montage of chorus lines, wars, and civil unrest, over "It's a beautiful world we live in . . . beautiful people everywhere, the way they show they care"). The classics Satisfaction and The Truth About De-evolution, were included.

When the curtains parted to reveal Devo in their 'new traditionalists' uniforms playing Going Under, the front section of the audience rushed the stage without any hassle from security. This was done, evidently, to increase the effect of the performance, with lead singer Mark Mothersbaugh later crawling over the first couple of rows of fans offering his microphone to them to answer "we are Devo" to his "are we not men?", during Jocko Homo.

It was Mothersbaugh who gave the show its intensity, doing his antics and racing from one side of the stage to the other with sweat pouring off his face, while the other members walked on conveyor belts.

At times the audience would be blasted by bright lights aimed out at them from the stage. Near the end of the show scented smoke bellowed forth to provide cover for the costume change before Working in a Coal Mine. In that song the band wore coal miners' lamplight hats and Mothersbaugh and Gerry Ca-



—ross burnett photo

nutating

sale were on top of the scaffold doing the vocals. A tape provided the instrumental, and the other three members swung shovels on the conveyor belts.

Mothersbaugh, perhaps not anticipating the punk tendencies of a Vancouver audience, was plainly angry about all the spit he was being showered with. At one point he furiously gestured to someone on stage, and added particular vengeance to the words ". . .got a gut feelin', feelin'. . ."

But near the end of the show when Mothersbaugh came out as the mutant 'booji boy,' he squeaked in a falsetto voice "we were wondering what all you spuds in Vancouver would be like — now we know . . . we love you."

Here lies a sad irony. Even though Devo's presentation is the most thematically sophisticated and the most powerful, well-coordinated multi-media rock show on tour, their message just isn't permeating the audience (or Devo themselves).

The point that we should all objectively scrutinize the myths of technocratic society and our actions, is missed.

Perhaps all us kids just go to see Devo for the gimmicks and couldn't give a shit about anything else but getting wasted, making noise, and winging stuff at the stage. In such an event Mothersbaugh should repeat to himself . . . "love without anger."

Holidays: Mitchell as ever

By ERIC EGGERTSON

Reading W. O. Mitchell's latest book is like hearing a close friend tell a favorite joke yet again; you still laugh at the punch line.

How I Spent My Summer Holidays bears a resemblance to Mitchell's earlier prairie tale, Who Has Seen the Wind, but has a wit and personality of its own. Set in a southern Saskatchewan town, Summer Holidays is a man's look back at the summer of 1924, when a series of events led to the loss of his youth.

How I Spent My Summer Holidays
By W. O. Mitchell
MacMillan of Canada
224 pages

Mitchell manages to keep the story from lapsing into saccharine nostalgia, yet offers what is essentially a nostalgic look at growing up. Summer Holidays is a tribute to the children on the prairies who built up their own society, separate from adults. It is also a tribute to the icononoclasts who, like the narrator Hughie, constantly question the established order.

Hughie finds himself drawn first into the schemes of his neighborhood friends, then into a First World War veteran's plan to hide Bill the Sheepherder, an escapee from an insane asylum on the outskirts of town, The Mental. His friends' plottings begin in harmless naivety and escalate into hilarious cruelty as Peter Deane-Cooper races to save someone's grandfather from being blown up by dynamite on his way to the outhouse.

In the aftermath of the explosion a new plan emerges to dig a secret cave in the middle of the prairie. When Bill the Sheepherder takes over the cave the plot thickens considerably, and war hero King Motherwell orchestrates the chaos. In between rum running and playing pool, King sets the perfect example for opposing authority.

Mitchell describes the familiar splits in society between the children, "moral" adults, and low-life. It is a reassuring step into the territory of Who Has Seen the Wind and many novels like it. His characterizations and caricatures find the sense of the absurd in pompous civic leaders and delinquents alike.

King is the perfect flawed anti-hero who attracts Hughie's respect. And Hughie's other friends are a young cross-section of society. Arriving back in town years later, Hughie finds that his friends have gone on to form their own adult community. King, the idealist and humanist, has little place in that community of contented adults.

It is for King that the narrator has journeyed back. He searches for the innocence he lost, but also for the point at which he and King were irrevocably cast apart. Their reconciliation comes near the end of the story, though perhaps not in the fashion one would expect.

One is left with Hughie's feeling of loss, and an overriding sense of dissatisfaction, not with the book, for Mitchell is a consumate storyteller, but with life. He tells us people achieve stations in society, but the most we can hope for is to find a little bit of peace in personal relationships, and to accept life's tragedies.

Mitchell says that Hughie will never fully undestand all the elements leading up to his rites of passage, but he can at least come close. Summer Holidays places us on that cutting edge between the explained and the unexplained, and leads us away, not with easy answers, but with a sense that life can be frustrating. It is usually worthwhile to stay with it.

Neither Hughie nor King fit properly into their intended societal roles. King is always close to despair, while Hughie only dimly understands what there is to despair about. In the end Hughie feels that he can share King's despair for the injustices heaped upon war veterans, mental patients, children, and numerous other misfits, yet Hughie alone transcends the despair to arrive at a hopeful attitude toward life. Yes, it is nostalgia, but nostalgia well worth exploring.

Bowering never again to write "normal" book

By ERIC EGGERTSON

Conversation between Vancouver author George Bowering and his publisher:

GB: Here's the manuscript.

Pub: Very good, George. There's only one thing. This title, Dead Sailors, just has to go. Such a depressing title for a book. Can't you think of something with a bit more zip in it? Something a bit more positive?

GB: But it's not supposed to be a positve title. That's just the point, I wanted the title to suggest that these sailors who charted the area are now little more than names to some people. After all, it was my first name, George that started me writing about George Vancouver.

Pub: That's all very well, George, but you don't have to sell your books, I do. No one's going to give their kids a Christmas present about dead sailors. We need something with some flash to it. Something to capture the swashbuckling nature of the British ships exploring B.C.'s coast, meeting all those Indians and Spaniards . . . something like Blazing Galleons! Yes, I rather like that.

GB: (to himself) Oh, God, (to pub) Okay, I'll come up with something else. How about Burning Water? That still leaves the unreal aspect to the book. After all, it was a bit unreal to the Indians to see these crazy Europeans in their boats . . .

Pub: Not bad, George has a nice ring to it. Yeah, maybe I'll give my daughter a copy for her birthday.

Oh, there's just one more thing, George. What's this I hear about Vancouver having some sort of fling with a Spanish sailor? You don't mean to tell me there's homosexuality in your book, do you? We run a family-oriented business here.

GB: (groans to himself) Oh, that's no problem. Homosexuality is becoming quite popular these days.

Pub: I'll have to take your word for it. Come to think of it, that's just the kind of thing that would appeal to the Governor General's Award people — telling it like it is, gutsy stuff. Yeah, I like it. But I don't think I'll give my daughter a copy. Have you got any of your old books of poetry I could give her?

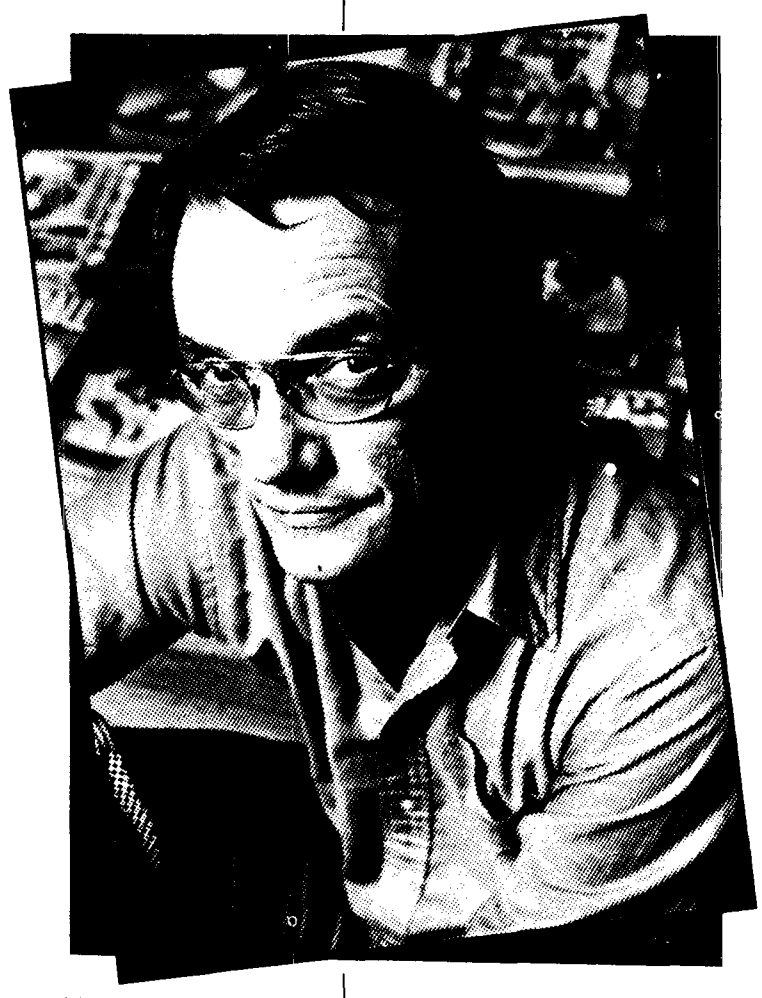
* * *

After George Bowering's last "novel," A Short Sad Book, it was clear he would never write a "normal" book with a beginning, middle and end. The book represented such a total departure from a progressing, continuing plot; Bowering seemed determined to destroy the idea of plot. Totally episodic and absurd, it was a delightful departure, if difficult to comprehend.

His latest work, Burning Water, is a healthy reversal of intent. In Burning Water he gives the reader the comfort of a continuing, fairly comprehensible story. Moments of clouded vision intrude on the story of George Vancouver's voyage to the B.C. coast, making sure the reader remembers this is fiction, not fact. Yet Bowering surrounds the rest of the narrative with detail, trying to convince the reader that Burning Water could be a true story.

Burning Water
By George Bowering
Musson books
258 pages, $14.95

And Bowering the author appears from time to time to tell the story (an equally important story?) of the writing of the book. It is a challenge for the reader to piece together the mix-up and madness of the voyage, and come up with some sort of conclusion about voyages of discovery.



While Vancouver charts the jagged coastline, Bowering charts the equally frustrating regions of the mind. He takes the myth, or lack of myth about Vancouver the man, and creates a psyche torn between duty, pride, loneliness and lust. Just as Vancouver's pride feeds on the performance of his duty, so does his loneliness feed on a few short interludes of sexual satisfaction. And all in a land that he will chart flawlessly, yet never understand.

Burning Water is the first time Bowering has gone far beyond caricature to detailed character development. The result is a fascinating study of a tiny shipful of men travelling around the world naming islands, rivers, mountains, straits, coves and points after obscure members of the British navy.

Bowering got the Governor General's Award for fiction for Burning Water, partly because it conforms to our expectations of a novel, and of "good" writing. His characterization is excellent, and he manages to recreate the futility of the voyage taking place in the rain and fog of the West Coast.

Finally, and perhaps most important, is the homage Bowering pays to his historic namesake and the history of the coast.

Santa Claws

We at The Ubyssey have lobbied strongly to see that everybody gets the Christmas presents they deserve.

For human resources minister Grace McCarthy who's looked after all the single mothers in B.C. so very well, a month living on welfare. And Grace, no cheating, stick to the miniscule budget, have fun, pretend it's a diet.

For another Socred minister, our university's very own tinman Pat McGeer, Santa has a heart.

For UBC administration president Doug Kenny (it seems you're always in the doghouse Doug) Mr. Santa 'Anti-Retrenchment' Claus has a brand new food bowl, a leash and a one year membership in the SPCA.

And for arts dean Will we've taken special pains to see that you wil get your very own notebook to cover faculty association meetings.

The campus chaplain, George Hermanson, will be blessed with the second coming. Something to resurrect some real religious faith on the campus, George.

For all the first year students at UBC we have a folding chair so that you will have a place to sit in the lecture halls.

As a result of our genuine affection for the Pecple's Front Against Racist and Fascist Violence we've seen to it that you will get a lumberyard.

For Nelson 'Knock 'Em Down' Skalbania we've managed to bargain an option on the Toronto Argonauts.

Now that Pierre Trudeau's 'raison d'etre' has passed parliament we're sure he'll be pleased to know that by Christmas Day he will be provided with another cause.

For Rice Broocks a complete set of the beautitudes including 'Blessed are the meek.'

The teaching assistants will have to be satisfied with our negotiated settlement — a gross of Kraft dinner.

For the faculty at UBC Santa has a flashlight so that you can find your way out the door in the dark.

But for all the truly deserving people in the world, the starving and the homeless, we weren't able to negotiate anything at all. Money's tight this year.

Letters

'Creator hypothesis' should not be last resort

Richard O'Grady (Nov. 19) certainly goes part of the way toward outlining the requirements which "creationism" must satisfy to be considered a scientific theory. He suffers, however, from an ignorance widespread among biologists today regarding the true nature of the scientific endeavour.

Empirical science, as formulated by Bacon and Hobbes does not simply submit observations to "the elucidation of critical argument," as O'Grady seems to suggest. Rather, the scientist experiments with nature according to a plan or hypothesis of his own design. Theory and practice exist in a dialectic, and theory remains essentially hypothetical. But as observation becomes more and more technological, more groping, theory must take greater flights of creativity in directing research. That Niels Bohr's theory of atomic stucture came to him in a dream is a case in point. So are Einstein's theories of relativity which went far beyond the experimental data available to him. The same may be said for the hypothesis of evolution which has directed research into the origin of species for many years.

The result of this astonishing process in physics has been the formulation of reality, through mathematics, as no longer truly speakable or imaginable. Words used to describe the reality which mathematics unlocks, without explaining, remain mysterious or metaphorical: "field," "horizon," "force," "charge," "energy," "spin," "straighter than straight" and so on. In accordance with Hobbes' foundation, modern empirical science cannot attain the reality which is only *dealt with* through mathematics. Even if the absolutely fundamental quark is located, no one will know *what it is* — only more or less *what it does.* So far biologists have worked with more manageable units than have nuclear and astro-physicists, but the method is the same in each case.

Therefore, it is unreasonable for O'Grady to demand empirical evidence for creation "that could not be interpreted in any other way." The process of empirical science is too mysterious to satisfy such a demand. Why must the hypothesis of a creator be considered only as a last resort? In this, O'Grady continues the evolutionists' ideological prejudice against creation. Evolution was maintained even before such evidence as Darwin found. Darwinism was seized on ideologically as the refutation of creation, not considered as a hypothesis offered tentatively — a possible explanation for observed phenomena. Even though academic biologists are now disagreeing fundamentally on how evolution is to have occurred, there seems to be complete agreement among those biologists that *evolution must be true.* In fact many Christians today seem to find it necessary to take on faith that evolution is *the way* God has caused species to be.

Apparently O'Grady has no desire to enquire into the matter himself but is content to have the case for creation offered to him for his judgment.

Anyone claiming to be a scientist cannot excuse his own prejudices by pointing to those of his opponents.

