THE UBYSSEY

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— kini mcdonald photo

TOUGH SHIT. What more can you say to a poor fellow who found exam pressure was more than the human body was ever equipped to endure. Fortunately, this man was a Ubyssey staffer, and carried a blanket-wrapped tape recorder to his end. "Looks like cement down there," were his last words, and it was.

3 AMS hacks on OFY money

By JIM JOLY

Three Alma Mater Society executive members will be employed on various AMS-endorsed Opportunities for Youth projects this summer.

Vice-president Gordon Blankstein, external affairs officer Terri Ball and internal affairs officer Lynne Phillips will each work on one of the eight projects.

Ball said one of the reasons AMS executives will be employed on the projects is that some of them should be around the university during the summer to plan for next year.

About 150 persons applied for the 75 positions available, Ball said.

Applicants were placed by the AMS according to any special skills they might have possessed relating to the various projects.

"After that it was just first come first serve," said Ball.

The projects and Ball's unofficial estimate of the number of people employed by each are:

A study of the feasibility of setting up a campus credit union. Eight persons would be employed.

A study of new teaching methods to use at the UBC daycare centre. Ten persons would be employed.

Construction of new daycare facilities including playground equipment. Ten persons would be employed.

A voter registration drive for provincial and municipal elections employing 15 persons.

Keeping SUB open during the summer as a recreation centre for underprivileged groups. Ten persons would be employed.

A survey of students attending UBC, Simon Fraser University and Vancouver City College to determine their meal habits at lunch-time. Six persons would be employed.

A study of various housing prospects open to students attending UBC. Fifteen persons would be employed.

A study of ways to improve community, professor and student communications. Six persons would be employed.

Ball said she thinks the two daycare centres, voter registration drive and SUB recreation centre projects stand the best chance of approval.

She added, however, the other projects remain possibilities.

Students will learn between April 17 and April 21 whether their projects have been approved.

The maximum salary per person on any OFY project is $90 a week. Projects run between May 15 and Sept. 15.

Ball said she hopes students are thinking about other job possibilities in case their projects are rejected.

"You never know if the project will be approved," she said.

The end of an era

This is it, folks.

A superbly magnificent year of campus journalism has come to an end.

We've had our laughs.

We hope you have too.

Now, as the year draws to a close, it is time once again for Ubyssey staffers to consider other matters — courses, essays and exams among them.

That is, for the staffers who've managed to survive the year without dropping out.

So, to commemorate the finest year of campus literaria ever to hit UBC, today's Ubyssey now brings you the beginning of the end.

Inside today's Ubyssey

Maclown's

A special pullout section

Richard Nixon's Canada

Trudeau: hero or saviour?

The new schmuckismo!

Pierre & Sandy & Peter & Phil

'Psych seethes with pessimism'

By BERTON WOODWARD

The psychology department is now in a state of limbo on the questions about hiring procedures raised by graduates in the department.

Ron Douglas, spokesman for the psych grad students association, said Monday he believes the group's campaign for systematic evaluation of profs in the department, sparked by the controversial cases of Carol Marx and Mike Humphreys, has now been heard by senior staff in the department and most believe "it won't happen again."

"Everybody would bet that nothing's going to happen," he said.

PGSA member Clyde Curry added: "The whole place seethes with pessimism. The junior faculty say 'sure I'd like to see the cases reopened but it's going to cause a lot of trouble if you push and there's no point since they're not going to be rehired anyway.' "

But there are still some in the department who would like to see further action on the cases, Douglas said.

"Some of us are not satisfied to see the cases swept under the rug.

"The students who have been most associated with Carol and Mike are the ones who are least satisfied," he said.

Marx and Humphreys were each denied renewal of their teaching contracts last year. Humphries, up for renewal of his second-year contract, appealed his denial and had his case reviewed twice.

Marx was granted no review after her first two-year contract was not renewed.

Curry said Humphrey's role in the dispute may soon become irrelevant because he is currently applying for a teaching position at Purdue University in Indiana.

But, he said: "Carol is the one who has really been shafted by this. She didn't even get a review."

Douglas said a meeting last week held between faculty and PGSA, attended by four senior faculty members and more than a dozen each of junior faculty and grad students, tended to revolve around the practicality of re-opening the cases.

"The ethical issue of what the hell is right was hardly touched on," he said.

Asked if they thought department head Edro Signori would change his stand of strong opposition to the profs' reconsideration, both spokesmen gave an emphatic no.

But, Douglas added: "My personal impression is that Edro isn't as much of an evil has he's made out to be by students and staff.

"Senior faculty often say: 'Well we'd like to reopen the cases but you know how Edro is.' But really, while generally unhappy with his decisions they just tend to blame everything on him when it's actually their fault for letting him run them around like that."

As for any hope of direct action on the two cases, Douglas said: "We conceded a long time ago, before we started, that it wasn't going to go anywhere for these two people but we thought we could get somewhere by raising the issues."

Asked if they had accomplished that end, Douglas said: "No doubt about it."

MARCHING through downtown Vancouver, members of band Sunshyne spend taxpayers' Local Initiatives Program grant money in effort to become real street band.

WSS gets footloose, fancy free to Europe

If you're footloose and fancy-free but not especially rich, Western Student Services charter flights to Europe may be what you are looking for.

If you hurry.

WSS representative Stuart Bruce said Monday that although there was not an appreciable increase in applications for WSS flights to date, he expected one soon due to the cancellation of many flights by other services as a result of recent British toughness on charter flights.

"As of now, all flights are still open but I really can't see that situation lasting too much longer," he said.

All members of the AMS, faculty and their dependents are eligible for the WSS flights, both one-way and return.

The first flight for this summer leaves Vancouver May 1, with flights continuing all summer.

Prices range from $115 to $250 – the latter amount being for a one-way flight from Winnipeg to London and the former the cost of a return trip from Vancouver to London and back.

WSS also offers intra-European charters at prices that are often on one-half to one-third the commercial prices.

For example, a flight from London to Istanbul via WSS goes for about $90 as opposed to the regular air fare of $200, said Bruce.

The UBC office for WSS charter flights is located in SUB 226.

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FRIDAY	8:00	Good Friday Teneabrae
SUNDAY	9:30	Breakfast – 50c
	10:30	Resurrection Celebration

Students are invited to join our community in all of these celebrations.

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Mick

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OLD AUDITORIUM

Jagger

Law students oppose building

By LAURENCE LEADER

There oughta be a law. At least as far as the law faculty's selection of a new building is concerned.

The seeds of a disagreement between the faculty's student and staff are growing. The foundation of the argument is the faculty's proposed new building.

Money for construction became available last July after a series of postponements. A building committee comprised of students and faculty approved the architect's rough plans.

But the students submitted alterations to the preliminary sketches. The architect, Fred Hollingsworth, who works from West Vancouver, claimed he was not commissioned by the law faculty to accept student proposals.

Law student Hein Poulus described the problem as "conflict of ideas."

Faculty wants immediate construction of the building. The students are complaining of the present plan's segregation.

Poulus said the students consider the new building as further separating faculty and students by having separate sections for offices, lecture and common rooms.

The faculty rejected student proposals for integrating common rooms for both staff and students.

A letter from law student president Bill Wilson, to law dean A. J. McClean, outlined student opinion at a LSA meeting:

"BE IT RESOLVED:

1. That the LSA opposes the construction of new facilities based upon the existing scheme.
2. That we remain convinced of the importance of a new facility designed so as to encourage a sense of community and to allow educational flexibility in the future.
3. That the LSA executive be directed to communicate our dissent to the central university planning body and to the board of governors."

A fourth resolution declared the LSA is prepared to jeopardize existence of the new building's existence over its recommendations.

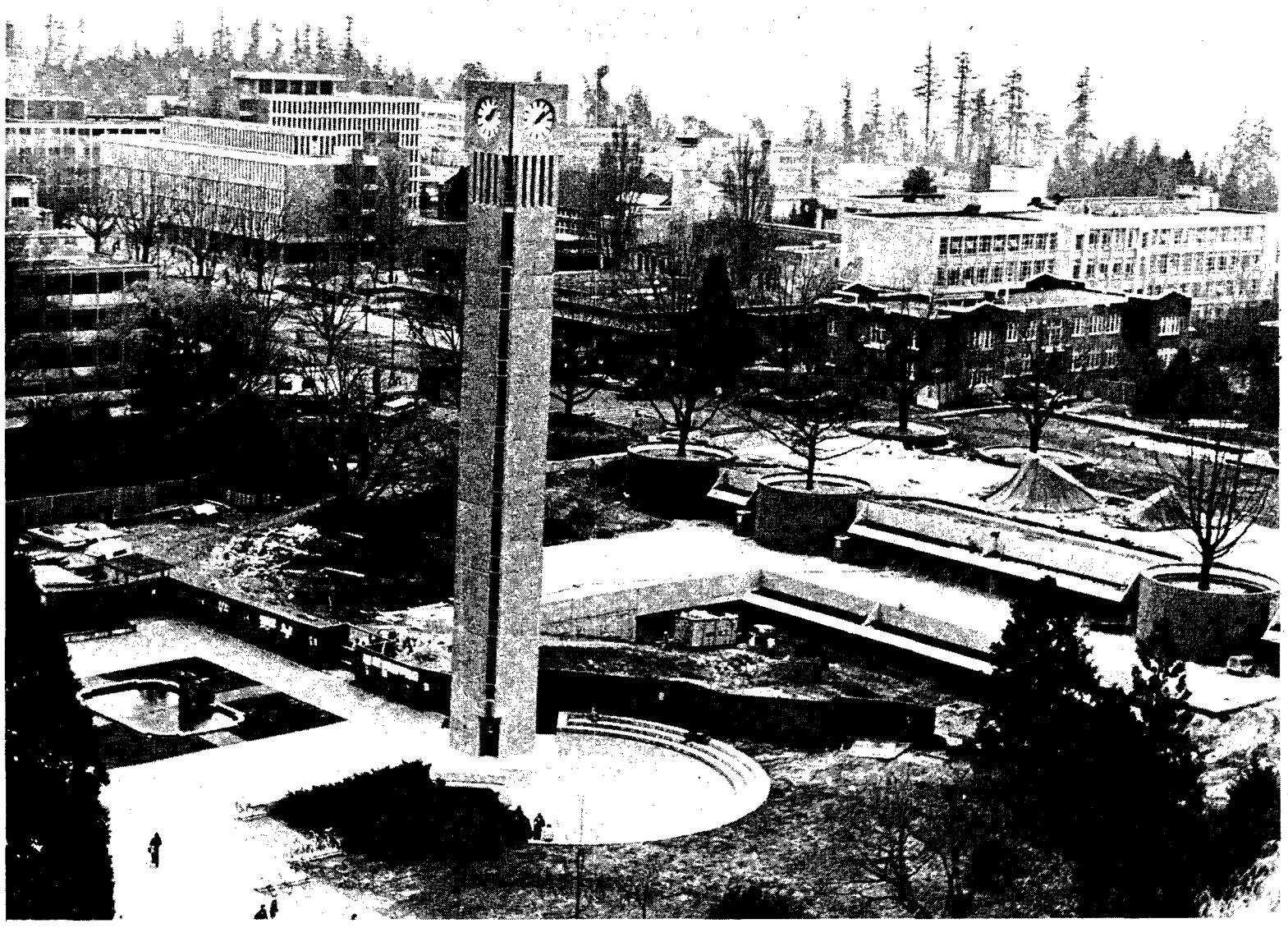
Wilson also wrote: "We are not convinced that all possibilities have been explored . . . It is our hope that faculty and students may co-operate to plan a structure that will be conducive to both the teaching and learning of law."

A spokesman for the architect said Monday that Hollingsworth's major projects include the People's Motor Inn in Nelson, B.C., the Imperial Motor Inn in Victoria, and "quite a list of home residences," many after the style of Frank Lloyd Wright.

Law students have voiced doubts as to Hollingsworth's qualifications to build an education office.

The student-faculty building committee is meeting today to plan its representation to the board of governors. The board will make the final decision on acceptance of the new law building.

All agreed the issue is a moot point.



ONE TEN it says, and judging from the amount of daylight, it must be p.m., which is of no help whatsoever to the poor sod in the library who looks out to determine how much time he has until his 1:30 p.m. in-class final. But to the woman on the top of the new arts tower it's just another part of the grand and glorious city that is UBC. Amen.
—kini mcdonald photo

Exposure: a consumer column

By ART SMOLENSKY

CHARTERS

More people probably get burned on shady charter flights than actually fly on them.

If you are planning to go on one this summer or next fall, we have a few tips to offer.

First, stay away from flights departing from Seattle or, for that matter, from anywhere in the U.S.

This is not merely Canadian economic nationalism but involves certain differences in charter regulations between the two countries.

In Canada, money accruing to the charter company must be held in trust until the passengers have been returned to Canada. Not so in the States.

If you leave for Seattle (starting from that little bus station on West Georgia near the Hotel Vancouver) for London you may easily end up in Frankfurt only to find that the instant company (just add money, greed and stir) went broke or has fallen afoul of the British Board of Trade and isn't being allowed to land in London.

The reason in this latter case is the enforcement of the IATA agreement that you must be a member of an affinity group (i.e., the AMS) for at least six months prior to your departure.

All other flights are – strictly speaking – illegal. Nonetheless, according to one downtown travel agency which specializes in charters, 80 per cent of all flights leaving Vancouver fall into this category.

A while back, Wardair was prosecuted several times for contravening this regulation but wiser and poorer, the company now back-dates memberships so it appears you've belonged to the group for at least six months.

A final word of advice is to fly with Western Student Services charters where possible. You won't find that they are cancelled at the last minute leaving you high and dry in Vancouver.

IH FOOD

All is not happy at International House.

It is about to be levied with a discriminatory 14 per cent charge on its gross food sales by university administration vice-president Bill White.

The official reason: The university is taking a cut to compensate for the light, heat and maintenance services it provides to IH.

The real reason: Since the people who eat at International House don't currently contribute through food purchases to paying off White's "on paper" 10-year mortgages (the buildings are, I'm told, actually financed over 18 years), the IH food customers must be levied with a special tax.

ART SMOLENSKY
. . . pizza mogul

Barbara Gaylor, manager of the food service outlet, isn't sure what will happen April 1 when this charge goes into effect.

Because the very good, wholesome international food is coupled with reasonable prices, the service is operating at a small loss. This loss, will, of course, be parlayed into a grand ruin should the 14 per cent surcharge go into effect.

Shades of Nixonomics.

Incidentally, a sampling of IH regular fare should prove exotic for western palates. And if you don't like the daily homemade soup there's a money-back (no-foolin') guarantee.

A specialty of the house, by the way, is Burgher Muesli, a tasty Swiss health food dish consisting of raw oats, fruits and nuts. The cost – 35 cents a bowl.

CHEAP ELECTRONICS

Hot tip of the week for students interested in electronic stuff like TV's, radios, tape recorders and stereo is a place called Falcon Sales at 2162 West Fourth.

They have no stock to speak of (but you can order anything) and the prices are completely out of sight. The phone (which isn't listed in their name) is 731-7267.

Why so cheap? Little stock combined with a strict cash basis yields probably the very lowest prices in town.

Happy hunting, and all that

So, as the sun sinks in the west and the final 1971-72 edition of The Universal Daily Scoop is put to bed, we feel constrained in our drunken and nostalgia-sodden stupor to . . . to . . .

Ahem, Er . . .

Beer bottles exploding like grenades against the old printing presses tell us it is time for some final sage words about . . . about . . .

Hell with it. Uh . . .

The months have passed quickly, and as the last installment in the Great Newspaper Cycle of Life nears completion we sense at least one clear, immutable truth emerging.

And that is, that student power moves are on the rise again across the country.

Throughout this school year, and especially this term, students have started to fight back again.

No wonder. At UBC, we have seen no signs of any improvement in administration attitudes and procedures and no improvement in the mediocrity of teaching. In the country at large, we have seen no signs of improvement in the employment situation, despite Liberal band-aid efforts.

We have seen, however, increasing student consciousness of the situation and increasing action to change it.

All things considered, we are left feeling optimistic about the ideas and actions students will bring to UBC and other universities next year.

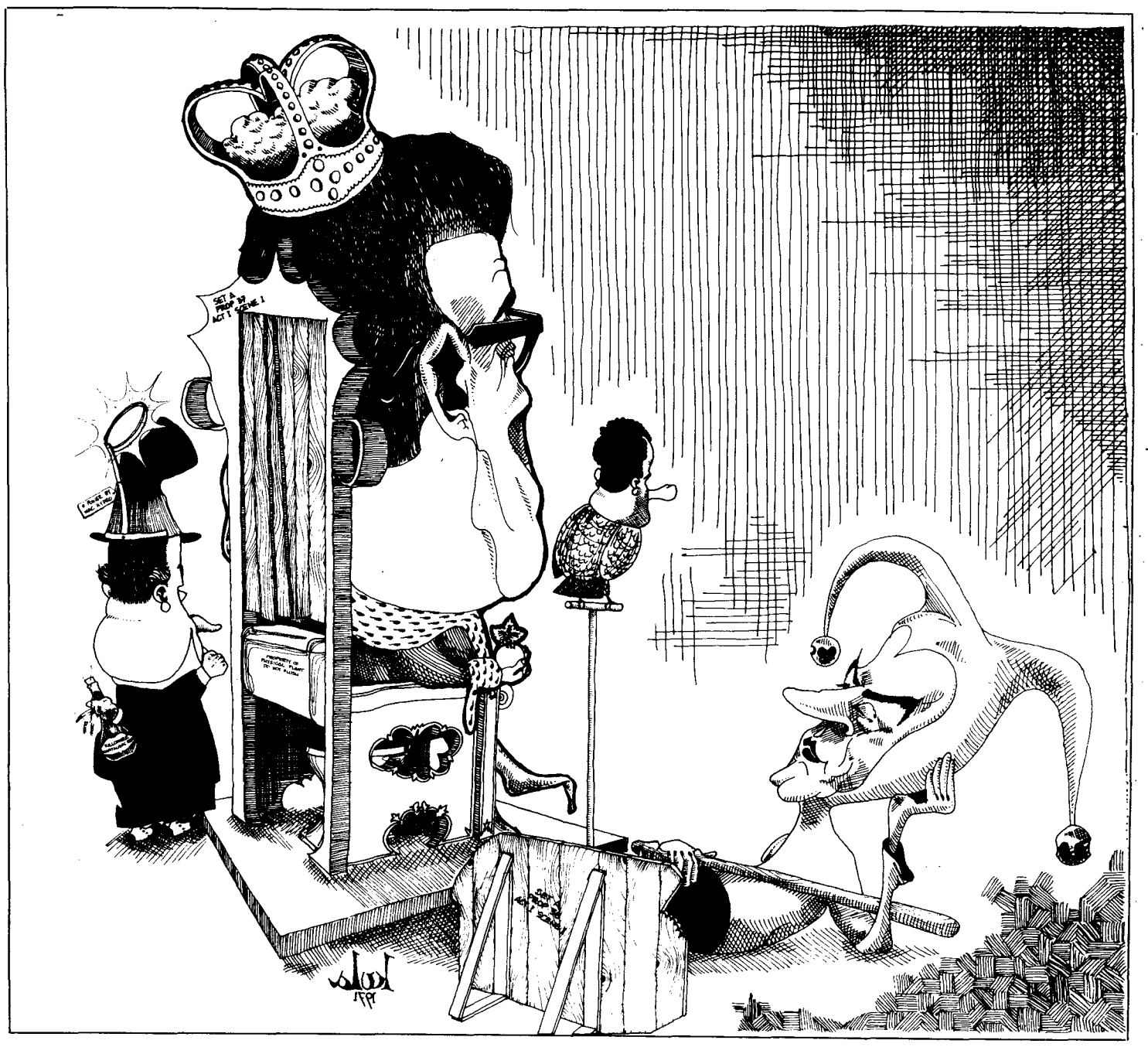
And on that note, we leave you until September.

Thanks for the stacks of letters and the articles and ideas. Thanks for the support on important issues.

Happy cramming, happy job hunting, happy drinking, happy smashing the state.

Irving Fetish and friends (choke) bid you a fond farewell until September, at which time we will again return to straighten out all the summer blunders and con-jobs and get this operation back into some semblance of order for the 54th year in a row.

Heh heh.



Letters

'Theft'

My concern over an injustice presently being inflicted on a group of students at this university has prompted this letter. Considerable student anger and resentment has resulted from the activities of professor C.V. Finnegan in the department of zoology with regard to his course, Zoology 204.

The problem arose last spring (1971) when each student in the class was required to hand in a $3-book of breakage coupons (which is usual for science courses with a lab). These, however, were not returned to the students who did not break anything (as is usual). As a member of the class, I questioned this and was told that it was none of my business. There are about 250 students in that class and the total amount of money involved was close to (250 by $3) $750. What happened to this money?

There was no glassware, chemicals or expensive equipment to damage in the lab at any time. All that was involved was looking through a microscope (all accounted for at the end of the year) at slides (produced by the UBC technologist and costing less than a dollar to replace; *very few* of these were broken).

In October of 1971, I visited the president's office hoping to find out if professor Finnegan could be prevented from repeating this deed and I was politely told by a secretary that the whole matter was up to the board of governors. This I assumed meant that the board would back up the professor under any circumstance; so I let the matter drop.

I realize now that this was a mistake. Professor Finnegan's successful confiscation of the $750 last year has prompted him to double the amount of coupons required to $6. This means that (250 by $6) $1,500 are involved this spring.

I personally do not believe that the board of governors knows anything about this money nor do I believe they would agree with such a policy. I have taken steps to inform them and others who should know. Hopefully the situation will be rectified and the money returned. If, however, I am wrong about the board of governors with regard to this matter, then I can only say that I and many of my fellow citizens find this a difficult situation to understand and even more difficult to forget.

Name withheld,
Zoology 5

Wallace

When I read Mr. Kravitz's second letter published March 24 I was tempted not to reply as he was not telling lies about me personally. But then I began to wonder about his motivations in casting aspersions on me and my research.

Being a moderately paranoid radical, it occured to me that Mr. Kravitz might very well be a CIA agent out to discredit me. After all, I have always advocated that social scientists should adopt the disenfranchised and oppressed as their chief clientele, and no doubt the U.S. military are getting worried now that I am applying this principle to research on the Quebecois.

Moreover, it can hardly be a coincidence that Mr. Kravitz chose The Ubyssey to air his views. The Ubyssey, as we all know, obtains most of its revenue from the AMS. Barely 18 months ago that body went on record as supporting the imposition of the War Measures Act, indicating beyond a shadow of a doubt its links with the American military machine.

Of course, I know that The Ubyssey publicly denounces both Trudeau and the AMS, but the way things are these days you don't expect me to believe what people *say*, do you?

So, it looks to me as if Mr. Kravitz, aided and abetted by The Ubyssey, is the centre of a U.S. military plot to discredit radical social science research on this campus. It follows, doesn't it? Doesn't it?

Michael D. Wallace,
Assistant professor
Department of political science

Award

Congratulations to The Ubyssey are in order. You've done a fine job exposing a measure of the administrative power corruption that exists within various faculties on campus.

It is hoped that your successors will continue the expose because I strongly suspect you've viewed only the top of the iceberg, or looked under only one corner of the rug.

Perhaps next year, The Ubyssey could establish an award. No, two would be more fitting.

THE UBYSSEY

MARCH 28, 1972

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Editorial departments, 228-2301, 228-2307; Page Friday, Sports, 228-2305; advertising, 228-3977.

Editor: Leslie Plommer

This is the campus — a sprawling formicary of human emotions . . . love and hate, life and death, war and peace, peanut butter and jelly. There are a million stories on the campus; this is the worst of them.

My name is Tuesday; Rube Tuesday. I work out of homicide. In my spare time I'm a private dick. This is the case I call "The Rag in the Rue Morgue."

On a Monday morning just like any other Monday morning (it fell between Sunday night and Monday afternoon), I walked into my office and my secretary, pert brunette Paul Knox.

"Uncross those ravishing stems of yours and open today's casebook," I said.

Continued on page 5

Letters

One could go to the faculty administrator with the most native cunning. This award would be confined to those who have had no formal administrative training but have made their way purely by experience.

A second award could be established for the administrator who had achieved the greatest measure of acquired deviousness. Obviously, this award would be open to both the formally trained and those learning by groping experience. A close examination of the backgrounds of administrators at UBC shows that most could qualify for either award.

It seems indeed unfortunate that as yet, this proper recognition has not been given to the Master Administrator while we publicly honor and reward the Master Teacher.

Can we afford to do less for the people who really count at UBC?

Name withheld,
Applied Science 3

Garbage

Re: your editorial of March 16:

A more hypocritical pile of garbage I have never read! You're complaining of being faced with a love-it-or-leave-it situation: as regards The Ubyssey, I've been faced with a "love-it" situation as long as I've been out here. If I am to be forced into something, I would like to exercise some control over the person applying that force, namely, having to pay for something called The Ubyssey.

Obviously, from your editorial, democracy seems to be your desire – or is it? You don't put much faith in students and their ability to properly exercise their vote. To you it is a foregone conclusion that: Students' Coalition puts up one of 'their' candidates; huge sums of money will be lavished on his campaign; everyone will be duped into electing him; and, he will be nothing more than a lackey to the executive, a group of people out to shaft all right-thinking human beings. Thank the stars that you have recognized these evil people, and are pure of heart to pass judgment.

Please, no crap about 'If you don't like it, change it by working for it'. I *don't* like it, and much as I do with my government I'll attempt change other than by working in the government. To also work for The Ubyssey would require more time than I have available; unfortunately, I am not an English or journalism major.

With any other newspaper the freedom of the press is balanced by the prerogative (sic) of refusing to buy that newspaper. Please, give me that right, and you can have all the freedom you want.

W. Schwegler,
Law 2

We have always supported people who attempted to withhold their compulsory AMS fees for any reason. Since the student council allocates your money, and some of it goes to The Ubyssey, your best bet is to stop paying that money.

Union

To UBC Employees for
an Independent Union,
Sisters and Brothers:

We in the Council of Canadian Unions are very happy to hear that the employees of the University of British Columbia are organizing.

Our member unions are all independent Canadian unions. We are sure that they will all give their support to your new union.

R.K. Rowley,
CCU

More

The UBC Employees for
an Independent Union,
Sisters and Brothers:

At meetings this last week with our national president Bill Behma, vice-president George Brown, officers and members of our union, we discussed the situation at UBC with regard to establishing an independent Canadian union.

We agree with this position and pledge to support you in any way we can.

Jess Succamore,
National sec-treasurer,
Canadian Association of Industrial, Mechanical and Allied Workers

And more

To the UBC Employees for
An Independent Union,
Dear Sisters and Brothers:

The Pulp and Paper Workers of Canada believe in the principle of autonomous independent Canadian unions and will assist any group of employees who wish to join this movement.

Please feel free to call upon us for assistance at any time and I wish you every success in your endeavors.

Fred E. Mullin,
President,
Pulp and Paper Workers of Canada

Faint

If I ever see an article or even a letter in a future issue of The Ubyssey in which the word "capitalist" is used in other than a pejorative sense, I will faint.

Paul Strickland,
Grad student, English

P.S. Your "neo-Marxist" ideology, especially in your Page Friday editions, is getting awfully stale. Perhaps you should go out and buy a new loaf.

Okay: CAPITALIST. (But we're sure you're far too worldly to faint.)

Ivory

Well, it's just about that time of year again when many of us students are preparing for final exams. The question of examination is reared towards us

See page 17: LETTERS

From page 4

Taking the rose from his teeth and placing it upon the closed casebook of Michael Finlay, a drunken book-pedlar found murdered in a Brock Hall urinal two years ago, Paul handed me a letter written in the unmistakeable script of Leslie Plommer, aging socialite and strumpet.

It seems this Plommer babe had inadvertently precipitated the demise of Nate "Pawnshop" Smith, the chosen person of Jan O'Brien, head of the False Creek syndicate. O'Brien had been seen with Finlay the night he died, outside a den of iniquity in Oakridge. She and Oscar Andersen, noted child molester and pinball-setter, were trying to get Finlay to score an em-ruler from Berton Woodward.

Woodward had perverted young Davy Schmidt to a state where the latter would eat a nun each night before doing nasties to a photo of Berton's Uncle Pierre. Woodward himself came from a family of horse-drawn taxi-drivers and he still made much of the family hack.

But Smith was found dead outside a credit union with a $2 IOU in his throat, obviously the work of Sandy Kass. Only two weeks ago I had tried to nail Kass with a chair rap after Kathy Carney (Balcony Bess) and Dick "Dildo" Betts were found dead of a heavy dose of Terminal Animal Act in the back row of the Studio during a showing of the Stewardesses.

They had pencils in their throats, a trademark of Kass, but the DA pointed out that the Teutonic humor of Lesley Krueger, star reporter for the Daily Planet, could have demanded revenge for the theft of her Lowenbrau by Sandi Shreve, the phantom of Phleet Street.

I knew that Krueger had joined forces with Vaughn Palmer's Mormon gang to wipe out the Palm Springs Health Spa, but my evidence would never have stood up in court. Neither would Krueger; she never stood up anywhere.

But Palmer had been leaning on handsome Lance Schendlinger against a column in Pat Fitzgerald's movie studio, where Mike Gidora's Jersey Jock syndicate had paid Gord Gibson for a nudie flick with John Gibbs.

Meanwhile, Ginny Galt, the baroness of booze, had knifed Fat Freddy Cawsey, the singing skag salesman and pformer pfage pfriday pfersonality, in the latter's lacerated larynnx.

Kini McDonald, Daryl Tan and Daryel Erickson, who were responsible for the technical side of Gidora's porno film, had been offed by Art Smolensky, who had wanted the ccontract all along, even though he shuttered at the prospect of sharing the loot with Brian Loomes, the mastermind behind the John Twigg kidnapping case.

Twigg had branched into his own extortion racket after being double-crossed by Stan Persky, who funnelled his share into Conrad Winkelman's sand factory.

Winkelman's gang, headed by Lamont Cranston, Tom Stafford, and Raymond Chandler, had all been taken for a ride by Kent Spencer. "Crazylegs" Spencer worked on his own, and since he had only a learner's licence, it wasn't hard for Maureen Sager and Secret Squirrel to push him off a cliff near the notorious Gary Gruenke ranch, the scene of the Sue Kennedy-Brian Sproule yo-yo murders.

Everybody thought Maurice Binge and Bev Gelfond had died in the crash, but I knew they were recuperating at Metropolitan Major General under the eye of Dr. Mike Goodman and Pops the janitor.

Their shattered skulls were all that kept them from getting five to 10 for their parts in the slaying of baseball bigwig Warren Mayes, so I knew they'd never talk.

Most of my contacts were dead, or reasonably facsimiled, so my only hope of closing the case was to talk to Plommer.

I dropped into her penthouse in Marpole late Monday. Without a word about the hole in her ceiling, she sailed over to me with open arms, my scanty negligee revealing more than any red-blooded American woman could take sitting down.

Fortunately, she came from Rwanda. I remained erect and demanded to know what her letter meant.

"We can't talk here," she breathed, and led me to a darkened room with soundproof walls and a floor so cunningly laid that no matter where you stood, it was always under your feet.

I heard the soft rustle of cloth falling to the floor and made a mental note to have Paul repair my negligee. But Leslie wasn't listening; with an almost imperceptible gesture she flicked a switch hidden in the armpit of her motorcycle jacket and two of her strong-arms appeared in the room.

John Kula and Jim Joly! I had thought they were through when Bernie Bischoff had pulled the old "spitball-behind-the-door" trick on them five months ago. But there they were, in the flesh, and ready to kill.

I had to think fast. Spotting a Laurence Leader paperback entitled "Playgrounds I Have Frequented" near the desk lamp, I picked it up and quickly thumbed through it.

Finding the worst pun in the book near chapter five, I hurled it at the two thugs, hitting them square in their eye.

I whipped out my pistol and pointed the loaded barrel at the crestfallen Plommer.

"Now, sweetie, suppose you tell me what this is all about," I snarled. And she did.

In five minutes I had heard the entire story of her feud with Mike Sasges, the Snooker Czar, who had hoped to chalk up another 10 grand by hiring Jim Adams as a double agent.

But Adams had sent me a letter just before he had died, signing Plommer's name to it. Holding the letter under the infra-red desklamp, I found what I had suspected all along: "The pun of my aunt is in the masthead of my uncle," Adams had cracked.

"Sorry, babe, but even Shane McCune couldn't solve this one," I laughed. The next day I mailed the casebook to David Bowerman, along with a can of Ken-L-Rations.