As a non-specialist, I may point out this much which may be said for creation: as a scientific hypothesis it seems to me to be, at its best a version of the old (but complex) argument from design for God's existence: That the universe's order is such as to indicate a creator. It is generally believed that Kant and Hume buried all such natural theology; but I believe that if the issue were reconsidered, the scientist would have concede that it remains at least an open question scientifically whether the universe, and especially the origin of species, is the work of a god. A scientific *case* for creation, however, cannot be expected of all creationists; for many argue only that there is nothing in paleontology or embryology which refutes creation, a belief which they hold first of all on non-empirical grounds.

Jonathan Mills
Regent college

Now 'anti-anti-choice

I am not a strong supporter of the pro-choice movement Stephen, but articles like yours provoke me to take sides. If your attitudes reflect those of the anti-choice movement then I would have to say I am, if nothing else, anti-anti-choice.

First, I have yet to meet any girl who has ever encouraged me to be irresponsible towards her. I just meet the wrong kind of girls.

You call abortion "a cop out for men" and you also say that "it is a twisted logic that would kill an innocent unborn baby for the crimes of the father." In both cases Steve, you have neglected one tiny detail — the women involved! Sorry to disillusion you but there is a woman involved. She is the one who wants the abortion — remember? Now, I do not claim to know whether abortion is right or wrong. But let us not focus so hard on the rights of an unborn child that we neglect the rights of a breathing, thinking and feeling woman.

Also, without question, practised birth control is far preferable to abortions. Nobody has an abortion for fun.

Whether during the stages of embryo development a fetus is or is not part of the mother's body, or is in fact even alive by a modern moral definition, is a highly debatable question. It is not fact although you have found it fit to present it that way.

Finally Stephen, I would like to assure you that I too have eyes, ears, brain cells and a conscience and I use these things to the best of my ability to form my opinions that are not only morally satisfactory to me but also as fair to others and as applicable, to modern society as possible.

And I think that you should forfeit some of your moral righteousness in exchange for having a little more consideration for others and being slightly more practical.

Gord Martin
science 1

. . . Just an attack on freedom

In his criticism of my Oct. 30 Perspectives article, Andrew Labun manages to make almost all the major philosophical and scientific blunders which are so common in creationist literature. It is kind of frustrating to write an article pointing out the fallacy of these blunders, and then see a kneejerk response such as Labun's which simply reiterates these exact same blunders. As they say, it's like arguing with a brick wall.

The only valid criticism Labun makes concerns the inaccurate title (Christians want indoctrination schools) that was given to my article. It should be obvious to anyone who read and understood my article that I had nothing to do with the title. Most Christians don't want indoctrination schools, since most Christians don't want creationism taught in the science classroom. They feel creationism would give children a very distorted view of the valid concept of creation.

The fact that the editors of this respected newspaper made such a critical mistake in their headline emphasizes how easy it is to be confused on this issue. Labun's letter demonstrates how easy it is to be misinformed on the issue.

Citizens Against the Undermining of Science Education (CAUSE) are trying to do something about this confusion and misinformation. We have bothered to take the time to spend the last year poring over massive amounts of pro- and anti-creationist literature. After weighing all the arguments, we feel that there is a very strong case against the teaching of creationism in the science classrooms of public schools.

Based on the evidence we have accumulated, the obvious conclusion is that the creationist movement is a deliberate and well-planned attack against scientific inquiry and religious freedom. If Andrew Labun was aware of the gross intellectual dishonesty of the creationists, I doubt he would be so willing to parrot their arguments.

Members of CAUSE are manning an info table in SUB at noon on Mondays and Fridays. We would be glad to defend our position or to answer any questions about creationism. We are also circulating a petition to counter a creationist petition given to the minister of education last spring.

Gary Marchant
grad studies

THE UBYSSEY

December 4, 1981

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

From page 8

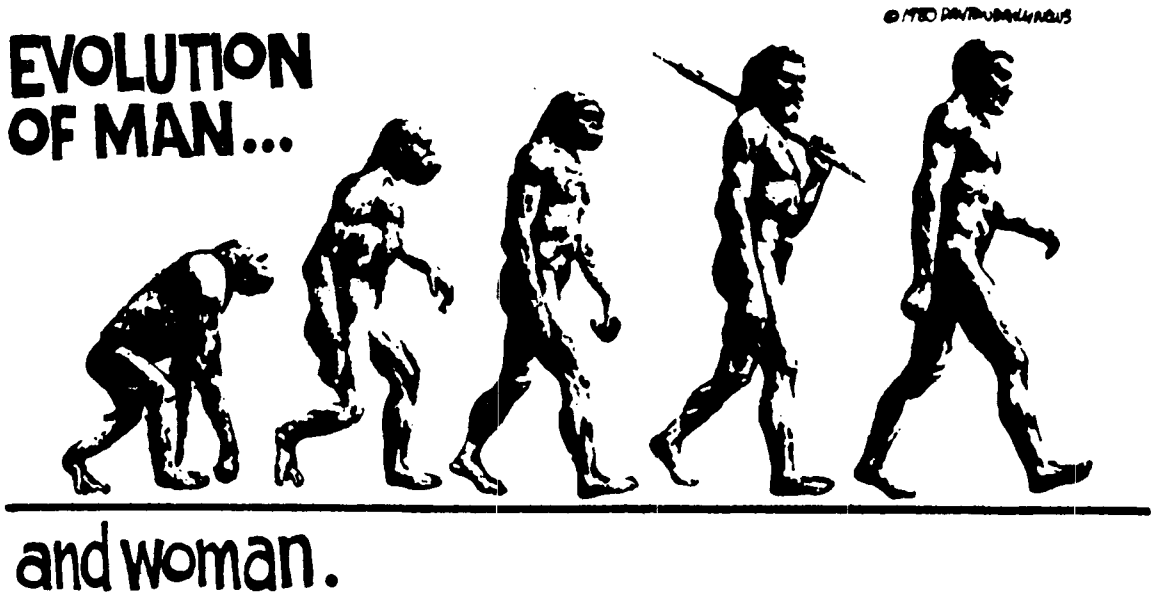
I awoke in the press club. Sugar Sugar was blasting through the speaker from CITR. I creeched and kicked the walls with my boots, but the music only got louder. Crimson and Clover came on I saw thjen that I must snuff it. I got into the refrigerator and closed the door.

But I did not snuff it. I came to slowly in a room where Dave Fraser and Jennifer Ryan were doing the old garbage in, garbage out on some Friday copy. Nancy Campbell was feeding me something on a mirror through a straw while Eric Eggertson and Glen Sanford snapped pictures. When You're Hot, You're Hot was blasting away on some bolshoy stereo speakers and I felt real horrorshow, having a vision of singing Yummy Yummy Yummy, I've Got Love In My Tummy and Itsy Bitsy Teeny Weeny Yellow Polka Dot Bikini to a cringing Julie Wheelwright. I was cured all right.

Beware religious dogma

By VERN TOMPKE

Recently there was an article in The Ubyssey which stated that creationism is nothing more than a push for religious indoctrination by some Christian Fundamentalist 'zealots'. What is more, I was told that we as university students "should play a leading role in exposing the creationist's true intentions." Well what are we waiting for? I think that despite our colleague's claims, the issues between evolution and creation are not as cut and dry as his model of scientific theory versus religious meta-physics would have us believe.



perspectives

It is obvious that the occurance of evolution cannot be scientifically proven since the origins of life or the origin of man cannot be repeated. Scientific facts are verified by tests, measurements, and controlled experiments which can be repeated with consistent results. So while evolution is in fact, not fact, it is a valid inference based on certain data obtained from fossil records and comparative biology.

By the same token, the creation model also rests upon circumstantial evidence taken from paleontology, biology, and other scientific investigations. It can also be used to predict situations that are difficult to account for in the evolution model (for example the relative absence of transitional forms between apes and man). Nevertheless creationism, as with evolution, must be rejected as scientific fact.

Could evolution or creation be called a theory then? If you, as one leading evolutionist does, define theory to mean a structure of ideas to explain and interpret facts, then both evolution and creation would classify as theory.

Scientific theory, however, must have as its primary criterion, the potential to be proven false. With this restriction, neither evolution nor creation would classify as theory. This observation has been made by several evolutionists (such as K. Popper, D. M. S. Watson, and N. Heribert-Nilsson). What is especially ironical is that while groups like CAUSE claim that creationism is no more than a metaphysical theory, well known evolutionists such as Popper has himself declared that Darwinism is not a testable scientific theory, but a metaphysical research program! (Unended Quest 1976). If this is the case then a two-model approach in science class instruction would seem appropriate. But this is where we run into another problem. Isn't creationism also part of a religious belief and are not people sponsoring this two-model legislation doing it for religious reasons?

I think the answer is obviously yes but we must be careful not to cry 'Religious Indoctrination' before we look at the whole picture. A belief in special creation is part of some religions (Christianity, Orthodox Judaism, Islam et al.), just as belief in evolution is also part of some religions (Evolutionary Humanism, Religious Humanism, Unitarianism, Buddhism et al). Yet evolution is not exempted from the public school system on the grounds that it constitutes a religious belief! I think everyone can see why. It is because evolution's religious doctrine (eg. there is no need for personal salvation) can be separated from its scientific evidences which are permissable areas for scholastic instruction. While creationism has its religious doctrine (eg., Christianity says god is Triune), these may also be distinguished from its scientific evidences.

You see the problem with both evolution and creationism is they have the same capability for becoming religious doctrines. The problem with the present one-model approach is that this tendency is often the case. Without consciously attempting to do so, the present one-model approach a) promotes those religions which are consistent with evolution and b) opposes those religions which are consistent with creationism. Sound far-fetched? Well ask any of the many students who have felt compelled throughout their school years to affirm on test questions, term papers, and in class discussions, statements regarding the origin of life which are contrary to their religious teaching. It is clear that evolution is more than strictly science. It has the potential of promoting religious teaching that God is not necessary to explain life on earth. This inequality could be remedied by including the creation model or . . . (gasp) remove the evolutionary one.

The thing that keeps people from looking at the question from both sides is the paranoia that Jerry Falwell is hiding under every bed. The key is to set biblical creationism (Adam and Eve and all their fun) from scientific creationism which is trying to enter the school system as legitimate scientific model. The Bible will be just as forbidden as the Bhagavad-Gita. Before crying "indoctrination" one should listen to the words of Clarence Darrow, the famous agnostic lawyer who was so instrumental in getting evolution into the school system. During the famous Scopes 'monkey' trial, he stated that it was "bigotry for public schools to teach only one theory of origins." It seems ironic to me that today I am told to "expose the creationists' true intentions." Now that the shoe is on the other foot, it seems many evolutionists are trying to maintain the unbalanced position that they fought so bitterly against.

Perspectives is a column of opinion, analysis, humor, or almost anything else you can think of. It is open to members of the UBC community who are not staff members of The Ubyssey. Vern Tompke is a UBC student. That is all we know about him.

Letters

Marchak ignores the legislation on abortion

On Nov. 5th Richard Marchak treated Ubyssey readers to a rather dubious lesson in logic using the abortion debate as illustration. If, as he claimed, his main motivation was to clear up ambiguities, I'm afraid his explanatory style needs a little work.

Seemingly more interested in simplification than understanding, Mr. Marchak has presented a very one-sided analysis of the abortion issue.

Indeed, as he has identified, at one level the issue concerns whether or not abortion is an acceptable option for a pregnant woman. Several religious and philosophical groups have given considerable attention to this issue and are readily willing to present their views to those searching for their own decision on this issue.

Surprisingly, considering his law studies, Mr. Marchak ignores the aspect of the abortion issue which is most controversial — legislation concerning abortion. Because laws are passed in the legislature, controversy over what those laws should be is bound to involve all the politics inherent in influencing legislators.

Anti-abortion groups see the preservation of fetal life as primordial and want to severely limit or eliminate the situations where a fetus is destroyed. As their view emphasizes that the preservation of fetal life is the key issue in the whole debate they have adopted the term pro-life. It is when they press for legislation which forces their view on all Canadian women that problems arise as not all Canadians share their opinions.

Other groups see the main issue to be the extent to which the state can legislate over the reproductive functions of women. Rather than have one position enforced by legislation, they would rather leave it to the woman to choose to either have an abortion or carry the fetus to term. Supporters of this position accept that the woman's rights take priority over any fetal rights. Because this position emphasizes that the issue is the right of a woman to control her reproductive functions, they have adopted the label pro-choice.

Unlike Mr. Marchak, I am not writing under the guise of objectivity concerning an issue on which I have an obvious "parti pris." My own values are implicit in my analysis, as are Mr. Marchak's in his. But I don't choose to denigrate the intelligence of sincerity of those who are against abortion. The rights are theirs to promote public debate concerning the morality of abortion, to attempt to convert individuals to their point of view, or to limit membership of their religious organizations to those who share their views.

But I am concerned over their insistance on legislating their beliefs, thereby demonstrating a disregard for the beliefs of others and a willingness to use the power of the state to enforce this disregard.

The implications of such a position go beyond the immediate situation. If it is acceptable to legislate control of a woman's reproductive functions in the case of abortion, the forced sterilization programs of Kurt Preinspurger seem less farfetched. As well, those who think the present situation is acceptable might consider that a change in composition of a hospital's board can lead to all abortions in that hospital ceasing.

So, Richard Marchak, it is this situation and this analysis of that situation which leads some people to adopt the term pro-choice. I doubt I've changed your opinion on the moral acceptability of abortion, but such was not my purpose.

Trusting your obscuring of the issue in your letter was due to innocent ignorance, not intentional obfuscation, I hope your understanding of the abortion issue now has another dimension.

Gayle McGee
graduate studies

Ubyssey joke issue for forestry

On Thursday, Nov. 19, Nancy Campbell from The Ubyssey attended the Forestry Undergraduate Society council meeting to answer questions regarding the paper's upcoming "push" for autonomy. During the discussion, Ms. Campbell stated that all quotes attributed to persons in The Ubyssey were in fact actual quotes made by that person, and were not the imaginative work of the author.

Immediately following the meeting, it was discovered upon reading The Ubyssey that the article by Al Banham entitled Records destroyed in freak accident, directly quoted Universities Minister Pat McGeer, administration president Doug Kenny, and vice president Michael Shaw, among others. When it was realized that the article was false, it became clear that Campbell had somewhat stretched the truth concerning the validity of quotes in The Ubyssey.

How can The Ubyssey ask us for autonomy and a fee levy to support publication of the paper, when they misrepresent their facts like this? How can we be assured that the money will in fact be used to improve the quality of the paper? It is not that we do not appreciate the humour, but rather, we do not appreciate being misled concerning an issue as important as autonomy and fee levies.

In conclusion, we hope that all students on campus will consider this incident when addressing the forthcoming question of autonomy for The Ubyssey.

Gail Terepocki forestry 4
Philip LePage forestry 4
Carmen Baker forestry 4
Jonanne Cook forestry 4
Robert Kennett forestry 4
John Howe forestry 4
Dave Waddell forestry 4
Brenda Hanson forestry 4

Archuk's questioned

The article in Tuesday's Ubyssey, on Libyan students refused entry to Vancouver Community College, quoted Elias Archuk, a Canadian Palestine Association spokesman, as saying that the board's decision was motivated by "Zionist lobyists." This is not true. At no time was there any Zionist lobbying concerning this issue. This can be confirmed through Hillel House's Daniel Siegel, the Jewish Student's Network, and the Vancouver chapter of the Canadian Jewish Congress. I invite Mr. Archuk to substantiate his claim.

Dana Periman
arts 4

Letters

Faith has no place in science

In his letter critical of an article denouncing "scientific" creationism, Andrew Labun raises a number of issues with a clarity and honesty I have seldom seen from creationists. Nonetheless, he shows a confusion which suggests that he has not analyzed his thoughts very deeply.

Labun points out that "one purpose of creationism is to point out some of the grave weaknesses" of evolution. Whether or not these "weaknesses" are grave (he echoes objections met years ago), peculiarly creationist purposes are not involved in pointing out these weaknesses. An evolutionist scientist should be happy to have genuine weaknesses revealed so that he can modify his theory to overcome them. It is standard procedure in science to look for the most rigorous tests of a theory's central claims, and attempt to prove the theory wrong. Peripheral claims, the sort the creationists usually attack and use to support their own theory, are much less important. Science is intrinsically falsifiable, and any theory whose central claims are not open to some doubt is simply not scientific. It is therefore a strength, and a necessary one at that, that a scientific theory have areas of weakness.

Creationists often act as if they can prove their theory if they can show some version of evolutionary theory (often not the currently most widely accepted one) false. This is a case of the fallacy of the false dichotomy. They presume that the only alternative to the theory they attack is their own. There are a variety of evolutionary theories, some yet unthought of, which compete with each other as well. Falsifying one version of evolution does not falsify all the rest. These different theories are by and large similar, but differ on details of observable fact and mechanisms. It is a sign of a healthy science that it embraces contrary hypotheses which might explain anomalous observations. I would be much more impressed with creationism if it spent more time trying to test their own hypotheses by attempting to falsify them, and less time minding the evolutionists business.

Labun admits that mechanisms of creation cannot be defined. If they cannot be defined, they cannot be tested. If they cannot be tested, they are not scientific. I know of no conception of science which does not require testability in some fairly strong form. If Mr. Labun, or any other creationist, knows of a well-worked-out philosophy of science which does not require testability, I would be eager to hear of it. As it stands, though, the central claim of creationism is untestable, and hence unscientific.

I lament, with Mr. Labun, the separation of the disciplines inherent in the structure of modern academics. Nonetheless, physics is not metaphysics, and they should not be confused, even if they can have a profitable dialogue. To teach physics as metaphysics, or vice versa, is either confused or dishonest, and teaches by example either confusion or dishonesty. Creationists want certain changes which would give their beliefs the label "scientific". Presumably this is because the label has, perhaps due to unjustified enthusiasm over the success of science, become honorific. If creationists want this label, they should earn it by showing how their central claim is testable. Any other approach is intellectually dishonest.

The recent surge of creationism should serve as a warning to scientists. The wise scientist will remind himself that certainty is for the faithful, and has no place in science, in which every claim is open to doubt and revision. Any mechanism which cannot be defined and tested by recognized methods is outside the realm of science, whatever value it might have in other areas of human life. Consequently, science is inherently limited by its rigour, and much is outside its domain.

John Collier
philosophy lecturer

Al likes his own story

As the Al in Al Banham, I just want to say how much I enjoyed your Records Destroyed article on Nov. 19, and how much more I enjoyed Master Schomberg's letter in Friday's Ubyssey. To be told that one's fiction was "too well done for anyone to know it was a fake" must be indeed satisfying, especially when one is told so by a divinity student from the Vancouver School of Theology.

As for the "flippant remarks made by UBC administrators, government ministers and others in supporting the prank," I can say only that such persons will have to answer for themselves. I certainly did not interview those persons, and colleague Jim Banham assures me that neither did he.

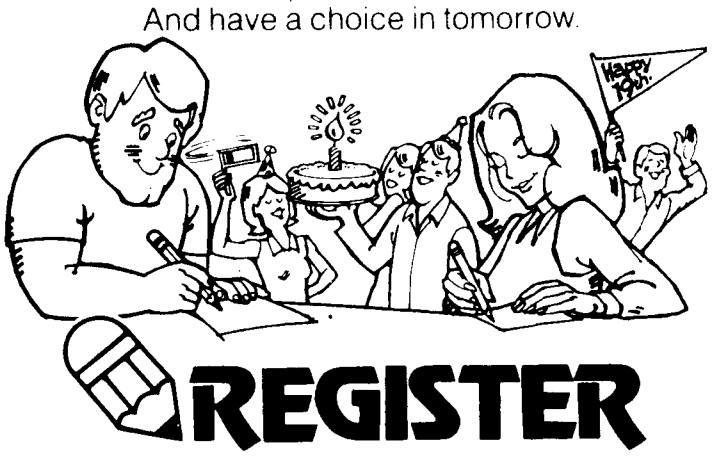
But Master Schomberg's unchristian concern about the chaplain who doesn't believe in God in the Biblical sense, I find disturbing. Given the choice of a chaplain who doesn't believe in God in the biblical sense or an embryo chaplain without a sense of humor, I am afraid I must opt for the former.

Al Hunter
Information services

PS: Please tell whoever *did* write that story that in my opinion it is the best "put on" piece the Ubyssey has done in a good many years.

NOW YOU'RE 19.
NOW YOU
HAVE A CHOICE
IN TOMORROW
IF...

...you're on the Provincial Voter's List.
To have the right to choose,
you have to register to vote.
It's easy. **Just contact your nearest Registrar of Voters or Government Agent.**
But don't put it off. Do it today.
And have a choice in tomorrow.



REGISTER

Province of British Columbia
Chief Electoral Office

Library spring survey tells all

A recently completed report is going to prove useful in library planning at UBC. Based on a survey undertaken in spring 1980, it reveals a great deal about library users' needs and attitudes.

More than 6,000 students, faculty and staff, representing 20 per cent of the UBC population, completed the 20-question form distributed in all libraries during the second week of March, 1980.

The busiest libraries are Main, Sedgewick, and Woodward libraries, in that order. The most popular activities are borrowing or using library books and other materials, studying and photocopying. Of the large faculties, nursing, law and arts

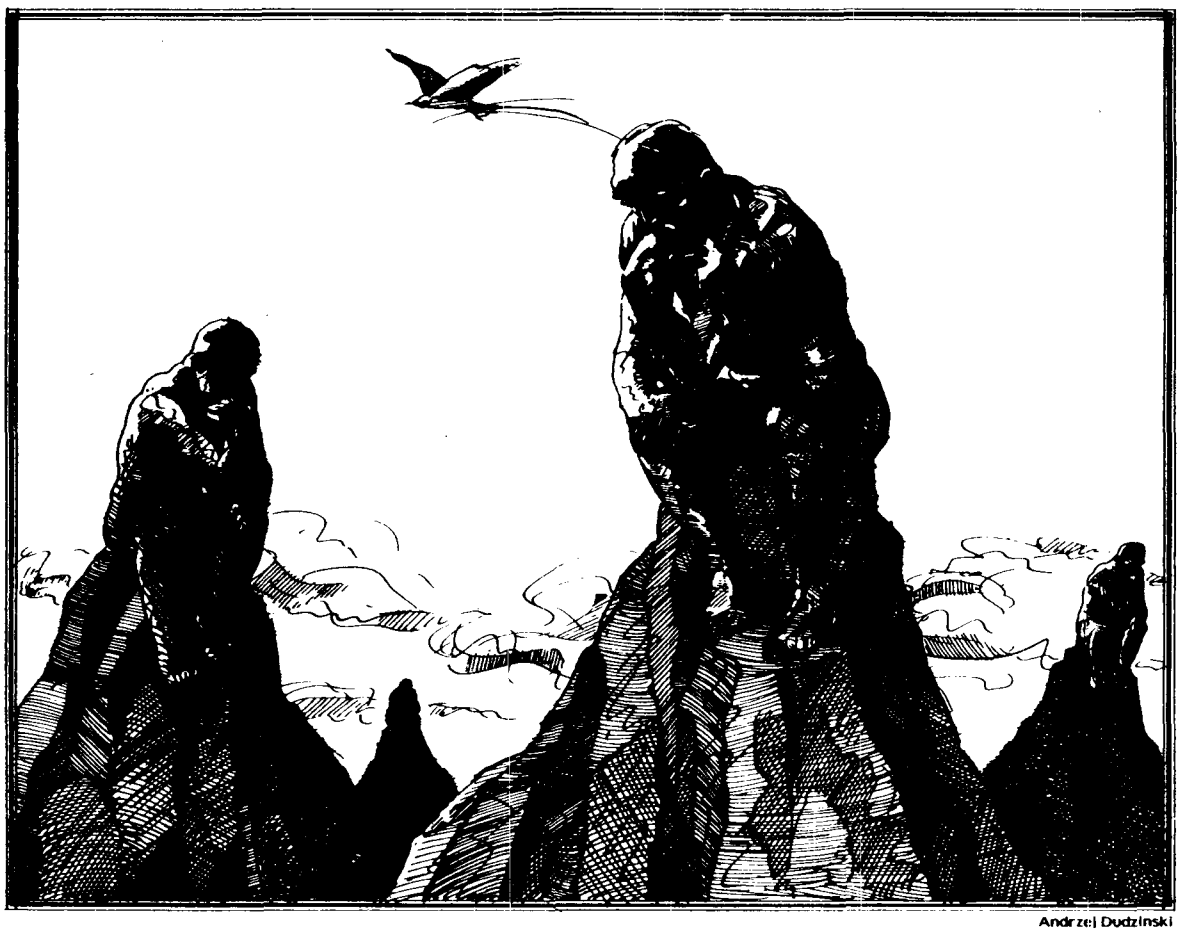
perspectives

students are the most frequent users of UBC libraries. Except for studying, engineering and commerce students use the libraries less frequently than those in other faculties.

Most of those who answered the survey liked the library: 80 per cent thought its holdings and services good or excellent. Only about 100 people judged the library as poor. Analysis showed that the people who liked the library were the ones who tended to do more library research, ask more frequently for help, or make use of its services more often than the people who judged the library adequate or poor.

If the library's staff and collections were well regarded, it is also true that users were occasionally frustrated by the many library branches on campus, and insufficient numbers of books and periodicals needed for course work, study space, and copy machines. Some also felt hours could be longer.

Slightly less than half of those who answered the survey liked the decentralized library system, and about 20 per cent said they were actively inconvenienced by it. Not surprisingly, the unhappy people came largely from nursing, planning, education and home economics. The materials for these disciplines are widely dispersed through the system. Nursing students, for example, must use Woodward, Main, Social Work, and Sedgewick libraries. Education students need to use both Main library and the curriculum laboratory.



Andrzej Dudzinski

At the same time, written comments suggested that a totally centralized system would be too massive, too congested and too impersonal. Given the size of the UBC libraries, some decentralization was acknowledged as necessary.

When respondents were asked to judge the library's collection in their subjects, about a quarter thought it was excellent. Another 40 per cent thought it good. Students in law, music and the medical faculties were happiest with the library's collection.

However, it is clear that students were often frustrated by not finding needed books on the shelf. For example, 20 per cent of respondents said that at least once a month they wanted a book that wasn't on the shelf. Another 40 per cent were unsuccessful in a search for a book a few times a term.

Journals missing from the shelves caused even greater dissatisfaction. A number of students suggested that journals should not be loaned. Others thought that magazines were being sent to the bindery at awkward times or not being returned fast enough.

At the same time comments indicated that students often gave up their search too quickly. Many did not know what alternatives to pursue when a book was not on the shelf and assumed it was not available instead of continuing their search.

Copying machines are used nearly as much as the books. Forty per cent of the respondents said they used copy machines at least once a week. Law and nursing students were the heaviest users, with over 65 per cent using copy machines once a week or more often.

Students who use Sedgewick, Woodward and Main libraries were most frustrated by long waits to use machines, and machines being out of paper or out of order. Dissatisfaction with copying machines is indicated by the number of written comments, "aggravating" and "poor" being some of the terms used to describe the situation.

The libraries are the chief study halls on campus. About half the students who responded to the survey thought there wasn't enough study space. Sedgewick, MacMillan and curriculum laboratory users were most unhappy with the crowded conditions in these libraries.

Almost all were unhappy with the noise level in library study areas. Although building noises and staff were sometimes mentioned as the source of the problem, many comments pointed towards other students as the main culprits.

Surprisingly, students generally seemed satisfied with hours of opening. Only eight per cent said open hours were poor, and 70 per cent thought them excellent or good. But those who are unhappy about libraries being closed felt strongly enough to add many comments, asking them to be kept open later, especially on weekends or during exam time.

Many students, especially those who use the larger libraries, rarely consult staff. Many feel that they know how to use the library: 40 per cent said they rarely asked for help because they didn't need it. However, those who did ask were pleased with the service they received.

See page 26: BUDGET

Letters

People's Front reveals THE TRUTH to world

The perspectives column of the Ubyssey recently published a letter from some law students about the People's Front and the BCOFR. The authors weren't present when the actual violence broke out between these two groups, and so their account is mostly second-hand and hearsay. I was there in the park on Oct. 4 and Oct. 17 and would like to recount what took place before my eyes.

On Oct. 4 the People's Front went to a public rally organized by the BCOFR to protest the murder of a young East Indian. After the BCOFR leaders had spoken, the People's Front which had been standing there for over 40 minutes, asked permission to speak too. One BCOFR leader agreed, but he was overruled by Charan Paul Gill, the head of the BCOFR. Instead of granting permission to speak, the BCOFR security force attacked the People's Front leader with a baseball bat. The People's Front defended itself, routed the attackers, and presented its views to the people gathered there.

Later during the afternoon I spoke to a neighborhood resident who had also witnessed the attack by BCOFR. He wanted to know what all the fighting was about. I explained to him the respective differences and pointed out that the BCOFR had attacked to prevent the People's Front from being heard. The man, a German immigrant, said that the BCOFR position was the same as that held by the German social-democrats during the pre-Nazi era when Hitler's goon squads were beating and murdering people. He said that the German people listened to these social-democrats who spread the dangerous illusions about the state. They went to sleep while the courts, the police, the prosecutors, the parliamentary representatives, this state, which was supposedly going to deal with the Nazis actually assisted and protected them. "When we awoke from this sleep," he said, "Hitler's noose was already around our necks."

Within a few days of Oct. 4, the BCOFR announced another rally plus a demonstration to be held at the same park on Oct. 17 against the Ku Klux Klan, and "the disruptors" meaning the People's Front. The People's Front right away issued a public statement entitled "Unite in Action Against Racist and Fascist Violence" and called on *everyone* to unite against the racist gangs. Not only did the leaders of the BCOFR spurn this appeal for united action, they made angry and bellicose threats over the radio and TV that they would never unite with the People's Front and that People's Front had better stay away.

At the park on Oct. 17 I saw about 90 men from the BCOFR wearing hockey helmets, face masks, hockey gloves and similar makeshift riot gear. This goon squad carried 2x2 poles which they waved in a menacing manner. These bully boys tried to prevent Charles Boylan of People's Front from speaking by chanting and yelling but, in spite of their efforts, he gave a speech calling on the BCOFR to give up this childish behaviour and to unite against the dangers facing the people.