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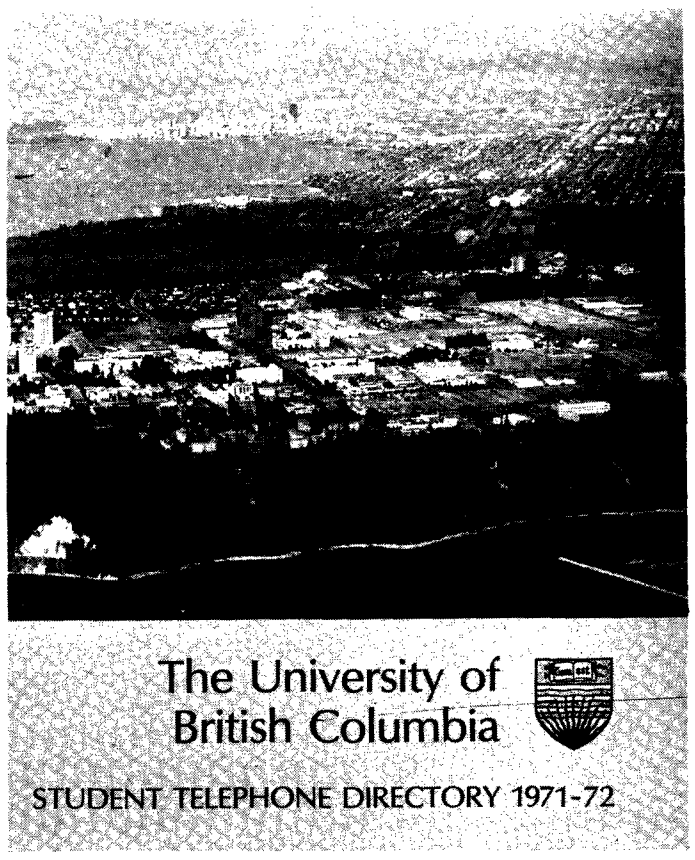

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In the year of the dog: Secret Squirrel & animal show

By LESLEY KRUEGER and SANDI SHREVE

China had its year of the dog, but all UBC could lay claim to was a year of blowhards, blunders, blues and squirrels.

Not that the people and the things voluntarily divide themselves among these categories, which are uncomplimentary at best. But when given a little push they just seem to naturally fall into place.

For instance . . .

Prime among the blunders were those made by department heads in their efforts to retain some degree of autocracy within their departments.

These efforts were mainly in the field of promotion and tenure. The perpetrators were anthropology-sociology head Cyril (Bwana) Belshaw, English head Robert Jordan, Slavonic studies' Bogdan Czaycowski and psychology head Edro Signori. Overseeing the whole animal show was arts dean Doug Kenny.

Belshaw started off the year in fine style by recommending against tenure for junior professors Ron Silvers and Matthew Speiers, despite the vote in their favor by faculty members.

Belshaw finally decided in his own favor and both Speiers and Silver were axed. The department members then voted 30-8 to reconsider the cases but were overruled by Belshaw again. They voted to call in the Canadian Association of University Teachers to arbitrate the dispute. That's how the situation still stands: the two junior profs are still axed, CAUT is supposedly still coming and rumor having it that Belshaw is still smirking in his office.

Psychology department head Signori had his groubles trying to get rid of two of his profs – Carol Marx and Mike Humphries. But this time the dissention came mainly from their students.

Marx and Humphries are reputedly good teachers. Good teachers are hard to find (in case you hadn't noticed). Therefore, the psychology graduate students banded together to try and force a reconsideration of the cases. They, er, failed.

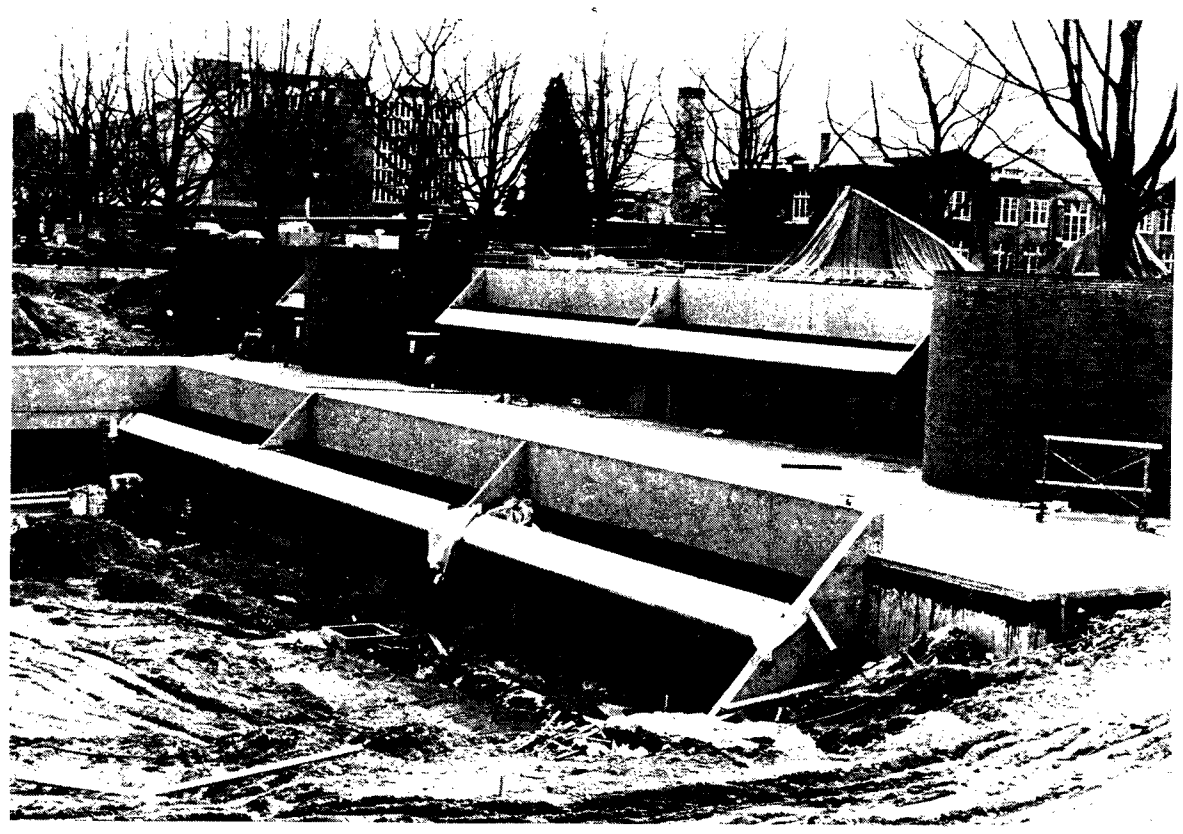
In the Slavonic studies department it was Vera Reck and Catherine Leach who got fired. Frank Beardow was demoted from assistant prof to lecturer. Raymond Chandler has it from reputable sources that Czaycowski was responsible. Why? Graduate students in the department spearheading the protest against the firings say all are good teachers and have respectable publishing records. Czaycowski isn't talking.

Seymour Levitan was dismissed from the English department by head Robert Jordan. Support from students was notable, support from other faculty members was lacking. There has been no reversal of the decision.

To some the protests have seemed to be an exercise in futility. The profs are all out, the heads are still in.

But it will not be so easy next time.

Contributing to this was the printing of secret memos from the department heads – notably Jordan – to arts dean Doug Kenny. They revealed the inner workings of the English department and exposed the reasons behind the tenure decisions, regarded as many as shaky at best. This non-confidence in Jordan, and the other heads, will make it more difficult to continue the rule of cronyism and thus more difficult to get rid of good profs because of inter-faculty political differences. Although, God knows, there are few enough good profs left to get rid of.



NEW SEDGEWICK LIBRARY takes shape on butchered main mall. Crowded conditions continued in 1971-72, with promise of relief only in a few areas such as the library and earth sciences.

One other administration blunder that has failed to escape our notice is the construction of the new Walter Gage residences.

Thrusting their obscene orange fungi-like fingers into the sky right outside The Ubyssey office window, they are a prime example of poor planning. Six students, all of one sex, are supposed to exist communally. Sharing a kitchen, living room and dining area, the six students each have their own room – and their own rent of $75 per month. As a reader pointed out, this brings the communal rent to $450 per month – about the rent of some of the better houses in Vancouver. They could better have used the money for an, er, library.

Speaking of which, there's that eyesore slowly sinking into the soil beside Sedgewick. The Sedgewick library extention started a year ago and is set to be finished a year hence. Until then, we can look at the "lovely" old houses of frat row . . . maybe.

Vancouver real estate developer Frank Stanzl obtained the option to buy three frat houses. He plans to build "habitat-like" residences for students and faculty if he manages to buy out the fraternities before April 15.

At this point in the blunders, the UBC Thunderbird football team comes, uh, tearing in. They managed to win three games this year, which is some sort of a record, but discontinued the trophy game played every year between UBC and SFU. Scores of 60-0 are pretty discouraging.

Speaking of the downtrodden, the federal government has imposed a tax on the earnings of already poverty-stricken TA's. Reductions to the tune of $22 to $30 per month will be levied on TA's paychecks since the federal government has decided to re-classify some previously non-taxable scholarships, bursaries and fellowships as taxable income. They will be reimbursed in June but, until then, thirty bucks is quite a chunk for Uncle Pierre to hold in trust.

Numbered among the blowhards are Conrad Schwartz and the Student's Coalition 'biggies'.

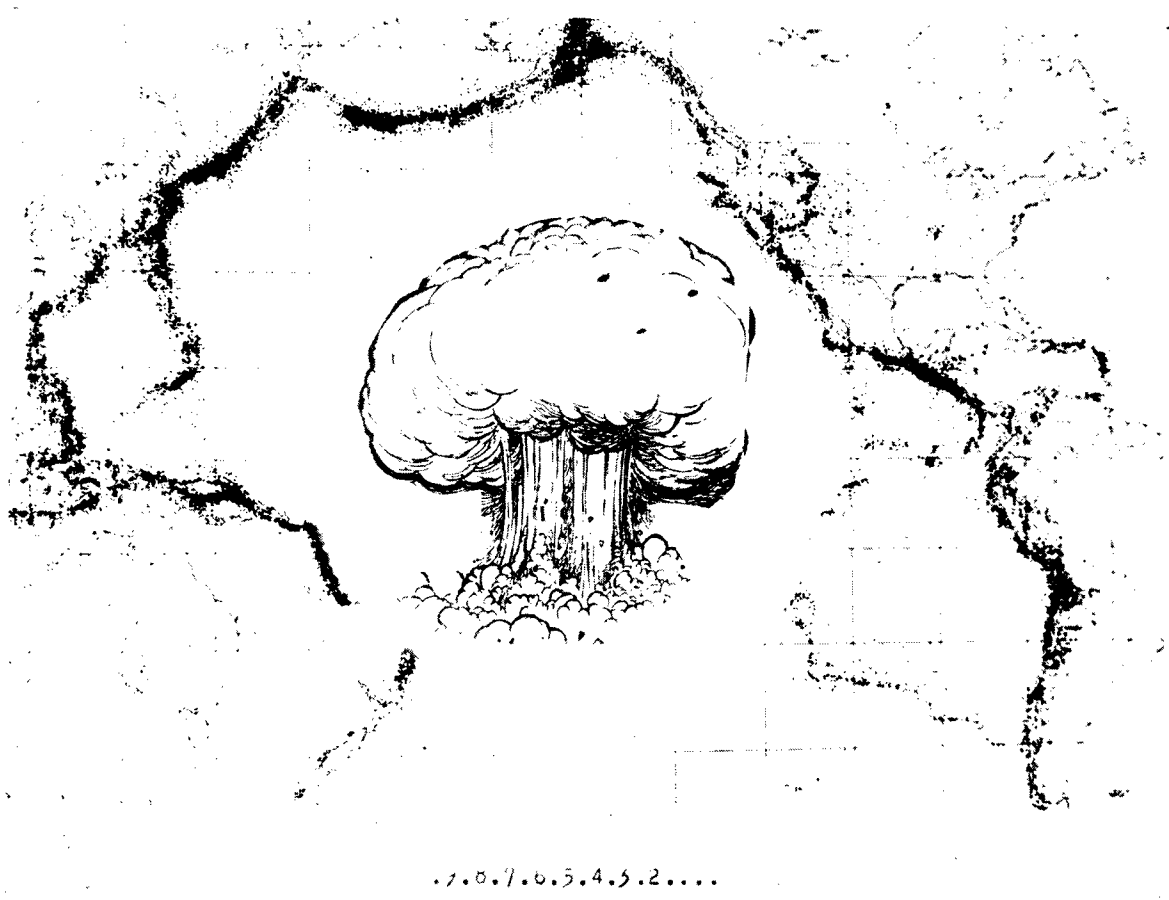
Health services psychiatrist Schwartz kicked off the year with interviews concerning marijuana, users' memories, concentration and sex lives. Not only did these personal questions arouse ire among students but the principal investigator of the UBC Medical Faculty Research into Marijuana team was moved to denounce it as an independent study that was never approved by UBC or the necessary federal or provincial agencies.

And even the university administration displayed its concern by conducting an investigation into the matter. The Committee on Research Involving Human Subjects submitted Schwartz's questionnaire to a screening process to ensure it did not invade the privacy of students and then resolved the issue by demanding he modify his interrogation.

What happened to Schwartz is left to speculation but it is safely assumed he continued his activities with the consent of unsuspecting students acting as his guinea pigs and confirmed his already defiant stance against marijuana, alleging it is used only by the very insecure, emotionally immature, passive, lonely, socially-ill-at-ease and distrustful individuals.

In October Cecil Green, the founder of Texas Instruments Ltd. which nets a profit of about $30 million per year from selling war materials to the Pentagon, awarded the UBC alumni association $60,000.

Despite protests that UBC doesn't need American blood money to finance guest speakers (the purpose of Green's donation) the gift was accepted and used to convince Americans such as David Rose from the Massachusettes Institute of Technology and Nobel Peace Prize winner Tuzo



DIAGRAMMATIC REPRESENTATION of philosophy behind Amchitka protest symbolized concern of many cavalier attitude of Pentagon toward Pacific Rim safety. Dots represent earthquake zone.

Wilson to visit UBC and educate Canadian students.

As to who are the bigger blowhards – Green or his UBC alumni cohorts – has yet to be discovered.

It is difficult to categorize the Student's Coalition strictly as perpetrators of the blues. They could be as aptly thrust under the heads of Blunders and Blowhards. But the fact that they turned out to be such blunderers and blowhards is enough to warrant giving them top billing in the Blues category.

It all began on Oct. 28. The Human Government, then the Alma Mater Society executive, fulfilled its original promise of holding a referendum to see if students wanted them to remain in office for a full term.

The students ousted the Human Government and in the process voted against the SUB expansion plans. And to replace Human Government, students elected the Student's Coalition.

And the blues struck.

The SC executive was mostly acclaimed – the only exceptions were president Grant Burnyeat and secretary Hillary Powell who ran on a campaign of changing the budget.

They alleged the Human Government was determined to destroy clubs and intramurals. In point of fact, however the HG allotted a total of $5,000 to clubs (which by January had squandered the money and had to be placed under the guidance of the finance committee) and also gave them first priority on the January margin.

And intramurals were given $3,500 and the promise of sharing first priority on the budget with clubs should they not raise more money on their own before December.

The SC slate falsely charged the HG with loaning the Georgia Straight $5,000 and donating $12,000 to the Unemployed Citizens Welfare Improvement Council. But the HG only gave the UCWIC $2,000 and the Georgia Straight loan was never made.

The Ubyssey printed corrections to the SC allegations in its October 26 issue but 13,000 copies of that paper was stolen in an engineers' stunt.

As a result of the campaign tactics the SC contenders were elected over independent contenders for the positions.

HG did not enter the contest because of the referendum results.

In December the SC completed negotiations for the first union contract for its staff. (The negotiations were begun by Human Government, in August 1971.)

Some controversy surrounded treasurer David Dick's hiring of negotiator Ken Martin at $200 per day – without council approval. However, when he later took the issue to finance committee his action was approved.

Although council members objected to not having been consulted in the matter, they voted to ratify the negotiations in January.

This marked a big step forward for campus office workers' unionization.

The next SC move was Dick's attempts at imposing a $5 student fee increase for next year.

The matter went to a referendum in February and was wholeheartedly rejected by the students. A pat on the back for the voters at least.

A major charge against the SC was that it failed to accomplish anything in the line of organizing campus daycare and refused to open SUB 24 hours a day even on a trial basis.

However it did manage to begin negotiations to buy the administration food services and start a SUB expansion scheme.

Thus a second SC slate, headed by Doug Aldridge (engineering) for president and Gordon Blankstein (agriculture) was elected as next year's executive in the February 3 elections.

In March two racist Red Rags appeared on campus bringing UBC's name to the fore in Vancouver's daily press. Everyone wanted to know who wrote the jokes but no one would tell – including the Engineering Undergraduate Society whose equipment was used to print the newsletters.

Although the AMS held a press conference in conjunction with the EUS (president this year being none other than next year's AMS president Doug Aldridge) nothing was accomplished.

Burnyeat, speaking on behalf of the AMS, apologized for the publications and theorized about how it all came to happen. Aldridge, speaking on behalf of the EUS, claimed the engineers believed the whole issue was no one else's business and thus should not have met with any criticism at all.

The result has been several faculty council meetings to decide on a course of action, which has yet to be announced.

The math department took some positive action in supporting the 10 professors who cancelled engineers' math classes until they could be held in rooms other than those in the civil engineering building.

And there the issue stood, stands and forever more shall be.

Which brings us to the squirrel.