When the march formed up to leave the park, this BCOFR homemade riot squad took up their position between the body of the march and the People's front contingent. They didn't move out of the park; they buckled up their helmets, uttered threats and racial insults, and made it clear that they were staying behind to keep the People's Front from even leaving the park. The rear of the demonstration had reached Fraser Street, some two blocks away, while the goon squad remained in the park, aggressively blocking the way. This is what the law students call "defensive action" in their letter!

The People's Front overcame this blockade and made it to 41st Street where they had to fight numerous skirmishes with these "defenders" who were attempting to keep the People's Front from marching in the demonstration and distributing leaflets to the watching crowds. At this point, the police intervened and tried to accomplish what the goon squad had failed to do: keep People's Front out of that march. They also failed.

The People's Front is proud to be associated with CPC(M-L) because it recognizes that CPC(M-L) members have always been in the forefront of the struggle against repression and exploitation of the people. The People's Front blames the rich and their state for racist and fascist attacks, and is organizing the people to develop resistance to these attacks based on their own strength. The BCOFR and its apologists have a very cozy and friendly attitude toward the state. They seek money from this state. To them, neither the state nor racist attacks have any class basis. BCOFR propagates the harmful illusion among the people that the state of the rich, in spite of its sordid and burtal history, in spite of its current feverish preparations for an aggressive inter-imperialist war on the side of the U.S., is not the instrument through which the billionaires maintain their rule, it is above classes and will actually protect the people. The BCOFR and its friends must explain why they are using these profound differences to split and divide the people.

Allen H. Soroka
UBC committee against racist and fascist violence

TAs deserve a wage increase

"University won't pay!"

"TA's and markers are being offered an amount of money which the university itself admits is far below a decent living wage."

". . . markers (are paid) at a rate comparable to that given to candy-sellers in SUB."

Incredible! Surely such exploitation of grad students does not go on at UBC? But yes, the university is only paying, for example, a GTA 2 $4920 for an eight-month period. This is certainly not a "decent living wage".

The fact that a GTA 2 does not perform a "decent living wage-earning job" is, of course, irrelevant. The fact that he or she is paid $13.66 an hour has nothing to do with the current demands for a wage increase. The fact that TA's may schedule much of their work to fit around their academic program while candy-sellers must attend evening classes to further their education can also be disregarded. The fact that TA's are receiving a government-subsidized education is neither here nor there. They are entitled to a wage increase amounting to a cash handout from the university, aren't they? After all, it was a printing error that removed the words "the university guarantees sufficient financial support to all grad students" from the letter of admission, wasn't it?

TA's *deserve* an increase in wages . . . don't they?

name withheld by request

Letters

TAs becoming overpriced

After reading in last Tuesday's Ubyssey the respective salary positions of the university administration and the Teaching Assistants Union (TAU), I sat down with my calculator and generated some interesting figures regarding the salary debate.

The university offer of $5,835 over 8 months translates into $729.40/mo., which means that TA's would be earning $15.20 / working hour. The union demand of $7200 over the same period of time means $900/mo., or an earning of $18.75/working hour (based on an average of 12 hours labor per week). An additional calculation showed that if the university and union salary positions were translated into a full time, year-round job, TA salaries would be approximately $32,000 or $36,000 per year, respectively.

The point that was made very clear to me, based on the above calculations, is that teaching assistants represent a very expensive labor pool from which the university need not tap for teaching positions. Consider that in biological sciences, full-time sessional instructors currently make only $11-13/hr., and have the added advantage to the departments of providing continuity of education — not only from lab to lab, but also on a year to year basis.

Only a strong committment to help support graduate students has restrained various faculties from replacing TAs with sessionals. However, if pressed to the cut-budget wall, TAs should be aware that their position in the paid staff is tenuous at best. My own department, botany, has already seriously considered this option, but for this year chose to support grads, but with no promises for the next fiscal year.

The issues of union security, quality of education, and TAU irresponsibility (vis-a-vis the Chilean telegrams) are topics hotly debated and individual positions on these areas depends on where TAs line up politically. However, the bottom line in the issue to be voted on Dec. 3 is the salary level TAs perceive they deserve for services rendered to the University. TA's have been asked by TAU supporters, via letters to the University TAs have been ask-fortunate and those future TAs. I maintain that the high salary level demanded by the TAU jeopardizes the number of paid positions available to present and future graduate students.

Timothy Thompson
teaching assistant, botany

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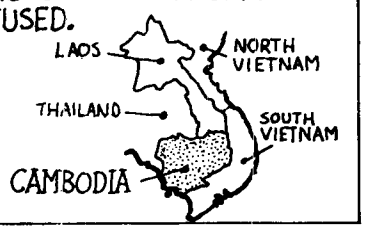
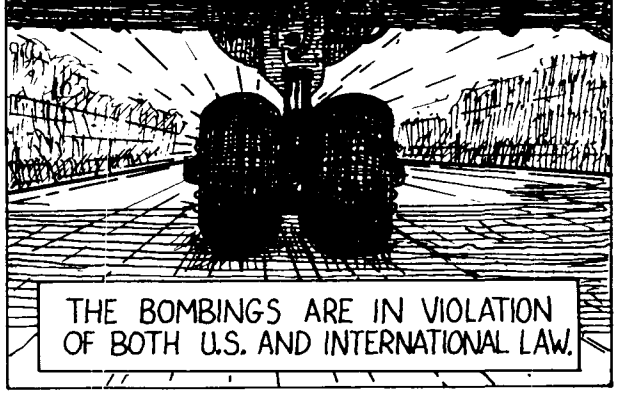
No 4

THE INVASION OF CAMBODIA

FOR YEARS, CAMBODIA, UNDER THE LEADERSHIP OF PRINCE NORODUM SIHANOUK, HAD MANAGED TO STAY OUT OF THE NIGHTMARISH WAR IN NEIGHBORING VIETNAM BY SUCCESSFULLY PLAYING THE SUPERPOWERS OFF ONE ANOTHER. AS THE WAR DRAGGED ON, THE NORTH VIETNAMESE USED THE FAR EASTERN PART OF CAMBODIA TO TRANSPORT AND STORE SUPPLIES. THE U.S. DEMANDED THAT SIHANOUK USE MILITARY FORCE TO REMOVE THEM. SIHANOUK, UNWILLING TO EMBROIL HIS PEOPLE IN THE WAR, REFUSED.

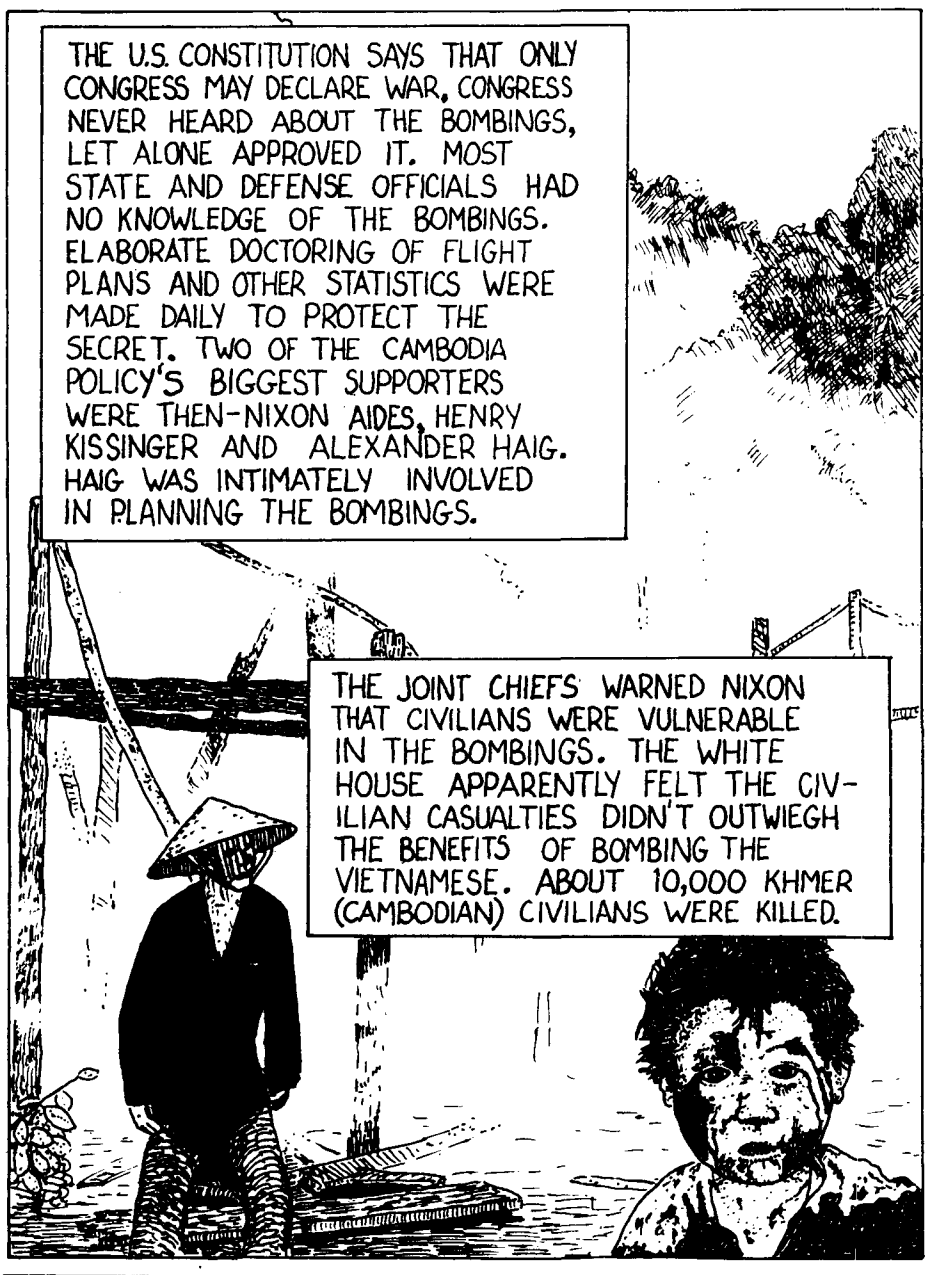


THE NEW NIXON ADMINISTRATION DECIDED TO PLAY TOUGH. IN THE EARLY HOURS OF MARCH 18, 1969, AMERICAN B-52 BOMBERS LEFT GUAM TO BOMB NORTH VIETNAMESE SANCTUARIES IN THE NEUTRAL CAMBODIA.



THE BOMBINGS ARE IN VIOLATION OF BOTH U.S. AND INTERNATIONAL LAW.

THE U.S. CONSTITUTION SAYS THAT ONLY CONGRESS MAY DECLARE WAR, CONGRESS NEVER HEARD ABOUT THE BOMBINGS, LET ALONE APPROVED IT. MOST STATE AND DEFENSE OFFICIALS HAD NO KNOWLEDGE OF THE BOMBINGS. ELABORATE DOCTORING OF FLIGHT PLANS AND OTHER STATISTICS WERE MADE DAILY TO PROTECT THE SECRET. TWO OF THE CAMBODIA POLICY'S BIGGEST SUPPORTERS WERE THEN-NIXON AIDES, HENRY KISSINGER AND ALEXANDER HAIG. HAIG WAS INTIMATELY INVOLVED IN PLANNING THE BOMBINGS.

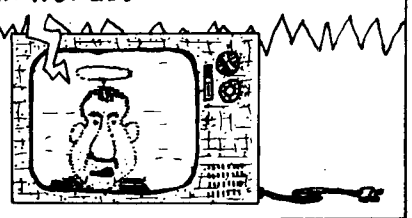


THE JOINT CHIEFS WARNED NIXON THAT CIVILIANS WERE VULNERABLE IN THE BOMBINGS. THE WHITE HOUSE APPARENTLY FELT THE CIVILIAN CASUALTIES DIDN'T OUTWIEGH THE BENEFITS OF BOMBING THE VIETNAMESE. ABOUT 10,000 KHMER (CAMBODIAN) CIVILIANS WERE KILLED.

A YEAR TO THE DAY AFTER THE ILLEGAL BOMBINGS WERE STARTED, A COUP OVERTHROWS SIHANOUK. HIS PRIME MINISTER, LON NOL, HEADS THE NEW GOVERNMENT, WHICH THE U.S. IMMEDIATELY RECOGNIZES. UNLIKE SIHANOUK, LON NOL IS EAGER TO RECEIVE U.S. MILITARY AID AND BEGINS TO CONSTRUCT A CAMBODIAN ARMY TO ATTACK VIETNAMESE ON CAMBODIAN TERRITORY. MEANWHILE, THE KHMER ROUGE, A MARXIST EXTREMIST GUERRILLA ARMY, HAS BEEN GROWING RAPIDLY.

SIX WEEKS LATER, NIXON APPEARS ON U.S. TELEVISION...

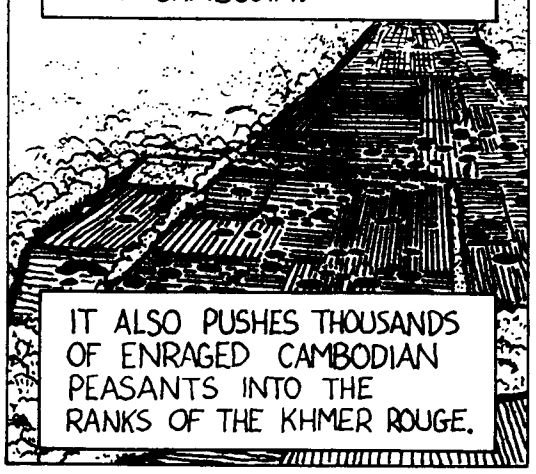
"IF, WHEN THE CHIPS ARE DOWN, THE WORLD'S MOST POWERFUL NATION, THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, ACTS LIKE PITIFUL, HELPLESS GIANT, THE FORCES OF TOTALITARIANISM AND ANARCHY WILL THREATEN FREE NATIONS AND AND FREE INSTITUTIONS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD."



WITH THOSE WORDS – AND WITH TWO WHITE HOUSE SHOWINGS OF THE MOVIE "PATTON"–12,000 U.S. TROOPS WERE UNLEASHED ON CAMBODIA.

THE DAY AFTER NIXON'S ADDRESS, DOZENS OF U.S. CAMPUSES SHUT DOWN IN PROTEST. AT OHIO'S KENT STATE, THE NATIONAL GUARD FIRED ON UNARMED STUDENTS, KILLING FOUR AND WOUNDING THIRTEEN. TWO STUDENTS WERE ALSO KILLED AT MISSISSIPPI'S JACKSON STATE.

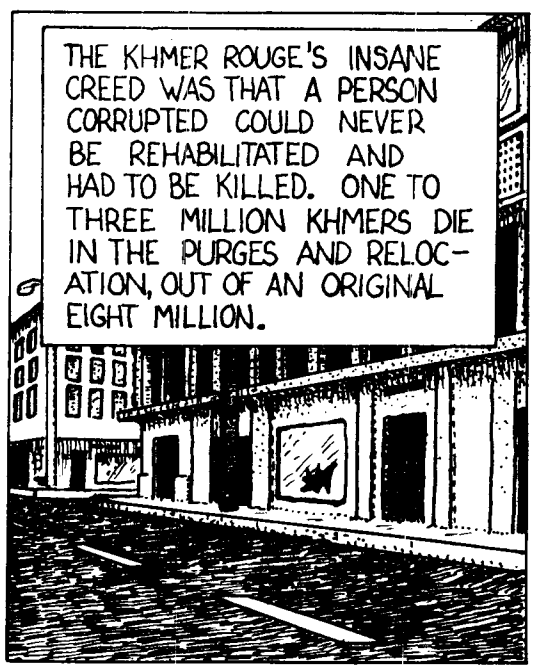
THE INVASION DOES NOTHING TO IMPROVE THE U.S. MILITARY SITUATION. IT MERELY DRIVES THE VIETNAMESE DEEPER INTO CAMBODIA.



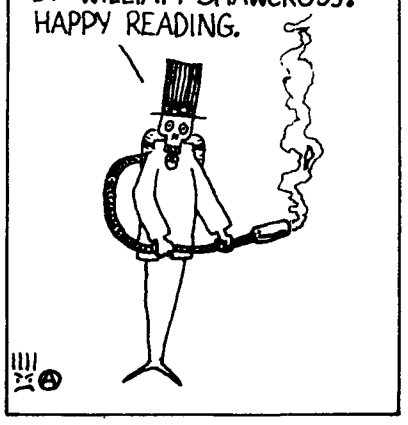
IT ALSO PUSHES THOUSANDS OF ENRAGED CAMBODIAN PEASANTS INTO THE RANKS OF THE KHMER ROUGE.

AN INCREDIBLY FEROCIOUS FIVE-YEAR CIVIL WAR FOLLOWS. THE U.S. POURS MILLIONS OF DOLLARS AND MILITARY HARDWARE INTO LON NOL'S CORRUPT ADMINISTRATION AND ARMY. BY 1974 THE KHMER ROUGE ARE WINNING. ON APRIL 17, 1975, THEY CAPTURE PHNOM PEHN, THE CAPITAL. LED BY POL POT, THEY EMBARK ON A PROGRAM TO ELIMINATE THE MORAL DECAY AND CORRUPTNESS OF THE LON NOL REGIME. THE CITIES ARE EVACUATED.

THE KHMER ROUGE'S INSANE CREED WAS THAT A PERSON CORRUPTED COULD NEVER BE REHABILITATED AND HAD TO BE KILLED. ONE TO THREE MILLION KHMERS DIE IN THE PURGES AND RELOCATION, OUT OF AN ORIGINAL EIGHT MILLION.



WELL KIDS, THE BEST READING THAT YOU CAN GET ON THIS SUBJECT IS "SIDESHOW: KISSINGER, NIXON AND THE DESTRUCTION OF CAMBODIA" BY WILLIAM SHAWCROSS. HAPPY READING.



Budget limits UBC's library users, staff

From page 23

The survey showed that the real sources of irritation were lack of adequate study space, not enough functioning copy machines, and books not on the shelf when they were needed. Unfortunately, the current financial cutbacks make it less likely that the library will be able to improve these services.

Budget restrictions limit possibilities for improving copy services. It is not likely that funds will be available to provide more machines in busy locations, and more frequent servicing is possible only if staff can be reassigned from other duties.

But planning goes on even now. The proposed Main library building, under consideration by the Universities Council, incorporates suggestions from this survey, such as reducing the number of branch libraries, increasing study space, creating better copy facilities, and providing better ways to control magazines. The good response to the survey makes it a valuable aid in planning the UBC library system for the '80s.

The complete report of the 1980 survey can be consulted at the Sedgewick information desk.

Jocelyn Foster and Keith Bunnell are hard working members of the UBC library staff. Perspectives is a column of information, opinion, wit and abuse open to any member of the university community.

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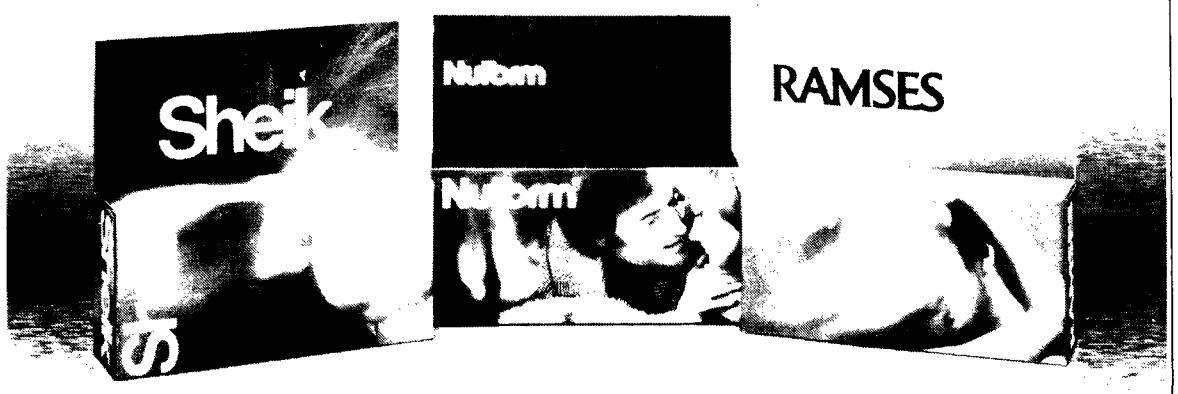

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AMS axes programs head

By DOUG SCHMIDT

There was an unpleasant Christmas surprise for Alma Mater Society programs and concert coordinator Meral Aydin this week.

Aydin, who had held the position for two years, was fired Tuesday by AMS general manager Charles Redden.

The vacancy left by the dismissal was quickly filled by former AMS vice president Peter Mitchell who resigned in September.

However, the termination was part of the AMS's overall plan to trim its budget, according to a termination notice sent Aydin.

"I was presented with a notice of possible termination of my position on Nov. 24 by Redden," Aydin said. "The next day the budget (which would have eliminated her position) was tabled by council and I continued with business as normal."

"On Monday I returned to my office after doing some off-campus work to find that my office had been cleared. There was a notice on the door briefly stating that my services had been terminated due to a lack of performance."

Redden had posted the notice, she said.

Aydin questioned the rational for cutting the programs committee.

Since she took the position, the programs committee has made $18,000 in profit, she said. "Why would they want to get rid of a profitable organization?"

"The AMS budget committee couldn't pass Commerce 101," she said.

Although these funds were to be refunnelled into capital purchases, such as stating and lighting equipment, and into a broadening of the while programs operation, Redden refused to give release any of the profits for such allocations, Aydin said.

"It was scary, I didn't know what was going on," she said.

Redden refused to deny any of Aydin's allegation and declined comment Thursday.

Aydin said she had no clear-cut plans for the future. "it's all come as such a shock to me, I am certainly not going to accept the terms of my termination."

—deb wilson photo

ASSININE STAFF of vilest rag west of Blanca grin idiotically while trading idioms and syntaxes for dangling modifiers and vituperative articles. Shown disconnecting video display terminals, staffers finish job of wiping out university's student records. Usually urbane germalists exchange underwoods for olivettis in latest phase of modernization for glorious newspaper. Staff, many of whom are ghost writers for UBC Reports, have month off to contemplate falling grades and failing intellects.

'Another American tar-baby'

By BRIAN JONES

American intervention in El Salvador is responsible for the oppression of the people there, according to a Salvadorean student and FDR representative who spoke at UBC Nov. 27.

"There is only one reason why the Salvadorean people do not obtain their liberty — U.S. intervention," Raul Pineda, speaking through an interpreter, told 300 people in the SUB auditorium. "I can see, we can see, the growth of the help to the junta from the Reagan administration," he added.

Pineda, who was an engineering student at the National University in San Salvador before it was closed by the junta 18 months ago, condemned the American government for sending economic aid and military advisors to El Salvador. This involvement is largely responsible for the turmoil in his country, he said. "American advisors teach everything from torture to major military strategy," he charged.

The U.S. has no justification for intervening in the affairs of any Central American country, but they are actively looking for an excuse to intervene in El Salvador, said Pineda. "It seems like Reagan is willing to create another Vietnam. He does not seem to understand that in El Salvador there are human beings, and not laboratory rats who will bend to his will."

But the American-backed junta has not succeeded in quelling the unified and increasing opposition against it, said Pineda. "They have not been able to stop us because we are a whole nation."

Salvadorean students are active in the liberation movement, and have carried out health and literacy campaigns in the countryside, Pineda said.

He asked the audience, and Canadians as a whole, to take action to stop U.S. intervention in El Salvador. "This way the victory will not be only our triumph, but will be shared by all the people of Canada and of the world."

The forum also featured Armando Paredes, who was a medical student at the National University before it was ambushed and occupied by the National Guard. Paredes only recently arrived in Canada and has joined Pineda for the last leg of his cross-country speaking tour, which so far has included 28 university and college campuses.

Paredes said students are playing a very important role in El Salvador. "The university has been closed for a year and four months, but the students are still working with the people," he said. "Salvadorean students have a history of being on the side of rights and justice."

Paredes, like Pineda, condemned the American-supported military-civilian junta. Only about one per cent of the people support the junta, he said, adding that anybody who opposes the junta is killed by the paramilitary groups or the army.

The forum was part of Solidarity With Central America Week, which was organized and sponsored by the UBC's Latin America Solidarity Committee.

Coffins carried for unknown student

Canadian University Press — They carried coffins for the 'unknown student' through campus, padlocked a college administration building and burned a mock federal budget.

Or they staged panels and forums with administrators and badgered provincial politicians.

Across B.C., post secondary students condemned inadequate funding and staggering tuition increases.

Students at Douglas College in the Vancouver suburb of New Westminster padlocked the administration building doors at 7 a.m. Nov. 17. Said student council president Kevin Hallgate in a telegram to provincial education minister Brian Smith: "we have done in advance that which both the federal and provincial governments are attempting. We have denied access to an educational facility."

The telegram, sent to Smith at the provincial Social Credit party convention in Downtown Vancouver, invited the minister to unlock the doors with his choice of two keys. One was marked "I am for education cutbacks." the other read: "I am against cutbacks."

According to college council vice president Seana Hamilton, the protest intended to publicize proposed cuts in Douglas college's funding and put Smith's position on cutbacks on record.

College principal Bill Day told the assembled crowd of about 300 who picketed the administration building and later packed the cafeteria that he, at least, opposed reduced funding to the college.

"There is no such thing as a bureaucrat in favor of cutbacks," Day said.

One week later, about 100 students at nearby Surrey's Kwantlen College marched through the area's business section and torched a mock federal budget.

Student society president Bob Powell criticized tuition increases which could reach an additional $370 next year. He now pays about $150 each term for his second year accounting program, but if budget cuts are imposed he could pay more than $1,000 at the University of B.C. next year, he said.

Reduced transfer payments to the province announced in the Nov. 12 federal budget "sounded the death knell for post secondary institutions," said B.C. Students' Federation deputy chair Rhonda Lavigne.

"It will mean disaster for the community college system in our province," she said.

At Simon Fraser University 15 members of the student society anti-cutbacks team carried a coffin through campus to a rally billed as the funeral of the unknown student: one who can never attend university because of prohibitive costs.

The student society asked the university board of governors considering a 22.7 per cent tuition fee increase, "to moderate that increase and, more importantly, to undertake a long term program to protect the quality of education and accessibility at this university."

The board approved the fee hike.

While faculty and staff pledged support to student anti-cutbacks efforts university and college administrations are toeing the provincial government line. At Capilano College board chair Hilda Rizen told 80 students at a Nov. 17 meeting the board would continue to work with the province.

And unlike an earlier faculty association speaker who felt student and faculty concerns "dovetailed," Rizen was not interested in joining the college's anti-cutbacks team.

"We must step in line with the government thinking," Rizen said.

SFU president George Pedersen told 120 students at a forum Nov. 19 that despite government non-support of education, attracting publicity to underfunding and to pressure the province would be useless.

He said he wanted to improve SFU's poor image in B.C.'s business and political community, and "prove that SFU is of real value to the province."

Doug gone it all

He doesn't bark. He doesn't like to use the word 'cutback.' And now he is leaving his post as UBC's beloved president.

Yes, the inevitable has happened. Doug Kenny, after six years as president, is preparing for retirement.

He will be relieved of the nasty issue of funding shortfalls as of June 30, 1983. In the meantime the search for his successor is on.

UBC's board of governors voted to set up an advisory committee to assist the board in choosing a candidate. This committee will consist of four students, three faculty members, three deans, three members of senate, four board members, three alumni association members, one member of the non-academic administration and one chair. (Don't all apply at once for his job.)

The new president, it is hoped, will be Canadian. The board has the official responsibility of appointing a suitable candidate, but the committee will advise and assist in this decision.

Kenny said he plans to teach again and to research in psychology. He has spent 39 years in the university as student, teacher and administrator.

vista

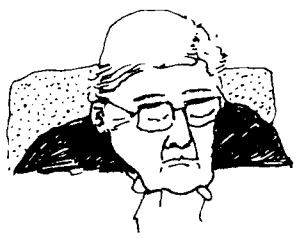
This is the last Vista of the year, so for the one or two people on this campus who actually read this column, savor it.

The **Vancouver Museum** is holding its largest exhibition ever, in space and number of artifacts displayed. Many of the items have never been seen by the public before and include stuffed animals, vases, engines, etc. Sounds like a nice way to spend a rainy Vancouver afternoon when you run out of drugs.

That little known but amazingly popular night club where you have to pay outrageous prices for beer but can listen to good music, **The Savoy**, featuring the **B-Sides** until Saturday. The B-Sides are the crazies who sing Bedtime for Bonzo, so bring your Ronnie masks and ride on down.

The Savoy is also featuring **Sweet Dick** the following week and **Uncle Wiggly's Hot Shoes Blues Band** will be playing Dec. 17 to 19. The Savoy is located in Gastown at Number 6 Powell street.

And the music of old Vienna, for those with more discriminating



tastes, is featured in a Fantasy in the Orpheum on Monday, Dec. 28 at 8:30 p.m. and the following day at 7:30 p.m. and on Wednesday again at 8:30 p.m. The **Vancouver Symphony Orchestra** will play Johann Strauss's most popular tunes and soprano Nancy Hermston (and the Hermits) will sing Laughing Song and Audition Aria.

The performance is sponsored by Imperial Oil who want to look like good guys as they smile and take your money at the pumps. What is the relationship between politics and art?; to be continued in next term's Vista.

Doug and the Slugs, another music group, will be playing on Thursday, Dec. 17 in the Commodore ballroom at 870 Granville Street. Show starts at 8:15 p.m. and the guest artists will be the B-Sides, who we all know, are famous for their song about American president Ronnie Raygun.

On Saturday International House, located near the Asian Centre is holding a **Latvian and Estonian Folk dance.** It starts at 7 p.m. and will continue until 11:30 p.m. "Gee Mom I want to go, back to Estonia, gee Mom I want to go home."

The **Native Indian Students' Union** will also be holding a Christmas social at 6 p.m. on Friday, Dec. 11 at International House. And there will be an El Salvador benefit dance on New Year's beginning at 7:30 p.m.

No man but a Blockhead ever wrote but for money!
— Samuel Johnson

. . . And there's $600 in prize money for UBC student writers in the UBC Alumni Chronicle Creative Writing Competition. Details at Speakeasy, SUB or call the Alumni Office, Cecil Green Park, 228-3313. Final date for entries, January 30, 1982.