And who could we be talking about but our very own Constable S.F. (Secret Squirrel) Leach. Notable for his aimless wanderings around campus, Secret Squirrel has been seen everywhere from Memorial Gym (where he watched the Thunderbird men's basketball team win the Canadian championship, and missed the women doing the same thing) to the SUB pool hall.

In SUB he was seen nonchalently swinging his shotgun while investigating a false alarm at the Bank of Montreal, thinking, no doubt, of his similar fruitless investigation of the Case of the Stolen Ubysseys some months before.

As he strode up the stairways he was reputedly asked to describe this year at UBC.

It is rumoured he belched.

Right on, Secret Squirrel.

THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE representatives Steve Garrod and David Mole, above, enter council on the night of their defeat in referendum they called to test student reaction to their policies. Later the new choice of the fickle people – Students' Coalition – shuffled to office under leader Doug Aldridge, below, a man who reputedly couldn't stumble to the men's can on a busy night at the pub.

Continued bitterness in poli sci

By ALLAN ROBBINS and SCOTT FAST

The following article, written by two PhD students in the political science department, attempts to analyze current department disputes over the issue of student participation in department decision making.

As we limp toward the end of another academic year, any cursory review of recent campus events finds elite rule still intact but shaken.

Members of a number of departments have been through protracted conflicts this year, the casualties of which are familiar by name to readers of The Ubyssey. Less famous is the continued bitterness which attends the day-to-day operations of the department of political science.

The department is like others in broad outline, and still has something of a unique character.

It is a department that students have never been involved in running, and, paradoxically, a department whose faculty members, until the beginning of last year, believed themselves to be more progressive than its students. Students are not now nearer any form of co-management, but the undeniably reactionary ethos brought out by a year-long student democractization push has at least stopped pious faculty prattling about being progressive.

Political science resembles other departments in its routine sub-field battle over scarce resources like new staff and new courses (the winners: international relations and Asian studies; the losers; political theory, comparative study of advanced industrial societies). It also has its share of deadwood, tenured senior faculty who would not now merit appointment at a junior level. And the dominance of senior men (the department employs no women save for three secretaries) over junior men severely restricts the range of variations in how the younger men may approach their work.

The department, like UBC generally, attracts those whose commitments are neither to the university nor to their students, but rather to themselves. Unencumbered by a tradition of quality teaching or service to the university community, members of the department of political science typically cultivate a minute area of expertise and parlay it – in the best American fashion – into an academic career.

Relations between faculty members are pleasant enough, but hardly very satisfying; There can be no best friends on a staff of senior mean and junior men, nor among competitors. In these ways the department resembles most others of which we are aware.

Political science is unique, we think, in its remarkable capacity to delude otherwise intelligent and perceptive adults into acceptance of its fundamentally perverse nature. The language used to achieve this mystification is replete with terms like "community" and "membership" (students have never been considered to be "members" of the department); the attempt is to persuade junior men that they have an identity of interests with their superiors.

Each year we find younger men repeating the approved formulations with a forced sincerity indicative of a precarious personal claim on the tenure system. The giveaway that what is happening is an orchestrated performance rather than an authentic personal attempt to come to grips with a complex issue is the utter absence of any principled defence of the faculty position.

We do not want to repeat what Rob Stevens has described at some length in his history of attempting to prod faculty toward sustained thought. (The Ubyssey, March 23). Suffice it to say that most experienced graduate students doubt that the newly-converted junior faculty would, if left alone, invent such an authoritarian line on the issue of departmental governance. In any case, even if they were to do so, they would have the intelligence to construct defences.

Political science, then, has a long history of poor faculty-grad student relations. This carries over into the academic side of things as well: The department has never granted a PhD, and loses as much as 80 per cent of its yearly influx of MA students to a decline in interest. The student desire for a healthy share of decision-making power on all matters of consequence in the department has been resisted by an effective, if unimaginative, scheme of quasi-encouragement of "moderate" student elements, while identifying a bewildering variety of graduate students as dangerous ringleaders, manipulators and malcontents.

Thus far the "moderate" students – i.e., those who, while disliking the present arrangements, simply want to leave as quickly as possible – have not been a serious force on behalf of any position in the dispute.

Occasionally all these background factors and historical conditions flash together in a particularly revealing setting. Graduate student Jack Miller put the machinery of the "Faculty-Graduate Student Seminar" in motion for an afternoon's consideration of "'Current Departmental Issues". The meeting took place Friday, March 24 and was a bitter continuation of past confrontations.

See page 20: SECRECY

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Worn out Maclown's editors: Where are they now?

Anne Murray on the yellowing of Nancy Greene

Lloyd Robertson and the new schmuckismo

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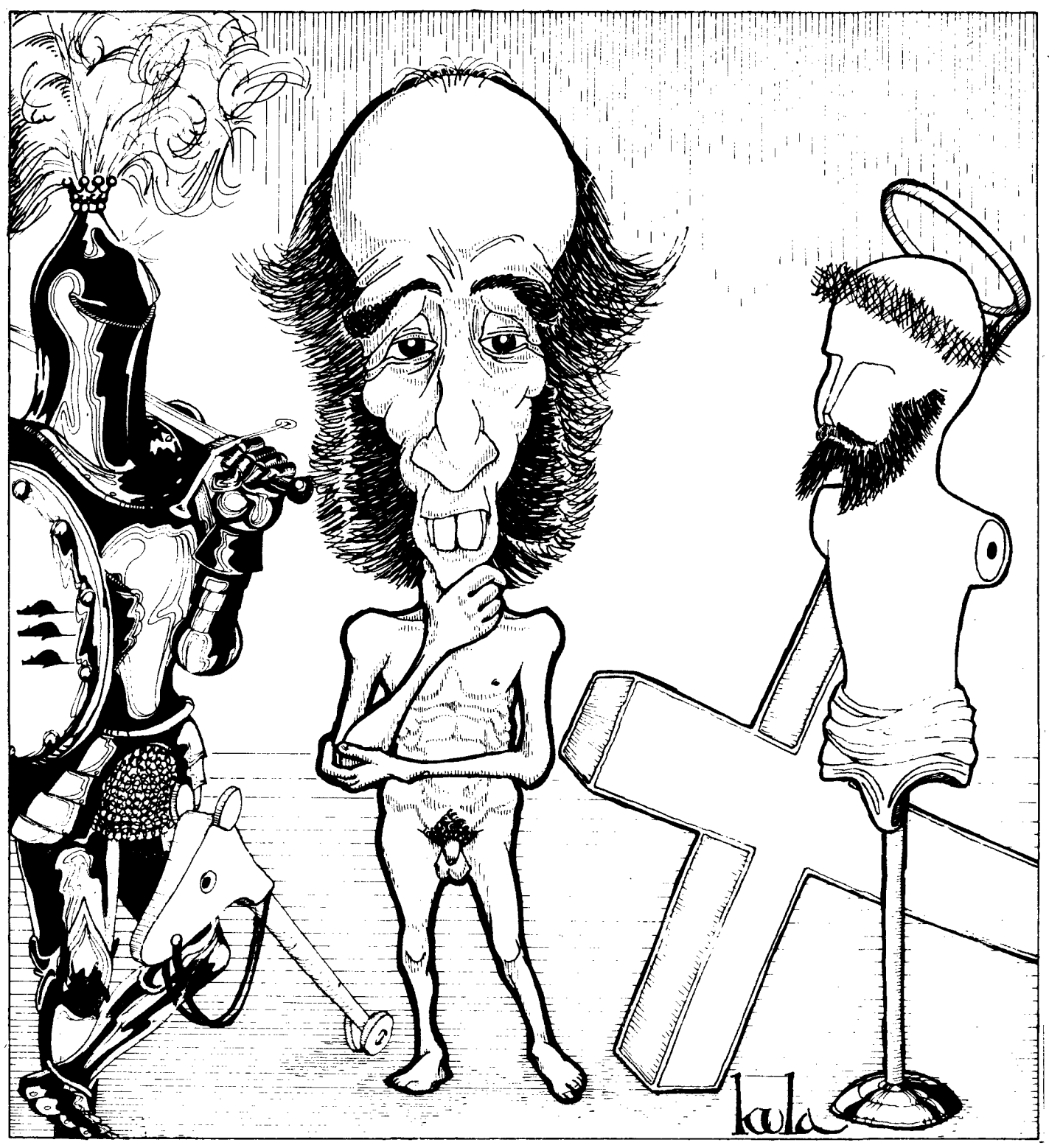
Maclown's



PIERRE ELLIOTT TRUDEAU: hero or saviour?

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THE VIEW FROM HERE
BY PETER THE NEW MAN

From Bonavista to Vancouver Island and Beyond

It has been very nearly one year since I first caught the torch of the editorship of Canada's marginal magazine, so deftly thrown to me by my friend Phil Sykes. In those early days, as I gingerly grasped the reins of power, I predicted in these pages in what now seems a moment of caution, that under my tenure I expected Maclown's would continue to renew and embellish its sacred contract the people of Canada.

For it was my vision, then as now, and as always will be, that it was the purpose of Maclown's to provide that delicate link, uniting the disparate parts of this young giant astride this vast continent, this magnificent diverse creation which we call Canada.

As I said, my prediction was cautious, for regardless of the difficulties facing me, and they were formidable, I have succeeded in my appointed task. From Bonavista to Vancouver Island; how well I remember that phrase. But I swore Canada would be my beat, Canadian unity would be my scoop, and the future of this country would be my deadline.

For no sacrifice, can or ever will be, too great in uniting this behemoth, this Canada. Not that Maclown's has or can take a position on this issue, but we feel it is our purpose to provide a forum so those Canadians from all parts of the country, regardless of politics can show just how wrong they are.

My success, and Maclown's success has been echoed by major and diverse figures of our time; by Pierre Trudeau and Gerard Pelletier, by Allan Blakeney and Ed Schreyer, by Ramsey Cook and Donald Creighton, and yes by extremists from right and left, such as Bill Davis, and Claude Ryan.

And from those harsh friends of mine, Canada's journalists, have come accolades for my success. From Pierre Berton, Peter Gzowski and Stu Keate, from Jack McClelland and Betty Kennedy, and even from that crusty old curmudgeon of Canadian journalism, Gordon Sinclair, I received assurance that Maclown's has done its job.

Now comes the time, when once I have assessed the past, to look to the future, to set new goals. For I think it can hardly be said that the second half of the twentieth century belongs to Canada.

My search for goals, I think, is best typified by a conversation I had with my friend Fred Davis in a quaint cafe atop Place Ville Marie in Montreal last month.

As we talked in quiet tones, I realized for the first time in my life that here was a man, an astute commentator on the Canadian political scene, a man who understands the complex fabric from which our curious polity is woven, and a man who perhaps could help me in my desire to relate Maclown's and Canada to the galactic social milieu.

"Fred," I said, "as an astute commentator on the Canadian political scene, and as a man who might truly be said to have his fingers on the pulse of the nation, and as a friend of mine, can you tell me, how I, as editor of Canada's marginal and only magazine can relate and illuminate the role of Canada in the world, and, on a higher level, in the Universe?"

And Fred Davis, that beacon of progressive thought, looked at me across the table, his steely brown eyes seeming to peer inside the very fabric of my existence, and in careful considered tones, with a spirit mirroring all that has made this country what it is today answered: "Peter, I dunno."

THE VIEW FROM THERE
BY ANN CRONY

Apres Moi C'est les Meme Deux Nations

The recent selection, by Bob Stanfield, leader of the National Progressive Conservative party, of a Quebec leader for his troubled party, is a welcome step on the rocky road towards creating, once again, one of our national traditions: a two-party system.

Stanfield's choice, carefully considered these last few months as we hurtle toward the inevitable federal election, was Arnauld Gregoire Pheobe-Gladys De Pamplemousse, five times Rhinoceros party candidate for alderman in the Eastern Quebec village of Ti Christ Sur la Merde.

It was not an easy choice, in fact one laboured over at the national level for some time now. Just last month, my sources tell me, it was rumored that Stanfield had struck a deal with the CBC whereby a national celebrity and TV personality would take *le metier.* But though Gordie Tapp was seen walking down Sherbrooke Street wearing a toque, plaid jacket, gumboots, and whistling Alouette, apparently the deal collapsed at the last minute.

De Pamplemousse first came to national prominence, and hence to Stanfield's eye during the tragic War Measures crisis of October, 1970. In a fit of righteous indignation he singlehandedly turned in *les noms* of 47 suspected FLQ terrorists to the local branch of the Quebec Provincial Police. He was later discredited when it was discovered that all 47 suspects, incarcerated in the Ti Christ jail, were in fact Liberal party members. (Though all had had confessions extracted.)

But as Bob Stanfield says, with that little laugh that has made him famous, "at least his heart was in the right place."

De Pamplemousse, is a fat balding five footer, who formerly played hockey as a utility man for the Montreal Canadiens fifth-string farm club, in the Laurentian town of Constipee. His youth (56) plus his link with the province's beloved flying Frenchmen makes him a natural for laying the party's platform before *les Quebecois.*

A lover of politics, as are all Quebecois, De Pamplemousse eagerly looks forward to hitting the hustings, having fond memories of tort bees of his youth. Already he is gathering a list of rivers unbridged, roads unpaved, and towns without a new federal building.

Questioned on the Conservatives' policy on federalism, his pale blue eyes sparkle and a wry smile comes over his face. "You know my frien," he says in quaint broken *Anglais,* "here in Quebec we have saying, which I think someup the whole problem: *Apres moi, c'est les meme Deux nations,"* Then his massive (260 lbs.) frame heaves with laughter.

De Pamplemousse's dilemma reminds me of an old joke which sifted around this most curious province in the early sixties, and which I think adequately sums up the federalism-provincialism crisis here.

If the FBI guards Kennedy, and the KGB guards Krushchev, who guards De Gaulle? Jacques Plante!!!!

Exactement.

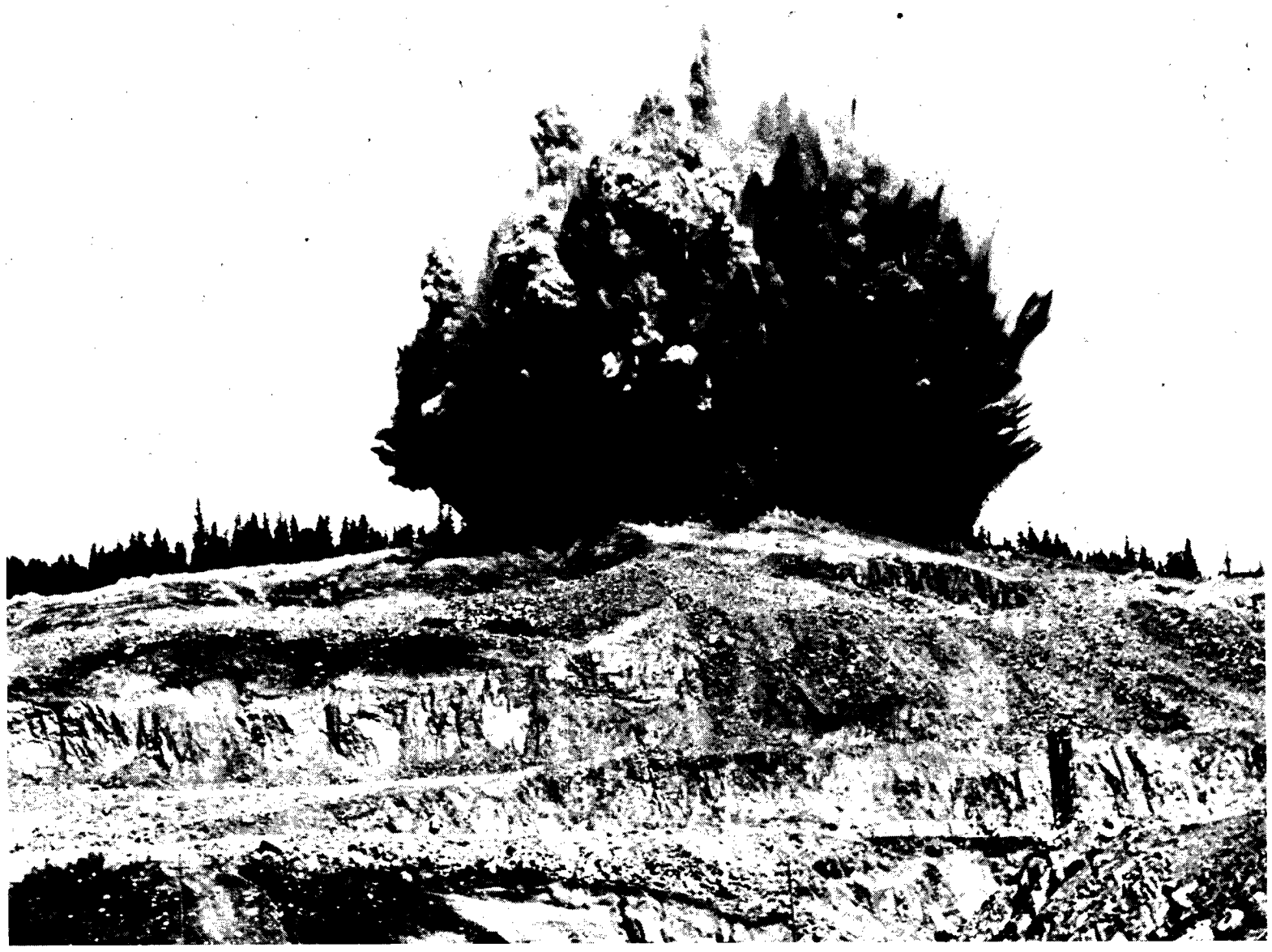
THE VIEW FROM EVERYWHERE

Congratulations to Peter the New Man on his inauguration one year ago as editor of Maclown's. We are sure this will bring about many improvements in this magazine and offer him our whole-hearted support in doing this. We have noticed that new blood often revitalises an old organization. Such has recently been the case with Moores in Newfoundland, Davis in Ontario and Lougheed in Alberta. We are sure that you will follow their example. We can only hope that I will.