APPLICATIONS
for
Student Administrative Commission (1 MEMBER)

Forms available in SUB 238

Must be turned in to SUB 238 by 4:00 p.m. Monday, December 7th

WRITERS!
The Arts Undergrad Society wants your **stories, plays** and **poems** for a fiction magazine to be published in late January. If you study, teach or work at UBC, and want to see your fiction published, submit typed, double-spaced manuscripts to the A.U.S., Buch. 107, before January 8, 1982. There will be a $100 prize for the best work submitted, so submit!

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dunbar DUNBAR at 30th 224-7252
MATURE WARNING: Many scenes may frighten young children. —B.C. Director
SHOWTIMES: Odeon 2:30 4:50 7:20 9:45; Dunbar 7:30 9:40
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...they didn't make history, they stole it!
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GRAHAM CHAPMAN, JOHN CLEESE, TERRY GILLIAM, ERIC IDLE, TERRY JONES, MICHAEL PALIN
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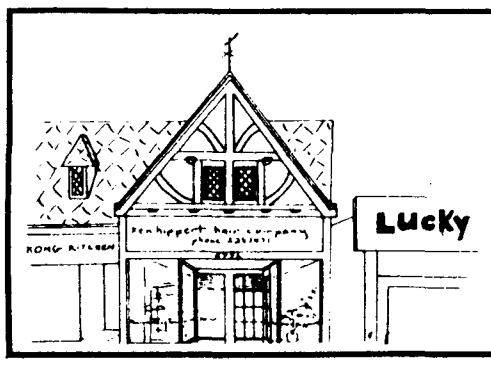

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Basketball not for the UBC 'Birds

By SCOTT McDONALD

Ouch!

UBC men's basketball team has played the University of Victoria Vikings three times this season. The first time was in a tournament at Simon Fraser when the Vikings beat UBC 77-42. The other times were in Canada West league play in Victoria where UVic won 69-49 last Friday and 94-59 on Saturday.

In both weekend games UBC was totally outclassed. Friday night both teams shot badly but Victoria killed UBC on the boards. The 'Birds only pulled down 15 defensive and 7 offensive rebounds while UVic grabbed 31 and 24 respectively.

UBC shot 36 per cent from the floor with Pat West as top scorer netting 16. Jamie Boyle with 10 points was the only other UBC player to hit double figures.

Victoria shot 37 per cent which is well below its league leading 47 per cent average. The top Viking scorer was Eli Pasquale with 18 points.

Victoria was 11 for 14 from the foul line while UBC managed a dismal 3 for 7.

Again, on Saturday 5 of UBC's 7 shots were made. Victoria, on the other hand, scored 24 points off 36 shots from the line.

The other difference between the weekend games was Victoria's shooting. Only two Vikings were under 50 per cent as the team as a whole shot an outstanding 60 per cent. From the floor Gerald Kazanowski lead UVic with 19 points and Bruce Hamilton scored 18. The only thing that saved the game from a complete wipe-out was that UBC's Bob Forsyth came alive and hit for 28 points.

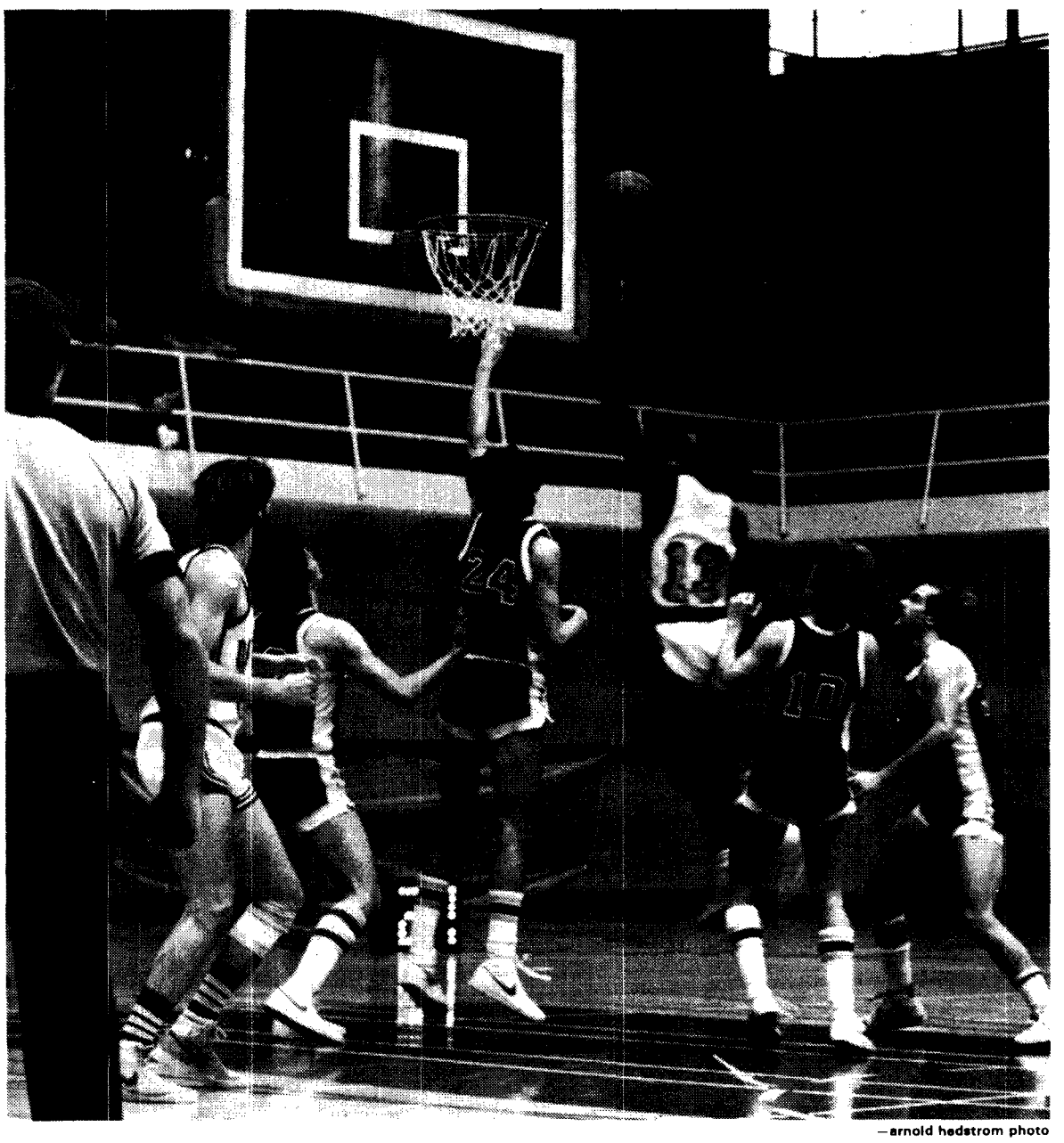
Victoria is now 4-0 in league play while UBC has fallen to 1-3. The Vikings are the defending Canadian champions, and with four national team members are favored to repeat in that role.

The UBC men were more successful than the UBC women. The women were also up against a defending national champion, the Vikettes.

UVic won 90-46 and 88-33. UBC's top scorers were Karen Stewart with 15 points on Friday night and Linda King with 8 on Saturday.

The junior varsity teams were also in Victoria. The junior men lost 62-51 and 84-77. The only UBC team to win on the Island was the junior women who took both games with scores of 54-45 and 46-44.

SPORTS



—arnold hedstrom photo

OKAY SO THE PHOTO is a week old. Number 13 is Lloyd from Richmond, the guy in the lower left by the ref is Bob from somewhere. The player in the lower right, who is going bald, is Karl from Calgary. Karl thinks cars and basketball mix. Your agent does not know who the other people are.

UBC drowns UVic

By BRUCE CAMPBELL

The UBC Thunderbirds swimming and diving team travelled to Victoria Saturday and came away with a strong first place finish. The University of Victoria was little competition, as the 'Birds completely dominated the meet, outscoring UVic 191-42.

The UBC women proved to be very strong with eight swimmers making the Canadian Intercollegiate Athletic Union times. This enables them to compete in the nationals, which are being held at UBC in March. Ronda Thomasson was the top woman for the 'Birds, winning four events, and making C.I.A.U. qualifying times in the 50m freestyle and 200m individual medley. Kim Austin won three events, and was a full five seconds under the C.I.A.U. qualifying time in her 100m breaststroke win. Coach Jack Kelso said Austin should be the favorite to win the 100m breaststroke at the nationals this spring. Nancy Brown, with three firsts, qualified for the nationals in the 100m and 200m freestyle. Team captain Karen Van Sacker was second in three events, but also made CIAU qualifying times.

In the men's division the 'Birds had three men make CIAU qualifying times. Ian Robertson won two races, with his qualifying time coming in the 1500m freestyle. Neal Carley had two first with his qualifying time coming in his leg of the medley relay. Kevin Stapleton also qualified in the 200m and 400m freestyle. Team captain Mike Blondal also had a strong meet with three first place finishes.

Kelso was very pleased and impressed with his team's performance. "our women are coming on very strong. We have eight women with CIAU qualifying times and I expect another two or three of our women to qualify in their events." The strength of the women's team can be seen by the fact that UBC will be sending from 8 to 10 swimmers to the nationals whereas most universities only send five or six women.

In the diving competition, both the men's and women's divisions were won by UBC divers. Alan Hay was first in the one and three metre events and Nancy Bonham won the same events in the women's division.

This was the only dual meet of the fall for the 'Birds. Kelso said UVic didn't provide much competition, having only one good male swimmer and one good female swimmer. In the diving division there was only one diver that gave UBC any competition.

Next action for the 'Birds will be during Christmas when they head south to compete in Arizona.

Volleyballers fall in tourney

By SCOTT McDONALD

When you host your own tournament you should know better than to invite the best team in the province.

The UBC women's volleyball team was beaten by Chimos 'C' in the final of the UBC Fall invitational Saturday at War Memorial gym, 15-1, 17-7. The Chimos team is composed of players who represented Canada at the 1976 Olympics and UBC coach Sandy Silver said it is good for her team to face stiff competition like Chimos.

"This is the best team we will face and it gives us experience in preparing for the Canada West," Silver said.

In earlier rounds UBC defeated Lightning and SFU. In the SFU game UBC's Karen Blair collided with a team mate and was taken to the hospital with a concussion and neck injury. But Silver said Blair should be back in January.

UBC is currently third in league standings after two tournaments and Silver said that by the end of the fifth and final tournament UBC should be in top spot.

The UBC men are also third but face a slightly more difficult road to the top and only playoff spot. Calgary with a large lead after the first two tournaments, can only be caught by UBC if it is upset by some of the lower teams in the league.

The league is still deciding whether to revert back to a playoff between the top two teams at the end of the fifth tournament.

UBC coach Dale Ohman said if this does not happen then the team which represents the league in the nationals at the end of the season might not be the best team, but rather the one that won the most games at the beginning of the season.

Rugby slips again in Cup

By SCOTT McDONALD

In the past five years the UBC rugby team has won the McKechnie Cup three times and shared it once. Injuries and a lack of scoring have reduced UBC's chances of continuing this streak.

On Wednesday night at Thunderbird stadium UBC dropped a close game to the Vancouver Rugby Union reps 9-0. It was the third loss for UBC in Cup action and the 'Birds can now only finish 3-3 at best. UBC's chances of repeating as champions now rely on the results of the games between the other three teams in the Cup play. Fraser Valley must defeat both Victoria and Vancouver and they must tie.

Vancouver's scoring came off three penalty kicks, two of which were in the first 10 minutes. These penalties came from broken plays.

UBC coach Donn Spence said the score was not indicative of the play. He added UBC played very well defensively and dominated the second half but could not convert any of its chances.

UBC currently has four starters out through injury. Spence said the replacements are playing well, but it takes time for the play to run smoothly again.

UBC has gone through two scrum-halfs, a prop, and a back row man. Spence is hoping these players will be back after Christmas.

On Saturday UBC had a regular Vancouver Rugby Union match and came away with a more favorable result as it downed Kats 15-13. And like the Wednesday game the score is not indicative of the play as UBC was leading 15-3 with one minute left when a letdown enabled the Kats to score 10 quick points.

Keith Spencer scored UBC's only try off a five yard scrum. Spence said UBC completely dominated the game and should have scored more points.

As in the McKechnie Cup, the damp made it difficult to handle the ball. The UBC Braves downed the Kats second team 4-0 and the UBC Totems turned back the third Kats team 26-8.

'Birdwatch

Hockey

The men's team dropped a pair of close games against the University of Saskatchewan on the weekend. The 'Birds lost 3-1 on Friday night and 6-4 on Saturday night. UBC is now 1-7 on the season and Saskatchewan is 5-3. The final goal on Saturday was into a open net as UBC had pulled the goalie for an extra attacker.

Cross-country

Pat McDonagh of the men's cross-country team placed ninth out of a field of 2,000 runners in the Seattle marathon on Saturday. McDonagh was the second Canadian to finish the race.

Water Polo

The men's team was in Edmonton on the weekend and placed fourth in the Western Canada University Challenge Cup. The top scorers for UBC were Gill Van Bunen with 10 goals and Lanny Ellenwood with five. Both Van Bunen and Ellenwood were named to the tournament all-star team.

Field Hockey

The men's team was knocked out of the Vancouver playoffs with a 1-0 loss to the Hawks. The junior women beat North Van. 4-0.

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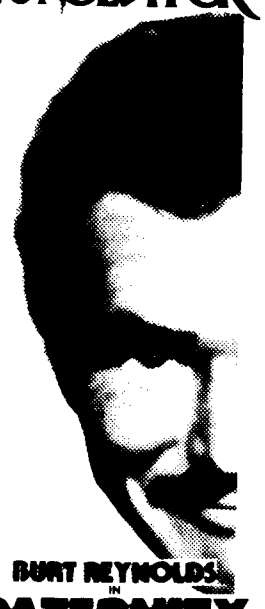

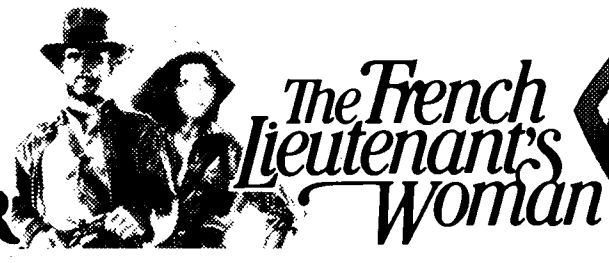

Letters

Religion for money

It is sad that Jason Barton, the one Christian on campus to respond to my letter of Oct. 29, should have so misunderstood the main point of my arguments against evangelical Christians and the tactics they use to win converts to their beliefs. In that letter I stated that the use of threats, hard-sell techniques and guilt trips do not belong in a religion which stresses the power of love. And that these Christians do more damage to their religion than good with their zealous, simplistic approach to life.