DERRIL WARREN

continued on page 6

Richard Nixon's Canada



Canada.

Boiling surf on a grey-bleak Newfoundland shore. The far-off echo of a night train's whistle in the heat on an Ontario summer night. Miles of fading wheat stubble and the scurrying figure of a badger across the snowy half-light of a prairie morning. Wild-flower afternoons in the meadows of the Rockies.

I guess I've circled the globe more than a few times, lived more than a few lives when you get right down to it. But behind it all, lies my vision of Canada.

Not just a great country, not just an obsolete country, but a rapacious and humble country.

And more than anything else, this vision brings me back to this country: back for yet another healing dip into the natural resources of a patient and humble land; back for a glimpse into a culture I like to think I've played an infinitesimal part in shaping; back, in short, to the state that, although clinging tenaciously to a rugged life, has never failed me in hours of a spiritual need deeper than the craters on the wind-swept islands of the northern Pacific.

This is Canada, the real Canada. Nation of dreamers — only waiting to grind their teeth against the harsh realities of a northern sleep.

So at the risk of drowning in self-indulgence — an unfortunate fate all too common among those of us with the artist's eye for the many faces of life — let me tell a brief tale of this land, one which sums up, I think, the canuck spark.

Some years back, around the time this country was signing a defence treaty with its giant neighbor to the south, a man named Lester Pearson met a man named John Kennedy. They liked each other immediately. Both had a vision.

"Mr. Kennedy," said Lester Pearson, "have you heard the one about the unemployed frog who sat in a slum pond from sunrise to sunset?"

"Mr. Pearson," said John Kennedy, "I don't give a good God damn. Just sign, for Chrissake, and go home."

Lester Pearson was only one man among many Canadians, but his spirit is born of the land and the people, a wavering candle flame buffeted by the seas of time and history.

And so it is with Canada, a place, above all, to raise finger on high in thanks to the Creator and the created.

As I sit here in my rustic cabin, far from the scurry of a Medicine Hat business day, far from the office and the telephones and the lunchpails, I look back on the honeycomb of a Canadian future and on to the pounding waves and the twisted arbuterus trees on the small off-shore island.

It begins to snow, as I sit here, great thick flakes of the stuff, covering the hamlet of Lethbridge, silencing all, cleansing all.

And it occurs to me, as the fire burns low in the grate, that this piece of the globe is like that snow — wet, yet resiliant and hopeful.

I begin to know, in the darkling-spangled realms of a consciousness too dim to remember, that the words spoken by John Kennedy are still alive in the hearts of Canadians.

"Mr. Pearson, I don't give a good God damn. Just sign, for Chrissake, and go home."

Home. Home to ice. Windy-locked waters. Sleet. Mountains. A boy winding houseward with a small dead rat. Burning sun. Bonanza. Coca cola. The pause that refreshes.

And through all this I know that I will sign, that I will, once again, go home.

PIERRE, SANDY, PETER, PHIL, ETC.

The Bluntwick Hotel in downtown Toronto is a seedy little joint, no more or less flea-infested than other flophouses across the country. Pushing through the heavy outside doors, you are immediately struck by the smells of stale beer and urine, and, if it is not your day, maybe a crazed drunk as well. But there is something different here. There on the beverage room floor lies a stack of Comfortable Pews, two for 29 cents. And from the corner, a curiously engaging conversation catches your ear.

"Okay, Peter, I'll trade you a review of your book in my magazine for a Poppycock feature on me in your magazine."

"Hold it, Bob, I left Maclown's, I think."

"No, I meant Newman. But now that you mention, maybe you got some pull yet at Weekend and could swing something for me there . . ."

"Be quiet, all of you." A new voice. "I have some good radio time to swap for, maybe, a weekly column someplace."

"Not interested. Hey, Pierre, can you get me on Front Page Challenge. I could use the exposure and . . ."

The conversation fades. But there they are: Berton, Fulford, Gzowski, Ross, Batten, Spears, New Man, Lefolii, Sykes, Templeton, the cream of Canadian journalism, the Our Gang of the media, the greatest circle-jerk in Canadian history. It's enough to make maple leaves sprout in your navel.

Some people might say, "Who cares?" Some people might not. But we at Maclown's care. Stories of national interest, that's what we're all about. Later, standing beside me on top of a dead drunk at the urinal, Peter Gzowski explains.

"So you want to do a feature on Maclown's Editors — Where Are They Now? Didn't I suggest that? Maybe it was Sandy? No matter, as you can see, we're all here today. Oh, we've been other places, most people have. But something, something nebulous, difficult to pin down but very powerful, keeps drawing us back."

"Easy money, perhaps?"

"Could be. But I think it's more than that. Don't you, Phil?" Sykes has joined us and is standing on the drunk's face.

"Sure. I mean I tried working in other places but the best I could get with my qualifications was landscape gardening in Sudbury."

Sandy Ross, now perched on the inebriate's knees, concurs. "I went back to Vancouver when I heard I might be able to get a crack at Ubyssey editor. I did that once and it was a bit of a lark. But it didn't work out this time, so here I am again."

"Friendship, that's a big part of it," says New Man, who is struggling to stay on the rubby's toes.

EDITOR SYKES in Sudbury

"Yes, and kickback for past favors," Fulford adds as he climbs onto the shoulders of Gzowski and Sykes.

As Spears, Templeton and Lefolii enter and build up the pyramid, I wonder aloud about the gathering at the Bluntwick this day.

"It's a regular meeting," says Berton, who refuses to join the pyramid unless he can be on top. "You see, every once in a while we get together and cut a deck of cards to decide who'll be next Maclown's editor. It seems the fairest way of handling a difficult problem."

Sykes remarks that he has already won twice, Gzowski and Templeton once each. But there are consolation prizes, says Fulford: editorships at the Toronto Star, Canadian, Weekend, or Saturday Night; consultantships at McClelland and Stewart; countless columns and radio spots; television, you name it.

"We were thinking of going to the labor relations board to get Toronto declared a closed shop," says New Man. "But then we figured, why make it official?"

Indeed.

HERO OR SAVIOUR?

Two eminent Canadians comment on the value of PET to CA-NA-DA

By Joe Borowski

Historians 50 years from now are likely to look back on the period in which Canadians now find themselves and say that it was indeed one of the most profound in our history. Torn between an ephemeral giant to the south and an equally insidious cancer within, our country's leaders have been placed in a difficult, if not downright unenviable, position.

For a time the feeble meanderings of Lester Pearson and his renegade predecessor filled with despair those of us who make our living commentating on the listing of the Canadian ship of state.

Amidst the optimism of our centennial year, stresses and strains between Anglais and Quebeckers threatened to tear apart the very fabric of our nation. Then, charismatically, as if in answer to our insipid blubbering, a man appeared who gave us a renewed sense of national identity and purpose. That man was Pierre Elliott Trudeau.

There are those who attribute a kind of supernatural quality to Trudeau, maintaining that he is in fact a "saviour" sent from heaven to suture a wounded national psyche. But, analytically speaking, I think it is more accurate to say that Trudeau has attained the grandiose dimensions of a national "hero", come to Canada to mend our deeply-torn national fabric.

What, then, does Trudeau signify to the average Canadian. What does Henry McMaple from Bushtit, Ontario stand to derive from the stewardship of a man who manages to calm nervous stockholders and strike terror into the hearts of dangerous terrorists at the same time? Certainly the pipe-smoking armchair politicians of our nation may gripe and lean to more radical solutions to our national dilemma, but one has only to watch the prime minister swing through a whistle-stop tour of Northern Labrador to know that this is no ordinary man. In the faces of the smiling prosperous children and in the busy main streets of smalltown Canada one can sense a spirited flowing of all that is good in being Canadian. Without malicious intent, it is indeed possible to draw a comparison between these images and the sour-faced, ragged elements who gather to voice their psychologically-inspired discontent wherever opposition politicians go.

Trudeau himself takes a characteristically candid, yet unequivocally devil-may-care, view of all this. In my conversations with him I have been struck by his accommodating manner, but at the same time I sense a kind of aloofness, as if this giant of a man were preparing to go out and slay yet another dragon. There is something unreachable about him, and I was reminded, one day as we dined at 24 Sussex Drive, the prime minister's stately residence, that this was the man who had spent long years of self-examination in Tunisian bordellos and among Lebanese camel thieves. Can a man who once conquered 15 women in the course of a night at a Yugoslavian resort *really* learn to forget American imperialism and love Canada?

As we crossed the hall from the dining room to the parlor, I assiduously asked him whether he ever regretted trading the safe life in Montreal's fashionable Westmount district for the perilous helmsmanship of the ship of state. "Well," he replied, with a characteristic Gallic shrug, "you can lead a horse to water but you can never make him drink." This, I reflected, was a measure of true heroism. A man who shows no kindness toward animals is hardly fit to conduct surgery on a Canada whose wounds are, if not mortal, deep enough to paralyze our nation to the point of stagnation in the years to come.

By Morton Shulman

Four years have come and gone since Pierre Elliott Trudeau appeared out of nowhere and surprised the pundits by taking over the prime ministership of the federal Liberals.

At that time there was an almost saintlike aura about him and the masses crowded about His feet in solemn devotion.

Now, four years later, despite the fact He has been crucified by the media and business establishment, despite His carrying the cross of the ship of state, there are still those who consider him a saviour.

This is clearly no longer the case.

From the difficult perspective of the present, let us take a cool dispassionate look at the facts surrounding the first coming of Pierre Trudeau.

For in those days a call went out from the House of Liberal, for the elders to gather in convention in the city of Ottawa.

And to that city came politicians from many ridings, beating off in their socks by night.

And the prophets of Gallup were against them, and they were sure afraid, for the might of Ahmed Ben Stanfield threatened the land.

But lo and behold, an agent of the CIA came to them, and the glory of LBJ shone around them, and they were filled with money.

And the agent said unto them: Be not afraid, for unto you this day is chosen in the city of Ottawa a saviour, who is Pierre Trudeau.

And this shall be a sign unto you: You will find your saviour wrapped in charisma and lying amongst lawyers.

And suddenly there was with the agent a multitude of Liberals praising continentalism and saying: "Glory to LBJ in the highest, and as for Canada, sell it to the USA."

And Pierre Trudeau went throughout the land, preaching in the gymnasiums and hockey rinks, and the masses followed him.

And He saith unto them:

Verily I say unto you: There was once a cruel shepherd who abused his sheep.

And the cruel shepherd made harsh laws and saith unto the sheep,

Verily I say unto you that all sheep shall be shorn of their wool with the turning of the seasons.

And those sheep that do not produce wool will be slaughtered and roasted on a spit.

And all sheep must remain silent, except to say baaaaaaa.

Then the sheep waxed wroth, and revolted, and replaced the cruel shepherd with a kinder master.

And the new shepherd made just laws, and saith unto the sheep:

All sheep will henceforth have the right to be shorn of their wool.

And all sheep not bearing wool will be posthumously honoured.

And all sheep will have the right to say what they choose in the manner that they choose.

Then all the sheep together voiced a loyal baaaaa.

And the masses shouted "Landslide" and the forces of Ahmed Ben Stanfield were scattered, and many lost their deposits.

(There are perhaps some proselygytic indications in the preceding account that Pierre Trudeau is a saviour but the fact He is not is shown in his record since those early days.)

And later in those days false prophets went down in the land of inflation and spread ill tidings.

And the scribes and politicians plotted against Him.

And the might of Nixonius Rex threatened Him and demanded bushels of shekels in tribute.

And Pierre said: Give unto Nixon the things that are Nixon's.

So Pierre lost his shirt and went naked throughout the land.

And the people saw him, and he was exceedingly ugly and the people turned against him, both the laborer in the unemployment lines, and the farmer driven from his lands and the tycoon selling out to Nixonius Rex.

And he was smote by public opinion, and taken to a place called Parliament Hill, and there crucified.

And Pierre Trudeau looked out onon the masses, and shrugged, and said: "Fuck you, baby."

And he was seen ascending to 33,000 feet, and was transported in a cloud to a far away land, which is called Yugoslavia.

And he promised to come again, and to give a personal interview with his disciple Peter, who was last seen beating his breast, and vending his rag and crying out: "From the fury of the Tories and the godless socialists, may our good Pierre deliver us."

THE NEW SCHMUCKISMO!

BY CHRISTINA THE NEW WOMAN

Today's trend in men as embodied by groping, gentle misfit Lloyd Robertson

A couple of days ago — at a time when I was worrying the idea of the new schmuckismo around in my mind — I saw a man who by his very presence brought the whole subject into focus. It was outside a movie theatre downtown and among all the young couples waiting for the movie to begin was this guy in the prime of his young middle age, an owner of a hip leather crafts shop or custom motorcycle seats boutique maybe, brigade boots, leather jeans with front lacings and an officer's greatcoat turned up at the collar with a red cotton bandana knotted around the neck. He was lean in the manner of somebody who had just hopped off a Harley-Davidson and he had this great Latin American coloring, thick curling hair and piercing black eyes, and he looked as though, in another time, by physical prowess, he might have defended his honor against all slights. I kept staring at him until he moved his assessing gaze from the "chicks" in the line to me, in case we might have known each other, but what I was thinking would not have pleased him.

I was trying hard to figure out why it was that 10 years ago I would have considered him the handsomest man I'd seen all week and now the way he looked was somehow quaint. He was just too sexual, too cool and too machismo. He just didn't have it.

Before I go on, I'd better explain that I don't think my response was particularly unusual. I'm sure every woman in that line would have agreed that today's trend in men is schmuckismo.

What most ladies would now respond favorably to is the new schmuck — perhaps best characterized by the groping, gentle misfit, Lloyd Robertson, as he modestly stutters through The National.

To the modern man, to be schmuck, or show schmuckismo (timidity/modesty/bashfulness) is more important than anything else. A man can prove he's a schmuck in many ways — being trod upon by his boss, by his virtuous conduct with women or sincere regard for money, sobriety and good sense.

What schmuck means to the men who live by it (and to the women who suffer under it, for at its best it breeds insipid chivalry and sweaty palms and by its very nature it attempts to achieve gallantry) is illustrated in the lyrics of songs by the prototype of schmuckismo, Pat Boone.

Schmuckismo is part of the office-boy mystique of high-rises and the wave of conservatism that is sweeping the country. In true schmuck style the men of the movement from the beginning reduced women to the role of camp followers and their leaders, Tommy Smothers, Al Hamel and Dave Broadfoot only acknowledged them in the punch lines of their jokes.

Because of the rise of schmuckismo a small group of women began to trespass on the masculine preserves of door-opening, cigarette-lighting and other chivalrous activities. Now to go further with this merry theorizing. The response to aggressiveness from women has led men to display their own supremacy. In other words, at a time when sexual roles are becoming more ambiguous, certain men lean harder on their schmuckismo.

For any woman who wants to go schmuck-measuring while the schmucks are out looking for doors to open and cigarettes to light on the coming afternoons of spring, the following guidelines may help:

- The middle class male with pretensions to schmuckismo may never achieve the total schmuck look but he'll add schmuck touches to his everyday wear: a dotted bowtie, brogue shoes, starched collar and cuffs, creased grey flannels, reversible raincoat turned up at collar and in the winter, a black umbrella under arm.
- In the movies there are disappointingly few schmuck heroes: most of the new stars are rough nd tough types who abide by the adage, "Never lend your gun, your horse or your woman." But undoubtedly the greatest schmuck star of all time was Fred Astaire in Gay Divorcee with Ginger Rogers.
- Schmuck males never have men friends.
- The schmuck man tends to marry a loud, domineering, nagging woman who shortly becomes old and agressive, with lines in her forehead and a furious look about her mouth that becomes more pronounced when the schmuck comes home without a raise.
- The schmuck hero tends to call an intelligent girl who says intelligent things "a hussy who wants my job". In fact, he is usually put off by any intelligent and/or strong-minded woman (unless she happens to be his wife) because he considers her to be a threat.