Barton wonders why I have my defenses up, and why I don't like it when people try to overcome those defenses by sheer persistence. The implication being that if I would just relax and be a bit more naive, the pure, blinding light of the Truth (his, I assume) would shine in and I would be in a contented state of bliss for the rest of my life. Or rather for eternity, I suppose. Well, the fact of the matter is that there are all sorts of crazies running around out there who believe that they, and they alone, possess the secret of life. If I did not have my defenses up, I would run the risk of being a Moonie on Tuesday, a Hare Krishna devotee on Wednesday, and perhaps a Solar Druid by Friday. Every sane person has defenses, and they are there to protect him from the likes of the fates just mentioned.

Barton makes much of the importance of having a "searching mind receptive to concepts that should . . . have a sound intellectual basis." He speaks of facing up to doubts, and unbiased attitudes. Coming from a self-avowed Christian, a Seventh Day Adventist, those statements are so hypocritical they would make even a politician blush. What is the definition of a Christian? One who publicly states, and believes in his heart, that Christ was the Son of God, that he died on the cross for our sins and then rose from the dead. All of this is fervently believed in by our hapless convert even though there is not a shred of evidence to support it.

The entire structure of Christianity is based on faith. Testament after testament in the Bible exhort the reader to trust in God, have faith and be saved. Barton writes that "truths of any sort . . . are seldom comprehended until people come to confront them with an unbiased attitude." That he should have the audacity to speak of an open mind and unbiased attitudes is a moving testimonial to the strength of his convictions, if not the wisdom.

One wonders how "receptive" Barton would be to Buddhism, or Hinduism? Perhaps at this point I should note that I was in a Christian Fellowship group at UBC for a year, "actively sought answers," and found Christianity sorely lacking. I met many people, mostly seekers of instant karma, who had no idea of the hardships awaiting those who choose to really live their lives in accordance with certain spiritual principles. Christians discussing poverty in luxurious apartments, new cars downstairs.

It would have been laughable if they had not been so much in earnest.

Barton has difficulty understanding the distinction I drew between evangelical Christians and their more reflective colleagues. I mentioned the spiritual blackmail, etc., that the evangelists indulge in to woo their prospective victims. The Bible-thumpers preach instant salvation and eternal bliss. It is almost as if they have a quota to fill, and are not concerned with the people so much as their tally sheets. "Four saved, two damned. Not bad for today." And by doing this they turn thinking people off of Christianity altogether.

"Pure" Christianity, by contrast, would be a form of religion in which one is more tolerant, loving and merciful towards one's fellow man. It is doubtful whether this brand of Christianity exists today. When I spoke of Christianity as a pre-packaged philosophy of life with all questions answers and no loose ends sticking out, I was referring to the evangelical Christians, not Christians as a whole.

I spoke of street-corner preachers and their over-loud music and amplified arguments as an invasion of my privacy. Barton seems to think this is unjustified because ax-throwing contests and other noisy events take place outside of SUB quite often. The difference, and it is a big difference, is that they never try to convince me to become an ax-thrower. If they did, then I would consider them guilty of invading my privacy as well.

Barton thinks hard-sell techniques are justified if the objectives are noble. Translation: The ends justify the means. Well, an interesting theory, and one that got Nixon into a great deal of hot water. Apathy is the problem, he says, and we must do what we can to break through to those poor ignorant students. Commendable, but very condescending. Let people make up their own minds. If somebody is looking for answers, flogging him over the head with your version will not, or should not, convince him that yours is necessarily the right one. And if it does work, then you have won yourself a rather weak convert, and a shallow victory.

It is interesting that Barton felt the need to use such terms as "disgruntled hack," "ridiculous opinions" and "the foot in mouth parts of his letter." Strange terms indeed to be coming from somebody who is unbiased and not defensive.

Chris Bocking
psychology 4

The great male burden

I should like to offer an honest gut reaction to Julie Wheelwright's article on pornography. First, I should like to laud her use of English — the style is readable and avoids any of the unnecessary lexical and syntactical "muscle flexing." Three cheers for the demise of turgidity in writing of any kind and especially in journalism which is read and trusted by millions. Second, it would be difficult indeed to condone the sometimes all too blatant exploitation of women such as one so often finds in the hard-core porno magazines. I am unconditionally in favor of the liberation of all human beings wherever they are shackled by the tyranny of social oppression. Bravao, Julie! May more women (many more) have the courage to take an active stance in voicing their views and become more involved in matters of social relevance.

Regrettably, as is the case with too many men vis-a-vis women, you seem to lack understanding of the male sexuality. Men need sexual release on a regular basis. The lack of it may lead to emotional and certain physiological disorders.

May I suggest reading **Portnoy's Complaint** and then doing a sampling of your male friends and/or relatives asking them to read it (in whole or in part) and to comment on the extent to which this book reflects the way they truly feel and whether it really is just a ludicrous exaggeration of the nature of male sexuality?

Or better still, do a random and (to ensure honesty and avoid false claims to machodom) anonymous poll of (say) 100 men at UBC, asking them simply to indicate if they would like more or less sex than they're already getting. Then conduct the same poll on women, and you'll find a significant difference.

This difference is what more men and women need to become aware of if we are going to help one another to share a healthier and more fulfilled life together in these times of social alienation.

What we need, Julie, is not another polemic condemning pornography and offering no realistic and workable alternatives, but articles which bring men and women closer together, which encourage each of the sexes to understand the wants and needs of the other and to become truly aware of the meaning of "different but equal."

Allen Learn
former UBC student

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—Vic

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2 BANDS
SUNDANCE
AND
DIDO
AND THE HANDPEOPLE
SATURDAY DEC. 12, 8:30 PM
SUB BALLROOM / UBC
TICKETS: CBO 501 WEST GEORGIA, ALL LOWER MAINLAND WOODWARDS STORES, AMS TICKET OFFICE/UBC, ERNIE'S HOT WAX & BLACK SWAN
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2136 Western Parkway

Tween Classes

TODAY

CITR
Dateline International: international affairs in focus, 3 p.m., cable 100 fm.

TROTSKYIST LEAGUE
Literature table: Marxist literature and discussion, SUB lobby.

BSU
Bible study, doctrine of person, noon, Angus 215.

MUSLIM STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION
Muslim Juma (Friday prayer), all Muslims requested to attend, noon, International House lower lounge.

NDP CLUB
Information table, all week, SUB. Get Socialist and Socred Scandal Calendars cheap.

McGEER FOR PRESIDENT CLUB
Discussion followed by praise and worship, noon, Old Admin 107. (This is not a cult group.)

GEOLOGICAL SCIENCES
Laurance Vigrass speaks on geothermal energy from sedimentary basins, 3:30 p.m., Geological Sciences 330a.

GAYS/LESBIANS OF UBC
Christmas dinner-dance, 6 p.m., UBC faculty club. Tickets $15 at SUB 237b. Tickets $4 at door, 9 p.m., for dance only.

FROSH COMMITTEE
Christmas dance, $2.50 per person, 8 p.m. to midnight, SUB party room.

CHINESE STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION
Position open for internal secretary. Contact CSA office.

ASTRONOMY CLUB
Film: Seeing the Universe, all welcome, 5:30 p.m., *Geophysics 140*.

UBC MOTORCYCLE CLUB
First bzzr garden for members and those interested in becoming members, 5 p.m., SUB 212.

GEOLOGY DEPARTMENT
Dance with band Pacheena, 7:30 p.m., SUB ballroom. Meet Santa, suffer door prizes, take advantage of liquor licence. Tickets $5 from AMS box office or Geology building. No tickets at door.

SATURDAY

CITR
Behind Four Walls: A look at housing as it affects the UBC student, cable 100 fm.

THUNDERBIRD WOMEN'S GYMNASTICS
UBC vs. Seattle University 1 p.m., Osborne centre, gym B. All spectators welcome. Warm-up at 12 noon.

SUNDAY

UNDERWATER HOCKEY
Game with Simon Fraser University, 5 p.m., Aquatic centre.

SAILING CLUB
Interclub racing, 1 p.m., Jericho Sailing Club.

CITR
Laughing Matters: A documentary series looking at the history of recorded comedy, 2:30 p.m., cable 100 fm.

CHRISTMAS CANDLELIGHT SERVICE
Annual Christmas candlelight service, 8 p.m., St. Andrew's Hall chapel.

MONDAY

NORTH AMERICAN JEWISH STUDENTS' NETWORK
Information table on Soviet student, Misha Taratuta, who has been forbidden to leave the USSR, noon, SUB foyer.

CITR
The Melting Pot: Geography graduate student Tony Charles is interviewed by Harry Hertscheg on his research into B.C. fisheries, 3 p.m., cable 100 fm.
Making Waves: Issues of concern to the university community, 4:30 p.m.
Offbeet: A comic roundup of the week's offbeat news, 7 p.m.

TUESDAY

STUDENTS FOR AN ACCESSIBLE EDUCATION
General meeting, noon, SUB 207.

AVENTIST (sic) CHRISTIAN STUDENTS' CLUB
Discussion on I Corinthians, basic Christian principles applied to daily living, noon, SUB 213. Everyone is welcome.

CITR
Gay Issues: Produced by the gay people of UBC, 3 p.m., cable 100 fm.
Thunderbird Sports Report: A look at intercollegiate and intramural sports at UBC, 5 p.m.
Airstage: Radio drama produced by Joe Marsh and the CITR players, 9 p.m., written by students in the UBC creative writing department.

STUDENTS FOR AN ACCESSIBLE EDUCATION
Petition distribution and planning meeting, noon, SUB 207.

WEDNESDAY

COMMITTEE AGAINST RACIST AND FASCIST VIOLENCE
Literature table, noon, SUB foyer.

UBC BRIDGE CLUB
Informal bridge night, 7 p.m., Lethe in SUB.

THURSDAY

AMNESTY UBC
Human rights day rally for the disappeared, 4 p.m., 400 Granville mall.
Film: Must Freedom Fail?, noon, SUB 111. NFB film in honor of international human rights day.

EIG
Slide show and discussion of the Skagit Valley flooding controversy with Tom Perry of the ROSS committee, noon, Geog. 100.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE ORGANIZATION
Prayer meeting, noon, SUB 113.

CAMPUS CRUSADE FOR CHRIST
Christmas special, noon, SUB 111. Readers should note this is the same time and place as the Amnesty film, so one of these groups is wrong.

UPCOMING

THEATRE STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION
Friday, Dec. 11, general meeting, noon, Frederic Wood theatre building green room.

INTERNATIONAL HOUSE
Sunday, Dec. 13, Children's Christmas party, meet Santa, goodies for children nine years and under, magician, singing an entertainment, refreshments for all, 2:30-5 p.m., *International* House upper lounge. Advance tickets only — phone 228-5021 before Dec. 11. Glen Sanford will show up in a trench coat.

ONGOING

CO-OPERATIVE EDUCATION PROGRAM
Accepting applications for co-op ed programs in engineering and forestry until Dec. 15. All interested students in science 1, applied science 1 and forestry 1 are eligible.

Hot Flashes

Geology rocks with Claus

'Twas some weeks before
Christmas.
But all over campus
Few clubs were inactive
There were parties and dances.

This hot flash has been suddenly struck by a creative energy shortage, and as an emergency measure the president of hot flashes has put an end to all rhymes. This flash will now continue in clear concise prose.

Today there will be a whole shitload of holiday happenings. The *Campus Crusade for Christ* is the first off the mark with a noon hour Christmas special in SUB 111.

The gays/lesbians of UBC start their dinner-dance at 6 p.m. in the UBC faculty club. Tickets cost $15 each and can be obtained in SUB 237b. For students who show up at the door at 9 p.m. for dancing, tickets are $4.

At 7:30 p.m., the geology department gets into some real rock 'n roll with the band Pacheena. This event, which features Santa Claus, a liquor licence and door prizes, takes place in the SUB ballroom. *Tickets are $5 and are available at* the AMS box office and the geology building. No tickets at the door.

At 8 p.m. in the next room, the SUB party room, Frosh will be dancing until midnight for $2.50 per person.

Then, way off on Sunday, Dec. 13, International House is putting on a children's Christmas party. It'll feature Santa, magicians, singing and entertainment, refreshments for all and goodies for children nine years and under. The event kicks off at 2:30 p.m. in the upper lounge, and winds up at 5 p.m. See you there.

A Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night.

Amazing offer

Tired of the same old summer job washing cars or dishes or your best friend's back? Try this amazing new offer from the people who hire you when you graduate. Now available for free to all first year science, applied science and forestry students. Just fill out the form below.

Yes! I want to subscribe to the Engineering and Forestry Co-op program. I will get my application to your office at Brock 213 by Dec. 15 and in return the program will try to place me in an exciting, high paid summer job in engineering or forestry. My name is_____

Amnesty vigil

In honor of International Human Rights day — a film. A film about the meaning of human rights in everyday life. That's my life and your life too. The film is at noon, Thursday in SUB 111.

And if human rights really mean something to you then one way to show it is to partake in the vigil sponsored by Amnesty International in front of the Philippines embassy the same day. For more information visit the Amnesty UBC office in SUB.

SAE meets

"Look out Lois, here comes a flying cutback," said Clark Kent, as he dodged the fiscal banana peel aimed by the provincial and federal governments.

"Look you muscle bound jerk," snapped Lois, "I've got eyes and I know a cutback when I see one." Lois has tired of Superman's protective attitudes and is currently trying to teach him about the oppression of women.

Tune in next week when Superman learns that he too will have to wash dishes, scrub toilets and feed drooling babies.

Anyway, back to the current situation at UBC. The Students for an Accessible Education is interested in getting both Loises and Supermen to come and support them by attending an upcoming meeting in SUB 207/209 noon on Tuesday, Dec. 8.

Goodbye, folks

That's it folks. Bye bye. No more entertaining hot flashes this year. Sorry. We'd love to go on writing them, but this rag closes down until Christmas. See you in January.

PREPARE FOR
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SAT·DAT·GRE
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NDB • NPB I • NLE
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THIS CHRISTMAS
A gift that keeps on giving all year round!
We have the
LARGEST SELECTION
and LOWEST PRICES
POSTER WORLD
942 GRANVILLE MALL
(Between Smythe and Nelson)

In this eposide of Masterpiece Grey Boxes, we continue with the great Canadian saga by W.O. Burton, How I drove the Last Spike on My Summer Vacation. In episode nine, Marno the young and enthusiastic Chinese philosophy doctoral candidate has just found the tie plate and given it to Sutherland his immediate superior. As the episode ended Sutherland had sent Marno to look for a spike. The spike that would make history. In this episode we discover Marno wandering around. The search for the spike is cleverly developing as a symbol for a nation in search of . . .

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THE CLASSIFIEDS

RATES: Campus — 3 lines, 1 day $2.00; additional lines, 55c. Commercial — 3 lines, 1 day $3.63; additional lines 55c. Additional days $3.30 and 50c.

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

5 — Coming Events

ATTENTION — Sailors, Windsurfers, Skiers (and in that order!) Ski Bunny — Beach Bum Interclub classic **BROOMBALL GAME.** Sailing/Windsurfing vs Ski Club Monday, Dec. 7th, 8:45 p.m. Thunderbird Sports Centre, Main rink. Support your team, Labatts representation. Special bar prices afterward.

10 — For Sale — Commercial

PROGRAMMABLE CALCULATOR Texas Instrument SR-52. 224 steps, 20 memories, magnetic cards, program libraries, $125. 876-9348.