For all but the truly liberated woman there is some terrible atavistic admiration for this attitude. It seems, alas and hurrah, to be programmed into the race.

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VIEW FROM EVERYWHERE/FROM PAGE 2

Gross exaggeration

I usually find that your magazine is accurate in its portrayal of my husband. Therefore, in the true spirit of liberalism, I feel I must correct a mistake made in the cover of this month's issue of Maclown's. It would be unfair and misleading to let it stand otherwise.

What I must say is this: You, sirs, are guilty of a gross exaggeration.

MARGARET SINCLAIR TRUDEAU, OTTAWA.

First refusal

My fellow Canadians: Olive, Sir John A. and myself have discussed the matter and decided that, due to your pre-eminent position in Canadian journalism (second only to the Canada edition of Time and narrowly ahead of Reader's Digest) I should offer you the right of first refusal on excerpts from my forthcoming biography of Peter The New Man, which I have tentatively titled Renegade With Distemper. Looking forward to prompt reply as I am already considering an offer from Popular Mechanics.

JOHN G. DIEFENBAKER, PRINCE ALBERT, SASK.

Editor's note: Maclown's readers who wish to know more about Mr. Diefenbaker, grand old man on the national scene, may find all they wish to know in Renegade in Power (McClelland and Stewart, $5.95 (hardcover) $1.95 (paperback) two for 29 cents (Bluntwick Hotel newsstand).

The vagaries of Vegreville

Having just, uh, completed a thorough, uh, perusal of the cover story in this issue of your respected and, uh, revered periodical, I am moved to share with you an anecdote regarding one of my most memorable experiences with, uh, the Prime Minister. It was on a day in, uh, June, or perhaps it was, uh, May in 1968 when our paths inadvertently, uh, crossed in Vegreville, Alberta. The Prime Minister invited my to join him in, uh, relaxing from the rigors of the campaign, uh, trail by paying a visit to a certain room in the Prince Edward Hotel where, uh, I gathered to, uh, put it as politely as possible, certain, uh, Liberal supporters in the area would be attending to the Prime Minister's, uh, desires. I informed him that I, uh, would be pleased to join him but would be embarrassed by a rather large, uh, hole that I had discovered in my jockey shorts that morning.

The Prime Minister understood, uh, my plight and recommended a marvellous dinner that was being served in the, uh, hotel dining room. I accepted his advice and can, uh, attest to the, uh, marvellous delicacy recommended, as I'm sure, can certain gentlemen, from, uh, Montreal to whom he, uh, recommended the same meal some time later.

ROBERT L. STANFIELD, OTTAWA

* Can anyone tell me when the Prime Minister is planning his next visit to Vegreville?

DAVID LEWIS, OTTAWA

* Can I go with you, dad?

STEPHEN LEWIS, TORONTO

*Me too.

MICHAEL LEWIS, TORONTO

* Don't forget me.

T.C. DOUGLAS, NANAIMO, B.C.

* I might have known.

W.A.C. BENNETT, VICTORIA, B.C.

* I knew it all along.

JAMES LAXER, KINGSTON, ONT.

Like a little big hawk

Dino, Frank and I were sitting around the pool at the Sands in Vegas the other day and, well, Pete baby, I was telling the gang about the hit mag you're turning out up there in the land where the buffalo once roamed free and the grass is always green. Anyway, Petey sweetheart, I told them my only beef is that you haven't interviewed me in several months about the plight of our native people, the noble redman who once watched the sun set over Burrard Inlet without looking upon the White Man's cities. So look, sweetheart, if you'd send Don Cameron or that sharp chick wife of yours down here to talk to me, my heart would soar like a hawk.

CHIEF DAN GEORGE, HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

Dual deanship?

Bravo for last month's article, "Jack Davis, Prophet or Seer?" It provides a well-needed lesson in objectivity that hopefully other magazines, both Canadian and American, will emulate. The idea of having two deans of Canadian journalism – Kay Sigurjonnsson and your own Walter Stewart – present their own thoughtful, yet basically differing views on the environment minister was first rate. It allows us, your readers, to make up our own minds about the issue by considering both sides of the question. Let's hope further articles of this sort find their way to your pages.

P.L. LAWSON, REGINA

(Ed. note: See this month's cover story, "Trudeau: Hero or Saviour?")

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FPR UBC 55

It's easy to pose liberal solutions to Canada's problems. It's easy to bugger around with parliamentary politics. It's easy to cop out.

It's a lot harder to pick up the gun and start fighting for your rights against the capitalist pig bourgeoisie who are diametrically opposed to the interests of the Canadian and Quebecois people.

But pick it up we must. If we want to achieve true liberation.

We've got to start fighting. Not just for ourselves, but for all those oppressed Canadians and Quebecois whose interest lies in armed overthrow of the Canadian government.

Because if we don't fight, nobody else will. Canada and Quebec won't be saved by knights in shining armor or manna from heaven. Only a popular uprising led by the most oppressed and colonized province of this country — Quebec — can lead to the true liberation of Canadians.

Look around you. Is there a colony **more** oppressed than Quebec? Is there a country with a smaller potential for armed uprising?

Throw off the yoke of American and Anglo-Canadian oppression, brothers and sisters of Quebec. Only you can make it happen.

Understand we can't stand Canada together.

Vive le Québec libre.

The advertising industry and your community Board or Chamber.

VIEW FROM EVERYWHERE/FROM PAGE 6

Try a little tenderness

Many thanks to your photographer for his touching picture of Margaret Trudeau and her bonny wee boy. The tender expression on our Chatelaine's face and the gurgling sweetness of baby Justin remind one of such immortal masterpieces as Da Vinci's Madonna and Child. Such subjects are infinitely more heartening than those ugly and depressing pictures printed elsewhere in the name of "relevance".
MRS. CATHERINE JOHNSTON, VICTORIA, B.C.

Hearty congratulations

We know the Maclown's editors are busy people, but we have taken the liberty of sending you copies of our goon edition based on Canada's Marginal Magazine.

To save you time in what must be a busy schedule of flack freebies and hand-shaking, we have taken the liberty of forging Mr. Peter The New Man's name to a couple of letters.

One is a regretful missive to our publisher, the Alma Mater Society, in which Mr. New Man laments the education system which gives rise to destructive and ill-clothed journalistic hoodlums such as we. The other, cordially addressed to the editor of The Ubyssey, offers hearty congratulations and bluff commendations to the paper for producing a fine "spoof" on Maclown's.

We trust Mr. New Man will find our actions satisfactory and we look forward to the impending sale of his magazine to the government's Information Canada.
THE UBYSSEY STAFF, VANCOUVER, B.C.

JEEZ US

ASSAULT CHARGES WERE DROPPED last week when local motel operator Priscilla Pelletier (nee Dunbar) appeared in provincial court. She was charged with slapping Harvey Swartz, an American visitor from Lynden, N.J. Mrs. Pelletier told the court Swartz, a large, beefy man, entered her motel office with a shotgun and "talked in a strange language." The spry lady said: "He asked me if I knew where he could get his hands on some good Canadian beaver. He was grinning and I thought he was French". Judge Leo Dunbar told Swartz, "you should be ashamed of yourself," and dismissed charges.
THE BEAVER LAKE STANDARD,
Beaver Lake, B.C., March 1

LOBSTER FISHERMAN Monty Simms of Murray Corner, N.S., had his fishing licence revoked after he returned from a trip with crabs instead of lobsters. This violation was discovered by his wife Maude who booted him out of the house and called the health inspector from nearby Port Elgin. The inspector said Simms did not have a permit to catch crabs. Simms has since moved to Pickton, N.S.
THE SACKVILLE TRIBUNE-POST,
Sackville, N.S., Jan. 21

MACLOWN'S REPORTER Anna Banana was bitten by a bear last month while on assignment at Jasper National Park. The Park warden said Boo Boo is "generally a friendly little feller and Miss Banana must have been teasing him." Miss Banana reports she was badly bruised and the doctor had to peel her for treatment.
JASPER EXAMINER,
Jasper, Alta., Feb. 10

A FINE TIME was had by all last Sunday at the hay ride and box luncheon held in honor of Horace Blankstein and son Clem. The popular pair were successful earlier this month in warding off attempts by the Swine Meats Corporation of Chicago, Ill., to buy several hog farms in the Greater Biggar area. Horace explained at the luncheon that he had been "getting riled" for several weeks when Swine agents kept returning to his farm with new offers for his spread. Finally he told an agent he would go into Swine's Regina office the next day to make a deal. Horace and Clem then loaded their 32 hogs into the family two-ton and deposited them in the Swine office. Horrified company officials announced they would stop trying to buy farms when Horace threatened to have all other hoggers bring their livestock into the office. Swine has since closed its Regina office.
THE NEWS AND VIEWS,
Biggar, Sask., Jan. 3

MACLEAN'S DOES NOT appear on this list (of the Toronto journalistic elite) because Maclean's is not a Toronto institution. It is Canada's national magazine.
MACLEAN'S,
Toronto, April 1972 edition

Readers are invited to submit press clippings that offer some insight into Rural Canadian Life and point up how urbane and sophisticated Maclown's is. (No stories from American magazines or newspapers please.) Send along $5 and we'll consider them, $10 and we'll publish them. This month's losers are: Irving Fetish, Pat Nixon, Justin Trudeau, John (Lance) Turner, Wanda Lust, Elvira Finch, Ma Murray, Simma Holt, Gordon Blankstein and Olive Diefenbaker.

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Letters

From page 5

like a big stick and many of us quickly huddle into our cells, spurred on by the fear that perhaps we shall not be able to return to this hallowed ivy-covered walls of this higher institute of education.

Before I return to my cage to sleep, er study, for awhile I would like to pass along my review of one particular case in the French department where the heavy hand of the administration has again come down upon any and all parties who dare criticize those in charge of courses or faculty promotions. I am speaking specifically of the case of J. L. Brachet who has been a victim of the purge presently going on in many of the art faculties as I have observed taking place so far this year. Members of the Slavonics department, Psychology and Sociology departments et al, many of whom were academically more qualified as researchers and more importantly as teachers have been axed because they were a threat to the tenured professors.

In Brachet's case he was not given a renewal of his contract on the flimsiest of excuses. A survey of student opinion had been made which indicated student disfavor over his teaching abilities. Next, Brachet wasn't in his office for long enough periods of time for consultation. Finally, Brachet has not completed his dissertation for his next degree. These reasons, having been cited, the students of our French class who supported Brachet (which was literally all of them) drafted to letters to the head of the French department, L. L. Bongie, asking for more information as to the reasons why Brachet's contract had not been renewed.

In reply to both our letters, Bongie attempted to placate the class. First, he told us to find out the reason for ourselves. Bongie already having the reasons himself did not see fit for some reason to give us the information himself. Our second letter, containing the reasons for his dismissal and also containing our request for a review of the matter was given a confidential reply once again from Bongie. Once more, it deliberately shoved aside the reasons for Brachet's dismissal. We were paternalized on the point that the issue of Brachet's rehiring had been looked at by senior faculty members and therefore we should no longer press the issue.

We were never given the specific criteria for the committee's decision. We were referred to one page in the faculty handbook outlining the very obscure and intangible basis for this decision. The only concrete item given to us students by Bongie was that four of Brachet's classes had been surveyed. Who the classes were, at what time they were questioned and the nature of the questions themselves were part of the privileged information we were apparently incapable of viewing or to judge for ourselves.

Whether or not Brachet was in his office long enough is ridiculous in comparison to other professors I have attempted to see in the past. Tell me how long and often very many of them anxiously remain in their offices, awaiting the call of staff or students? Not too many. At least Brachet was in his office for those students who did want to see him during his office hours. Finally, the matter of the dissertation was dependent on whether Brachet could teach at UBC again next year. He had been authorized ample time beyond the present date to complete his work by the university which sponsored him to do so (UCLA). Hence the dissertation question boils down to which comes first, the chicken or the egg. If Brachet is rehired then he can continue on the dissertation; if he doesn't then it's not completed. Hardly a basis for deciding on whether to rehire someone.

To sum up, the incongruous and often stern way in which our simple requests were ignored and/or side-stepped in our correspondence with the French department was bewildering to us, as all we wanted were the facts.

The basic problem seems to be this: The administration at UBC is afraid to allow into the various departments faculty members who might attempt to change the courses presently offered. Brachet's outspoken criticism of French 110 was no exception to this argument. Perhaps these new, more critical, faculty members might shake up those tenured members of the faculty who have been sitting back so complacently as the years towards retirement approach.

So often, instructors and professors who are allowed to stay on at the university are those who will not raise questions within the department which might be embarrassing. As long as matters of promotion and tenure can be secluded from student scrutiny, the methods of deciding who is to teach and who shall leave will remain unknown to us. Yet, we are the ones directly affected by these matters. We should, for the present, at least know on what specific grounds promotions are made.

It is of the ultimate irony to me that while over-all university enrollment dropped over the last year that the administration is deliberately attacking and chopping off those teachers who had some measure of student support, who might have brought change to poorly organized courses and hence might have brought back some of the many disenchanted students who are steadily quitting the university.

Student apathy has grown alongside of frustration as possible avenues of change and reform are consistently blocked. The administration is literally cutting its own throat in attempting to secure positions only to those members who will tow the education line of whoever is in power.

However, to those gentlemen who are in such positions, I might remind them that no longer are students complacently accepting the demands that they take courses and keep their mouths shut about what they're being taught. University is not the great job factory it once was. Students need not put up with the courses offered. If they can not change what is taught to them, then they may well go elsewhere to where they can learn what they wish to. So, to the members of the Ivory Tower Club, I suggest you start looking around your own office to find the "culprits" who are depleting student ranks (you'd better hurry though, or you may lose your tenured positions due to lack of people to teach).

Well, I've said my piece. I personally feel that unless students are given the right to decide what they shall learn and who shall teach them, then students may strike for what is their right, or there might be a rapid depletion of their numbers from UBC as has already started, or they might put up with the present procedure. I don't believe the last alternative will occur very much longer if the dissension over tenure which has been raised thus far this year is any indication of the coming storm.

I do not want my name or address published with this letter. While I have the right to freely criticize what I feel to be wrong, I am still aware of being under the thumb of the bureaucratic structure which plays on the fears of people in order to silence dissent. I wanted the facts of the

See page 18: LETTERS

SENSATIONAL 8-TRACK & CASSETTE SALE

CASSETTES

CRX-1106 Jimi Hendrix (Electric Ladyland)
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CRX-2049 Hendrix in the West
CRX-6281 Jimi Hendrix (Axis Bold as Love)
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CRX-6336 Jethro Tull (This Was)
CRX6360 Jethro Tull (Stand Up)
CRX-2037 Gordon Lightfoot (Summer side of Life)
CRX-2038 Joni Mitchell (Blue)
CRX-2041 John Sebestian (Four of Us)
CRX-2042 The Mothers (Fillmore East)
CRX-2056 Gordon Lightfoot (Don Quixote)
CRX-6267 Arlo Guthrie (Alice's Restaurant)
CRX-6293 Joni Mitchell
CRX-6376 Joni Mitchell (Ladies of the Canyon)
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CRX-6400 Jethro Tull (Benefit)
CRX-6453 The Beach Boys (Surfs' Up)
CWX-1774 The Collectors (Grass & Wild Strawberries)
CWX-1835 Moondance (Van Morrison)
CWX-1838 Hand Made (Mason Williams)
CWX-1843 James Taylor (Sweet Baby James)
CWX-1851 First Step (Small Faces)
CWX-1859 Tom Northcott (Best of)
CWX-1860 Deep Purple (Royal Phil. Or.)
CWX-1869 The Grateful Dead (Workingman's Dead)
CWX-1871 Black Sabbath
CWX-1887 Black Sabbath (Paranoid)
CWX-1950 Tupelo Honey (Van Morrison)
CWM-2552 Peter, Paul and Mary (Best of Ten Years Together)
CWX-2561 Mud*Slide Slim (James Taylor)
CWX-2562 Black Sabbath (Master of Reality)
CWX-2564 Fireball (Deep Purple)
CWX-2574 Faces (A Nod is as good as a wink)
CWX-2585 Dionne Warwicke (Dionne)
AC-7201 Led Zepplin (3)
AC-7202 Stephen Stills
AC-7203 David Crosby (If I Could Only Remember My Name)
AC-7204 Graham Nash (Songs for beginners)
AC-7205 Arethe Franklin (Live at Fillmore)
AC-7206 Stephen Stills 2.
AC-7208 Led Zepplin 4.
AC-8151 Wilson Pickett (Best of)
AC-8202 Booker T. & the M.G.'s (Best of)
AC-8229 Crosby, Stills and Nash
AC-8216 Led Zepplin
AC-8236 Led Zepplin 2.
AC-8266 King Crimson (In the Wake of Posidon)
AC-8295 Arethe Franklin (Greatest Hits)
AC-8283 The YES Album
AC-8297 J. Giles (The Morning After)
A8TC-33-266 King Curtis (Best of)

8-TRACK STEREO

8RM-2032 Harvest Neil Young

8WM-1835 Moondance Van Morrison

8WM-2561 Mud Slide Slim James Taylor

A8TC-33-292 Bee Gees (Best of)
A8TC-33-316 Dr. John The Night Tripper
A8TC-33-318 Iron Butterfly (Live)
A8TC-33-342 Almond Brothers (Idlewild South)
A8TC-33-358 Delaney & Bonnie (Motel Shot)
A8TC-33-367 Juicy Lucy (Get a wiff of this)
A8TC-1569 Roberta Flack (Chapter 2)
A8TC-7203 David Crosby (If I Could Only Remember My Name)
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Letters

From page 17

Brachet case brought to the students' attention as I feel that it is another attempt by the administration to hide the real reasons behind this case in particular.

However, I do not feel that anything will be gained by making myself the scapegoat for any recrimination which may be forthcoming from the French department concerning this matter.

Name withheld,
Arts 2.

English

This is just a note to mention yet another item in the ongoing story of oppression in the department of English.

Many students taking an English course will be pleased to feel that they are participating in the evaluation of their teachers when they respond to the student questionnaire which is currently being handed out. Don't kid yourselves. In the case of one group of teachers at least (the sessional lecturers), the department of English has chosen to ignore completely the opinions of students.

Last week department head Robert Jordan and his cronies went ahead and decided which of these lecturers would be reappointed for next year. Had they waited a week, they could have considered the opinions of the students in each course taught by each sessional lecturer. But apparently the department of English has no faith in a student course evaluation, even when the department itself has prepared and administered the questionnaire.

Is it a revelation to realize at last that the powers that be are interested neither in student opinion nor in improving the level of teaching in the department? If they were, they would consider all significant information (especially the opinions of students) before deciding who to reappoint.

Name withheld,
Department of English

Fine

Congratulations on another fine year of Ubysseys. The paper this year was superb, simply tremendous. I couldn't have done better myself.

Leslie Plommer,
Arts 4

Good

As the membership of next year's biumvirate, may we take this opportunity to congratulate you on the high quality of this year's Ubyssey. Presumably next year's will be twice as good.

Collectively yours,
Jan O'Brien,
Arts 3.
John Andersen,
Arts 4

Worth

At this time of year The Ubyssey is always filled with glowing accounts of the paper's greatness through the past year. Fair enough, but does anyone stop to evaluate the worth of the student body?

No name jove,
Former hack.

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Gear study planned

Two student senators who are both engineers will present a petition requesting the formation of a committee to study engineers and their education at the next senate meeting.

"It is hoped that such a committee would study the present situation within the applied science faculty and draw conclusions as to what is or isn't lacking in the engineering curricula," the petition from John Sydor and Jim McCune says.

Suggestions similar to the ones brought forth in the petition have been made before by curriculum committees and by engineering students, but little positive response has come from applied science dean W. D. Finn's office, the two senators claim.

The petition will be passed around in lectures.

Summer jobs?

UBC placement officer Cam Craik urges students looking for summer jobs to register at his office, on the West Mall across from the armory.

The office, run by the university and not affiliated with Canada Manpower, will remain open all summer.

He makes up mind

After several weeks of making up his mind, Vancouver lawyer Robert Thorpe has decided to run for chancellor of UBC.

He will contest the three-year post with Justice Nathan Nemetz of the B.C. Appeal Court in a mail-in ballot to all UBC alumni and faculty members June 7.

Thorpe's nomination was submitted several weeks ago by friends, and it was not until he was contacted by registrar Jack Parnall that he knew he was on the ballot.

He at first hesitated to affirm the nomination, claiming he had to make sure the post would not interfere with other commitments.

Current chancellor Allan McGavin has decided not to seek a second term of office.

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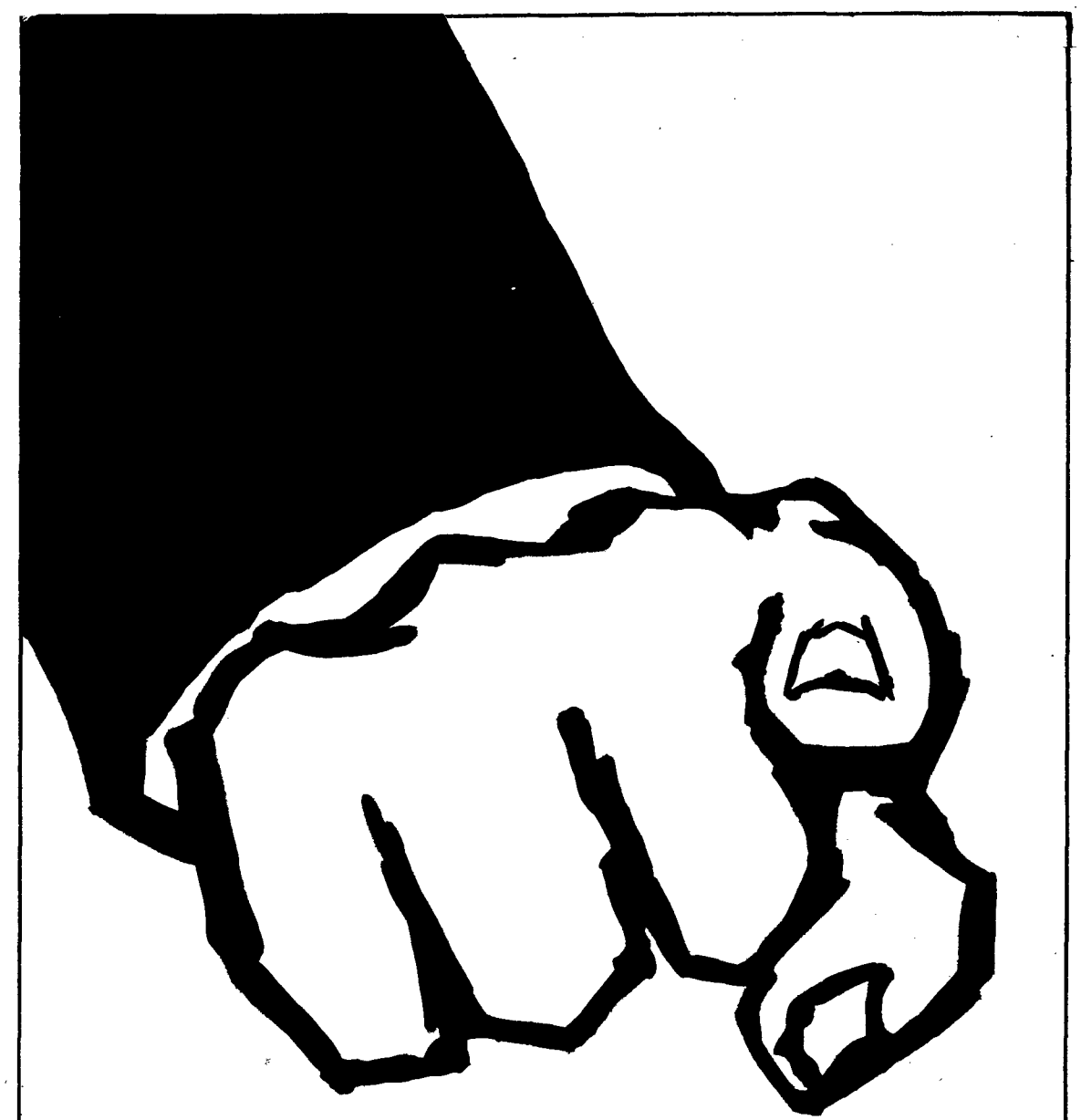

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Secrecy inexcusable

From page 8

Three issues dominated the discussions: the status of prof Terry Heinrichs, evaluation of the quality of department teaching and the perennial dispute over the lack of student representation in departmental meetings.

Heinrichs is a young political theorist who has single-handedly enlivened the whole theory sub-field during his two-year stay. Student support for his reappointment came in the form of a petition signed by all but one of the PhD students, the overwhelming majority of the MA students and most of the students in his large undergraduate course. Many of the graduate students expressed the desire to work personally with him, which is most unusual given the historic weakness of the political theory staff.

Walter Young, chairman of the department, claims that Heinrichs' contract is non-renewable, and that examination of the correspondence between Young and Heinrichs would make that clear. A representative of the graduate students did examine the correspondence and reports that no such clarity exists in it: In fact, what emerges is a large area of disagreement, and an apparent misrepresentation of the substance of an oral agreement.

The matter is to come before a departmental meeting at which no students will be allowed to participate at noon today.

The graduate students announced at the meeting that they collectively would draw up, administer, and publish the results of a department-wide evaluation of courses and teaching. Up to now, evalution was random owing to the unwillingness of certain faculty members to participate voluntarily in the process.

Results of the planned study, in addition to being published for the benefit of students generally, will be mailed to incoming graduate students and sent formally to the dean of arts for whatever future use he may have for them.

Lastly, the chairman (Young) confessed his "astonishment" that the bitterness which has surrounded the issue of student representation persists.

The bitterness, it appears, will persist until the pervasive duplicity and authoritarian tenor of the conduct of departmental affairs are changed. Secrecy in departmental procedures might be excusable if the end result were intelligent policy; nothing emerging from recent departmental meetings justifies it currently.

Exams not fade away

There has been no significant change in the number of exams scheduled by the registrar's office, assistant registrar K. G. Young said Monday.

The registrar scheduled 878 exams this year, only slightly less than the 908 exams scheduled last year and 881 the year before.

"I think the number of exams is holding its own," said Young.

"Most of the exams are in science courses or large courses where the professor hasn't the time to evaluate students another way. Any courses that can evaluate their students in some other way are doing so right now," he said.

Paintings shown

Vancouver artist Wayne King will show some of his water colors and oils from April 6 to 14 in the SUB art gallery.

King, who was born in Halifax, has been working in Vancouver for eight years.

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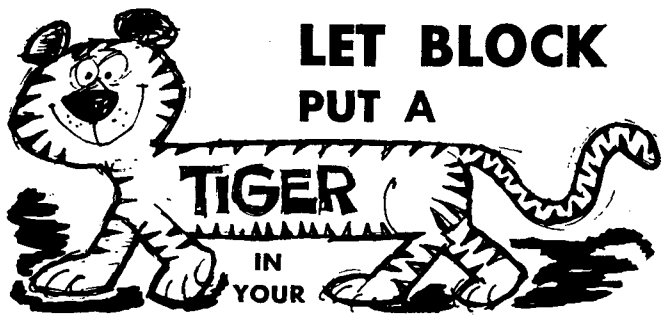

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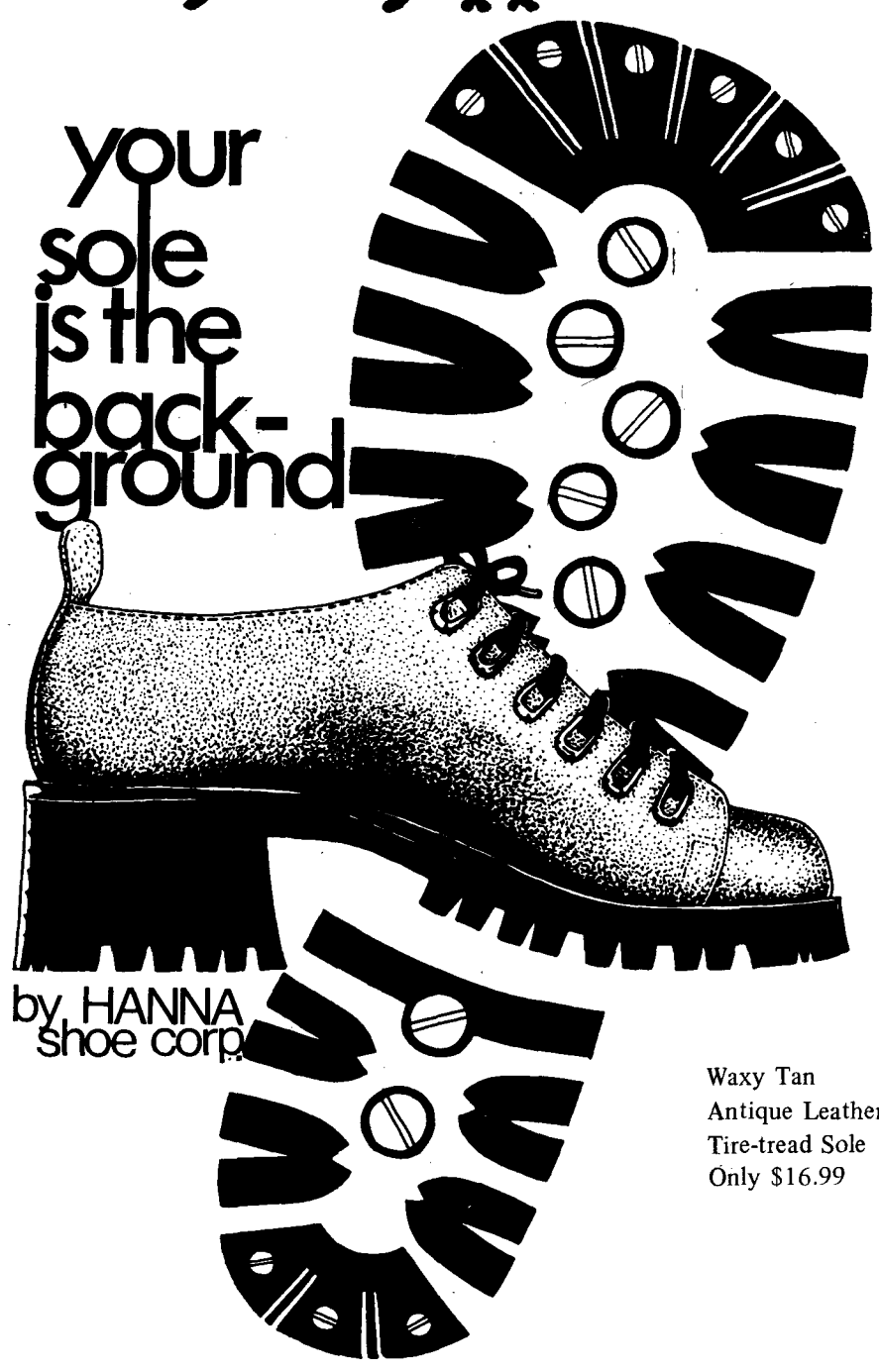

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Hot flashes

Wald on militarism

Harvard university professor George Wald will speak at UBC this week as part of the Dal Grauer Memorial Lectures.

Wald, an outspoken critic of American militarism, will speak at 8:15 p.m. today in the Totem Park residence lounge.

On Wednesday, he will speak on "The Origin of Death" at noon in the Old Auditorium.

IH dance

The International Students Association of UBC is sponsoring an Easter dance at 9 p.m., Saturday at International House. Tickets are $2 at the door or at IH.

Feelies

The arts and politics program continues this week with three events.

Former Alma Mater Society president Steve Garrod will speak on the mass media in Canada at noon today in Buchanan 106.

Author Shelagh Delaney, French instructor Jean-Louis Brachet and Vancouver poet George Stanley will discuss literature and social responsibility at noon Wednesday in Buchanan 106.

A number of poets, including former Ubyssey editor Tom Wayman and Stanley, will read their work at noon Thursday in the SUB art gallery.

Also on Thursday, members of Youngblood, an East End based revolutionary organization, will discuss art and the revolution at 2:30 p.m. in the SUB art gallery.

Kid directory

A directory of daycare, pre-school and after-school facilities will be released free this spring to community groups and individuals throughout the province.

The Child Care Information and Resources Services wants to know what's happening for children in every provincial community.

The group is interested in hearing about co-operative child care programs and experimental facilities.

Exile to talk

Nguyen Huu Chi, a former province chief in the Republic of Vietnam who is now exiled, will speak on War and Politics in Vietnam at noon Thursday in Buchanan 102.

Chi is currently a political science professor at Carleton University in Ottawa.

Raise shit!

Anyone who can drive or attend the Seattle City Council Friday hearing on the city's development of Ross Dam is asked to call the Environmental Crisis Operation in Hut B-8 at 228-4402.

Group to meet

Women's Action Group weekly meetings will reconvene at noon April 7 in the blue room of the Arts One building. The weekly meetings will, it is rumored, continue to meet and meet and meet . . .

'Tween classes

TODAY

SUB ART GALLERY
Media presentation on women's liberation, 7:30 p.m.

SAILING CLUB
General meeting at noon, Buch. 104.

TAI CHI
Joint hands practice at noon, SUB 205.

WEDNESDAY

ONTOLOGY
Couples In Love at noon, Buch. 216.