11 — For Sale — Private

FOR SALE — Pop machine and hot dog machine and lots of supplies e.g. napkins, plates, cups and straws. Call 986-6389 eves.

MUST SELL 4 tickets to Hawaii, Air Canada, Dec. 13 till Dec. 27 charter. Call 683-1633 eves.

FOR SALE Williams upright piano and bench. Newly tuned, cleaned, regulated. $1200. 224-0805.

BACK DOOR POTTERY
ANNUAL
CHRISTMAS SALE
Sunday, Dec. 6th — 11-5
4430 W. 10th Ave.
COME EARLY FOR THE BARGAINS

BRUNING DRAFTING MACHINE Model 2699, 1 set 12" blades, 1 18" blade, $150 O.B.O. 682-1527.

JVC TURNTABLE AND AMP. Like new Hart speakers sound excellent. Travelling, must sell. $800 firm. Phone 734-7383.

15 — Found

FOUND Ladies gold watch by Brock Hall Dec. 1st, 12:00 noon. Reply to Rm. 241J.

30 — Jobs

CAREER IN MARKETING
Major organization has asked us to find three people seeking a career in marketing. The opportunity will appeal to individuals that are 'diamonds in the rough'. The company will provide a training and career development path. The compensation and benefit package is excellent. If interested, please call us today.
THE CARLTON MANAGEMENT GROUP
937-0121

STUDENT for filing, light hswk. few hrs. per wk. $6 plus per hr. and/or will counsel and correct assignments for some students, ph. Maggie before 1 p.m. 228-4608, after 4 p.m. 228-9637.

SECURITY PERSONNEL required by AMS to supervise non-student functions held in SUB. Mainly evening and weekend work. Call Linda, 228-6540.

CLEAN UP CREW REQUIRED for some heavy work in SUB. December 29-31. Call Linda, 228-6540.

35 — Lost

LOST umbrella. Brown collapsible umbrella left in 220 Buchanan on Mon., Nov. 23. Please call Johanna, 733-0962.

BLACK BINDER containing notes in B-lot Marine Drive area. Call Gord, 263-7340. Reward offered.

GOLD ladies Seiko watch between watch between B-lot and Scarfe Monday morning. Please call Anne, 261-5087.

LOST: One black-stone gold signet ring. If found please phone 224-3501. Reward.

40 — Messages

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

WOOLY COAT for sale. Good as new — used no more than thirty-four times. Contact D. K. Epsilon. Congrats guys!

60 — Rides

65 — Scandals

PETE OLSON — Clinic phoned. Tests positive — start penicillin diet tomorrow.

70 — Services

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

COOL CAT TUNES recorded music for your Christmas party. The latest in rock, pop, ska, r & b and disco. Call Ken evenings, 985-5448.

80 — Tutoring

ENGLISH COMPOSITION TEST. Almost 50% will fail it. Intensive preparation. Phone Robert, 736-3157.

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.).

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SPECIALIZING in academic typing. Fast, dependable, top refs. North Vancouver. Iona Brown, 985-4929.

90 — Wanted

LOOKING FOR A JOB next term? Why not be a UBC Intramural referee! Sports include women's floor hockey, softball, men's rugby, and men's and women's volleyball basketball and ice hockey. We need you. See Larry — War Mem. Gym, 203A for further info.

WHY WAIT FOR THE SO-CALLED BOXING DAY SALES?

GRAND OPENING BLITZ

NOW OPEN IN WEST END, 1711 DAVIE STREET.

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Makes Life's Good Things...Better

The Sportsmates

Mini-Cassette with Headphones for—joggers —hikers —skiers —music lovers

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from $149.95!

Soundtripper III Stereo Portable With Headphones

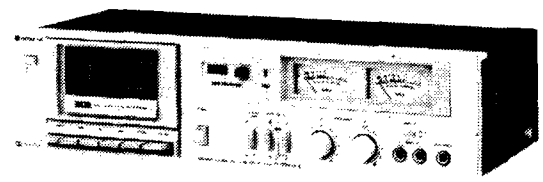
$109.95

Soundtripper V Stereo Cassette With AM-FM Stereo and Headphones

$169.95

HITACHI Cassette Deck Bulliten

Cheep & Mean!"



Have you experienced the challenging task of searching for a really good low cost cassette deck to add to your system? Look no further!

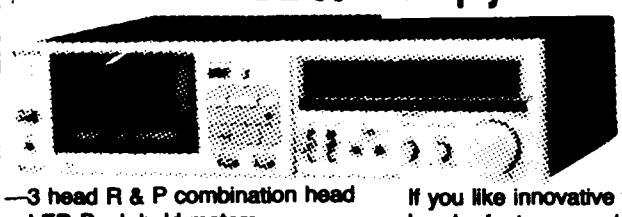
DE 10 —metal capacity —Dolby NR for noise free recordings —DC servo motor $169.95

DE 25 —soft touch control —LED meters $219.95

Full convenience cassette deck.

DE 55 —computer controlled feather touch transport. $319.95

Hitachi DE 65 simply the finest low price 3 head deck on the market!



—3 head R & P combination head
—LED Peak hold meters
—Microcomputer transport system
—20hz — 20,000 hz Freq. response
—0.04% wow & flutter
—68 dB signal to noise

If you like innovative technology, want lots of handy features and insist on high quality music reproduction and a price that is unbeatable, the DE 65 is your deck!

$399.95

HITACHI Cassette Decks

HEADPHONES FOSTEX

STUDIO QUALITY

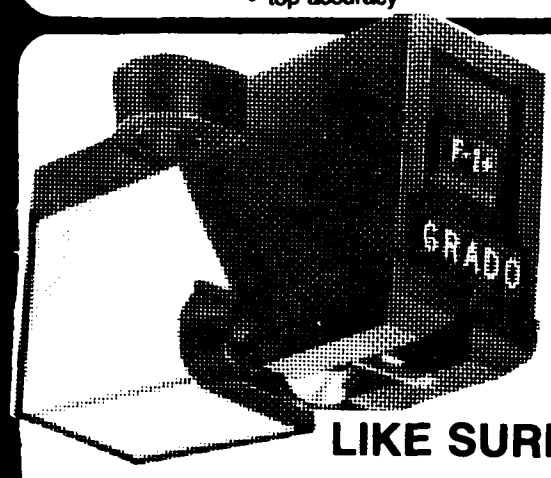
T10 $79.95 —compact —lightweight

T20
- Brilliant & sharp accurate reproduction
- Comfortable

$99.95

T30
- top performance model
- ultra comfy
- top accuracy

$149.95



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T681A AM-FM Cassette
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- separate bass + treble
- loudness • pre out jacks
- R3 road rated FM

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CRAIG, 3 WAY SPEAKERS
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Regular selling $350.00

HITACHI SR 2000
—slim line AM-FM receiver
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—50 watts total power
from England

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GL 235 Speakers
—2 way air suspension
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HAVE A LISTEN, WE KNOW YOU'LL BE IMPRESSED! $529.95

The Stunning CARVER

Revolutionary Sonic Holography Adaptor

Turn your audio system into a totally 3 Dimensional sound system.
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ACCESSORIES TO IMPROVE ANY SYSTEM!
AUDIOTECHNICA

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HEAD DEMAGNETIZERS ..... $19.95 ea.
HITACHI AD 091 electronic demagnetizer ..... $39.95 ea.
RECORD CLEANING FLUID ON TAP! ..... FREE!
Bring your own old 1 oz. bottle

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WHITEHORSE
302 Strickland
Whitehorse, Yukon
(Prices may be slightly higher in Whitehorse)

Intramural Office
Room 203
War Memorial Gym

INTRAMURAL STAR

STAR CHARTS

Point standings as of Dec. 1, 1981.
Does not include sports still in playoffs.

MEN	Pts.	WOMEN	Pts.
1 Engineers	1570	1 Forestry	1090
2 Dekes	1147	2 Kappa Kappa Gamma	550
3 Betas	968	3 Phys Ed	464
4 Fijis	794	4 Commerce	404
5 Forestry	740	5 Phrateres	336
6 Phi Delts	737	6 Delta Gamma	329
7 Science	684	7 Nursing	317
8 Rowing	416	8 Rowing	283
9 Pharmacy	321	9 Home Economics	252
10 Commerce	260	10 Arts	224
11 Kappa Sigma	138	11 Rehab Med	215
12 Gage	137	12 Alpha Phi	201
13 ZBT	136	13 Science	200

MEN'S SOCCER DIVISION 1 WINNERS — BETAS, after defeating Forestry 2-1. In other soccer action, Chemical Engineers took the Divison 3 title downing VST 2-0. In the Super League Championship yesterday, Commerce triumphed over Law by a score of 2-1.

YULETIDE BASKETBALL TOURNEY

Kappa Sigma breezes into the finals after wins against the Engineers and Phys Ed. On the other side of the draw, Law and the Fijis meet to decide who will advance to the finals.

Law appears to be the favorite to win it all. However, Kappa Sig's point guard Neil has been getting extra shooting practice in and could make the difference in the crunch.

Division II quarter finals were played Tuesday. Semi-finals with the top four teams tip off today at noon.

In Division III, the Norseman team, after trouncing Kappa Sig's and Fiji's, will see action in the finals as they challenge C.V.C. After a close game against the Minorz, C.V.C. doubled Pharmacy to grab their spot in the finals.

All championship games for the three divisions will be played Friday, December 11 at 12:30.

1982 STARTING LINE-UP

WOMEN		MEN	
Bowling	(Jan. 8)	Volleyball	(Jan. 8)
Basketball	(Jan. 15	Basketball	(Jan. 8)
Hockey	(Jan. 13)	Hockey	(Jan. 8)
Volleyball	(Jan. 15)	Curling	(Jan. 15)
Softball	(Jan. 15)	Rugby	(Jan. 15)
Floor Hockey	(Jan. 29)	Wrestling	(Jan. 20)

Dates shown are registration deadlines. Register now before the leagues fill up.

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

JANUARY —
- Snowshoeing Trip
- Bowling & Pizza Night
- SPECIAL EVENT — Grouse Mountain Slalom Ski Challenge

FEBRUARY —
- Cross Country Skiing
- Curling Bonspiel (CoRec)
- Tennis Mixed Doubles

MARCH —
- SPECIAL EVENT — Storm the Wall
- Tower Beach Suicide Run
- Intramural Color Night (Banquet and Dance)

INSTRUCTIONAL SPORTS

The Recreational Program offers non-credit courses in a wide variety of individual and team sports for all skill levels. Registration for second term is Monday, January 4th thru Friday, January 15th. Classes are limited in size, so register early to avoid disappointment.

FITNESS
- Yoga
- Jogging
- Strength Training
- Circuit Training
- Rhythm Fit

DANCE
- Modern (Beg. & Inter.)
- Jazz (Beg. & Inter.)

OUTDOOR PURSUITS
- Flat Water Kayaking
- Power Skating
- Mountain Climbing

COMBAT SPORTS
- Fencing
- Karate
- Kung Fu
- Women's Self Defence

TEAM SPORTS
- Power Volleyball
- Basketball

RACQUET SPORTS
- Tennis
- Badminton
- Racquetball
- Squash

THE INTRAMURAL STAR is a publication written and totally funded for by Intramurals. The Intramural Staff wishes all students, faculty and staff a Happy Holiday Season. We look forward to the best year of participation and fun ever.

SEE YOU THERE!

INTRAMURAL

CHRISTMAS SOCIAL

FRI. DEC. 4

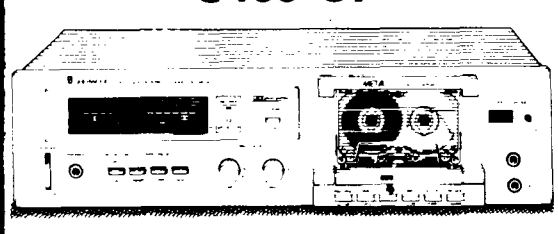
3:30 – 7:00 p.m.

SUB 207

Everyone Welcome!

SHERWOOD

S100 CP

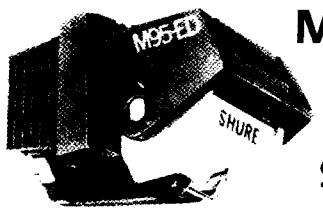


The performance of this cassette is certified in writing. Features include a Dolby noise reduction system, metal capability, flow meters, solenoid controls, LED record indicator and full auto-stop.

$249.95

SHURE

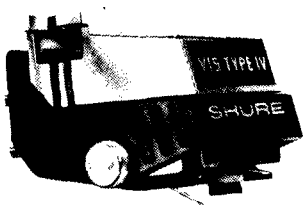
M95ED



$49.95

Deluxe high trackability cartridge with built-in snap-down stylus guard and biradial elliptical stylus. For ¾ to 1½ grams tracking.

SHURE V15 Type IV



$149.95

The V15 IV has trackability at ultra-light tracking forces and its frequency response stays flat instead of rising. For performance, reliability and price the V15 IV comes out the top choice.

maxell

UD-C90

$44.95 case of 12

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

3 YEAR WARRANTY

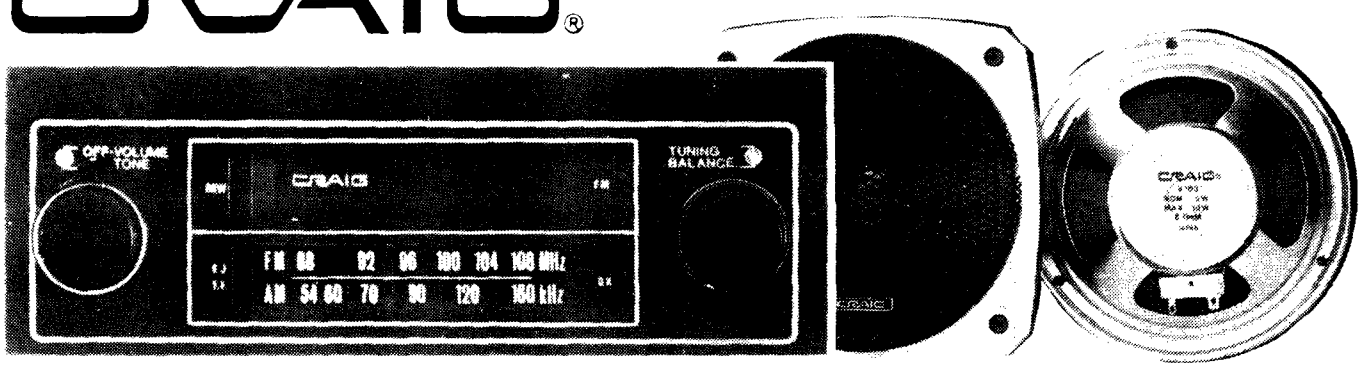
CRAIG T610 & V102

$134.50

AM/FM cassette deck gives you great mobile sound and features like locking fast forward/rewind and local/distant switching. Solidly designed speakers deliver a full range of sound. Attractive padded, perforated grilles that can be mounted in almost any location.

3 YEAR WARRANTY

CRAIG T500 & 9427B



$174.95

AM/FM cassette deck is designed especially for most import cars. Features locking fast forward, local/distant control and power-off eject. Practical, solidly designed twin flush mount speakers have hemispherical dome radiator for wider frequency response.

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