VOC
General meeting at noon, Angus 104.

ANTI-WAR CLUB
National student day of protest against the Vietnam war. Speakers from the Anglican United Campus Ministry, the UBC teachers committee on Vietnam and the Vietnam action committee from 11 a.m. to 3 p.m., SUB 207-209.

BICYCLE CLUB
Last general meeting at noon, SUB 212-A.

THURSDAY

CCF
Fellowship at noon, SUB 211.

NEWMAN CLUB
Final general meeting at noon, St. Mark's music room.

WEST COAST TRAIL
All those going on April 23 hike meet at noon in SUB 241 (Ubyssey) to organize equipment sharing, etc. New hikers still welcome.

FINE ARTS
Three films on Durer at noon, La. 104.

NDP
General meeting and election of officers at noon, SUB 212-A.

ABORTION REPEAL COMMITTEE
Benefit dance, music by Daily Planet and King Lux Sac, at Moose Lodge, 112 West Broadway, 8 p.m. Cost $1.

FRIDAY

UBC YOUNG SOCIALISTS
Report from first cross-Canada abortion conference, 1208 Granville, 8 p.m.

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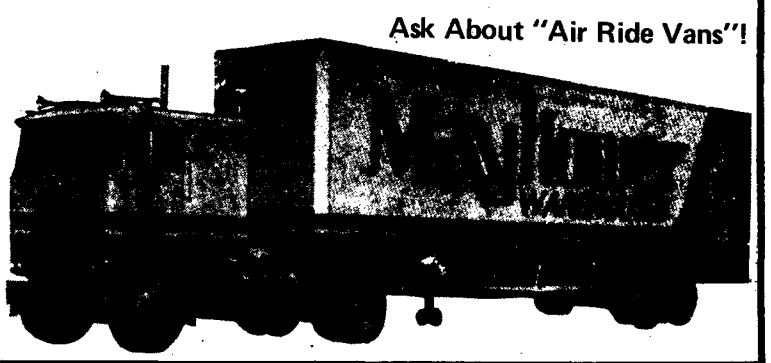

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ANNOUNCEMENTS

Lost & Found 13

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Special Notices 15

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Autos For Sale 21

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BUSINESS SERVICES

Scandals 37

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INSTRUCTION & SCHOOLS

Special Classes 62

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MISCELLANEOUS FOR SALE 71

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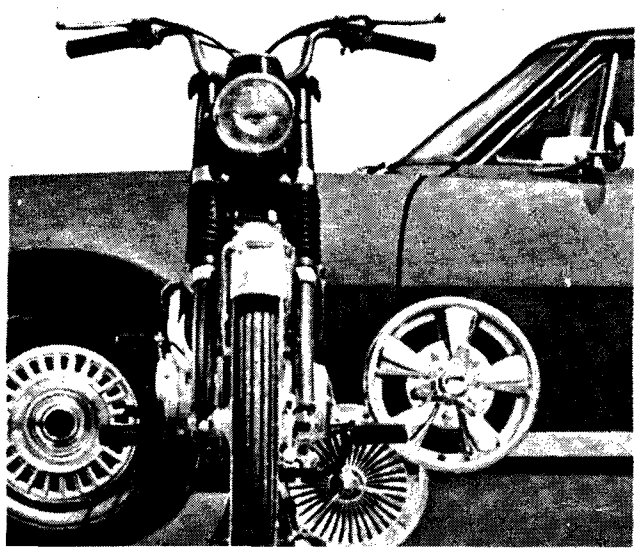

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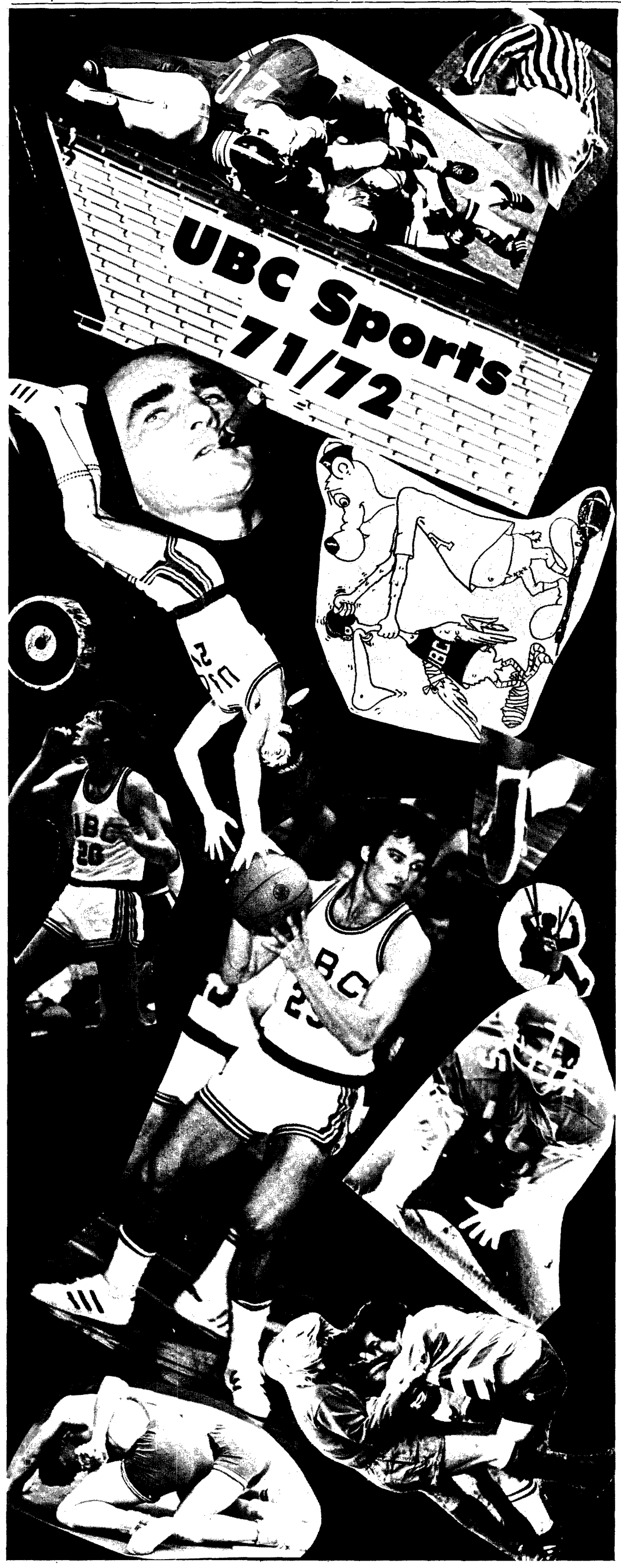

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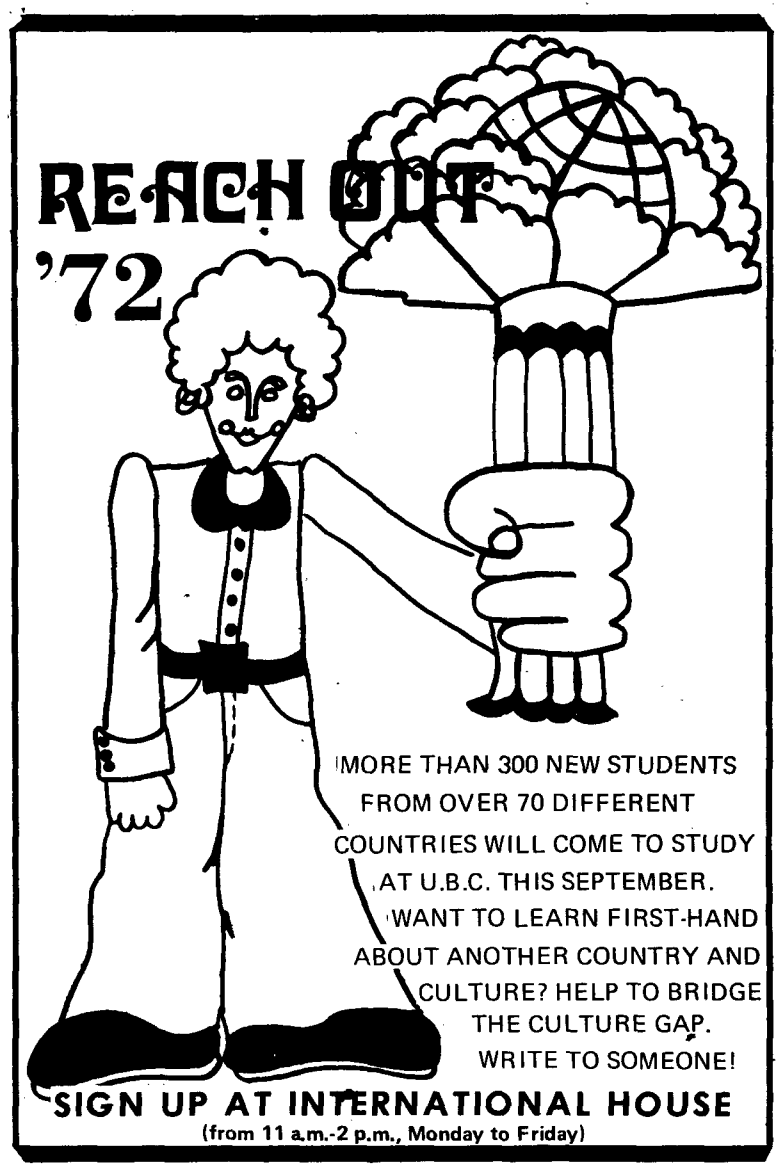

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Racism? At UBC?

The following is a reply to an article in last week's Page Friday which accused anthropology/sociology prof Werner Cohn of racism.

Racism is the notion that one's own ethnic stock is superior. It is an ignorant, mean, narrow emotion; it has led to mass murder in the only too recent past. To accuse someone of racism, therefore, is serious business; to do so falsely is reprehensible and should not be tolerated. The Union of Radicals in the Social Sciences has done just that in its lengthy, anonymous attack against the discipline of sociology, against various prominent social scientists, and against me personally. (The Ubyssey, March 24, 1972).

Some time before this attack was published, members of the URSS called on me with the request that I participate in a debate on race to be sponsored by their organization. I declined this invitation since I did not feel then, and do not feel now, that a politically-oriented debate is the kind of format which can throw light on the issues at hand. Instead, I invited these members of the URSS to hold discussions with me, to organize study sessions, to examine the evidence together. My invitation was not accepted. It still stands, for members of the URSS as well as for anyone else.

At the time of my brief meetings with these individual URSS members, I also indicated what my position is, and suggested further readings to them. In view of these briefings, the misrepresentations contained in the March 24 attack may well have been deliberate. I sincerely hope that I am wrong in this suspicion.

The reader must refer to the writings of Richard Hernstein (The Atlantic, September 1971) and Arthur Jensen (Harvard Educational Review, Winter 1969) to judge for himself whether the URSS attack against them is justified. Concerning Jensen, whose work I have studied in detail, I can now only quote his statement on the educational implications of his research:

> The necessity and desirability of eliminating racial discrimination and of improving the environmental conditions and educational and occupational opportunities of all disadvantaged persons in the population are taken for granted. These approaches have nothing to do with race **per se**, but are concerned with individual differences in those characteristics most relevant to educability. (**Genetics, Educability, and Subpopulation Differences**, in press, page 324. A copy of the manuscript is available at the reserve desk of UBC's main library.)

I have written quite a bit on ethnic groups, but the URSS saw fit to refer only to a very brief book review and to an even briefer reply arising from this review. Altogether, these two items amount to 12 brief paragraphs. (Current Anthropology, April-June 1969. Februarty 1971). Most of my remarks had nothing to do with the question of racism, although one scholar thought that they might have such implications. In reply, I devoted one of my 12 paragraphs to the following comments:

> Finally, I would like to assure Hughes that I fully share what I take to be his commitment against all forms of racism. God knows that if some final accounting were taken, all races could be shown to be just about equally corrupt, or, if you will, equally angelic. Killing on a very large scale – in war, in concentration camps, etc. – has been white man's business, and I will not let Hughes represent me as claiming a greater generalized propensity to kill in Negroes. (Feb., 1971).

The article by the URSS does not quote from this part of my statement. Why doesn't it?

In my original book review (April-June, 1969), I complain that many studies on ethnic groups fail to treat seriously aspects of minorities which are bothersome to majorities. As examples I cite the higher murder rate among Negroes but also observe that "there is good reason to believe that Jews in fact do tend to have business traditions which, like those of the Gypsies, strike non-Jews as 'unethical'." My comments thus dealt with both Negroes and Jews. The URSS calls me "blatantly anti-Black" but not anti-Semitic, although their simplistic logic would lead to both charges. Either they think that it is quite all right to be anti-Semitic, or they realize that this charge would not stick because I am a Jew myself. In any case, their selective, biased quoting from my book review is curious indeed.

Some readers may wonder what my views are on the Jensen controversy. The URSS statement claims that "Dr. Cohn follows Jensen." Again, there is misrepresentation. Jensen is an unusually vigorous and stimulating scholar, and many of his points are very well taken indeed. Nevertheless, as I explained to the URSS members who visited me as well as to my classes, it is my opinion that there is a certain conservative bias in Jensen's work, which leads him to overestimate the importance of tested intelligence. An article by Baratz and Baratz ("Early Childhood Intervention: The Social Science Base of Institutional Racism," Harvard Educational Review, Winter, 1970), a copy of which I furnished to my URSS visitors, comes much closer to representing my own point of view. If I "follow" anyone on this question, it would Baratz and Baratz, not Jensen. The URSS people knew this from my meeting with them yet chose to write otherwise.

Briefly, my views are that the genius of Black culture in North America cannot be apprehended through the standard intelligence tests; that we need a greater appreciation of those mental abilities (in people of all races) which are not at the moment rewarded in the standard school room; that we need to liberate and broaden our schools so as to give children of various types of talents a fuller opportunity to develop their abilities. These are some of the practical and educational implications which I have drawn from my work over the years. (An early statement of such views appeared in my article "On the Language of Lower-Class Children", The School Review, Winter 1959). All my life I have believed, as I do now, in a radical transformation of society in order to liberate the human potential, to end racism and oppression. These views have always been expressed as clearly as I know how. And yet, the URSS chooses to class me with those who believe that "society in its present form must be shown to be the only possible society".

The URSS attack on my integrity is one of a long line of anonymous, irresponsible attacks which The Ubyssey has seen fit to publish against various members of faculty. This sniping will not deter me from my scholarly responsibility to seek for the truth in my work. But I must warn the university community that irresponsible attacks in the press will have deleterious effects on scholarship in the long run. When an expression of controversial views exposes a scholar to a public campaign of vilification, he might well be tempted to keep quiet and to abandon the field to the purveyors of safe platitudes. Who gains from that?

I know several of the students who have participated in URSS activities. I feel that in this case their concern for "struggle" has outweighed their sense for truth and fairness. Nevertheless, knowing these people, I can sincerely hope that future dialogues with them may be held in a spirit of studying issues and of learning from one another so as to contribute toward the better world we all seek.

Werner Cohn
March 27, 1972.

Whose ideas are correct?

Below is a rebuttal to Cohn's statement.

1. The URSS is a collective. The function of a collective is to undertake tasks communally, breaking down the competitive, individualistic nature of education in this society. Further, "anonymous" groups do not call for public discussion in which they will be involved as an organization.

2. In our open letter, we explained our position on small elitist discussions of topics of such great importance. Questions of such significant social concern must be dealt with publicly.

3. The question whether we quoted out of context and, therefore, misrepresented either Hernstein or Cohn can best be answered by reiterating the statement at the end of the article that we will gladly make available copies of both these authors' articles to anyone interested.

4. To the comment on anti-Semitism, perhaps the message of the film "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis is sufficient response. It is fully possible for a Black to be anti-Black, a woman to be sexist, a Jew to be anti-Semitic; the attitudes of people are determined by social conditions, not by biology.

5. In today's letter Mr. Cohn apparently still holds to his concept of a "higher murder rate among Negroes" based on FBI research. Mr. Cohn states: "I have believed as I do now in a radical transformation of society in order to liberate the human potential, to end racism and oppression." We find this to be in contradiction with his faith in the objectivity of the FBI and his reluctance to see "sociology and various prominent social scientists criticized".

6. We agree with Dr. Cohn that irresponsible attacks have harmful effects, not only on an individual's scholarship, but on the totality of human dignity. The URSS criticizes not only the statements of "prominent sociologists" but any ideas or practices we consider incorrect. Furthermore, we encourage everyone to actively criticize any ideas or practice they feel are detrimental to the welfare of the individual and of society as a whole.

Neither Dr. Cohn nor the URSS will determine whose ideas are correct or incorrect in debates of this nature. These will be determined by all those people who are struggling for "a radical transformation of society in order to liberate the human potential, to end racism and oppression."

The URSS Collective,
SUB Box 149.